

amor vacui

By Anja Guid

walking among photos by japanese artists
i am pulled towards shuji yamada's black-and-white images

the endless mass of nameless people
and utter absence of any void evoke
inexplicable indignation
tension gradually escalating
into anxiety then melancholy then nostalgia
invoked memories of yesterday's normality
unimaginably far
bodies tightly side by side inevitably
close
touching accidentally
intentionally
close

there is no more horror in the *horror vacui*
today
the smell of the disinfectant replaces the smell of other people's sweat



Shuji Yamada, *Untitled*, ca. 1970, exhibited in *The City - the Countryside. Japanese photography of the 1960s and 1970s from the collection of the Museum der Moderne Salzburg.*

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Der gelbe Schal

By Kerstin Klimmer

Meine Annäherung an Lotte Laserstein in der Ausstellung Orte des Exils im Museum der Moderne Salzburg, Sommer 2020.

Die deutsche Malerin Lotte Laserstein reiht sich ein in den Reigen von herausragenden Künstlerinnen, deren Arbeiten über die Jahre in Vergessenheit gerieten. Dabei zählte sie zu den Erfolgreichsten der Zwischenkriegszeit und ihre Themen ist aktueller denn je. Für mich verhandelt sie in ihren Bildern Bereiche rund um selbstbewusste Frauen, die unabhängig und selbstbestimmt sind.

Werfen wir einen Blick in das Atelier von Lotte Laserstein. *Vor dem Spiegel* (1930/31, Öl auf Leinwand) steht ihr liebstes Modell Traute Rose. Unbekleidet und gut ausgeleuchtet steht sie im Vordergrund und hält dabei einen Spiegel kraftvoll in ihren Händen. Sie betrachtet sich mit Zufriedenheit und vermittelt



Aus Großbritannien: Lotte Laserstein *Vor dem Spiegel*, 1930/31, Öl auf Leinwand, The Bute Collection, Mount Stewart, Isle of Bute, Schottland © VG Bild Kunst Bonn

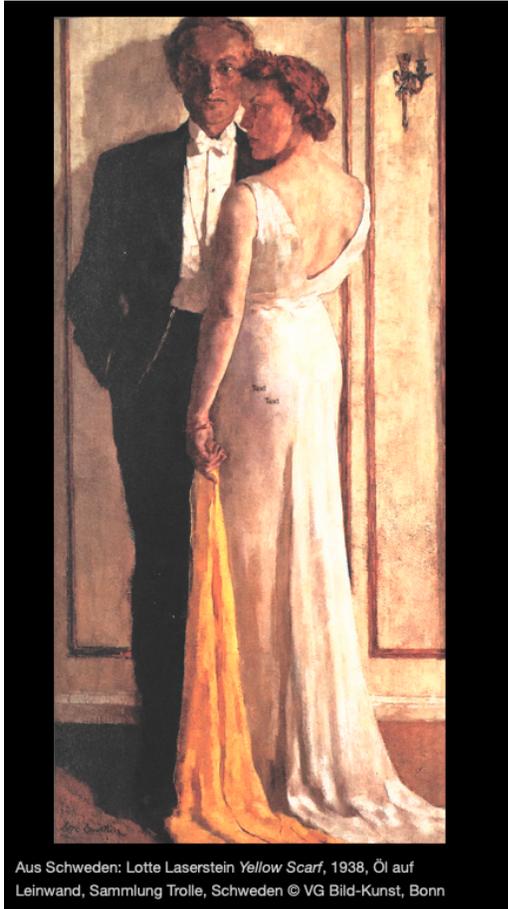
einen selbstverständlichen und ungezwungenen Umgang mit ihrem nackten Körper. Man spürt, dass sie sich wohlfühlt. Im Jahr 2020 würde man sagen "Body Positivity". Durch die Spiegelung gelingt es Laserstein, ihr Modell von vorne und hinten zu zeigen und dabei einen ganz natürlichen Zugang zur Nacktheit zu vermitteln. Es entsteht nicht der Eindruck aufdringlicher Voyeur zu sein, Laserstein rückt mit ihrer Darstellung völlig ab von der Sexualisierung des weiblichen Körpers. Wir befinden uns in einer intimen, vertrauten Situation zwischen Künstlerin und Modell. Traute Rose bestimmt wie viel sie preisgibt und es scheint als rahme sie ihre eigenen Formen noch bevor sie auf der Leinwand sind. Laserstein selbst stellt sich als professionelle Malerin dar, bekleidet mit einem dunklen Arbeitskittel über einem dunkel-karierten, halblangen Tageskleid. Sie steht im weniger beleuchteten Hintergrund und bereitet auf der Palette die Farben vor. Die Künstlerin ist sichtlich in den eigenen Schaffensprozess vertieft, während sie ihren weiblichen Blick, auf die vor ihr stehende Bildfläche überträgt.

Vor dem Spiegel entstand während Lasersteins Zeit in Deutschland. Sie war die erste Frau, welche die

Vereinigten Staatsschulen für Freie und Angewandte Kunst in Berlin mit Auszeichnung abschloss und auch eine der ersten Frauen, die Zugang zu Aktzeichenkursen hatte. Ihre Arbeiten waren anerkannt, verkauften sich gut und sie war relativ unabhängig von Aufträgen. Lotte Laserstein war eine Vorreiterin und verkörperte das Idealbild einer modernen Frau. Wie selbstverständlich übernimmt sie die männlich besetzte Rolle des Malers, übersetzt sie in ihre eigenes Verständnis der Welt und spielt auf eigene Weise mit diesen Klischees.

1937, im Jahr als in München die Ausstellung zur so genannten entarteten Kunst eröffnet wurde, zeichnete sich für Laserstein ab, dass es an der Zeit war zu gehen und sie flüchtete nach Schweden. Der Schwerpunkt ihres Werkes lag fortan beim Gesellschaftsportrait, das ein ausreichendes Einkommen sicherte.

Im Porträt eines schwedischen Paares, das heute den Titel *The yellow scarf* (1938, Öl auf Leinwand)



Aus Schweden: Lotte Laserstein *Yellow Scarf*, 1938, Öl auf Leinwand, Sammlung Trolle, Schweden © VG Bild-Kunst, Bonn

trägt, ist es erneut die Frau, die durch künstlerisches Geschick in den Mittelpunkt gestellt wird. Abgewendet vom Betrachter fällt das Licht auf den weiblichen Rücken, das weiße Kleid und den gelben Schal. Den Begleiter stellt Laserstein dadurch vielleicht nicht nur bildlich in den Schatten. Wie Traute Rose vor dem Spiegel wirkt sie in ihre Gedanken versunken und mit sich selbst beschäftigt. Dennoch sie ist diejenige, die Kontrolle über den Augenblick hat. Die Frau mit dem gelben Schal beschließt privat zu bleiben und lediglich ihr Profil zu zeigen. Ihr Blick wandert über ihre Schulter, ihr Ausdruck wirkt abwesend und distanziert, aber selbstsicher. Wie zufällig hält sie in ihrer linken Hand den titelgebenden, geheimnisvollen gelben Schal, der locker auf den Boden fällt. Das Paar nimmt den ganzen Bildraum ein, es bleibt wenig Platz für die Umgebung die vermutlich noch mehr über den Moment erzählen könnte. Wir sind etwas verloren. Ich spüre keine Nähe und Dynamik mehr, die Künstlerin lässt uns nicht mehr an der Situation teilhaben. Die Frau wirkt ebenso selbstbewusst wie Traute Rose vor dem Spiegel. Lotte Laserstein stellt sie auf ähnliche Weise in den Mittelpunkt, aber irgendetwas ist auf dem Weg an den Ort des Exils verloren gegangen.

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The Impassive Wait

By Teodora Talhoş



Lotte Laserstein, *The emigrant (Dr. Walter Lindenthal)*, 1941, oil on wood, 118.5 x 89 cm.

Scenes of exiles is a series of exhibitions at the Museum der Moderne Salzburg addressing the life in exile of artists, with focus on cities such as Zurich, London, Jerusalem and Salzburg. Intrigued and curious about the topic, expecting something quite different when I first read the title of the show, I go to the museum and discover that this exhibition is not centered on contemporary artists, but rather on ones from the first half of the last century. More precisely, it examines Jewish artists that were forced to flee their homes as a result of persecution during the Second World War.

At the beginning of the exhibition I encounter a series of earth-toned portraits by Lotte Laserstein (1898–1993), who fled Nazi Germany in 1937 and fell into relative obscurity. A retrospective mounted at the Städel Museum in Frankfurt in 2019 finally brought Laserstein to the attention of a broad audience, giving her the recognition she deserves.

Wandering aimlessly among her expressive paintings, which depict her patrons and friends, something flickers in the corner of my eye, which makes me stop and take a few steps back. I look at a portrait of a seated man, dressed in a murky coat, his legs covered by a dark blanket. He is looking directly at the viewer with a resigned yet calm face, folding his large hands across his lap. I wonder what made me stop so abruptly in front of this painting. Something about the brushstrokes is peculiar: certain areas are more defined than the others. This effect is most striking when it comes to the head, which is outlined by a thin sharp black contour, while the facial features are blurred. The eyes seem cloudy and distant, as if the man is looking at us from behind a transparent veil. Does this suggest a vanishing of identity, the feeling that something is slipping through our fingers?

Laserstein's subject is Dr. Walter Lindenthal, a man who shared the painter's fate, being forced to migrate. When I attempt to research his story I am only lead back to Laserstein's portrait: trapped in a closed circuit, as if this artwork were the last and the only testimony of Dr. Lindenthal's life. His blurred eyes gain further significance, history already erasing itself from our memories. The portrait becomes the embodiment of losing your home, of finding another one, of embracing your fate with dignity and resilience. It is a silent protest against losing something in the mists of time.

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Exile Denied

By Yusi Liu 劉語絲

“Walk straight, go into that structure... Yes, that installation... Sit on one of those red chairs... Take the furthest one...”

In Klaus' world, he walked from Hohensalzburg Fortress, took a scenic trail in the woods, bathed in afternoon sunshine, had a salty pretzel and finally arrived at the museum entrance. In my world, Klaus is an avatar through which I mediate my midnight virtual museum visit, his masked face and his world pixelated, the screen on his end and the screen on mine glitching, a doubling defined by an unpredictable Internet connection.

I masqueraded as such in the Museum der Moderne in Salzburg with four others via Klaus, whose body maneuvers the huge exhibition halls, holding up an iPhone – his lens becoming mine. It was a playful, sensational and utterly bizarre experience. The screens made me eminently aware of my remoteness. I am the observer, or maybe Klaus is having an existential crisis, his body split into multiples, struggling between its real owner and the many virtual commanders far away. The screen moved around, panting and shaking; somewhere behind a screen in Beijing my body showed no motion.

“Can you hear me?... We just walked from there... My backpack is quite heavy...”

As I desired, Klaus walked into a wooden structure that occupied the center of the space in the exhibition *Scenes of Exile*, which drew my attention because of its grand scale. I saw his legs carrying his body, which didn't stop in front of the wall texts; it didn't matter because words were too blurred through the screen, as if they aren't already tiny enough on the gigantic wall. There is a row of red chairs inside a movable structure, and in front of these a long table holding different items. My screen became less dizzy when his body sat down in the farthest red chair. The prize on which we focus is yet another iPad. My screen, looking through a screen that sees another screen depicting black-and-white film scenes of a cosmopolitan city in the Republic of China.

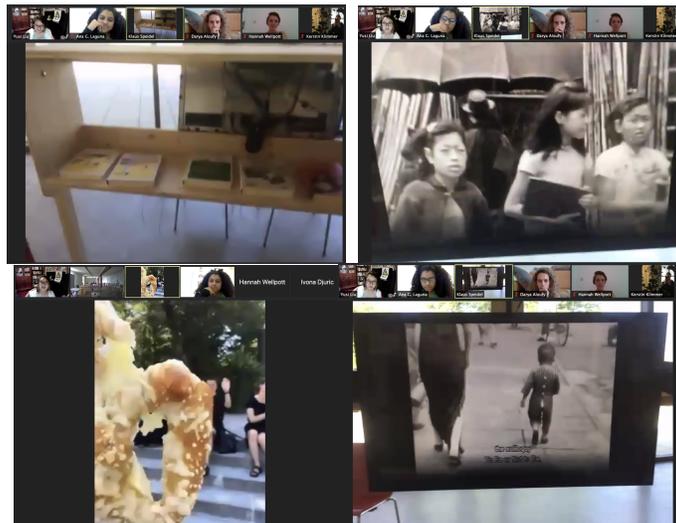
Children, women, men. The narrating voice, impossible to catch through our doubling of headphones. Klaus finally found the exhibition labels. It was in the *Entertainment Cube*, a piece of furniture by Austrian-American designer Victor Papanek, in which we were temporarily dwelling. On the screen is *Zuflucht in Shanghai. Der Hafen der letzten Zuflucht*, 1998, by Joan Grossman and Paul Rosdy. Like each document and work it connects to a person from the exhibition, in this case Louise Kolm-Fleck, an Austrian filmmaker who emigrated to Shanghai in 1940.

Fleck's film is about finding space in a new place after exile. It makes visible a place of Jewish diaspora that is rarely part of the official story: Shanghai in the early-twentieth century not only witnessed the rise of modernity in China and Western colonial occupations, but also a main trail of Jewish refugees fleeing the Nazis. Approximately 30,000 Jews lived in Shanghai during the wars, and their presence manifested in Shanghai's topography, still evident today. Fleck was the only foreign filmmaker who collaborated with local filmmakers and made Chinese films in the pre-Communist era. The film of Fleck manifests the effort of adjusting one's own life and career to a new place, in exile with uncertainties. The screen observes the lives of people in Shanghai using the perspective of a Western foreign refugee amidst the Sino-Japanese War, colonialism and the rise of modernity.

Children, women, men: unknown strangers, familiar faces. These hundred-year-old faces gave me a strange sense of relatability, bringing me closer to the actual space of the exhibition. A strange familiarity and an awkward irony. A cringe-worthy coincidence that it was me who asked Klaus to walk into the *Entertainment Cube* and sit on that particular chair, as if I have known what it would be about. I cringed more when I was reminded of my own flight. I had to leave my house in Philadelphia this March and returned to China in the time of Corona. Klaus' screen propelled me from China to Austria, and the double screens sent me back to the same land. Am I too getting exiled? Or is my attempt to exile denied?

"Anyone want to tell me where to go?"

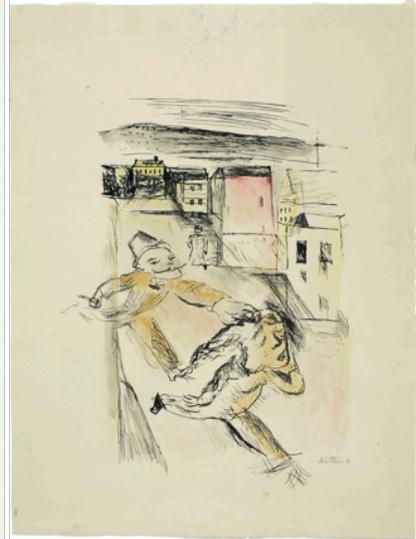
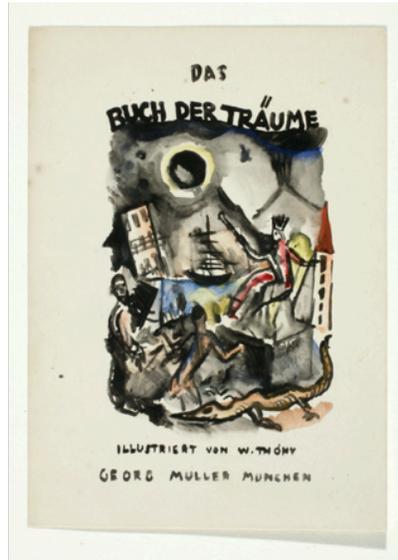
What actually went banished and emigrated is the coherence of the works in the exhibition, which were akin to a dysfunctional marriage. They are related to Jewish exile, but to different degrees. Louise Kolm-Fleck escaped the Nazis by moving to Shanghai for seven years. Victor Papanek emigrated to the United States at the age of 16 after the *Anschluss* of Austria, studied at Cooper Union, and later became an apprentice with Frank Lloyd Wright. The *Entertainment Cube* though is not so much about conditions or consequences of exile than the prefabricated core of accessible home space and dwelling in post-war America. I am not so sure if it is appropriate to see Fleck's film in Papanek's movable room. I am equally unsure if I should feel entertained by looking through images of other people's exiled lives. It is hard to appreciate Fleck's film, perhaps it too has been exiled by Papanek's cube. The awkward disconnection between the cubical structure and the film created a distance, as far as that between me and my avatar. I am really not there in the museum.



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Dreaming through the screen

By Ana G. Laguna Martino



Wilhelm Thöny, *The Book of Dreams*, c. 1920.

It is hard to feel attracted to a work in an exhibition when visiting online, but Wilhelm Thöny's work caught my attention early on.

A few weeks ago, I was eager to make my trip to Salzburg to participate in the class "Writing in, on and through art" at the International Summer Academy of Fine Arts. I wanted to visit all the galleries and museums that the city has to offer, but because of a pandemic, my plans changed. Taking the class online instead, I wondered how we were going to accompany the class to the exhibitions. With new tools such as Zoom, we found a way.

It was going to be a new experience for all of us. I never thought I was going to be visiting an exhibition via Zoom while drinking tea in my college dorm.

Stepping inside the room felt like stepping inside Wilhelm Thöny's head. The room was filled with drawings taken from the *Book of Dreams* – an unpublished collection of drawings, circa 1920. Each drawing represents a different scene but all have a somber and eerie theme. Each and every situation Thöny depicts is full of details willing to be dissected, such as the use of colours and the intensity of the lines. The presentation can take you on a trip inside the artist's mind, the exhibition feeling like an exploration of their subconscious. As you wander from drawing to drawing, different stories, different states of mind are conveyed. In the exhibition, the drawings are classified by location, as if each place had its own dreams and drawings.

During the First World War, Thöny worked as a military artist at the Italian front. Afterwards, in 1919 he moved to Switzerland with his wife, where he focused on the *Book of Dreams*. Its dark theme seems natural considering the experience of war. When I first saw the drawings I said to Klaus, our virtual guide: "They don't look like very pleasant dreams". Of course they aren't! War takes its toll on our minds; the anxieties, traumas, fears, wonderings; the process of learning how to live in a world in crisis. Even though I got to see this work through a screen, I started to feel anxious and unsettled after I had

seen a few drawings. They irradiate an obscure energy, every brush stroke and every detail accentuating a mysterious dream image.

Thinking about the drawings and the name of the exhibition, *Dreaming in Times of Crisis*, took me out of the artist's mind and the virtual museum walls and brought me back to the world we are in. A world with traumas of its own. A world where humanity is learning to coexist with Covid-19, a virus that took us by surprise. A world in which we as humankind are facing different crises each day. A world constantly searching for a silver lining.

For Thöny, creating the *Book of Dreams* might have been his form of catharsis, his form of dealing with his life experiences. What will be mine be? What will be yours?

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Another Day in the Life of the Artist

By Sarah Crowe



ONE-DAY-PORTRAIT FRANZ ZOKAN-WEST, WIEN 13.10.1976

Franz West partook of his morning cigarette while lounging in bed. At least, that's what he did on the 13th October, 1976. Friedel Kubelka vom Gröller photographed West puffing away next to an overflowing ashtray as part of *One Day Portrait*, 1976 – perhaps it's safe to assume it was a regular ritual, perhaps not.

Domestic spaces serve as a benignly familiar backdrop for Kubelka's storyboard of 74 credit-card-sized black-and-white photographs documenting her good friend. Images of West lounging in his bedroom, kitchen, living room and bathroom are routinely interspersed with sojourns to outside spaces: the subway, the sidewalk, a flight of stairs, a doorway. West was still a student at the time and Kubelka acutely captures the vagrancy nurtured by structureless art schools; her subject seems to both do a lot and nothing at all. Kubelka's frame is often a headshot of West (he looks hungover; must have been a Sunday). Indifferent, laughing, pulling a face, dazed, unphased, all-knowing, in the midst of blinking, at times macabre.

Kubelka's gaze at the helm of the lens neither depicts West in a heroic light, as he is known today, nor as an anonymous subject. At the time, Kubelka, the largely forgotten and until now unknown female photographer invisible behind the camera, and West, the minutely documented and lauded male concept artist, were not so disparate. In 1976, Kubelka exerts a discreet, respectful control over her subject in that she generously affords him the freedom to be completely at ease. She evokes extreme intimacy that doesn't pry or fetishize, yet captures West in moments not necessarily always shared. He's sleeping in a lot of the photos, there's a shot of his hand jotting down thoughts in a visible notebook and one of him putting on his undies. Clearly fueled by the closeness of their friendship, West goes about his daily activities completely unperturbed and uncomposed. Kubelka decidedly subdues the powerplay innate between photographer and subject. The artist is the artist's subject and the artist-subject is the artist's friend: a diary entry for the ages.

Mundane non-action leaves space for Kubelka to decelerate the passage of time as her lense penetrates the depth of what's really going on beyond the banal of the everyday. The artist was a trained psychoanalyst and administered the camera as a remedy in deconstructing emotion on people's faces,

most prevalent in the innumerable incremental portraits of her mother's staunchly calm expression in *Das tausendteilige Portrait*, 1980. Kubelka is West's psychological biographer, subtly relaying that he's actually *thinking* – the epitome of doing both something and nothing. His future art practice would unfold in imaginative thought processes that sought to probe intricacies in the relationship between art and social interaction.

Beyond a day, the series too could have represented a year or decade in West's life. Kubelka visually conjures time, skillfully stretching out the slow burn of inactivity into a life lived – only to bely the illusion she incites with hand-written timestamps marking the photographs as taken at fifteen-minute intervals on a single day. The subconscious presumption Kubelka invokes, a definitive understanding of West's entire existence based on a few images, isn't left unchecked. She blatantly ensures as much with her playful giveaway-title: *One Day Portrait*.

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From the Virtual to the Physical and Back

By Darya Aloufy

The era of COVID-19 has produced many firsts for me: the first time I've spent over a week with my partner without leaving the house; the first time I've perceived a simple task such as pressing an elevator button as a potential safety hazard; and my first-ever panic flight back home from London, with an unknown return date. Recently, I added another first to this list: the first time I participated in a virtual exhibition tour via Zoom. Sitting at my desk in Tel Aviv, I got a first-row walk-through of Austrian painter and illustrator Wilhelm Thöny's exhibition *Dreaming in Times of Crisis* at the Museum der Moderne in Salzburg.

This is not an easy exhibition to view from afar; over two-hundred paintings and drawings are exhibited in the museum, most of them displayed in groups of small works according to the time and place of their creation. The variety of groupings and locations visually reflects Thöny's vibrant, cosmopolitan life during the first half of the twentieth century. In present times, such a lifestyle seems almost like a dream in itself; sitting in Tel Aviv I could only fantasize about an almost-borderless movement between continents and cultures. In a sense, Thöny's adventures are the *dreams* of today's times of crisis.

Klaus, our virtual tour guide, showed us the space and zoomed in on certain works. I couldn't help but think that perhaps his experience is not so different from my own. Klaus, like me, is in a room filled with framed 'windows' depicting faraway places. Much like a Zoom meeting, one window may depict New York, while the one next to it displays a Parisian landscape. Exhibiting Thöny's two-hundred works collectively provides this exterior view, out of a specific place, enabling us to jump from one location to another, much like the virtual travels of these COVID-19 times. For me, this was a surreal experience. Sitting in Tel Aviv, I was staring at a screen displaying a museum space in Salzburg. Images of New York or Paris of the early-twentieth century were exhibited and projected through the screen all the way back to my hometown. Just like that, a transgressive and transient place between spaces and times was created. In accordance, Salzburg functions in the exhibition context as a virtual space in itself; instead of being a place of its own, Salzburg is the non-place where all the different 'windows' meet.

One thing is still irreplaceable in the physical experience – the tangibility of the works. At one moment, Klaus zoomed in on *Paris – Ile de la Cité II*, a large oil painting (or so it seemed through the screen) painted in expressive brush strokes. Zooming in and out to enable a close examination of the artistic work, Klaus mentioned art lovers' preferences when observing art. While some like to view the work from afar to get the bigger picture, others prefer to examine the details closely, analyzing the artist's use of material and their engagement with the medium. When I am physically in a museum, I often prefer the non-material view. However, sometimes I add one closer look before moving on to the next piece.

Why is that? I pondered while following Klaus zooming in and out. I do it because this closer examination is what differentiates the physical experience from the virtual one; it is when I see the brushstrokes, the three dimensionality of the two-dimensional painting, that I realize it's actually there, and furthermore, that it was actually painted by someone at a certain moment in history. Time folds. The 'feel' of the creator is suddenly present in my reading of the work and the different times and locations which so effortlessly converge in the virtual are differentiated again. With all of Klaus' good intentions, these are things that an online experience simply cannot provide.

Other works generated similar difficulties via Zoom. Framed behind glass, small drawings and illustrations projected Klaus' image, his glasses and phone visible to the distant viewer almost

constantly. If art tours function as mediators of the immediate encounter with art, this was as mediated as it gets: small drawings of social gatherings in distant lands were protected by glass which projected yet another pair of glasses – Klaus’ – then processed through an iPad lens and transferred to another distant place just to reappear on a screen. The different layers of this journey are so compressed in the final image that they are indistinguishable; Klaus’ glasses are as present in my view of the image as Thöny’s lines and colours. Perhaps, then, this is not a ‘first-row’ view after all. The layers of time and space reduced to a single image obscure my view of the work itself, much like the passing of physical bodies in the museum. Each layer distances me from the ‘first-row’.

In an era when we encounter art almost solely through a screen, so acclimate to the compressed experience of art, the 3D zoom-in moment (in contrast to the Zoom moment) separates the ‘layers,’ provides order and reason. In contrast, the virtual experience calls for something else; it dismantles the order and embraces ambiguity. It generates a view of artworks created almost one-hundred years ago in a contemporary context, during our own *Time of Crisis* and uncertainties, and using the tools and technology of our circumstances. Perhaps the compressed portrayal of faraway places *is* the experience of 2020, one which should be embraced rather than rejected.

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Alles wird bald Erinnerung sein

By Hannah Wellpott

das Knacken, Rauschen und Tropfen, die Schritte und Stimmen, die Geräusche einer fremden Wohnung.

das Brummen des Aufzugs, das Klacken der Tür und das etwas schwerfälligere Brummen, wenn sich der Aufzug mit zusätzlicher Last wieder nach oben schiebt.

der Maulwurf, auf den ich blicke, wenn ich vom Bildschirm hochschaue, der mich jedoch nicht sieht, sondern immerzu ins Schwarze schaut.

der Dachs, der mit gefletschten Zähnen auf mich zu zuspringt, wenn ich auf dem Sofa liege, aber doch in der Bewegung erstarrt, in der ihn damals die Kugel traf.

mein Körper im Raum, die Art der Bewegung und Wahrnehmung, das Eintauchen in ein anderes Leben, eine andere Realität.

City of the Future

By Louise Vanhee



Jun Moringa, *Untitled*, 1972, Gelatin silver prints on baryta paper. From the series 'Japanese Cities'.

Five black-and-white photographs hang together on a wall, spaced unevenly. Urban scenes are set against more intimate personal moments; overviews of architecture contrasted with the details of objects. The image that drew me closer to this grouping was one that appeared to show an aerial view of a dense urban city. The photograph taken by Japanese photographer Jun Moringa (1937–2018) is part of the exhibition *Die City – Das Land* at the Museum der Moderne Salzburg.

From afar, one could assume that the photographs are very similar: seeing one feels like having seen them all. However, Moringa's works require you to come closer, as the darkened muted colours test the viewer's recognition. In one aerial view Le Corbusier's *Ville Radieuse* is called to mind, a radical plan that gave a glimpse of what urban living in the future might look like. Straight lines, sharp edges, tall towers: it was all there in this tiny muddled image. Recognition and familiarity is what drew me to this image, and it took me some time to realize it was not an urban aerial image after all. Did others too see stacks of books in a dusty room, or a ravaged forest of only stumps?

Close looking reveals it is an image of a Japanese cemetery, the perspective fooling the viewer – or perhaps only me – in thinking the scale of the subject is much larger, and the viewpoint of the photographer much further away. All of the sudden the image becomes more personal and intimate; the detached urban scene becomes an intricately private image. The bustling sound of a metropolitan city changes into deafening silence; apartment lights illuminating the dark streets are replaced with candle lights; an image which hides a million people becomes one which only contains a few; the fast pace of the city makes room for quiet contemplation.

The anonymity of the city disappears, making me wonder if staring long enough would allow me to read the names on the headstones in front of me, the image drawing me in, closer and closer. Nonetheless, the comparison between *Ville Radieuse* stays with me, only its meaning shifting. This Japanese cemetery is the city of the future, or futures – for the people who will inevitably end up there some day. People will be settled next to each other, atop one another, in this miniature city of death.

The show is curated by Christiane Kuhlmann and Andrea Lehner-Hagwood. It is only the second time that the vast number of Japanese photographs in the collection of the Museum Der Moderne Salzburg are presented to the public. The photographs, taken between the 1960s and 1970s, were collected by Otto Breicha, who co-founded the institute and is considered as a pioneer supporter of photography in Austria. The exhibition shows Japanese urban and rural photographs in a unique style – described as ‘are, bure, boke’, loosely translatable as, ‘rough, blurry, out of focus.’ However, this particular image by Moringa shows the limits of exhibitions focused around such stylized labeling, where the subject matter can always be considered as either ‘urban’ or ‘rural’, where the scale and colours of the images make ‘rough, blurry, out of focus’ believable, but also where a single image will always challenge and evade the curatorial framing. As such, ‘mysterious, provocative, challenging’ are perhaps words that fit better.

This image goes far beyond the narrative choices surrounding it and leaves the visitor wondering where it was taken, when it was taken, what is the reasoning behind it: what did this place mean for Jun Moringa? One could even wonder if he has since then become part of this city of the future, his body returning to the place captured in this image, becoming part of this miniature city of death.

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Looking In, On, and Through the Self in Friedl Kubelka vom Gröller's Portraits

By Marit Holtrust

What do you see when you look in the mirror? And how does this differ from how you see yourself on camera? What do you see when you aren't looking at an image of yourself?

In the exhibition *Friedl Kubelka vom Gröller: The self in the mirror of the other*, presented at the Museum der Moderne in Salzburg, the alternate yet co-existing versions of the self are conveyed in the artist's 'Year's Portraits' series. For most of her adult life, the Austrian photographer and filmmaker captured herself daily through intimate self-portraits that reveal both little and a lot about her life. A trained psychoanalyst, Kubelka initiated the series to explore the psychological force of the portrait, which she described as stemming from the "wish to document the way someone ages, and show her changing approach to her own self, her changing life." For Kubelka, the self becomes apparent in the accumulation of seemingly mundane moments, in both the subtle and the sudden transformations that we undergo each and every day.



Das erstes Jahresportrait, 1972-73.



Das neunte Jahresportrait, 2012-13.

Kubelka glued the daily self-portraits on sheets of white paper, each page representing a month in her life, following the structure of the calendar. With the occasional gaps of missed days, the black-and-white square prints form a mosaic of faces. Sometimes close up, sometimes from afar, or laughing into the camera, or with her hand resting on her face, she contemplates. Oftentimes, Kubelka even seems unaware of the presence of the lens. The exhibition walls then resemble those of an obsessive stalker, a personal detective, or paparazzo. Other times, she seems to enjoy the presence of the camera. She laughs, poses, takes off her clothes. These moments are intimate, and look as if they were taken by a lover, a friend or family member. The series shows the multitude of faces that Kubelka possesses, each different and each captured through her own eyes.

As someone who has often struggled with self image, I wonder what it must feel like to have a document of yourself for every day of your life. In the words of Susan Sontag, the photograph has a deep bite when it comes to memory – it freezes a frame in a comprehensible image. Most of my own early childhood memories are based on photographs taken during that moment. What seems like a memory, is actually a documentation of something long forgotten. Kubelka took the photographs each and every day with full awareness and purpose. While the viewer can only guess at what lies outside the frame of the picture, the artist must be able to recall the feelings and memories attached to these

recorded moments. While for us, the days of our lives get strung together in a hazy blur, Kubelka has the freeze frame of memory for each and every one of them; some of which she might rather forget.

Kubelka's portraits don't only freeze intimate moments of the self, they duplicate them. This practice can be described as mimesis: through reproducing the self, it is made other, with a consequent emancipation of the subject. Each time Kubelka takes her portrait, she is not only duplicating herself, but emancipating from herself too – she is able to take distance and view the self from a far. Through the 'Year's Portraits' series, Kubelka is able to become a spectator of her own self. The lens not only brings about distance, but objectification as well. As the artist once said, "to photograph people, is to violate them. It turns them into objects that can be symbolically possessed."

Kubelka put her child through the same thing, taking a photograph of her every Monday from the day she was born until she reached the age of eighteen. Looking back at this experience, her daughter, Louise Anne vom Gröller, says, "I always had a neutral view of this documentation of myself growing up. Now, when I look at this child growing up I see a serious person." Repeating it now, this statement does not seem so tragic, but during the exhibition it made me want to cry. Not only did Kubelka document her own adult life – perhaps with the conceptual consequence of distancing herself from it – her daughter experienced (suffered?) the same, her childhood fixed through the eyes of another: her mother. Louise Anne's statement confirms the distance that the portraits produce between photograph and photographed. Louise Anne does not see herself, she sees a child to whom she seemingly cannot relate.

With the intention to capture the self in, on, and through all its faces and transformations, Kubelka creates a distance between subject and viewer with her yearly portrait series. A distance that even the subjects themselves experience when looking at their photographs. While the 'Year's Portraits' seem to offer an intimate look into Kubelka and her daughter's life, they emphasize that we actually know very little about them. What happens between the snapshots, the faces that we do not see, remains a mystery.

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Alina Kopytsa: Do you Want to be Tied Down?

By Svitlana Libet



In the centre of Kyiv, on Reitarska Street, there is a gallery that has recently opened called The Naked Room. It is designed as a fancy Europeanish space: there is an exhibition room, a bar and a bookshop. The galleries have bare walls, which are purposefully left unpainted; the bar sells expensive beer, wine, coffee and croissants; the bookshop has volumes from Ukrainian publishing houses, as well as Europe and Russia. I'm drawing attention to the space because it's probably the only one like this in Kyiv. Art institutions are struggling, exemplified not least by the collapsed ceiling in the National Art Museum of Ukraine.

The Naked Room gallery was co-founded by two Ukrainian curators, Maria Lanko and Lizaveta German, together with Mark Raymond Wilkinson, a filmmaker from Switzerland, who moved from New York to Kyiv. Now on display is the exhibition *Play. Pause. Stop* by Ukrainian artist Alina Kopytsa, who lives in Switzerland. In her works, Alina explores sexuality, gender and limits of the body. She talks about her own experiences and the experiences of people in her circle: communication within relationships, sexual exploration, sex toys and games, queer, non-binary and BDSM-practices. The experiences she describes often deal with violence — done with or without permission, evading or respecting personal boundaries, exploring that which influences our behaviour and sometimes undermines freedom of expression. Simultaneously, she talks about the tenderness of communication between people, the beauty of vulnerability through the admittance of each other's differences.

Alina works with textiles, into which she sews ribbons, buttons and embroidery. Her family worked in the textile industry for generations, and so Kopytsa has integrated this tradition into her practice. The materials that she chooses contrast with the topics about which she speaks. It's through the technique that Alina lures you into understanding different ways of being. The textiles and ribbons take you back to the traditional and conventional, something from a different era — old, faded, nanny-like, familiar, but not at once recognizable — expressing childhood, memories and nostalgia. The embroidery too can be read as a symbol of piercing, marks that can be left after BDSM-sessions.

Alina is fond of mark making: of whippings that leave scars. You get to know more about her also through videos and performances. Her voice is calm, quiet. Her movements are graceful, light. The

new work *Alphabet for Adults* (2020) is comprised of two parts: a video (made in collaboration with her partner) and a sketchbook with embroidered phrases or situations, which illustrate each letter. The video is presented behind a Chinese wall-divider, while to examine the sketchbook the viewer is invited to sit at a table, from which you can peek intermittently at the screen.

“How was it?”

“I felt like a chair. I felt like I were the chair when fucking with him”.

This is one of the situations from the sketchbook, which describes the letter “C” — “chair”. This was a remark uttered by her friend, who described the experience of having sex with her husband repeatedly. “I almost cried there, sitting on that chair. Have you ever had that?” — my friend expressed this to me after seeing the exhibition. She was deeply touched by how the artist conveyed such an intimate situation so accurately. She too had been in that kind of situation. I too had been in that kind of situation.

There is fabric all over the walls of the gallery. The space looks soft and makes you feel comfortable, like you're at home. The textiles here describe different situations from Kopytsa's life, again accompanied by embroidered texts: a story from the KitKatClub in Berlin — one of the city's infamous sex clubs — another from her bedroom and yet another from her latest performance, *to the joy of the visitors*, where she sat naked in a sculpture park. Kopytsa's kind of role-play doesn't only happen in the bedroom, but in everyday life too.

In the embroidery *Business Communications* we see familiar silhouettes reminiscent of clerks from the 1960s — the jackets conjuring the likes of *Mad Men*. The way they stand is cold and distant, as the office space or business routine often is, but the communication they're having aims to penetrate, their lower bodies intertwined. They have tentacles instead of hands — such a symbol of the sexual ‘other’ is widely used by Alina in her practice. We see a merging of traditions: the typical Western tweed jacket and the Japanese phallic symbol of the octopus's tentacles. Japanese tentacle erotica often portrayed women being seduced by a creature — an octopus — as exemplified by the nineteenth-century artist Hokusai. Tentacles recall the practices of bondage, also popular in Japan. Alina uses both — tentacles and bondage — to talk about the ‘other’ in sexual practices, as well as the beauty of rope play.

“Do you want to be tied down? How tight do you want the ropes to be?” — she is asking her partner in the video *Alphabet for Adults*. Kopytsa often deals with the notion of personal boundaries and the respect one should have towards them. In an [interview](#) for Ukrainian online magazine *Your Art* she said that she would never do anything that would hurt another person without their permission. *Play. Pause. Stop* — “stop” is my favourite word here. The understanding and trust you get at BDSM-session, some of which are widely described in this exhibition: “Stop” and your partner will, as each individual's desires and boundaries are expressed before starting.

“Speak more to your partner. Create your own adult alphabet”, says the artist at the show. There is no right or wrong, just as there is no genius in art or sex. The openness and desire to explore yourself, your partner(s) and your life brings creativity and fullness to your acts. Try, experiment, create. Play, pause, stop. Something about Alina's work is calming: you leave the space feeling more connected to yourself than before.

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The Road Less Travelled

By Alexandra Schmidt



Wilhelm Thöny, fünf freunde, graz 1923–33.

the roads not taken

wilhelm thöny had a sketchbook. he used it as a diary. it was the time of the roaring twenties, a decade of prosperity mainly concentrated in europe and in the us.

women had gotten their right to vote recently in austria, germany and the us; the first world war was over; kingdoms had been destroyed; economies were burgeoning after wartime devastation. it was the time of the republic of weimar, the first parliamentary republic in germany.

sigmund freud was conceiving psychoanalysis – wilhelm thöny later became famous for his paintings of his own dreams. in the savoy ballroom in new york people of colour and white people danced together in public for the first time. they danced swing and blues, abandoned the ballroom etiquette and considered every person equal. music styles like afro-american drums, jazz and us big band sounds mingled.

wilhelm thöny drew this picture of five friends talking in his hometown of graz, austria. he lived there from 1923 until 1931, before which he had spent years in germany and switzerland.

two women, three men are depicted. one of the women is talking, she has her hand raised. who were they? what were they talking about? about politics? about freud? about convincing thöny to do an analysis of his dreams? about swing sounds and whether it was appropriate to dance with fascists?

in those years there was this small window of opportunity for the northern world to develop new and democratic forms of governance. but fascism and antisemitism grew stronger, too. people were

suffering from the consequences of the war, many were starving; intellectuals, scientists and artists had a hard time doing their work, especially when they were jewish.

wilhelm thöny was a widely traveled intellectual with good networks and many duties. his first wife, thea trautner, was jewish. we know that they both made it into the exile. yet what happened to the five friends?

which road did they take and where did it lead them? what if they had chosen a different one?

could hitler's evil have been prevented?

„the roads not taken“ is a poem by robert frost. the finishing lines reading:

*Two roads diverged in a wood, and I –
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.*

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Künstler im Verborgenen

by Thomas Wieser

Kennen Sie Walter Trier?

Kennen Sie Erich Kästner?

Als ich mich in das Salzburger Museum der Moderne aufmachte, um in der aktuellen Ausstellung nach Inspirationen zu suchen, war mir der Name „Trier“ nicht geläufig.

Kästner dagegen wird Ihnen vielleicht ein Begriff sein. Möglicherweise sind Sie als Kind in eines seiner zahlreichen Werke eingetaucht. Und Sie waren nicht alleine. Seine Bücher wurden von unzähligen Kindern gelesen. Auch mich faszinierten Kästners Geschichten als junger Leser. Was mich auf die Bücher aufmerksam machte, waren vor allem die illustrierten Buchtitel: Ob *Das doppelte Lottchen*, *Das fliegende Klassenzimmer*, *Emil und die Detektive* oder *Die Konferenz der Tiere* - die Auswahl meines Lesestoffes bestimmte mehr der freundliche, frohe, zum Teil komische Auftritt der Cover-Gestaltung als der Titel.

Und hier kommen wir wieder zu Walter Trier, der die Buchcover des bekannten Autors entwarf. Trier wuchs in Prag auf und besuchte die Kunstgewerbeschule. In München absolvierte er die Akademie der bildenden Künste. Schließlich gelangte er nach Berlin. Er bekam regelmäßig Aufträge von den populären Ullstein-Magazinen und diversen Illustrierten.

Trier tauchte ein in die Welt der Trickfilme, es entstanden Kostüm- und Bühnenedwürfe. Als er für Erich Kästners *Emil und die Detektive* erstmals ein Buchcover gestaltete, war er der Berühmtere der beiden.

Walter Trier besuchte auch Salzburg. Für die Gestaltung von *Der kleine Grenzverkehr* traf er sich hier 1936 regelmäßig mit Erich Kästner, der zu dieser Zeit in Bad Reichenhall, einer deutschen Grenzstadt in der Nähe, lebte.

Noch vor dem zweiten der großen Weltkriege ging Trier nach London. Er schuf politische Karikaturen für das in England erscheinende deutschsprachige Wochenblatt „Die Zeitung“ und gestaltete die Titelblätter des satirischen Lifestyle-Magazins „Lilliput“.



Die Arbeit von Trier zeichnet sich durch seine tiefgreifende Ironie aus. Auf dem Titelblatt des Magazins „Lilliput“ erschien immer ein Paar mit einem Hund. Ob beim Tennisspiel - der Hund war der Schiedsrichter - oder beim Schispringen - der Hund sprang einfach mit, auf Schi, versteht sich - oder als Schneemann (in diesem Fall als, äh, Schneehund), immer war der Hund dabei. Das satirische Blatt mit Hund hielt sich ganze zwölf Jahre und verkörperte Werte wie Jugend, Liebe und Lebensfreude.

Walter Trier nahm sich auch politisch kein Blatt vor den Mund. Im Londoner Exil illustrierte er Hitler ironisch, einmal als Baby nackt auf einer Wiese sitzend und fragte: „Where do you come from, Baby dear?“, ein anderes Mal hing Hitler mit einem Kleidungsstück auf einem der Zacken der Freiheitsstatue in New York hilflos fest.



Diese Darstellungen hinterlassen eine besonders tiefe Wirkung. Man ist sich unsicher, ob man schmunzeln oder entsetzt sein soll. Es scheint hier ähnlich zu sein wie mit verschrobenen Verschwörungstheorien in den rechten Bewegungen: Man weiß kaum, ob man lachen oder sich fürchten soll.

Trier fand mit seinen Illustrationen eine effiziente Sprache, deren Ironie und nachhallende Wirkung man sich auch heute wünscht. Trier zauberte mit seinen Darstellungen ein Schmunzeln in das Gesicht der Menschen, jung wie alt. Bis heute.

Ausgezeichnet hat Trier eine besondere Kombination – die Verbindung von Kunst und Spiel. In seinen Werken zeichnete er oft das Spiel der Kinder, wie in *Emil und die Detektive*, und stellte die Figuren in ihrer Verspieltheit dar. Viele seiner Werke richteten sich an eine kindliche oder jung gebliebene Leserschaft und verursachte mit diesem visuellen Kniff Neugier auf die Erzählungen von Erich Kästner.

Obwohl sich seine farbenfrohen und spielerischen Buchcovers für Erich Kästner tief in unser visuelles Gedächtnis eingeschrieben haben und den Romanen zu nachhaltigem Ruhm verhelfen, ist Trier kaum noch bekannt. Solchermaßen vom allgemeinen Publikum vergessen werden ist letztlich das Schicksal vieler Grafiker*innen und Illustrator*innen.

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