

Calli Ryan und Mari Stark

Opening: 17.9.2026, 18 – 21 Uhr

Penumbra
18.9. – 11.10.2026

Opening hours: Saturdays 3 – 6 pm and by appointment

Calli Ryan

Night Swimmer, 2026
Oil on board
40 x 50 cm

Assembly, 2026
Oil on board
40 x 50 cm

November Rain, 2026
Öl auf Holz
50 x 40

Mari Stark

Verdantly, 2026
Glass, decal transfer, spray nozzles, common vervain (*Verbena officinalis*), artificial plants, table, silk, cochineal, rust, walnuts
110 x 70 x 70 cm

Verdantly, 2026
Spray nozzles, artificial ivy, common vervain (*Verbena officinalis*), table, glass, decal transfer
150 x 60 x 60 cm

Verdantly, 2024
Cochineal and epoxy resin on silk, burned
50 x 30 x 10 cm

Calli Ryan (*1988) is an artist based in Philadelphia, USA. She highlights the interior life of her characters by situating them within seemingly deserted cityscapes or high-rise buildings. Individuals appear lost in thought balancing loneliness and solitude in the modern era. Recent solo and group presentations include 'Between Space', Monya Rowe Gallery, NYC; 'The Painter and the City', Procession Gallery, Philadelphia; 'I will rise and go now', HAGD Contemporary, Aalborg, Denmark etc.

Mari Stark (*1986 in Schwäbisch Hall) lives in Vienna. In her artistic practice, she creates installations using objects, painting, and fashion. She explores experimental dyeing techniques using natural dyes, the fetishization of everyday objects, and the use of merchandise as a strategy to establish concepts and ideas as reality. Her collaborative projects include the fashion collective Altinstark (since 2013, together with Esra Altın). Her works have been exhibited at venues including the Kunsthalle Wien, the Kunstverein Schleuse (Vienna), and the Fort Biennale 01 (Franzensfeste, South Tyrol).

PILOT is a project space founded in 2017 by three friends, who decided to use their grand Durchgangszimmer (a connecting room) as an exhibition space. PILOT has been run in different constellations with a wide variety of artistic projects having been realised at regular intervals, with Niclas Schöler currently in charge of the programming. PILOT is a platform for a wide spectrum of different artistic positions, with a special curatorial focus on feminist and queer positions.

COMMUNE was founded in September 2023 by partners Abby McKenzie and Daniel Lippitsch in Vienna. Previously the founders have worked in galleries and were curating across London, Hong Kong and Vienna. The ethos of the gallery is to work sustainably with the gallery's program with an emphasis on close collaboration, guiding the artist's international institutional and commercial careers with an artist-practice led approach. Furthermore, the gallery focuses on early career artists who are of the same generation as the gallerists in order to foster a community and ongoing dialogue.

*Do you want to spend a day
Just a day in the water*

August 12, 2026

7:20 p.m.

A sense of unease is spreading at Terminal 3, Gate F. People are crowding against the tinted windows. Outside, the sun is low in the sky. Its yellow light shines across the tarmac, casting long shadows from the planes parked there. During the day, the temperature reached 33 degrees Celsius. You can see the heat radiating from the asphalt, while inside the building the temperature is comfortable.

7:22 p.m.

Gate 3 runs roughly from west to east. Unfortunately, the sun is almost in line with the building, so that only a narrow strip of light falls through the window onto the floor at the very edge. Those waiting stand very close to the windows and try to catch a glimpse of the sun through deeply tinted disposable sunglasses. Those without sunglasses try as well, but end up burning their retinas and look on, blinded and envious of those who came prepared.

It's been the talk of the town for days now: the solar eclipse over Europe. In Spain, it's a total eclipse; in large parts of Europe, it's at least nearly total. There's a sense of tension in the air. Something is about to happen. For a moment, everyone will be together in the moon's shadow. The sun will shine, and it will continue to shine for a long time, but not in this moment, not during this shared event. Not for us. It will still exist, as an idea, but we won't see it. It will shine, but we won't feel it. Only its negative image will be perceptible to us. It will exist only in our memories and in our hope. A hope for a new beginning, for the end of the transformation, for stepping out of the shadow into something new. Without knowing what that new thing might be, but different.

*Just a day like no other
When nothing hurts your skin, yeah?*

7:40 p.m.

The sun is becoming more and more obscured. You can't see this at Gate F. The tinted windows dampen the contrasts, and the outside world appears completely muted. The sun has now moved far enough that it's aligned with the building and is therefore no longer visible. You realize that you won't see anything of this solar eclipse here tonight. The airport's sealed-off security area keeps the natural spectacle out. The five phases of a solar eclipse (partial beginning, beginning of totality, total phase, end of totality, partial end) do not occur here. The light remains constant; any changes here would be cause for concern.

Since the 17th century, it has been possible to calculate the occurrence of a solar eclipse—nowadays down to the second. This makes the prediction of a solar eclipse by Thales of Miletus on May 28, 585, as recorded by Herodotus, all the more astonishing. On that day, the armies of the Lydians and the Medes faced off, ready for battle beneath the blue sky. When suddenly, just as Thales of Miletus had foretold, the sky darkened and the sun disappeared, fear gripped the soldiers and their commanders. They abandoned the fight and made peace.

*Do you wanna know?
Do you want to feel the sun*

8:13 p.m.

The solar eclipse has reached its peak. We head to Gate F36; boarding has begun. The eclipse glasses have long since been put away, and people are turning their attention to other things: In the U.S., Karoline Leavitt has announced her resignation, and in Germany, people are already commemorating the sixty-fifth anniversary of the fall of the Berlin Wall.

*But the sun from underwater?
Nothing burning your shoulders*

8:14 p.m.

Sunset. It coincides almost exactly with the maximum eclipse. The sun sets, darkened.

*Nothing hurts within, yeah
Do you wanna know? Yeah*

8:40 p.m.

The plane takes off and flies north. The horizon is still orange, slowly shifting through a soft yellow and a narrow green stripe into a bright, almost white blue, then into the deep blue of the night.