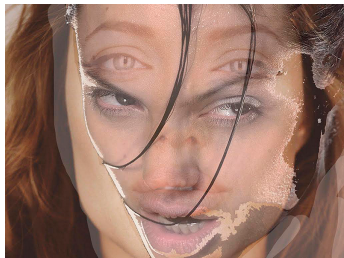


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August and All That Glit- ters: Project Space Festi- val, Berlin



A work by Ella C., on
view at Cave3000
during Project Space
Festival, Berlin.
Courtesy the artist.
Photo: Ella C.

*A review by Louisa
Elderton*

It's
August, Berlin, 2018.
The date looks
strangely futuristic,
even though it's
now and our bodies
are in it. We're
sweating, I
mean *really* sweating, endless
beads condensing, trickling
down bronzed
skin making us
shiny and wet. We're
all glittering. Nearly
naked. This
summer is making up
for the past two years
of cooler
climbs, middle
months of chilled
winds worth
forgetting. We visit
lakes; we let our
limbs soak up
the heat; we
dance; we see the
sunrise; we try to find
time for work
(work?); we experience art when
our brains tire
of resting, demand a
little more. The
Project Space Festival
is here, now, every
day of the week,

every week of the
month. From the first
to last — and
then, August ends.

Where do you go and what
do you see and how
can you choose and
what even is a project
space, anyway? (The
rhythm of the art
trail.) Somewhere
away from the white
cube, with its slick
walls and floors, with
women who look
well paid while being
sucked dry along with
everyone else
(except the men of
course). Little old shop
fronts, now reused;
people's living rooms;
small spaces around
corners, down
alleys and up
stairways. You'll find
them there. They're
independent, doing
their own thing, each
one taking its turn,
every twenty-four
hours. Or at least
30 of them
are: galleries specially
selected for
this occasion.
Neukölln through

Kreuzberg and Mitte
and up and up, and
East and West, and all
the
way from Charlottenburg
to Pankow. Let
yourself see the city
while you wander
around the art map.



CNTRM | temporary
project space. Photo: ©
Clarissa Thieme, 2018



View from OMSK Social
Club's Performance at
Kreuzberg Pavilion
during Project Space
Festival, Berlin.
Courtesy the artist.
Photo: Piotr Pietrus

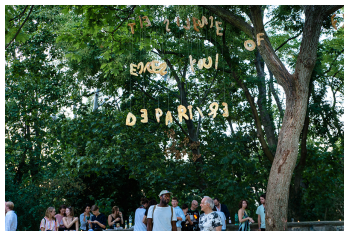
Maybe you weren't
there, dear reader, but
you might be able
to imagine yourself in
these project spaces:
CNTRM, a former
gatekeeper pavilion, 7
metres squared

(see how you stretch out your arms to touch the walls of concrete and metal and glass); 11m², another small surround, previously a porter's lodge; SPEKTRUM, different cultural communities converging at the door of a sharp corner; x-embassy kissing goodbye to the former Australian embassy of the GDR, a spiral staircase spinning you into their setting; and East of Elsewhere, perched between places, marking its own spot, a living room not quite here, neither there, where friends gathered for a year to make collective magic. And now they've moved on because the Project Space Festival was the last month of their rental contract. So it goes. Yet not off to the Slaughterhouse.

There's too much to talk about, really, so let's focus on the latter, zoom into their story. Three friends who started something: Clementine Butler-Gallie, FredSimon, Camila McHugh, hailing from the UK and San Francisco, all looking for something new. *At the beginning we wanted to do some small shows and then it sped up, more and more people were coming and the community was building. There was something about the environment of it: not just a gallery but also an apartment that attracted people. It was also our home, and it meant the relationship with the artist was this really intense period of getting to know them and their process.*

shadow << play >>, the title of their last show looks like a button waiting to be pressed into

action. The states of ephemeral and permanence, fleeting and fixed are the focus, as their event brings together performances by seven artists, diptychs that move from the project space into the park opposite, a raised mound that beckons the crowd into the night. Knowing that this is the final exhibition in this space they wonder: *What could last beyond our tenancy?* What might remain in the park, even if their bodies have to move beyond the living room to live elsewhere, once again?



View from East of Elswhere's exhibition during Project Space Festival, Berlin. Photo: André Wunstorf



Daniel Kokko
performing at East of
Elsewhere during Project
Space Festival, Berlin.
Courtesy the artist.
Photo: André Wunstorff

Rishin Singh's poems
are a diary, stretched,
seeking out
memory and its
artificiality. *The silence
of floorboards echoes
your departure*, he
says. How can process
change the moment
in your head? Is
there a difference
between sound and
memory? Inside the
gallery, words are
etched out on a
mirrored surface
where you can see
yourself — after all,
what are we without
language? — and on
the mound outside,
letters are formed from
dough and hang as
words in the trees,
waiting to become
bird feed. Sometimes,
no sooner than you
say something, it is

lost to the ephemeral
ether. Unless you're
Theresa Reimann-
Dubbers, whose four-
speaker sound
installation
rustlesthrough the
trees, a monotonous
reading of her voice
speaking the data that
Facebook has
accumulated during
her eleven years in
service of the site,
recently deleted.
Friends names and
phone numbers, IP
addresses, locations,
events, dates, hosts
and whether
she's attended or not.
She says: *This was a
monument of my
deadened Facebook
identity, reduced to a
text package at the end;
it's about
the inconsistencies in
the ideas of ephemeral
and permanent, alive
and not alive in the
digital.*

Ending the evening
naked under the
fading sun, artist
Daniel
Kokko pours iodine

over his body,
staining himself with
streaks of brown,
echoes of the glass
shards that marked
him when he held a
hammer and
smashed a glass table
inside. He holds a
toolbox full of
objects, blades and
screws, invites the
audience to pick
pieces —a
confrontational
pursuit. He is
interested in *trauma*,
what is permanent and
what is
temporary. How we
might mark ourselves,
visibly or not, and
what is unleashed,
what is purged.

Release. It's hard to
say goodbye to
August, to let it go.
As with East of
Elsewhere, where *the*
intensity was really
beautiful and always
changing, things come
to a close: months,
festivals, project
spaces. They're often
momentary, making
something out of the

present, bringing
people together,
building communities,
making stories and
then releasing them
upon the warm
breeze blowing from
the park into the
autumn sky.



Exhibition view, of „TOO EARLY“ at Bar Babette, Berlin — Photo © Pujan Shakupa

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