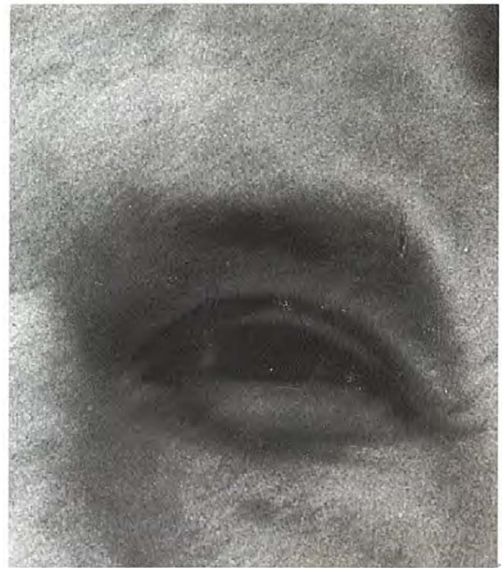


# **Ceci n'est pas une rétrospective**



**Peter Valentiner   Walter Wolf**



**Ceci n'est pas une rétrospective**

**Peter Valentiner Walter Wolf**

Stadtmuseum Siegburg  
2001





This catalogue is published on the occasion of the exhibition: Ceci n'est pas une rétrospective  
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Siegburg City Museum  
Markt 46  
D-53721 Siegburg  
Tel. 02241 9698510  
Fax. 02241 9698525  
[www.siegburg.de/museum](http://www.siegburg.de/museum)





Peter Valentiner, Hiltensweiler  
bei Lindau, 1955



Walter Wolf, Atelier Koln 1999

Jürgen Kisters

## ENCOUNTERS IN THE HUMAN

**The greatest events are not our loudest, but our quietest hours.**  
**(Friedrich Nietzsche)**

They met in Trier in the mid-eighties: Peter Valentiner and Walter Wolf. At the time, one was working as a teacher at an academy in which the other was participating. It was a brief encounter, as it always is when artists from different regions come together for a few weeks, filled with stimuli and acquaintances, most of which soon evaporate. Wolf was studying at the Städelschule in Frankfurt at the time, Valentiner lived alternately in Trier, Paris and Berlin. And yet the two have not lost sight of each other since.

It was not the commonality of an artistic approach that brought them together, but a personal interest in the other, a fundamental sympathy that is the beginning of every friendship, and which also touched the other's work, although or precisely because it was so very different from their own. In fact, they never tried to work together. Instead, they went on trips together, to Prague, to Berlin, to Paris. And for years they have met for breakfast in the studio to talk about God and the world and about art. One might assume that it had to be only a matter of time before the idea of a joint exhibition would arise.

They only hesitated for a tiny moment when the opportunity arose. They asked themselves what unites their art. And they quickly realised that part of the answer already lies in the question. Except in the context of art-historical survey presentations, it is usually avoided to bring together extremely contrasting painterly positions in an exhibition. Artists usually strive more to distinguish themselves from the other than to build bridges to one another.

Artistic approach that they themselves would never cultivate. Thus, figurative expression and planned structural abstraction are often seen as completely separate worlds that seem to have nothing to do with each other. And in general, things are too often separated from each other in our culture.

A disjointed juxtaposition of possibilities, (world) views and activities determines the current context of life. Functions and views are specialised everywhere, also in art. The much-invoked cross-over does not change this. There is a suitable offer for everyone, while the equal encounter of the different in one place is all too quickly and increasingly often experienced as a burden, superfluous irritation and effort. Most people find it easier to express an opinion on isolated phenomena than to compare and contextualise different phenomena. They prefer to make one thing the measure of all things and dismiss everything they don't know what to do with. But why do people always view the different approaches in competition with each other instead of in a mutually complementary relationship? And why do we separate ourselves from each other instead of looking for possibilities in the approach? This applies to painting as to everything else in culture. It is not ignorance in "anything goes" that is called for, but the effort to relate the different perspectives to each other.

Köln-Höhenhaus



Peter Valentin, Siegburg 2001



Jürgen Kisters

**Basically angry about being a human being,  
to have been involved in this affair of existence -  
without having wanted to be.  
(Paul Valéry)**

Clarity of thought seems to be one of the characteristic features of Peter Valentine's art. With him there is no unrestrained wildness, no dreamy playfulness. In the beginning, the concept is there. The work with brush and paint is not a poking in the dark, but the realisation of a purposeful intention. Even the coincidences that finally arise are already laid out in the concept. Valentiner lets himself be surprised, but he already knows beforehand where the surprise is waiting for him. In fact, he only wants to draw attention to the fact that coincidence, too, is merely part of a general structure that determines our sensations, thoughts and behaviour beyond our conscious knowledge.

Such considerations are not (any longer) in vogue today. The intellectuals Michel Foucault and Roland Barthes are dead, and structuralism as an approach to thought is no longer even worth a mention by the feuilletonists today. But let's remember: four decades ago, when Peter Valentiner began with art, culture was not yet largely an experiential field of non-committal mind games, quick effects, fun ephemera and individual interests. A hitherto unimaginable intensification of technological progress, a growing unease with the increasingly effective functioning of consumer culture, the search for freer ways of life and, last but not least, the horror of the Vietnam War had produced, alongside criticism of the capitalist social order, an unsparing analysis of modern consciousness.

What characterises the modern individual? Where does his freedom lie? And in what general structures is it irredeemably entangled? What constraints does it follow? And what possibilities does it have?

Here there was Jean-Paul Sartre's existentialist theory, according to which man is condemned to freedom and cannot escape this responsibility even in the face of exploitation, alienation and the most difficult social conditions. There was the critical theory of the Frankfurt School, which relied on the self-confident subject capable of criticism, who with his reason and maturity should continually question the ideological interests of the existing social order. And finally there were the so-called structuralists, who recognised the individual as a place of deception. Instead, the scope of the conscious subject was explained in the overall context of cultural structural laws, where the freedom of human reason disappears like a face in the sand on the seashore.

"The world began without man, and it will end without him," said the ethnologist Claude Lévi-Strauss. And the philosopher Michel Foucault stated: "In our time, one can only think in the emptiness of the disappeared man. This void does not represent a shortcoming, it does not prescribe a gap to be filled: it is nothing more and nothing less than the unfolding of a space in which it is finally possible to think." Structure as the centre of the real. Even in fantasy, in revolt and in art, one cannot fall out of the structure.

One can see in this er-knowledge of life both a sobering and liberating perspective. Such a view disenchant the myth of freedom without relieving man of having to make something of his existence, every day, throughout his life. Peter Valentine's pictures "say" nothing else. Again and again they show structures, nothing but

Structures. Coloured structures. Simple structures, multiple nested structures. Anonymous structures. Structures composed of many small facets. Man is not to be seen in them, and one suspects that he is only a small, insignificant matter in the complicated structural fabric of the great whole. No more significant than an ant, no more banal than a speck of dust and no freer than the course of drops of water in a river. That sounds pessimistic. But the artist is by no means someone who has the task of scattering optimism into the world.

Nevertheless, and again and again, it is the individual human being who must relate to these structures. A solitary observer, a sharp analyst, a fantasist who skilfully feels his way into the multiply branched space. "Our society is organised like a picture. We are woven into structures and shaped by principles that are more powerful than we are" says Valentiner. The task is therefore: How does one manage to find and design oneself in the structure of one's images, representative of the structure of society? The central question is: What freedom do we have in the midst of existing cultural structural contexts? Which structures are irrevocable and which are arbitrary?

The structural fabric that runs through the whole social, cultural body is a productive web. As compelling as the basic structural laws are, they are a system of movement and transformation. And therein lies at least a certain human opportunity. Despite their indissoluble entanglement in the existing structures, people are far freer than they think. This is by no means a contradiction, merely a paradox that is inseparable from the structure itself. Other keywords: freedom within the rule. Repetition and variation. The difference between the compulsion of repetition and the possibility of repetition.

Is it important to know that Valentiner once worked with military camouflage nets and camouflage fabrics? That was at the beginning of the seventies. At that time, he had initially placed the cultural meaning of the object

in the focus of his art, confronting the camouflage net with the walls of everyday life and the plants of nature. The reference to the fact that military camouflage nets were developed by a navy artist fascinated him. Would there possibly be no military camouflage nets without the development of abstract painting, it wondered? And what happens, in turn, when you combine the concept of Mondrian's painting with the structure of military camouflage nets?

Focusing on honeycomb patterns and industrial grid surfaces, he gradually developed from the "idea of the camouflage net as a system of forms" a nameless structure beyond fixed meanings. His compositions have the characteristic of always evoking a sense of disorder at first, only to finally culminate in the certainty of a strict order. The apparently arbitrary form nestings (which appear interchangeable) ultimately prove to be elements of a strict structural grid. Numerous irregularities only confirm the regularity of the structure. At times, the coloured shapes and surfaces dance before the eyes. Then again they are frozen in stencil-like static.

How do rigidity and dynamism shape the structure? What does a structure need to hold together? How much openness for variations is possible, even necessary? When does a structure break apart in order to reform itself? How does transformation happen within a structure? And how does one grasp the sameness of a structure in different appearances? Valentiner gives his latest works a distinct motif. "Hurricane" is what he calls the black and white forms that condense into a vortex towards the centre of the picture.

In their reduction to black and white, they seem more precise than Valentiner's coloured structural fields. In the earlier pictures, the eye was always lost in the colour confusion of an abstract anonymity, but now it is inevitably drawn into the maelstrom of depth and meaning.

Valentiner shows what happens when the structure is dynamised and the multiplicity of forms becomes a sharpened movement. Whereas up to now he has been concerned with the impenetrability of complex structural fabrics, he now directs his artistic interest to individual processes within the structural events.

Irritation is not the element of these pictures, but the focussing of the gaze on a single basic figure. If Valentiner uses the computer to compose these variations, it only confirms his conviction that the structure is more powerful than the individual. What matters to him is not the singular path of a brushstroke, but the clarity of an image that transcends the petty efforts of individual twitches. The human ego is as impotent and insignificant as human culture as a whole, in that it is only an insignificant incident in the universe. Nevertheless, or precisely because of this, humans stubbornly renew the assertion of their power and specialness. In spite of all the er-knowledge of psychology, the ego celebrates itself unimpressed by all the human slights and

unpredictable growths continue to be "masters" in their own house. And even the imbalances in the cycle of nature have so far not changed the fact that Western culture continues on the foolhardy, destructive course of its domination of nature.

But what are the achievements of high-tech culture under the sign of a hurricane or typhoon? The breakneck speed of unleashed forces of nature need only a single hour to unhinge culture and reduce it to rubble. The structures of nature are more powerful than the structures that humans have created. This is the simple, unsparing truth that puts (modern) man in his place. He doesn't want to admit it, but it doesn't change anything. What are the fumbings of reason in the maelstrom of a madness that suddenly turns well-ordered everyday life into an abyss.

Cologne-Höhenhaus  
April 2001





# Peter Valentiner

**"Hurricane"** Works 1-30

19 9 8-2 001

Dispersion paint/ink on watercolour paper

Arches grainFin 640 g/m<sup>2</sup>

152.4 cm x 101.6 cm

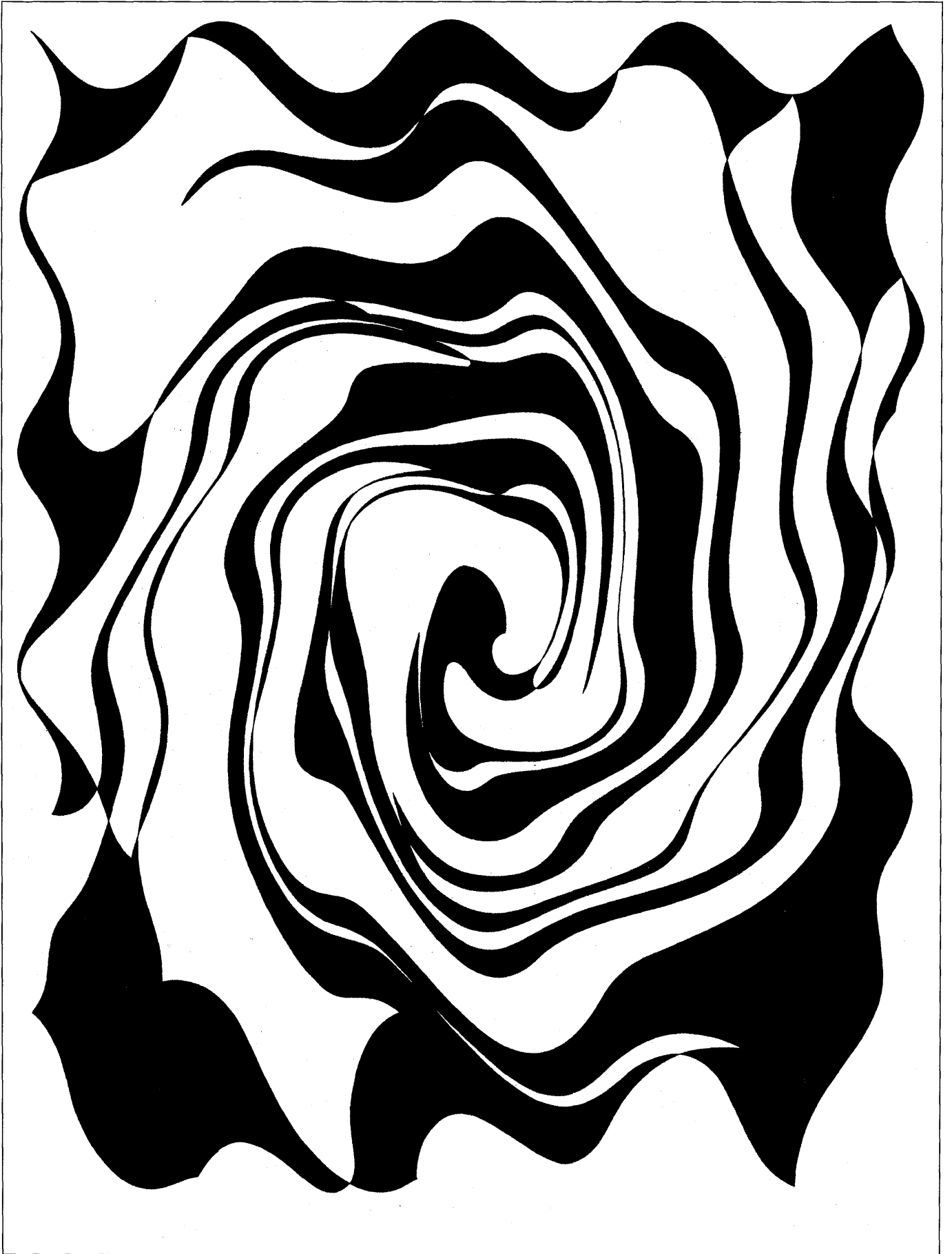




























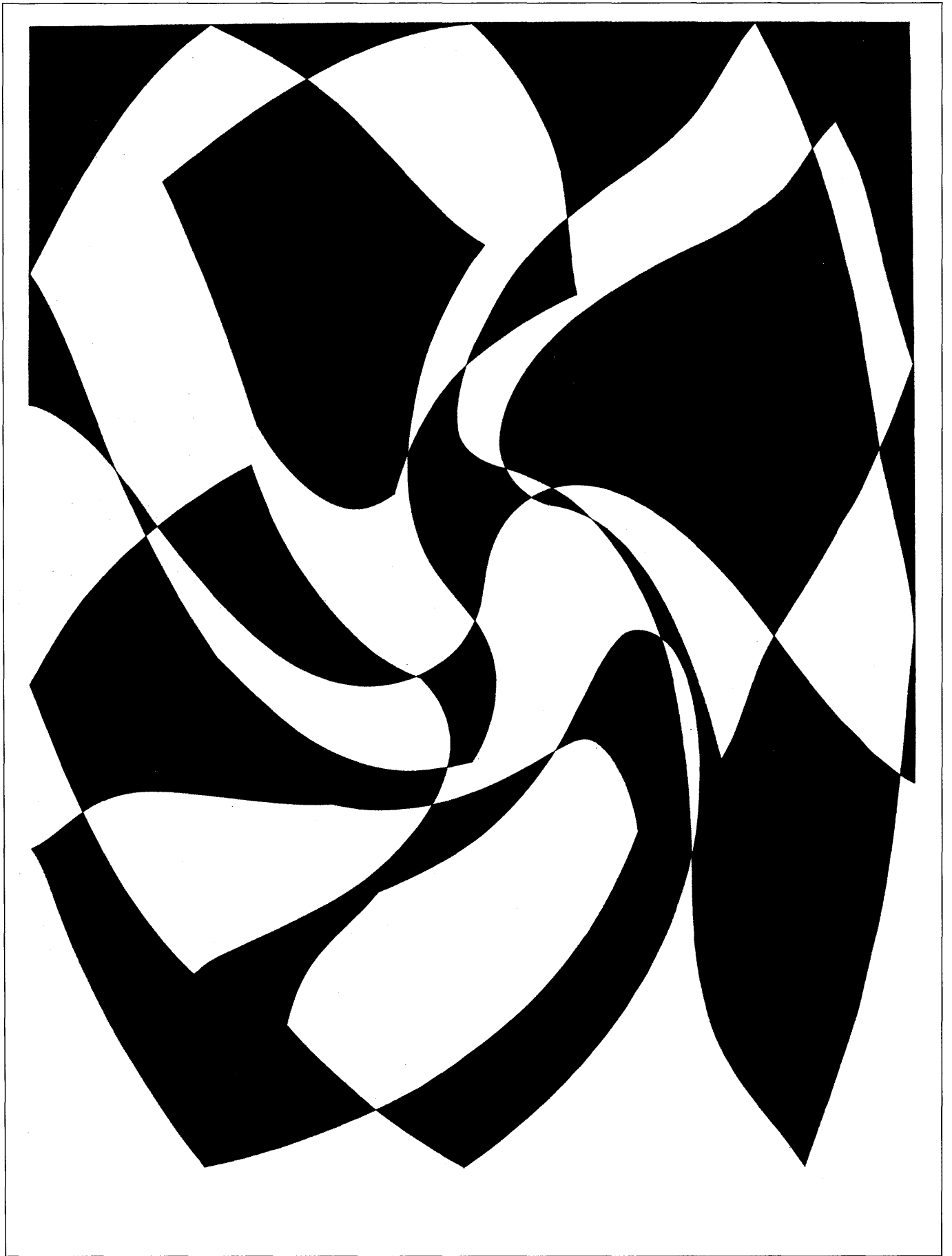










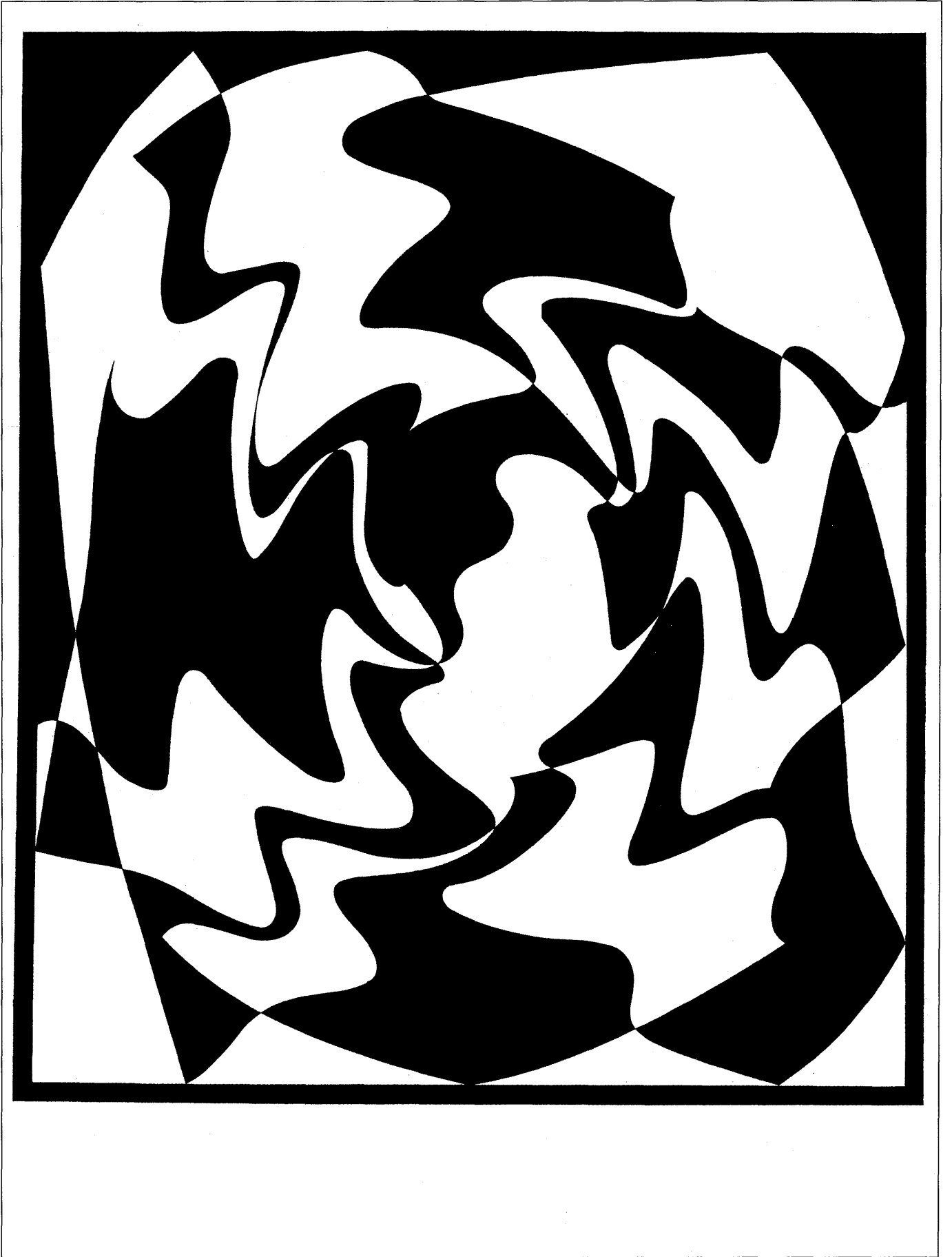


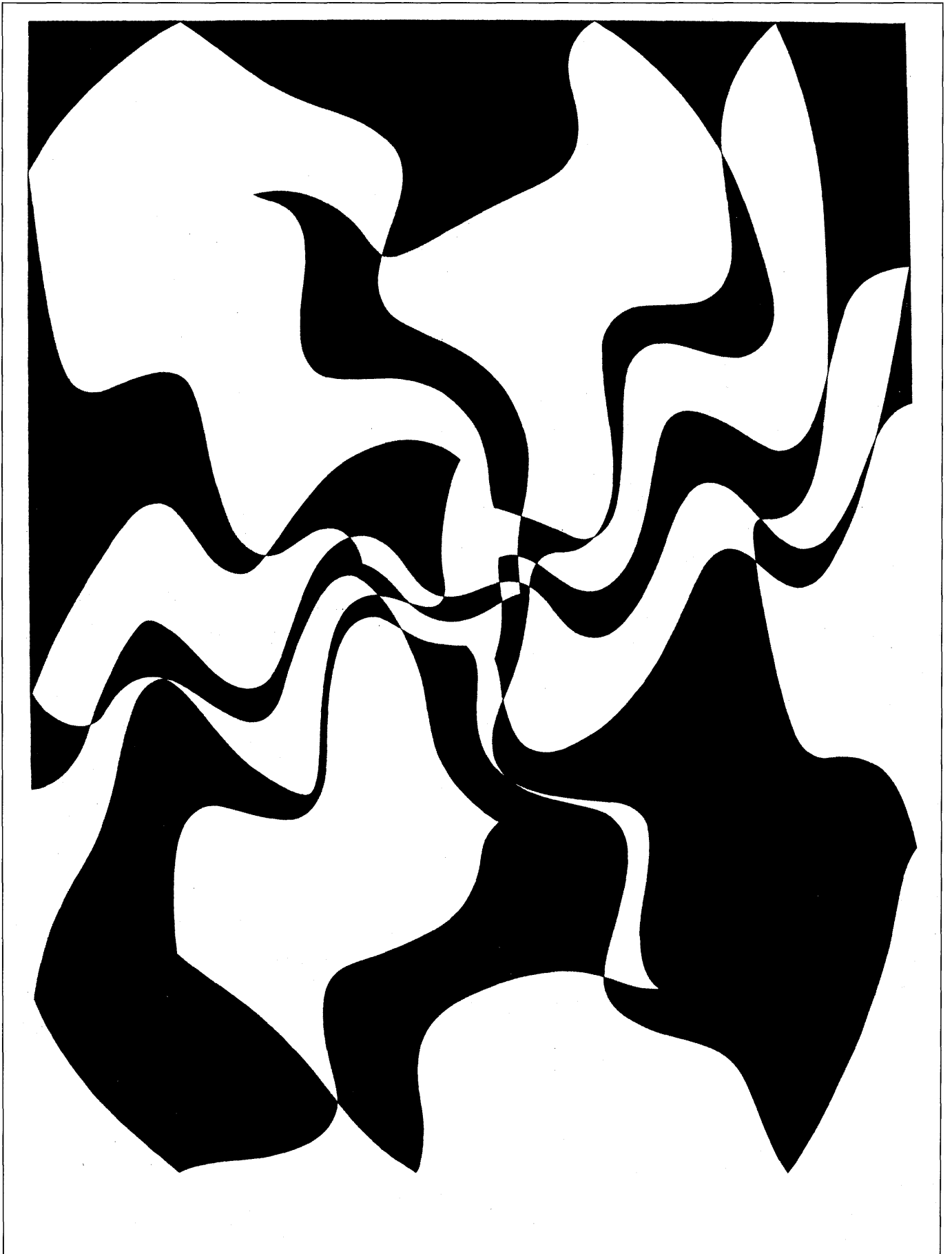
















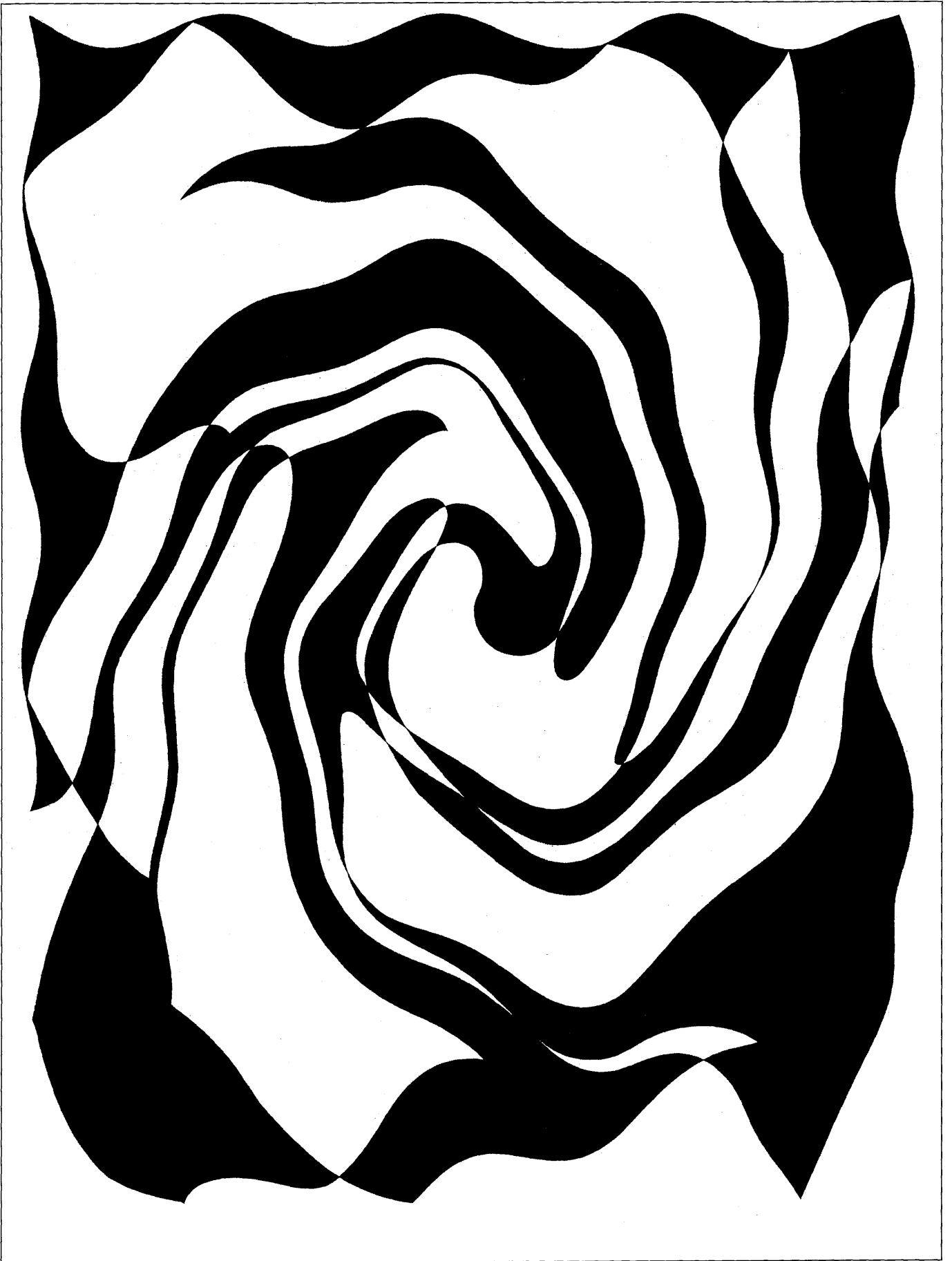


















# Peter Valentiner



Atelier Kain 1999

born on 07.07.1941 in Copenhagen, French citizen  
lives in Cologne, Tübingen and Paris

## Education

1959 Advertising Design School Tours, France  
1960-63 Art school Tours, France  
1964 Study visit with Alberto Greco, Argentinian painter, in Madrid

## Professional practice

seit 1965 Freelance artist and exhibition organiser  
in France, Germany and Spain  
1971 Laureate of the Art Biennale of Youth, Paris  
1971-1980 Founder of art galleries and artists' associations, Paris  
1984 Organisation of the exhibition  
"Traces and Signs - European Painting of the Present", Trier  
1979-1987 Lecturer and organiser  
at the European Academy of Fine Arts, Trier Organiser and  
seit 1987 lecturer  
Numerous art courses and trips in Europe  
1989 Summer Art Academy Mettingen  
1990 Summer Art Academy Gerolstein  
1990-1996 Summer Art Academy Burg Lissingen, Vulkaneifel  
seit 1997 Summer Art Academy Hohenbusch, Erkelenz  
seit 1991 independent lecturer and trainer  
Topics: Creativity, creative advertising  
Design and motivation

## Exhibitions

seit 1965 Numerous group exhibitions in France, Germany Luxembourg, Spain,  
Switzerland, Portugal, Italy, Korea Numerous solo exhibitions in Paris,  
seit 1967 Madrid, Hamburg, Berlin Marbug, Cologne, Trier, Saarbrücken,  
Bayreuth, Munich

## Represented in the following collections, museums and galleries (selection)

Mnam, Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris  
Collection of the City of Mainz  
Bayer Collection, Pittsburg, USA  
Gemeente Museum, Hellmond, Netherlands  
Francoise Palluel, Paris  
von Westernhagen, Cologne  
art d'oeuvre, Cologne  
Marianne Meyer, Bayreuth  
Atelier 2000, Recklinghausen



Walter Wolf, London 2000

Jürgen Kisters

**" met a man who was wounded with love  
and met another man who was wounded with hatred."  
(Bob Dylan)**

No question: the people Walter Wolf shows in his pictures are awkward, vulnerable figures, somehow beautiful, and somehow sad. Lost, they stand there, like children who suddenly stop moving and realise that they are alone. Suddenly fear has overtaken them, a dull, all-encompassing fear. They don't know what to do, they are helpless creatures in a lonely adventure that they can't see through.

People want to be controlled and self-confident, have no weaknesses and above all show none. Who would admit that they are not who they pretend to be? More than anything else, people try to hide from themselves and from others that they are afraid and that life is an extremely ponderous affair. At most, successful life shines forth in brief moments of happiness and success, while almost every hour one encounters its contradictions and shortcomings a dozen times. Such is life: closer to failure than to the sovereignty that has haunted the imagination since early childhood.

"Man is so ill-equipped for life that one would almost make a superhuman of him if one saw in him a culprit - instead of a victim", wrote the writer Georges Simenon. This one-view is also in Walter Wolf's pictures. The people in them stand on shaky legs. At first glance, you can see that they are only dreaming of being the hero one day. With wide eyes they look at a world they do not understand, and with stumbling steps they limp after a love that will forever remain a secret. Wordlessly, the posture of a body reveals what is going on.

An outline that holds its ground. A trembling figure balancing a candle through the day like a saving thought.

What lost existences the people in Wolf's pictures are! The man as a sad king with a large dangling sex. The "self" as a confused face, furrowed and torn, with staring eyes and stuck-out tongue. Who doesn't know the look in the mirror while an almost unbearable strangeness stares out of the familiar face and only a few quick grimaces are able to save one's selfhood? Who am I? How often have we had to admit to ourselves that we do not know ourselves. Wolf paints to make someone visible who cannot be recognised in his face. The reality he touches with his brush is not that of the smooth, harmonious surface, but the blurred pushing and tugging underneath. He starts with the familiar figure of the human being in order to show its strangeness.

Wolf himself does not know which picture will finally emerge on the canvas. Again and again it is an experience that leads into the unknown. It begins with a diffuse idea, a colour, a vague scheme. Only gradually does the picture come closer, with each dab, with nervous strokes and tender touches, a glued-on piece of paper, paint smears, scratch marks or a hastily added word. One thing results in another, in a multiply intertwined enterprise in which the painter persistently circles around what eludes him if he is too direct, what gets lost if he doesn't keep at it. For all the painterly skill he has acquired over the years, he surprises himself with each painting. He didn't know beforehand that it was inside him. From the farthest

He has brought it out of the corners of his experience, almost imperceptibly, with a lot of patience. By relying on the painterly process like a psychoanalyst relies on the recollection of dreams. The soul has a tendency to hide itself. In the same way, it urges to express itself. The quiet triumph of painting is to put intentions and ulterior motives on hold as long as possible and to create an open space in which something becomes possible and visible. What cannot be spoken about: it shows itself.

Does man submit too easily to the fate of mediocrity? Does he willingly trust in the sensation of a lukewarm comfort? Does he no longer remember the time when he thought he was an angel? And has he actually forgotten the moments when he walked hand in hand with a monster? Wolf's pictures are always memory pictures. A hint of the childlike clings to them, and before you realise it, you have already strayed into the rough terrain of the earlier. As in a dream, the usual proportions and perspectives shift. A woman's body stretches out excessively, her head is tiny, and the upper half of her body is separated from the lower half by a lattice window. To what wound does the dripping red leg of the "black magic smoker" refer?

Only a trembling body on the verge of its dissolution is the man into whom temptation has broken like a lightning strike into a tree. His fuckable hands reach for an aroused sex that grows out of the chaos like a strange pink growth. Can tenderness be won on a battlefield? The usual explanations and incantations do not help in front of these images. Man is not a simple matter : he is torn and contradictory, gentle angel and devious monster. Every night our dreams show the inseparability of one from the other.

Just as the nightly dreams always link the current events of everyday life with past events of our

lives, Wolf's pictures create a connection to the experiences of earlier childhood days. They recall a view of the world when things still had many meanings at the same time and came extremely close to us at every moment: with the euphoric glow of a miracle, with the relentless violence of an insurmountable obstacle. With insatiable desire and without the sober control of reason, the child follows the fixed idea of being able to live everything at the same time. "Body I am and soul - so the child speaks. And why should one not talk like children," wrote Friedrich Nietzsche.

Walter Wolf's painting is a plea not to let himself be completely cut off from his childhood. In fact, he trusts the spontaneous gesture more than academic precision.

However, he has long known too much about painting techniques, colour mixing and picture composition to be truly childlike. By nevertheless succeeding in luring man into the territory of childlike directness, ambiguity and awkwardness, he shows man's fundamental awkwardness and contradictoriness and his entanglement in an infinite desire, which is the locus of all fears, enthusiasms and depressions. With impetuous greed, the body follows lust, and confused, the hands reach into the void. On the wings of a flight of fancy, one floats obviously beyond all the limits of everyday life. And seconds later, the head bumps against the impenetrable wall of despair. Anything is possible. The view of the world is like the promise of an undiscovered continent, while the confrontation with a single human being makes the whole helplessness of one's own existence run through every fibre of the body.

Var allem andere leidet der Mensch an seiner eigenen Zerrissenheit. Wolf always returns to the crucifixion theme, the traditional motif for human suffering par excellence. Even in the godless society of consumerism, the crucifixion still reflects the full extent of human quai. Not the suffering of society, the tragedy of social injustice and

of cultural oppression is expressed in Wolf's crucifixions. Rather, it is suffering as an irrevocable dimension of human existence. We all suffer, some less, some more. We can no more escape suffering than we can escape birth and death. Life is suffering, the human being is suffering. The current cultural phenomenon of not wanting to think about it or talk about it changes nothing. It is the suffering of a soul that feels a fundamental "unease with culture" and is torn to and fro by desires, demands and unfathomable impulses that tug in all directions.

While suffering and the longing for happiness are indissolubly intertwined, man continually finds his failure: everyday life. The invisible, banal everyday life inevitably causes every ego to stumble. Wolf's pictures emerge directly from this everyday life, although or precisely because there are few concrete clues. Small hints suffice. Doesn't every figure inevitably refer to another? And do we not inevitably compare the painted images with the lived images? If Wolf persistently sticks to the human figure in his painting, it is because the human figure is the inescapable reference point of our experience. After all, we do not perceive abstractly, but in figures that stand out from others and have a meaning.

We define ourselves in contrast to others that appear to us to be as closed as we are to ourselves. We see ourselves in the shell of our body and in our mirror image, which has become the guiding image of our identity since early childhood. The psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan pointed to the mirror stage as the builder of the ego function in the transition from the experience of an uncoordinated, fragmented body to the design (s) of a unity. A person perceives the other as a body, the one more beautiful, the other uglier, the one seductive, the one repulsive, but always as a body.

Body perspectives and gestalt schemes determine our view of the human being. We do not see his experiences, but the appearance (s) of a body. We may declare this or that body unimportant in favour of other qualities, but even that presupposes its existence.

Our memories are determined by body-schemes, and body-schemes populate our fantasies. Even in extreme situations where we are in danger of losing our form, in madness or in bodily disarray, the body-scheme remains the measure that indicates the degree of confusion and shock. Wolf's pictures deal with the unity of the human being by making visible that this is threatened again and again. Wit, cruelty and scurrility are often indistinguishably linked in this process. Even in the most twisted, ridiculous body, life expresses itself. The loss of body-form, on the other hand, is nothingness, the spectre of death. Wolf's pictures show the inseparability of the spiritual and the physical. The so-called inner states always have a visible expression: a body and its postures.

To poke only in abstract realms would be too little for Wolf. He would have the feeling of distancing himself from what is decisive: the human being and his lived everyday life. Figurative painting has always had the perception of everyday life on its side. It grows out of it and enters it again. The freedom that other painters see in non-objective bursts of colour has never interested Wolf. The freedom of his painting is not a casual celebration and intoxication of boundlessness. It is not a triumph of the belly over the head, and it is not a rebellion against the pre-images of art history. Instead, Wolf unfolds the freedom of man in the body of a melancholic loneliness, sad and beautiful. His colours reconcile life with the dirt of everyday life. And in the sign of modern, high-tech consumer culture, his painting retains

the existential weight of a painterly tradition in which the paintings of the mentally ill and children, Max Beckmann, Ronald B. Kitaj and Willem de Kooning embrace each other.

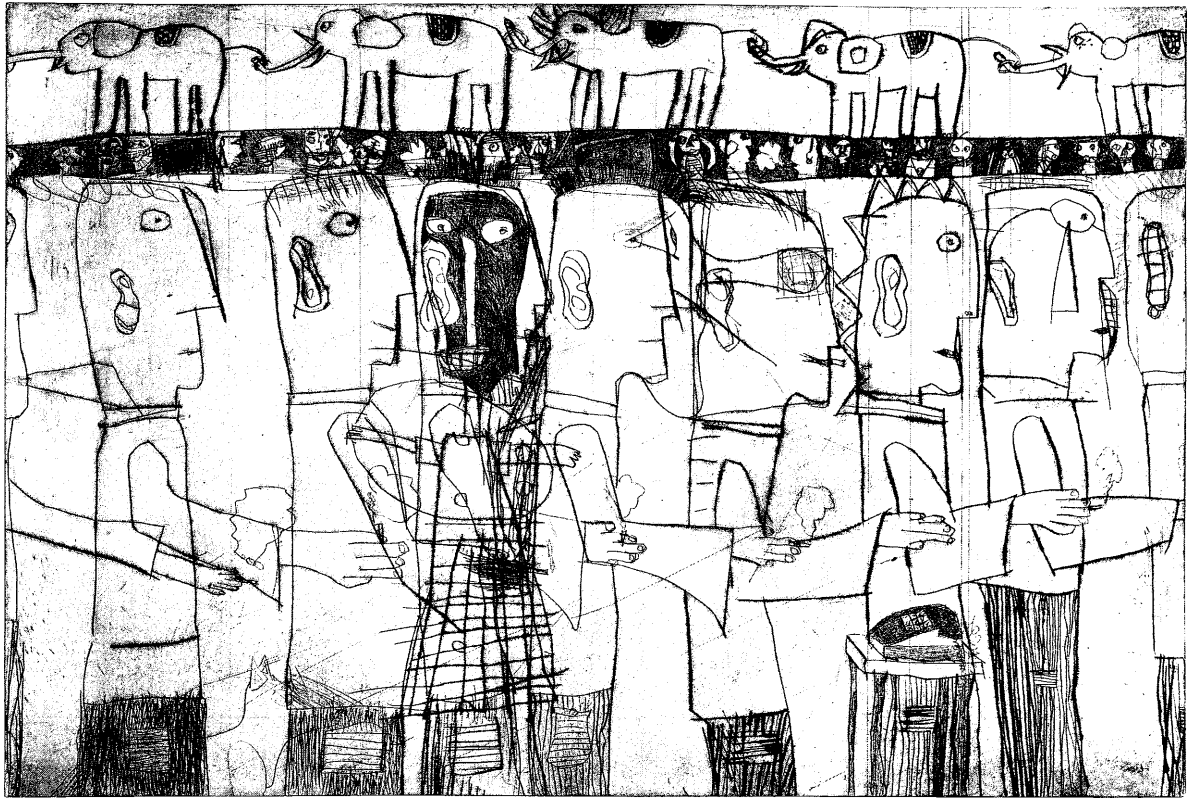
Does Wolf's perspective, which brings the "drama" of individual people into view, simultaneously reflect the unmistakable tendency of a growing individualisation of people in modern consumer society? People are no longer preoccupied with the experience of a social system or cultural context, which impose their specific conditions and requirements on people, but predominantly with their highly individual weaknesses, wounds, perplexities and intangible desires. Especially in times when, in the name of as people visibly lose themselves

in freedom, Wolf's images reveal the full vulnerability and idiocy of the human self in the face of freedom. They show the excesses of a treacherous desire that stumbles much more easily than it flies aloft.

Man is a clumsy, ridiculous figure; all other assumptions are a sham. "But the worst enemy you can meet will always be yourself; you yourself lie in wait in caves and forests," Friedrich Nietzsche declared. The unity of man is only a fiction that is constantly endangered and must be laboriously asserted with every breath. This is by no means tragic, just the unspectacular truth. Wolf knows that the essential is incessantly threatened by the insignificant. Because he is a painter, he loves the uncertainty of man. Or is that perhaps the only reason he became a painter?

Cologne-Höhenhaus  
April 2001





Line • 1999 Kaltnadelradierung 76x100 cm



Kain 2000

# Walter Wolf

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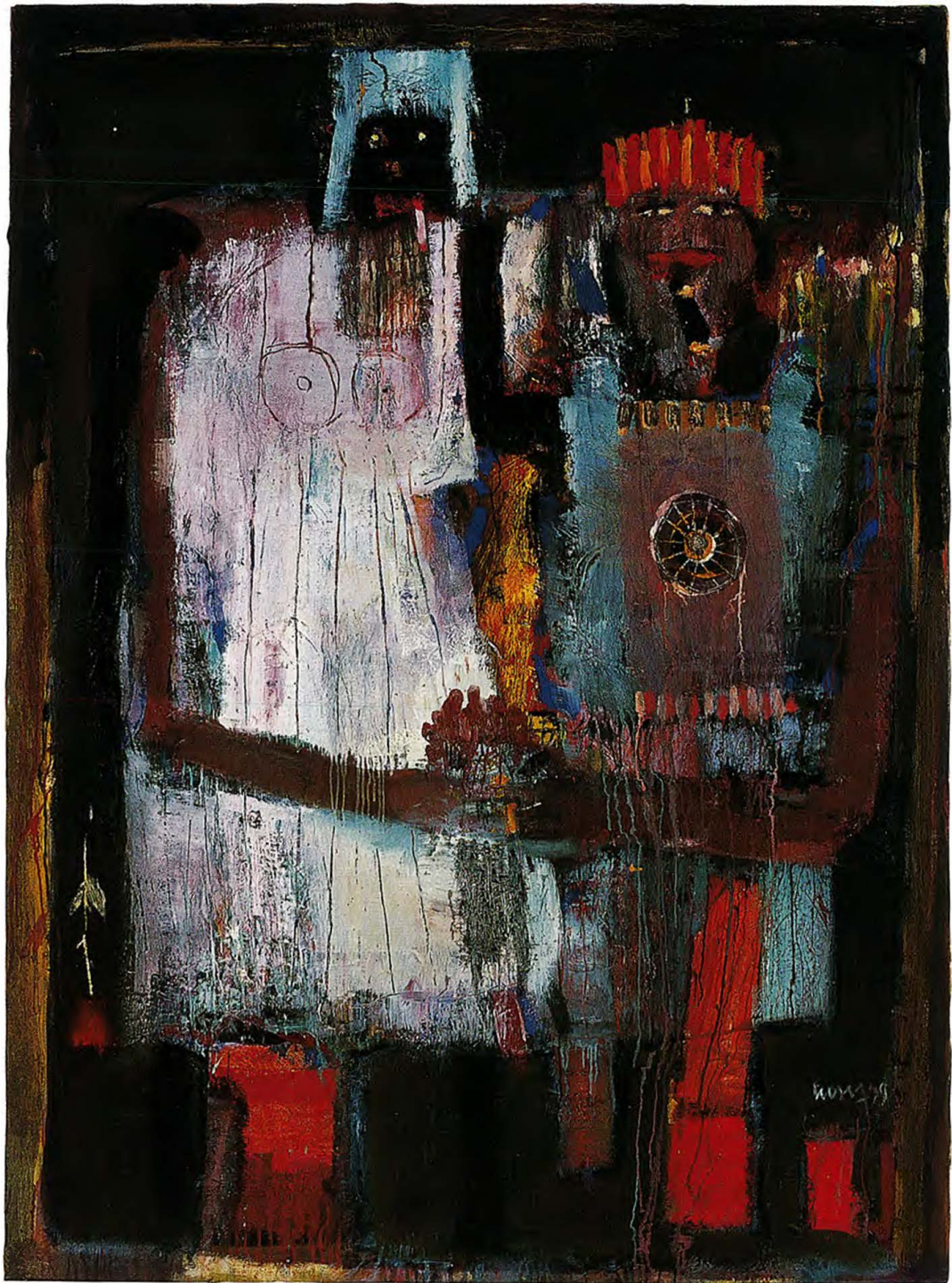


Abb. 1: Hochzeit





Abb. 2: Geburt





Abb. 3: Black Twins





Abb. 4: ohne Titel





Abb. 5: Black Magic Smoker



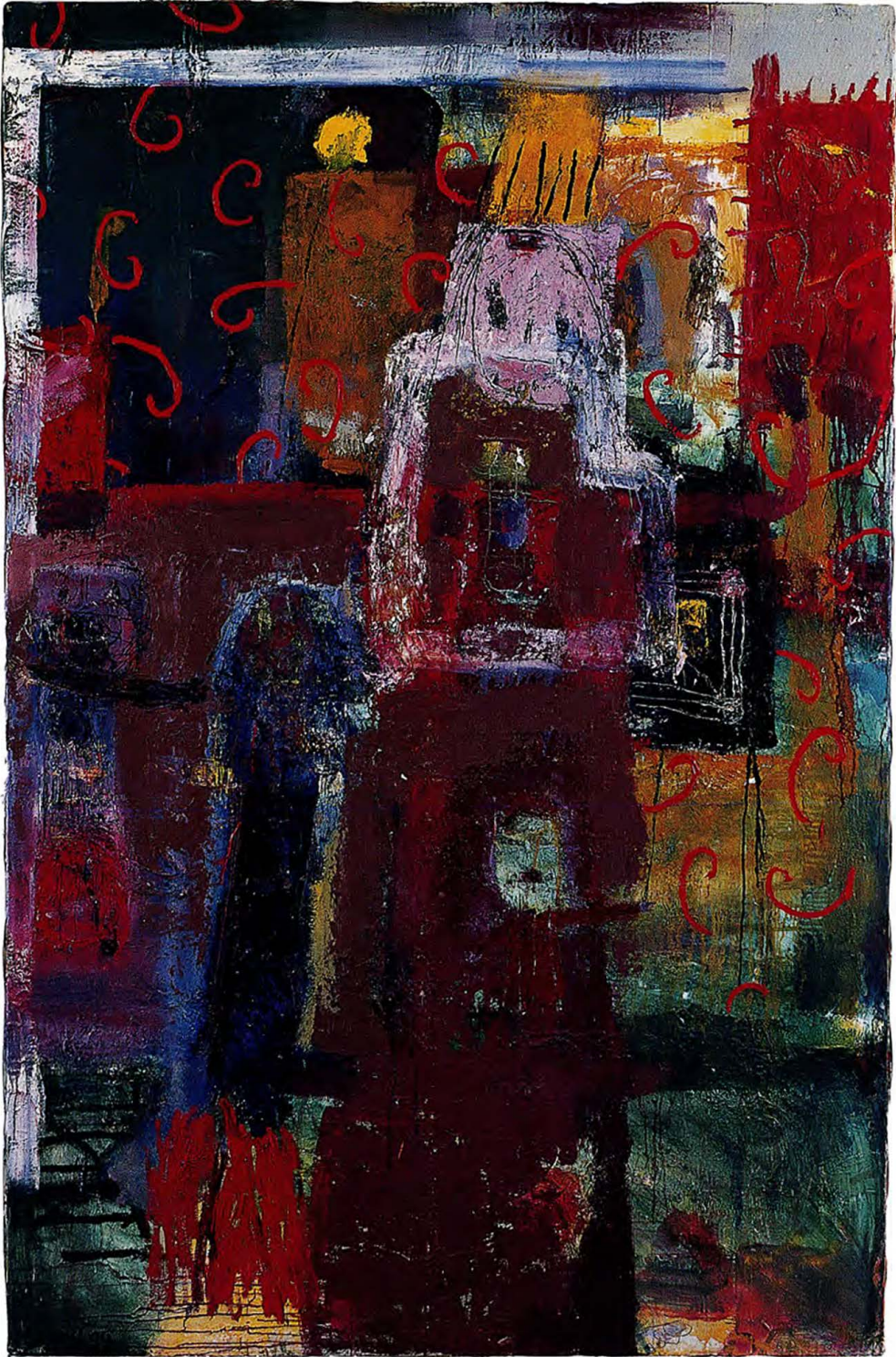


Abb. 6: Pavor nocturnus (1)





Abb. 7: Pavor nocturnus (II)





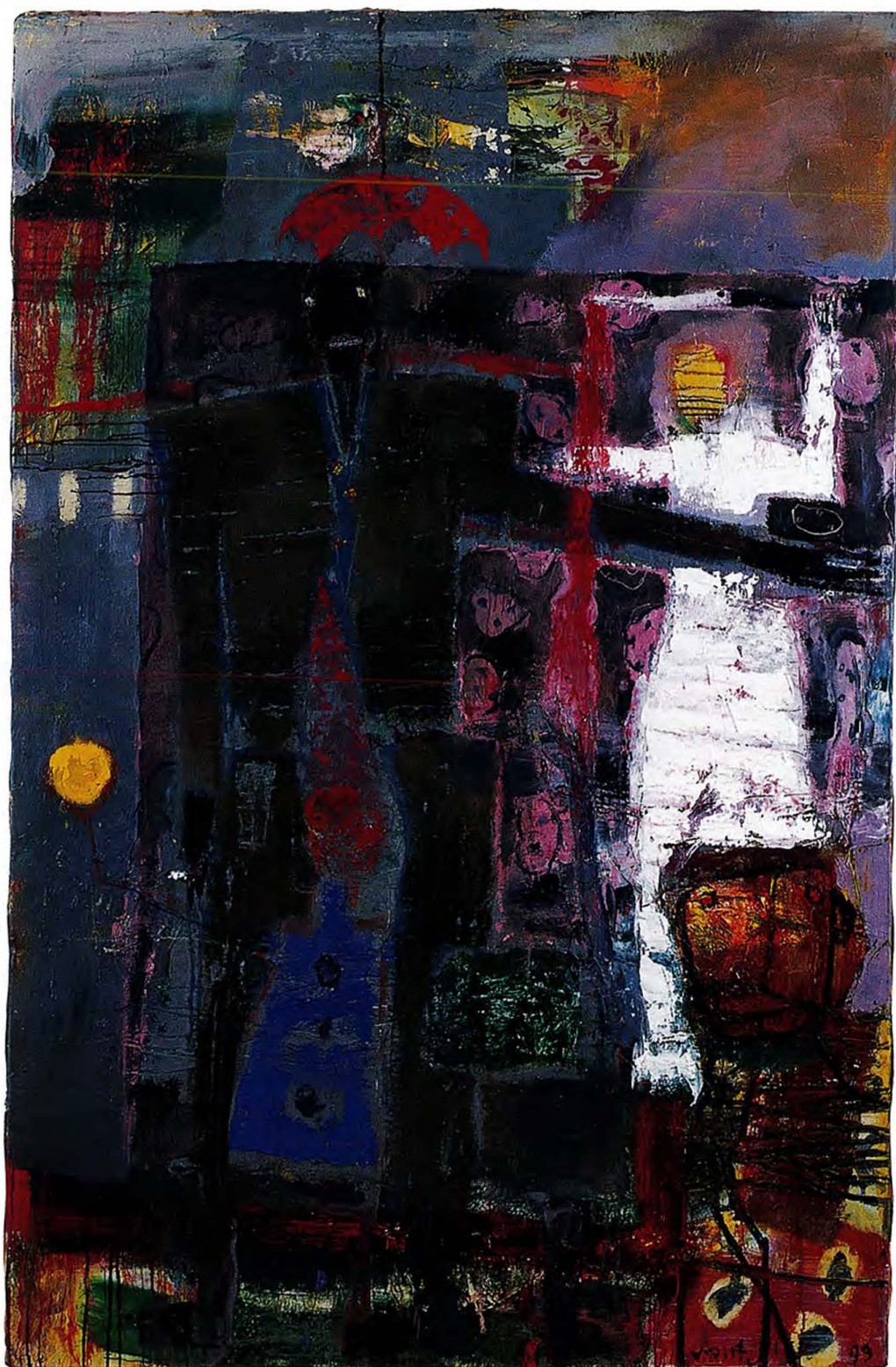


Abb. 8: Pavor nocturnus (III)





Abb. 9: House



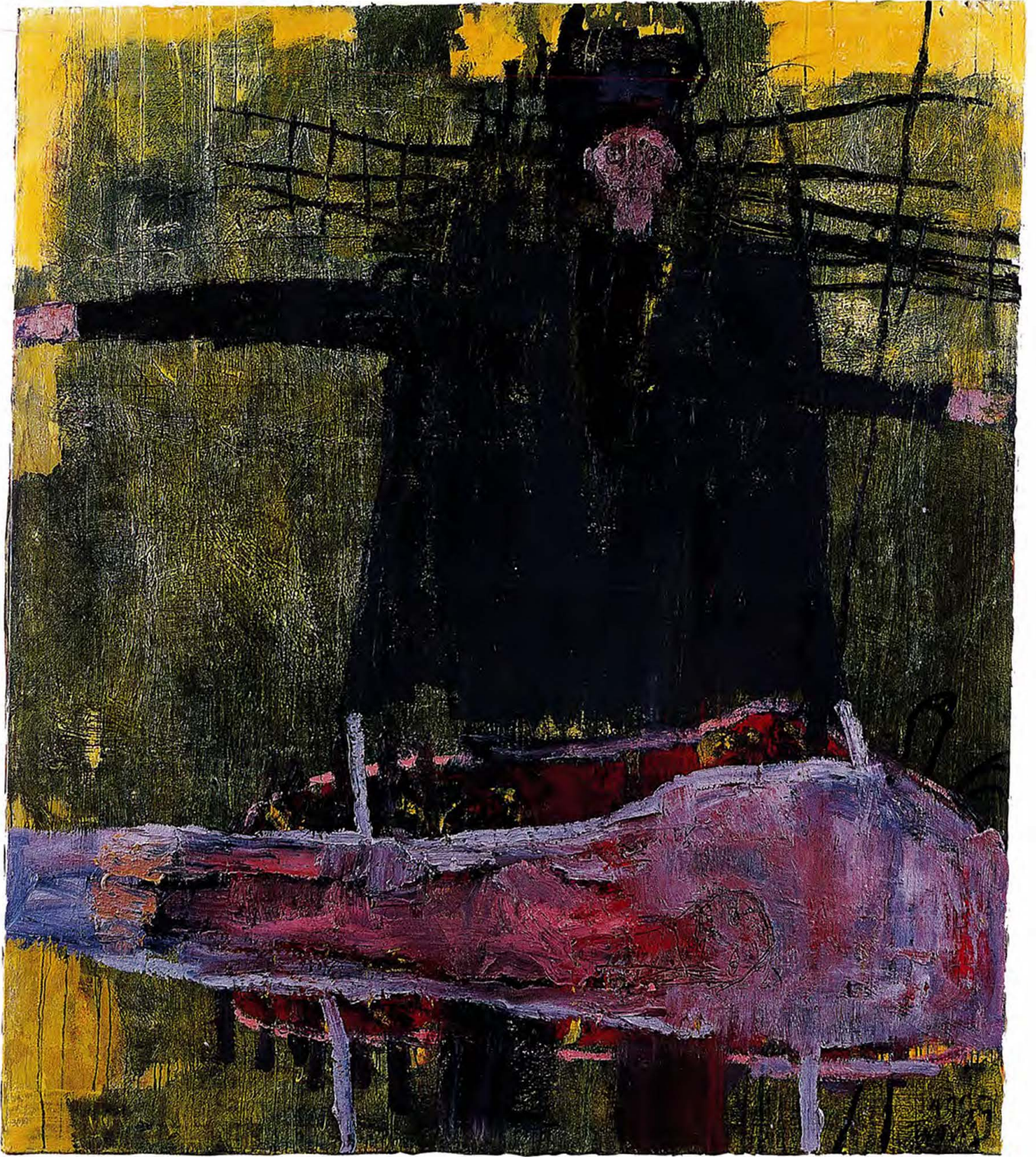


Abb. 10: Funeral



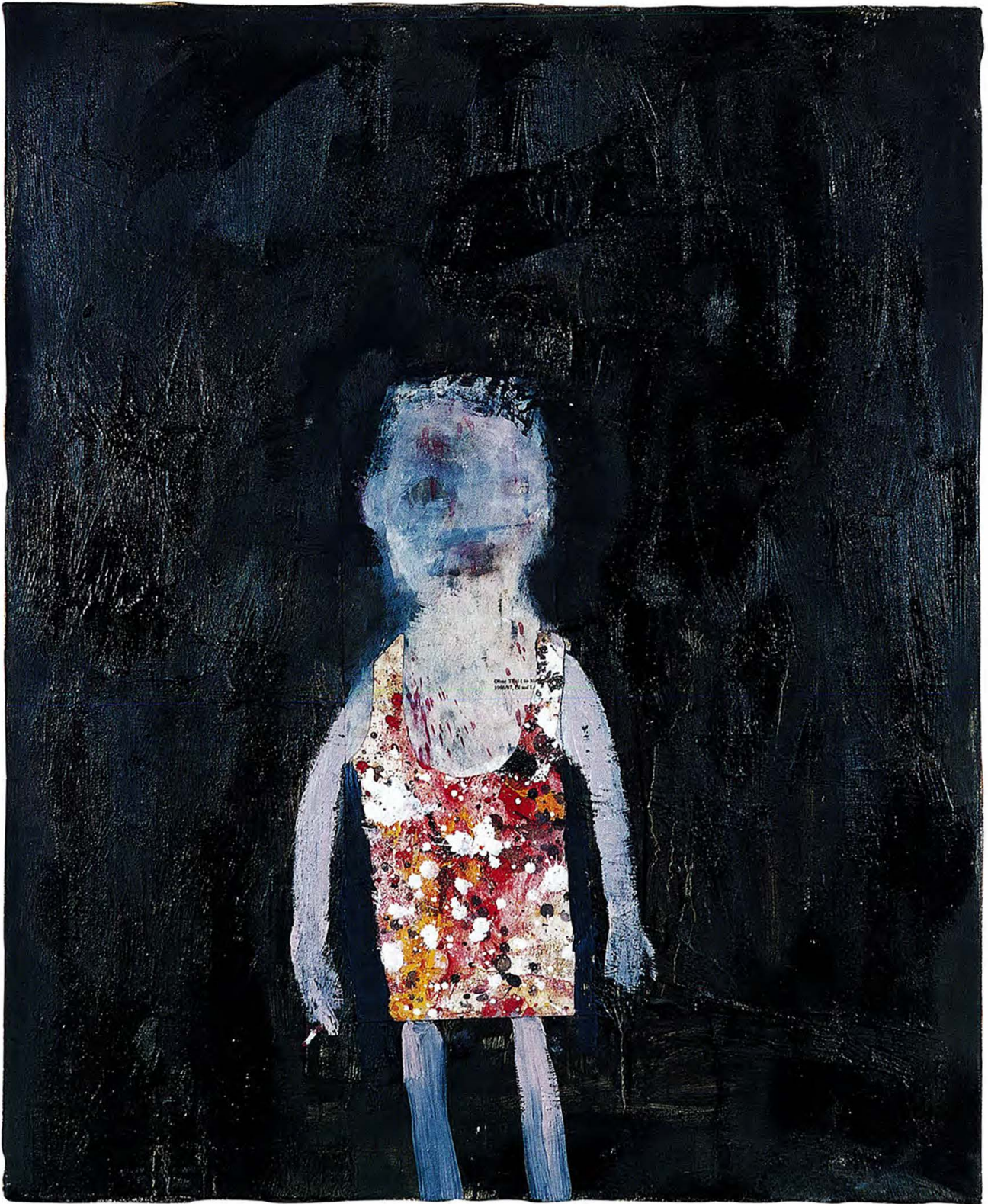


Abb. 11: Hitler als Måler



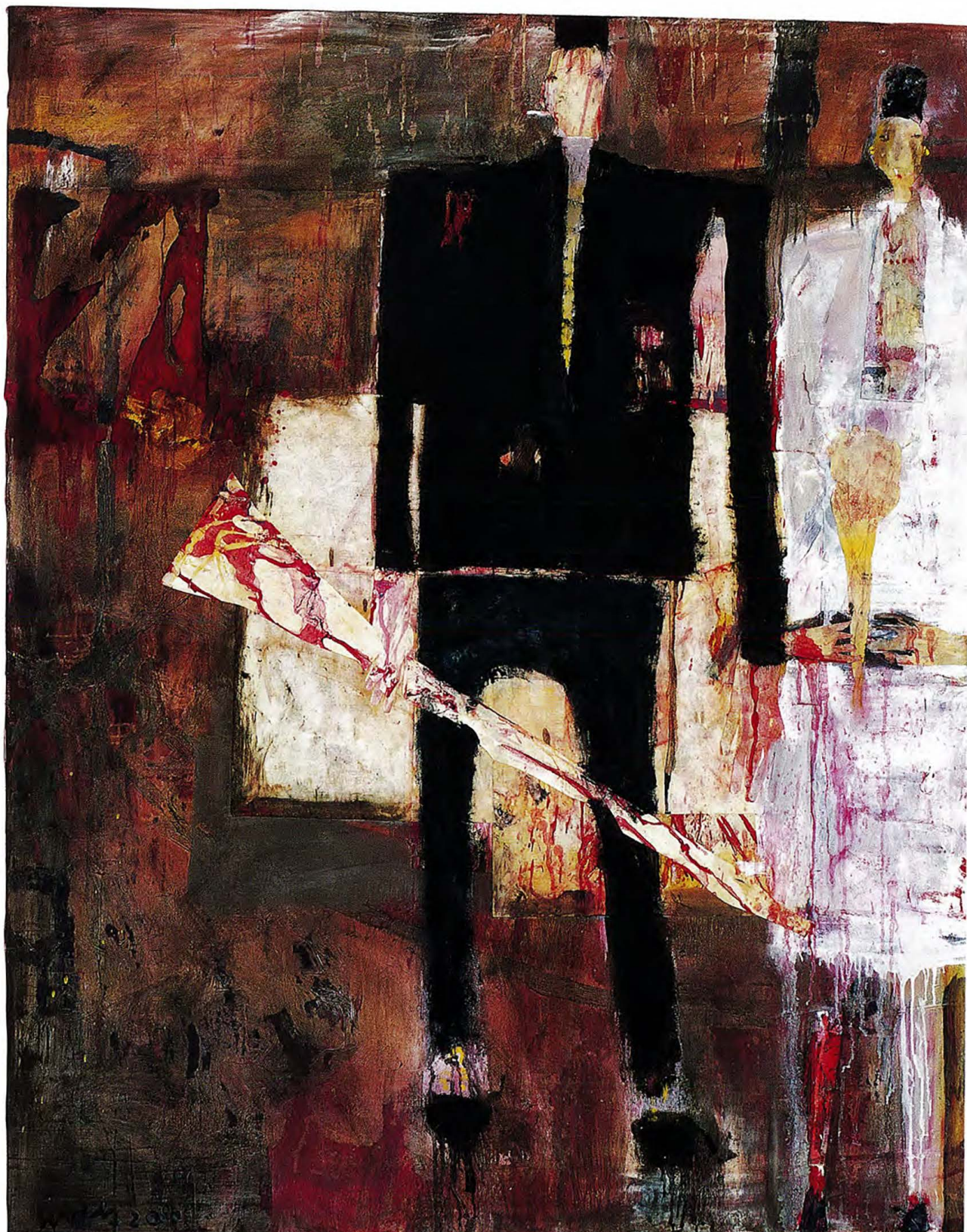


Abb. 12: Deux par Deux



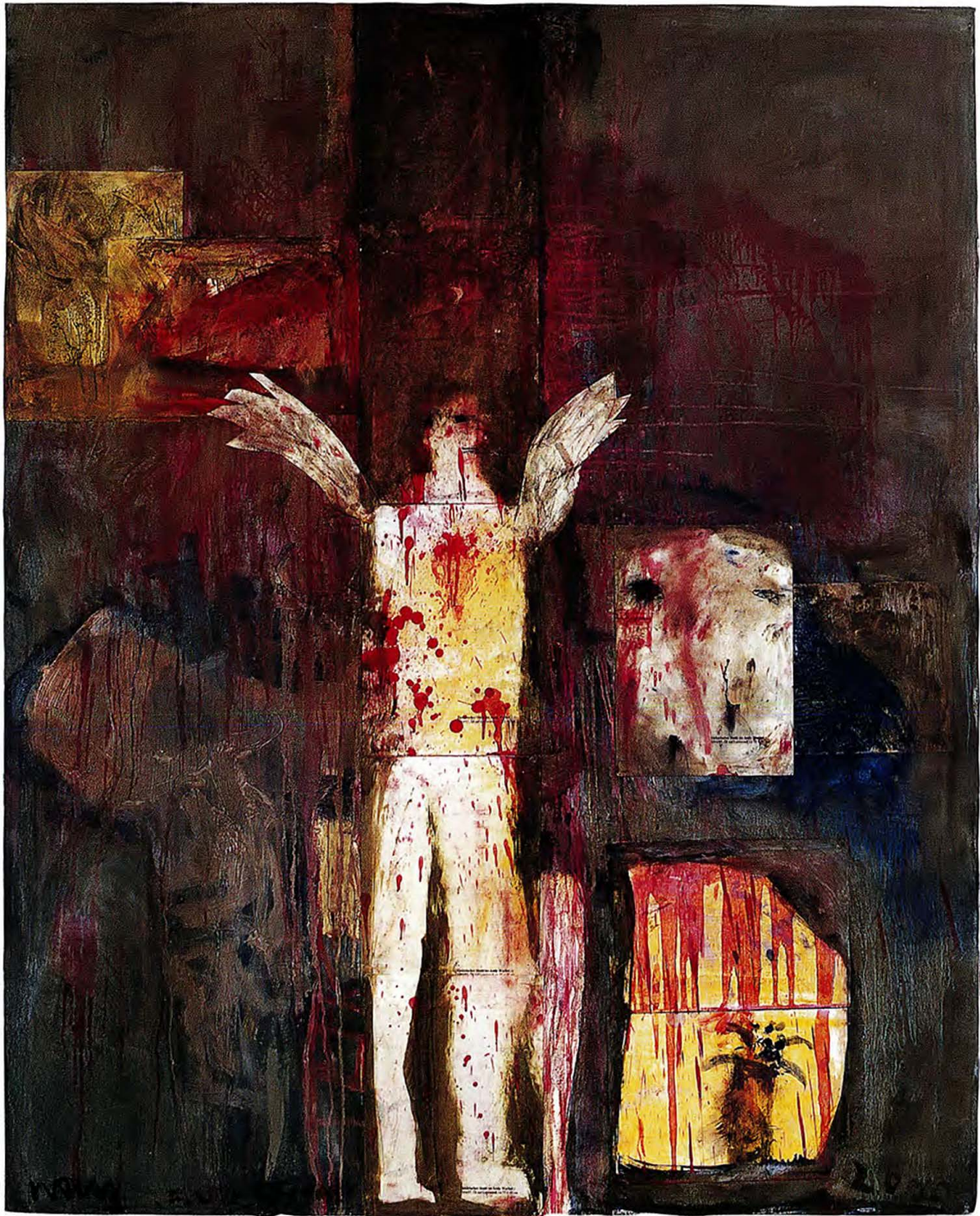
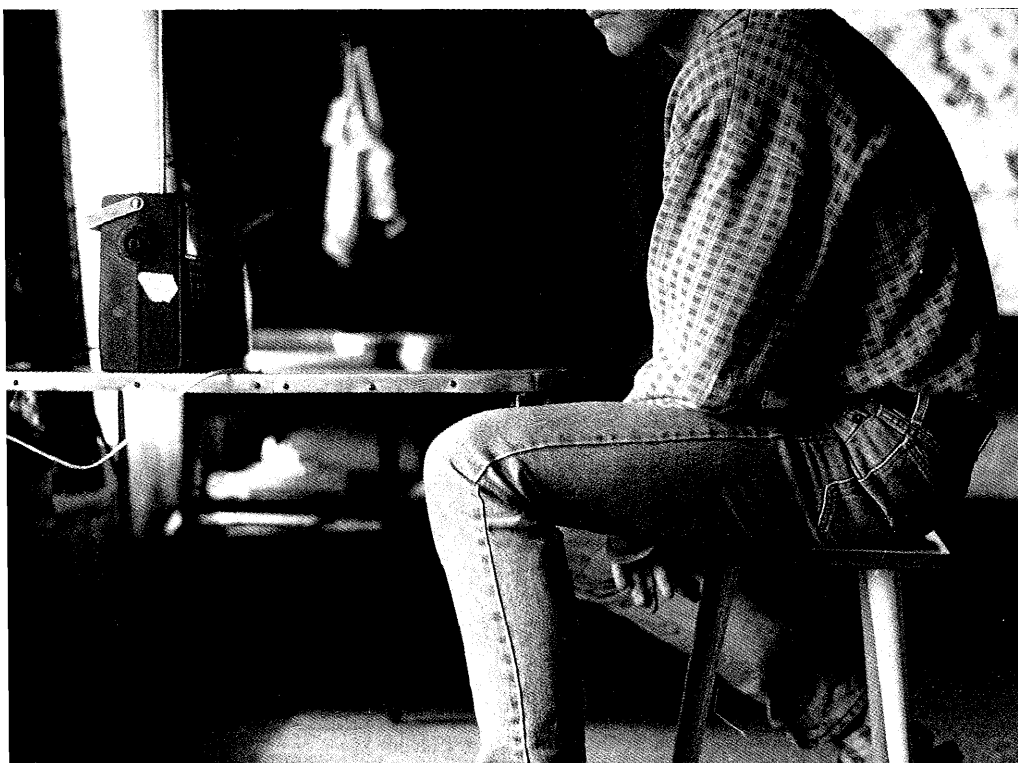


Abb. 13: Deux par Deux





Abb. 14: ohne Titel



Russland 1997

Jürgen Kisters

**"Explore the world structures on your own. That will be bumbling. It will be right."**

**(Peter Handke)**

Neither a straight line nor clear words lead to painting. Painted pictures do not free us from reflection; rather, this is precisely the difference to television or cinema. In general, painting should be a plea for noticing subtle differences. Possibly even an instruction for this. And for the audacity of thought. And being able to wait is also important. Keeping the balance between desire and patience. Some days the world tells

itself themselves, and on other days pictures help to get you going. One must not hope for too much, and less is more. Everywhere you find something of yourself, in an abstract pattern as well as in a figurative silhouette. In short : everything is productive.

Cologne-Höhenhaus  
April 2001





Abb. 15: FUNERAL



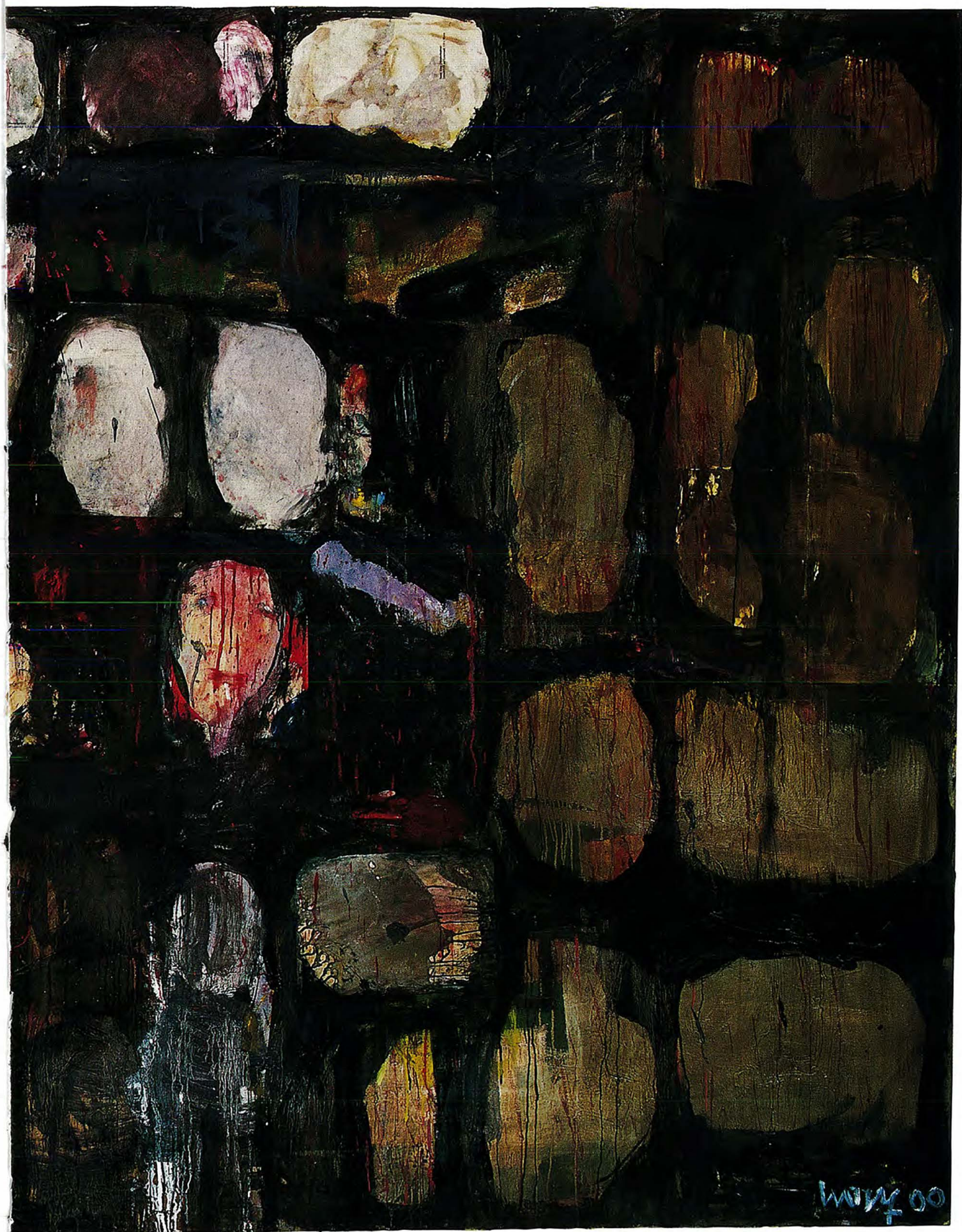






Abb. 16: HEADS







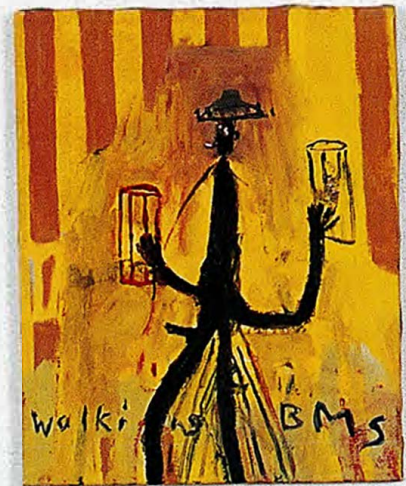
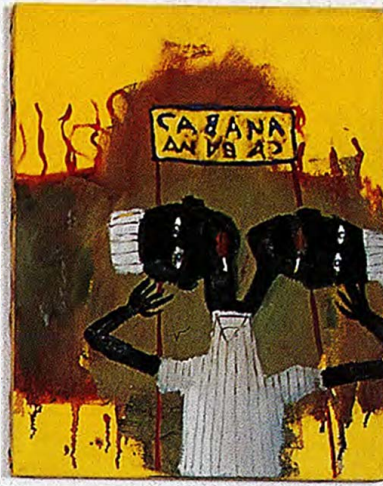


Abb. 17: Black Magic Smoker







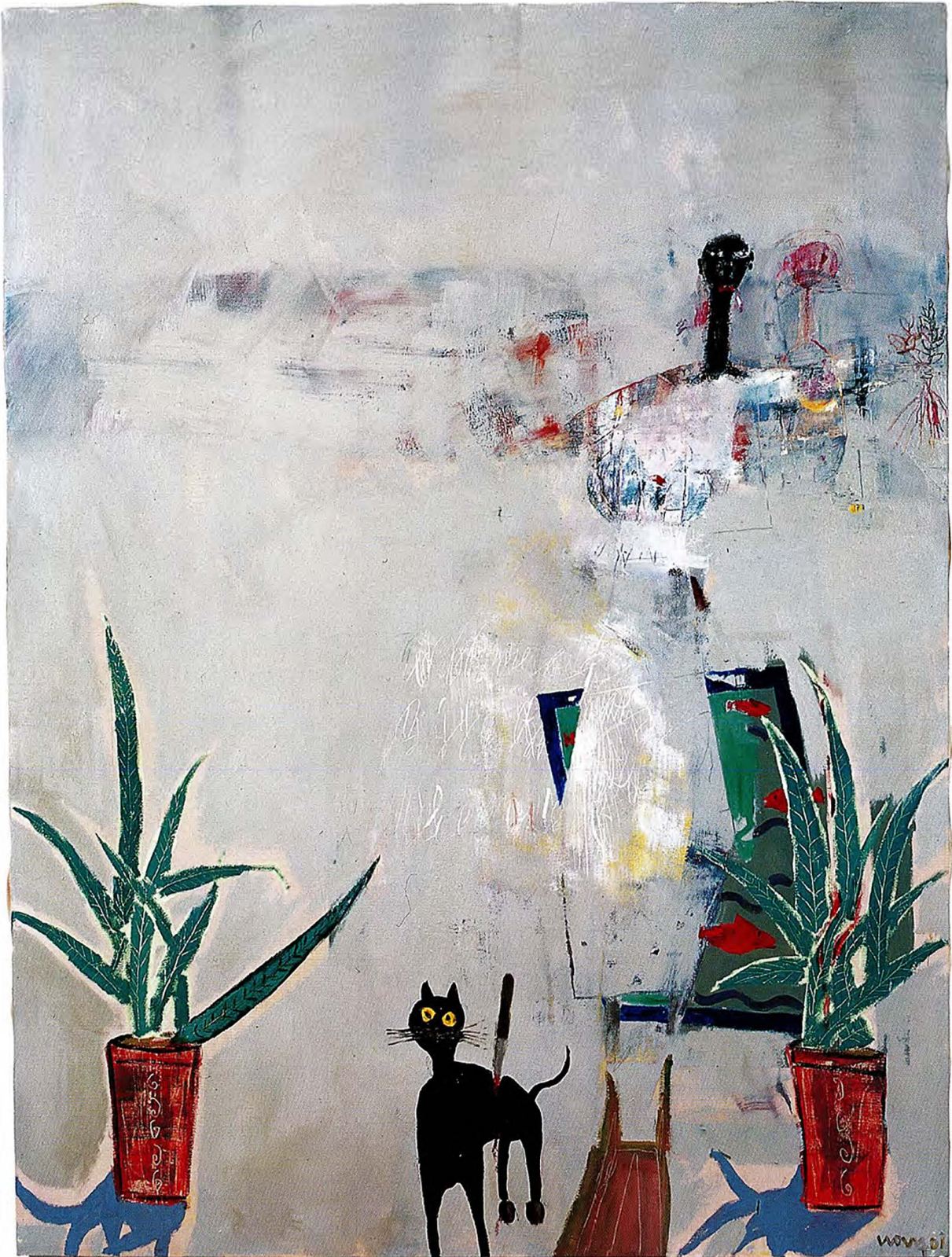


Abb. 18: Deux par Deux



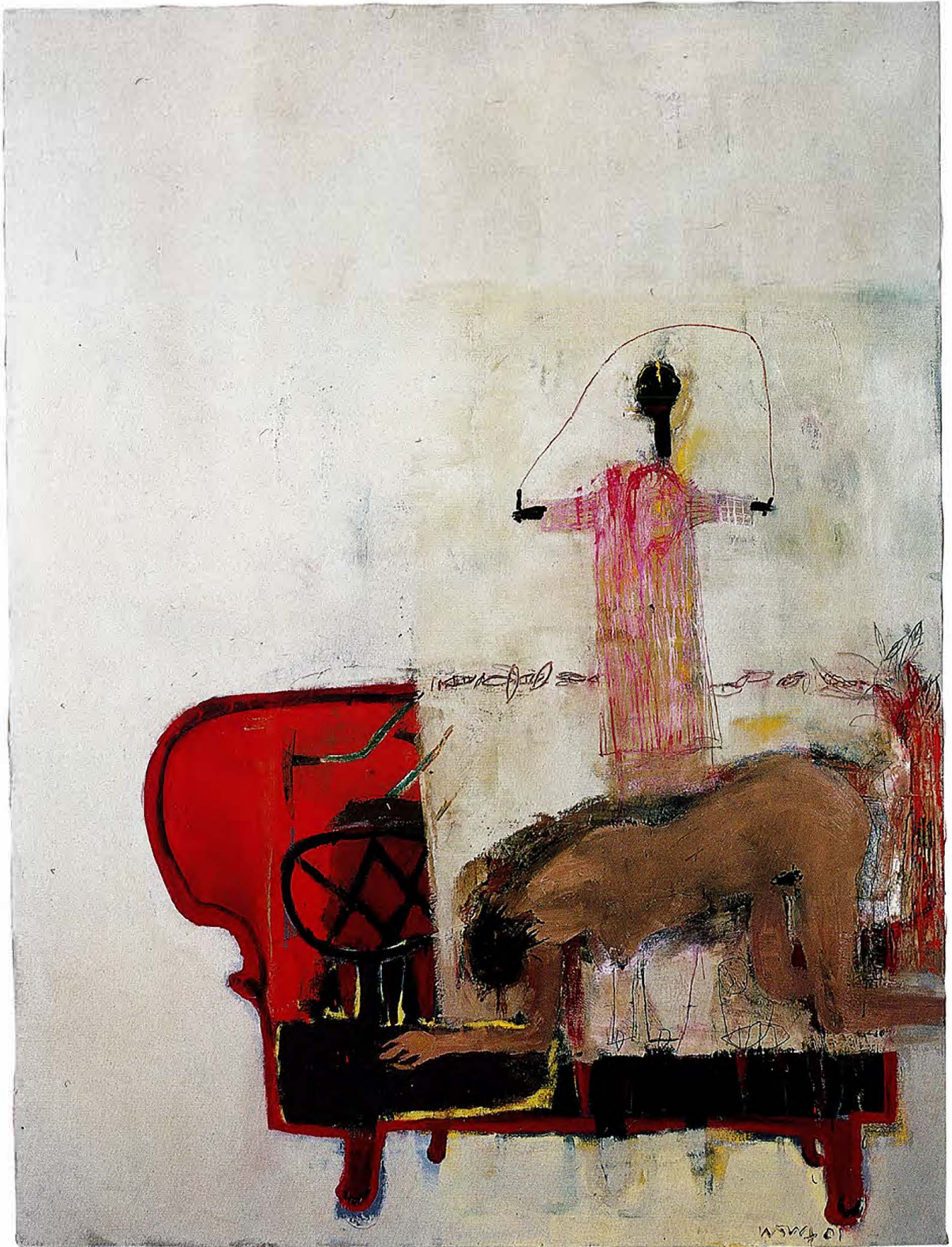


Abb. 19:Deux par Deux





Abb. 20: UNE



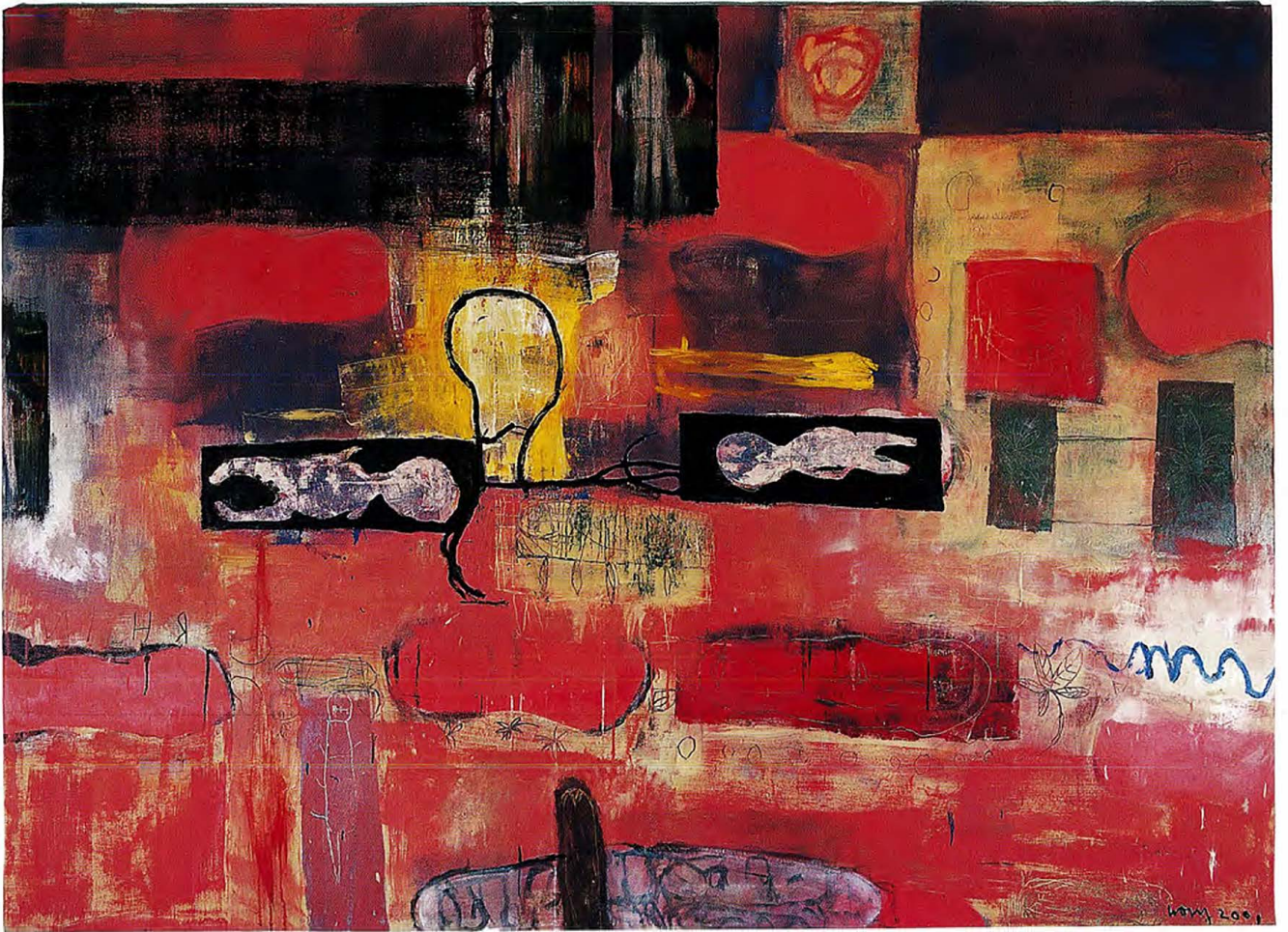


Abb. 21 : BIRTH



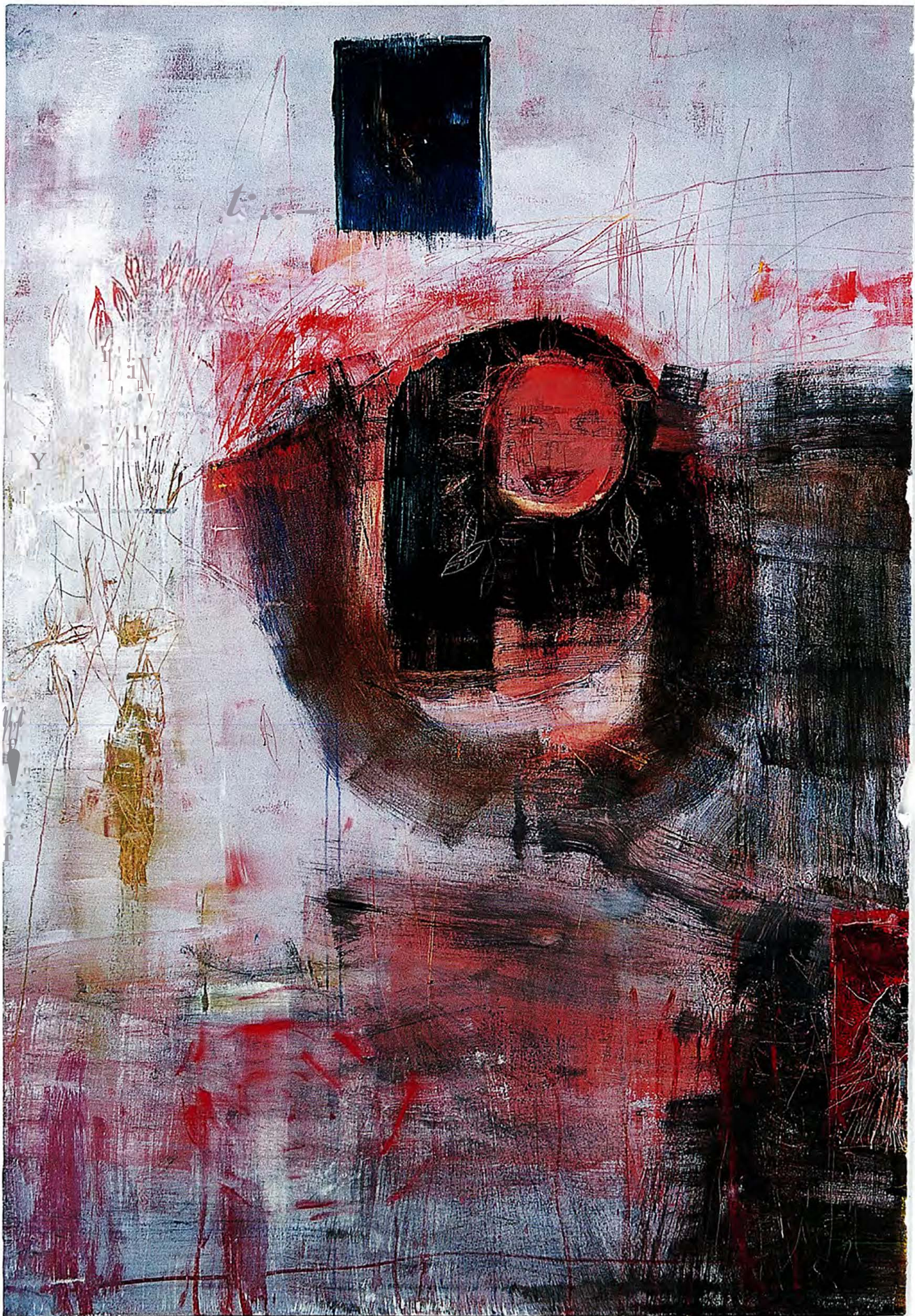


Abb. 22· ohne Titel









Abb. 23: BIRTH (II)



Abb. 24: COCO



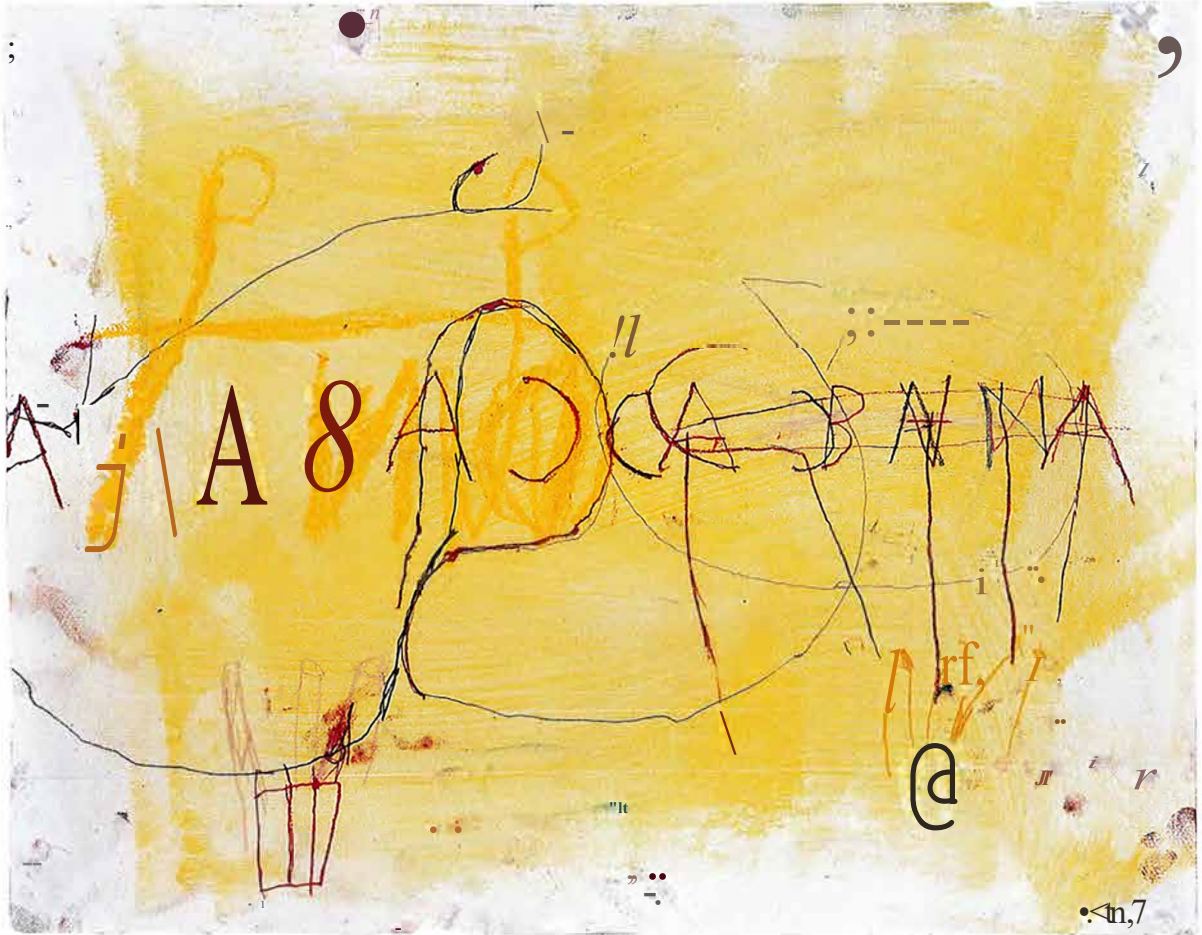


Abb. 25: CABANA



Abb. 26: ohne Titel





Abb. 27: ohne Titel



Abb. 28: ohne Titel



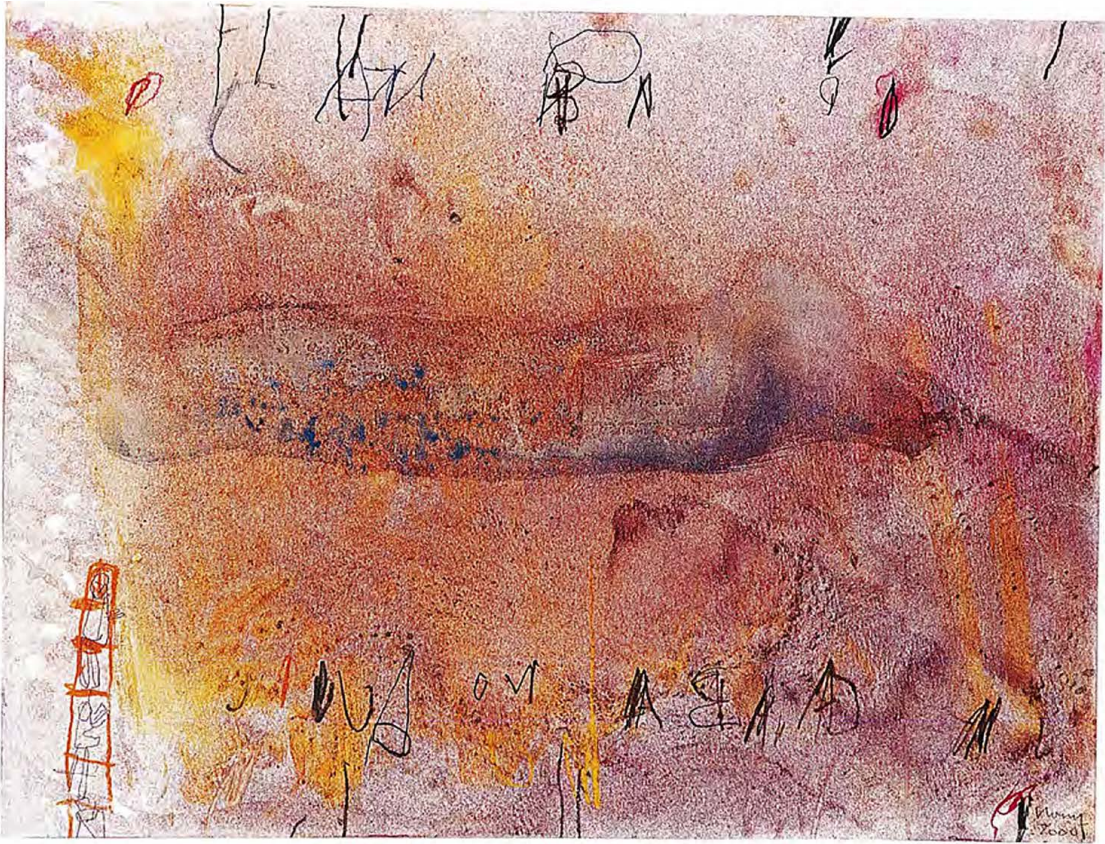


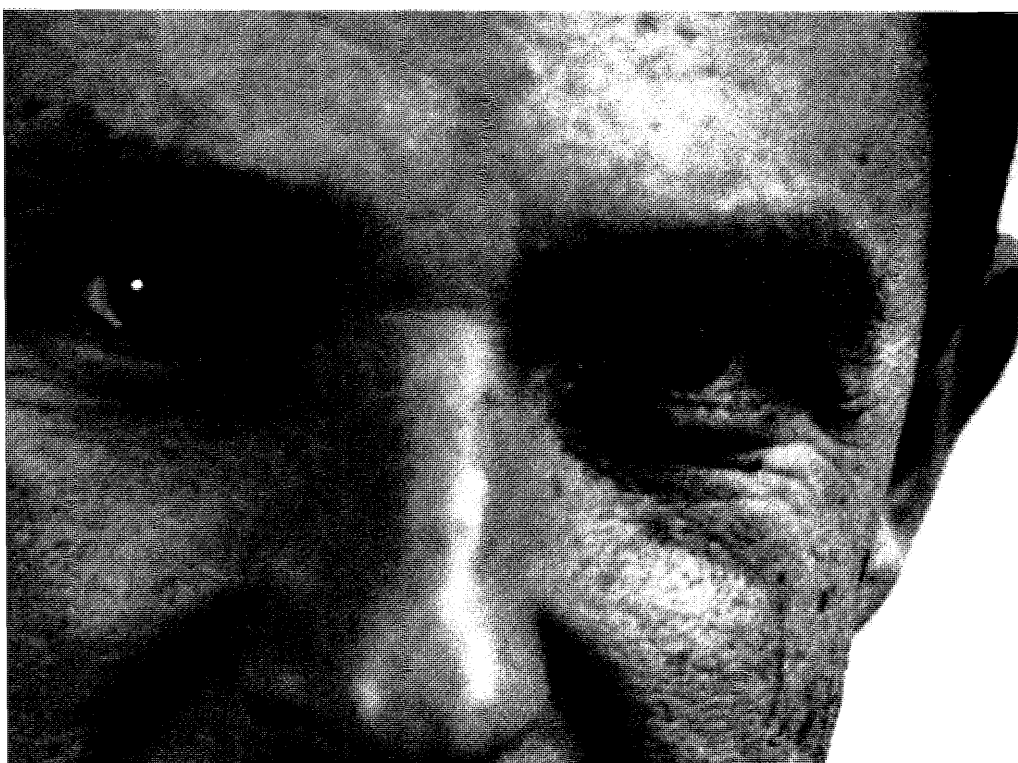
Abb. 29: ohne Titel





Abb. 30: ohne Titel

# Walter Wolf



Koln 2000

## Biography:

1963	born in Trier
1973-1992	in Mainz
1982-90	numerous fields of study - Gutenberg University Mainz
1985-1990	Städelschule-Frankfurt with Per Kirkeby
1988-1 995	study visits to Spain, New-York, India
seit 1992	working in Cologne

## Solo exhibitions:

2001	Gallery Pabst-Frankfurt (K)
2001	Lichthof Cologne / Cultural Office Cologne
2001	Gallery Berners-Cologne (K)
2001	Ceci n'est pas une retrospective (together with PeterValentiner) Stadtmuseum Siegburg
2001	"Europe as a guest"-Landtag Mainz
2001	DEUX PAR DEUX-Gallery Schuster & Scheuermann-Berlin
2000	PAVOR NOCTURNUS - (Project : Eight days a week-Liverpool- Cologne) Unity-Theatre Liverpool
2000	Interplay II- (together with Regina Gimenez/Barcelona)- Pabst Gallery Frankfurt
1999	Stadtgarten Cologne in collaboration with Galerie Berners; November Galerie
1999	Berners Cologne (K)
1999	Gallery Schuster & Scheuermann Berlin (K)
1999	Gallery Schuster Frankfurt/Main (K)
1998	Büsing Palais Offenbach
1998	Gallery Berners Cologne (K)
1998	Schamretta Gallery Frankfurt/Main (K)
1997	Loft Cologne (for the Cologne Triennale 97 for concerts by Tim Berne New York) Galerie Berners Cologne
1996	Stadtgarten Cologne
1995	Gallery in the Belgian Quarter Cologne
1994	Paris Court Theatre Wiesbaden
1993	Gallery Schamretta Frankfurt/Main
1993	Gallery Westphal Berlin
1992	Exhibition in the Wiesbaden Studio
1992	Gallery Simulakrum Mainz
1991	Tattersall Wiesbaden (for the concert of the Cologne avant-garde ensemble ugly cultur, in cooperation with the Forum of Contemporary Arts Wiesbaden Arts-Wiesbaden
1991	Mainz Kammerspiele : Heroes' Monuments (for the production of Thomas Barsch -Trauer, Krieg, Lustspiel)
1991	Gallery Scheier Mainz

K-Catalogue

Participation in group exhibitions at home and abroad

Numerous works are in private and public collections at home and abroad.



# Imprint

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