

**Portfolio
Frauke Boggasch
2021**



portrait of the artist as a painter (watermelon), 2016, Poster, 42 x 59,4 cm
Text by Fiona McGovern: <http://www.fraukeboggasch.de/text.html>



untitled (I would prefer not to), 2021
Oil on Canvas, 160 x 135 cm



o.T. (blacklab), 2021
Oil on Canvas, 60 x 50 cm



o.T. (saiko), 2021
Oil on Linen, 150 x 130 cm



o.T. (Guyotat), 2021
Oil on Canvas, 190 x 140 cm



o.T. (KK), 2021
Oil on Canvas, 80 x 60 cm

Frauke Boggasch

火の用心 – *HI NO YOU JIN* – *ghost edition*

Installation as part of the exhibition

These Are the Only Times You Have Known

March 7 – May 10, 2020

Neuer Berliner Kunstverein



Exhibition view *These Are the Only Times You Have Known*,
Neuer Berliner Kunstverein
2020 © Foto: Neuer Berliner Kunstverein / Jens Ziehe



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火の用心 – *HI NO YOU JIN – ghost edition, 2020*

Installation, soundpiece in collaboration with Mieko Suzuki

Frauke Boggasch creates large-format abstract oil paintings, which can take up to half a year to complete. Based on spontaneous drawings, her works are created layer by layer – a process during which Boggasch continually moves back and forth between gesture and reflection. Her motifs are not fixed from the outset, but emerge only in the course of time. Based on an intensive study of literary works, the imagination and reality of the life of an artist, and contemporary events, Boggasch develops subjects that tread the line between imagination and reality. For the exhibition, she created a large spatial installation that unites her paintings in a specially manufactured space. The works start from old pictures that Boggasch then overpaints like a palimpsest to produce new paintings in which earlier forms are preserved as shadowy fragments. The works combine abstract and figurative elements, and are influenced by Japanese culture as well as a critique of the art system.

They are accompanied by a soundtrack, which combines field recordings and feedback into haunting sounds.

Michaela Richter

sound http://fraukeboggasch.de/media/Ghost_2020.mp3



o.T. (onh), 2019,
Oil on Canvas, 200 x 140 cm



o.T. (Sekien), 2020
Oil on Canvas, 190 x 140 cm



love, hate und Eismann, 2015/2020
Oil on Linen, 150 x 130 cm



o.T. (ynh), 2020
Oil on Canvas, 200 x 150 cm



o.T. (umibozu), 2019
Oil on Canvas, 200 x 150 cm



o.T. (fuYu), 2020
Oil on Linen, 200 x 160 cm

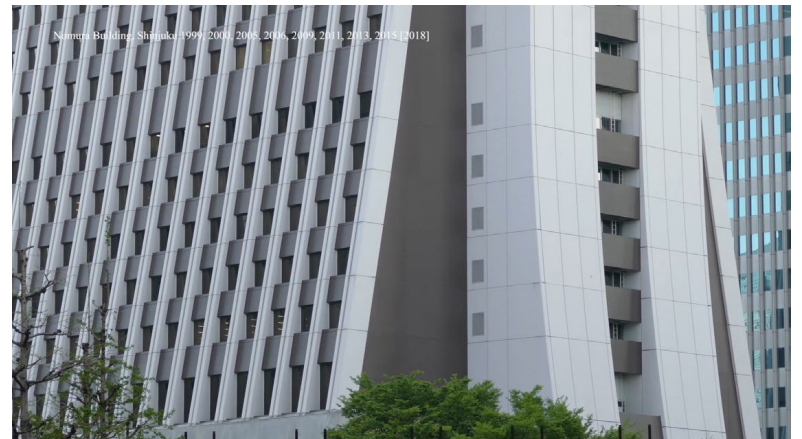
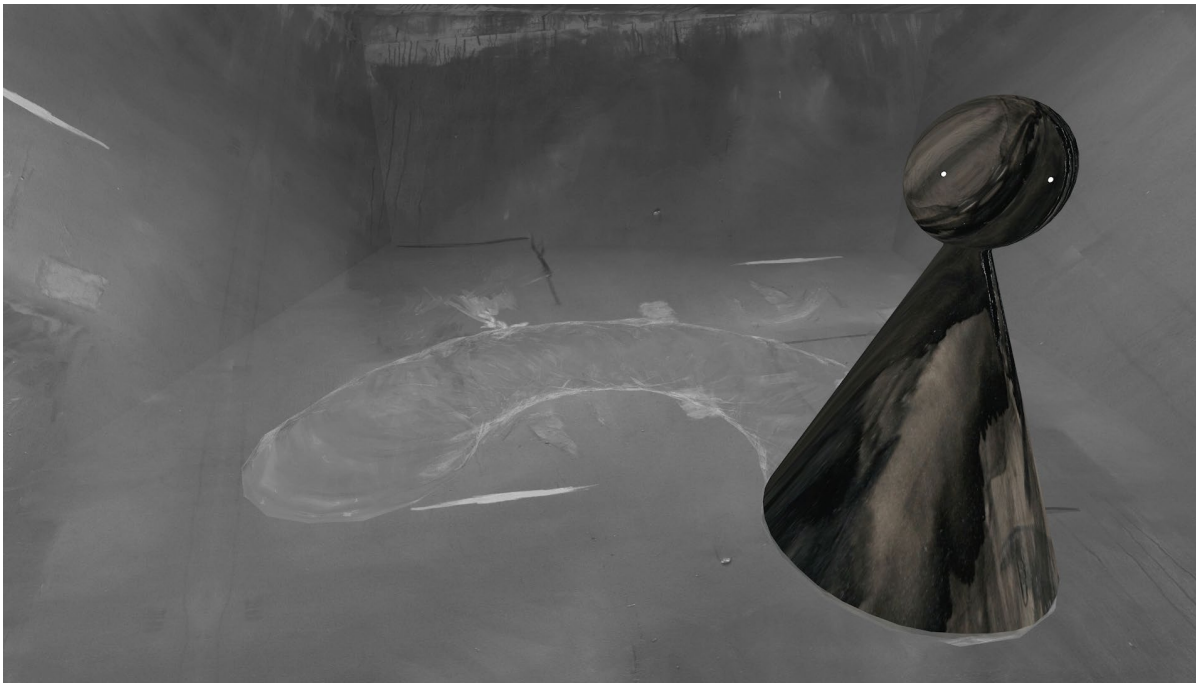
good news for modern man
postcard, 2020



FILMS

母 / Mother

ホームドリーム / Home Dream



Stills: 母 Mother, HD Video, 22:55 min., 2021
<https://vimeo.com/547901097> password: rakun

母 Mother

HD Video, 22:55 min., 2021

<https://vimeo.com/547901097> password: rakun

The film 母 / Mother is an artistic essay film, 母 ("haha") means "my mother" in Japanese, the kanji shows a stylized female body with two nipples whose embrace gives security - through my numerous stays in Japan and learning the language, this image seemed suitable as the title for the film.

How do you judge certain behaviors that are considered ill today but were considered exemplary by a German housewife and mother 20 years ago? And what does that mean for a child who grows up in a loneliness that was not of his own choosing - that was caused by these pathological structures?

母 / Mother is a cinematic exploration of family structures and motherhood, based on my own mother.

Questions about a lack of perspective and general dependencies, the function of role models and the struggle for emancipation as a woman or mother are still intensively discussed today.

Short sequences appear in the film that are combinations of 3D animation and my paintings, they function as a hybrid between analog painting and 3D film technique and enable a special form of artistic realization of personal memory for me.

The film also deals with my longstanding relationship with Japan - and the numerous stays there are thematised in contrast to the domestic confinement of my growing up.

From the voiceover:

On my last visit, Dr. S said to me:

Maybe you were just too happy there. That's why you had this burglary, this guilt feelings and your shame.

You've been doing (psycho-)analysis for a long time, so maybe you had been too happy and could not stand it.

Happiness self-censorship

Twenty-five years after my first longer vacation without parents, I recently returned to the place that was for me the unknown freedom: a small village on the French Atlantic coast. I remember different groups, offers of the activity leaders in the afternoon on the beach. And as I so often could not comment on, overwhelmed by the inability to translate my feelings, the inner chaos into words.

At home there was an NBC shelter. A shot of cyanide if we do survive.

Chernobyl, Geiger counter and the acid rain.

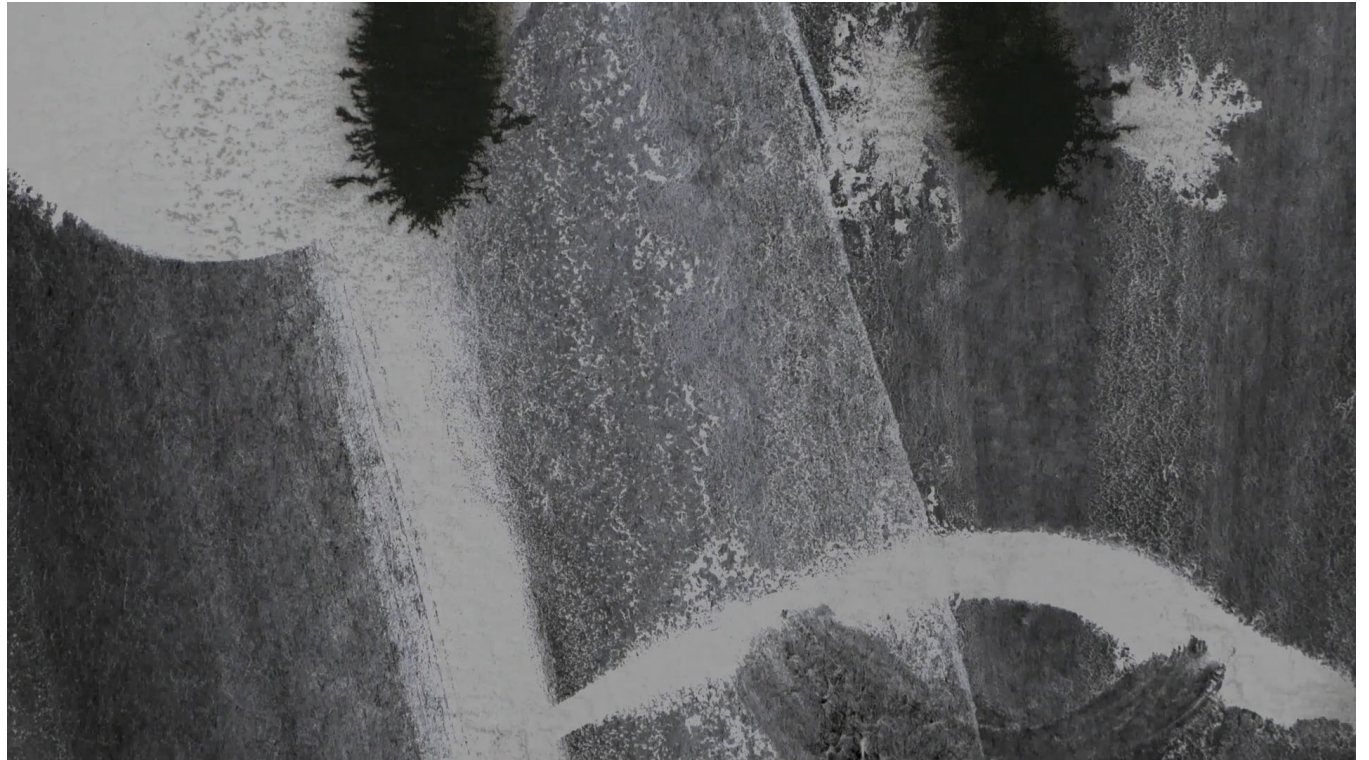
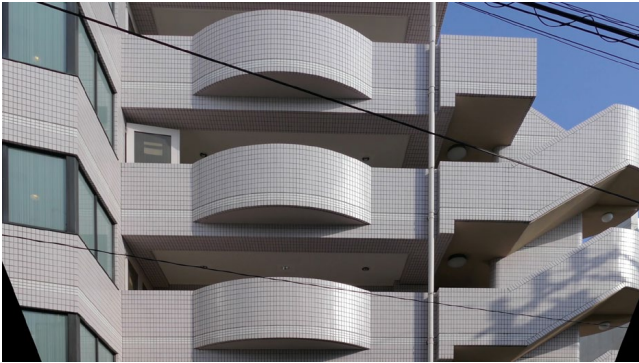
Dystopia.

The family on my father's side, separated by the wall. And a mother who considered a sterile home as the target state.

The French writer Annie Ernaux writes in "The Years":

"If, just before the beginning of the eighties, the decade you would be forty, you were filled with the pleasantly exhausted feeling that you were continuing your old family tradition, your gaze wandering over the back-lit faces at the table, you would have thought the repetition of a ritual in which one now stood between two generations, a certain strangeness.

One was seized by the dizziness of the eternal like and suddenly had the impression that society had not changed at all. In the midst of the babble of voices, suddenly detached from their bodies, one realized that family celebrations were situations in which one could jump up screaming and knock over the table at any time in a fit of madness."



ホームドリーム / Home Dream

HD Video, 07:18 min., 2019

<https://vimeo.com/330798534>

password: rakun

ホームドリーム / Home Dream's filmic examination combines the aesthetics of the Bauhaus throw dolls with visions and realities of new building spaces in today's Japan. Demands of the real estate market meet Bauhaus ideas, the utopia of a new architecture follows minimalism in Japan. Too often, originally radical and humanistic concepts become an empty distinguishing element for the wealthy of the global upper class. Even today, a nouveau version of the triadic ballet can still dance through an underpass...

