

Bernhard Rüdiger

FAILED AGAIN (SEVENTH TRUMPET)

PIRAN CIVIC GALLERY
22. 5. – 23. 8. 2026

MODEL FOR LA BALLATA DELLE MADRI 2010

glass, speaker, concrete, copper, and audio recording of Pier Paolo Pasolini's poem *La ballata delle madri*, two elements



This is a piece composed of three elements, one of which is acoustic, where one can hear my voice reading a poem by Pier Paolo Pasolini, *La ballata delle madri*, *The Ballad of the Mothers*. It is a very aggressive poem on Italian culture, for Italians from the year 1964, where he is asking the question: How did we come to these non-human beings, actors of what we would call today a neo-capitalist world without any human approach, and he connects these aggressive and savage attitudes to a self-centered upbringing instilled by mothers. One can hear this very aggressive poem in a loudspeaker, which supports the glass structure. The glass structure tunes the sound down so that one can hear it as being suffocated. The glass element is a perfect geometric structure that is made in a golden ratio; the empty glass volume is holding a smaller one in its middle. On the other side, there is the same volume, but in concrete. It is a kind of tomb, a monument that, like the Baroque musical form known as the "tomb", mourns the absence of one of the greatest poets, Pier Paolo Pasolini.

PIER PAOLO PASOLINI, MOTHERS BALLAD

from Poetry in the form of a rose, 1964

I wonder what kind of mothers have you had.
 If they could see you now at work
 in a world they don't know,
 taken in an endless circle
 of experiences so different from theirs,
 what look would they have in their eyes?
 If they were there, while you, conformists and
 baroques,
 are writing your article
 and you give it to editors who are used
 to all kind of compromise, would they recogni-
 se you?

Coward mothers, with an ancient fear on their
 face,
 which (the fear) is like a disease
 that warps features with paleness,
 obfuscates them, distances them from the
 heart,
 and lock them in the old moral rejection.
 Coward mothers, poor them, troubled from
 the idea
 that their children will know cowardness
 to ask for a work place, to be realistic,
 to not offend priviliged souls,
 to protect themselves from any pity.

Lousy mothers, who have learnt
 with a child-humility
 only one bare meaning about us,
 with souls in a damned world
 wich doesn't give pain nor joy.
 Lousy mothers, who didn't have
 for you a single word of love,
 if not a meanly mute, beastly love
 and in this love they raised you,
 harmless to the real call of your heart.

Servile mothers, used for centuries
 to bow their heads without love.
 to transmit to their fetus the ancient, shame-
 ful secret
 of contenting yourselves with the remains of
 the feast.

Servile mothers, who taught you
 how the servant can be happy
 hating who is, like him, in chains,
 how he can be content and safe
 cheating and doing what he doesn't say.

Fierce mothers, focused on defending
 the little that bourgeoises own,
 the normality and the salary,
 with the rage of the ones who take their reven-
 ge
 or the ones who are under an absurd attack.
 Fierce mothers who said you:
 "Survive! Think about yourself!
 Don't have any pity or respect
 for anybody, harbor in your chest
 your vulture's integrity!"

There they are, your coward, lousy, servile,
 fierce, poor mothers!
 They are not ashamed from the knowledge of
 you
 being arrogant in your hate.
 This is just a tears' valley.
 The world is yours in this way:
 brothers in the opposite passions,
 or opponent homelands,
 that refuse being different and (refuse)
 to answer to the savage pain of being humans.

BUNKER NOSE 2026

black stoneware terracotta, soot, and iron



It is a very recent piece that I have just finished. It is directly linked to *Bunker Brain*, because *Bunker Brain* was in the beginning a model created to imagine a bunker, where my works could be stored without disturbing people after my death. *Bunker Brain* is using a distorted twin fullerene structure, each being finished on the top with a pentagon. In my Bunker project these pentagons were the beginning of twin tubes going to the outside of the earth to have the air and the light come in. The terracotta elements of *Bunker Nose* were built in precarious equilibrium on the top segments of the iron piece *Bunker Brain*. Afterwards, I decided to separate them, so that now there are *Bunker Brain* and *Bunker Nose* sculptures, the latter being these vital tubes where the air is going through to our brain. The nose provides humans, and more generally mammals, with the most direct and shortest access to the brain. The terracotta chimneys of *Bunker Nose* are covered in soot, as a reference to all the bad air that I have smelled since I began my life 62 years ago.

CYMBAL (THISTLES)

2004

bronze



Cymbal (Thistles) belongs to a workgroup of bronze pieces created in 2004 in direct relation to *Manhattan Walk (After Piet Mondrian)*. In the first expositions where I showed the photographic piece, this was always installed as a horizon behind other pieces experimenting through different materials with similar topics. The three *Cymbals* that I created were produced at the same time as *XX°FIN*, with the first bell I cast resonating every 47 seconds. In the exhibition viewers are brought in a situation of extreme awareness through this invasive sound, again and again. These works are in direct relation to the mechanism of trauma. Trauma is a process, in which a person under extreme stress loses one's sensibility, as it can happen to soldiers in a war. It is so awful and so terrible to live through a given situation that one's body stops recording the experience. In art, would it be possible to imagine a new kind of perception without experience? If important moments of our life are lost during a traumatic absence of experience, something nevertheless happens differently. One can experience the absence, or suspended time as the blocked present. In my works, sound is linked to this new experience of time. Hanging from the roof of the gallery, *Cymbal (Thistles)* is a bell, on which one can hammer. In the middle of the piece is a skull, one that I found in the woods in the Alps, abandoned by poachers, with a deadly bullet hole right in the middle of the skull. *Cymbal* took shape beginning from this very hole. I used thistles to build the upper arriving tube for the hot bronze to reproduce the skull. The teeth of the same skull were holding the bell that I modelled in wax. In the casting process, dried thistles, the bone of the skull and the wax of the bell were burned out. This empty space is then filled with the molten bronze, which by cooling down becomes hard metal. When a visitor hammers on the bronze, it starts to emit a sound, harmonic waves, which are vibrations that run through the bronze, giving this dead body a new life.

FOUR BLUE NIGHT SPOTS (NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST) 2021

mixed media on paper, aluminum, steel, resin, and insects



In my workshop, I often experiment with processes doing things without anticipating any result. I was simply applying ink and different types of paints, which are not compatible, on a paper sheet. For example, with alcohol paints and then water colors, the alcohol is moving away from water, so that the shapes of these *Four Blue Night Spots* were created by a chemical process of incompatible solvents. These strange shapes were produced this way and were hanging in my workshop over several years making me think about the night, about the question of a radical night that our biotope is facing. In 2021, I simply cut these shapes out of the paper board to which I attached dried insects that I bought on the internet on collectors' market places. The paper and the insects are covered with a transparent inclusion resin so that they are glued to the backside of the paper. Through the process of putting resin on the paper, it becomes transparent and a new painting becomes visible on the backside. *The Four Blue Night Spots'* shapes are therefore produced by chance. Sometimes that produces strange shapes and colors, and an unusual relation to insects. They are suspended in space, but also suspended in time, at a given moment on a frozen night.

BUNKER BRAIN
2026

iron



Bunker Brain is an iron piece hanging from the roof. It consists of two twin structures assembled with 230 identical iron elements. This kind of structures was pioneered by Buckminster Fuller, a designer, who, in the process of trying to make a perfect map of the world, proceeded through triangulation and rediscovered the geometry of Platonic perfect spheres. Through this understanding of the geometric structure, he invented tensegrity, which means that one can build a structure integrating the tension and pushing, which are equivalent. A fullerene sphere could in theory be immensely big and these techniques are used today to build bridges for example. In an architectural installation of 2006, I took the first experimental sphere that Buckminster Fuller made in 1953 with identical sticks finding through tensegrity their own position to create a perfect sphere of triangles, pentagons and hexagons. But my structure was not perfect, as it contained a mistake that deformed the perfect sphere, as if it would have been changed by a cancer mutation becoming thus organic, a Pathogenic Fullerene. What we see in *Bunker Brain* is exactly the same process, through mistakes the two spheres grow together like two parts of our brain. The spectator is invited to step inside this piece, because if one does, as was the case with several of my pieces from the end of the 1980s and the beginning of the 1990s, the process of perception changes radically. One sees the exhibition differently because one is looking through a pathological brain that makes one see a different reality.

JOHN IN PINOCCHIO'S CLOTHING

2017

bronze, painted porcelain, and inner tube



This piece is dedicated to John Cockin, who was an unusual and interesting man, who was the bell caster who taught me how to cast my bells. John died in an accident and his family asked me to make a work for a little chapel and I cast a bronze piece with a bell, but the work was never installed. After a long time, I used this bell by connecting it to a Pinocchio nose. Pinocchio is an important figure to me for his wooden nature; his body is wooden on the inside as it is on the outside. Pinocchio has no skin, or on the contrary it is only skin. Consequently concepts such as »being intimate« or »internal« are not familiar to him as they are to us humans. In this sense, the figure of Pinocchio is a free figure, a vital figure. This too was a quality of John and therefore I let John suit Pinocchio's clothing by adding its very long nose to the bell. The black porcelain nose was very difficult to do. The numerous and very long failed attempts at making Pinocchio's nose also became an important experience to me, from which the *Failed again (Seventh Trumpet)* sculptures originate. To hold Pinocchio's nose against the bell, I used a big tire and by making a knot, I wrapped it around the bell. Finally, it is the pressure of the inflated air that keeps everything together. If one wants to play the bell that is not possible, because the tyre tube is blocking the sound, while at the same time its knot is holding the nose. Here, the air has here a vital significance to me. The pneumatic quality of the sculpture, as if it were a kind of breathing lungs, produces a knot which ties the two mineral elements together, which are frozen after being shaped through fire and its high temperature burning process.

GINO'S EYE 2021

pencil on terracotta and plaster

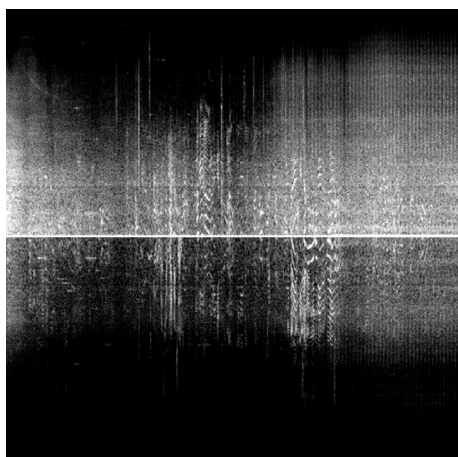


This piece is dedicated to Gino De Dominicis, who was a strange performative, drawing and painting artist of the generation of the 1970s in Italy. He produced extremely absurd pieces, such as a cube of empty space that was simply a square drawn on the ground. Gino didn't allow his works to be photographed. He believed in the total present; this total present made him work on the Mesopotamian myth of Gilgamesh, king of Sumerian city-state Uruk, who went to the Underworld to get back his friend Enkidu, revolting against death and believing only in the present time. In 1990, Gino produced a golden triptych, one of the pictures showing a personal geometrical interpretation of the Sumerian cosmos. I cut out the elements of this cosmos from a very thin white terracotta that I modelled in the shape of a loudspeaker, or something that is blowing up. On its outside, I drew with a pencil the landscape of the destroyed Hiroshima. To realize my drawing, I used a documentary film showing in 360-degree tour the aftermath of the bombing made by Japanese military services shortly after the bombing.

MANHATTAN WALK (AFTER PIET MONDRIAN)

2002

(NY2 Glockenspiel) Broadway West, Manhattan Bridge, April 10, 2001, 4:36 pm.,
acoustic recording transferred onto photographic paper, mounted on PVC tube



The two paper rolls on the back wall of the main exhibition space are reproducing a kind of landscape. They are photographic transfers of recorded sounds on light-sensitive paper. This project is based on the process of walking and recording that began in 1999 on the border of Israel and Palestine. I was living in a house on the border of the East Jerusalem and in front of me were all the houses that were destroyed. This was the valley leading to the Lamentation Wall and at times of the Muslim prayers, there were hundreds of imams singing prayers into very bad loudspeakers, producing all together an overpowering sound-wave. At the time, I was interested in how documentary photography began to be a part of artistic process, but I was also disturbed by how many artists were trying to reproduce a kind of affected and fake reality. In this particular situation

on the border, I thought I should make photos that would register it objectively and disable the figural power of fakeness at the same time. I decided to use another kind of waves to illuminate photo-sensitive paper—sound waves that I recorded while walking on the border. Back in Paris, I put myself to work and at the moment, when I was ready to start the shooting, the Second Intifada, a major uprising by Palestinians against Israel, began, so I could no longer walk on the border without taking the risk to record people suffering or dying. A year passed and I finished up with revisiting my idea, when it was apparent that this war won't end any time soon. I decided to go to the profit-driven place, from which the Israeli war is mainly financed. It is another border, even if we don't see it at first glance. I decided to begin my walks at the World Trade Center in Manhattan in April 2001. I was walking all day long through New York beginning from the World Trade Center with two zoom microphones left and right, trying to record the sounds of this ongoing war even if it was so far away. When I got back to France, it took me a long time to transfer the sound on photographic paper rolls. But in between April 2001 and the first exhibition in Cologne in the beginning of 2002, the attack of September 11, 2001, happened. Consequently, the content of the image also changed substantially. The World Trade Center became an object of catastrophe itself. The rolls that we see here in Piran are around two minutes long and recorded on Broadway West going to Manhattan Bridge. It is a documentary sound even if visitors don't recognize at first hearing that these are real sounds, traces of a given historical moment. This difficulty is very important to me in the process of perception. Everyone has to make an imaginative effort, even if it is immediately clear that we are in front of something real that organizes the white traces on paper. This effort becomes even more powerful when one reads the subtitle that states *Broadway West Manhattan Bridge, April 10, 2001, 4:36 PM*. One is immediately drawn into a specific moment in history experiencing that something essential is missing. This was a very important step in my work, because I understood the relation to the trauma, which is this moment when something happened that one cannot recognize, an absent object that can only be reconstructed.

From serie FAILED AGAIN! (SEVENTH TRUMPET)

This series of works gives the name to the exhibition. It was created in years 2018-2021. The starting point of each of these attempts to produce a *Seventh Trumpet* is the use of an element that has failed. It begins with porcelain elements that have initially been done for another piece that we have at the exhibition, namely *John in Pinocchio's Clothing*. In the attempt to produce a black porcelain straight nose I mixed some oxide to the porcelain that makes it too weak to withstand the highest temperature in burning process. So these porcelain elements were distorted and melt. This is the starting point, the connection of something failed and hollow that could have produced a trumpet very near to its origin as a horn to blow. Imagining a sound of archaic horns plays a central role here. I connected it to the image of the *Seventh Trumpet of the Apocalypse According to John*. In his apocalyptic vision, time is slowing down according to each trumpet sound, until the seventh, upon which time is reversed and literally eaten up. Time comes to a stop after a kind of hallucinatory accelerating reversal where all that happened is reabsorbed before the eternal still stand; this is the end of life on this Earth. It is a kind of total absence of time, an eternal present, where every possibility of change has been banned. I've been seriously affected by history in my work and more specifically by sudden catastrophic events like the crash of the Twin Towers on September 11, 2001. In the exhibition, the *Seventh Trumpets* are presented in front of the photographic rolls of the *Manhattan Walk (After Piet Mondrian)* that I made in April 2001 at the World Trade Center in New York trying to capture the sounds of war. But with this series of apocalyptic trumpets, I discovered that catastrophe is not only a serious matter, but can be viewed in a humorous way, and can affect us much more when presented as a joke. My *Seventh Trumpets* always have multiple apertures, they have holes, or are stuck together so that they cannot make a sound. If one wants to blow one of the trumpets to make them emit the apocalyptic sound, this will fail. This is for me an important and vital element. This is a form of humor that can produce laughter; and there is nothing more vital than that uncontrolled movement of our body as we laugh. Laughter is a vital act of refusal.

FAILED AGAIN! (SEVENTH TRUMPET, EPISODE NO.2)
2018

sipo mahogany wood and porcelain



FAILED AGAIN! (SEVENTH TRUMPET, EPISODE NO.1)
2018

holly and sipo mahogany wood, aluminum, and iron



FAILED AGAIN! (SEVENTH TRUMPET, EPISODE NO.5)
2021

cherry wood, porcelain, and bronze



EMERGENCY BRAKE (TO BLOW IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, MISUSE WILL BE PUNISHED)

2025

porcelain, painted terracotta, aluminum, wool fabric, larch and beech wood



This is a recent piece from 2025. The dark terracotta bells in the middle were produced at Terra Symposium in Vojvodina, Serbia. It was important for me to create bells with the clay from the actual ground there. This is an impure clay, full of shells and other dead bodies from the ancient Pannonia seabed and normally this kind of clay would be unable to produce sound, but in the end it works. On both sides of the bells, two trumpets, which are somehow continuing the series *Failed Again (Seventh Trumpet)*. Here the trumpets could be blown, they are not failing, but this is exactly the point. In this piece the visitor is instructed not to blow them; the title is quite explicit. Just as there is an emergency brake on trains that one should not use, the *Seventh Trumpet of the Apocalypse According to John* should not be blown, because if one does, it will resonate and this is the sign for time to go backwards, or more exactly to be eaten up, as Saint John does by swallowing the very text that he is writing. We should not blow them, even though our recent time invites us to do so. If the sound of the *Seventh Trumpet* comes, life as we know it will be over, and we will fall into a radical presence, into eternity.

FILM
1990

transferred 16 mm film, color, silent, 9:35 min



Film is a piece from 1990. It is a rare experience in my work, but it has been important. Today, I see it as a kind of auto-portrait of myself as a young artist at work. As is often the case with my installations from the end of the 1980s, a wall constricts and alters the exhibition space. A sheet of glass divides the room in half, making the area behind it inaccessible. This minimalist installation presents images from a 16 mm film that is projected onto the surface of the opaque finish of the glass. The opening shot shows me unrolling a large roll of white fabric and manually beginning to unroll it horizontally. The frame then focuses solely on the long sequence of block-lettered text traced onto the canvas. The phrases chase one another past the stationary camera. One gets the impression of a speech shouted—and thus delivered with effort, yet with determination and urgency. The poetic sentences are peremptory. The images interrupt these sequences and appear almost as a liberation. For me the relation of shouted sentences taking all our attention and the iconicity of the images that are immediate to our brain was an important step in the evolution of my work.

Scene 3
FINDING OUT THROUGH A PROBABILITY CALCULATION
THAT YOU GOT HURT PRECISELY BECAUSE IT WAS
YOUR TURN IS UNNERVING IF YOU WANT TO JUMP OFF
MY BACK GO AHEAD BUT DON'T TELL ME

Scene 6
I'VE CARRIED TWO THOUSAND YEARS BEHIND MY LEFT
EAR AND ON THE OTHER SIDE I STILL CAN'T HEAR

Scene 7
YOU'RE LEFT BREATHLESS WHEN YOU FEEL A
HAMMER BEATING IN YOUR HEAD ONE TWO THREE
WITHOUT STOPPING NOTHING IS FOR FREE YOU'RE
THROWING EVERYTHING AT ME AND EVERY BLOW IS
PRECISE THE GRAMMAR OF THE IMAGE IS CRYSTAL
CLEAR NAKED TAKE AND THROW NOT A MEANS, BUT
A USE

Scene 9
WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN CONCEPTUAL, IT'S TRUE, BUT
THE GRIMNESS OF THE IMAGES CLINGING INSIDE YOU
LEAVES YOU HANGING BY YOUR SPLEEN FROM A NAIL
IN THE WALL

Scene 11
ABSOLUTELY HANGING

Scene 13
I NEED TO MOVE AT EVERY MOMENT EVERY MOMENT

Scene 15
IT GRABS YOU TIGHTLY BY THE SHOULDERS JUST ASK
ME FOR PERMANENT WORKS

Scene 17
I AM NOT TALKING ABOUT THE REPRESENTATION OF
VISION AS THE HEAVY FLUTTERING OF A MORAL COR-
RECTION I AM TALKING ABOUT THE VISION OF THE FA-
CULTY

Scene 21
ANYWAY >> DEATH

Scene 24
DOWN WITH THE RIGOROUS SILENCE UNDER THE
NAILS

Plants have always been important to me, especially weeds. Weeds have taken on a whole new significance as I dealt in my work with the phenomenon of the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945, namely the sudden coming back of weeds in this radically new desert in the first weeks after the explosion. Weeds filled up the space that has been emptied of life. They are the plants that can come back very quickly to where nothing else can exist and they colonize the space in a new way. I defined this working process at a time, when I was at Giverny in 2009, where Claude Monet lived and where his garden is. I borrowed the key and instead of painting the garden when the visitors to the garden were gone, I took out the weeds that Monet didn't want to have in his garden. At the time Monet had 17 gardeners to remove them. The process is simple; I took these weeds, put them on a piece of paper and destroyed them by hammer blows to make the color flow into the paper, as it is the case with an aquarelle technique. The colored liquid of the living plant explodes and goes into the paper reproducing the trace of the plant. Hammering was an important destroying process in relation to my works on Hiroshima at the time. Back in my workshop in Paris, I understood that I was not reproducing a landscape, but something that has a documentary quality. Weeds are related to a particular moment and context. The actual weed on paper documents a process of colonization in the larger sense of the word.

12 WEEDS FROM PARTSCHINS 2018

hammer transfer on paper



In 2018, I created the *Weeds* series, that one can see in the exhibition, in the South Tyrol Alps, in a place called Partschins, where my German family was hidden through the World War 2 and then stayed there. What is significant about this place is that this is a valley, where immigration has been really important from antiquity until today, so that South Tyroleans are an ethnical mix of everything imaginable, from Hannibal going through the valley to the Celtic peoples going to the Balkans. I better understood the political issue that has become the central point in these works.

12 WEEDS FROM LA RÉUNION 2019

hammer transfer on paper



In 2019, I created *44 Weeds from Réunion* which is an island in the Indian Ocean. From the 17th century onwards, it was colonized, mainly by France, which brought colonists and a great number of slaves from the African continent to the island. Those multiples layers of colonization and rebellious slaves' societies produced a huge number of different biotopes with weeds taking over the radical changes of colonizing societies.

12 WEEDS FROM PRISTINA 2022

inkjet on paper, a single-copy photographic edition from the notebook from 2018 of the same name



In the same year, I traveled to Pristina in Kosovo where I created a sketch book of 81 weeds, that is exposed as the photographic edition from 2022 in the show. Pristina is a city that has been destroyed through the war and re-constructed in a wild, neo liberal way with many empty spaces in between this new privatization of public space. Destruction and colonization are connected processes and the city is full of weeds everywhere, are colonizing and coming from a time in Yugoslavian economy when private gardens where a useful place in the middle of the city.

HIROSHIMA TREES

2013

pencil and acrylic on porcelain, aluminum



The explosion of Hiroshima is present four times in the exhibition. It is a very important topic to me, because it is the moment of the first atom bomb, and also because the bomb explodes so suddenly and expanding so quickly that human brain cannot imagine this time. One of the works that belongs to this research is *Hiroshima Trees*. These trees still standing vertically in this new desert have been obsessing me for long time. I've worked on the postcards from Hiroshima and this very strange touristic approach of American soldiers being there after 1945. By observing these postcards it becomes evident that the trees are still there. They don't have any branches anymore, but they are still there. And in the memories of survivors in Hiroshima, there is also the sudden coming back of nature with new plants and the weeds invading the place. In the middle of the weeds are these half dead irradiated trees. I've been trying to see through the drawing what these postcards of the empty place show; the trees are so small that one cannot really see them. I was drawing to represent, what is somehow still alive, but too undefined to be seen. *Hiroshima Trees* are drawn on cracked porcelain plates. I helped another artist to make these plates, but they broke in the process of burning, when the highest heat at 1300° Celsius make porcelain melt and expand. The plates cracked and couldn't come back to the right position. After finishing the drawing, I connected every broken branch with the top, or let's say with the sky, by painting color lines with the same colors used in other works of the time that I defined as abstract and not belonging to nature, following Piet Mondrian's idea during World War II.

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FAILED AGAIN! (SEVENTH TRUMPET, EPISODE NO.4)
2020

sipo mahogany wood, iron, painted ceramic, and porcelain



FAILED AGAIN! (SEVENTH TRUMPET, EPISODE NO.3)
2019

holly and sipo mahogany wood, aluminum, and porcelain



INSTANT MODERNE

2011

print of a 1930s map of Hiroshima, cut passe-partout, and painted frame,
stations 2-5 and 7-13



The title of this work is in French and I always have it in French, because this idea of modernity that I am speaking about, is linked to the very French idea of modern art. This work is produced like an edition piece with the same elements but organized differently in each frame, or station as I call it. The frame contains a reprinted map of Hiroshima of the 1930s. But one can see very little of it because the cardboard that is normally placed behind the exposed object in the framing process has been put in front of the map. Each cardboard has a different cut inside that is a circle of 2 cm wide that allows one to see the map behind. The expanding circles show the progression of explosion from its central point 150 meters above Hiroshima outwards. Starting from this point on the map, I produced 13 expanding stations. Another important element in the piece are the eight colors that I have defined, in a similar way as in the *Hiroshima Trees*, as abstract and not belonging to nature, following Piet Mondrian's idea during World War II. The eight colors were given to the framer, asking him to paint each of the eight elements composing the frame with a different color, but to organize their order by chance, following any other rule. I asked him to assemble the frame without any guidelines. This is an important element for me regarding the not believable absurdity of the explosion in Hiroshima. This absurdity has been an important approach of the Dada artists after World War I and of the Fluxus movement after World War II. Absurdity is also linked to what one cannot measure and perceive, like the sudden explosion shown in the 11 stations that we exhibit here in Piran. It is such a short time that it cannot be quantified even if we can see it spatially on the map showing the stages of its progress.

TIME MACHINE 2011

terracotta and three metronomes



This is a piece that is also very strongly linked to Hiroshima. It belongs among several machines that I produced in my work that are time-measuring machines. They have a common characteristic of disrupting time, not working well, with time going back, time stopping, for example. These are always measuring machines. *Time Machine* is a very simple pendulum machine that has been done with three metronomes that are built to define the precise rhythm of unfolding time. The metronomes are at the lowest speed, but every metronome in one degree less than the other one so that these rhythms, being three and very similar, can only in a very rare case and only by chance come together. What interests me is that in this three-branch white terracotta house, where the metronomes are organized around an empty ground, which to me is always linked to the bombs and Hiroshima, one will always hear a rhythm that it is not regulated. The soft ticking of the metronomes fills the entire exhibition space, unconsciously immersing visitors in a place where time is out of sync, or out of joint, to use a wonderful verse of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*

UNKNOWN SOLDIER

2025

granite, motor, and fox cub skull



Unknown Soldier is a relatively recent piece. As it is often the case in my work, it consists of older elements, such as a motor-powered iron rod turning. When the rod touches the ground it cannot move forward so it goes back and touches the ground again, ad infinitum. This older element of the work has been produced during my research around time and mechanical approaches of Dada after World War I. I assembled it together with typical granite stones that originate from the village Partschins, the place where my German family lived in the Alps in the South Tirol region. The three stones of the sculpture have each a round cut-out on their top border. This refers to the ancient bronze culture in the Alps, where one can find this kind of hollow cutouts in important stones, presumably for burning oil as part of worshipping their religion of the stones. The three stones are fitted tightly together and one of them touches a skull of a young fox that I found in the forest there, eaten up by a predator. Parallel to this, what I had in mind, were the awful pictures of the war in Ukraine, where these new killing machines, the drones, are flying over the soldiers hiding in their trenches and kill them. This is the reason for the monument to this unknown soldier or to all of these soldiers killed since World War I in this increasingly mechanical way.

UNTITLED (LEAD SHOE)

1989

lead, white lead oxyde, clay, and olive oil



This sculpture is named as such because it has a form of the shoe that is made out of lead. It belongs to a group of very old works from the end of the 1980s, when I was doing automatic sculptures, which means, that I was, in a very short time, with extreme violence, mashing material, paper, lead and other elements so that a kind of automatic iconic image could appear without any intention. *Untitled (Lead Shoe)* results to be an empty space within which there can be a kind of vital hole, even vagina, where life can come out. I was waterproofing the edges with fresh clay and filled the shoe up with olive oil, a material reminding me of how Joseph Beuys was using fat or other vital materials in his performances in the 1960s. We could say that this piece is an empty hole into which I put something that is vital. The piece remained in my workshop over five years and the inner surface was becoming whiter and whiter because of the acid oil which produces a highly toxic white lead oxide, when coming into with the lead surface. This process became central to me and when I moved out of my workshop from Milan in 1994, the lead sculpture was stored in a crate, with white oxide still developing over 30 years. Historically, the white lead oxide was used to produce white paint, which gradually turned black, as we can observe in the late medieval Cimabue frescos at the Basilica of Saint Francis Church in Assisi. Due to its toxicity, the Lead Shoe is now only presented within a vitrine.