



KEIN CUBE

There is no end product here. It was never intended. We, six people, all with different approaches, challenged our own methods of working and tried to make sense out of what it means to be in one room with strangers for five days.

We thought through the words of O'Doherty when he wrote the *White Cube* shifts into an atelier, with the interventions of artists such as *Yves Klein*, *Daniel Buren* and *Arman* in the 1960s. This visible shift changed how galleries function and became part of the atelier, the production space. Buren's further notes state that when the boutique characteristic of the *art gallery* diminished the art institutions was brought to a hazy state, the end product for display becomes unknown. This is when we learned how the *White Cube*'s authority weakened. We found it similar to our case, in our small room, how galleries start to appraise *the process* of making art and using it as a part of the display.

Inspired by these ideas, *Kein Cube* is where we tried to transcend the limits of the contextual contract of the *space* as we tried to give new meanings to it. A shared poem in the entrance might be the starting point which suggests new names for the room we worked in. Installations and sculptures made in the flux, accompanied by the collection of sounds that were recorded from our internal conversations. Performing readings, followed by dialogues we tried to grasp the imminent weight of space on us and our ways. Hand gestures photographed with faces are presenting us in bare creating.

A shared decision was made, in silent, when we agreed to appreciate this weight and find ways to honor the past endeavors. Imitating the blue of *Yves Klein*, with wearing blue tracks and serving blue cocktails, performing a theatrical play between us asking each other '*Since when do you do art?*' then answering '*I'm just starting*', made it meaningful. Not knowing what might become of us and our works in these past five days, we still share the same ambiguity with you.

Whatever you experience here is undone – in the process of becoming. Things won't be completed but still ask for your acceptance, inviting you to construct the meaning. In the end, your mind will inevitably turn it into something familiar.

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