

Cosima zu Knyphausen
The End surprised me
18.11.–23.12.2022

The Grid is the Backdrop

Showered, not fed, I grab a Franzbrötchen on the way to therapy. No coffee, no time! Session's ok. On my way out I check the clock. The skinny red second hand elegantly scans its face, trailing fragments of analysis. At the studio, I boil water for eggs and coffee. Anne's bringing croissants.

Grids. Bright, warped, trippy, fluid. A second, coextensive motif trapped. Or just the grid – soft, static, omnipresent. Juxtaposed they become brighter, more vivid. Stronger than you think. *Disceyful*. And the anchoress, locked in her cell, dedicating her life to prayer and contemplation. There she is, handing over the keys. But are they keys? Maybe it's radishes? A trick, it seems. She could be faking. I bet she sneaks out at night, frequents the local bars. *Si vult intrare, intret*. If she wishes to go in, allow her to go in.

Anne's asking a lot of questions, squinting from afar, peering at small details.

The grid is the backdrop. Coordinates for existence. It's both temporal and spatial, but is the grid as inescapable as gravity? Maybe. Have you heard of diapers? It's not what you think. Diapers are repetitive geometric or floral patterns in medieval book illustrations, stained glass or textiles. *Horror vacui*.

And the anchoress, she is resolute, hardcore. Self-entombment – a life that begins with death. Historically, men were far less likely to pursue this lifestyle than women – the decision to live one's life in a ~4 m² cell adjacent to a church with a view of the garden and meals provided. "Potage made of herbs, peas, or beans, firmity sweetened with milk, butter or oil, and fish seasoned with apples or herbs." Do they serve eggs? They mortar her in and leave her be.

We go to a bar, a party on a square, then someone's flat. The hostess is dressed in a white jumpsuit and I could eat, in fact my hunger begins to take on antireal dimensions. The woman generously proffers vegan hörnli und ghackets from the biggest Tupperware I've ever seen. I know the others want some, but it's only when I hit the last third of the container that my urgency dissipates, and I'm able to feed them too.

– Anne Fellner





- 1 *egg mosaic IV*, 2022
Pastel, vinyl paint, acrylic and egg shells on canvas
150 × 200 cm
- 2 *This place is pryson (Beets & Turnips)*, 2022
Ink and vinyl paint on fabric
23 × 19 cm
- 3 *Bonheur*, 2022
Vinyl paint, ink, soft pastel and oil pastel on linen
80 × 70 cm
- 4 *Muerte Al Macho Violador (I & II)*, 2022
Vinyl paint and glitter on linen
16 × 22 cm
- 5 *the sense of an ending*, 2022
Fabric, ink and oil on linen
19 × 15 cm
- 6 *Boden der HGB*, 2022
Ink, vinyl paint and fabric on fabric
20 × 26 cm
- 7 *The End of the Day*, 2022
Ink on fabric
32 × 28 cm
- 8 *Mutter im Museum*, 2022
Ink on fabric
25 × 20 cm
- 9 *Un imprevisto psicosexual*, 2022
Ink on fabric
160 × 120 cm
- 10 *Man stirbt nicht an der Wahrheit*, 2022
Vinyl paint, pastel, ink and oil on linen
60 × 48 cm

- 11 *Psyché*, 2022
Ink, acrylic, pastel and oil pastel on fabric
70 × 60 cm
- 12 *Gajes del Oficio (The artist even signed her name along the bottom of the mirror, as if to suggest that the image in her painting is as ephemeral as a silvery reflection)*, 2022
Egg shells on linen
25 × 20 cm
- 13 *Selbst als Kunstvermittlung*, 2022
Fabric and ink on canvas
100 × 70 cm
- 14 *Revelations of Love (Restposten)*, 2022
Vinyl paint, pastel and oil on linen
15 × 23 cm
- 15 *egg mosaic I*, 2022
Vinyl paint, acrylic and egg shells on linen
165 × 210 cm

