

1
Belinda Kazeem-Kamiński
O.T., K.T.C.I., 2022
Video loop, color, no
sound, 16:9
5 min
Edition 3+1 AP

2
Axel Koschier
o.T., 2019
Acrylic, polyester fabric,
press studs
95 × 50 cm

3
Philipp Fleischmann
Philipp Fleischmann,
2012/2013
Twelve photographs, b/w,
glossy
10 × 10 cm
30.8 × 22 cm framed

4
Ellen Schafer
Mirror, 2021
Hand-etched motorized
security mirror, mirrored
plexiglass
75 × 75 × 35 cm

5
Robert Lettner
MEIN HERBARIUM, 1992
Acrylic on newspaper
35.5 × 26.5 cm framed

6
Saskia Te Nicklin
O.G., 2023/2024
Pastel, chalk and charcoal
on paper
119 × 186 cm

7
Constanze Schweiger
*Färbeprobe*n, 2022
plant dye and iron sulfate
on cotton
Dimensions variable

8
Thea Moeller
Floodlight, 2023
Steel, lacquer, rubber
50 × 100 × 60 cm

9
Maja Vukoje
Moma Lisa, 2024
Acrylic and newspaper on
burlap
200 × 110 cm

10
Daniel Ferstl
Monster Socks, 2020
Mixed media on canvas
64.5 × 50.5 cm

11
Georg Petermichl
Retrospektive, 2010/2022
C-print
66.5 × 44 cm framed
Edition of 3+1 AP

12
Katharina Höglinger
sweet senseless powers.
almost all endless but
hope, 2019
Mixed media on linen
110 × 100 cm

WONNERTH DEJACO

The Mountain Outside Our Window

A group show
with the 12
represented artists
Curated by
Katharina Höglinger
02 February 2023 —
16 March 2023

2024, with the hope for a shared view or for *looking at something together*:

Here is my confession that sometimes I forget to look carefully at the things that are closest to me because I am so used to their presence. Or they just get overshadowed by those that come to the foreground all by themselves in everyday life.

I was nervous.
(Because I'm afraid of expectations and judgment).

After the exhibition *All Work and Time and Care*, which I curated in Cluj in the summer, we came up with the idea of putting together a follow-up exhibition at the gallery in Vienna. In a way *All Work and Time and Care 2*.

I had these words on repeat after I started reading Alva Gotby's book "They Call it Love: The Politics of Emotional Life." It's about love and how love relationships are invisible work on society and I thought to myself: is there anything left that isn't work? Yet we operate in social systems for which each other's time, work and care are somehow essential. So the primary question is how best to distribute and redistribute them.

I felt radical.
(And at the same time the opposite.)

For many artists (*us*) being represented by a gallery and getting institutional visibility are essential for their professional

development. This can be important not only for financial security, but also for both genuine and felt appreciation. So here we are, with different needs, experiences and – importantly – different social capital.

And then you stand with me in friendship, in admiration, in loose connection, in competition.

I stand there with you, too. I am happy for you. *most of the time*

Also in the art world, relationships and connections are relevant for positioning yourself and advancing your career. What's special here is that there is hardly any distinction between professional and private, *partly because I can't always distinguish between them myself*. Being an artist is widely treated as a vocation rather than a profession, which primarily helps to maintain an elitist system that is frugally treated by the state. For a few this means great social and financial success, for some something in between and for many an ongoing state of precarity. In this we are all together. *Hi there!*

I felt like an advocate.

(And also one who is looking for something she doesn't know exactly what it is).

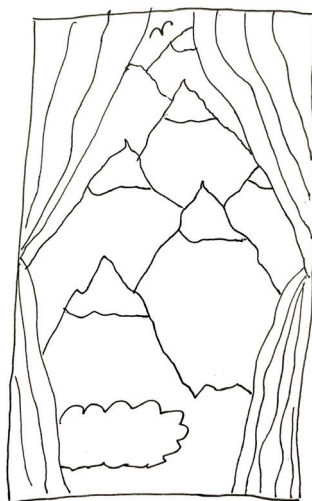
In the context of the gallery, I keep asking myself how the individual artists relate to the works and personalities of their colleagues. I am also interested

in the extent to which practices and positions influence each other and shape the external perception. The decision to curate this exhibition with all the represented artists makes it possible to establish connections, emphasize common interests, bring the works into a dialogue or simply into each other's company.

I wanted to take time
(from the others, from me; for the others, for me).

Over and over again, Etel Adnan painted the *mountain* that she could see from her window. And when she was somewhere else, she missed it.

I thought it was a cute idea, *I like it, it likes me*.



K.H.

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