

*works 2023*

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Her eyes  
are staring,  
the instrument  
raised, her  
skinny fingers  
poised. This is  
how one pictures the  
angel of history. She is  
turned towards the past.  
Where we perceive a chain  
of events, the angel of history  
sees only a single catastrophe,  
a bristling image, rendering and  
re-rendering, sample stacked  
into sample – endlessly refining  
the perfect articulation of collapse.

The angel would like to stay. She would  
like to send a simple melody drifting into  
the wreckage. She would like to take it all  
apart, lay it out piece by piece, all loose and  
undecided. But a storm is blowing from Paradise.  
It has caught her little body with such muscular force  
she cannot resist. Inexorably she is propelled into the  
future, a future to which her back is turned, while before  
her eyes the image grows dense and slick with detail.

Outside the afternoon is thick emulsion white. No one around but you and  
the delivery riders, the sound of bike spokes ticking as they bump over  
drains and slink through red lights. Strapped to each hunched spine is  
an anonymous warmth. Swaddled in translucent folds and styrofoam  
shells, steaming morsels pedalled across town with banal, unceasing  
urgency. Watching these dispatches criss-cross your vision, you  
like to imagine each foil-lined box as a little animated glow, a  
network of many animated glows, each pulsing their way  
across the vesselled map of the city like a diagrammed  
body in a medicine advert. Locating a throbbing temple,  
an aching limb, the glow will spread, blink, flare and  
disperse: the body sighs then straightens with relief.

Diesel moves dutifully through the organs of a bus.  
As you cross the street your throat receives the  
oily airborne residue. You're not sure if you've  
ever actually seen diesel in liquid form, only felt  
it purr through the silent car while a parent  
fills the tank, or rubbed its sour stain from  
a fingertip after tracing faces in murky  
windcreens. You remember a certain  
kind of pleasure in tracing your  
fingertip through this dark grey filth.  
Not merely the sly, childish glee  
of doing something 'dirty', but  
a solemn, knowing pleasure,  
a complicity perhaps. This  
dark, viscous, staining  
substance – a toxic  
yet inevitable texture  
of the grown-  
up world – and  
your inevitable  
future in it.





**Untitled, 2023**

masking tape, pearls, ziplock bag, rust, tyvek, bubble wrap, steel clamp, aluminium cast, ladder, aluminium profiles, molton, trestles  
95 x 270 x 50 cm







**Untitled, 2023**  
iron, lacquer  
13 x 115 x 10,5 cm





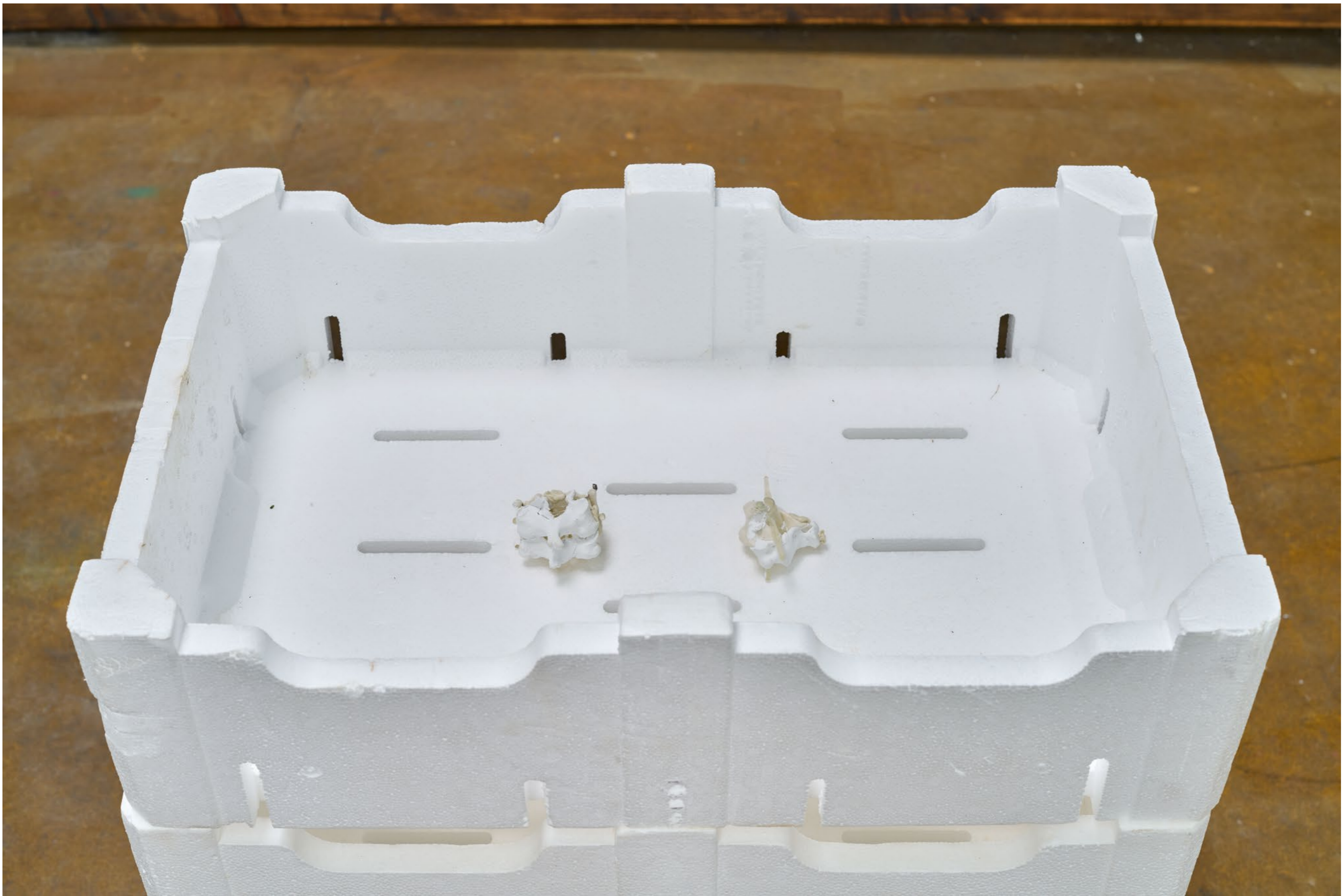




**Untitled, 2023**  
iron, lacquer  
13 x 70 x 10,5 cm

**Untitled, 2023**  
styrofoam boxes, vertebrae models, chewing gum, wall paint  
77,5 x 59 x 39,5 cm









**Untitled, 2023**  
thermal backpacks, lacquer  
50 x 240 x 48 cm





**Untitled, 2023**  
silver gelatine print  
12 x 16 cm





**Untitled, 2023**

plastic bucket, tension belt, crickets (*gryllus bimaculatus*)  
20 x 20 x 20 cm



**Eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 79AD but with Disney Characters instead of People, 2023**  
Silbergelatineprint auf Karton, gerahmt  
je 25 x 31 cm



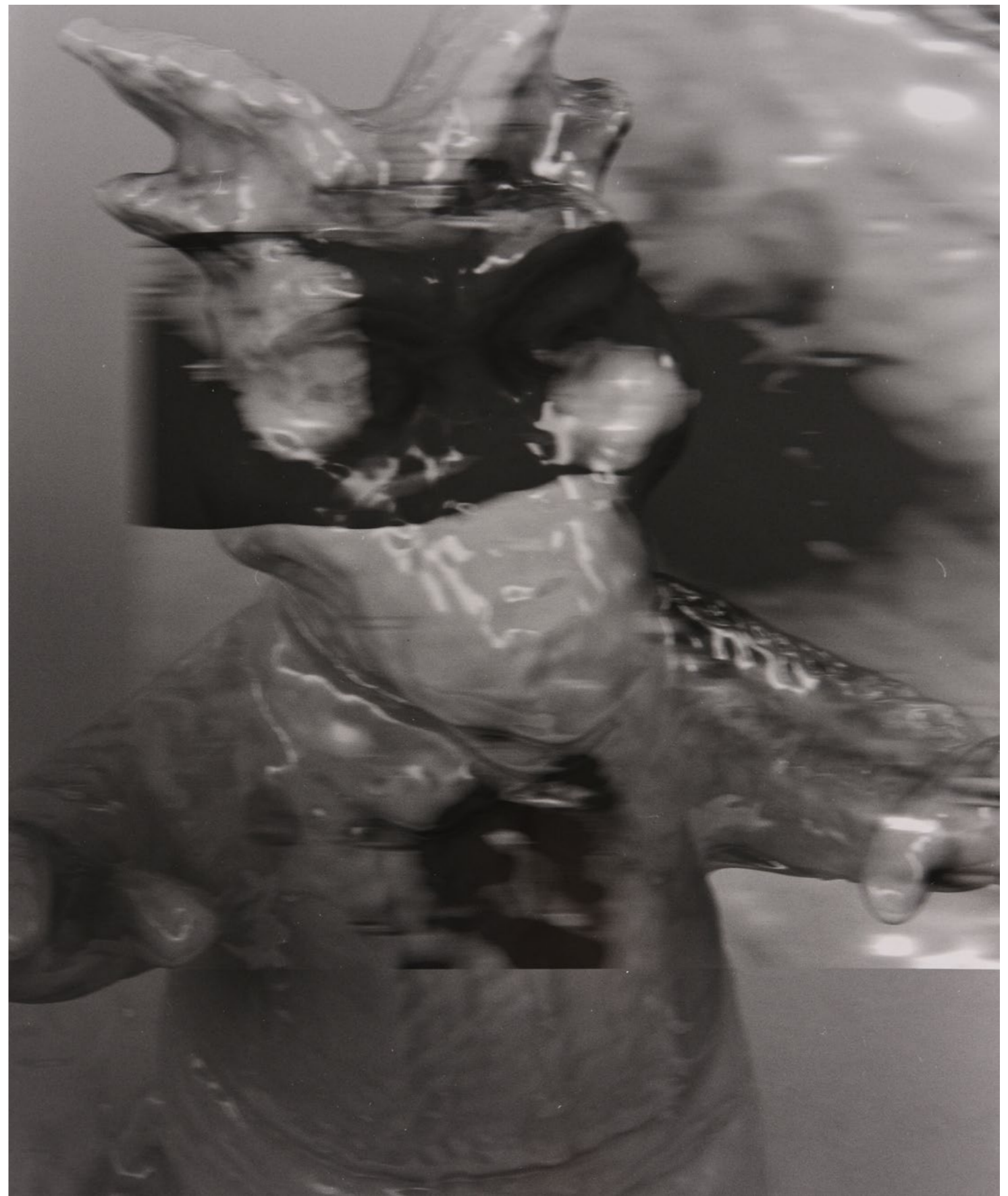
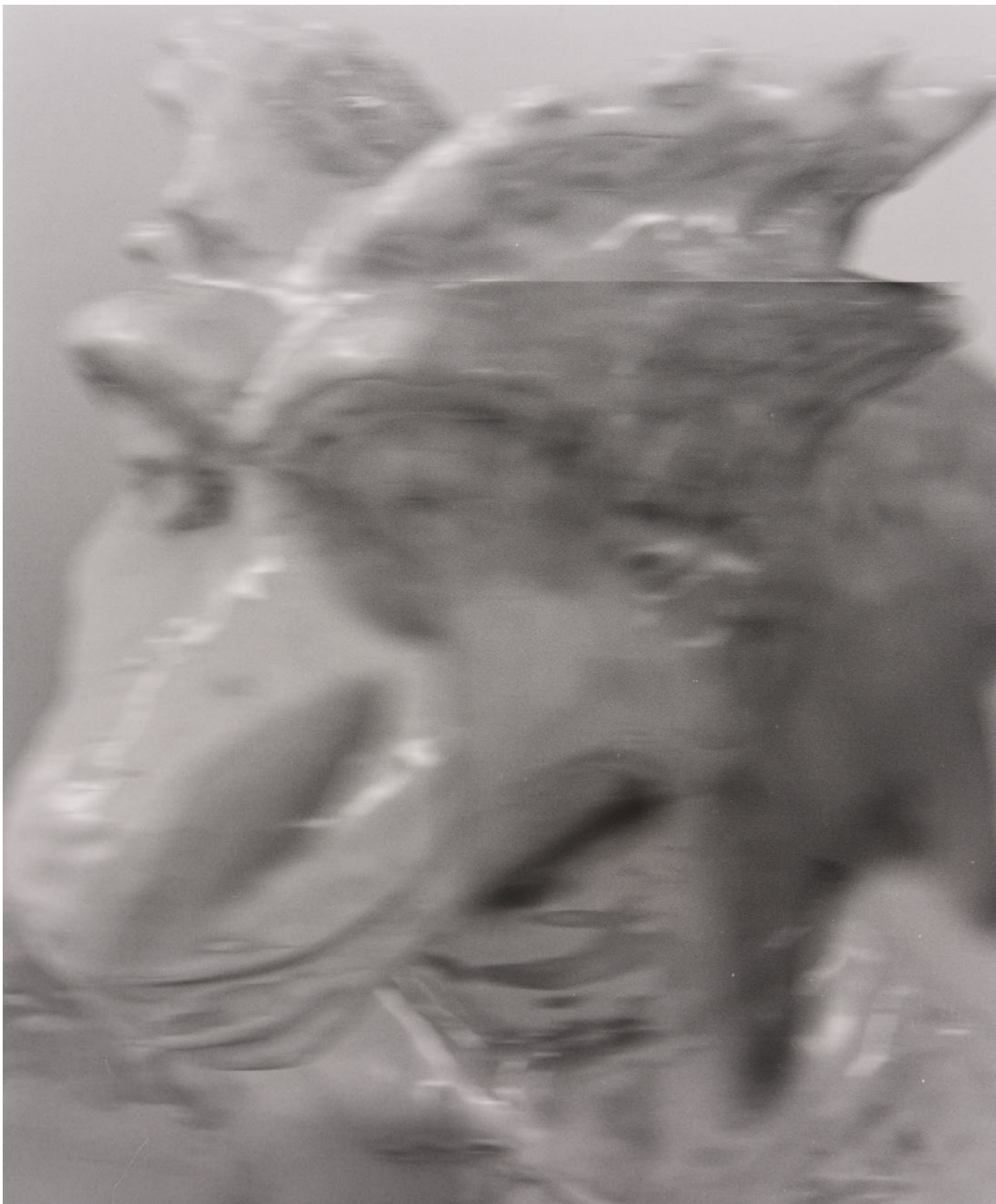






**Untitled, 2023**  
aluminium cast  
16 x 11 x 9 cm





**Mama, 2022**  
silver gelatin print on baryt  
each 37,5 x 45 cm





## **Mama, 2022**

Mandarin Chinese māmā, Quechua mama, Polish mama, Navajo amá, Swahili Mama and Greek μάμá (mama) all mean mother. A sound consisting of the bilabial consonant /m/ and the open vowel /a/ is believed to be one of the first spoken words in human history.

It is deeply rooted in our incompleteness being born vulnerable and in need of love and affection. Using the tools of 3D-Scanning and modelling and the classical techniques of photo development, Kurt Fritsche and Joshua Gottmanns worked out a vague narration in four photographs around the character Fran from Disney's Dinosaurus, a TV series from the 1990s about a family of anthropomorphic dinosaurs living the life of a normative US-american family. The silver gelatine prints (contact prints) show the dinosaur mother in distorted, blurred and ghostly portraits. By combining multiple layers of different angles of the same 3D-Scan of a still object (action figure), Fritsche and Gottmanns manage to create cinematic scenes that show the motherly character falling, vanishing, reminiscing or disguising itself.



**A Not-Insignificant Risk of Implosion, 2022**  
bismuth cast, plaster  
20 x 20 x 35 cm



**Untitled, 2022**  
cap, glass eye  
15 x 18 x 27 cm







**Life, 2022**  
pack of cigarettes, laser  
dimensions variable



**fort, 2021**  
16mm projector, digital rendering on 16mm film  
projection ca. 30 x 40 cm  
for video documentation click [here](#)





**Round, 2021**  
blowflies  
1 x 1 x 11 cm

There are few beginnings of organic life that do not start in a certain hermetic form, such as that of a bubble, a cocoon or an egg.

The prerequisites for budding life are strikingly similar among the most diverse species. Emerging life needs a dark, warm and isolated refuge from an outside that is unpredictable and relentless.

Be it a sprout, an embryo or a larva, nascent beings are dependent on a protective cover in which they can carry out and survive the tasks and efforts of their drastic transformation processes as unperturbed as possible.

Even the most modern technologies of reproduction, e.g. the animal breeding industry, cloning research or agriculture, cannot do without surrogates of the amniotic sac, the cocoon or the warmth of the nest. In spite of the advanced decoupling of the principles of reproduction and chance.

Nature's forms of inwardness are mirrored in the constitution of the human subject - the soul but also relations of power and love depend on the image of an inside and outside.

Upon closer inspection, there is no such hermetic quality of the egg or the amniotic sac - even the tightest protective coverings remain permeable and are never free from the outside. It always penetrates the membranes and sluices, and thus enters both into the brood body and into the subject and its apparatus of consciousness.

The artistic examination of the space leads us through a multitude of spaces: literary and cinematic ones, social spaces and philosophical empty spaces, primarily defined by their boundaries, just as architectural space is.

Are these boundaries supposed to be the foundational places of our becoming, of our I?

Do we want to dare to try and find vehicles that bring us closer to our becoming?

A dream could do that - it creates connections and forms knots in dead and loose ends.

What can the pigeon, the seed, the house - what can we be?



*exhibition view*  
fan heaters, hand towel, detergent



*exhibition view*  
aerated concrete, wooden wedges



*exhibition view*  
iPhones, mountainbikes, pigeon droppings





*exhibition view*  
freezer, mini tennis ball



*exhibition view*  
TV-simulator, plasterboard, wall paint,  
carpeting (PVC), LED, aluminum cast







**Small Hall, 2019**  
scaffolding, wood, dry wall, glas, wall paint, PVC covering, fluorescent tubes, wires





**U55, 2020**  
*Berlin Central Station*  
transformation of a station concourse into a temporary exhibition space



Ausgang aus  
Tiefenstraße  
Europaplatz  
Museum Hamburger Bahnhof

## **Kurt Fritsche**

- 1995 born in Burg b. Magdeburg (Germany)
- 2016-2023 Fine Arts at Berlin School of Art Weißensee (Prof. Albrecht Schäfer)
- 2021 University of Applied Arts Vienna (Prof. Hans Schabus)
- since 2019 fellow of Studienstiftung des Deutschen Volkes
- since 2022 Academy of Fine Arts Munich (Prof. Alexandra Bircken; Prof. Raphaela Vogel)

## **Joshua Gottmanns**

- 1990 born in Mönchengladbach (Germany)
- since 2018 Fine Arts at Berlin School of Art Weißensee (Prof. Albrecht Schäfer)
- 2021 University of Applied Arts Vienna (Prof. Hans Schabus)
- 2021 fellow of Mart-Stam-Stipendium
- since 2022 fellow of Studienstiftung des Deutschen Volkes
- since 2023 University of Fine Arts Hamburg (Prof. Pia Stadtbäumer)

## **Exhibitions (selection)**

- 2023 axis (*solo*), b10b, Düsseldorf;  
Parallel Vienna, Wien;
- 2022 Blister Shell, Boo2, Amsterdam;  
SWEET MACHINE, Spoiler, Berlin;  
5000, Edvard-Munch-Haus, Warnemünde;  
Hot Mess, Kühlhaus, Berlin;  
Sun Dogs or Mock Suns, Magma Maria, Offenbach;  
Para Text, Berlin;  
Remote\_01, 2322, Berlin;
- 2021 in conversation with places, Oststation, Wien;  
SchrankSchrank, Galerie Oel-Früh, Hamburg;
- 2020 Not Cancelled, Weserhalle, Berlin;  
Traum/Haus (*solo*), Erratum Galerie, Berlin;  
U55, Berliner Hauptbahnhof;
- 2019 Hinterm Wald, Kunstraum Potsdamer Straße, Berlin;
- 2018 WE ARE ALL CYBORGS NOW, Theater Karlshorst, Berlin;  
ROM\*.COM: a 90's Trauma workshop, Bob's Pogo-Bar @ KW Institute for Contemporary Art, Berlin