
**NINA
WOBRUBA**

Kunsthalle Wien

**MALTE
ZANDER**

29/11 2019 – 26/1 2020

Preis der Kunsthalle
Wien 2019

„... gerade darum geht es in der Utopie: sich das radikal Andere auszumalen zu versuchen. Mit gefährlichen Bildern zu spielen. Um uns der Mauern, die unseren Geist umschließen, gewahr zu werden und dann, im nächsten Schritt, davon zu befreien. Was liegt jenseits der Mauern? Wie könnte der Nicht-Ort aussehen? Was würden wir dort tun? [...] Eines ist sicher: unsere Versuche würden nicht immer gelingen, aber gerade dazu macht die Utopie Mut: beim Versuch, etwas Anderes, Neues, Besseres zu wagen, das Scheitern zu riskieren. Anstatt im ‚schlammigen Strom der Gegenwart‘ (Fredric Jameson) uns treiben zu lassen und so wehrlos mit ins fremdbestimmte Scheitern gerissen zu werden.“ — Millay Hyatt

Nina Vobruba und Malte Zander, die 2019 den Preis der Kunsthalle Wien erhalten, entwickeln keine klassischen Utopien, doch ihre Projekte schaffen – auf sehr unterschiedliche Weise – Möglichkeiten alternativer Perspektiven zu diesem „schlammigen Strom der Gegenwart“, dem also vom postutopisch-neoliberalen System proklamierten und massenhaft befolgten Streben nach unbegrenztem ökonomischen Wachstum und der glücksverheißenden Konsumierbarkeit seiner Produkte.

Nina Vobruba gewährt uns in ihrer Installation *nest bau* Einblicke in die Verwandlung des Areals einer ehemaligen Militärkaserne durch ein Kollektiv von derzeit 70 Menschen in eine lebensbejahende, selbstverwaltete Wohn-, Arbeits- und Kulturproduktionsstätte. Die im steirischen Fehring seit 2017 agierende „Zukunftswirkstatt Cambium“ entwickelt einen sozial und ökonomisch alternativen Lebensraum, der zugleich auch ein Freiraum für Kunst, Kultur und Diskurs ist. „Ein nicht-urbaner Ort“, wie Nina Vobruba sagt, „in dem sich Menschen durch ein gemeinsames Unterfangen getroffen haben und ständig treffen, um ein Milieu für alltägliche Utopien zu schaffen“. Utopien, wie sie das im Global Ecovillage Network (GEN) vernetzte Kollektiv Cambium auf folgende Formel bringt: „Wir glauben an Nutzung statt Eigentum, an Werte statt Konsum.“ Ein Statement, das sich gegen den „schlammigen Strom der Gegenwart“ bereits behaupten konnte, als im Juli 2019 mit der Stadtgemeinde Fehring über einen vom Kollektiv errichteten Vermögenspool der Kaufvertrag für das weitläufige Kasernenareal unterzeichnet wurde.

Den Prozess des Auf- und Weiterbaus dieser soziokratisch funktionierenden Gemeinschaft, der auch im Austausch mit Expert/innen aus den Bereichen Architektur, Landschaftsgestaltung, Biologie und Kunst stattfindet, sieht Nina Vobruba als einen kollektiven Prozess, bei dem es auch darum geht, „das, womit wir ständig konfrontiert werden, zu verlernen und neu zu erlernen. Für mich spiegelt die Ausstellung eine fragmentierte Realität dieses Prozesses wider, in dem wir uns befinden.“

Eine Serie an Fotoprints auf Strukturglas, das aus den Kasernenräumen stammt, zeigt den

mehrfährigen Arbeitsprozess von *nest bau* in unterschiedlichen Phasen. In ihrer Installation finden sich immer wieder auch Referenzen auf den Kreis, in dessen Gestalt sich die Logik zyklischer Rhythmen sowie non-linear vernetzter Organisationsstrukturen von Information und Kommunikation spiegeln. Runde Einheiten stehen in einem Bezugssystem zueinander und markieren gleichzeitig offene Prozesse, die keinen statischen Endpunkt erreichen.

Hierzu zählt eine Installation aus originären Asphaltplatten des einstigen Exerzierplatzes, aus deren Zwischenräumen Pioniergehölze (Birken, Baumhasel) aufzusprossen scheinen. Diese Jungbäume werden nach der ersten Ausstellungswoche an jenen Ort transferiert, dem die Asphaltdecke entnommen wurde – und wo sie zukünftig Wurzeln treiben können. In der Ausstellung wird ihr hier nur temporärer Aufenthalt, mittels Fotoprints auf Transparentpapier, dokumentiert. „*nest bau* hat bisher sichtbare und unsichtbare Spuren hinterlassen, Praktiken der Flüchtigkeit und der Beständigkeit gewählt, Formen und Inhalte gesucht, gefunden, geschaffen, gelassen, vergessen, erahnt – Stillstände, Bewegungen, Aktionen und Reaktionen inkludiert, Bestehendes dechiffriert und neu codiert. Es bleibt im Werden ...“, sagt Nina Vobruba, die aus der von ihr mitbegründeten Community heraus hier wie dort als bildende Künstlerin, Choreografin und Performerin agiert.

Der Ort einer Utopie ist klassischerweise kein realer Ort wie die alte Kaserne im steirischen Fehring, sondern ein imaginärer Wunsch-Ort, eine Insel etwa abseits bekannter gesellschaftlicher Norm(alit)äten, bisweilen auch ein unterirdischer und jedenfalls versteckter Bereich der Imagination – angesichts der Absenz von der Wirklichkeit ein „Un-Ort“.

„Sie zog ihr Handy heraus und machte eine Nahaufnahme der lächelnden Grimasse. Das Bild war verschwommen. Sie machte noch ein Foto – wieder unscharf. Sie versuchte es weiter, aber wie ruhig auch immer ihre Hand blieb, konnte der Apparat sein Gesicht nicht klar wiedergeben, es war zu klein, zu nah, und zu lange her ...“ **Malte Zander** führt uns in seiner Installation *Languor* an Orte, die sich abseits gewohnter Raum- und Zeitvorstellungen befinden. Real erscheinen zwar die im Begleittext zur Ausstellung agierenden jugendlichen Charaktere und deren Suche nach einem mysteriösen Untergrund-Kino (siehe S. 7–9 und Zitat hier oben), doch kaum hat sich eine logisch nachvollziehbare Narration aufgebaut, lösen sich deren Kontexte auf oder transferieren in eine andere, dem vorangegangenen Szenario entlegene Region. Somit finden wir uns als Zuseher/in in einem ständigen Wechsel zwischen fiktiven und faktualen Welten, den Malte Zander nicht zuletzt auch filmtechnisch durch den Einsatz digital generierter Bilder im Schleier von analogem Bildmaterial verstärkt.

Die Projektion *Languor* scheint aus gefundenen Filmrollen zusammengeschnitten zu sein, die zugleich als Prequel zu seiner Diplomausstellung *Torpor* (Universität für angewandte Kunst Wien, 2019) gesehen werden können. Dort waren collagierte Standbilder eines offenbar fluchtartig verlassenen Filmsets zu sehen, während der Ursprung unklar blieb. Das im vorliegenden Booklet passagenweise wiedergegebene Buch zu seiner aktuellen Installation erzählt die dort bereits angelegte Geschichte der Suche nach einem Untergrund-Kino und dem möglichen Ursprung dieser Bilder weiter.

Die im abgedunkelten Kino-Ambiente der Ausstellung inszenierten Fotoprints hat der Künstler mittels CGI (Computer Generated Imagery) konstruiert. Motivisch deuten sie den Ursprung des fiktiven Filmmaterials an, als Bilder strahlen sie trotz ihrer Entstehung die Nähe und Intimität des künstlichen Zelluloids aus.

Geht es in *Languor* um das Erzählen einer konkreten Geschichte oder um das „suspension of disbelief“ genannte Phänomen an sich, die willentliche Bereitschaft also von Betrachter/innen, sich in fiktionalen Welten zu verlieren? Und geht es in diesem „expanded cinema“ nicht zugleich um die Hinterfragung dessen, was wir, so wir im „schlammigen Strom der Gegenwart“ uns treiben lassen, stets für wirklich und „wahr“ halten?

Die Arbeiten beider Preisträger/innen mögen auch als Reaktionen auf Theodor W. Adornos Diktum erachtet werden, es sei „die Signatur des Zeitalters, daß kein Mensch, ohne alle Ausnahme [...] sein Leben mehr selbst bestimmen kann.“ Oder auch als Bestätigung dessen, was Achim Szepanski 2016 zu einem alternativen Leben im neoliberalen Kapitalismus schrieb: „Anders zu leben heißt laut Gilles Châtelet, unbekannte Dimensionen der Existenz zu entdecken, oder, wie Rimbaud sagt, den Schwindel zu definieren. Wir brauchen den Schwindel, aber auch die Form.“

Der Preis der Kunsthalle Wien wird 2019 zum fünften Mal in Zusammenarbeit mit der Universität für angewandte Kunst Wien und der Akademie der bildenden Künste Wien vergeben. Jährlich sichten die Jurys dafür etwa 150 Diplomarbeiten zur bildenden und medialen Kunst.

„Wir sehen es als eine der wichtigsten Aufgaben der Kunsthalle Wien, die nächste Künstler/innengeneration zu unterstützen und sie zu ermutigen, ihr Potenzial auszuschöpfen. Zu den institutionellen Aufgaben gehört es, sie bei der Entwicklung zukunftsweisender Werte und kollektiver Kapazitäten zu fördern. Natürlich möchten wir auch mehr über die Anliegen und Interessen dieser neuen Generation erfahren, weshalb die Zusammenarbeit mit zwei so aktiven Kunstuniversitäten in Wien für uns sehr wertvoll ist“, bestätigen die ab 2020 programmierenden Direktorinnen der Kunsthalle Wien, WHW – Ivet Curlin, Nataša Ilić und Sabina Sabolović –, die Ausrichtung dieses Preises, der mit einer

Doppelausstellung, zwei Katalogen sowie einem von hs art service austria GmbH und Deko Trend GmbH gestifteten Preisgeld von je 3.000 € verbunden ist.

Nina Vobruba (*1985, lebt in Fehring und Wien) studierte bei Prof.ⁱⁿ Carola Dertnig im Fachbereich Performative Kunst am Institut für bildende Kunst der Akademie der bildenden Künste Wien. Begleitende Professorin: Elisabeth von Samsonow. Diplom 2019.

Malte Zander (*1991, lebt in Wien) diplomierte bei Prof. Henning Bohl am Institut für Bildende & Mediale Kunst/Abteilung Malerei der Universität für angewandte Kunst Wien. Diplom 2019.

“... this is what utopia is all about: trying to imagine the radically different. Playing with dangerous images. To become aware of the walls that are enclosing our minds and then, in the next step, to free ourselves from them. What lies beyond the walls? How might the non-site look? What would we do there? [...] One thing is certain: our attempts would not always be successful, but precisely this is what utopia can encourage us to do: to try to dare something different, something new, better, hence, to risk failure. Instead of drifting down the ‘muddy stream of the present’ (Fredric Jameson) and being thus defencelessly dragged into a failure determined by others.”— Millay Hyatt

Nina Vobruba and Malte Zander, who are awarded the prize of the Kunsthalle Wien 2019, do not develop utopias in a classical sense, but their projects create – in very different ways – possibilities for alternative perspectives of the “muddy stream of the present”: this mass pursuit of unlimited economic growth and the auspicious consumption of its products, proclaimed by a post utopian-neoliberal system.

*With her installation nest bau, **Nina Vobruba** provides insights of the continual transition taking place at the site of a former army barracks – by a collective of currently 70 people – into an optimistic, self-organised area for living, working, and cultural production. Here, the “Zukunftswirkstatt Cambium” has been active in Fehring, Styria, since 2017. They are developing a social and economic experiment, which also serves as a free space for art, culture, and discourse. “A non-urban place”, Nina Vobruba says, “at which people have met through a collective venture and keep meeting in order to create a milieu for everyday utopias.” The Cambium collective – interconnected with the Global Ecovillage Network (GEN) – summarizes such utopias as follows: “We believe in utilisation instead of property, in values instead of consumption.” A statement that has already held its ground against the “muddy stream of the present”, when the purchase agreement for the extensive barracks area could be signed with the municipality of Fehring in July 2019. This was financed by a wealth pool created by the collective. Nina Vobruba sees the process of building and expanding this sociocratic community (which also evolves in the exchange with experts from the fields of architecture, landscaping, biology, and art) as a collective process of “forgetting and re-learning what we are constantly confronted with. For me, the exhibition reflects a fragmented reality of this process we are undergoing.” A series of photo prints on patterned glass – which originates from rooms of the barracks, shows the work process of nest bau over several years in different phases. In her installation there are also references to the circle in whose form the logic of cyclic rhythms as well as non-linear networked organisational structures of information and communication are*

reflected. Round units interrelate in one reference system, simultaneously marking open processes that do not reach a static endpoint.

This includes an installation made of original asphalt slabs of the former parade ground, from the spaces in between which pioneer plants (birches, hazel trees) seem to sprout. After the first week of the exhibition, these young trees will be transferred to the place the asphalt slabs were taken from – where they will be allowed to continue to grow. In the exhibition, their temporary stay will be documented by way of photo prints on tracing paper.

“nest bau has left visible and invisible traces, has chosen practices of ephemerality and permanence, searched for forms and contents, found, created, abandoned, forgotten, surmised – incorporated stagnations, movements, actions, and reactions, decoded and recoded the existing situation. It remains in progress ...”, says Nina Vobruba, who is active as an artist, choreographer, and performer.

The place of utopia is in a classical sense not a real place like the old barracks in the Styrian Fehring, but an imaginary place of desire, an island, perhaps far from well-known social norms and normality, or perhaps an underground, or in any case – a hidden space of the imaginary – in the sense of an absence of reality, therefore, a non-place.

*“She pulled out her phone and took a picture, close up, of the grimace smile. The picture was blurry. She took another one, again out of focus. She kept trying but no matter how steady her hand, the phone couldn’t clarify his face, it was too small, and too close, and too long-ago.” In his installation *Languor*, **Malte Zander** takes us to places beyond familiar concepts of space and time. The young characters acting in the accompanying text of the exhibition and their search for a mysterious underground cinema (see pp. 7–9), may appear real, but as soon as a logically comprehensible narration has been built up, its contexts dissolve or break into another region, remote from the previous scenario. Thus, as viewers, we find ourselves facing a constant fluctuation between fictitious and factual worlds, a fluctuation which Malte Zander reinforces, not least also in a cinematographic manner, by using digitally generated images veiled as analogue film material.*

*The projection of *Languor* appears to have been compiled of found film reels and can also be regarded as the prequel to his diploma exhibition *Torpor* (University of Applied Arts Vienna, 2019). *Torpor* showed collaged stills of a seemingly hastily abandoned film set, the origin of which remained unclear. The book that accompanies his current exhibition, excerpts of which are printed in this booklet, continues to tell the story that had already been laid out there, the story of the search for an underground cinema and the possible origin of these images.*

The artist has created the photo prints, staged in the darkened cinema ambiance of the exhibition,

by using CGI (Computer Generated Imagery). In a motivic manner, they suggest the origin of the fictional footage, and as images, they radiate the closeness and intimacy of artificial celluloid, despite their creation.

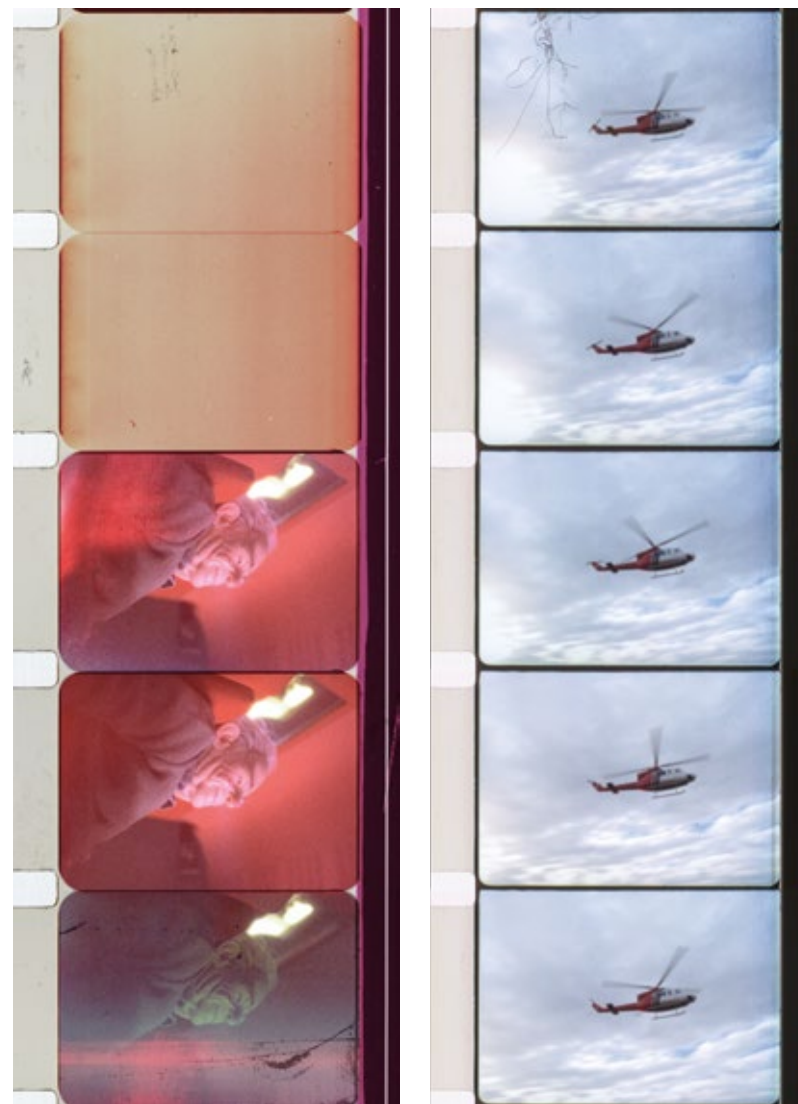
Is Languor about telling a concrete story or about the phenomenon called “suspension of disbelief” itself, namely the willingness of the viewer to get lost in fictional worlds? And isn't this “expanded cinema” about questioning whether we should drift down the “muddy stream of the present”, to perceive as real and true?

The works of both graduates may also be seen as reactions to Theodor W. Adorno's dictum: “The signature of the epoch is that no human being, without any exception, can determine their life (...).” Or as a confirmation of what Achim Szepanski wrote about neoliberalism in 2016: “Living differently, according to Gilles Châtelet, means discovering unknown dimensions of existence, or, as Rimbaud says, defining the swindle. We need the swindle, but also the form.”

In 2019, the Kunsthalle Wien Prize is awarded for the 5th time in collaboration with the University of Applied Arts Vienna and the Academy of Fine Arts Vienna. For this purpose, the juries survey about 150 diploma projects from the fields of visual and media art every year. “We believe that supporting the next generation of artists and encouraging them to make the most of their potential is one of the most important tasks of the Kunsthalle Wien. Our responsibility as an institution is to promote them in the development of future-oriented values and collective capacities. Of course, we also wish to learn more about the concerns and interests of this new generation, which is why the collaboration with two such active art universities in Vienna is so valuable to us”, explain Ivet Čurlin, Nataša Ilić, and Sabina Sabolović, the new directors of the Kunsthalle Wien, WHW. The Kunsthalle Wien Prize is awarded with a double exhibition, two catalogues and €3,000 in prize money for each graduate, donated by hs art service Austria GmbH and Deco Trend GmbH.

Nina Vobruba (*1985, lives in Fehring and Vienna) studied with Prof Carola Dertnig at the Institute for Performative Art of the Academy of Fine Arts Vienna. Accompanying professor: Elisabeth von Samsonow. Diploma 2019.

Malte Zander (*1991, lives in Vienna) attained his diploma with Prof Henning Bohl at the Institute for Visual & Media Arts/Painting Department of the University of Applied Arts Vienna. Diploma 2019.



Untitled (Languor), 2019, Courtesy Malte Zander



She climbed the stairs to her apartment. The air was musty like a church and while the windows on each landing were tall and the day outside bright, it was still dark in the stairwell. Each regular rectangular block spread a murky light which lit up the dust particles but hardly penetrated the sombre gloom. She kicked off her shoes inside the front door and put the groceries on the kitchen counter. Louisa paused, looking vacantly up at the faded and curling film posters taped to the wall, and was suddenly overwhelmed by a wave of ennui. She left the groceries on the counter. The ice blocks would melt, but the thought gave her a perverse thrill. "Fuck it" she thought, as she shuffled towards her room, "fuck the ice blocks."

Her bedroom floor was laid with a plastic laminate wood, and she lay on it, making an L. out of her body with her legs flat against the wall to drain the blood that was swelling them. She checked her phone, and kept checking it. She didn't notice the day turn to dusk and then night, the room fading to black around her. Her phone's little face spread a light which touched her nose and cheeks but nothing else in the room. Slowly, while looking at pictures and skim reading and writing people, her thoughts turned more and more toward the old man.

"Where is he now?" she asked herself, again and again. She tried to imagine him living out there, breathing; she half-imagined herself as a drone scanning the city above for his presence, gliding over the city lights and red-brake cars crawling the surface. But her imagination couldn't find him.

She lay there for a long time, thinking and napping and looking at her phone. Some-time later, maybe three hours or maybe one, Daniel roused her by knocking on her bedroom door and sitting cross legged beside her. "Hey" said Louisa, without looking up. "Hey" said Daniel. He unzipped his backpack and pulled out a stack of photographs tied together with string and began to lay them out on the ground. Louisa glanced over, then sat up, electrified. "You brought them."

She spun her body around and scooted over the laminate to sit beside him. They peered at the grid of images and Louisa felt a tingling within her body as she looked at each rectangle one by one. She'd only been able to see them briefly before in the dark of the night. It felt like a conspiracy; it felt like history.

Here was the set.
Here was the scaffolding framing a burned-out structure.

Here were some discarded costumes in a pile of debris and leaves.
Here was nothing – just a milky surface, bubbled and distorted by a long-ago heat and the damp since. Louisa picked the photo up, brushed the surface with her fingertips and lifted it gingerly to her nose to smell. It didn't smell like much, a hint of mold. There were so many of these ruined images, more than half of the photographs, and Louisa gathered them together into their own pile, looked at each closely for traces of what they held before, but it was futile. She turned to look at Daniel, his profile framed and obscured by the two curtains of his long black hair.

"Do you think he's still alive?"

"Who could say. But if he is, how do we even find him" said Daniel, frowning and tucking his hair behind his ear.

Louisa looked at a frame showing scorched dolly tracks. The grass surrounding was black and raw, glossy in places. "It looks like the fire was recent. Recent when he was there I mean."

She picked up the only photo showing the old man's face, an apparition just visible in the reflection of a cracked and dirty window. She peered closer, at his thick glasses and tuft of white hair, and pulled out her phone to take a picture. The picture was blurry. She took another one, again out of focus. She kept trying but no matter how steady her hand, the phone couldn't clarify his face, it was too small, and too close, and too long-ago.

She put the photo and the phone down and turned to Daniel "where is Johann? When is he getting the projector?"

"At home, and he just got it. That's why I'm here, to get you"

Louisa scrunched her face up in annoyance "then what are we waiting for? Let's go."

Approaching Johann's building, Louisa and Daniel could see him in the distance smoking outside, leaning against a wall, one leg up like a cowboy, his body undeservedly world-weary and elegant. As they got closer Louisa saw that his eyes, wicked and bored and underscored by dark circles, were flashing in a way she had never seen before, focused rather than dispersed and locked on her.

He nodded hello and gestured for them to follow him through a door to the left of the building's main entrance, and led them down a narrow staircase, the descent delivering them into cool relief from the muggy night air above. They arrived in a small concrete basement, where the only light came from a few candles burning on a table. "Moody" said Daniel, and Johann shrugged "the lights don't work down here." Beside the candles were a dozen or so packages the size of large dinner plates wrapped in plastic, and Louisa picked one up. The plastic was pleasingly thick, and there was some moist soil nestled in the folds which she brushed off. Despite the care with which they'd been wrapped, when they'd found the film half buried in the woods near the caves, condensation had breached the protective layers and the contents were beginning to succumb.

She unfolded the plastic, unsticking the duct tape they'd hacked away earlier, and lifted the reel out. "Does it work?" asked Daniel, nodding towards the 16mm projector Johann had bought off Ebay and picked up earlier that day, all the way across town from an unpleasant balding man in matching grey sweatshirt and pants. "Who knows to be honest" he said, and they all laughed.

Johann loaded the film onto the projector, slowly, and with difficulty, following the instructions in a Youtube tutorial. Finally, it was ready, and like a magician approaching the climax, he looked slowly from Louisa to Daniel before flicking the switch. Light jumped through the air onto the wall and crawled across it, in a state of constant trans-

formation. Johann, Louisa and Daniel grinned at each other and Louisa suppressed an urge to high five them both.

They settled down on either side of the little machine. The rectangle on the wall glowed like life and Louisa felt the familiar beginnings of an absorption in the image that felt like self-absorption. At first, it was difficult to make out anything in the frame. The footage was badly damaged by water and fire and there were long periods which flickered in and out of abstraction. Louisa could admire its beauty, but frowned at it in frustration.

Suddenly, a steady, recognisable world punctured the ruined images. The camera was shifting around a small wooden interior, deciding what to rest on. The image cut, to hip height, looking out a window to the woods. An unseen hand shunted the camera to the side, to a single bed. And then the old man appeared. Louisa inhaled quickly and leaned forward. He walked across the frame a couple of times, climbed in to bed, and fell asleep. He slept until the film ended. Johann got up and loaded another. One after the other, each reel showed not much at all. The old man seemed to walk around a lot, camera in hand. He also slept a great deal, and filmed himself sleeping, mostly in his cabin. But in one film he appeared to be in a cinema. The light from a film played across his face as he sat back comfortably in his red velvet chair, and after a few minutes, he closed his eyes and began to drift off.

"Lol what the fuck" said Louisa. Daniel laughed,

"He sleeps so much. Wherever he is now, I bet he's sleeping."

"He's just acting" said Johann, shaking his head. "Look closer."

The three friends watched the old man sleep, or pretend to sleep, and wander around aimlessly for a long time. Every time a reel finished, Johann would pick another off the pile and load it in the projector. Louisa was disappointed, but in the cool basement, scored by the whirr of the projector, she felt safe, and it was late, and presently she, too, began to sleep. And then she dreamt and she felt as if her dreams were just another movie that she was watching in the basement in the flickering candle light. But all of a sudden, Daniel was shaking her awake.

"Louisa!"

"What?" Louisa tried to sit herself up, rubbing her eyes in confusion. There was a strange chemical smell in the air.

"Oh my god what happened?"

"The footage caught fire" said Daniel, "but it's ok, it's just one frame, we paused the projector to look at it closer and the lamp was too hot--"

"Louisa, we saw something" said Johann. He was crouched in front of her, gazing intently into her eyes.

"What did you see?" she asked, reaching forward to touch his arm before withdrawing it automatically in a flash of minute embarrassment, felt almost imperceptibly yet equally between both Louisa and Johann. His eyes flashed again, and then, taking Louisa by surprise, he suddenly started grinning from ear to ear.



nest bau zyklus 1 – F.2, 2017–2018, Courtesy Nina Vobruba



umackern 1, 2019, Courtesy Nina Vobruba



nest bau zyklus 1 – Intervention, 2017–2018, Courtesy Nina Vobruba, Foto photo: Daniel Trumpf



umackern 5, 2019, Courtesy Nina Vobruba



umackern 2, 2019, Courtesy Nina Vobruba

Werkliste List of works

Nina Vobruba
nest bau

Pionierpflanzen Pioneer Plants

7 Birken (Betula pendula), 1 Baumhasel (Corylus coloruna), 2019
Jungbäume der Gemeinde Fehring, Rubinienstämme, Asphaltaushub, Erde *young trees of Fehring municipality, Rubinia tribes, asphalt excavation, soil, Höhe height: ca. 300–400 cm*

Fotoserie auf originären Strukturglasplatten aus der Kaserne Fehring Photo series on original patterned glass plates from the barracks in Fehring

risse im asphalt A, 2019
Fotodruck auf Strukturglas
photo print on patterned glass,
105 x 81 cm
Detail eines Fotos von
detail of a photo by:
Bundesheer, Franz Unger

risse im asphalt B, 2019
Fotodruck auf Strukturglas
photo print on patterned glass,
81 x 105 cm

risse im asphalt D, 2019
Fotodruck auf Strukturglas
photo print on patterned glass,
105 x 162 cm

risse im asphalt E, 2019
Fotodruck auf Strukturglas
photo print on patterned glass,
27 x 105 cm
Fotoarchiv *photo archive:*
Cambium

nest bau zyklus 1–F.1, 2017–2018
Fotodruck auf Strukturglas
photo print on patterned glass,
42 x 62 cm

nest bau zyklus 1–F.2, 2017–2018
Fotodruck auf Strukturglas
photo print on patterned glass,
42 x 62 cm

nest bau zyklus 1–F.3, 2017–2018
Fotodruck auf Strukturglas
photo print on patterned glass,
42 x 62 cm

nest bau zyklus 1–F.4, 2017–2018
Fotodruck auf Strukturglas
photo print on patterned glass,
42 x 62 cm

nest bau zyklus 1–F.5, 2017–2018
Fotodruck auf Strukturglas
photo print on patterned glass,
42 x 62 cm

nest bau zyklus 1–F.6, 2017–2018
Fotodruck auf Strukturglas
photo print on patterned glass,
42 x 62 cm

nest bau zyklus 1–F.7, 2017–2018
Fotodruck auf Strukturglas
photo print on patterned glass,
42 x 62 cm

nest bau zyklus 1–F.8, 2017–2018
Fotodruck auf Strukturglas
photo print on patterned glass, 42 x 62 cm
Foto *photo:* Oriana Calzadilla

nest bau zyklus 1–G.1, 2017
Fotodruck auf Strukturglas
photo print on patterned glass,
52 x 86 cm

nest bau zyklus 1–G.2, 2019
Fotodruck auf Strukturglas
photo print on patterned glass,
52 x 86 cm
Foto *photo:* Elias Zsivkovitz

Fundobjekte Found objects

nest bau zyklus 2–Stühle, 2019
4 Stühle *4 chairs*

nest bau zyklus 2–Tische, 2019
Tische *tables,* 170 x 90 cm

nest bau zyklus 2–
Türnamensschilder, 2019
Holz, Holzfaserplatte verleimt
wood, glued fibreboard, je each
21 x 15 cm

nest bau zyklus 1–Patronengurt,
2017–2018
Metallpatronen, mit Metallgurt
verbunden *metal cartridges*
connected with metal belt,
ca. 80 x 10 cm

nest bau zyklus 1–Stickbild
Vögel, 2017–2018
Stickerei *embroidery,* 21 x 21 cm

nest bau zyklus 1–Vogelnest,
2017–2018
Vogelnest *bird's nest,* Ø ca. 10 cm

Adaptierte Fundobjekte Adapted found objects

asphalt, 2019
Originäre Asphaltplatten
aus der Kaserne Fehring,
mit Fragmenten einer
Bodenbemalung von Kyros
(2018) *original asphalt tiles from*
the barracks in Fehring, with
fragments of floor paintings by
Kyros (2018), Ø ca. 800 cm

nest bau zyklus 2–Betten, 2019
2 Kasernenbetten, Holz
2 barracks beds, wood,
200 x 90 cm

nest bau zyklus 2–Neongarten
1.0, 2019
Pflanzenwachstumslampen,
Fünfeck aus Doppelneonröhren
plant growth lights, pentagon of
double neon tubes, je each 125 cm
Lichtinstallation *light installation:*
Florian Botka

nest bau zyklus 2–Neogarten
1.2, 2019
Bodendecker aus dem um-
liegenden Wald der Kaserne
Fehring, Plastiktöpfe, Pflanzen-
wachstumslampen, Einfach-
neonröhre *ground cover from the*
surrounding forest of the barracks
Fehring, plastic pots, plant growth
lights, single neon tube
Lichtinstallation *light installation:*
Florian Botka

nest bau zyklus 1–
Vogelperspektive, 2017–2018
Beleuchteter Schaukasten,
Pläne *illuminated showcase,*
plans, 80 x 90 cm

Skizzen, Texte & Fotos Sketches, texts & photos

| *über, 2019*
Druck auf Glas, verschiedene
Größen *print on glass, various*
sizes

nest bau zyklus 2 – Texte, 2019
Diverse Skizzen, Texte *various sketches, texts*, DINA3, DINA4

nest bau zyklus 1 – Intervention, 2017–2018
Fotodruck, Leuchtkasten *photo print, light box*, 62,5 x 87 cm
Foto *photo*: Daniel Trumpf

nest bau zyklus 1 – Vogelperspektive, 2017–2018
Pigmentdruck, unkaschiert *pigment print, unlaminated*, 80 x 90 cm
Foto *photo*: Florian Rüdissler

Projektion auf Strukturglas **Projection on patterned glass**

| *über*, 2019
Video, Farbe, Ton
video, color, sound, 39 Min.
Kamera & Schnitt
camera & cut: Daniel Trumpf
Mapping: resa lut

Audioinstallation **Audio installation**

alltag, 2019
Aufnahmen, Schnitt,
Elektroakustik *recordings, editing, electroacoustics*:
Christian Eliasch, durational

umackern, 2019
Aufnahmen, Schnitt,
Elektroakustik *recordings, editing, electroacoustics*:
Christian Eliasch, durational

| *über*, 2019
Aufnahmen, Schnitt,
Elektroakustik *recordings, editing, electroacoustics*:
Christian Eliasch, 39 Min.

Courtesy Nina Vobruba

Malte Zander **Languor**

Untitled (Languor), 2019
Film-Installation *film installation*,
Farbe, Ton *color, sound*, 15 Min.

Raising some Dust, 2019
Pigmentdruck, gerahmt *pigment print in artist's frame*,
44 x 57 x 4,5 cm

Killing Time, 2019
Pigmentdruck, gerahmt *pigment print in artist's frame*,
44 x 57 x 4,5 cm

As False as Angels, 2019
Pigmentdruck, gerahmt *pigment print in artist's frame*,
112 x 167 x 4,5 cm

Lassitude, Fatalism and Resignation, 2019
Pigmentdruck, collagiert
pigment print collage,
32,3 x 31,5 cm

Courtesy Malte Zander

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Each Sunday, you decide on the admission fee and pay as much as you want for your exhibition visit.

Programm **Program**

Eröffnung & Preisverleihung
Opening & Award Ceremony
Do *Thu* 28/11 2019, 19 Uhr 7 pm

Begrüßung *Welcome*
Gerald Bast, Rektor Universität für angewandte Kunst Wien
Rector University of Applied Arts Vienna
Johan F. Hartle, Rektor Akademie der bildenden Künste Wien
Rector Academy of Fine Arts Vienna
What, How & for Whom / WHW, Direktorinnen *Directors*
Kunsthalle Wien

Einführung *Introduction*
Lucas Gehrmann, Kurator
Curator Kunsthalle Wien

Führungen **Guided Tours**

Kuratorenführung
Curator's Tour
Di *Tue* 17/12 2019, 18 Uhr 6 pm

Lucas Gehrmann führt durch die Ausstellung und spricht über die Arbeiten der beiden Preisträger/innen.
Lucas Gehrmann will take visitors on a tour through the exhibition and introduces the works of the two prize-winners.

Sonntagsführungen **Sunday Tours**

Was bleibt vom Werden
What Remains from Growing
Jeden Sonntag, 16 Uhr
Every Sunday at 4 pm
Mit *With*: Wolfgang Brunner, Carola Fuchs, Michaela Schmidlechner & Michael Simku

Jeden Sonntag um 16 Uhr können Sie die Ausstellung mit unseren Kunstvermittler/innen entdecken und mehr über die Arbeiten *nest bau* und *Languor* erfahren.
Every Sunday at 4 pm you can discover the exhibition with our art educators and learn all about Nina Vobruba's installation nest bau and Malte Zander's work Languor. (Guided tour in German).

dis kursive
Reale Utopie – Träume – Räume – Alltag
Do *Thu* 23/1 2020, 18 Uhr 6 pm

Ein Abend mit Nina Vobruba und Gästen
An evening with Nina Vobruba and guests

Finissage
So *Sun* 26/1 2020, 17 Uhr 5 pm

Katalogpräsentation & Künstler/innengespräch
Publication Launch & Artists Talk
mit *with* Nina Vobruba & Malte Zander, moderiert von Kurator *moderated by curator* Lucas Gehrmann

Zur Ausstellung erscheinen zwei Kataloge mit Texten der Herausgeber/innen und der Jurymitglieder, mit Künstler/innengesprächen sowie einem Abbildungsteil.
Two catalogues with essays by the editors and members of the jury, conversations with the artists, and an illustration/photo section will be published, in conjunction with the exhibition.



Langeweile gehört sich nicht.

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*Jury of the University of Applied
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Texte *Texts*
Lucas Gehrman
Eleanor Woodhouse, S. pp. 7–9

Redaktion *Editing*
Lucas Gehrman
Eleanor Taylor
Martin Walkner

Übersetzung *Translation*
Susanna Fahle

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Antoine Begon

Druck *Print*
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Daniel Trumpf, S. p. 10
Nina Vobruba, S. pp. 10–12
Malte Zander, S. pp. 5–9

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