

**“Fais en sorte que je puisse te parler / Mache, dass ich zu dir sprechen kann / Act so that I can speak to you”**

**GALERIE KAMM**  
 Rosa-Luxemburg-Strasse 45  
 March 8–April 26



View of “Fais en sorte que je puisse te parler / Mache, dass ich zu dir sprechen kann / Act so that I can speak to you.” From left: Annette Ruenzler, *Tanzbein*, 2008; Kitty Kraus, *Untitled*, 2007; Agnieszka Brzezanska, *Untitled*, 2008; and Tom Burr, *Worn Out*, 2005.

Uniting a predominantly female group of artists, this show attempts to diagnose the role of the body in the formalistic tendencies of recent art. The works feature subtle relations between fragmented representation (through objects, photographs, films) and exploration of materiality, form, and site. They engage the viewer’s powers of deduction, while—due to their provisional and fragile status—demanding little by way of physical encounters with objects. Accordingly, the human body is represented by abstract, withdrawn, and highly personal fragments and traces. In their minimalist installations, Kitty Kraus and Tom Burr explore the materiality of textiles with the marks of absent human bodies. Two projected videos, by Agnieszka Brzezanska and Aneta Grzeszykowska, depict performances of the naked female body, playing with the concealment and masquerade intrinsic to the media of video and film. With a slide show and a set of unobtrusive in situ gestures, Kathrin Sonntag stages an abyss of autoreferentiality: Objects and details of interiors seen in the slide show *Mitnacht* (Midnight), 2008, reappear in the exhibition space, while vintage found photographs, manipulated to portray supernatural encounters, call into question both the physical entity of the body and the medium of photography. On shelves assembled to create the alphanumeric characters *4 AM*, Maria Loboda arranges seven frail objects that represent the seven basic shapes that are, according to Bauhaus theory, the building blocks of all perceived forms. Loboda challenges the modernist doctrine by referencing an early-morning hour when derealization sets in and the substantiality of forms seems to dissolve. Near the gallery’s entrance, Michael Queenland’s Fluxus-like arrangement of diverse brooms, stood up on their bristles, summarizes the exhibition’s delicate and subtle tone. Queenland’s installation, *Standing Brooms Until All or None Fall Over*, 2002–2008, anticipates the possibility of all the brooms eventually tipping over. Whether the catalyst will be careless visitors or merely gravity, however, remains uncertain.

—Ariane Beyn