

Naama Arad

LOVE HANDLES

2. Dezember 2017 — 18. Februar 2018



HUMAN TOUCH by Linda Schröer

Naama Arad (*1985, lebt und arbeitet in Tel Aviv) widmet sich in ihren skulpturalen, meist installativen Arbeiten dem Verhältnis von Menschen und Objekten und verfolgt dabei Fragestellungen zu Geschlecht, Sexualität, Macht und Sprache. Mit subtilem Sinn für Humor offenbaren ihre aus alltäglichen Massenprodukten gefertigten Skulpturen eine nahezu symbiotische Beziehung zwischen dem Individuum und den es umgebenden Dingen.

Ob beim Gang zum Bäcker, ins Bastelgeschäft, zum Bau- oder Büromarkt, für Arad eröffnen sich beim Anblick von Konsumgütern zahlreiche Assoziationsketten, die auf formalen, ästhetischen oder sprachlichen Aspekten beruhen. Die massenproduzierten, mehrdeutigen Waren dienen ihr als Material für surreal anmutende Vexierbilder: Eine Fliegenklatsche ist zugleich weiblicher Intimbereich und Phallus (*Master and Servant*), Telefonkabel und Duftbäumchen imitieren Schambehaarung (*Legally Blonde, Black Ice*), ein Stutenkerl ist hinter einem Netzstrumpfgitter gefangen (*XX*), aus einem Darm regnen Minibrezeln (*Feed Your Head*). Die einzelnen Gegenstände formieren sich zu Figuren mit eigener Identität sowie Geschlecht und fungieren über die jeweils inhärente Symbolik sowie assoziativen Implikationen hinaus als syntaktische Glieder eines räumlichen Arrangements. Durch die jeweilige Konstellation sowie Interferenz der Objekte entstehen komplementäre Kodierungen, die zu neuen Bedeutungsinhalten führen und aufgrund der Konnotationen des Betrachters eine Art Eigenleben entwickeln können.

Ein Eigenleben, das die Assemblagen zudem durch ihre Bezüge zum Fetischismus und zum Animismus erhalten. Während bei ersterem unbelebte Dinge, ohne objektiv einen erotischen Bezug aufzuweisen, sexuell aufgeladen werden, wird bei letzterem tote Materie verlebendigt. Die derart besetzten Gegenstände wie das Kehrblech (*Bossy Bottom*), die Schubkarre (*Doggy Style*) oder das Rankgitter (*Hounds of Love*) regen weiterhin dazu an, das Design uns täglich umgebender Objekte neu zu befragen; schließlich flossen bei der Gestaltung eines jeden Konsumartikels die Dispositionen und Haltungen des jeweiligen Designers bzw. der jeweiligen Designerin ein.

Arads Arbeiten lassen einen großen Spielraum für persönliche Projektionen und stehen in einem irritierenden Gegensatz zum meist funktionellen Gebrauch der Dinge, die uns im Alltag begegnen. Zudem wird die Frage der Identifikation von Kunst und Nichtkunst aufgeworfen: Referenzen zum klassischen Readymade und die Deutlichkeit einer losen, wenngleich raffinierten, zur Nachahmung einladenden Kombination von Alltagsgegenständen, diskutieren daher auch die Regeln und den Wert von Kunst. Die Arbeiten Arads laden den Betrachter zu einer Begegnung und zum Dialog mit dem Unbewussten sowie zur Entdeckung der eigenen Subjektivität.

Love Handles ist Naama Arads erste institutionelle Einzelausstellung in Deutschland. Zuletzt hatte sie Einzelausstellungen im Projektraum ACUD in Berlin (2017) und im Tel Aviv Museum of Art, Israel (2015).



In her sculptural, predominantly installative work, Tel Aviv based Naama Arad (*1985) examines the relationship between humans and objects. From this point of view, her work explores themes on gender, sexuality, power and language. With a subtle sense of humour and made from everyday mass-produced items, her sculptures reveal an almost symbiotic relation between the individual and the objects surrounding it.

Arad discovers chains of associations based on formal, aesthetic or linguistic aspects everywhere, be it on her way to the bakery, to the crafts store, hardware depot or the office supplier. The mass-produced, ambiguous commodities act as her material for seemingly surreal flip-flop images: A flyswatter is both the female genital area and a phallus at the same time (*Master and Servant*), a telephone wire and air freshener mimic pubic hair (*Legally Blonde*, *Black Ice*). In other pieces, a Stutenkerl – a traditional German pastry formally resembling a gingerbread man smoking a pipe – is trapped behind a fishnet-like wire (*XX*), or Miniature pretzels rain from an entrails-like shape (*Feed your Head*). The individual objects form figures with identities and genders of their own and, through their inherent symbolism and implications, function as syntactic elements of a three-dimensional arrangement. With each individual constellation and interference between the objects emerge new complementary encodings, leading to new meanings and content that can develop a life of their own based on the viewer's own intrinsic connotations.

A life of their own, imbued not least by the references to fetishism and animism. While the former sexually charges inanimate objects that objectively have no inherent erotic value, the latter animates formerly inanimate matter. Thus, these charged objects like the dustpan (*Bossy Bottom*), the wheelbarrow (*Doggy Style*) or the climbing trellis (*Hounds of Love*) encourage the viewer to ask questions of objects that surround them in their everyday life, seeing that the design of every commodity includes the designer's own dispositions and viewpoints at the time of development.

Arad's work leaves plenty of room for personal projections and stands in a confusing contrast to the usually functional purpose these everyday items fulfil. Moreover, it poses the question of identifying art and non-art: references to classic Readymades and the clarity with which everyday items are loosely yet cleverly combined encourage imitation but also discuss how we assess the rules and worth of art. Arad's work invites the viewer to an encounter and a dialogue with their unconscious and encourages them to discover their own subjectivity.

Love Handles is Naama Arad's first institutional solo exhibition in Germany. She recently had solo exhibitions at Projektraum ACUD in Berlin (2017) and at the Tel Aviv Museum of Art, Israel (2015).

p. 1	<i>XX</i> , 2017 Farbdrucke, Klebeband, Stahlgitter, Schloss, Stutenkerl / color prints, tape, steel trellis, locks, Stutenkerl 130,5x47,7x8cm	p. 18	<i>Black Ice</i> , 2017 Sitzfläche, Strumpfhose, Eisschaufeln, Duftbaum, Elektrokabel / chair seat, tights, ice scoops, air freshener, electrical cable Maße variabel / dimensions variable
p. 2	<i>Legally Blonde</i> , 2017 Sitzfläche, Strumpfhose, Vorhängeschlösser, Telefonkabel, Elektrokabel / chair seat, tights, locks, telephone cord, electrical cable Maße variabel / dimensions variable	p. 23	<i>Eating Disorder</i> , 2017 Pizzaschaufel, Strumpfhose, Brezeln / pizza peel, tights, pretzels Maße variabel / dimensions variable
p. 6	<i>Bo-Ba</i> , 2017 Kleiderbügel, Schnur, Strandschläger / clothes hanger, twine, beach rackets 93x48cm	p. 24	<i>Feed Your Head</i> , 2017 Farbdrucke, Klebeband, Schnur, Mini-Brezeln / color prints, tape, twine, mini pretzels 158x135cm
p. 7	<i>Head and Shoulders</i> , 2017 Farbdruck, Waschbeckenstöpsel, BH-Träger, Stuhllehne / color print, sink stopper, bra strap, chair backrest 78x48cm	p. 17	<i>Dairy Queen</i> , 2017 gerahmtes Poster, Duscablage / framed poster, shower rack 70x50x12cm
p. 12	<i>Master and Servant</i> , 2017 Spitzendeckchen, Beschlag, Fliegenklatsche / lace paper doily, continuous hinge, flyswatter 122x35x26cm	p. 35	<i>Hounds of Love</i> , 2017 Maulkorb, Plastikzaun, Kleiderbügel, Pasta, Elektrokabel / dog muzzles, plastic fences, coat hangers, pasta, electrical cable 89x36,7x12cm
p. 13	<i>Doggy Style</i> , 2017 Schubkarre, Staubmaske, Strumpfhose, Ton, Gummiband, Hundeleine / wheelbarrow, dust masks, tights, clay, rubber band, dog leash Maße variabel / dimensions variable	p. 36	<i>Bossy Bottom</i> , 2017 Aktentordner, Thermometer, Schulterpolster, Kehrschaufel, Saugstopfen, Elastikband / ring binder, thermometer, shoulder pads, dustpan, suction cups, elastic straps 105x31x12cm















AND LATER by Sarah Wang

And later, in an empty room, lying prostrate... a low thrum... a rising brume...

The two axes of language carries you along; an imaginary line about which a body rotates.

Merge one body into another, time functioning as a spindle.

When you hear the static crackling, you remember a distant ringing, a game of musical chairs, the shape of your mother's body at dusk—or was it your father?

Traipse across overdetermined points until they cohere into a single vibrating position.

As you turn, you see yourself: shadow on surface. In a moment of revelation/identity, you recognize yourself in this external negation, your displacement as form.

The image is always, partially, phantasmic.

Your eyes at the moment of apparition are always wide open.

Occasionally, reassert a narrative, for this is the language that brings us back to ourselves.

What is the value of that which is only spectrally there, that which cannot be surveyed within the boundaries of the putative mirror?

Reveal the unconscious desire of your decision to don a wig in public, to wear pants beneath a dress. The exhilaration of this self, in the frame of the public eye.

Such a presentation will surely be of interest to the public.

Don't resent the word. Resent the language, which falsifies you daily.

And later, your cracked face in the rearview mirror.

Sometimes doubt can be temporarily overcome by belief.

A mess of limbs, hirsute and disorderly. An impossible containment.

At a party, you stumble, revealing yourself in front of the other.

The acte manqué occurs in a language you don't understand.

Sir, I mean Madame!

And later, the small passage to the act is perceived as a distraction, a cognitive difficulty.

A manifestation of all the untranslatable, messy facets of the self that can't be communicated. Still, the hotel receptionists won't pick up the line.

To extend and mutilate a metaphor.

You're chased down a corridor, your body broken with sticks and stones.

Whatever you do, don't ask for it.

The chain, always elusive, leaves traces of itself, traces which may be read.

Listen to the dislocated voice. A stretching that ribs the spine.

And later, even if we do not remember, our language remembers. What we say began to be said three thousand years ago.

Read it as a cautionary tale. Don't depend on the implacable hand. It will kill you.

Use this as a counterpoint to secure your position.

The syncretic nature of a language is like a body without a brain.

Technolinguistic automation entering your body like a molecular invasion.

And later, staring down a row of mirrors becomes a deferral of action.

What you can see is in every way related to what you can say.

Meaning occurs much like the portmanteau is stitched, a Frankenstein of purpose.

Time traveling with you is like an ever-unfinished conversation.

Don't ever walk alone at night or go anywhere by yourself.

A believable image is the product of a negotiation with an unverifiable real.

And later, writing this for you, our first interaction reactivates at a later time in a different context. The diner, sitting across the table, your whole face expresses itself when you speak. A container for time, overflowing.

When you use the first person plural, how many of you are speaking?

We think we speak the language of the self yet it is not one self but all selves, selves of yesterday and elsewhere.

Language akimbo, ready to span the divide, but realize there is no mass, no earth to hold the rain, no color to hold up the sky.

Here is a word deprived of thinking, which no longer resides there but here inside you. A word, having left its native shore, swims in the blood of the body.

But where is the measure here, and is there one?

Prostitutes are a no no, but remember, the free ones are more expensive.

And later, reprint your memory, an impossible accretion.

Sit at a table by the window, the sun streaming in to warm your hands. In one hand, a paper cup of coffee. In the other, a triangle of pastry wrapped in paper.

Trauma as a virus, the pathogenic effect manifesting only subsequently. Deferred action.

If you praise a child for being a good boy, she will one day bare her sharpened teeth.

Regarding madness, you've got what it takes.

Don't even try to resituate the nipple around which desire's nostalgia revolves.

And later, your doctor tells you that it smells, but not necessarily in a bad way.

You have been involved for long enough to realize that you know nothing, or at least something about nothing.

For what will remain palpating after you, the waste product in the place that you have occupied, is nothing more than a tropical stagnation.

Have you ever been anything but disappointed?

Live your life under the false teaching of the father.

Send a missive from the bleached out zombie west, the last stop before the end of the world.

Trying to fuck inside a binary order.

This is the model. This is the caricature. They are interchangeable.

The cacophonous absence of speech hurtling through the auditorium.

Rendered unusable, it is a symbol written in the sand of the flesh.

Walk through a mammalian garden, sour milk puddled at the base of a hill. Feel your toes touch the earth through the warm secretion.

The flatness of your body pressed between the pages of a book.

Sign a billion year contract; there's never too much time.

And later, a proletariat, a fisher, and a tailor walk into a lake. Three mouths speak in unison.

The cure for cannibal indigestion does not exist.

Bare chested, see yourself in the glare of night, both image and reflection first and second persons. Something, you can't remember, about the dialectic of desire.

What you can't eat, you wear.

There will be afterwardsness, when your pants are buttoned, when the open window of the cab pummels the wind against your face.

Whatever, you say, speeding away from the site. It is all part of the conceptual equipment, the baggage you will wait to claim.

If you can't tell which direction is progressive and which is retrogressive, you're going the right way.

When you are alive, there exists mutiny and discord, but when you die, there can only be abject submission and deferred obedience.

The social contract extends beyond posthumous responsibility.

And later, run away from both myth and biology.

Riding in a two-seater, which always accommodates three.

The states of the glottis determine structural associations and signifying effects.

But all this is nothing compared to the endless body configurations you stay up late arranging.

Looking for resolution in each mixed bag, the hand touches a flat seam; the remainder evades your grip.

Use only alternative expressions. Reveal the imitative structure, as well as its contingency.

A crude tattoo never received hovers still above the right hip, the spectre of experience.

And later, quote him quoting her quoting them to show one crux of the misunderstanding.

There is no place prior to the passage, which is available and can be retrieved. Nevertheless, the desire to return to a prediscursive reality prevails.

Reaching the juncture when there is no value in analyzing it anymore.

Where you want to go resists and limits language, that final stroke which defines the image.

A somewhat different account of this history remains unsurfaced.

Dismantling is a construction that disrupts the systematic relations.

And when you place your body down, remember where you began, the fluid-less lung, the sac bursting.

And later, on a rock above the roiling sea, the double moon piercing your eyes with its twin and shadow, the feeling suspended between our bodies is so ripe it's rotten.

The paradigm of thirdness complicates the facts.

Weather permitting, bodies permitting, the caliber permitting...

Do not make the mistake of warranting her viability.

Squeeze a lemon on your head and wait for the letter to arrive while the sun sets over the hillside.

What people cannot tell us, the others will.

A barely concealed impulse is worth more than a library of books.

Hear the plants screaming at an imperceptible frequency.

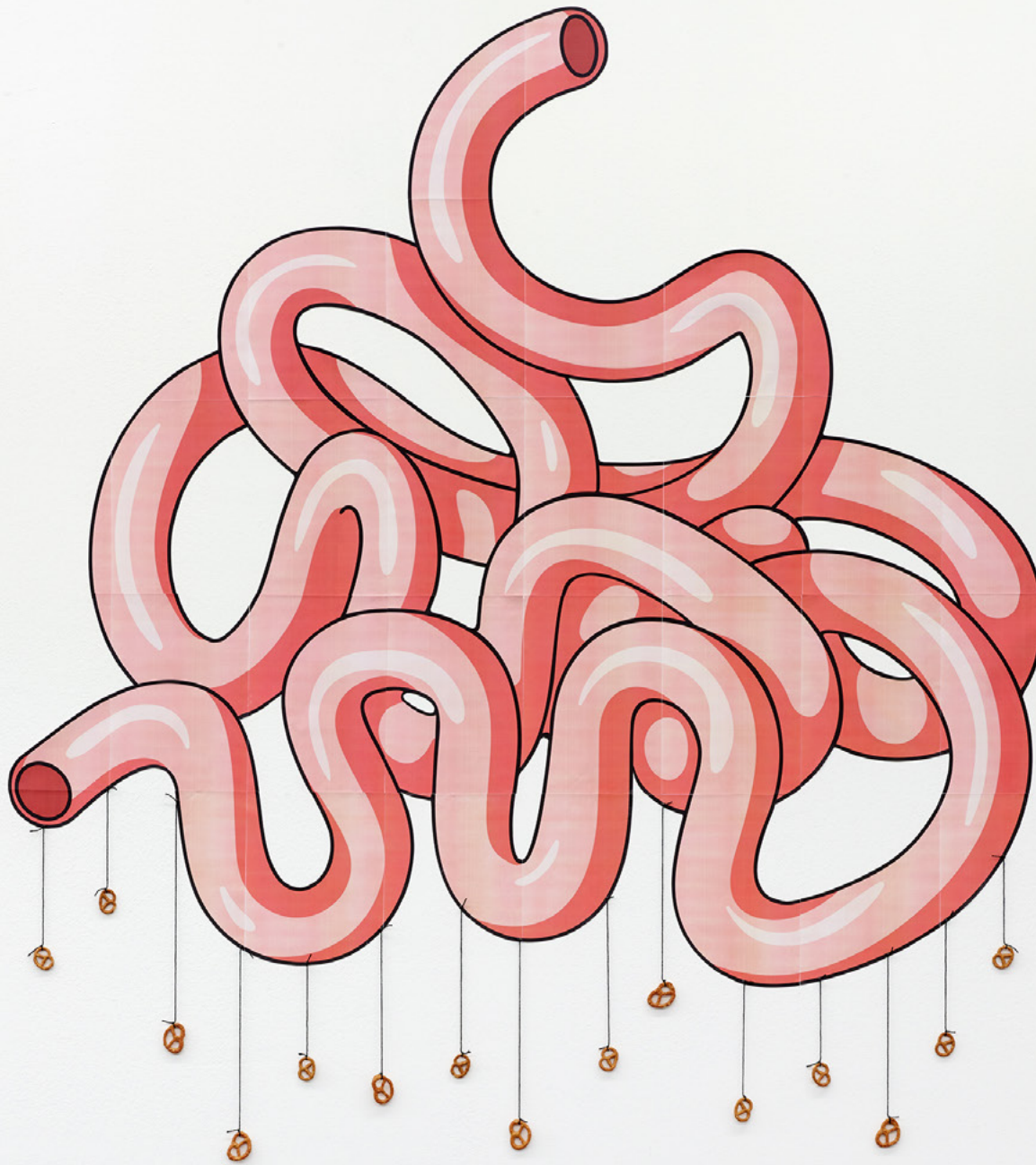
It is indeed a fake you've invested in, though no one on the other side can tell them apart. Nevertheless, you endure.

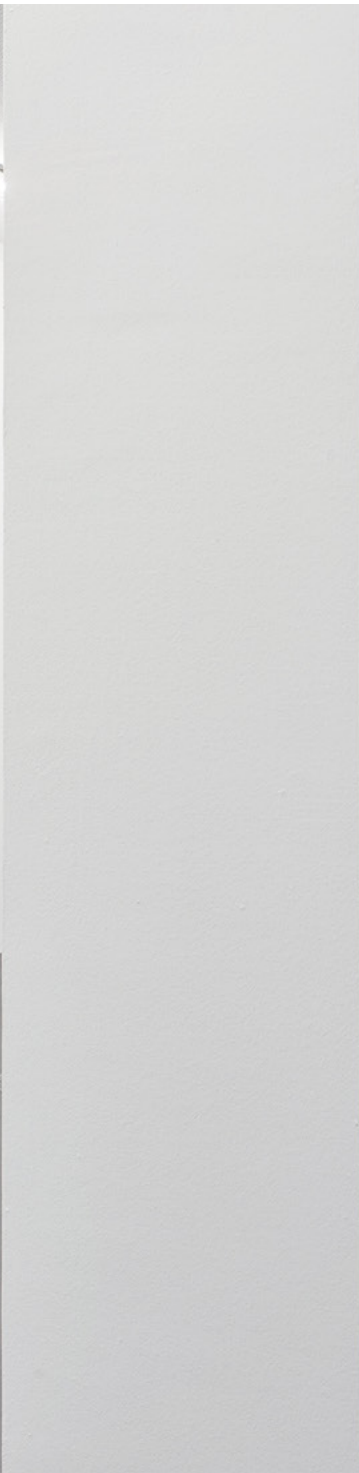
Pull the rotten tooth out to a burst of applause, a delightful surge of self-satisfaction greeting your reflection in the mirror.

Reality, lest you forget, can always be manipulated at will.

And later, you return to the same place.













IMPRESSUM

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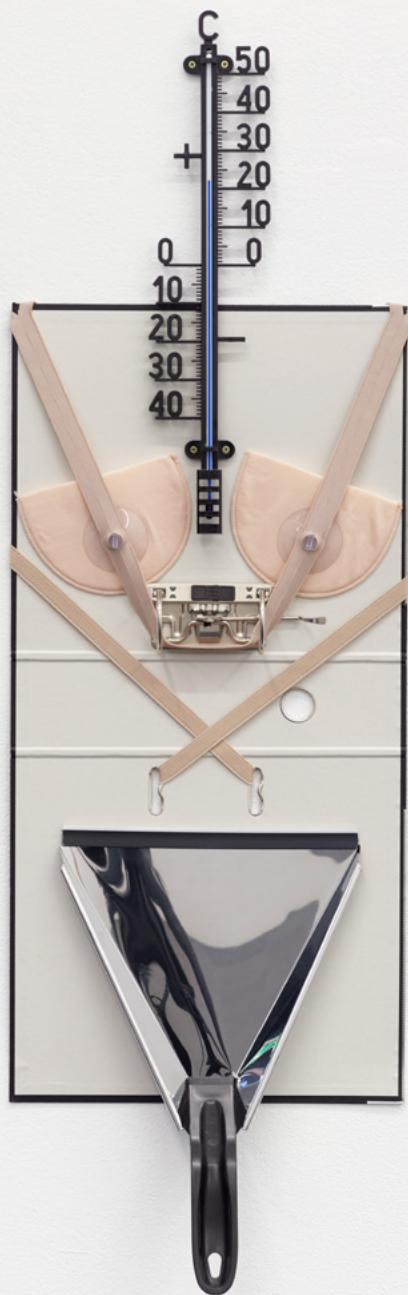


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