

Opening Friday, 11 January, 7 - 22 p.m.  
through 16 February 2008 (Wed.-Sat. 2-7 p.m.)

IN THE MISTY RAIN  
MOUNT FUJI IS VEILED ALL DAY  
HOW INTRIGUING!

Anne Gathmann // Dieter Lutsch // Marcel Prüfert, Jan Ungerer // Inken Reinert // Sandra Zuanovic

Opening: Friday, 22 February 2008, 7-10 p.m.  
through 29 March 2008 (Wed.-Sat. 2-7 p.m.)

Fuji-san, Japan's highest and holiest mountain, enjoys worldwide esteem for its beauty. When, in the course of his wanderings, the Japanese poet Bashō finally reached Fuji, the live report he delivered was truthful and succinct, the haiku form at its best, declaring that Fuji could not be seen at all just then on account of fog and rain. Thus he boldly cast to the winds all those stereotypical landscape descriptions and romantic clichés that have degenerated in art and literature into empty shells of words.

Stedefreund too is interested in all those things that may lie hidden behind the superficial:

Through painting, **Anne Gathmann** brings the world between the lines into the foreground. Figurative borrowings and landscape impressions seem not so far removed from one another as they flirt with representation. How can something be read if it cannot be named? Water structures in paper softened by the painting process become three-dimensional, suggesting the relation between micro- and macroscopic shapes.

**Sandra Zuanovic's** drawings are obsessive, poetic and intensely self-conscious: With glittering gel-pen colors laid down in spirals, layer by layer, she concentrates, like a classical portraitist, on motifs presented front and center. Figure, ape, skull, ornament, text – all become backgrounds devoid of meaning, enclosed in an all-over graphic structure that can provide painterly depth or in-your-face flatness, depending on how it is employed. With her large-format wall drawing at Stedefreund, Zuanovic not only transcends the panel-painting format, she also inverts the drawing process by inscribing lines into pastel.

**Dieter Lutsch** proves you can do a lot with the four elements of water, air, fire and earth. A whiff of alchemical magic hangs about his sculptural experiments, in which he utilizes the laws of physics to apparently nullify them. He causes fountains to bubble out of air mattresses, and good-luck cats to knock on glasses with their waving arms. Candle flames flicker horizontally, and the foam we're accustomed to bathing in grows into a pillar a meter tall. For this exhibition, he'll surprise us with a new piece.

**Inken Reinert** covers the abandoned kiosk on Rosenthaler Strasse with a new exterior skin, alluding to its fate, in recent years, of providing advertising space for random postings. Large-format photocopies quote the honeycomb facade of Dresden's Centrum Warenhaus department store, which was torn down in 2007. Reinert thus continues her reclamation of the formal vocabulary of East German architecture, with her customary lack of nostalgia: Like previous representational structures, the kiosk too gets a cosmetic treatment; it will be repurposed on the night of the opening as the Revolution Bar before it too faces demolition.

**Marcel Prüfert** and **Jan Ungerer** put up posters too, but they do it indoors, not outdoors. What happens to painting and pictorial expression when drawings and political slogans from Berlin's public facades suddenly appear in the same format on the textured wallpaper of the gallery? WE HURL THEIR PROPAGANDA AT THE WALL. Is political protest in an art context necessarily reduced to an homage to the painting of the 80s? Isn't the gallery nothing more than advertising space for artists? In politics, as in art, words and images quickly turn into empty shells. Prüfert and Ungerer turn their backs on old habits. Goodbye, clever political slogans; hello, personal feelings.