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by Jean-Paul Gavard-Perret

Zentrum Paul Klee (ZPK), Bern, Switzerland, houses the world’s largest collection

of the work of artist Paul Klee. Designed by Italian architect  Renzo Piano, its form

and function provides a space “in which the encounter with art becomes reality.”

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*Catherine Gfeller,*

*A Year at Zentrum Paul Klee*

*Février 2015 – Janvier 2016*

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Zentrum Paul Klee (ZPK), in Bern, will host Swiss photo and video artist Catherine Gfeller throughout 2015. Gfeller will create a dozen “interventions” in dialogues with the art of Paul Klee in both obvious and less probable places designed to surprise the viewer. Installations will include performances, photography,  video and poetry.  The pieces will follow Klee’s works: “City of Dreams ” (Anfang eines gedichtes); a photograph within the framework of “Klee in Bern”; then “City in Fugues” (a video), “Secret of the Handbag” (another video, but held in the Cave of the Soul); a stretch-wrapping machine in the ZPK (“Installation in Toilet…”); “Make a movie with the artist”,”The festival of the Post-It” (a participative installation); “Artist Hard at Work” (performance); and, “Travel in the Country of the Best Knowledge”.

By the diversity of her approaches, the artist will pursue the creation of a unique work that is also a life plan − in the style of Sophie Calle, or of Orlan, but according to other strategies. Gfeller allows the viewer to experience all parts of her life, but in an inconvenient way. She cuts them into “multipartitas,” where the eye of the spectator gets lost more often than he or she is able to seize upon the entire subject.

In every project, an architectural structure carries the reality in unforeseen echos that question Fixedness and Univocity. Gfeller gives the reality a beauty “off frames,” “off place,” which is never trivial. She gives a soul to beings and places that seem to have lost her − and the whole − with a constant irony.  With any certainty of result, every project explores reality in a vital and fragile gap. Life is reinvented in every place or project. Life is built in stories or fates far from any lyric, but with a flavor that invites musing in a topographic grammar where the measure of differences is gauged in the metrics of diverse “relationships.” In *Exile of the exile,* the works teach that bones are the skeleton of the air, and the words its flesh. From this, the question arises: Of what air are we made?

editor@ragazine.cc. http://ragazine.cc/art/