

Hansi Fuchs
SUGAR CRASH
June 20–July 24, 2026

“A hero needs a stage or a pedestal or a pinnacle.” If you put him in a box, “he looks like a rabbit, like a potato,” writes Ursula K. Le Guin in her essay about telling the story of “the thing to put things in, the container for things contained.”¹ The box does not merely delineate negative space, it is not just a container for something else, but it actively transforms whatever is put inside it.

Hansi Fuchs’s boxes inside boxes, boxes on top of boxes, boxes next to boxes create stacked layerings of overlapping enclosures, nested concealments multiplied through semi-transparent veiling and opaque coating, expanding from wall-based paintings to the exhibition space. Employing a maximalist explosion of heterogeneous references to a boundless archive of cute commodities, sweet treats, gimmicks, infrastructure, and the iconography of the cityscape, Fuchs plunges deep into the messiness of processes of meaning-making and signification as an endless chain of containers containing each other, a centerless Matryoshka doll.

The chocolate boxes used in *SUGAR CRASH* are sourced from the signature packaging of the traditional Austrian chocolate artisan *Altmann & Kühne*. They are typically given as gifts on festive occasions, Christmas, birthdays, moments of congratulation, to apologize, to proclaim love, to be formal (and a bit sweet at the same time). The shiny, glossy, decorating packaging of commodities is a means of fetishistic abstraction, of concealment of conditions of production, of labor, time, and bodies sedimented in them – in the case of sugar a particularly brutal legacy as one of the first major colonial goods and a key stimulant in driving the acceleration of capitalist regimes whose necessary crises disintegrate the present.

The aesthetics of minoriness and cuteness that guide the design of sweets and the objects scattered across the exhibition space enables us to enjoy the fantasy of being in control over soft, malleable, diminutive, sweet commodities, sugar-coating the reality of control they exert over us. Hansi Fuchs’s sweets are made of concrete.

—Jo Pistorius

Hansi Fuchs (b. 2000 in Austria) is an artist based in Berlin. She studied at the HFBK Hamburg with Jutta Koether. Her work has recently been presented in group exhibitions at Kunstverein in Hamburg, Germany (2025), Rinde am Rhein, Germany (2024), Kölnischer Kunstverein, Germany (2024), Alienze, Austria (2022), Kunstquartier Bethanien, Germany (2022), and at the Museum and Galleries of Ljubljana, Slovenia (2022), among others. Her practice also includes the curatorial project Galerie Klein, which she co-runs with Milena Langer.

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¹ Ursula K. Le Guin, *The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction*, 1986.

*Betthupferl**

Three little stones wish to become soft.

One day, one of the stones gets soft.

The next day, a second stone gets soft.

The third day, three soft stones melt away.

After they become hard again, they discuss their little adventure to the realm of the malleable, how sweet it was.

That night, one of the stones dreams of becoming a piece of candy, and wakes up drenched in sweat, terrified of being eaten.

To soothe the little stone, one of the other stones tells him the story of Kronos, ruler of the world and founder of the Golden Age, for whom his own children became a (psychotic) threat. Fearing they might rise to greater power than his own, he devours them, including Mars (like a chocolate bar). Only little baby Zeus escapes. In his place, Zeus's mother presents the ravenous father with a stone wrapped in a diaper, which he swallows without noticing the deception. The stone, later disgorged, is venerated at Delphi, anointed daily with oil and wrapped in felt fabric on feast days.

Before “heavily ever after,” the little stone has already fallen back into a deep, silent sleep, dreaming of Mars becoming a stone instead of the god of war.

—Jo Pistorius

*In Austria, the term “Betthupferl” (literally translating to “little bed-jumper”) refers to a small sweet treat before going to bed, either a piece of candy/chocolate left on your pillow, or a short bedtime story, or both.