

Galerie Ursula Schurr: „Verlorenes“, 1983, von Dieter Teusch

Galerie aktuell

Spießers Heim-Waffe

Symbole dienten einmal als Sinnbilder oder Stellvertreter einer Bedeutung und waren Hilfen zum Verständnis der Welt. Das scheint vorbei. Heute sind sie Leerformeln, die man nach Lust und Laune mit Sinn auffüllt. Die Arbeiten von Dieter Teusch zum Beispiel sind bis oben hin voll mit Symbolik: Was etwa hat es mit dem drei Meter langen und zwei Meter hohen Hauptwerk der Ausstellung auf sich? Handelt es sich bei dem tiefblauen Tropfen mit den eingearbeiteten Glitzerkristallen um eine große Träne? Und was verbirgt sich hinter dem Titel für diese Mystifikation auf storcheneinigen, dafür aber mit echtem Blattgold (953 Karat) veredelten Stützen, die über einem dreistufigen Podest nach allen Regeln der Kunst zelebriert wird – was hat „Verlorenes“ zu sagen? Weiß es Teusch selbst? Der 43 Jahre alte Wahlkölner stellt zum erstenmal aus. Er war bis vor acht Jahren Architekt in Frankfurt, gab den Beruf auf, studierte bei Jochims und steht jetzt dem Kreis um Dahn und Dokoupil nahe. Mehr Eindruck als „Verlorenes“ macht ein viel kleinerer, unbetitelter Würfel. Er hängt etwa hüfthoch an der Wand wie angeklebt und sieht ob seines Tarnanstrichs mehr nach Karton als nach Stahl aus. Bemerkenswert wird er durch seine „Rüstung“ aus vier staks in den Raum hinstarrenden Geweihen (Sechsender): Als Heim-Waffe zur Demonstration von Verteidigungsbereitschaft im Hause des Spießers wahrhaft ein Knüller! (Galerie Schurr. Bis



Anselm Kiefer, *The stairs*, 1982/83. Mixed media on canvas, 330 x 185 cm.

"Seraphim" and "Cherubim," do not manage to fill the giant canvas.

Most of the works have a coloring reminiscent of burnt, charred wood or scorched earth. In *Gewölbe* (Arch), as in *Auszug von Ägypten* (Exodus), there are red flames darting here and there in the blackness. However, the little flames just fall back in the ashes as mere blobs of color—no spark will kindle.

Lucie Beyer

JOSEPH BEUYS

Konrad Fischer/Düsseldorf

Almost anyone who has ventured into Beuys's exhibition room would want to get out again as soon as possible. It would be most accurately described as a torture chamber; a lengthy stay in this room would indeed be torture, for it is round, enclosed, and the ceiling and floor are lined with lead. Apart from the oppressive darkness, which is only slightly alleviated by a hanging electric light bulb casting a grim light, the quality of the lead is to make one conscious of pain; breathing is laborious.

In the Middle Ages, such lead chambers were actually used for torture, not by direct means, but through the insidious poisoning of the victim's body. No special implement was required, the properties of the lead surrounding the victim were enough to destroy him.

Nowadays, we have another use for lead—as protection against radiation, but one wouldn't dream of seeking protection in Beuys's *Schmerz-kammer*. Two iron rings designed to encircle a human neck, are mounted just below the ceiling. They are out of reach, but clearly visible in the dim light.

It seems that Beuys used an amalgam of silver and lead in the chamber, but the presence of the former is not apparent; the dangerous metal and

the precious one are too similar in color to be distinguished by the naked eye, and the dominant effect is that of the lead. "Don't touch the wall and then your mouth, you will be poisoned!"

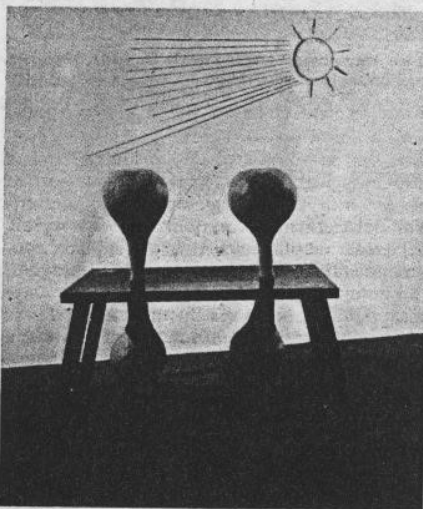
Lucie Beyer

DIETER TEUSCH

Monika Sprüth/Cologne

Dieter Teusch doesn't create a thing, but assembles it. At first glance, he seems to have put together everyday objects which are then made into new, comical sculptures. In this exhibition he showed four of his bizarre objects.

In one, a large eye is perched on a pink, wooden framework, enthroned on a springy feather base. *Venus* is reading *FAZ* while watching over the exhibition room.



Dieter Teusch, 1983. Steel, pottery, coal, 115 x 115 cm.

Untitled refers to a statue standing on a smaller brown pedestal. A madonna and child figure, daubed with garish colors, is almost crushed by two horns towering up out of the heads of both figures: one is white, the other black. The little altar statuette almost seems to be collapsing under its burden.

The Martyr suffers no less. An elaborate, wooden column, larded with long thick nails, supports a bronze skull. The splendid tormented head gazes out over a stack of plates, 1.80 metres high, which totally deprives it of any dignity in its suffering. One has to laugh at it, and the plates laugh back.

The fourth item in the show, likewise "untitled," again has a utilitarian object as its main element—a table. The manufactured steel table could almost be a model for a new design in interior decorating were it not for the two large, orange, ceramic legs which are bored through it; these are illuminated by a mock sun that Teusch has painted on the wall. The sun unites the two different elements of the sculpture.

The other sculptures have no sun at their disposal, yet they are also lit up—by a smile. Mary with horn, Venus with newspaper, or the skull with plates—all combine effortlessly. And it's not mere icing that holds them together, but carefully applied workmanship.

Lucie Beyer

SIEGFRIED ANZINGER

Munro/Hamburg

The human figure, footless or winged, confronted with an animal or its own shadow, constitutes the subject matter of Siegfried Anzinger's work. Concerned with timeless questions about the definition of the human being, its difference and similarity to animals and its relation to nature, his drawings and paintings refuse any connection with contemporary social or political issues. This characteristic links Anzinger, who now lives in Cologne, with his contemporaries, the Viennese "Wilden." Drawing on legend as a source for subject matter, his works have a strong element of unreality, which until recently was principally evoked by semi-human creatures. The occasional use of religious themes in the most recent works exhibited at Galerie Munro have the same function.

The most important aspect of these latest works, however, is a technical development. Hitherto, Anzinger's stress had been on spontaneity and vigor expressed in the sweeping, gestural nature of his heavy, black contours. These features originate in his training as a draughtsman and they persist in the mixed media drawings in the exhibition. His larger scale acrylics, however, demonstrate a subtle shift in his vocabulary of expression: the use of black outlines is almost entirely abandoned and instead one can observe an increased stress on the materiality of paint itself. Where there were large areas of thinly applied unmixed colors in his earlier works, such as *Der Stuerzende* ('Falling Man'), there is now a thick impasto of earthy colored pigment. Expressive power lies in the paint application itself, felt in the accumulated brushstrokes, and no longer in the contours. Anzinger now not only reduces the defining function of the outline to a minimum, but in certain areas he also dissolves the borders between figure and background entirely, melting both into an organic unity of paint which asserts its physical presence. Through this projected heaviness and solidity, the figures retain the monumentality they had in earlier works, in spite of the fact that their vaguer shapes or the omission of feet, as in *Moor* ('Marsh'), may lead to a sense of floating and instability. This technical development must have been of decided conse-



Siegfried Anzinger, *Swamp*, 1983. Acrylic on canvas, 200 x 140 cm.