

--MISTAKES--

From the series [Bridges]

Every 1st of the month in 2017, I have a mini-exhibition at my house. In May, I am showing "**Mistakes**". This is one artwork (92 x 210 cm) consisting of 39 Bridge-Performances' photographs (10 x 15 cm), placed on 3 mapped wooden laths (2 x 210 cm), with 87 seal bags hanging from them containing balls of human hair.

Around the world, I am doing **Bridge-Performances**. These performances are the makings of photographs of me by tourists on bridges. In post-production, I experiment with these photographs to emphasise certain ideas. Such as the bridge as a metaphor, tourism vs. immigration, power structures, communication, authorship and personal development.

**The photographs** in the work "Mistakes" are a collection of Bridge-Performances' photographs, where you can see me smiling with closed eyes. The mistake-photographs: where the "photographer" pushed the button at the wrong moment, which is when I have my eyes closed.

The photographs are placed on 3 horizontal placed **wooden laths**, which have fragments of the current European map on them. Are these laths representing a timeline or a yardstick? With the exception of Cuba, all photographs are made during Bridge-Performances in Europe.

On the bottom of the wooden laths are hanging transparent little bags with **hair knots** in them. Hair from the artist collected over time. The tangled hairballs look to me like insects, each with their singular character. They are presented in bags in order to securely observe them.

I am critical of tourism, and the process of travel and individual colonising by for example "**taking**" **pictures**. Through my eyes I can perceive the world. If I can see what is happening, then I can choose what to do and perhaps even direct from where I am standing. Is it so? To where do I want to travel and what for? I am free, therefore I must travel. Unlike the citizens in the former GDR, who were not allowed to travel, or the opposite current refugees who are forced because of war.

**Eyes closed, I don't want to see it** (it is inhumane). I can't see it (I haven't learned anything about it). I am not able to see it (it is too entrenched and complicated). I can't handle to see it (I just don't want this brutality to be real). I don't want to see it (it is too much besides my own problems). Seeing it makes me feel responsible (if I don't do anything I am sort of agreeing with it by ignoring it). I don't want to see it (it has already happened, it is history). I close my eyes (I don't want to witness it). I don't want to see it (then maybe I can pretend it is not happening) I don't want to see it (because I feel incapable of doing something about it). I don't want to face it. And therefore I correct history or even replace it. Or can it even be that I am doing something actively? By closing my eyes I am also not contributing. Whatever I do (or not do) I am failing. My history is happening while I am looking at it.

**Gallery 1 Flat Wall:**

Max-Beer-Straße 12, 10119 Berlin

**Opening:**

Monday 1 May 19:00-21.00

**And on appointment:**

1 - 21 May 2017

[www.kimengelen.com/bridges](http://www.kimengelen.com/bridges)

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