

Andrei Koschmieder Puts

Jana Euler, Manuel Gnam, Lena Henke, Anne Imhof, Andrei Koschmieder, Rob McKenzie, Jee Young Sim, Stefan Tcherepnin
June 25 - Aug 7 2011

Joseph Goebbels may or may not be the author of a novel once interpreted this way by a German feminist writing in the 70's: a miner in search of spiritual renewal ventures into a gold mine (the womb) and breaks rocks until exhaustion. In the ecstasy of his value-extracting labor in the vagina of Mother Earth, a stable ego is born.

A recent group show in Berlin presented upbeat, abstract and sometimes hand-made (one allegedly in the mother's garage...) works with the mention "work constitutes a separate perceptive space", which is exactly the kind of wittgensteinian povera-streamlining putting art in the network demands. Another way of inseminating the earth by discharging names and jpgs in a climactic release of collective laboring.

Andrei Koschmieder hand-printed an image of an erupting volcano on a piece of olive green cotton measuring 60 inches by 40 inches in which the list of names comprising this exhibition is lost in a cloud of ash and molten lava bursting from the orifice. We discuss the symbolism of this crockpot-image, this *Bedeutungsschwanger* piece of already-worn fabric on the brink of becoming a digital invitation card; from the anus of the earth, a list of artist names is evacuated into the ozone.

I once heard a story about Paris Hilton, going to a photo shoot. She disappeared into the toilet for half an hour before arriving on set. All of a sudden, she burst out of there and ran away to a Lincoln town car that was waiting outside the studio lot. A production assistant stepped into the bathroom into which she had disappeared for so long and discovered the walls to be covered in shit.

-MATHIEU MALOUF

She was next seen on the hit reality TV series, "The Simple Life". Make your own life, hippy..

