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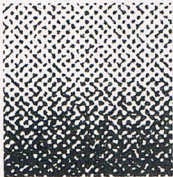
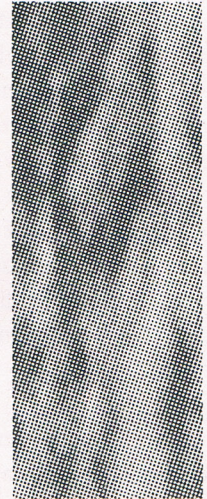
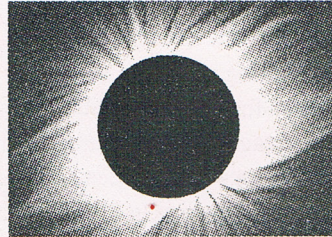
I

Q

A

You are dead now. It is not the first time, but it feels like it. It always has. And now... again. You are even bound to think this state becomes ever newer with each repeated case of unsolicited death. You find yourself in a prison of sorts: cold, dry, boring. Colorless time grips your gray matter, though you feel, feel rather than see, some tints coming back from a subdued horizon. They smell and sound. Strangely enough, you find yourself not welcoming them, still clutching to the lifeless reins.

– Palo Fabuš



Titles and descriptions:

(1A, 1B) *untitled*

Handmade railings of elastomer and metal.

(2A) *"the constellation of white objects suddenly appeared in the presence of an albino cat"*

Framed archival inkjet print.

(3A, 3B) *Leaving the House with an Open Fire, but Briefly*
Compositions of temporarily capsulated glass balls.

(4A) *It's Already Now Again*

Silver ring on a necklace with text engraved on the inner side.

(5A) *untitled*

Some 40 minutes video loop based on a screen capture of a programmed autonomous animation and post-produced.

Robert and the Handrail

Framed archival photo print.

19

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Glare Inland
Quiet Attachment

REPORT N° 1

Martin Kohout

30 April – 28 May, 2011

Exile

Q

A

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“It is always like the last moment before the departure of an emigrants’ ship: people have more to say to each other than ever, the hour is late, and the ocean and its desolate silence are waiting impatiently behind all of this noise – so covetous and certain of their prey. And all and everyone of them suppose that the heretofore was little or nothing while the near future is everything; and that is the reason for all of this haste, this clamor, this outshouting and overreaching each other. Everyone wants to be the first in this future – and yet death and deathly silence alone are certain and common to all in this future.”



»Ocurre siempre como en el último momento que precede a la partida de un barco lleno de emigrantes; tienen más cosas que decirse que nunca, el tiempo apremia, el océano espera impaciente detrás de todo ese alboroto con su profundo silencio, ¡tan lleno de ansia, tan seguro de su presa! Y todos piensan que la vida vivida hasta entonces no es nada o es poca cosa, que el futuro próximo lo será todo, ¡de ahí esa prisa, esos gritos, esa forma de ensordecerse y de engañarse! Cada uno quiere ser el primero en ese futuro, y, no obstante, la muerte y el silencio de la muerte constituyen la única certeza y lo que todos tienen en común en ese futuro.«



»Всегда как в последний момент перед отплытием эмигрантского судна: имеют сказать друг другу больше, чем когда-либо, время теснит, океан своим пустынным молчанием нетерпеливо ждет за всем этим шумом – столь ненасытный, столь уверенный в своей добыче! И все, все думают, что все, случившееся до сих пор, было ничем либо мало чем и что близкое будущее есть все: и отсюда эта спешка, этот крик, это самооглушение и самонадувательство! Каждый хочет быть первым в этом будущем, – и все же только смерть и гробовая тишина есть общее для всех и единственно достоверное в нем!«

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