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**HORSEANDPONY Fine Arts**

Altenbrakerstrasse 18  
12053 Berlin

info@horseandponyfinearts.com  
www.horseandponyfinearts.com



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Works on view (from left)

Robert Muntean

I would prefer not to

oil on canvas

240 x 200cm

2014

(Courtesy Charim Galerie, Vienna)

Hannes Ribarits

ENTER (EXIT)

c-print (100cm x 145cm), acrylic, spray-paint and collage on wall

dimensions variable

2014

Olga Raciborska

scull jungle

oil on canvas

100 x 200cm

2014

Isa Schmidlehner

ohne Titel

oil and acrylic on canvas

2014

20 x 30cm

(courtesy Galerie Patrick Ebensperger, Berlin & Galerie Meyer Kainer, Vienna)

Isa Schmidlehner

cows

oil and acrylic on canvas

2012

80 x 105cm

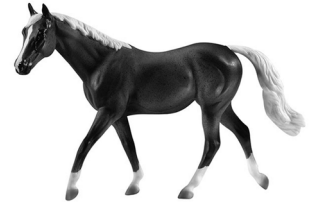
(courtesy Galerie Patrick Ebensperger, Berlin & Galerie Meyer Kainer, Vienna)

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### Alien kissing Predator

Robert Muntean  
Olga Raciborska  
Hannes Ribarits  
Isa Schmidlehner

Opening 6.11.2014 from 19h w/ DJ ATACT @ 22h  
On view 7.11.2014 – 30.11.2014 by appointment

It had always been there as a nagging absence. And then, surprisingly, it was there to allay fears, not stoke anxiety. It said: stop, breathe, and slowly feel a disintegration into inevitability. It said: give in to it. Give in to me. Or maybe it simply said: give up.

The old version is to say like a key in a lock. There are plenty of adolescent versions too, boring in their inability to get beyond the surprise and recognition of two things (sort of) fitting together. Whether something is there or not, the form it wraps around will tell you all you need to know about it anyway. You can read the missing element from the marks it's meant to align with. The two parts will eventually reach completion, but it's perfunctory and expected.

(stop, breathe, give in, give up)

The newer version follows the same rules but hopes that an increase in the number of participants, and a change in their materials, will somehow change the outcome. Let's hope so, too. This is a scrappier approach. It will make do with what it finds, and the constraint of having no choice will lead it to make some inventive combinations. From looking at a piece of mass-produced garbage patch junk, you would have no idea that it was always meant to be just so, letting it click satisfyingly together with something else, nested.

(stop, breathe, give in, give up)

You walk into a room and everything looks as though it has freshly collapsed into a disorganized pile, whatever crystalline structure it had built itself into losing all structural integrity in your presence. Like your garbage is so ashamed of the fact that it could have been so much more together without you. It feels bad for you, too, though.

(stop, breathe, give in, give up)

There are also times when this connection can't be anything but forced. Preparatory work, stabilized connections, and the endless attaching, detaching, and reattaching required to kludge together some semblance of a workable material. And just as each decision is reversed, it recalls the circumstances of its origin. It wasn't the right choice, but there wasn't anything particularly wrong with it, either. Nobody ever promised it would be good. You can at least expect the pleasure of the parts as they thrash around, bump into each other, stick, rub, break apart, accrete, relax.

- Carrick Bell, 2014