

**Georg Gatsas**

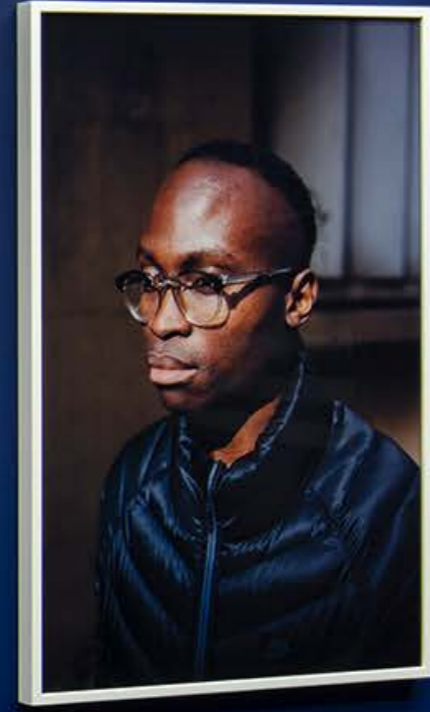








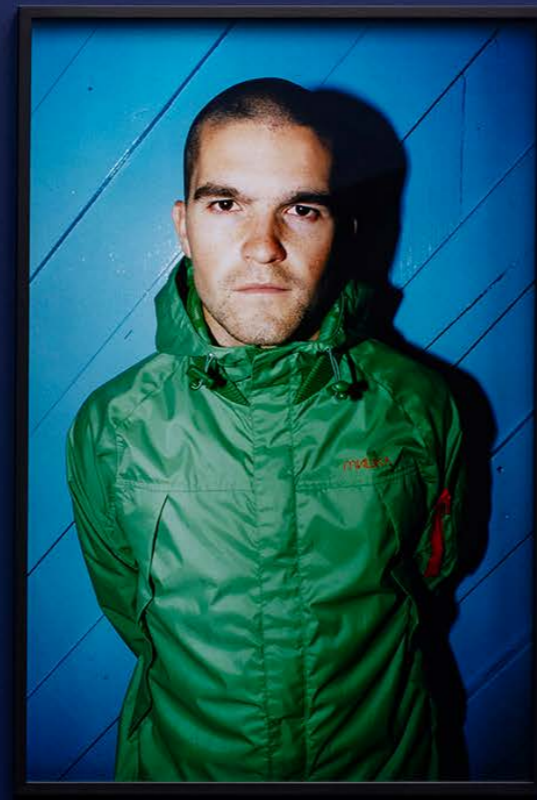












**Previous pages / Left page:**

Installation views '**Spotlight-Singular Positions from the Collection**', **Kunstmuseum St.Gallen, St.Gallen, Switzerland**, 2023, curated by Lorenz Wiederkehr  
Photos: Stefan Rohner, St.Gallen 2023

with John Armelder, Candice Breitz, Silvie Defraoui, Georg Gatsas, Sharon Hayes, Sara Masüger, Judy Millar and Carl Ostendarp

**Next pages:**

Albero (malato)/Via della Certosa, 2022  
Albero (morto), 2022  
Graffiti (No Gender), 2022  
Strike War, 2022  
Hostile Architecture (Anti-Homeless), 2022  
Lapide (donna inginocchiata)/Cimitero della Certosa, 2022  
Albero (L'ombra)/Basilika San Francesco, 2022  
Riflessione luminosa (connessione), 2022

ACAB, 2023

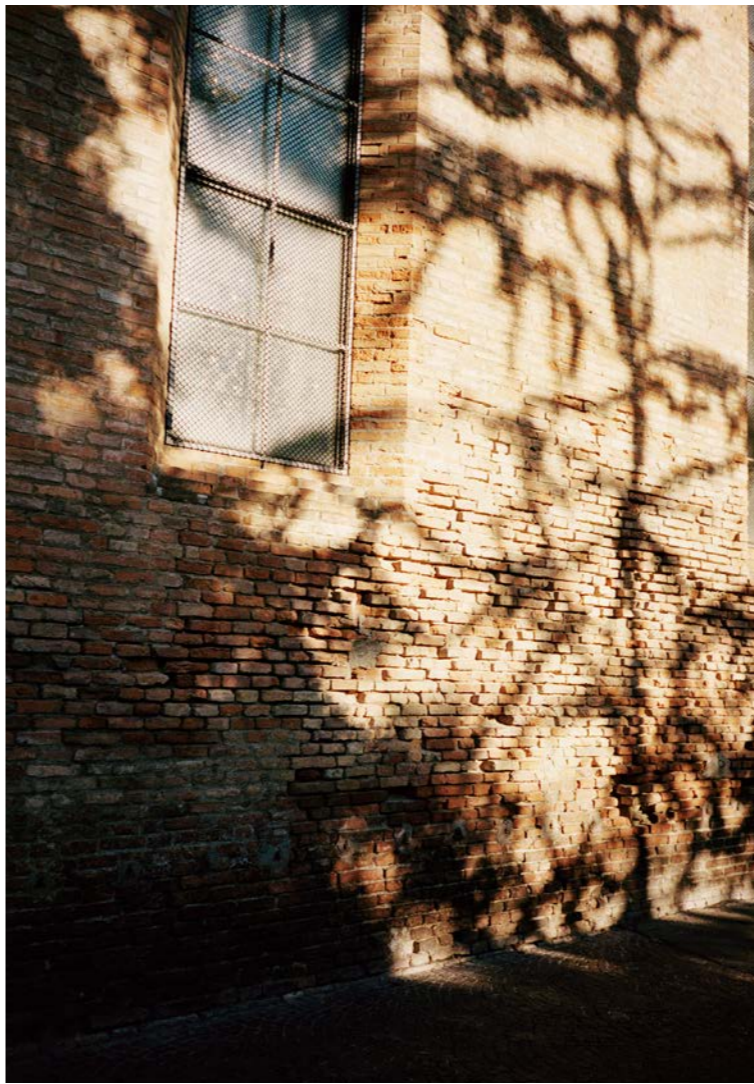
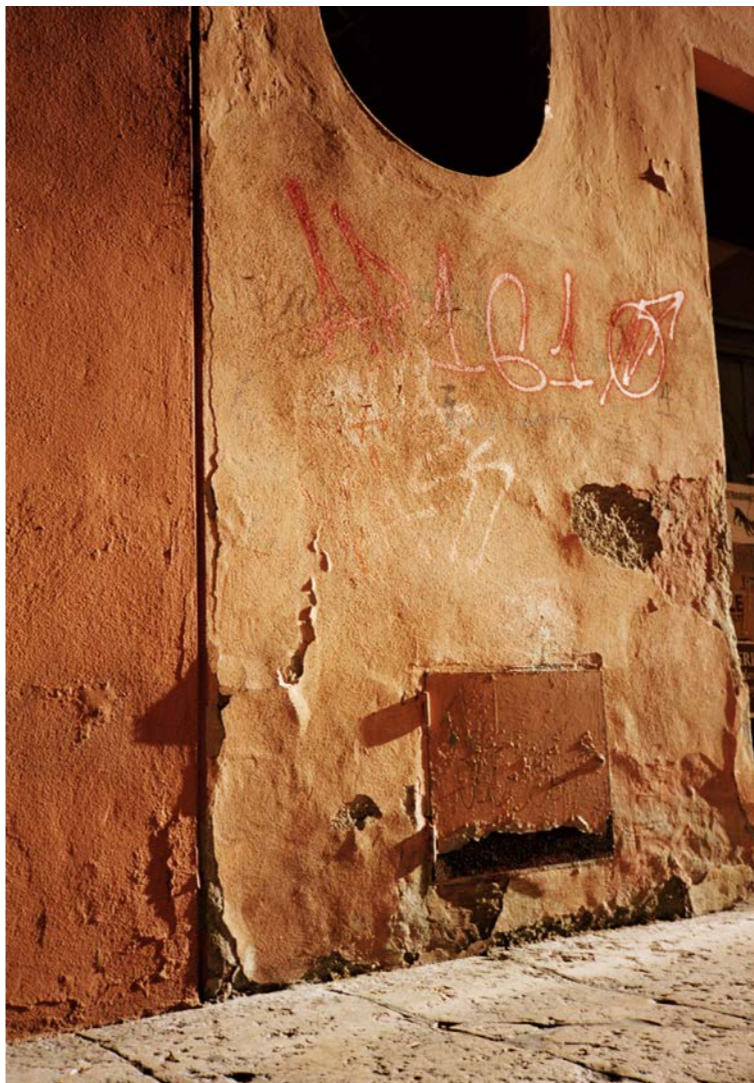
John Duncan/Freakout, 2022  
Jacopo Benassi, 2022

Jacopo Benassi's Bed, 2022  
Jacopo Benassi' Guitars, 2022

Mana, 2022  
Heith and Alison Bizzi, 2023  
Stefano Pilia, 2022  
Vittoria Burattini, 2023

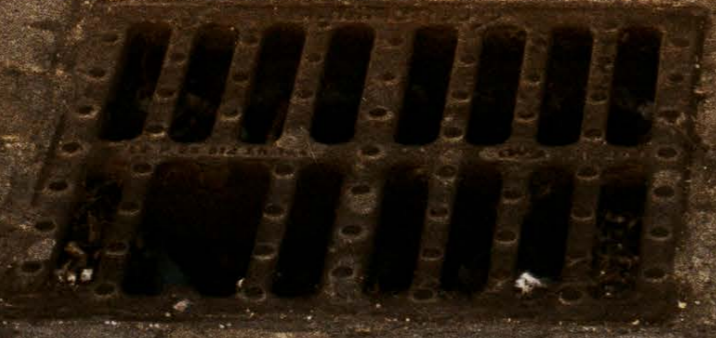
Six images from the 96-part black and white photo series (not yet titled) of nighttime street photography of Bologna, 2022



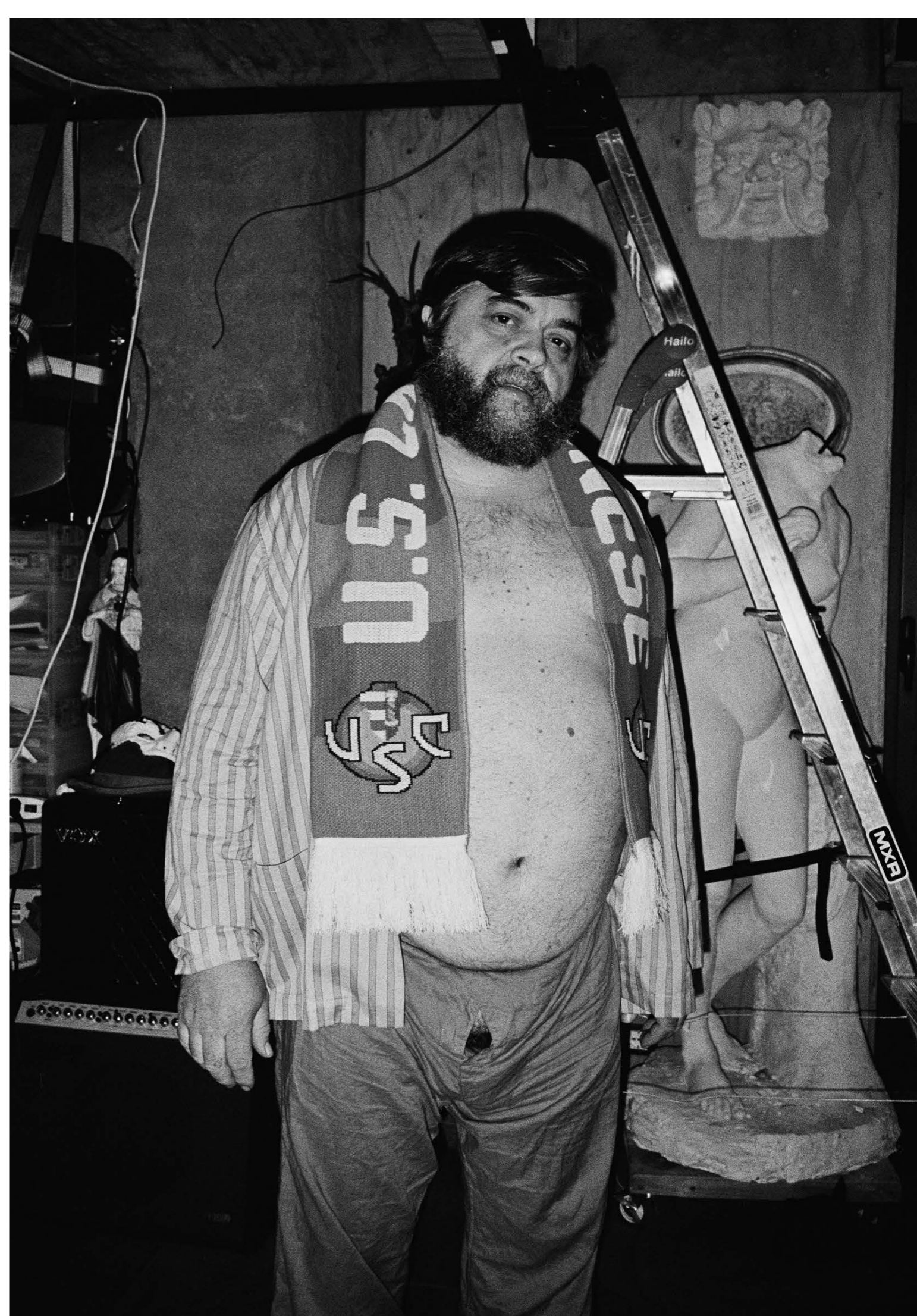
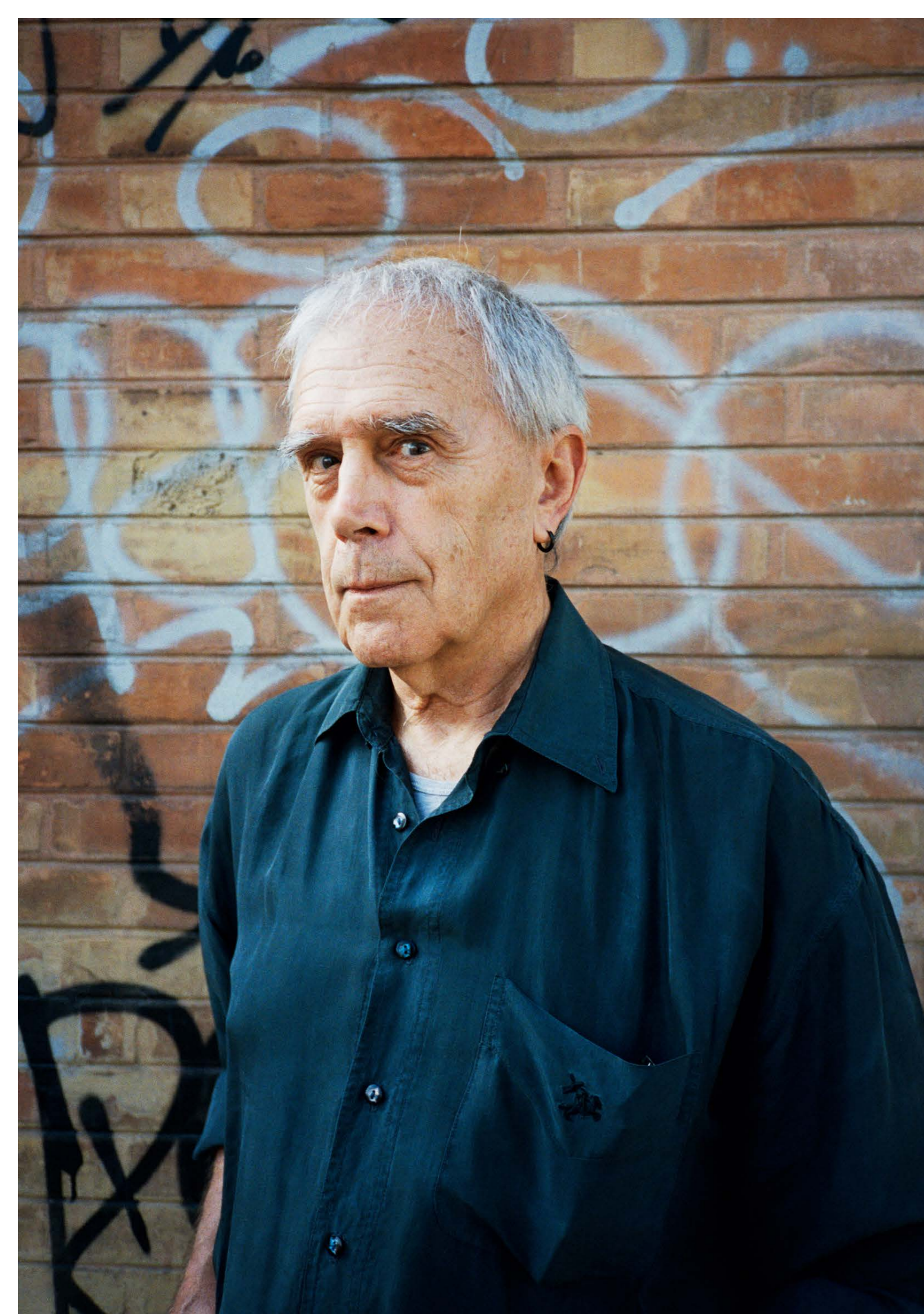




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### Left page:

Motif for the invitation card of the exhibition 'Turnstile' at JUBG, Cologne, Germany, 2022

### Next pages:

Installation views, 'Turnstile', JUBG, Cologne, Germany, 2022  
Photos: Mareike Tocha, Cologne 2022

Link to the gallery JUBG, run by Jens-Uwe Beyer, Alexander Warhus and Albert Oehlen:  
<https://jubg.space/exhibitions/>

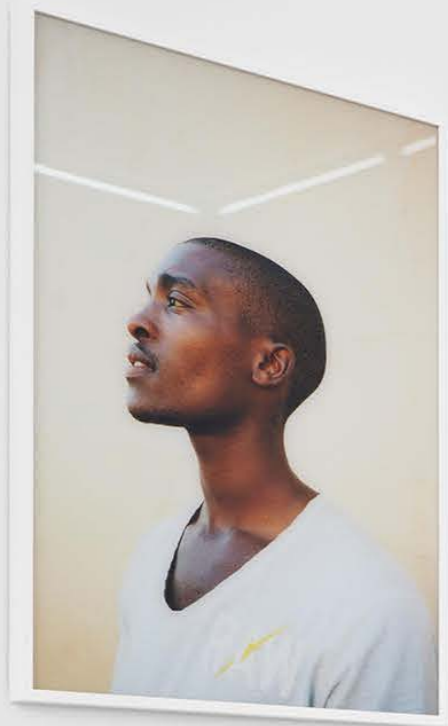
Reproductions of the works in the exhibition 'Turnstile', JUBG, Cologne, Germany, 2022

'DJ Lag', 2016 A  
'Lorenzo Senni', 2019 B  
'Caterina Barbieri', 2019 B  
'Lizzi Bougatsos / Gang Gang Dance I', 2007 C  
'Marty Rev', 2005 D  
'The Spaceape', 2009 D  
Photos: Mareike Tocha, Cologne 2022

A 90 cm x 60 cm, C-print behind glass, framed, edition 5 + 2 AP  
B 90 cm x 60 cm, C-print on aluminum, framed, edition 5 + 2 AP  
C 135 cm x 90 cm, C-print on aluminum, framed, edition 5 + 2 AP  
D 90 cm x 60 cm, gelatin silver print on aluminum, framed, edition 5 + 2 AP

Press release by Ethan Swan for the exhibition 'Turnstile', JUBG, Cologne, Germany, 2022





















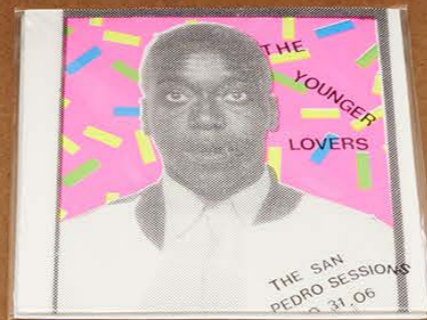
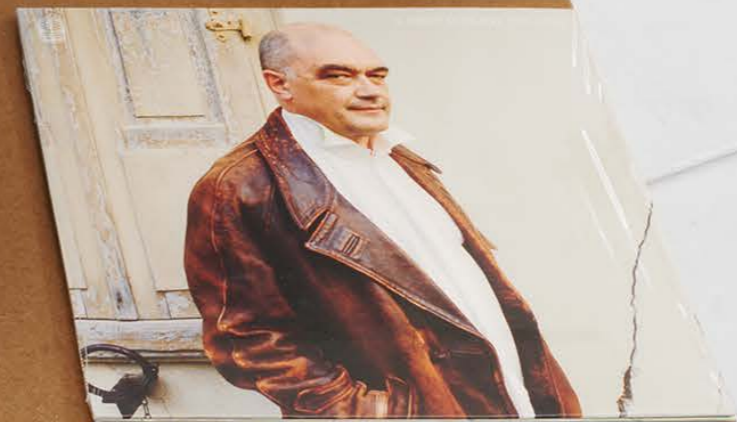




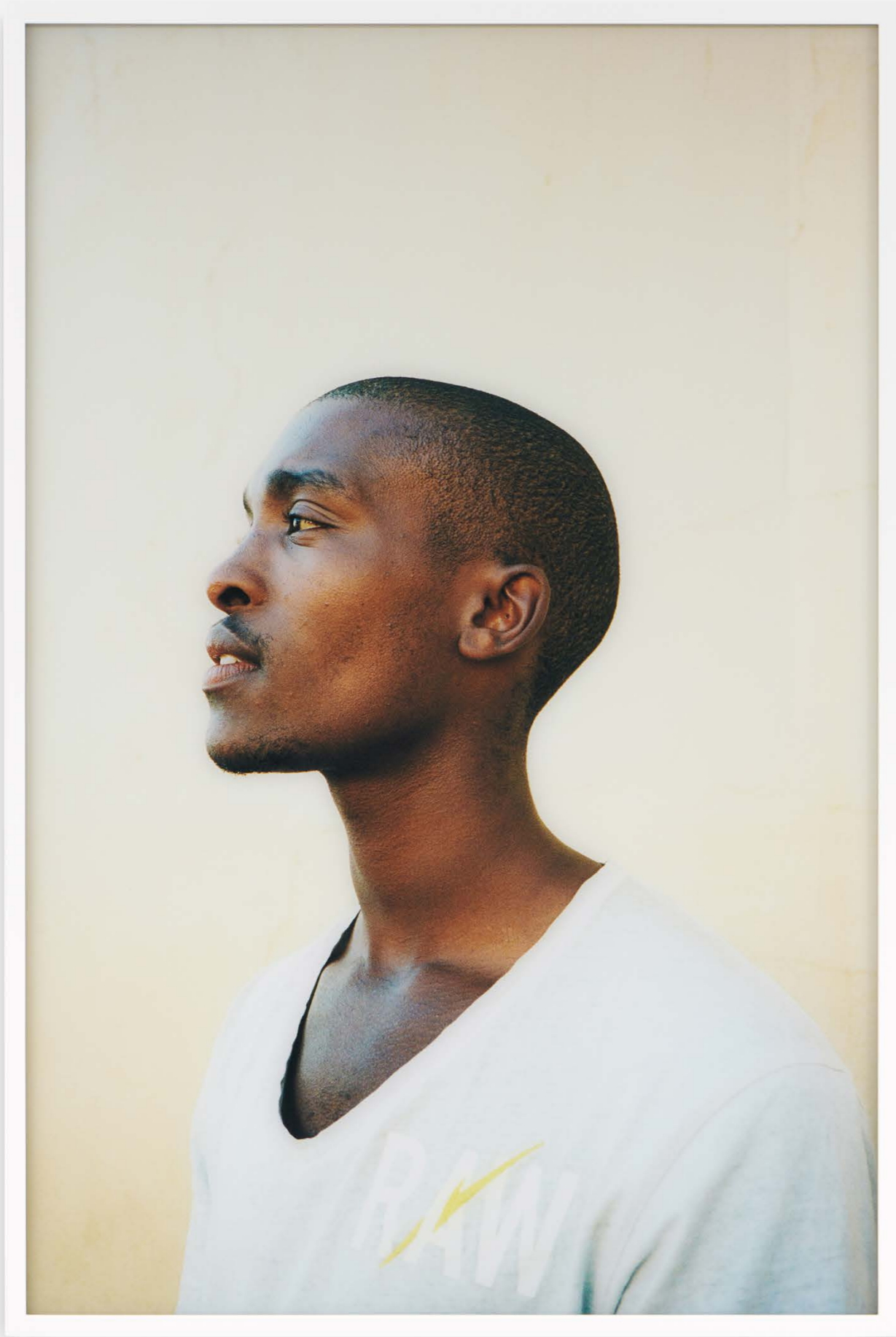








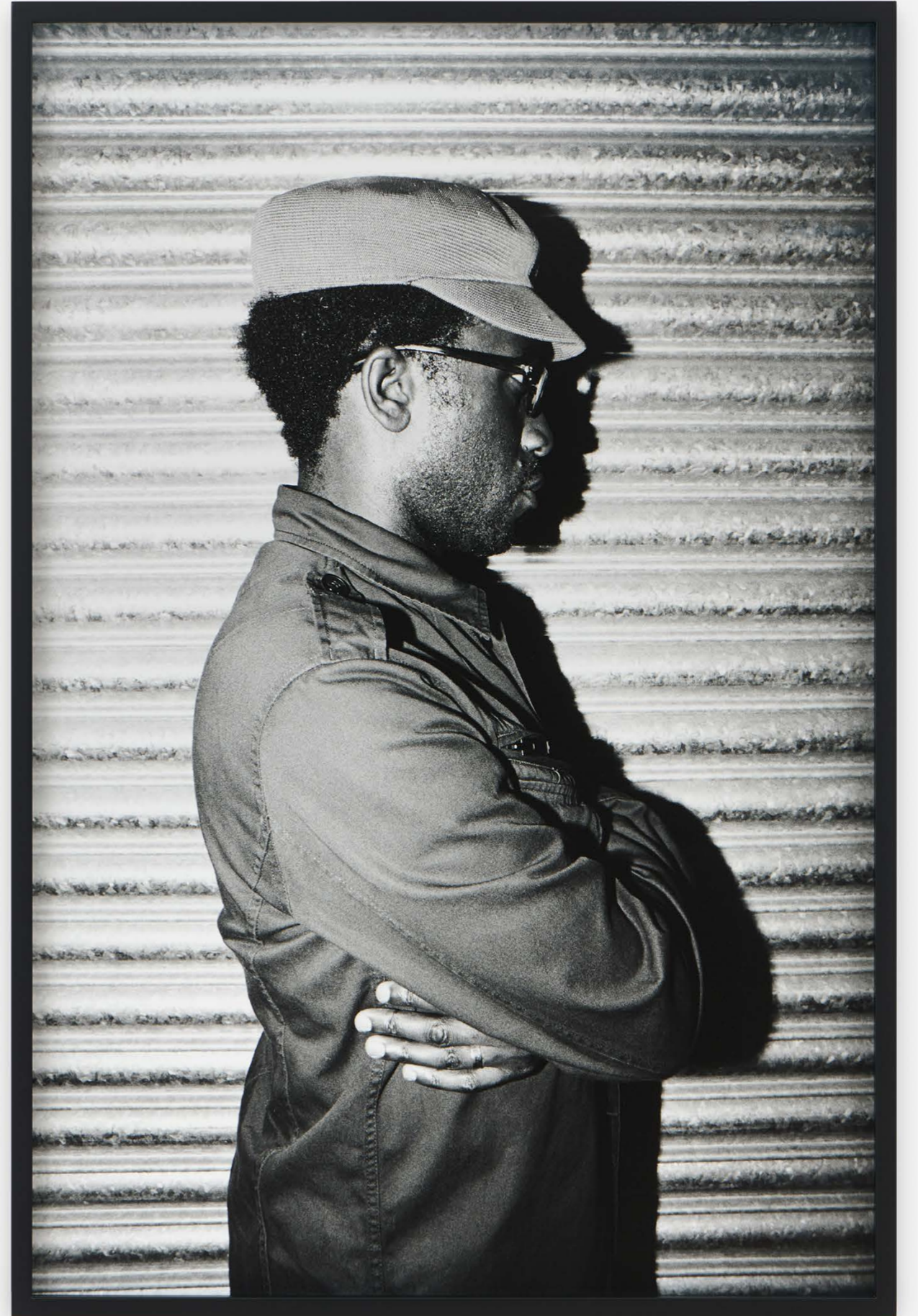














# JUBG

Georg Gatsas  
Turnstile

June 25 – July 23, 2022

JUBG  
www.jubg.space

Georg Gatsas began his first major series, *The Process*, in 2002. Now twenty years removed from this threshold, and on the occasion of his career-spanning exhibition at JUBG, Georg shares six things he learned about making art:

1. There is room for you beneath Caterina Barbieri's thousand fragmented tones. There is a comfort in seeing Bob from Dropdead hammer a mic stand through a wooden plank stage. The disassociation found while dancing to Gang Gang Dance, to Kode9, to DJ Lag and a hundred others is the only thing you imagine when people say the word "freedom."
2. All this kicking and jostling suggests exclusion, but you understand it as a conduit. The volume and force is a method for making space. And within this space are the observations that frame out your practice:
  - wait for the unyielding force of eye contact
  - make clear the resonances between the city's decay and the art being made despite that
  - circle long enough that the solemn becomes absurd
  - and listen carefully enough to find the solemn again
3. You follow threads and favorites, seeking the densest exchanges of ideas between artists. But you are not there to document. You are there to participate, and the camera comes along too. The outfits, postures, dance moves, locales are a language we constantly teach each other. How could you not want to make a dictionary? These visual codes are as potent as Coki's suffocating basslines or Martin Rev's relentless stabs but they vanish in a moment. You work well in this moment.
4. Over time you learn that these things that live also die. Cities, communities, movements, gestures. Artists. This is not the reason to take the photos, you are not making future memorials. But as years pass you learn that this is a side effect you can value.

5. Proximity is key: the consistent joy of running into a friend and learning that a favorite band is playing that night, of being handed a flyer for a party, of daily routines that bring you past the streetcorners and storefronts where you began lifelong connections. *The Process* explores these themes in New York City. *Signal The Future* does the same for London. Both are unmistakable portraits of their locations, but you never credit the city for the work being done by the artists.
6. The shroud of constant war and recession is not something you have to learn, it is like breathing. But you do have to learn how to dispute it, how to break its rhythm. To step away from London and New York and Berlin, to understand that the handbills and hey-come-out-with-me-tonights aren't working in these metropolises anymore, not the way we're used to. To see instead the harmonies being found in Athens, in Milan, in Johannesburg. To think about centers and edges, and the way you fled for one only to find the other. How you are not the only one to make that journey, but everyone who did has a part in your practice.

Ethan Swan, Rochester New York, May 2022















# MARK FISHER

'IF I

Looking at the photographs in this book, I'm reminded of a train journey into London, a day or two after the 2015 election.

I sit on the train, still in a state of shock, raw with defeat. Against all the odds, defying the polls, David Cameron's Conservative Party had won the election. It wasn't as if Labour had offered much of an alternative, but at least we hoped they might slow down the dismantling of the welfare state, defer, for a little longer, the onset of unmitigated corporate tyranny. But even those hopes—thin to the point of emaciation—were disappointed.

On the train, I'm beginning to accept what this means. Five more years... Five more years of finance capital and food banks, desperately ill people, forced back to work, committing suicide, five more years of even the most fortunate amongst us being condemned to fear and misery. More of the same, except the same is getting worse all the time. The Tories said they are thinking of the man chipping ice off his windscreen on a winter morning. They promise us that he will be able to do this forever: that winter will never end. Fear, misery, work—harder work, always more of it, we can't slack and let the Chinese beat us, nothing leisurely, always-on from now on, save money by going online, you can't expect the nanny state to look after you, you have to look after yourself and your hard-working family, no-one else will—and after all, that's better isn't it, socialism removes your dignity, you only get dignity

TRUST YOU':

from work. Any work is good, no matter how degrading and demanding, no matter how precarious and onerous. We must be grateful to the wealth-creators because they give us jobs. We shouldn't necessarily expect to be paid as well—what do we think these wealth creators are, charities? How can they create wealth if they are also required to pay people a living wage—that's putting shackles on them, there's no way they compete with the Chinese under these conditions.

Looking out of the window, I'm listening—for the first time in maybe a year or so—to Burial's *Untrue*, but it's like I'm hearing it properly for the first time. 'Archangel', 'Ghost Hardware': there's something strangely soothing about the way the music allows me to descend into my sadness.

*I can't take no more*

I read an article online, written by a woman with a disabled child. She says she managed to hold it together until the afternoon of the day after the election, then she collapsed in tears. Sitting on the train, I weep too, 'Etched Headplate' playing in my headphones. There's an uncanny synchronicity between what I'm reading, how I'm feeling and what I'm listening to, the lonely sampled voice singing 'I can't take no more'.

As I weep, I realise that a smog of low expectations and quiet terror has dissipated, a grey haze of ambient depression has transformed into wrenching

sorrow. It is overwhelming: not just the sadness, but the rush of feeling itself... Depression after all is not so much a feeling as an inability to feel...

The train is at the point where Essex bleeds into the edges of London. Essex was the mythical heartland of Thatcherism—the fantasy zone projected by *The Sun*, the place where the inner city whites flew to, in order to escape the GLC's cosmopolitan London; later the site of bizarre experiments with scripted reality TV, a working class fast-track to celebrity (and celebrity is sold like salvation in the blandly grim high streets of England's clone towns). Essex was also the home of Russell Brand, its decline into pound-shops and penury movingly evoked in *The Emperor's New Clothes*, the film Brand made with Michael Winterbottom about Britain under capitalist realism.

At the edge of Essex, the music feels supervivid now that I can really feel it, an emotional map of the city I'm moving towards. In the election, London had voted for Labour... (We later learn that it was the English nationalists elsewhere in the country who swung it for the Tories. Cameron's lacklustre TV performances were still enough to trigger class deference, and a fear that had been expertly stoked by the tabloids: *Vote Red Ed and you will get the SNP...*)

Burial connected with me so powerfully, so viscerally, on that train journey because the music evoked an audio-vision of what's beneath London's protective

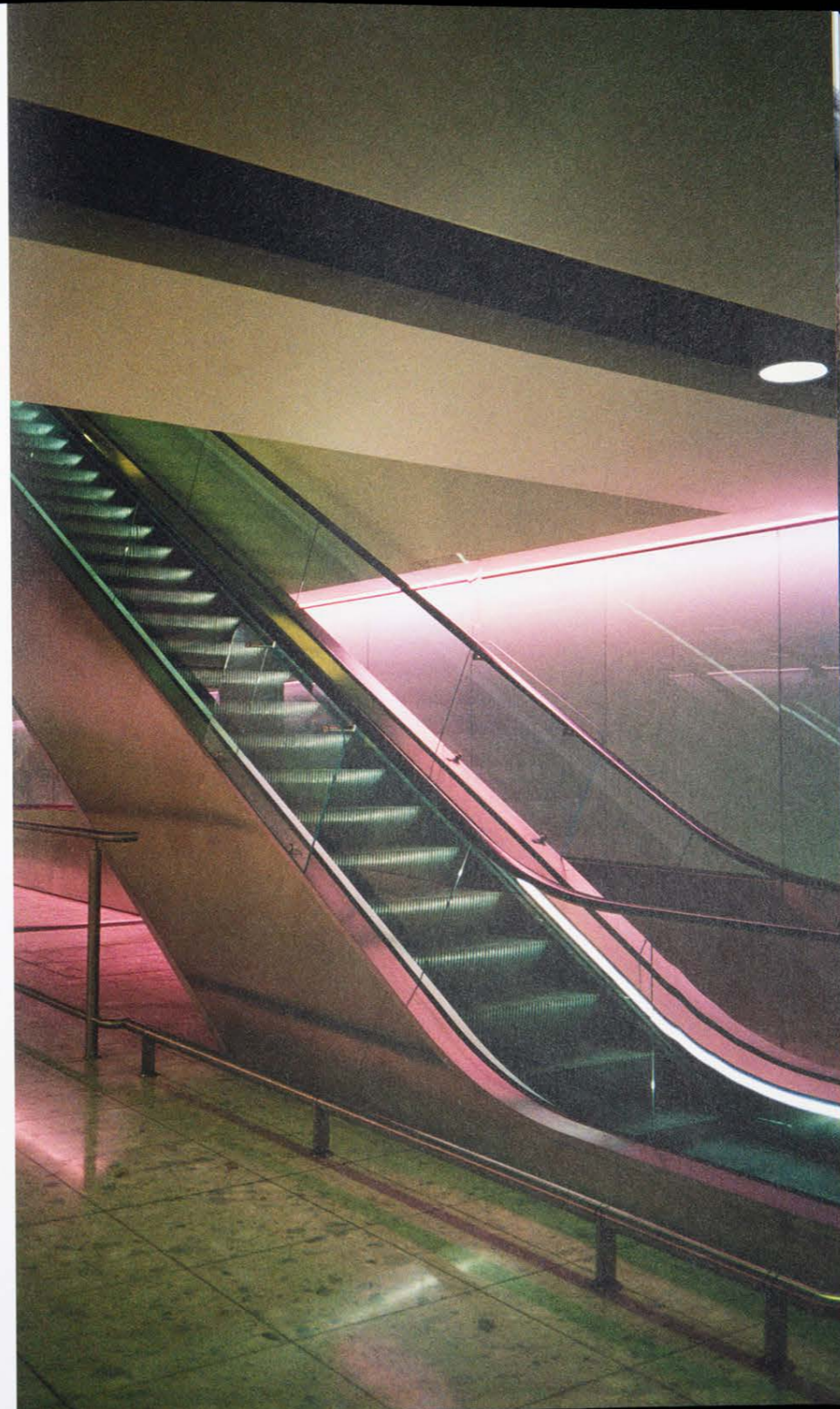
crust. London conceals its caring beneath a crabby shell. So it's come to this—beyond the sentimental charity telethons, caring has to be done undercover, furtively, as if it's something to be ashamed of. It's the only way to survive in the city. Autistic thousand yard stare, defensive headphone bubble... The closed-off bodies, the silences and the averted gazes, tell of a city under immense, barely liveable stress. You lock yourself into your own space, sending signals that you want to be left alone.

But you're not alone, at least not in the old way; there is no enclave of solitude any more, no space for drifting and daydreaming. You pause to look around the carriage, and see that everyone is doing the same as you: clicking and pawing touchscreens, secreting vital energies into a hungry hive. You feel a disgust that is also a self-disgust, seeing yourself as a hooked animal pleasuring yourself in public. Then you go on clicking, too exhausted to do anything else (but never too exhausted for one more click). Weary and bored of internal exchanges like this too, weary of these boring compulsions but unable to give them up (and that is boring too). How can you be bored and addicted at the same time? You can't hold the thought long enough to answer the question, attention fraying off, dispersed and diverted by the commercial commands massing in your peripheral vision, restive libidinal parasites that sap your energy even as you attempt to screen them out. (The screening-out also requires energy.)





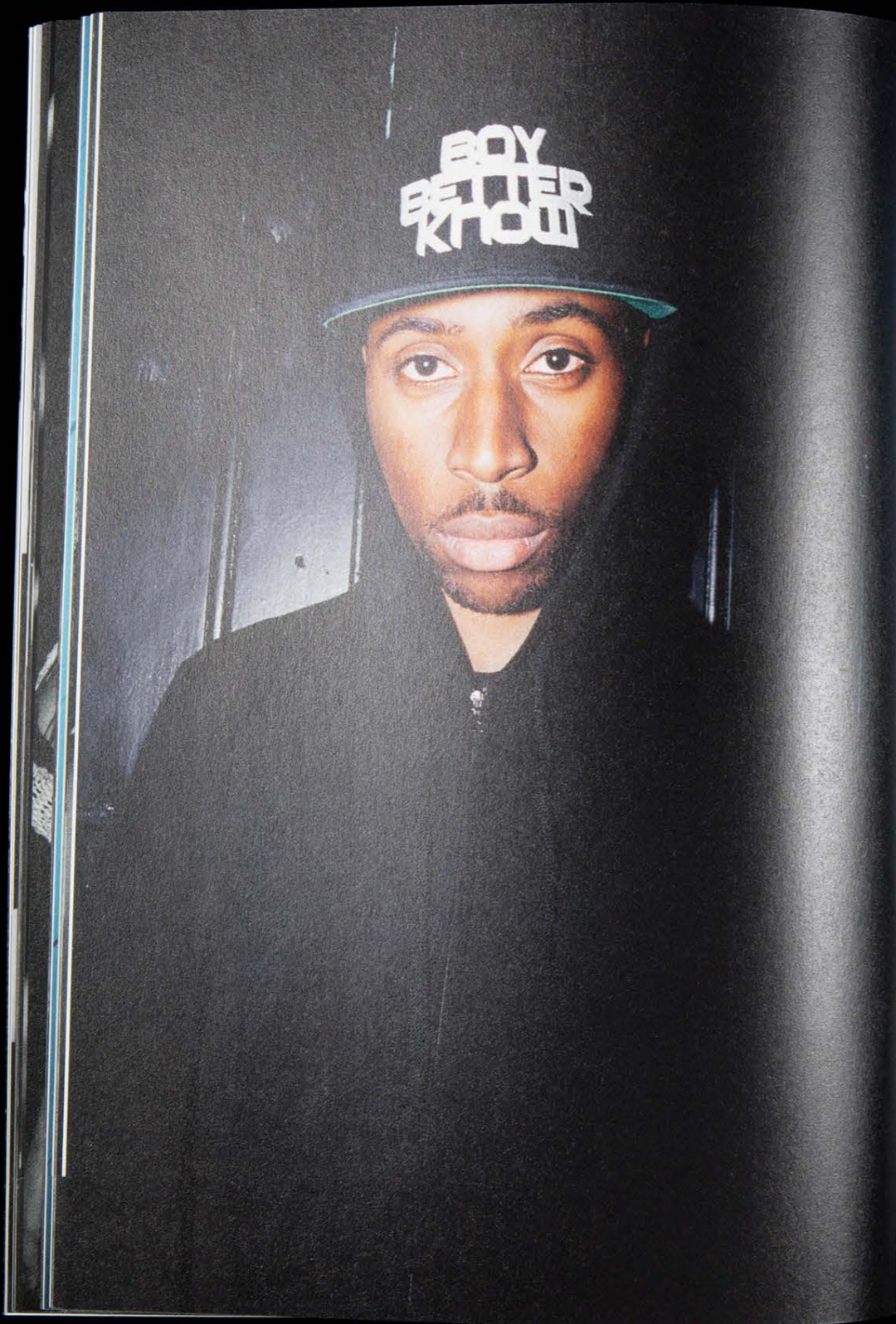














Press release  
**Signal The Future**

Photographer Georg Gatsas' name has become synonymous with London's late noughties dubstep scene, and his *Signal The Future* unpacks many layers of an important musical era. Through portraits of its many protagonists, candid shots of the music in situ, and architectural investigations – especially subterranean and aerial – of the city that gave it birth, a story is subliminally revealed. After Gatsas' initial introduction to the music via Mary Anne Hobbs' Radio One show, early Tempa and Hyperdub releases, and a club performance by The Bug, the Swiss photographer quickly met some key figures: scene champion Hobbs, the crews around Rinse FM – the city's indispensable pirate radio station and purveyors of the Tempa label – and Kode9 and his Hyperdub family.

With a chronology dating from 2008 – shortly after the British club phenomenon of dubstep received wider international acclaim – we're introduced to a scene in the flush of fame. Ethnically diverse, largely working class, surprisingly close-knit, and a world apart from the country's acclaimed indie and guitar rock history, they're united by the city and their love of a music that is absolutely integral to their lives. We glimpse dancers – no less important than the artists – mid-stride, witness their steppers' communion, and get a sense of their afterhours lives on the empty streets of Brixton in the dead of night.

As time progresses, so does the music, becoming broader, less categorisable, encompassing more, and like the internet itself, no longer so localised. If dubstep is no longer such an obvious thread, FWD – dubstep and grime's flagship club night operated

by the Rinse crew – is, and represents new music accordingly. In a few short years, the tone of electronic music has changed and so have the images – becoming brighter, taking place more often outside of the club, and interspersed with the kind of soaring structures that are always the hallmark of modernism. The music expands to include more genres that come from more places, though London and the family tree of this scene are still integral to nurturing that growth: something known and felt worldwide in thriving music cultures everywhere and online, even as global celebrities such as Skrillex become more obvious indicators of dubstep's impact.

While the photos' narrative requires some advance knowledge on the part of the observer, the essays included in *Signal The Future* make everything explicit. Acclaimed writers on music and cultural theory, including the late Mark Fisher, probe deeply on so many of the strands that Gatsas visualises: urbanism, community, the 'underground', capitalism, networked futurism, gentrification, and more. Today, we see artists such as grime MCs JME and Stormzy as crucial political opinion leaders for the youth in Jeremy Corbyn's grassroots Momentum movement – the culmination of the movements hinted at here. Anyone not following underground music may be surprised to realise how much is contained within its scope. Gatsas helps bring those complexities alive.

*Lisa Blanning*

Georg Gatsas; *Signal The Future*;  
232 pp; 320 photographs;  
Softcover; 202x300 mm; 1200 copies;  
Texts by Mark Fisher, Rory Gibb,  
Adam Harper, Mark Terkessidis;  
Visual contribution by Optigram;  
Graphic Design by Studio NOI; Published  
by cpress, Zurich and Loose Joints,  
London; ISBN 978-3-9524710-1-2.

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Georg Gatsas is an artist, photographer and freelance journalist based in Zurich, Switzerland. Gatsas uses an interdisciplinary approach to focus on how sound, recollection, and public spaces interact. Gatsas' photographs are based on music and art including their historical and sociological affinities. A nomad in a globalized world, Gatsas travels between different urban landscapes and captures individuals in their surrounding worlds in his portraits. In recent years, Georg Gatsas' work has been presented in numerous solo and group exhibitions in Switzerland and abroad, including Kunstmuseum St.Gallen (2017), Oldenburger Kunstverein (2017), Le Confort Moderne Poitiers (2017), FRAC Nord-Pas de

Calais (2015), Museum Bärengasse Zurich (2013), Kunstraum Riehen (2013), Aargauer Kunsthaus (2012), Kunsthaus Zurich (2008, 2011), Helmhaus Zurich (2011), Coalmine Galerie Winterthur (2010), Contemporary Art Centre Vilnius (2009), Swiss Institute New York (2007), Museum Boijmans Van Beuningen Rotterdam (2006) and Kunsthalle St.Gallen (2003).

His editorial work has featured in a variety of magazines such as Interview, i-D, Dazed, Beat, Zweikommasieben and Edge.

### Previous pages:

Installation views '**Because The Night**' with pictures from the series '**Signal The Future**', **Fotomuseum Winterthur, Winterthur, Switzerland**, 2019-2020, curated by Nadine Wietlisbach  
Photos: Benedikt Redmann, Winterthur 2019

Reproductions of the photo book '**Signal The Future**', cpress, Zürich/Loose Joints, London, 2017 with texts by Mark Fisher, Rory Gibb, Adam Harper, Mark Terkessidis

Link cpress: <https://cpress.ch/books/signal-the-future>

Link Loose Joints: <https://loosejoints.biz/products/signal-the-future>

### Left page:

Press release by Lisa Blanning for the photo book '**Signal The Future**', 2017



**Right page:**

'Rita Ackermann', 2007

Portrait from the series '**Five Points**', 2007-2008:

135 cm x 90 cm, RC print on aluminum, framed, edition 5 + 2 AP

**Next pages:**

Installation views '**Tainted Love (where did our love go)**', **Le Confort Moderne Poitiers, France**, 2017, curated by Sarina Basta

Photos: Pierre Antoine, Poitiers 2017

with Rita Ackermann, Aude Anquetil, Fabienne Audéoud et John Russell, Sadie Benning, Liz Craft, Vava Dudu, Roe Ethridge, Théodore Fivel, Sylvie Fleury, Georg Gatsas, Lise Hallerbaggesenross, Maria Hassabi, Celia Hempton, Ella Kruglyanskaya, Tarek Lakhrissi, Emilie Pitoiset, Eileen Quinlan, Pierre René-Worms, Azzedine Saleck, Seconde Durante, Apolonia Sokol, Betty Tompkins, Cheney Thompson, WATP, Nicole Wermers.

Review by Karen Rosenberg in the New York Times on the solo exhibition '**Five Points**' at **James Fuentes LLC**, 2008: <https://www.nytimes.com/2008/02/22/arts/design/22gall.html>















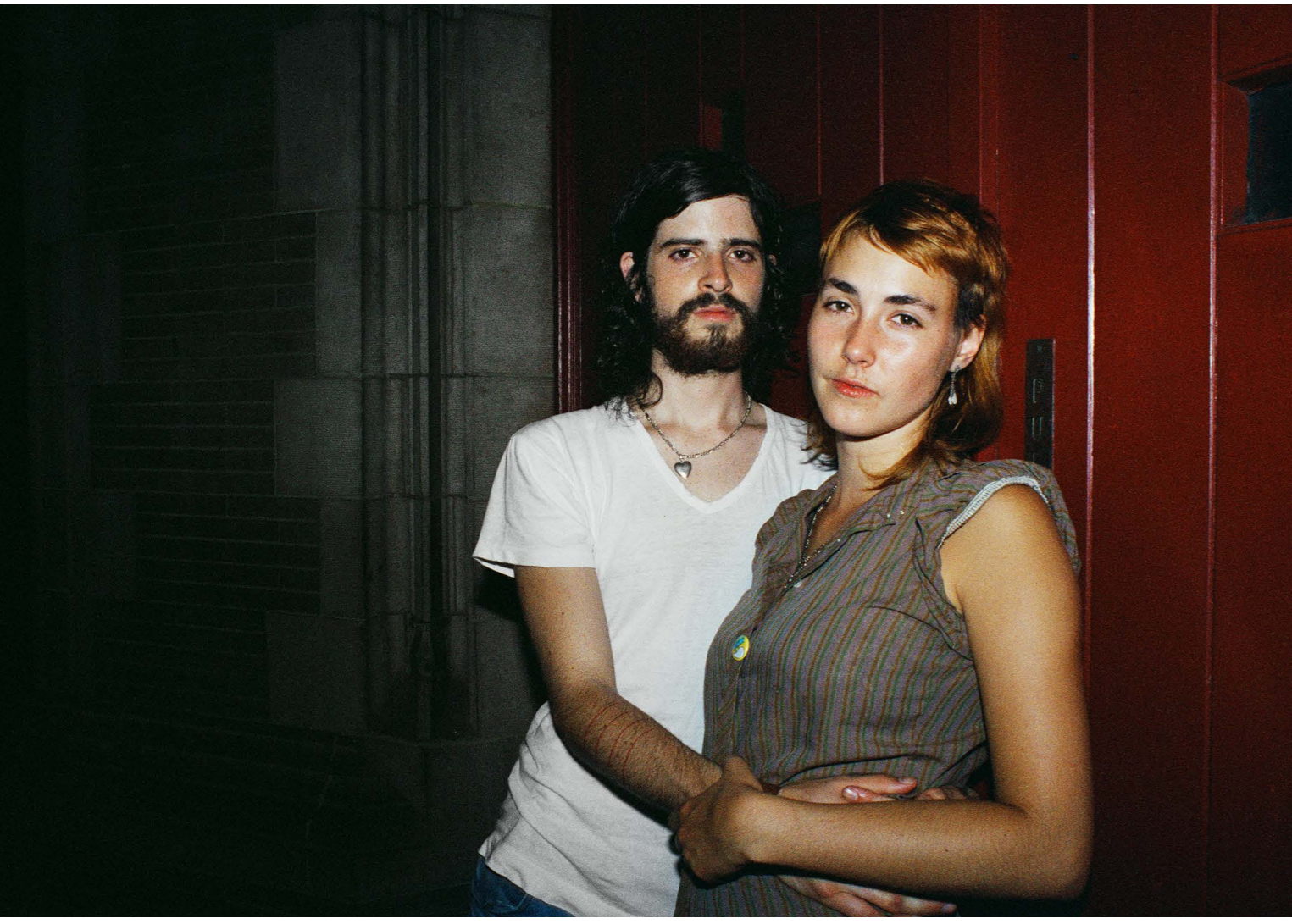


















## Previous pages:

Installation views 'The Process VI', Swiss Institute, New York, 2007, curated by Gianni Jetzer

Projection with four slide projectors

Room installation with guest contributions from Amy Granat, Brian DeGraw, Manon, Lizzi Bougatsos, Kembra Pfahler and Ira Cohen

Double projection, Super 8 on DVD

Sound installation by Jacob Kirkegaard

'Final', 3-day concert series with Tony Conrad, Ira Cohen, The Young Gods, Dälek, Norbert Möslang, I.U.D. (Lizzi Bougatsos and Sadie Laska), Tomas Korber, **Swiss Institute, New York**, 2007, curated by Georg Gatsas as part of 'The Process VI'

Photo: Tony Conrad live at the **Swiss Institute in New York**, 2007

Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uuEVfRrV2Hg&t=10s>

Portraits of the series 'The Process', 2002-2007:

Breyer P-Orridge (Genesis P-Orridge & Lady Jaye Breyer), 2003

Kembra Pfahler, 2003

Devendra Banhart and Bianca Casady, 2003

Edgar Oliver, 2003

Foetus, 2006

Ira Cohen, 2002

High Priest, 2003

Breyer P-Orridge on Their Roof, 2005

## Short bio: Swiss Institute for Art Research (SIK-ISEA), 2019

by Alice Wilke

Georg Gatsas is of Greek-Swiss extraction and grew up in the canton of St. Gallen, where he completed his qualifying examination for university in 2000. Having taught himself photography, he began taking pictures in New York during an extended stay there in 2002, photographing the city's underground music scene. These series of images led to his first national and international solo exhibitions at the Kunsthalle St. Gallen (*The Process*, 2003), the Binz39 Foundation in Zurich (*The Process IV*, 2006), and the Swiss Institute in New York (*The Process VI*, 2007). Since 2004, Gatsas has received a number of grants and awards, including studio residencies in New York (2009), London (2012 and 2014) and Johannesburg (2016/17). In 2007, he won the Swiss Federal Prize for Art. In 2017, he was awarded the Manor Art Prize St.Gallen, which included a solo exhibition at the Kunstmuseum St. Gallen and a monographic publication. Between 2018 and 2020, he completed a master's in fine arts at the FHNW Academy of Art and Design (IAGN Institute Art Gender Nature).

Gatsas's photographs—which typically portray key figures in contemporary club culture and depict venues for experimental and global pop music—get right to the nub of what's happening. Whether in the metropolitan centres of New York, London, Johannesburg, or Athens, he always surrounds himself with people directly and immerses himself in their different identities. He focuses on complex socio-cultural processes (*The Process*, 2003–2007) and comes into contact both with visions of society—embracing freedom, diversity and solidarity—and with individual takes on life. As he looks through the camera lens, his way of seeing does not create a sense of distance from the people he portrays but serves rather as an instrument of communication and, no less importantly, of research.

Gatsas's feeling for the different forms and variants of urban life and of intercultural pop and club music is predicated on his earlier involvement with the music scene. Early on in his artistic career, as he travelled around, his contacts with global musical networks gave him direct access to places where local communities meet and exchange ideas. Gatsas likes to seek out moments of collective experience and absorption, often venturing out on the street at night and going to different clubs (*H.O.M.E.*, 2013) and dance spots, in south and east London for example, where he captures in an instant the effect that dubstep—an extremely bassy and physical sound—has on the bodies of people dancing. Even though there is no audio track to listen to, the extensive series *Signal The Future* (2008–2017) brings out the rhythm and energy of the scene.

His thematic focus extends beyond the immediate context of music and tackles identities shaped by migration and global networking. This is evident, for example, in the series *Are You... Can You... Were You?* (2005–2017), which takes the portraits Gatsas has shot in various places in Switzerland and the wide range of encounters he has had there and juxtaposes them with the pictures he has taken in metropolises around the world: this provides a record of his impressions as a traveller, while also conveying the condition of being in-between worlds—a state associated with travel—in which elements that are familiar bump up against what is unknown and new. The portraits of the people he meets thus mutate into a self-portrait: Gatsas does not see himself as a distanced observer but rather as part of a process of intercultural dialogue. His pictures ask questions about our modern-day human condition and probe the new forms of (self)representation that have become virulent in a time when self-enactment in social networks has become ubiquitous.

SIKART – Lexikon zur Kunst in der Schweiz:

<https://www.sikart.ch/KuenstlerInnen.aspx?id=11053784>