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Ghislaine Leung - Commitments
by Q.U.I.C.H.E.

The colour combination of the anniversary cake with the reduced, large-scale wall installation, which was available on the web exhibition view, appealed to me. I wanted to see this exhibition because its formal language and conceptual, feminist approach promised that this would be an exhibition for me.

In fact, the cake did look extremely neat and seductive in its baby pastel green tones with lavender-coloured loops - if I had been offered a slice or a handful, I certainly wouldn't have refused. But the atmosphere in this empty, light-flooded room on the upper floor of the Kunsthaus was neither solemn nor charged enough for one of these two gestures. As I wandered through the hall alone, trying to take in the works in any way I could, I couldn't get Lola Young's latest single *Messy* out of my head. Although I'm not really a fan of pop video clips, I couldn't let go of the repeat button for this one. Perhaps because the images are all too obviously trying to be authentic and their snotty attitude contrasts with the usual glamour, perfect lighting, sex appeal and skilful editing. In retrospect, I wish I had followed the urge that I had suppressed thanks to my great respect for all work that goes into the production of art and done with the fancy, three-tier cake exactly what Lola does with her four-tier birthday cake that was erected on a red carpet: Namely - in keeping with the cliché - sinking one or two open claws directly into this frothy, sugary, kitschy object to destroy its shiny appearance in an almost orgiastic manner and, in the process, spreading its mass in sweeping defiance on the surrounding walls and floor.

Now, I could rant about me behaving philistine or allow the angry, smoky voice to continue blaring the chorus "'Cause I'm too messy, and then I'm too fucking clean" at me - or quickly crawl back into my analytical self safe space.

Contrary to Ghislaine Leung's statement in her Tate portrait, in which she affirms that she never shows the scores that she writes for her works and that function like musical scores, but that she really only does them, in the Kunsthaus her instructions are printed in full text. Leung explains that she has transformed her sculptures into a kind of performative form with these instructions and their repeated realisation. In this way, she wants to emphasise the co-creation necessary for all works of art and the trust between the artists, the institutions and the owners of the work. As I was unaware of this interest at the time of my visit, I could not help but experience the geometric murals and room-filling black bouncy-castle figures primarily as illustrations of thoughts. And I found myself hoping that I could access something other than information about the precarious situation of professional art-making in England and its intersection with working as a mother.

It is obvious that our society(s), institutions and politics are far from admitting that our economic system would not work if all labour actually had to be remunerated according to its social value. In other words, only productive work is recognised and remunerated as work and reproductive work is not. If we wanted to remunerate the second type of labour, i.e. in purely economic terms the maintenance and renewal of workers, according to its social value, Western countries or companies would have to provide annual sums in the hundreds of billions. A comparable logic might need to be applied to the work of artists. What Leung sees as possible reasons for the challenges she points out, however, remains outside of what can be seen, heard and experienced in the exhibition space - and is therefore pure speculation.

I speculate that the question of minimal or at best correct remuneration for artistic creation and working as a caring person focuses on what is actually an obvious blind spot in our neoliberal structure. This blind spot has grown socially, is indispensable in our current economic system and is therefore artificially maintained and defended politically and discursively by neoliberal institutions. I would therefore like to respond to the statements that the artist paints on the walls of the Kunsthalle: Yes. Let's think about how we can find a social response to these challenges. Admittedly, various institutions are currently trying to make a proposal on how artists can be supported in their demand for a proper remuneration for their work. However, since budgets are always limited, the question arises as to whose costs this support should ultimately be. Just as Leung wants to make the idea of co-creation clear with her instructions, it is clear to me that the art world cannot only consist of individual stars selected (by the market?) - this fact is even more obvious in the example of the care-person world. These two worlds, just like all areas previously categorised as productive, are to be seen in a global network of interrelationships and dependencies. Since these interdependencies are being denied by the structure focussing on the individual entrepreneurship - very much in line with what is the case for productive work - and this structure is currently being purposefully institutionalised in German-speaking public art funding in Switzerland we need to be aware of the consequences of this structure.

If only I could bury my two tiny claws in this shimmering cake of individualisation baking in public institutions - massage its frothy entrails a little, stuff a handful of it down my throat and lick my fingers with relish. I am convinced that a little less

philistinism from my side could do us all a favour - because we need space for new creations. Even if this spoils my final punchline: perhaps we should, like our fellow French-speaking artworkers, look beyond the Röstigraben for inspiration and see what could be possible with a structure like the *intermittence du spectacle*.

VM