



15,- €

No.004

*Ma che cos'è la Fantasia?*

c'era una volta e c'è ancora  
uno Scangiargenti  
uno di quelli veri, con anello d'oro e zucchero tra le dita  
tra succo di betulla, caffè al ghiaccio e latte di mandorla  
ricordava sempre tra spaghetti vongole serali  
di quando da piccino  
di corsa tra le porte di una casa levantina  
cercando di stare tranquillo correva  
provando a spiccare il volo!

durante una delle sue solite prove di volo  
quando curioso si avvicinò alla porta della cucina appena accostata  
origliando le chiacchiere della madre turchina  
che intanto all'amica con un buon caffè  
raccontava di quella cosa chiamata Fantasia.

“Bisogna sempre cercare la Fantasia,  
Cercala ogni giorno tra le cose, gli odori, le risate, perché è la Fantasia che ritmerà i nostri  
desideri”

allora il piccolo Scangia non capì proprio più niente  
e come infuocato iniziò ad aprire tutti i cassetti, cassettoni, porte e libricini  
ovunque cercò tra mutande e calzini, biscotti e anellini  
ma nessuna traccia di Fantasia

Solo da grande e dopo tante avventure  
Ecco una fatina a portarle le nuove  
Ed ecco Fantasia  
Il ricordo di un profumo, una magia!

ancora oggi è possibile trovare Fantasia  
tra una scatola di fiammiferi e le bustine di zucchero  
basta guardare bene davanti a sé  
lei è e sarà sempre lì che ci guarda  
Per nuovi desideri

A Pas Normal  
Vero Scangiargenti  
Apparso solo per amore

Giulia Currà, 3 settembre 2023

To Pasquale Leccese,  
Forever inspiration, teacher, avvocato, loving father  
and friend.





New York Cologne

Through thick and thin



## Contents

Fantasia  
4

Dress to Kill  
5-6

100 Great Songs  
7-8

Diana Between Reality and Fantasy  
10

The Modern Fantasia of Gilbert & George  
11-13

Stockholm Syndrome  
17-18

Andreas Schulze  
21

Interview with Andreas Schulze  
23-24

Thomas Grünfeld on Andreas Schulze  
26

All The World's a Stage  
27-28

Group 8  
29

Plato's Cave, Rothko's Chapel, Lincoln's Profile  
31-32

The Sopranos  
33-34

# MK&G

# Museum für Kunst & Gewerbe Hamburg



50  
JAHRE  
WER, WIE, WAS!

7.5.23  
-7.1.24

# SESAMI STRASSE



FÖRDERER



Behörde für  
Kultur und Medien



What is good or bad taste? The recurring question was pertinent in developing our fifth collection titled "Fantasia". As John Waters said, "To understand bad taste one must have very good taste." In 1931, Josef Frank explained "The new architecture will be born of the whole bad taste of our period." It is important to embrace all aspects of culture - high and low, good and bad. For us, Fantasia is a dreamscape where the two are interchangeably connected and can coexist.

Incorporating images of strangely aesthetic everyday stuff like covers of tabloids, auction catalogues of celebrity estates, self-help books, trivial tv shows, or Ikea furniture points to the fantasy we wanted to create - a humorous fever dream. For that matter - the primarily black collection with bright contrasting colors and the new polka-dot tie "Twister" referring to the Milton Bradley game that "ties you up in knots" can be seen as the recipe for our Fantasia.

In our campaign featuring the German painter Andreas Schulze, the line between reality and fantasy are blurred as he encounters an array of fantastic characters, and wonders whether he is in a dream:

"Ich soll immer aufräumen."

"I get paranoia, there's someone behind me".

Schulze's work masterfully blurs this line between reality and fantasy, and can be seen as turning something ordinary into something fantastic or imaginary—like a normal stuffed teddy bear coming to life—the story becomes a fantasy.

Andreas modeled in our first collection in 2019. He is a friend and an inspiration. For this reason we chose to celebrate Andreas for this collection. The synergy felt natural and fun. All together it makes up our new collection "Fantasia."

Paolina and Julian

Leorosa No.004 - Fantasia



By Elizabeth Hess

Sylvie Fleury goes shopping to make her art. No joke. But her objects never make it out of the bag. Fleury shops (till she drops?) and deposits her elegant shopping bags in the gallery. Two pieces in her current show are each made up of maybe eight or nine bags, filled with who knows? It's impossible to see what's in the bags, and viewers are not encouraged to riffle through the art. But, oddly enough, the items are a good buy, at least in this context.

Fleury prices these works to subvert the consumer culture. According to Magdalena Sawon, director of Postmasters, the price of the shopping bag pieces is less than the total price of the items in the bags. It is a group of bags from downtown stores, including Betsey Johnson, Dean & DeLuca, Barneys and Agnes B. that sells for \$4000. The edge of something soft, colorful, and excessive pokes out of Betsey Johnson, but it's impossible to identify the garment. Somehow, the bags alone are enough to tempt us and get our consumerist juices flowing.

*Fleury suggests that most people don't (or can't) go shopping to buy; they go to fantasize about the shape of other people's lives. The slippers scattered across the gallery belong to Madonna or Cinderella.*

Fleury is a young conceptual artist from Geneva, who will probably come to be known as the bag lady. Nevertheless, the main event in this show is a large installation about the experience of shopping. The artist places an ottoman on a dirty pink rug, surrounded by open boxes of new women's shoes. Not just any shoes. The artist's tastes are chic. These spiked heels, which have toes that come to a definitive point, are for women who dress to kill. (Or kill their feet.) The installation is untitled, but one of the bag pieces nearby is called Poison. Hanging on the wall, facing the shoe tableaux, is a blown-up cover from Allure magazine, sporting headlines such as "Cher the fantasy"; one ace reporter covers the search

for "Perfect Nails." In a corner of the gallery, a video monitor plays a tape of a woman getting a makeover by Estée Lauder. The droning voice of the makeup "artist" offering a pedagogical litany of tips becomes the worst sort of Muzak.

This is an annoying and fascinating show that is filled with contradictions. Fleury doesn't simply attack the fashion industry for invading women's bodies, she also acknowledges the inherent pleasure involved in attaining purchasing power. These pleasures may not be pure, but they are real, and Fleury wants to look at how the seduction process is shaped.

Her theater alludes to the physical and psychological rewards that are available to women - for a price. Fleury suggests that most people don't (or can't) go shopping to buy; they go to fantasize about the shape of other people's lives. The slippers scattered across the gallery belong to Madonna or Cinderella. If the shoes become metaphors for the invisible body, the imperfect body that we are continually told needs fixing, then the ottoman becomes a psychiatric couch, leading us to consider this massive neurosis. It's a conspiracy against women that is irresistible. Fleury wants us to desire what's in her bags, regardless of their contents. She's putting us in touch with our most base consumer instincts.

Two paintings in the show move away from the subject of women to the impact of the fashion industry on Art. The strongest piece depicts a "Mondrian" with several tacky squares made of furry, synthetic fabric. Mondrian's brilliant, if formulaic, grids have been used to advertise things ranging from shampoo to hotels. Fleury argues that Mondrian's work lends itself to exploitation. Should this make us question the value of the master's originals? Fleury's painting is funny, yet it insists that the consumer culture is riddled with obscenities.

Sylvie Fleury: The Art of Survival  
Neue Galerie am Landesmuseum Joanneum  
Graz  
June 1993





She's Not There  
We Love You  
Children of the Revolution  
I Want Some More  
May I?  
Pyjamarama  
Re-Make/Re-Model  
Rock On  
September Gurls  
Win  
Für immer  
I Got You  
Outdoor Miner  
Someday We'll Know  
Heaven Or Las Vegas  
Time of the Season  
There She Goes  
Primitive Painters  
Sometimes Always  
See Emily Play  
Running Up That Hill  
Roadrunner  
Pour the Light In  
Love Comes In Waves  
Sound and Vision  
New Values  
Viego  
This Is the Day  
Bitter Sweet Symphony  
Why Won't you Stay  
The "Sweetest Girl"  
On Nation Under a Groove  
The Ballad Of El Goodo  
Morale/You've Lost that Lovin' Feelin'  
Just Like Honey  
Write Record Release Blues  
Editions Of You  
Virginia Plain  
World B. Free  
Keep Your Dreams  
Sneakin' Sally Through The Alley  
Family Affair  
Purple Haze  
Some Might Say  
Satellite of Love  
Dear Prudence  
When Love Breaks Down  
Suedehead  
Is She Really Going Out With Him?  
Get Off Of My Cloud  
Gimme Shelter  
Instant Karma!  
To Love Somebody  
How Soon Is Now?  
Let's pretend We're Not in Love  
Sunday Morning

The Zombies  
The Rolling Stones  
T.Rex  
Colin Blunstone  
Kevin Ayers  
Roxy Music  
Roxy Music  
David Essex  
Big Star  
David Bowie  
NEU!  
Split Enz  
Wire  
New Radicals  
Cocteau Twins  
The Zombies  
The La's  
Felt  
The Jesus and Mary Chain  
Pink Floyd  
Kate Bush  
The Modern Lovers  
The Reds, Pinks, Purples  
Andy Bell  
David Bowie  
Iggy Pop  
Tapper Zukie  
The The  
The Verve  
American Music Club, Mark Eitzel  
Scritti Politti  
Funkadelic  
Big Star  
The Human League  
The Jesus and Mary Chain  
The Jesus and Mary Chain  
Roxy Music  
Roxy Music  
Bitchin Bajas  
Suicide  
Robert Palmer  
Sly & The Family Stone  
Jimi Hendrix  
Oasis  
Lou Reed  
The Beatles  
Prefab Sprout, Thomas Dolby  
Morrissey  
Joe Jackson  
The Rolling Stones  
The Rolling Stones  
John Lennon, Yoko Ono  
Bee Gees  
The Smiths  
The Reds, Pinks, Purples  
The Velvet Underground, Nico

*100 GREAT SONGS/Compiled by  
WALTER DAHN/MAY of 2023/ENJOY.  
XX*

*“Outstanding Music from the  
1960's to 2day. These are ALL #  
Ones to me. Wanted to make  
this shorter but: IMPOSSIBLE!  
Have Fun, WD. x.”*



In My Life  
I've Got A Feeling  
Morning Dew  
Happier Than The Morning Sun  
We the People Who Are Darker Than Blue  
Live Forever  
Little By Little  
Keep on Keeping On  
Quakenbrück  
Electric Guitars  
Paris 1919  
Big White Cloud  
ISI  
Halleluwah  
She's My Best Friend  
Pink Moon  
Dream Baby Dream  
It's Different For Girls  
Only With You  
Stop Me If You Think You've....  
Mambo Sun  
Sure 'Nuff'n'Yes, I Do  
Speed of Light  
I Keep A Close Watch  
Let's Get It On  
Shake Yourself Down  
Ol'55  
Sweet Jane  
The Only One I Know  
Porpoise Song  
Search and Destroy  
Silver Machine  
Stranger in Blue Suede Shoes  
You Can't Always Get What You Want  
The First Cut Is the Deepest  
Perfect Skin  
River of Salt  
Desolation Row  
Wild Thing  
Spoon  
Ho Renomo  
Ruckzuck  
Seeland  
Neonlicht  
Ox Man Dubwise  
No Regrets  
That Was Then But This Is Now  
Rock & Roll  
Hanky Panky Nohow  
Wow And Flutter  
Saint Dominic's Preview  
Doot Doot  
Nothing Compares 2 U  
Waterloo Sunset  
Strange Brew

The Beatles  
The Beatles  
Lee Hazlewood  
Stevie Wonder  
Curtis Mayfield  
Oasis  
Oasis  
Curtis Mayfield  
Bitchin Bajas  
Prefab Sprout  
John Cale  
John Cale  
NEU!  
CAN  
Lou Reed  
Nick Drake  
Suicide  
Joe Jackson  
Dennis Wilson  
The Smiths  
T.Rex  
Captain Beefheart  
Teenage Fanclub  
John Cale  
Marvin Gaye  
Checkerlads  
Tom Waits  
Cowboy Junkies  
The Charlatans  
The Monkees  
The Stooges  
Hawkwind  
Kevin Ayers  
The Rolling Stones  
I-Roy  
Lloyd Cole and the Commotions  
Bryan Ferry  
Boby Dylan  
Jimi Hendrix  
CAN  
Cluster, Brian Eno  
Ralf Hütter, Florian Schneider-Esleben  
NEU!  
Kraftwerk  
Lee 'Scratch' Perry  
Tom Rush  
ABC  
The Velvet Underground  
John Cale  
Stereolab  
Van Morrison  
Freur  
Sinead O'Connor  
The Kinks  
Cream

By Adam Eli

As a princess and as a public figure, Diana was many things: altruistic, empathetic, fashionable, effective, possessing a purity of spirit and gleaming with an almost raw warmth. She was also a principally silent princess, at least verbally. We tend to forget this because there was so much chaos, discussion and noise that followed her. It is true that public-facing silence is one of the defining characteristics of the British monarchy: they rarely give interviews, and we almost never hear their voices beyond unemotive formal speeches. However, this steadfast silence is especially true in the role of Princess of Wales. The woman who held the title before Diana, later known as Queen Mary, famously made only one public broadcast in her whole life: a 28-word speech to christen the famous ocean liner that bore her name.

Since her formal accession to the role of Princess of Wales in September 2022, Kate has taken on this mantle of silence. Throughout Kate's royal career, she has made a point of being "relatable," reliable and, above all, uncontroversial. Silence is an effective way to meet all of these goals. While Kate does more public speaking than her predecessors did, the Princess of Wales is simply not a role that requires or allows much speaking.

As we know, this did not work for Princess Diana, who found herself with much to say and few avenues to do so. And so, Diana famously made do with the tools she had. Much has been written about her ability to communicate through her choice of causes, clothing, jewelry and friendships. While these forms of expression through patronage and fashion are fascinating to study, her most powerful nonverbal tool always remained in her eyes.

Geoffrey Craig, in his essay "Princess Diana, Journalism and the Construction of a Public: An Analysis of the Panorama Interview," explains that "the gaze of Diana was said to have been used as a weapon, communicating such various messages as a sexual invitation, a warning, or as seeking pity and/or emotional identification.... Diana's gaze was also significant because of its communicative effects, the way it organised and constituted us as collective subjects.... Through Diana's gaze she was forging a public which was formed through emotional identification with her."

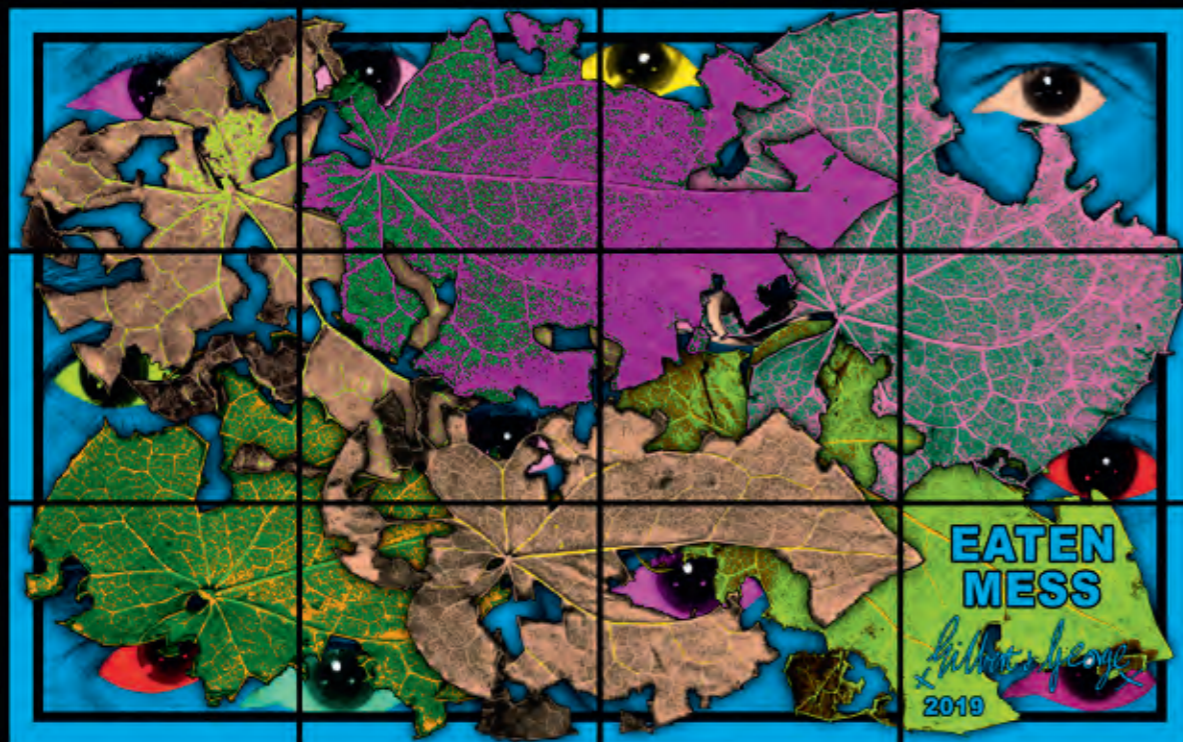
From the first paparazzi photos taken of her when she was a young, shy and overwhelmed kindergarten teacher living with friends in the Coleherne Court block on Old Brompton Road, to the final months of her life when we saw her striding with confidence into her public engagements, she communicated to us, through the press, with her eyes. It is true that Princess Diana took a few opportunities to speak more directly to her public, notably in her 1992 Andrew Morton book and the 1995 Panorama interview. However, these were two instances in nearly 17 years of public life.

When looking through images of Diana, many choose to focus on the ones where she looks hurt, bored, sad and angry. Painting Diana as merely a victim, even if this is something she sought to do in her life, does her a disservice. Diana was a sophisticated, complex, intelligent, empathetic and temperamental person. She was put in an extraordinary position, the likes of which the world had never seen. She remained ethereal and elusive, and the public's inability to know "her true story" is what kept us coming back for more. None of us can truly understand what was going on behind the palace walls, in her mind or eyes. All that's left now is our interpretation. Diana's gaze, like so much of her life, hung somewhere between fantasy and reality.





# The Modern Fantasia of Gilbert & George



By Michael Bracewell

Gilbert is from the Dolomites; George is from Devon, in England. They met at St Martins School of Art in London, in 1967. They have lived together as a work of art ever since. Their pictures are visual reports of their visionary journey through life. They have likened this journey to a pilgrimage. Their visionary art has been compared to that of William Blake. A modern fantasia that expresses the morality, moods and speed of life.

From the very beginning, Gilbert & George set themselves apart from all other artists, young or old. As students, even, they set themselves apart geographically, sartorially, emotionally, socially, artistically and above all ideologically.

Gilbert & George did not and do not want to be distracted from their calling and creed as artists by any other artists or artistic institutions or discussion of art. They moved to what were then the slums and desolation of East London. Here was their subject. Their subject was life, not art.

Having nothing but each other and the streets

they walked, Gilbert & George realised – had the life-changing revelation - that they were their art. They named themselves Living Sculptures and dedicated their lives to the ceaseless, arduous, all-consuming task of being Gilbert & George. They were their own medium, unique. They needed nobody and nothing, and still don't. Their beliefs and activities as artists, appropriating forms of conservatism and traditionalism (then regarded as artistically heretical) to their own radical ends, were increasingly opposed to those of most, if not all, of their tutors and contemporaries. In the vision and art of Gilbert & George, as embodied by Gilbert & George, the reactionary became radicalized.

The art of Gilbert & George was thus the reverse of 'contemporary art'. And in this reversal it was avant-garde.

As reversal is said to be a mainstay of practical magic, so this reversal of contemporary artistic vision, ideals and values conjured into being the single and singular artist, Gilbert & George. From

the moment of this realization, Gilbert & George knew their transformation into the single artist Gilbert & George was absolute and complete.

Gilbert & George were born of opposition and reversal as avant-garde traditionalist revolutionaries.

In their 'PARADISICAL PICTURES' made in 2019, it sometimes looks as though Gilbert & George are drowning in a whirlpool of dead flowers; they become body shapes made of chain, their faces appear on date stones; and here they stand before us, in a formal pose, straight-backed, like other-worldly librarians or middle-managers of the dead, returning our gaze. They are stern and severe.

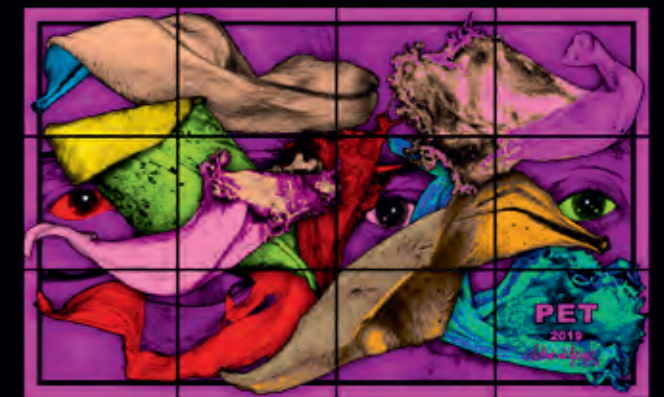
They look as though they are regarding us from another dimension. In their suits and ties – uniforms of respectable responsibility - they stand surrounded by giant flowers, by roses and their thorny stems, the petals of which are fleshy and wilting in sickly toxic shades of acid green, dusty pink, puce, scarlet, mauve.

It is a world in which atmosphere doubles as event – a quality shared with the films of Alfred Hitchcock or early animated films by Walt Disney studios. Their heightened, saturated, violent, cloying colours convey hallucinogenic portent, unease – like musty-sweet sleeping gas.

*(‘Phantasmagorical’ adjective: having a fantastic or deceptive appearance, as something in a dream or created by the imagination. 2. having the appearance of an optical illusion, especially one produced by a magic lantern. 3. changing or shifting, as a scene made up of many elements.)*

Gilbert & George take their place in this disquieting vision of a heavenly place in a manner resembling psychological reports or transmissions from a journey deep into an enchanted forest or overgrown park.

It is also a psychedelic landscape, as though the pre-Raphaelite artists of the mid-nineteenth century, more given to poetic realism and Arthurian legend, had secretly envisioned science-fiction. The disembodied eyes of Gilbert & George stare unnervingly through tangles of fluorescent briars, reminiscent of the effigies of Green Men nature spirits superstitiously admitted into the decoration of churches by medieval stone masons.

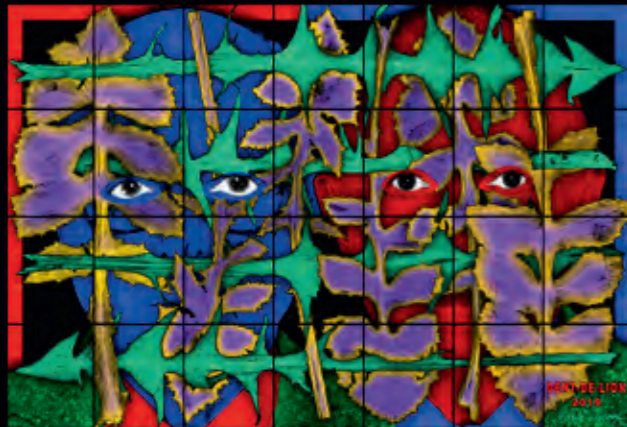


This particular paradise – paradise being the common goal of spiritual and secular life on Earth – inhabited or traversed by Gilbert & George, is a place where the very air is drugged. From picture to picture the artists are subject to biomorphic alteration into vegetable states – a turn of events that would be cartoon-like and absurd were it not so equally sinister. The dead yet watchful eyes of Gilbert & George stare sleeplessly from grotesque detritus of fruits and flowers; from masks of dead leaves – details of spirit faces, as the artists themselves are seen first pursued by unseen wonders or horrors, then finally exhausted, worn out, in a sleep that seems to promise no rest.

Gilbert & George want their art to communicate their experience of witness as directly as possible. Pictorially, this communication appears as visionary, symbolic and archetypal tableaux: absurd, monstrous, crazy, dream-like, corporeal, hallucinogenic, portentous – at times inferring stories, encounters or adventures. Time, place and activity and incident combine and mutate into strange new alloys of feeling and experience.

The art of Gilbert & George makes use of this hybridization, contrast, paradox and confluence to articulate drama, mystery, urgency, stillness, tragedy, hysteria: heightened emotion; the moods of life.





The balance of 'madness' and 'normality' empowers their art. In the art of Gilbert & George, visionary spectacle occurs within crazy landscapes of modern urban realism. The conservative dress and demeanour of Gilbert & George, as they take their places in their art, is in sharp contrast to the extreme states they witness, attend, embody, depict. The art of Gilbert & George reveals the turbulence of thought, prejudice and feeling concealed within rational human behaviour.

These contrasts, confluences, contradictions and conflations of time, place and image create the formidable paradox of phantasmagorical realism. ('Phantasmagorical' adjective: having a fantastic or deceptive appearance, as something in a dream or created by the imagination. 2. having the appearance of an optical illusion, especially one produced by a magic lantern. 3. changing or shifting, as a scene made up of many elements.)

The art of Gilbert & George is not concerned with formalist artistic problems but ethical provocation, experiential sensation and empathy. How does their art make the viewer feel? Jubilant or angry, confused or entranced? And how does their response speak to their sense of themselves?

How is the viewer changed by their experience of looking at the art?

For Gilbert & George, such self-questioning and questioning of art is the function of art and also their statement on the role of art. All of their art is and always has been therefore a manifesto ['manifesto' noun: "a public declaration of policy and aims"] as well as an account of their emotional experience of the modern world.

As such, the art of Gilbert & George is also avant-garde in the original meaning of that term: "an agent of reform".

The vision of Gilbert & George is therefore a moral and emotional experience of the modern world, communicated in a form that combines the visionary with the paradoxical, and as an artistic principle. These forms and functions are interlinked and interdependent, and have been expressed in the art of Gilbert & George, over the years, in many different but unified media: posing, drawing, inviting, drinking, painting, dancing, writing, filming and the creation of many thousands of pictures.

The vision of Gilbert & George which is also the art of Gilbert & George is a visionary avant-garde anti-art manifesto.

The viewer experiences the drama, temper or strangeness of the art of Gilbert & George as though looking through a portal into a Wonderland or a parallel dimension within our common reality; a place where archetypes and symbols create their own strange pageantry: the rain, the street, the psychic force-field of a million strangers; the collapse of meaning into primal forces. It is an art which speaks directly and lovingly to the broadest number of people, regardless of their nationality, faith, political views or sexuality. To use their own term, Gilbert & George make 'ART FOR ALL'.



För bekväm läsläsning.  
**OVE** ungdomsstol med svart epoxilackerat underrede av metall. Rygg och sits av skiktlimmat trä. Stopning av polyeter. Röd tygklädsel av akryl. 245.-

# 245.-







'ONE CIGARETTE IN AN ASHTRAY' BY CARY KWOK, 2022

# LUNCHEON

A CULTURAL SERVING

€20 / €23





By Christopher Niquet

She had been talking to her trolls for years, but a couple of months ago, the dolls started speaking back.

She didn't quite know why they did, but she knew their words were true. The dolls told her things about herself that no one else could ever find out.

"If you listen closely enough, Greta, they will tell you everything, as long as you don't ask too many questions," she thought to herself.

Since her illness, she'd wake up every morning thinking about her previous life in Sweden. She wanted to go back so badly but couldn't see how. It was all so confusing.



She had never really healed from it. This move to America. Her life in Los Angeles made no sense; the one she had created for herself in New York was only slightly more familiar. The view from her apartment windows reminded her so much of the Stockholm harbor. It helped. But the streets were filthy, and she liked nothing more than walking back into her building, safely guarded by an army of round-the-clock doormen.

The glamor and the palm trees of Hollywood, she never cared much for. She had hated the attention her stardom brought and, since then, had always made a point of living a life as private as the world allowed her to. She had never been comfortable with her fame. It scared her. She had left acting decades ago, but that face. Her face. People seemed to never be able to forget it.

Most days, she walked through the streets of

Manhattan and felt like the city belonged to another person, someone more important than her. But she appreciated the bright lights, the fancy people who walked down 52nd Street, in and out of River House.

On these daily outings, she looked at the people walking by, these strangers going about their daily lives, and she wondered why they were here. She stared at them behind her dark frames, the collar of her coat up, hiding. A tall presence zipping through Midtown in search of a bargain in pawnshops.

Looking for something special but not knowing what exactly that was. She had accumulated so much.

"All these people," she thought, "are they even real?"

The trolls were real. She came to believe in them when she started noticing objects in the apartment moving places.

"My mind must be playing tricks on me," she thought.

But the following day, they'd be moved again. And then again. And every day after that, without fail. Greta felt sad.

She had been sad for a long time. This was her life now. Being alone. Old, alone, and sad.

At night, sleepless, she would sit on her couch and try to write scenes for a movie. Maybe she could turn her sadness into a screenplay.

She often picked up her favorite troll from below the living room sofa and put it on her lap. The pink-haired one was her favorite. He was mean but chatty. She'd ask for his opinion on the twists and turns of a story she was dreaming up. The troll would talk to her while she wrote.

"I don't think so," the troll would say. "That's not the way."

He'd point at a character, or the plot, or a line of dialogue.

Now, when home alone, she had started to wear pink. People thought of her as this beige and gray lady blending into the cityscape. They associated her with this character she had created for herself, but at home she wanted to be more like him, her pink-haired best friend, and would wear head-to-toe pink.

Pink turtleneck. Pink slacks. Pink slippers. Even a pink gingham apron.

"If people only knew," she'd think, laughing to herself.

One evening, the troll spoke to her and said: "You are going to die soon."

Greta looked at the doll. Her heart skipped a beat. She didn't want to hear it. But that was also why she loved this doll so much. He was frank, and brusque, and spoke the truth.

She was old. And she was indeed going to die. She was, after all, almost 85 years old. And sick with pneumonia.

For days, all she could think about was what the troll had told her. She went on about her days, the walking, the hiding and staring, writing at home on the sofa, all dressed in pink. But his words were

always there, lingering.

Then, one morning, she woke up early, still tired. She sat up, her eyes focused on the clock on her bedside table.

"Today is the day," she thought. "Today, I am going to die."

She picked up the troll and carried it under her arm, the little legs dangling, the fuzzy hair brushing against her neck. She walked across the room to the window seat and opened the curtains.

The view had always reminded her of her beloved Sweden, the boats passing by. The gray tones. The light. The fog, sometimes.

She cracked open the window and looked down. She stood up and stared, holding the doll close to her chest.

Then she turned around and called her maid.

"Claire, bring me to the hospital," she said. "I think this is the end."

Claire brought Greta into the living room, grabbed the troll, and placed it in the prepacked suitcase.

"Today, I'm going back to Sweden," said Garbo.

CONFISERIE  
**ALTMANN & KÜHNE**  
WIEN

Über 90 Jahre Wiener Süßwaren-Tradition  
Handgemachtes LILIPUT-KONFEKT in den berühmten Verpackungen

Altmann & Kühne | 1010 Wien | Am Graben 30 | [www.altmann-kuehne.at](http://www.altmann-kuehne.at)



Ich soll immer aufräumen



New York Cologne





Andreas Schulze (\*1955) is one of the great individualists of German painting. The artist's unique painting style defamiliarizes basic design and architectural forms, with a cryptic pictorial repertoire that oscillates between gentle irony and friendly affirmation, menace and comfort. It exposes the blind spots of middle-class life and ironizes the pretensions of contemporary art.

Since the beginning of his career on the Cologne scene in the 1980s, Schulze's work deliberately situates itself outside of common painterly trends, attitudes and affiliations.

Despite contacts to the Neue Wilde (New Fauves) of the Mülheimer Freiheit group and other Cologne artists, the painter developed his own distinctive way of painting that combines the representational with the absurd.

His repertoire of middle-class emblems thrives on the almost brazen simplicity of their pictorial settings. The "subjects" of these renderings include such commonplace things as peas, geraniums, fruit or porcelain dishes. Everyday objects such as sofas, cars, windows, rocks or Mars bars are arranged in humorous tableaux. Shaded

geometric and biomorphic sausage-like shapes are contrasted with spherical color gradients in the background. Built-in kitchen cabinets, absurd pipe constructions or the kind of fringed roller found in a car wash are interspersed with abstracted household objects and the occasional indoor plant. Interiors and landscapes merge. Prefabricated houses are captured in an oblique bird's eye view. In series that he revisits again and again, Schulze paints pictures of spheres and windows. His car paintings resemble assemblages of car doors, bumpers, and windshields, masterfully-painted yet quite possibly



cobbled together by a mischievous child. Although primarily active as a painter, Schulze has repeatedly expanded his artistic universe to include sculptures and installations. He has also designed lamps and carpets himself and staged living room interiors on floor paintings that can resemble a lawn or a street intersection.

For all his independence, Schulze brings a multitude of art historical references to the fore: from Oskar Schlemmer's Triadisches Ballett (Triadic Ballet) to Pop, surrealism and naïve painting. Yet he also defies

the avant-garde propensity for assuming a superior stance of profundity. Balancing on the fine line between representation and abstraction, he carves out our collective pictorial understandings of miscellaneous everyday objects while simultaneously subjecting them to a kind of humorous destabilization. The objects are recognizable as such, and yet they also resemble patterns, designs or ornaments. They always exude something almost surreal; infused with an intrinsic logic of painterly comedy, they often have the look of something puffed-up and soft, if not inflated.

In radically simplifying his everyday subjects and thereby depriving them of their already rather banal meaning, Schulze forces viewers to question their fundamental nature. His work alternates between familiarity and strangeness and seems to express a fear of our increasingly complex society. It is an oeuvre that seems to make fun of middle-class trappings and their fetishization while also showing great sympathy and understanding about the need for such fetishes.





## Interview with Andreas Schulze

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE REPRESENTATION OF SIMPLICITY?

Ei  
Egg

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE REPRESENTATION OF COMPLEXITY?

Eiersalat  
Egg Salad

WHERE WOULD YOU FIND YOUR DOPPELGÄNGER?

Gestern im Fernsehen hab ich 2 gesehen.  
Yesterday on TV I saw two of them.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE CANDY?

Brunslì from Heinemann in Düsseldorf.

WHAT DO YOUR HOUSE SMELL LIKE?

Nach gutem Essen.  
Like good food.

WHAT DOES YOUR HOUSE SOUND LIKE?

Kaputte Türklingel.  
A broken doorbell.

WHAT IS DEAR TO YOUR HEART?

Nebel  
Fog

WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO?

Italien  
Italy

WHAT DID YOU HAVE FOR BREAKFAST?

Porridge and Lapsang Souchong Bio.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE WORD IN ANY LANGUAGE?

Comunque

WHAT IS MOST DIFFICULT TO FIND IN CONTEMPORARY CULTURE?

Originalität  
Originality

WHAT DO YOU FIND MOST EXCITING IN CONTEMPORARY CULTURE?

Zitate  
Quotes

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE ANIMAL?

Faultier  
A sloth

WHAT WAS THE FIRST PIECE OF CULTURAL WORK THAT MATTERED TO YOU?

„Die vier Jahreszeiten“ by Caspar David Friedrich

WHAT DO YOU STILL WISH TO LEARN?

Italienisch  
Italian

WHAT DO YOU SEE OUTSIDE YOUR WINDOW?

Ein Fenster  
A window

WHAT MAKES YOU FEEL NOSTALGIC?

„Schön ist die Jugendzeit, sie kommt nicht mehr“  
"Youth is beautiful; it won't come back"

WHAT DO YOU FIND HUMOROUS?

Contemporary art

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE SLOGAN?

Niemals aufgeben.  
Never give up.

WHAT IS THE LAST THING YOU DO AT NIGHT?

Ich mache das Licht aus und lasse den Fernseher an.  
I turn off the light and leave the TV on.





my s... COGNATE MERZ. I really loathed this "Wild Painting" Movement. The only one I liked and who was only indirectly part of this movement was Andy Schulze.

**Eva:** You also had an exhibition together with Andreas Schulze.

**Thomas:** Yes. I always appreciated and admired him. I always thought he was a great artist, and not only in the realm of Cologne. I was also a bit jealous, because he always seemed so uncompromising and straight. For example, in the morning, Andreas would see a huge piece of ham at the butcher's, and two hours later, he would make a picture of it. And it worked one to one. As far as my own work is concerned, I always feel I have to think a lot about what I am going to do. I have scruples, you know. I never go in my studio and start working before I have worked it out properly in my mind. Everything Andreas did always seemed so easy, even his large-scale paintings. I was always deeply impressed by the degree of abstraction in his works, his juggling with abstraction and realism. And I always liked the way he lived, the way he dressed, his furniture, which is still a strong link between us. Quite a lot of artists apply rather contradictory aesthetic criteria in their artwork and in their homes or clothes. As far as their work or the work of others is concerned, they apply extremely hard criteria, but visit them at home and you will suddenly realize that they must have ignored a vital visual thing here. They must have had shit in their eyes when they were furnishing their homes. For me it is normal to apply the same criteria both for your art and for your environment. Andreas was always like this.

**Eva:** How did he dress?

**Thomas:** At that time, he used to be really slim and looked like a young Yves Saint Laurent. A really good-looking young man. He would spend all his money on clothes or furniture. It was really a pleasure to look at him.

**Eva:** But your work, your flat, your furniture and clothes also make a perfect match

**Eva:** You curated two exhibitions in

**Thomas:** At an early exhibition in Cologne, I have seen it, it is in my flat. It is a Helvetica font face on gray background in chromy in modern art. It can either be a level, it shows rather academic manifesto... But it comes along with an easy access, and if you go to even higher levels and value it, it's "Zaehne" (Three Saddled Teeth) with riding saddles. Also a picture of the beginning of the 1990s, I curate in Cologne, again featuring works by Reinhard Mucha, Simon Patterson. **Eva:** Which one?

**Thomas:** It was a big, red rubber chair. Several works together and if you have a chance. I always loved doing it. At the time, they should rather say you eventually, others will like it to see it.

**Eva:** And what about the exhibition "Comme des Garçons" art by Kunstverein (Cologne's art association)?

**Thomas:** Yes, it was my idea to curate an exhibition. I thought about curating shadows in the extended, or in the Kunstverein. A more or less extended. As a sculptor, I do not expect





By Song-I Saba

**A**ndreas Schulze takes his humour seriously. This year, a two-part show of Andreas Schulze's work entitled 'On Stage' was shown both at Sprüth Magers and The Perimeter in London. In his work, all kinds of everyday objects set the stage for an alternate world in which the familiar suddenly seems odd and amorphous architecture can serve as a portal to anything at all. To look at these newer Schulze paintings is to

wonder what kinds of sounds they could make, if only they could - hum, whirr, tick, BOOM. A car engine sputters to life, the march of a legion of spiders, the sound of revelry down the hall.

In a conversation in 1989, Schulze said that avant-garde art operated between the extremes of intellectuality and coarse banality, but that he was more concerned with bourgeois mediocrity. There is something relentless about Schulze's insistence

in taking the interiority of our minds, and making a sort of German joke of it. The scenes played out on these canvases seem innocent, even childish at first glance, but the more you consider the bulging tubes, vacant waves, the fog, the more you find yourself feeling that Schulze is playing a game with us - but we are never privy to the rules.

"All the world's a stage", the opening line spoken by the melancholy Jacques in Shakespeare's

pastoral comedy 'As You Like It', outlines the seven tragicomic stages of man's life in all their performativity - the final stage being that of "second childishness and mere oblivion, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything." Most of bourgeois life is an illusion and a farce, until you are at last able to return to the simplicity of childishness, when everything is rendered down to its absolute essence. This is hardcore painting.





New York Cologne

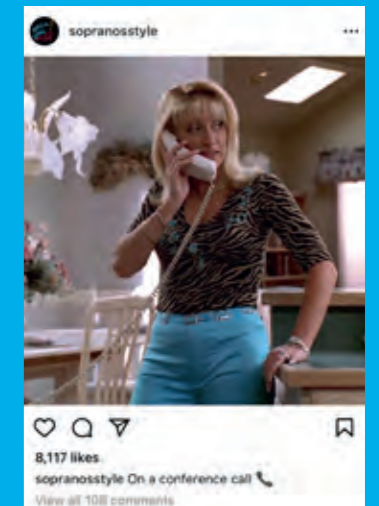
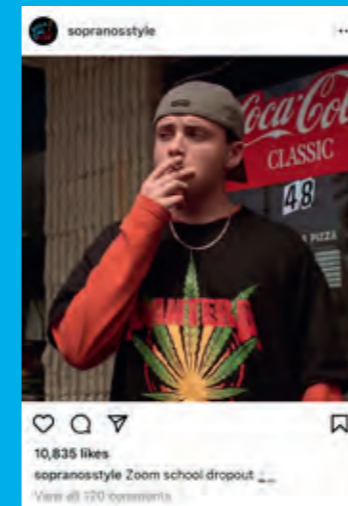
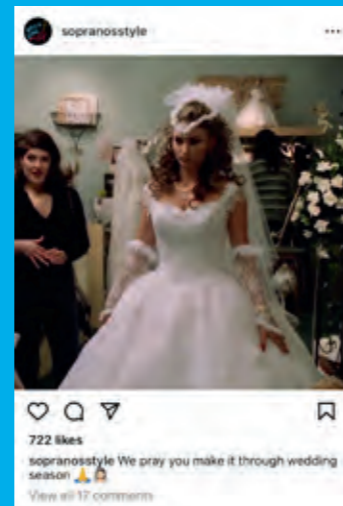
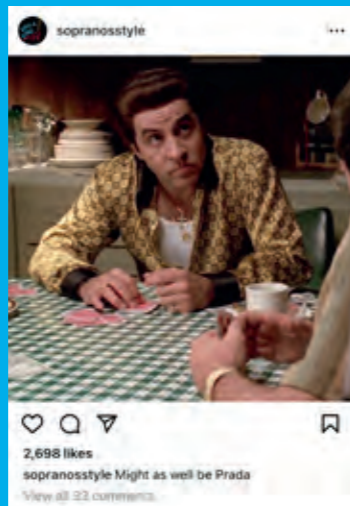
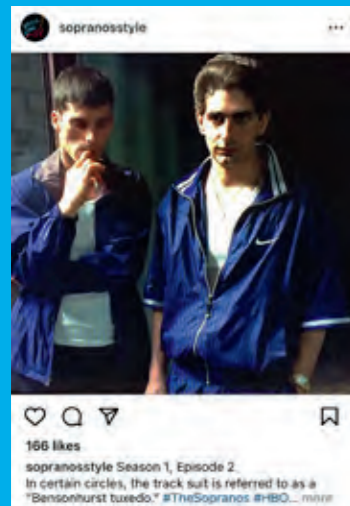


I get paranoia there's someone behind me



The chemistry set experiments of youth uncover and totemize certain household products. Items once ignored now become central, their unknown purposes the seedbed of bizarre fantasies. Bluing is one of these substances—of what use is it? The only other blue bottle in the house contains medicine for irregularity. Rumor has it that bluing has something to do with the hair—but only the hair of old women. It is applied to the dead-white of grandmothers, perhaps to give it a metallic luster—the shimmering patina of the exoskeletons of flies. How appropriate that what applied





By Emilia Petrarca

Television show costumes are often praised for their likeness to reality. Recent examples include Portia’s chaotic vacation outfits on *White Lotus* and the spot-on “stealth wealth” of *Succession*. We also watch television shows to be transported from said reality. The costumes on *And Just Like That...* and *Emily In Paris* are purposefully over-the-top — aspirationally so for some. But the best costumes, I’d argue, are ones that find a way to do both: that strike a delicate balance between fantasy and reality, and allow the viewer to forget for a moment which one is which.

The costumes on the *Sopranos* do just that. “What David wanted was reality,” costume designer Juliet Polcsa said in a podcast interview in 2020. “He didn’t want stereotypes or preconceived notions of what people thought a mob family was.” When Polcsa started doing

research, though, and visiting stores in New Jersey and Bensonhurst, New York, where real-life mobsters (or at least their most closely-related real-life counterparts) shopped, she found that some of the stereotypes were, in fact, true: they did actually wear “running suits and garish shirts.” Mobsters, like most people in positions of power, use style as a sort of costume. The reality is that they’re trying to project a fantasy — one of wealth, masculine swagger, Italian heritage. Sometimes they succeed, and sometimes they reveal themselves to be human. The *Sopranos* and its costumes highlight this nuance.

Traditionally, one way to show wealth is with a nice suit. The characters on the *Sopranos* are often depicted wearing Italian or Italian sound-ing ones that just so happened to “fall off a truck.” They also wear the American version of the suit: the sweatsuit. (Or, in the case of Pauly, some

combination of both, with suspenders holding up a pair of track pants.) The sweatsuit projects a sense of comfort with oneself and in moving through the world, which is perhaps why so many fans are drawn to the look. Whereas when the men on the *Sopranos* wear traditional suits, something is always a little off — either their ties are too loud, or the fit is too big. The same goes with their “garish” printed button-down shirts: they’re going for Versace, but the result is Bada Bing Tommy Bahama.

Funnily enough, one of the worst-dressed characters on the show is Tony Soprano himself. His printed button-down shirts with chili peppers on them lean more towards Italian-American dad than Italian-American gangster. But this actually makes sense; it’s the reality of who he is. The man has a lot more to think and care about than fashion. He also knows not to draw too much attention to himself and his assets. His capos, or underlings, however,

are hungry for the finer things in life. They’re familiar with brand names and want to look like their Italian counterparts. When Christopher, for example, sees a woman wearing Manolo Blahniks in episode seven of season two, he can not only identify them, he’s also turned on by the power that they represent, and wants her for himself. It’s no surprise that his girlfriend, Adriana, is one of the best-dressed on the show, dripping in gold jewelry and designer names — some of which he purchased for her himself.

When fans see these looks and try to emulate them, they create their own costume — their own fantasy of what a *Sopranos* character looks like. They also, in a way, bring them into reality. Their own reality, to be sure, but reality nonetheless.





New York Cologne



On the road again

*Fantasia*  
since 1995



Laguna-B  
lagunab.com





**CHLOÉ NARDIN**



A B C D E F  
G H I  
J E S U I S  
C A S T I N G  
. C O M

M A R F A  
M A R F A  
M A R F A

Young gallerist, old artist



**MAX FISH**

SINCE 1989



New York Cologne





# MK&G

# Museum für Kunst & Gewerbe Hamburg



50  
JAHRE  
WER, WIE, WAS!

7.5.23  
-7.1.24

# SESAM STRASSE

KOOPERATIONSPARTNER



SESAME WORKSHOP

FÖRDERER



Behörde für  
Kultur und Medien



HUBERTUS WALD STIFTUNG



## Contributors

Andreas Schulze

Sylvie Fleury

Walter Dahn

Adam Eli

Michael Bracewell

Christopher Niquet

Song-I Saba

Peter Fischli

Emilia Petrarca

Giulia Currá

## Advertisers

MK&G Hamburg

Luncheon

Le Case D'Arte

Altmann & Kühne

Complex Thoughts

Laguna B.

Chloé Nardin

Trash & Vaudeville

Marfa Journal

Je Suis Casting

Ginny on Frederick

Max Fish

## Credits

Cover image: Andreas Schulze, *Für Leorosa*, 2019.

5,6 Courtesy of Sylvie Fleury, *Keep it Simple* (Allure, February 1992).

10 Courtesy of Andreas Schulze, *Bunte*.

11,12,13 Images courtesy of Gilbert & George.

14 Image from Ikea Catalogue, 1990.

17 Image from Julien's Auctions Catalogue, *Property From The Estate Of Greta Garbo*, December 14-15, 2012, pp. 176-177.

21 Courtesy of Andreas Schulze, *Picture with Vase*.

23,24 Andreas Schulze /VG Bild-Kunst, Bonn: Palast der Künste Installation view  
Kölnischer Kunstverein, 1995.

25 Courtesy of Dieter Krieg und Klasse, O.T., Plüsch, Stiftung Dieter Krieg.

26 Courtesy of Self Service Magazine No.21, *Thomas Grünfeld on owning ones  
aesthetic and being in the mood*, 2004.

27,28 Andreas Schulze, *On Stage*, Installation view, The Perimeter, London, March 17-July 1, 2023.

Photo by Stephen James, Copyright Andreas Schulze / VG Bild-Kunst, Bonn.

29 Courtesy of Peter Fischli, *Group 8*, 2021.

31,32 Kelley, Mike, *Plato's Cave, Rothko's Chapel, Lincoln's Profile*. New City Editions/Artists Space,  
Venice/New York, 1986, p.20.

33,34 Images courtesy of @sopranosstyle Instagram.

Leorosa advertisements photographed by Oliver Hadlee Pearch, styled by Tom Guinness.





New York Cologne



As time goes by