



Nouchka Wolf

wir plagen

4.3. – 8.4.23

Because, I realised later, I was a monkey looking at a lemur.

Douglas Adams, Last Chance to See

Better to sleep with a sober cannibal than a drunk Christian.

Herman Melville, Moby Dick

Nouchka Wolf's dystopian fantasies in sculpture, video, and on canvas (the latter rendered figural and precise on egg tempera base with organic binder) often refer to the beyond, and the various paths by which we arrive there. Female power has been a stark undercurrent of her oeuvre in recent years: superheroines cast bones on a heap; she-dogs eat forbidden chocolate until they die; old white men, hopelessly forgotten, stare at a powerful and imposing vulva; meteorites fly justly into huts, and a boy, dazed, spurts new life into the universe.

The text in her works, limerick-like and wonderfully sardonic, guides the viewer. We are led from the socially engaging to the deeply personal, to an impasse, and then back again. Access to her philosophical and artistic thought is not always simple. But those, who make it past the stern but fit reaper to the trough, are nourished and rewarded. The true philanthropists don't get in anyway.

It will be exciting then to see how Frau Wolf explains the world to us this time in the exhibition 'wir plagen*', held at Galerie Kai Erdmann. I am sure that we will spy a light at the end of the tunnel. Let's hope that it is not the ambulance. In her sculpture 'Armer schwarzer Kater' (made in collaboration with Alexander Wolf in 2018) she was able, through the integrated video, framed in an eroticised Snapchat Kitten-Filter, to relieve us of the pain of the world, to let the sun shine in. Let's pray that she succeeds in doing so once again.

On march 4th 2023 from 3pm, religion and the animal world will be balanced on her clairvoyant scales.

*we plague