

MARC BAUER

# Panorama, Todtnauberg

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*A polar day, which will not see  
A sunset till its summer's gone,  
Its sleepless summer of long light,  
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:*

*Lord Byron, The Prisoner of Chillon (1816)*

From Byron to Friedrich, Rousseau to Heidegger, the saturation of the Romantic image pervades the European consciousness and the rural idyll. But then as is well known a lie becomes a truth when it fabricates a myth. Marc Bauer's installation for Statements challenges the relationship between myth and meaning, as if myth becomes a deterministic necessity when assimilating the past. By using Elfriede Jelinek's Todtnauberg as a satirical take on Heidegger's village hut at Todtnauberg in the Black Forest, Bauer deconstructs and exposes not only the simulated introspective poses of rural life that Heidegger pursued, but also suggests how the philosopher moulded the later realities of his life to accord with his existential ideas of the Dasein. The philosopher's major contribution to twentieth century philosophy was that he fused together being and existence into a shared immanence of 'being-in-the-world'.

**I am pleased with my existence (Ich bin mit meinem Dasein zufrieden).**

The Heideggerian idealisation of rural life, is exorcised by three component elements by Bauer. Through an installation of drawings, sculpture and sound, Bauer simultaneously signifies and destabilises Heidegger's rural reveries. The space is divided into two distinct areas of interpretation, the first containing the drawings and the second focus is an aural space echoing and illustrating arguments about the nature of rural being. The drawings and printed elements in the first evoke a sense of the original (authenticity is central to Heidegger's concept of being-existence), and alternative simulations through prints glued to the wall. The fact that you can hardly tell them apart intentionally frames the critique that is being played out. As does the use of wall drawings, a seeming light-hearted parody and witty play on ideas of primal existence. The false instincts of Nature and Naturphilosophie being part of the Romantic myth that continues to be promulgated. Based on and inspired by Jelinek's critical monologues that expose the false claims of authenticity presented by Romantic rural life. They show the archetypal Matterhorn and a series of stereotypical inhabitants (farmers and hunters) of a supposed rural idyll. A scaled down model (50cm) of Heidegger's hut stands directly on the floor. The accompanying sound piece is placed at or near the rear wall, and as the viewer approaches he/she hears the enthusiastic argumentations given by an actor reciting Jelinek's monologue. Snatches of the dialogue have been extracted and also appear on the walls within the main space of the installation.

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May 2008



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**Drawing, pencil and black pen on  
paper, 286cm x 205cm, 2008**



**Digital Print, 300cm x 400cm, 2008**



Digital print, 300cm x 400cm, 2008



3 portraits, pencil and black pen on paper, 30cm x 30cm, 2008  
Digital print, 300cm x 400cm, 2008



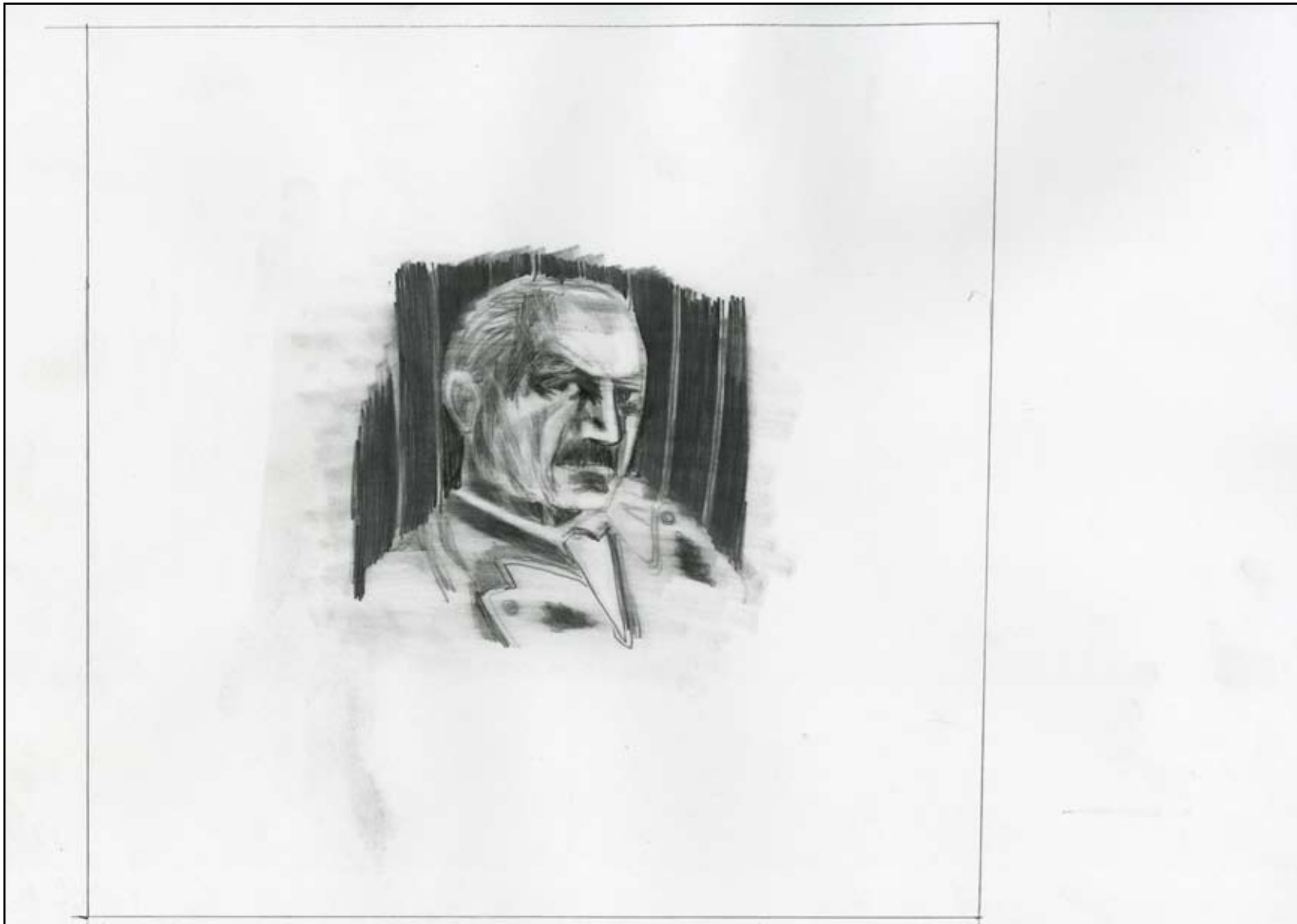
Drawing pencil and black pen on paper, 286cm x 205cm, installed on a wooden pannel, 2008  
Sculpture 33cm x 45cm x 25cm, black plaster



Set of 24 drawings, pencil and black pen on paper, 33cm x 45cm, 2008



sound piece, 7 minutes, cd stereo, 2008  
1 drawing, pencil on paper, 33cm x 45cm, 2008,



**Drawing, pencil and black pen on paper, 33cm x 45cm, 2008**



**Drawing, pencil and black pen on paper, 30cm x 30cm, 2008**



**Drawing, pencil and black pen on paper, 30cm x 30cm, 2008**

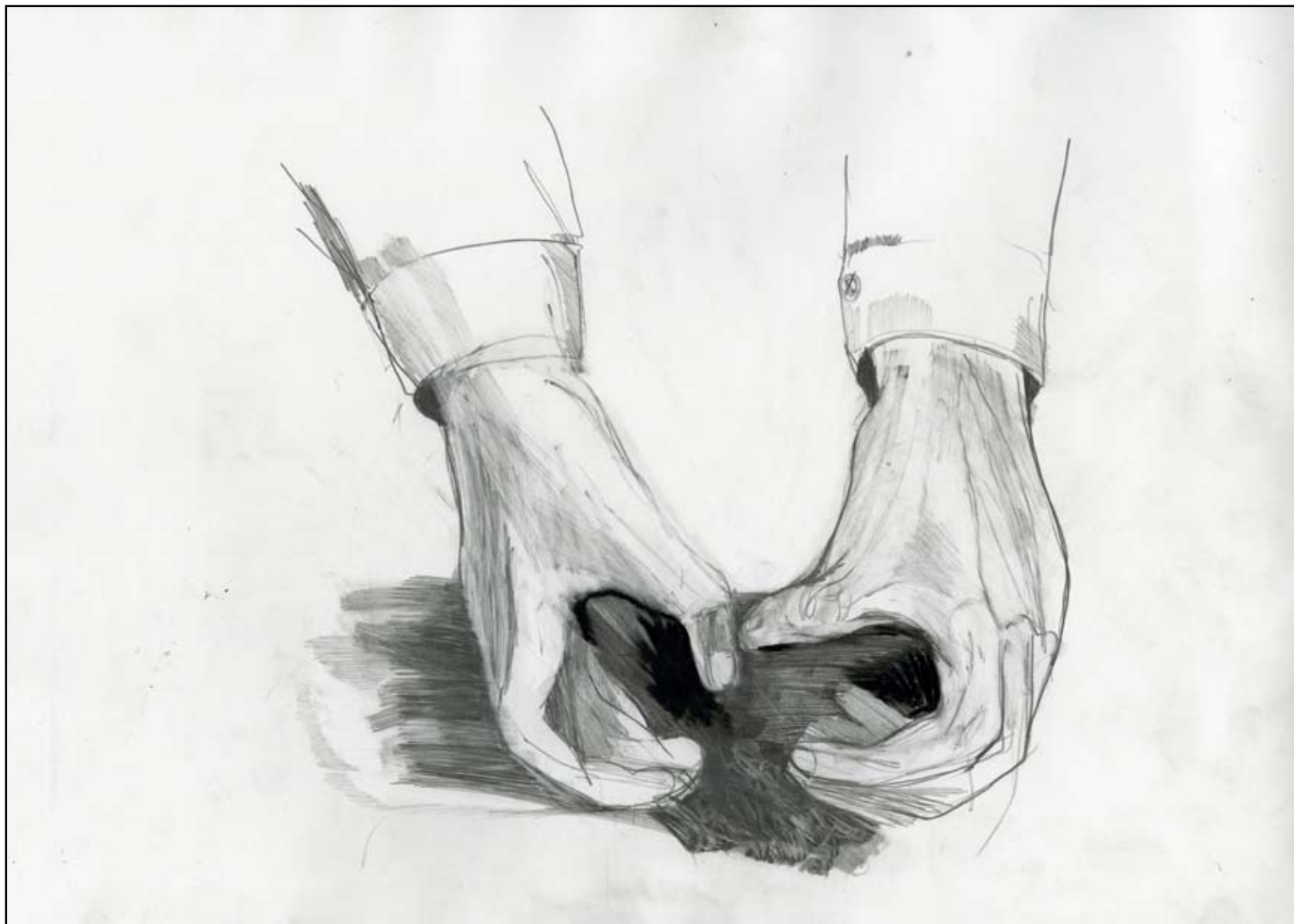




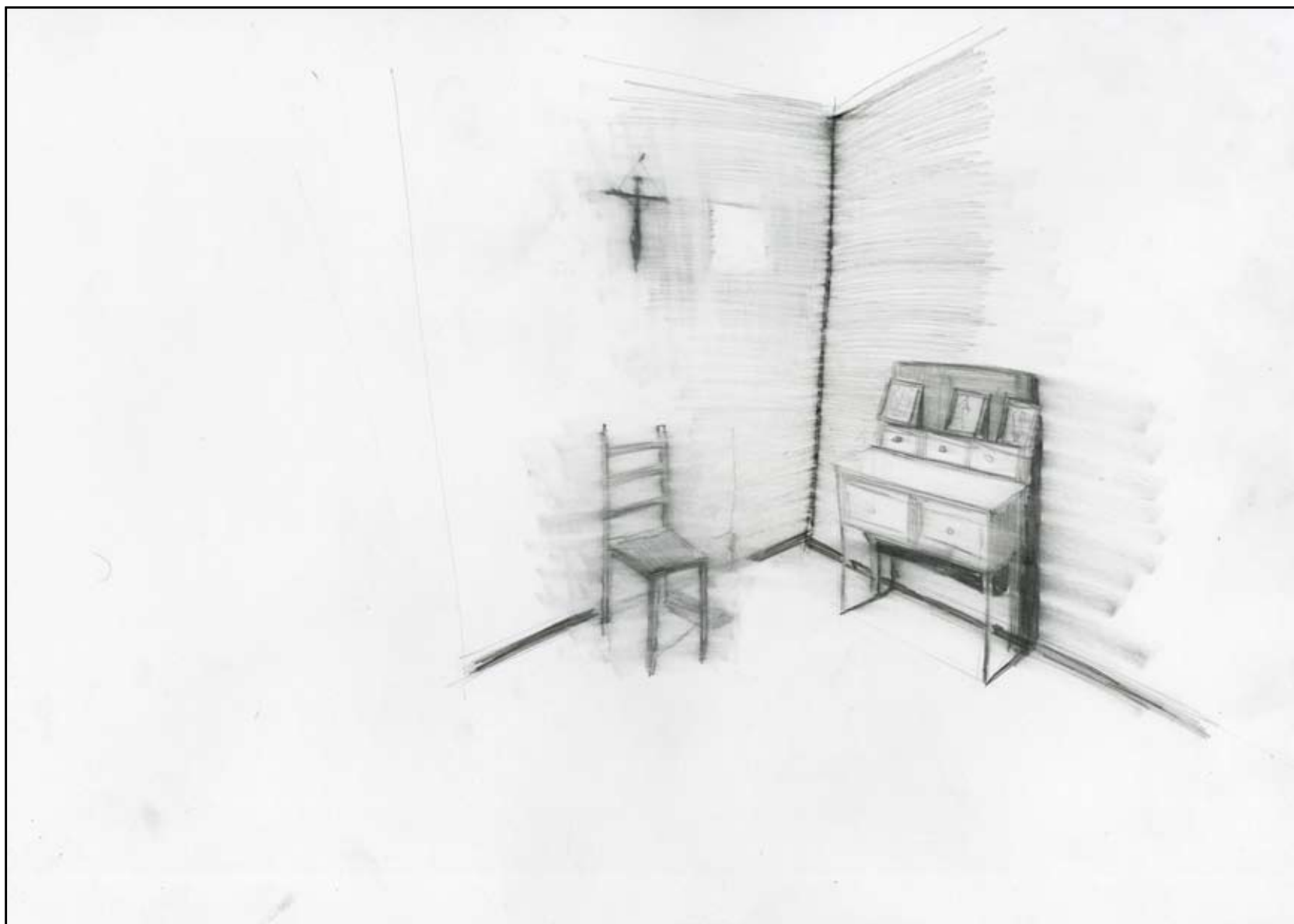
**Drawing, pencil and black pen on paper, 33cm x 45cm, 2008**



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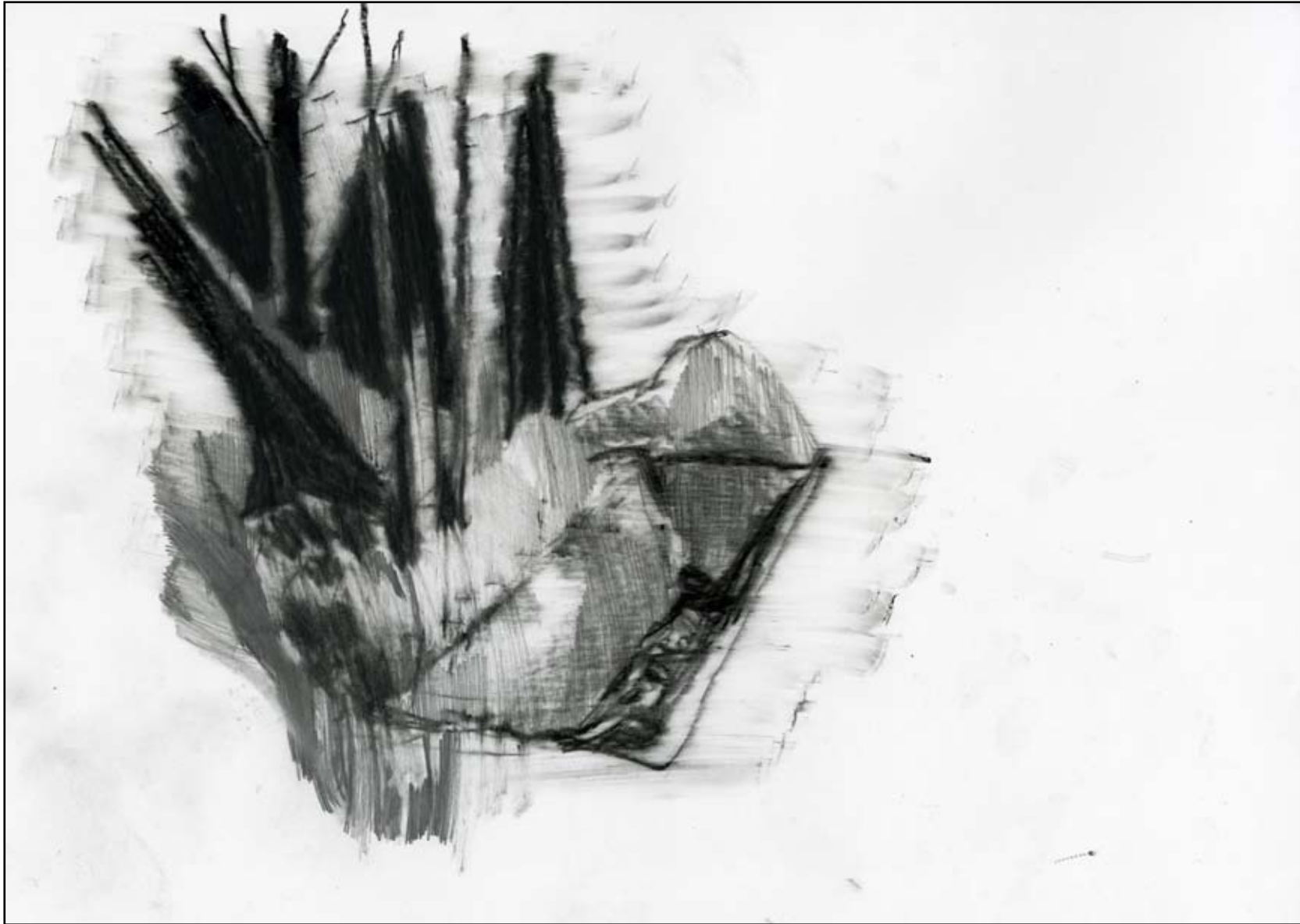
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**Drawing, pencil and black pen on  
paper, 45cm x 33cm, 2008**



History is meaningless.

You can't call this Earth anymore! They tear the roots from our graves in the forest. We warm each other in snow-covered cabins, nothingness piled up high. Above our heads, nothing, inflated waves.

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**Drawing, pencil and black pen on  
paper, 45cm x 33cm, 2008**



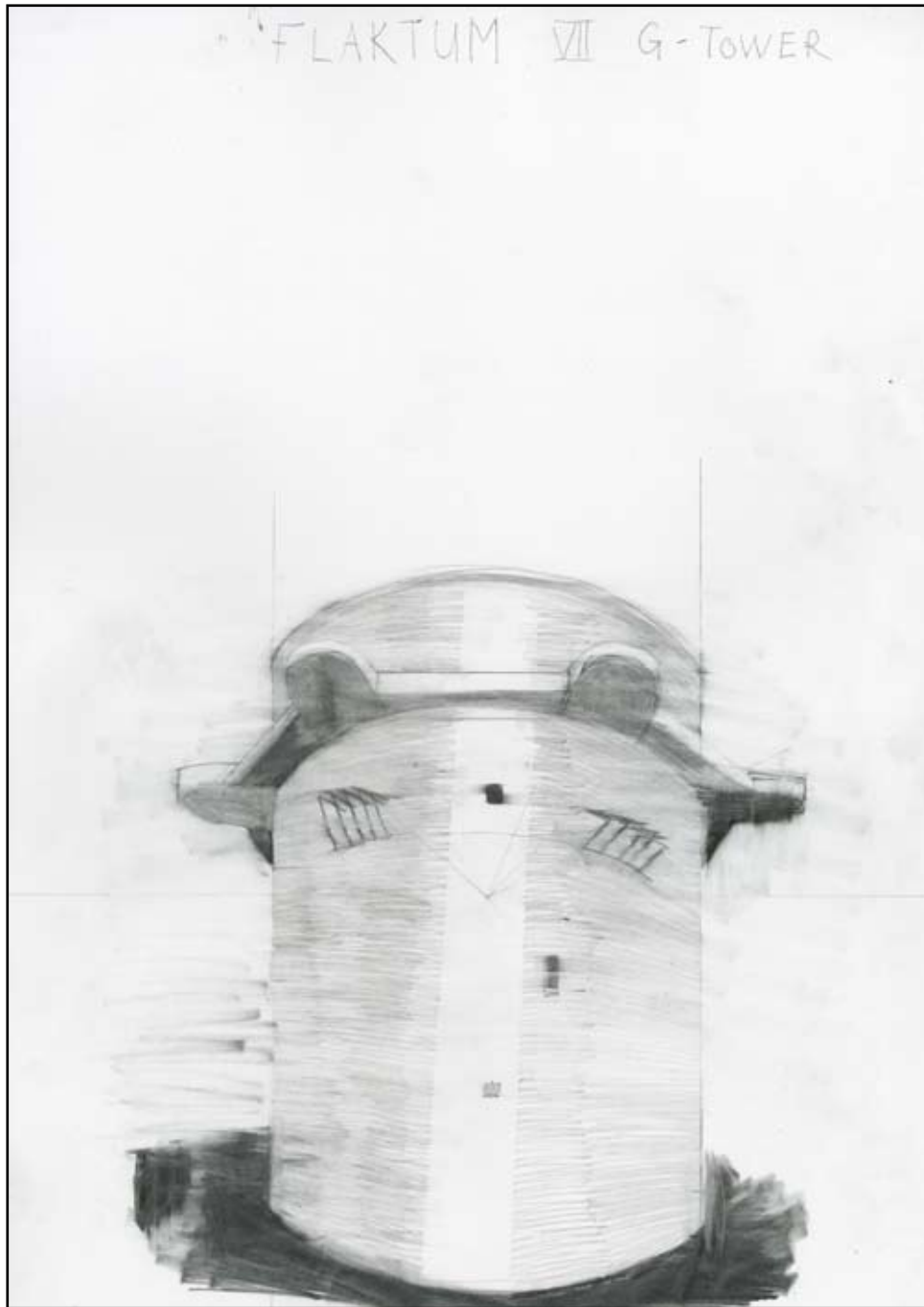
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**Drawing, pencil and black pen on  
paper, 45cm x 33cm, 2008**



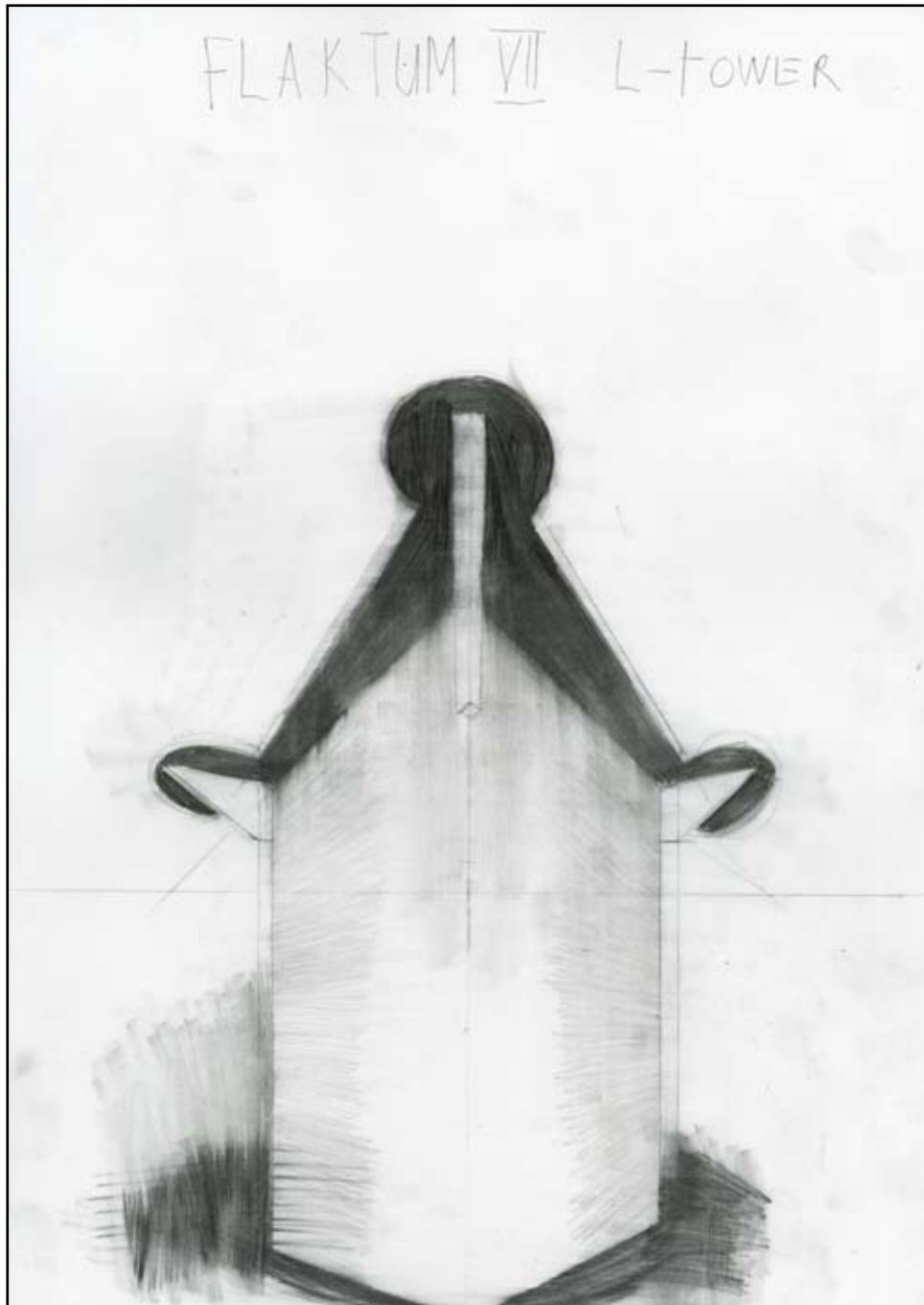
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**Drawing, pencil and black pen on  
paper, 45cm x 33cm, 2008**



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**Drawing, pencil and black pen on  
paper, 45cm x 33cm, 2008**



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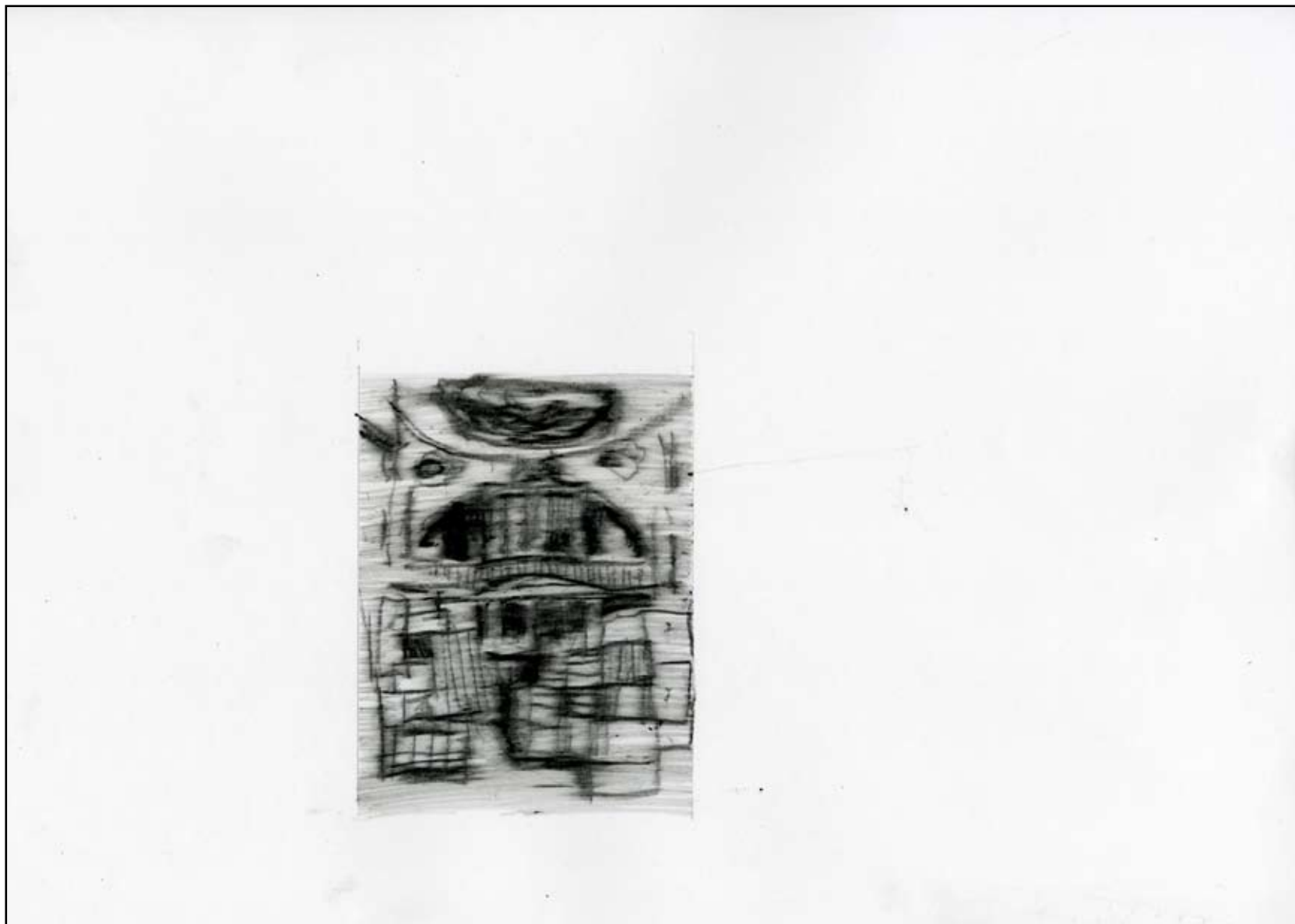
**Drawing, pencil and black pen on  
paper, 45cm x 33cm, 2008**



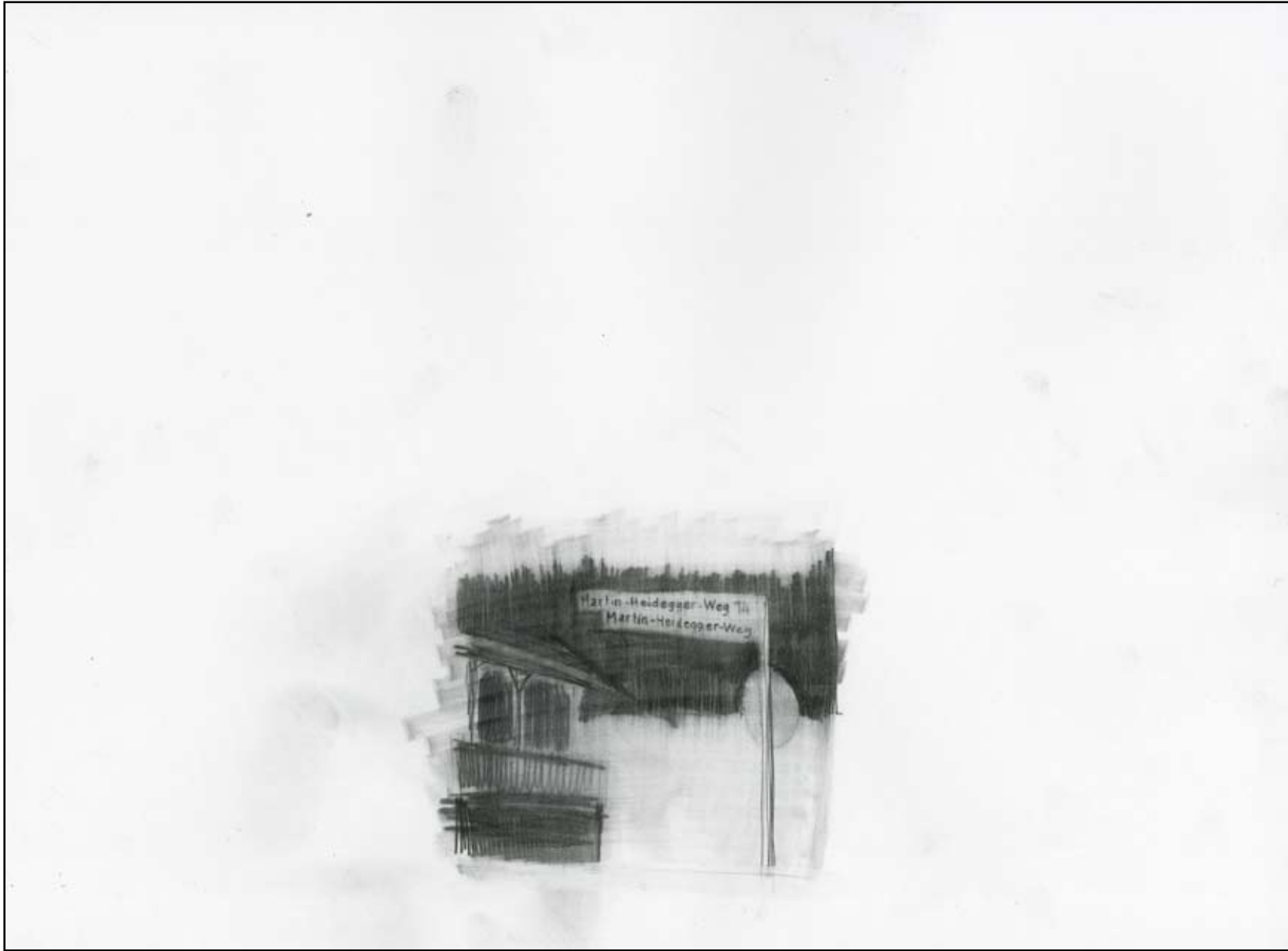
**Drawing, pencil and black pen on paper, 33cm x 45cm, 2008**



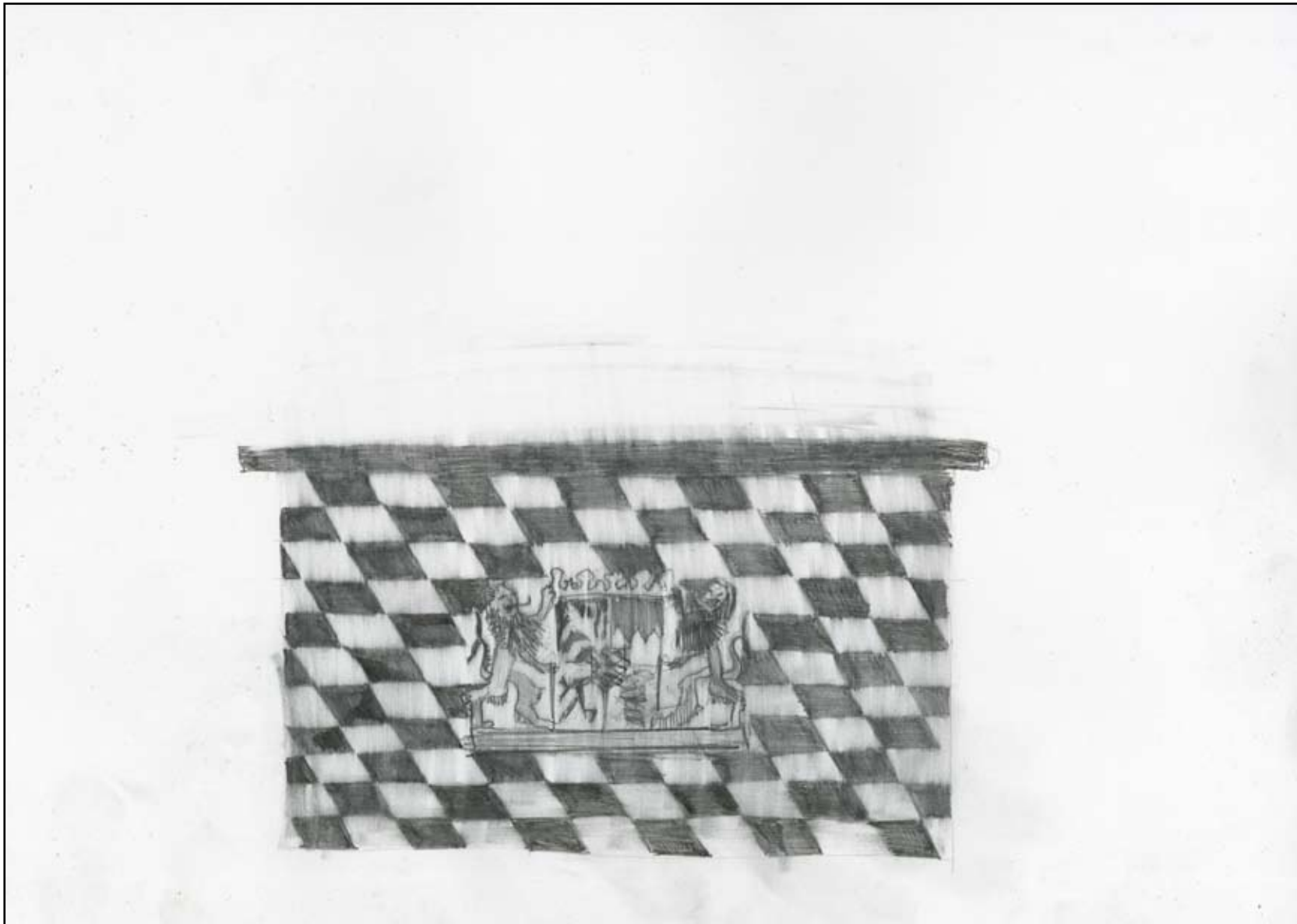
**Drawing, pencil and black pen on paper, 33cm x 45cm, 2008**



**Drawing, pencil and black pen on paper, 33cm x 45cm, 2008**



**Drawing, pencil and black pen on paper 66cm x 90cm, 2008**



**Drawing, pencil and black pen on paper 66cm x 90cm, 2008**

SOUND PIECE: *PANORAMA, TODTNAUBERG*

An old man does a monologue about the notion of blood and soil: the *Heimat*. The text is based on the theater play *Totenauberg*, by Elfriede Jelinek 1991 Vienna.

## TWO STROKES GET YOU FURTHER THAN ONE

We mustn't lose anything that belongs to us, especially our health. And nature: rather than offering it to foreigners to dwell in we'll do the dwelling ourselves. Yes, those foreigners aroused in us the need to dwell! How lucky, we've already accommodated ourselves. We aren't giving away anything. We always come home, where even our teeth can be replaced. ... What a nice surprise: we came in possession of ourselves. We take great care keeping silent about our past; that way we can't be excluded from it, either.

## EUROPE IS VAST, BUT SLOWLY IT'S GETTING DARK

Greatness can come only from one's own country and only because it belongs to us and no one else. The foreigners disturb us with their enthusiasm over everything coming their way: they don't know how to choose. But nature knows how to chasten them. That's what they want after all! Those foreigners! Dragging their horrible selves into foreign land.

## MY BLOOD IS GOOD, I AM IN GOOD MOOD

but because we have the nature, no need to wonder how we got it. And we have a place for our terrific « essence », which darkens the sun: heimat. Because we have it, we never have to think about what happened. It did not! We are here, we stay and forget everything else. We are innocent when we arrive at the cabin, cleansed in one of nature's washes. Her raging bristles brushed us well. Quickly and thoroughly, our Black Forest deeds and tortes can be buried inside us.

In nature there is innocence, and there always is another day. It did not happen! our cars work well and make us free. We've kept ourselves reined in for too long. We never reflected. we simply acted. ... The blood stays in the ground. It doesn't talk to us. We don't lick it off.

## HISTORY IS MOTIONLESS

You can't call this Earth anymore! They tear the roots from our graves in the forest. We warm each other in snow-covered cabins, nothingness piled up high. Above our heads, nothing, inflated water.

## ONLY BIRDS ARE UP IN THE AIR

In the clouds of screams, one can see the ugly very clearly! From far away, everything seems possible; up close it doesn't look so good anymore. By killing masses people, you have denied them that one moment, at the point of death, of stepping in front of the curtain, all alone, to take a bow. Even death's Nitchen, that turning to nothing, the last chance to quickly pass on one's guilt like a handful of marbles, has been suspended by you. Because they were too many. You had to stuff them in. Doors shut carefully, even fearfully, locked against the outside and the inside! And no inside could be any quieter now. The crowd is holding its breath. The tie, two minutes before the final whistle, won't last forever! The first lone wolves run down the stairs, to beat the others to the busses.

## EUROPE IS VAST, BUT SLOWLY IT'S GETTING DARK

Cadavers roll through the grass, the pin needles groan, and in consideration of all the beauty they will still have room to ingest, those lords of the land, those supermen, throw up at the edge of the forest. Women have also been handed to them, they don't control themselves, they yell beneath them as if they too were part of Being: Under heavy layers of fat, the bodies moan as they discharge their loads.