

## The Master and the Pattern Student Attributes.

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Ursula Reuter Christiansen and Janaina Tschäpe: Das Unheimliche. The Free Exhibition Building, until 5 September.

After Ursula Reuter Christiansen and Janaina Tschäpe's exhibition at Den Frie, I no longer dream of immunity, but of mortality; dark seriousness, fiery passion and the weight of centuries of cultural history. Das Unheimliche, as the exhibition at Den Frie looked obvious, but unspoken, has it all. The violent works of two German-born artists in a stubborn but reciprocal exchange of sincerity. Both brand new and 1990s-old works are included. Back from the time when Ursula Reuter Christiansen (b. 1943) was a professor at the Hochschule für bildende Künste in Hamburg, and Janaina Tschäpe (b. 1973) was her student. It is the first time since the teacher-student era that the two artists meet and cross art. Since then, Tschäpe has grown up and an internationally recognized artist, Reuter Christiansen, is 78 years old and still a great painter.

Around Willumsen's summery wooden room, both paintings sparkle from the walls. Reuter Christiansen, who has lived through a heavier part of Germany's history than Tschäpe, is most sinister - in deeper and more deadly colors and with a figurative understatement and anxious words, written directly in the pictures, as seen in Anselm Kiefer. Tschäpe paints abstract, filtered and far brighter, but with a certain systematics and graphic rigor in the tangle of curly strokes, lines and fields. There are plenty of connection points between the two, however. Clothes, performativity and German heritage simmer in both. Reuter Christiansen with his long robes on a clothesline under the title My clothes are my different identities (2021) and Tschäpe with the diary gouaches Self Portrait (2018-21) of face silhouettes; deep eye holes, suggestive mouths and smeared features.

Also in video and photo, Tschäpe is suckingly good. In the series Lacrimacorporus, a woman spins in the cross and kisses around in elegant chambers at Ettersburg Castle with Buchenwald threatening behind the green divide in the park outside. For insistent piano playing and with inflated condoms in a wreath around her neck, she spins like in a music box until she falls over, weighed down by the suffocating attributes.

Inside, Reuter Christiansen's rough voice and voiced s's are heard. She reads aloud from the text Skovsø, while plump water illuminates skovsø in the installation of the same name. A softened bench is about to drown along with a (really!) Daguerreotype of the artist's own great-grandfather. On the walls float women in green lakes and men in bogs by birch trees. If here smelled of anything, it would be of dusk and ancient forest. Oh, if only Pfizer wanted to mix German drama into my vaccine.

