

UBERMORGEN - No Limit

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Capitalist logic and the language based on it - Newspeak - enable psychopaths and perverse narcissists to wreak havoc in the core of our social system. Evil is banal, it is universal and it has a shared language. Evil transcends our imagination. The disciplinarian glance and the microphysics of power culminate in the subjective contemplation of the antisocial and narcissistic personality disorder and of Silicon Valley autism. These categories colonise our thought world and the collective madness homo sapiens is caught up in becomes symbolically visible. Madness is an evolutionary advantage (Pääbo): no limit. The psychopathology of disturbances and the lack of empathy lead to the discovery of glitches and mutations. Antisocial homo sapiens is coldblooded and manipulative; he is hardwired to seek his own advantage and will stop at nothing. A Starbucks Vanilla Latte is worth more than the life of a human being. The 'Other' is reduced to the function of bearing witness to one's own grandiosity and one's own monstrosity, 'it' becomes part of the narcissist's inflated ego. As individuals we have acquired the knack of holding our own against psychopaths, as a society we are powerless. As a collective we fail to take evil into consideration, the Californian wolf in sheep's clothing, and therefore face extinction. Existing as human beings is unthinkable without empathy, nevertheless empathy ranks as a human handicap. Human beings without empathy do not deserve that name. We cast a limitless glance at a highly dysfunctional family (grandmother, mother, father, daughters, sons), at causes and effects and extrapolate from individual fault clusters to society. What is evil per se becomes 'hyperreal' if it is made visible and it can then be controlled (Baudrillard). Post-capitalist logic and the language resulting from it - Doublespeak - will make it impossible for psychopaths, Californian autists and perverse narcissists to wreak havoc in the core of our social system. This is a fictitious exhibition. Any resemblance to real persons or circumstances is unintended and purely coincidental. Curated by Michelle Kasprzak - <http://no-limit.org>

Andrea and Olivia

The little child is standing on a rough bath rug next to the bathtub. The two little feet take up the entire rug. The water in the tub is freezing. The house is unheated. It is winter and the child is crying softly. It must have a bath and wash. Afterwards it is rubbed dry with a rough bath towel until the thin, almost transparent skin turns red. Its long brown hair is dripping with water that is running down the back of this little child. There is no mirror anywhere in the whole house. Mirrors foster self-love. The mother is somewhere in the house, a dry, sugarless cake is being baked in the oven. The father works in an office. In the house there are no sweets, no TV, no basic colours. The child lives in a toned down, deadened world. There are no comics and no gym shoes and there is no unconditional love. All sounds are muted and the child is alone. As if it had been marooned on an island. The child feels alone. In the house where it grows up there is no empathy. The impact of the external world dictates life inside, self-denial and self-chastisement life outside. There are no soft and round objects, everywhere, in the emotions as well as in the objects and the architecture, there are only edges, hard, sharp edges.

Annelies

The phone rings. She rushes to the small kitchen. Out of breath, she croaks her name into the receiver. 'Good morning, Mr President'. She is proud and unawed. The new commission means recognition, a boost to her ego and money. For a moment, her gaze settles on the fridge. It is littered with pictures of her grown-up children, their families and appropriate grandchildren. Pictures oozing happiness, shot in moments of contrived contentedness and perfection. Annelies knows about the disturbances of the people in this picture gallery. A faint whimper is to be heard from the upper floor. With a flush of anger she thinks of her children and grandchildren, who ought to pay her regular visits to shower her with praise and listen to her attentively. But every visit is also a major 'hassle'. She looks inside the fridge. She always feels peckish so she is on a continuous fast, yet eats all the time. Her son comes downstairs. He has soiled his pants. Annelies screams and sends the child away. She briefly reaches into the fridge, grabs several pieces of cheese and eats. The child comes down the staircase again, now wearing a blue T-shirt. His naked butt is still full of poo. He sits down in her beloved leather armchair. 'It really, really hurts when you ruin my things. You can either go upstairs now and clean your butt yourself or I'll do this for you with freezing water?' The son cries softly and goes away. Annelies stands in front of the leather armchair covered in poo. She feels revulsion at her life but she loves this leather armchair. It is her throne. Covered in poo.

Infirmière Visiteuse

Sometimes the Infirmière Visiteuse has to grin so hard her teeth are about to shatter. In the background, the yelling of a small child. Undisturbed, she sits on her antique sofa with a contented smile, sipping her black tea with just a drop of milk and two Nutrasweet. The baby next door is now screaming its head off. The Infirmière goes on about her youth, when her sister was born and when she was so pleased because now at last there was a baby for her to look after. Then she talks about her sister, who had given birth to her first child. She was looking after the baby. In the room next door the baby is now screaming with fear and hunger. Its screams gradually subside to moaning and wheezing. The Infirmière's head briefly indicates a glance in the direction of the children's room. At the mention of her sister's name the Infirmière reacts defensively. It seems her sister is for her one big disappointment and simply not important enough to waste more thought on her. In the old people's home she had never tolerated her sister at her table during meal times. Her sister's mere existence must have been extremely embarrassing and obnoxious to the Infirmière. Sometimes she dreams of her sister and of how that woman has to serve food to her and clean the flat. The Infirmière is now 100 years old. Smoked salmon has been the traditional Christmas dinner for 50 years.

Simon

Simon's father is the owner of a cafeteria. He is good-looking, entertaining and a tippler. He is liked by the patrons. At home he is an angry and frustrated man. He cannot stand the sight of his wife. He regrets having fathered children. He has difficulties bottling up his anger. Simon's mother is a good-looking housewife with serious alcohol-related problems. In the evening Simon often has to look on as his father gives his wife a thrashing. Mostly he goes to another room or he watches with interest. There are children who are born as wrecks. Simon is such a child. Soon his parents separate. In pre-school Simon is active in all directions. What gives him the greatest pleasure is getting other children to do things they do not want to do. At six, he persuades girls to go to the toilet with him. There he gropes their private parts and inserts his fingers into their vagina. He gets double pleasure out of forcing his friend, Fritz, to join in. Simon is an intelligent child. He is simply afraid of nothing and no one. At 10, he is an accident waiting to happen. He has no sense of right and wrong. He is now capable of killing. The years go by. One winter afternoon, Simon stands in the kitchen, a bloody knife in his hand and a grin on his face. His mother is lying in a pool of blood. Simon pulls down her jeans and inserts two fingers into her vagina. Simon is now ready for the world. He cannot wait to exert his power without restraint to maximise his lust.

Elliot

Elliot is looking at the waves of the Pacific. Standing at the Beach Parking Space, he watches two teenagers making out on a bench. He simply cannot understand how such a beautiful girl could have fallen for such a worthless guy. Elliot is completely isolated and alone. A childhood memory flashes through his head. He is getting angry. He continues recording his video. Then he cruises in his BMW through Santa Barbara, a city that is known for Michael Jackson's Neverland Ranch and the UCSB. For Elliot the life of a human being is worth no more than his Starbucks Vanilla Latte. He sees himself as the 'supreme gentleman', as a man who ought by rights to be courted by all women. At the same time he feels completely worthless. A nobody. Elliot is jealous and he is ashamed of it. He has never had sex yet. Why? These are things he simply cannot understand. He wears all the hip clothes and his accessories are all the flavour of the month. He has \$300 Armani sunglasses and drives the right car. Why do women ignore him? He feels slighted. His mother, Li-Chin, 'left' the family early on. To his father, Peter, a psychopath, outward appearances at home always mattered more than reality. What was functional earned praise, what was dysfunctional was ignored, cloaked in silence or suppressed. Elliot dreams of a world where women are kept in concentration camps. He is sitting in his car and behind him the sun is setting. The background looks like a huge plate of blood red soup. His life is a Gesamtkunstwerk, created by his father. Now Elliot is ready to kill. He hits the road.

Zoe

Zoe is 11 years of age. Her mother has always been sad ever since she and Zoe's father split up. Before that, Zoe and her mother used to cuddle a lot. Shortly after the split-up, Zoe's mother tried to commit suicide. After the divorce, it was her father who tried to kill himself. Zoe thinks about her father. She misses him a lot. She does not know any longer whom she can trust. Zoe is not hungry, she is cold. It is satisfying to feel that her body is cold and shaking. Often she deliberately puts on too few clothes in order to make herself cold. She does not notice how madness is creeping up on her. After all, she is only 11 years of age. By day she hallucinates. She kills children, slits open animals and sets houses on fire. She is at the end of her tether. She starts to cut her forearms. The razor blades are among the things her father left behind. The unbearable pressure disappears all of a sudden and she is again capable of thinking and feeling. No one says anything as long as she behaves 'normally'. Until the day the pressure becomes too much. Suddenly the floor of the school toilet is awash with blood and she lies there in a puddle of blood. Zoe is referred to the child psychiatry ward. Stick thin, vomiting, depressive and psychotic children creep along the white, bare corridors. Zoe is watched over by CCTV. Now she sits there all alone and feels as if her head is going to explode and her teeth are going to pop like popcorn. She cries into the pillow and sobs with pain. Her roommates turn round in bed and sleep on. Sometimes nurses waft along the corridor, like an eerie shadow play, like unreal spectres of the civilisation that surrounds them.

Anna

The little girl has to go into hospital. The child acts as if she were looking forward to it. She packs clothes, books and several soft toys for cuddling. The mother drives the girl to the hospital. While her small, red and blue chequered suitcase is being unpacked the ward sister - a nun - stands there motionless, watching her. She tells the girl that she has to choose one of the soft toys. Whichever she chooses will have to be incinerated when she leaves the hospital - for hygienic reasons and for her own protection. The child is afraid but refuses to let on. She chooses Punch, who is not a defenceless animal like the others but a powerful being who will forgive her for having consigned him to destruction. She divines that Punch's destruction will eliminate a witness who has become privy to dreadful happenings. At least Punch has a funny pointed cap, a nose that is not to be overlooked and is armed with a swatter. The white of the nun's habit is now impregnable and does not really admit any defence. The nun keeps on smiling contentedly. She gets hold of Punch and takes him along to the nurses' station. To teach her a lesson, the girl will be getting no food today. The nun makes a resolution to include the girl in her nightly prayers. After her spell in hospital, the girl imagines how Punch defies destruction and strikes all evil people dead, one after another, first the ugly nun and finally Death himself.