

Works

Zenita Komad



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Zenita Komad is represented by

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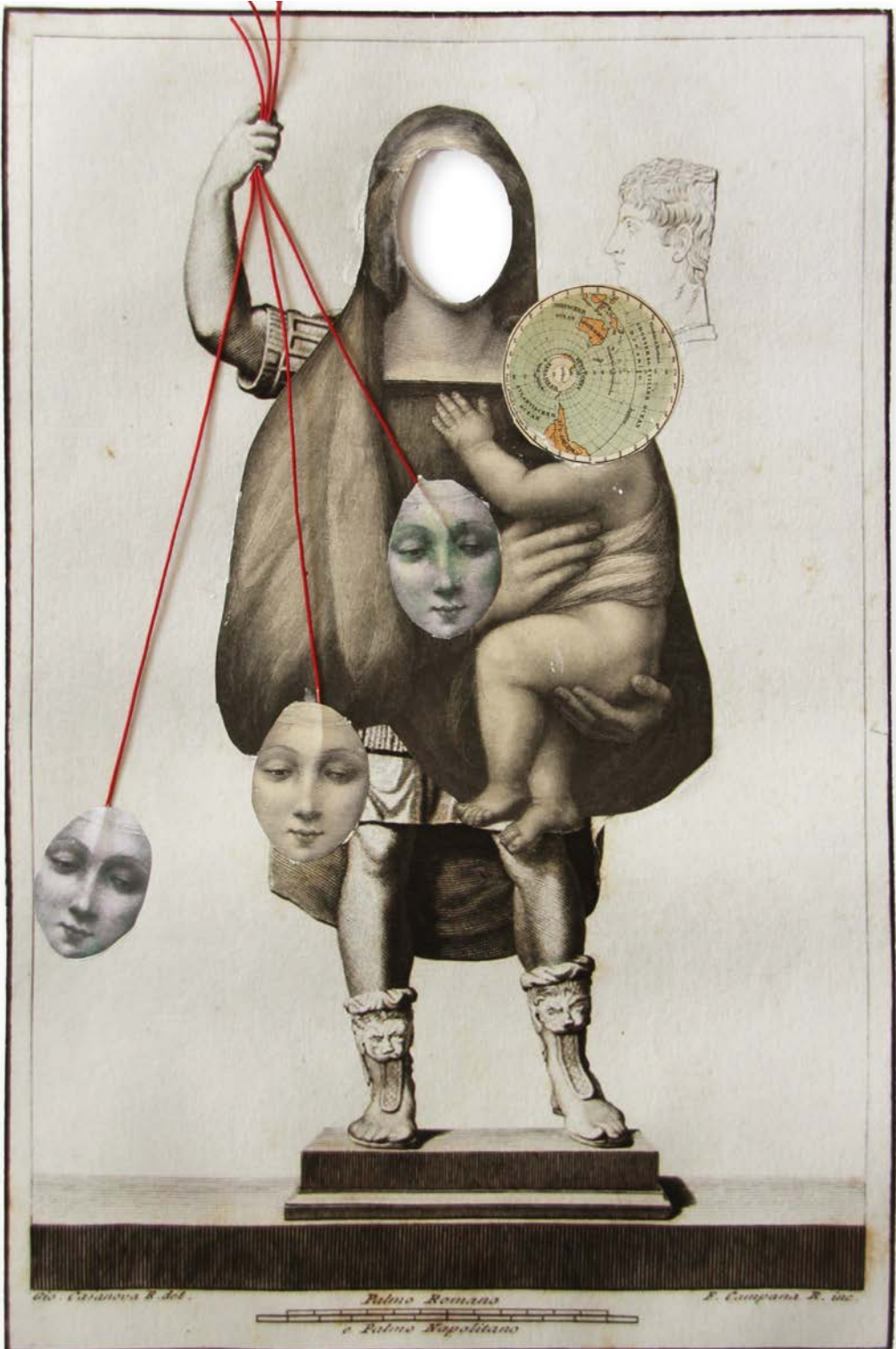
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Dicht (2021)

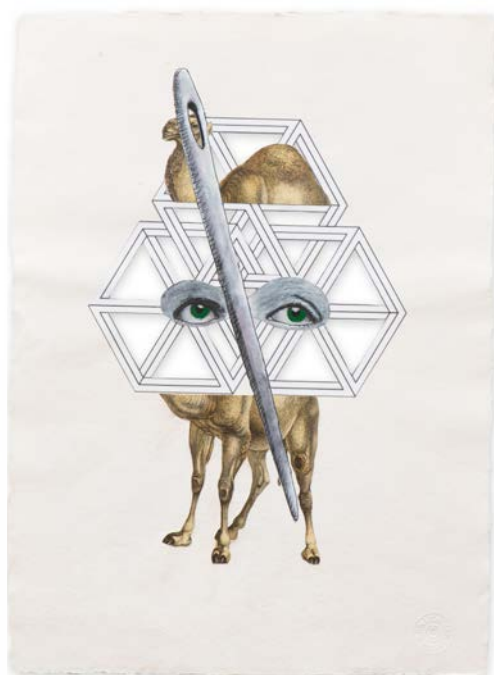
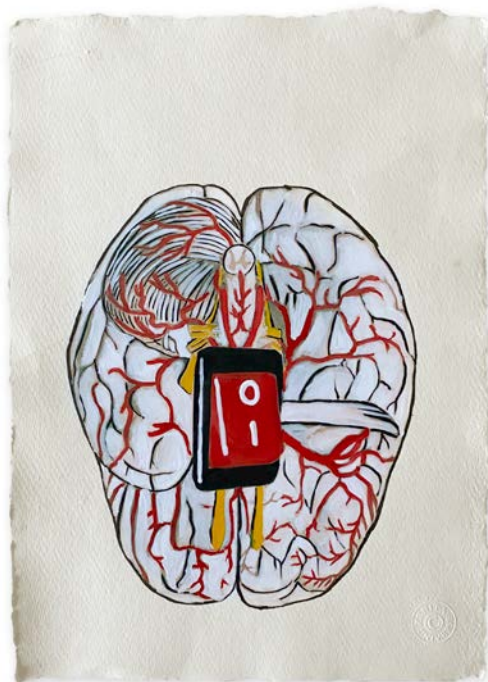


dis. Casanova B. del.

Adino Romani
e Adino Napolitano

F. Compagni R. inc.

Motherhood (2021)



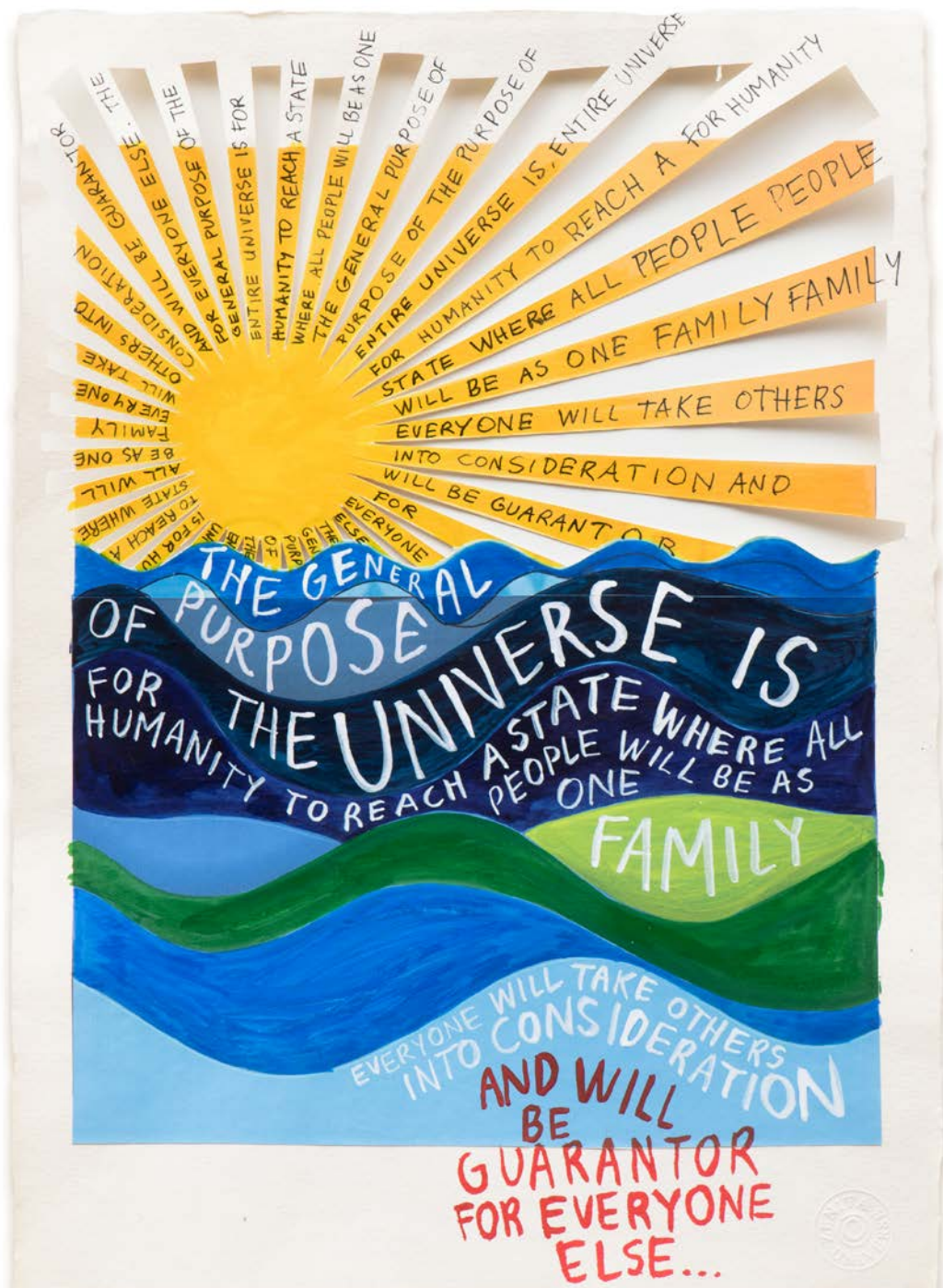
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Fascism? (2021)



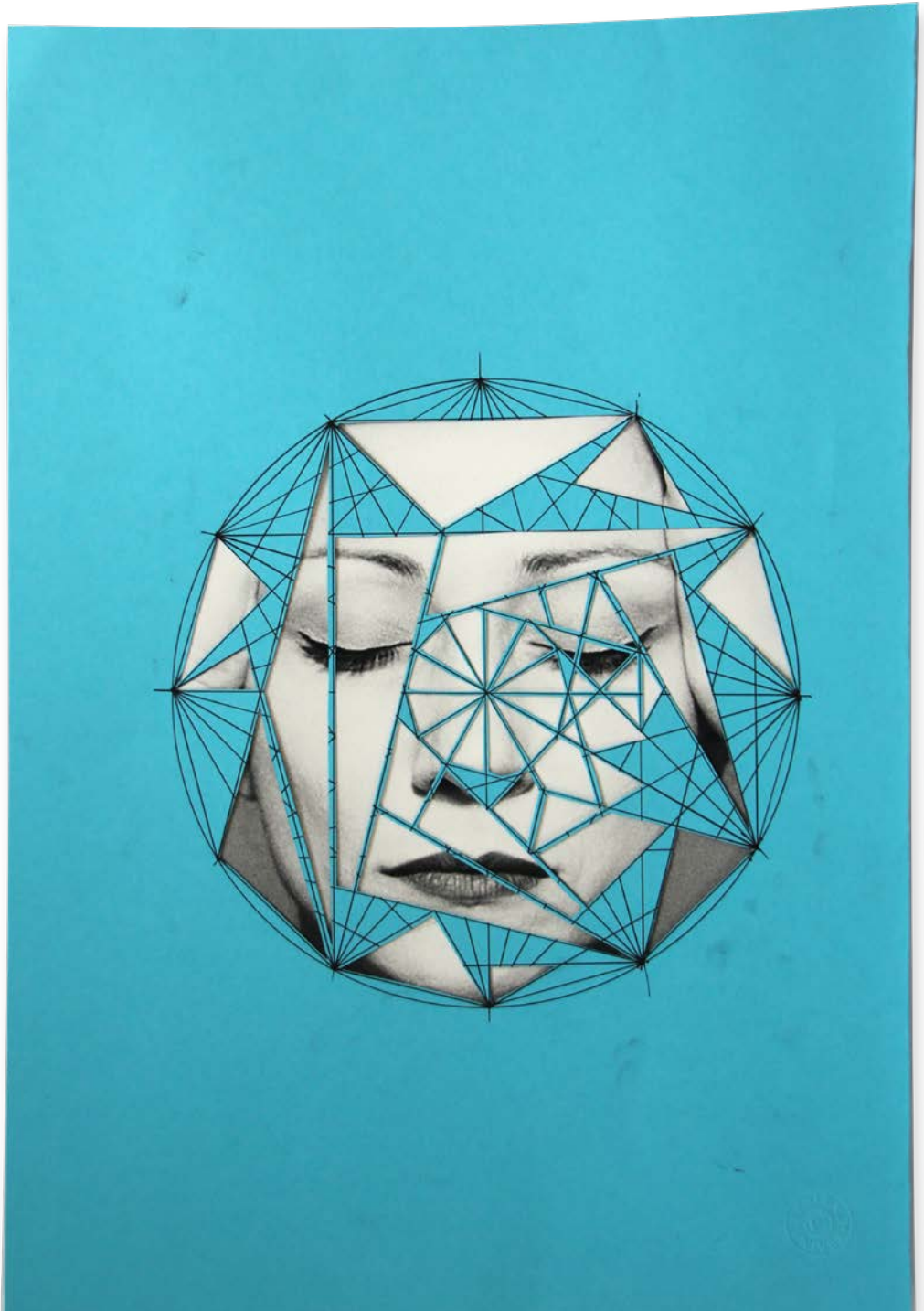
The Highest Consciousness (2021)



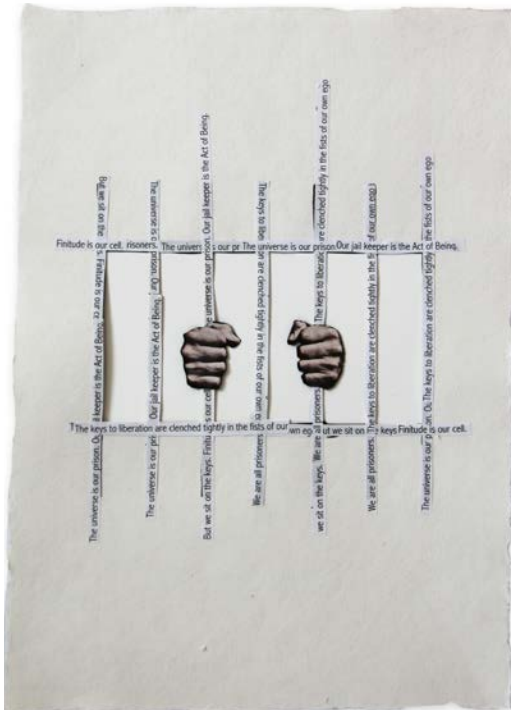
The General Purpose of the Universe (2021)



Infinity (2021)



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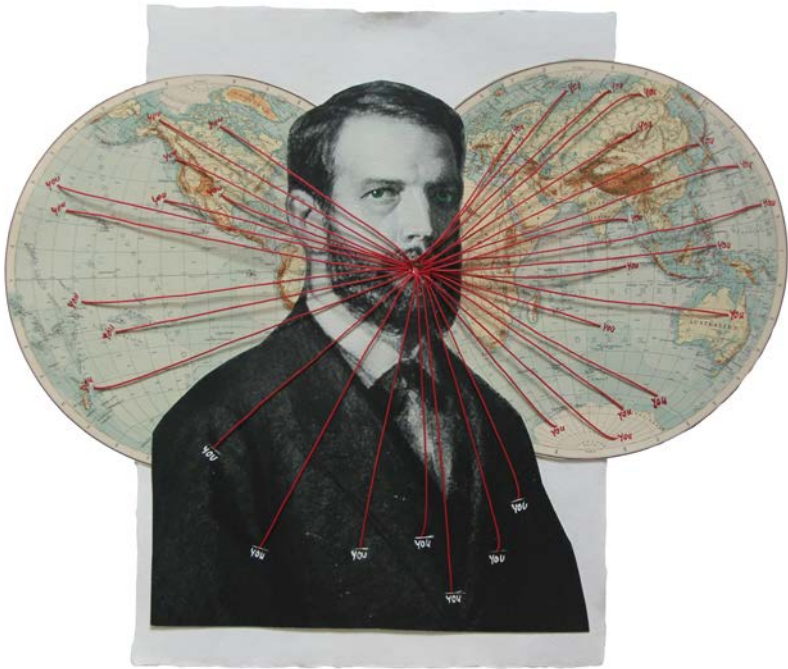
**We Live in a State of Emergency,
Where the Fires of Confusion Are Raging (2021)**

DAS
PROBLEM
IST
DU
GLAUBST
DU
HAST
ZEIT

Das Problem ist, Du glaubst Du hast Zeit (2021)



Happiness Is a Call (2021)



**You Are Everywhere (2021) •
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Infinity (2021)



**If You Want to Find Out the Secrets of the Universe,
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Enlightenment for Sale (2021)



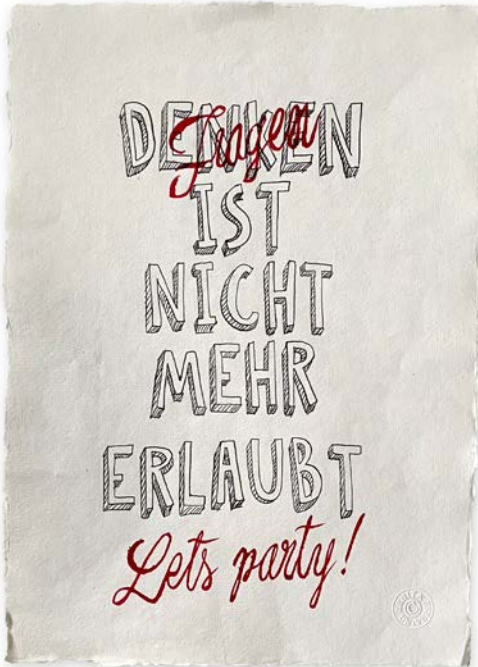
Redemption (2021)



Heal (2021)



ist Schweigen gold? (2021)



Wer? Wie? Was? Wo? (2021) • You Are What You Say (2021) •
Denken ist nicht mehr erlaubt, Let Us Party! (2021) •
You Have a Different Soul, You Can Not Be Like Them (2021)



I Stopped Listening To My Intuition,
She Is Talking Too Much (2021)





Exit (2021)



Darkness Will Transform Itself (2021)

ich fürchte mich nicht
ich fürchte mich nicht
Ich fürchte mich nicht
ich fürchte mich nicht
ich fürchte mich nicht
ich fürchte mich nicht

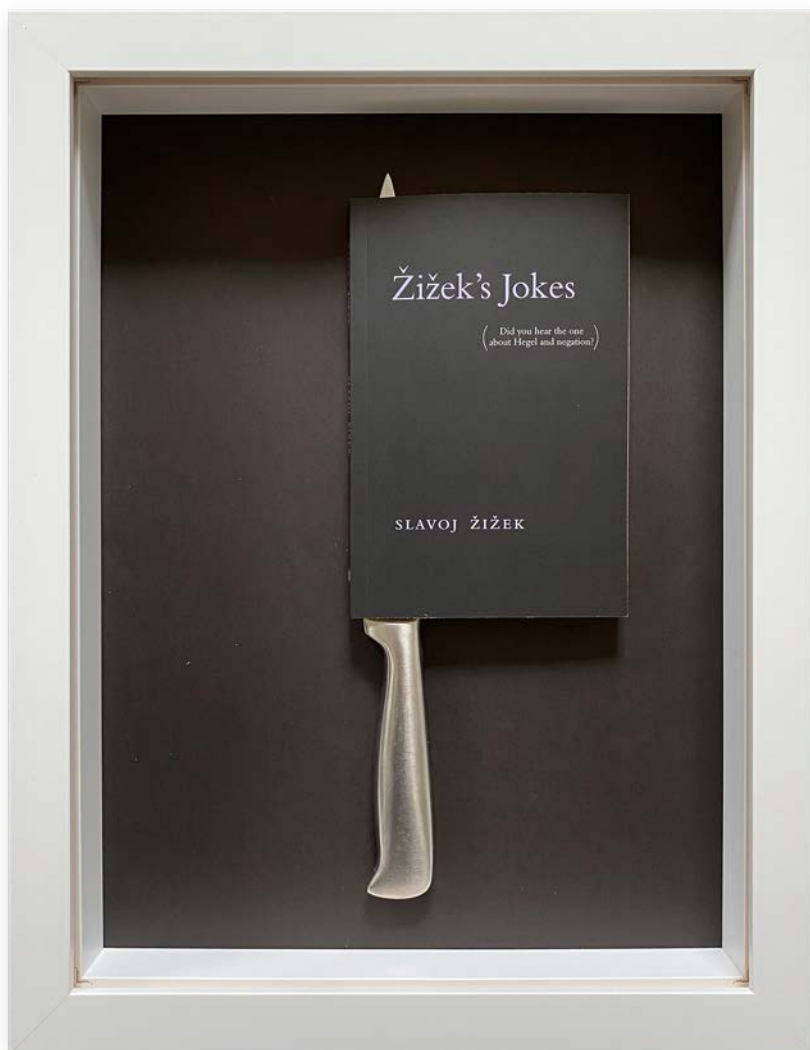




Neutraler Gott
Historic print and ink on paper (2021)



Nein, genug mit dem Eiertanz
Historic print and ink on paper (2021)



Sharp Joke
Knife and book on paper (2021)

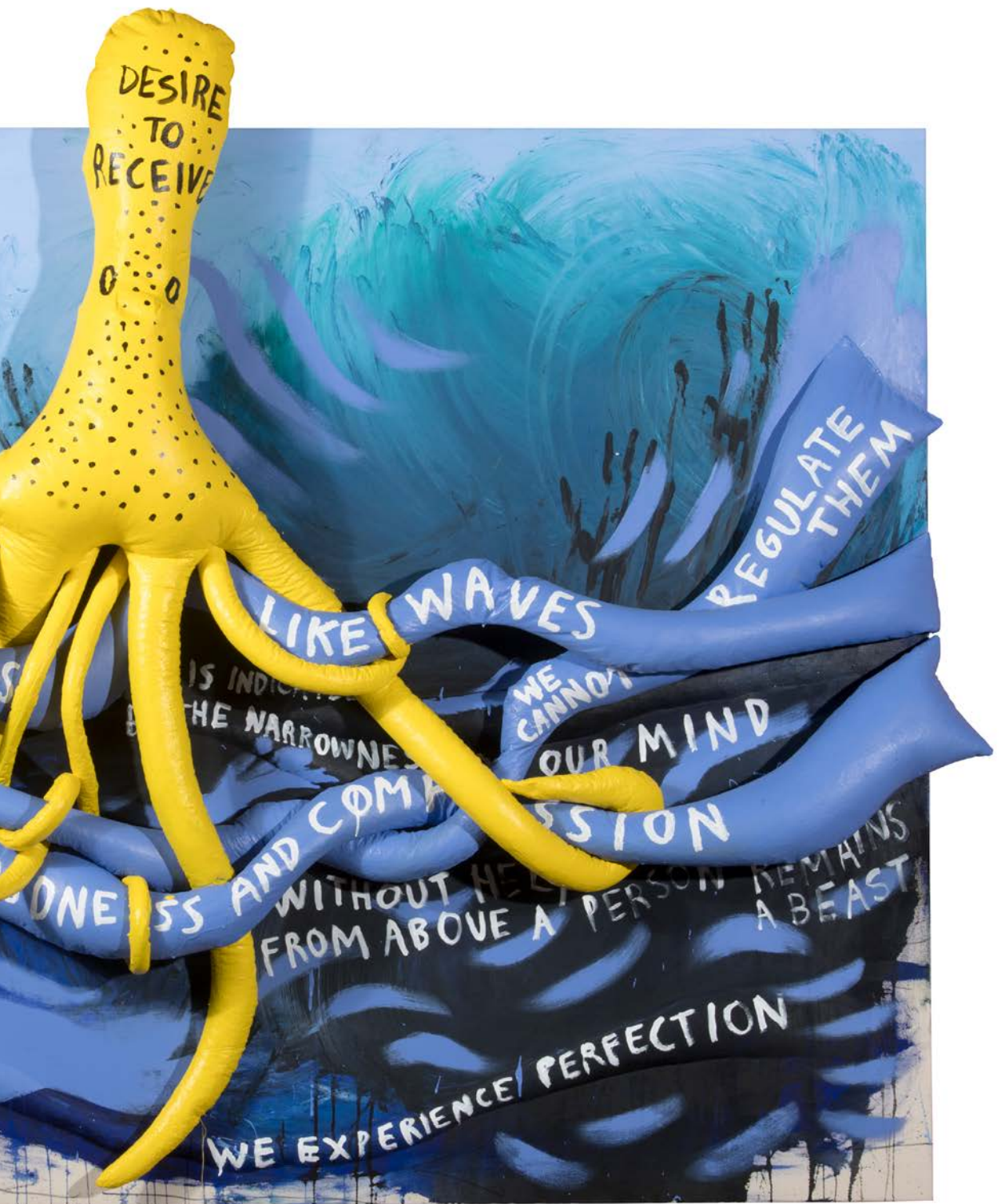


Installation view private collection
(sandpainting, 150×110×10 cm)



Desire To Receive

Sewn canvas, styrofoam and colour
150×110×25 cm (2021)



DESIRE
TO
RECEIVE

0 0

LIKE WAVES

REGULATE
THEM

IS INDICATED
THE NARROWNESS

WE CANNOT

OUR MIND

ONESS AND COMMISSION

WITHOUT HELP FROM ABOVE A PERSON REMAINS A BEAST

WE EXPERIENCE PERFECTION



Into the Void

Metal key in canvas, acrylic colour on canvas
150×110×95 cm (2021)



The Source of Love
Sewn canvas, styrofoam and colour
150×110×25 cm (2021)



Spirituality for Sale

Sound bowls with motion detectors, acrylic colour on canvas
150×110×95 cm (2021)



Mutterliebe
Wood, metal water tap and colour on canvas
150×110×25 cm (2021)

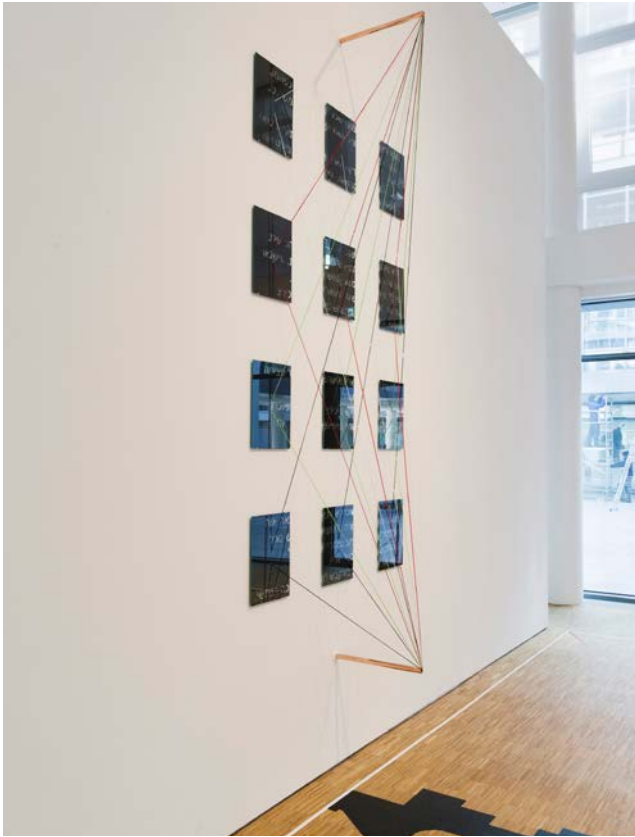


The Entire World Is Mutually Connected
Wood, rope and acrylic colour on canvas
150×110×25 cm (2021)

CONNECTED

TURN INDEPENDENTLY
WITHOUT TURNING ALL
THE OTHERS





Installationsansichten, „Art is a Doctor“, DG Kunstraum, München (2017)

Art is a Doctor. The Artist and the Kabbalist

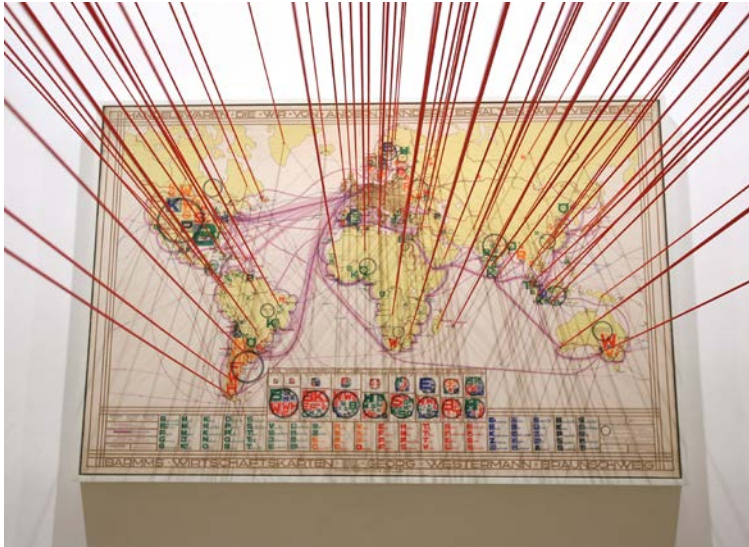
DG Kunstraum, München

17.2. – 8.4.2017 — Ausstellungsbesucher konnten aus der passiven Rolle des Schauens und Beurteilens treten und sich an zwei Tagen dem Kollektiv „CircleXperience“ anschließen und an thematisch inszenierten Gesprächsrunden in der Ausstellung in der DG teilnehmen.

Die Deutsche Gesellschaft für christliche Kunst präsentiert die erste Einzelausstellung Zenita Komads im süddeutschen Raum mit einer eigens für die Galerie geschaffenen raumgreifenden Installation. Spirituelle Themen bilden seit vielen Jahren das Herzstück der künstlerischen Fragestellungen von Zenita Komad. Sie richtet ihre Aufmerksamkeit besonders auf zwischenmenschliche Verbindungen und die Frage nach dem Ursprung unserer Existenz.

Auf dem Galerieboden wird der Grundriss des Kölner Doms abgebildet, mittels farbiger Linien scheinbar vermessen und gegliedert. Der vermeintliche Ort des Altars wird von einem großen Stethoskop besetzt, das die Aufschrift „Art is a Doctor“ trägt. Diese Affirmation verbindet die Installation mit Zeichnungen und Videoarbeiten in der Ausstellung. Die Künstlerin stellt damit aber auch den Besucher vor eine Aufgabe: Er soll die Werke betrachten und die darin enthaltenen Nachrichten aufnehmen wie Medizin.

Kleine Monitore zeigen Interviewausschnitte mit Komad und dem Kabbalisten Dr. Michael Laitman. Hier werden Denkprozesse vertieft, spirituelle Themen beleuchtet, existentielle Fragen aus dem persönlichen Kontext in ein größeres Ganzes versetzt. Die Bandbreite der Konversation schließt aktuelle Prozesse der Gesellschaft auf gekonnte Art und Weise mit ein.



Installationsansichten, „Time to Change the Record“, Galerie Krinzinger (2013)

Time to Change the Record

Peter Weiermair

*Rede zur Eröffnung der Ausstellung **Zenita Komad, Rosmarie Lukasser und Terry Fox** am 29.1.2013 in der Galerie Krinzinger in Wien*

Den linken Seitenflügel hat man dem wichtigen und frühen Performance-Künstler **TERRY FOX**, den Ursula Krinzinger Ende der 70er Jahre nach Wien brachte, eingeräumt. Er enthält Dokumente, Manuskripte, Montagen von Zeichnungen und Musikinstrumenten, sowie ein Video, welches eine wichtige Aufführung dokumentiert. Der vor allem in Kalifornien und später auch mit Joseph Beuys in Europa arbeitende Künstler, den ich in den 70er Jahren anlässlich einer Installation am Inn, dem Fluss, der Innsbruck durchquert, kennenlernte, gehört zu den wichtigen kalifornischen Künstlern, die im Programm der Galerie seit jeher eine wichtige Rolle spielen.

Den rechten Flügel bespielt **ZENITA KOMAD**, eine der jüngsten und außerordentlich produktiven Künstlerin dieser Galerie, die eine Installation mit einer dichten Galerie von Arbeiten auf Papier im zentralen Raum, einer Art Kapelle schuf, in der sich die roten Fäden der Installation zu einem bedeutungsvollen Zeichen vereinen und in der sie ihre Bekenntnisse in Form von Collagen bündelt.

Im Erdgeschoss hat sich die altersmäßig fast gleichaltrige Osttirolerin **ROSMARIE LUKASSER** eingerichtet, die jedoch ganz unterschiedlich wie Zenita Komad arbeitet und den Eingangsraum wie ein Laboratorium benutzt – der Betrachter setzt das Licht in Kraft, welchem sie eine zentrale Bedeutung einräumt. Im Hauptraum platziert sie dann die dann mit Gips- und Metallstruktur angedeutete Figur

eines Zeitgenossen oder einer Zeitgenossin, deren Sprache der Hände, in deren Mitte ein Licht leuchtet, von Bedeutung ist. Die räumlichen Beschränkungen, ja auch die Tatsache, dass der Betrachter mitinvolviert ist, indem er das Licht einschaltet, die Energie also, welche thematisch die Arbeit mitfundierte, sind außerordentlich klug genutzt.

Was diese drei Präsentationen vielleicht ganz unbeabsichtigt vermögen, ist es, den Betrachter zu einem Vergleich zwischen zwei heute möglichen ästhetischen Strategien anzuregen, die ihren Ausgangspunkt in den revolutionären 60er Jahren besitzen.

Terry Fox ist in Österreich, von Ursula Krinzinger eingeladen, in Innsbruck und Wien aufgetreten. Wenn ich vom Auftritt des inzwischen verstorbenen Künstlers spreche, so meine ich seine performative Praxis nach der radikalen Entscheidung, die er 1968 getroffen hatte, die Malerei aufzugeben. Wir kennen diese Entscheidung, die auch österreichische Künstler getroffen haben als eine Haltung, neue Medien in den Mittelpunkt der Ästhetik zu stellen. Kunst, so stellte Terry Fox fest, sei weniger eine Produktion von Objekten, als eine Generation von Gedanken, die zur Erweiterung des menschlichen Bewusstseins führten. Nur begrenzt ist diese Kunst an Objekte gebunden. Der Raum, in dem er agiert, ist ein Erlebnisraum, wie der des Betrachters, sowie sein Körper auch zum Raum wird, mit dem er arbeitet. Terry Fox, Zeit seines Lebens schwer

krank und Gegenstand zahlreicher operativer Eingriffe, hat die Öffnung seines Körpers miterlebt. Er wollte öffentliches Theater machen und hat mit Musik, einer ganz elementaren Musik, gearbeitet und mit Dichtern, wie etwa dem Tiroler Georg Decristel, der die Maultrommel spielte, zusammengearbeitet. Die eigene Gegenständlichkeit, seine Materialität, die Ereignishaftigkeit der Welt wird als energetisches und skulpturales Potential begriffen. Autobiografisches und Potenzielles überlagern sich bei ihm. „Man muss leben können, um Kunst zu machen, und das sei genug“, hat sein Freund Jochen Gerz einmal über ihn gesagt. Terry Fox hat sich in einer späteren Phase seines Werks mit dem Thema des Labyrinths befasst. Ausgehend vom Labyrinth von Chartres versteht Terry Fox das Labyrinth als Metapher des Lebens.

Symbole, Gleichnisse, visuelle Metaphern sind auch für die österreichische Künstlerin Zenita Komad wichtig. Dies zeigt sich auch in ihrer Installation mit Schnüren. Gegen den Archaiker Fox, der durchaus auch elementare Fragen der Existenz in seiner Arbeit berührt, ist die Existentialistin Zenita Komad allemal narrativer, erzählerischer, bunter, witziger, ja manchmal auch um Kalauer nicht verlegen. Gegen das franziskanische Temperament eines Terry Fox ist sie ein barocker Abraham a Santa Clara einer neuen Spiritualität. In einer Landschaft, die wir eben von Jonathan Meese vorgeführt bekommen haben, die u. a. polemisch und zynisch-hysterisch bestimmt ist, in einer Kunstlandschaft, in der die negative Definition bis hin zur Blasphemie zum

Überdruß herrscht, schlägt Zenita Komad einen überraschend ungewohnten, charismatischen Ton an, der vor allem in ihren Textcollagen und Montagen deutlich wird. Man kann sich ihrer Arbeit von zwei ganz unterschiedlichen Seiten nähern: Einerseits laden ihre Texte (ich erinnere auch an die Texte von Louise Bourgeois) dazu ein, Welt- und Lebensanschauungen der Künstlerin zu deuten. Man kann sie also ernst nehmen und ihren Aufforderungen nacheifern. Da wir hier aber keinen spirituellen Kollegen veranstalten, der die Künstlerin vielleicht am meisten interessieren würde, suchte sie doch vielleicht Jünger, bleibe ich beim Studium formal – phänomenologischen Seite ihrer Arbeit, für die die Sprache und die Versprachlichung ganz wesentlich ist. Von der Sprache der Taubstummen in Form abge-gossener Handhaltungen über die Sprache der Kartografie und die der symbolischen Zeichen (Bündelung der Stricke), der unterschiedlichen Bedeutungsebenen von oben und unten bis hin zu einer Fülle von Bildzitat und typografischen, semantisch-semiotischen Lösungen, die ihr offensichtlich viel Spaß bereiten, tobt sich dieses barocke Talent aus. Zenita Komad zieht ihre roten Fäden von den unterschiedlichen geografischen Punkten einer Welthandelskarte der Zwischenkriegszeit durch eine Mauer und bündelt sie, um sie dann zu einem vielbedeutenden Zeichen in die Höhe zu ziehen. Der babylonischen Sprachverwirrung und der ungerechten Verteilung von reichen und armen Ländern setzt sie die Utopie eines harmonischen Zusammenlebens entgegen.

In der Arbeit von **Terry Fox** geht es um die elementaren Bedingungen der menschlichen Existenz, deren zentrale Äußerungen für ihn sind: Schlaf und Wachssein, Zeit und Zeitlichkeit, die Widerstandskraft des Körpers, Leben und Tod und die Subjektivität jedes einzelnen als Ort der Erfahrung. Bei Zenita Komad provoziert die Autorin durch paradoxe und oft naiv erscheinende Fragen und Antworten den Betrachter über den Sinn unseres Lebens, die Existenz zu

mehreren, zwischen den Generationen und Völkern, nachzudenken.

Ein ganz anderes Weltbild von großer Aktualität begegnet uns bei der Recherche von **Rosmarie Lukasser**. Sie setzt sich mit einem Bewusstseinszustand, ja einer Kommunikationspraxis auseinander, die unsere Vorstellung von unserer Welt und von uns selbst gänzlich revolutioniert hat, bis hin zur Körperhaltung, mit der sich die Künstlerin



Key Painting Left Line (2013)



Key Painting Right Line (2013)



la chaim (2013)

im Hauptraum auseinandersetzt. Dort begegnet ihm, wie in einem ägyptischen Grab, eine Figur, deren Handhaltung und das in den Händen befindliche Licht (Zeichen der Immaterialität) Ausdruck unserer gewandelten Einstellung gegenüber einer sich verflüchtigen und immateriell werdenden Welt, ist. Im Eingangsbereich, der Besucher wird zum Mitspieler, indem er selbst das Licht in Gang setzt, finden wir auch bei Lukasser eine Weltkarte. Diese ist jedoch nicht eine Welthandelskarte für Schüler aus der Zeit der 20er-Jahre, sondern eine Demonstration, die den Energieverbrauch der Länder, in denen zu einem bestimmten Zeitpunkt

Internetaktivitäten vorherrschen. Nicht ohne Grund ist der schwarze Kontinent dunkel. Netzeit und Körperzeit werden in ihrer Arbeit konfrontiert, es gelingt der Künstlerin, die Situation, in der wir uns heute befinden, was unsere Kommunikation, unser immer immaterieller werdendes Lebens- und Weltverständnis betrifft, befindet in beunruhigende Objekte und Bilder überzuführen. Gegenüber ihrem Statement mag vieles was heute künstlerisch erarbeitet wird, atavistisch erscheinen.

Peter Weiermair

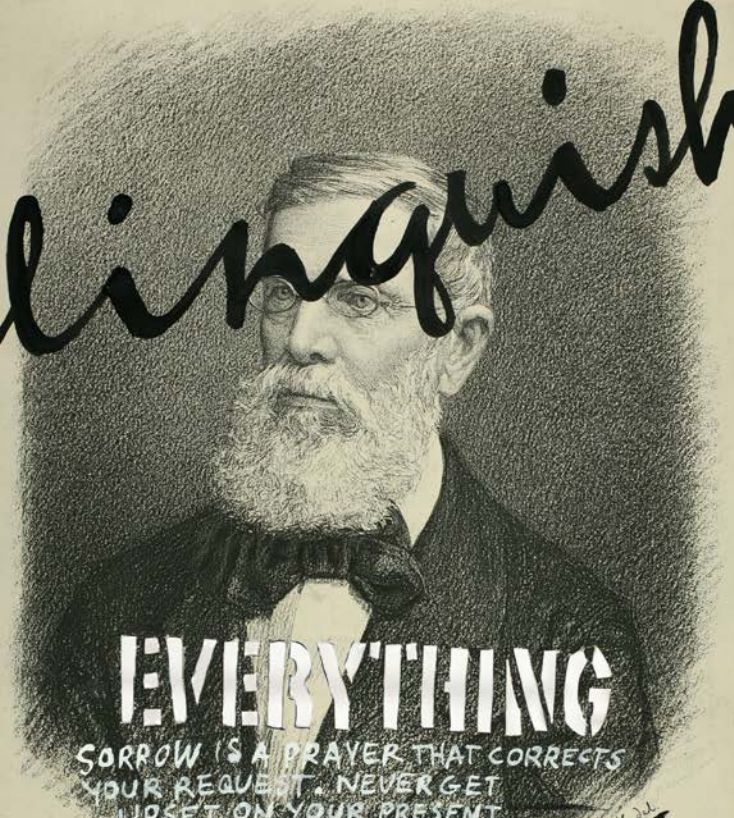


„Time to change the record“, Installationsansicht, Galerie Krinzinger (2013)
Time to Change the Record (2013) • Vision (2013)



Schöpfung (2013)

Relinquish



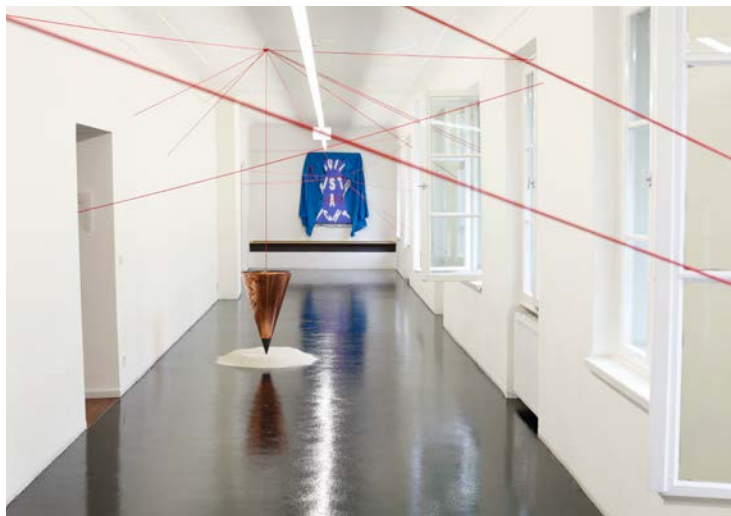
EVERYTHING

SORROW IS A PRAYER THAT CORRECTS
YOUR REQUEST. NEVER GET
UPSET ON YOUR PRESENT

STATE! REALIZE THAT EVERYBODY
DEPENDS ON YOU. YOU NEED TO BE PATIENT AND
PERSISTANT. INVEST YOURSELF. SCRUTINIZE THE
SOURCE. CONTINUE WITH A GENTLE HEART AND
REACH THE GATE...

be grateful,

AND TRUST...



Installation views, "I Love God", Minoritenkloster Graz (2012)

God is (Not) Nothing

A discussion with Zenita Komad

Beyond the bounds of any institutional affiliations, without having undergone any noteworthy awakening or conversion, and completely free of any aversion or irony, but with verve, esprit and subtle humour, the young Vienna-based artist Zenita Komad, exceedingly successful within the art-system as she is, has placed 'God' into the centre of her subtle collages and text-pieces. The absolute insistence of her personal and artistic presence and work pulls the beholder into a current which flows toward establishing connections with one another and placing particular weight upon a new sense of awareness. Zenita Komad speaks openly with 'Kunst und Kirche' [Church and Art] about her love.

Johannes Rauchenberger Zenita Komad, life occasionally thrives in rather polar territories, as it were. Having myself encountered this in your work, it is this notion that I would like to begin our discussion with: Included in your most recent show *Sei Licht für die Welt* [Be Light for the World], there was a letter to be seen with the heading, 'Letter to God'. Throughout my involvement with art over the past fifteen years, I have not once encountered such unabated directness, and what seems to be veracity, in naming God in this way—such outright praising and entreating of Him. More typical would be the negation, the inversions and parallels, the backdrops and projections, and often the exaggerations—not to exclude plain blasphemy. Particularly bewildering to me is that I personally have encountered other pieces among your work that are highly critical of religion, such as *Religion is dangerous* and—its text arranged in the form of a cross—*Do you take yourself serious?* The latter almost appears to recall the Apostle Paul. How would you explain this cleft between the seemingly varied statements, or describe what is intimated between the lines?

Zenita Komad In my view, God does not necessarily have any connection with religion and does not automatically require the existence of any institution. Speaking with God was a necessity for me even as a child. It is a loving relationship, which, through doubt and insecurity, is repeatedly endangered. However, now that those working in the fields of science, quantum physics, molecular biology and the like have begun to acknowledge the existence of a 'supreme authority', many people have begun to prick up their ears. The research of many quantum physicists has shown that **God is the source of all energies**, and of all matter in the universe! Beginning with Heisenberg and Einstein, spectacular developments and insights have continued to be made regarding elementary particles, biophysics, and so forth. In our societies, the need for a synthesis between the sciences, teachings of wisdom and spirituality is becoming evermore urgent! Art ought to convey, connect and serve in a more accessible manner! The danger (*Religion is dangerous*) lies in the notion that, in practising either blind obedience or disobedience, one may become want to neglect the meaning of life and the whole of existence altogether. It is rather a matter of

inner processes that need to be experienced so that knowledge can be transformed into wisdom! Institutions, teachers or religions can either help us or hamper us, but the actual work must be done by each person on their own. When beholding our world, I cannot help but to ascertain that priorities have been massively displaced, and that heedlessness has reached a drastic state of culmination. On the one hand, we attribute far too much importance to ourselves; on the other hand, we continue to undermine our own existence.

JR Are you not afraid of disavowal by the tough critics of your field in the face of such adamantly displayed faith in God? One gallery owner politely, and yet with some embarrassment, remarked that the last time he had written to the Lord God had been in a Christmas letter to the Christ Child, before eventually leaving the church. You yourself are not baptised, and yet you have no qualms about having contact with the church, or working together with institutions that officially advocate specific religions. Spirituality is an attitude and an experience that takes place beyond the bounds of the various religions, thus uniting them (hopefully) to an extent. You do not balk at making the most intimate of discussions of all—namely that with God—public, yet remain far removed from presenting any kind of revelatory striptease. Is that art? Is that you, yourself? Have the two coalesced? When even merely glancing at your exhibition history and the breadth of critique your work has given rise to, I am, at any rate, certainly bound to admit to

nothing less than astonishment with regard to your ‘artistic development’ ...

ZK Of course there are instances in which people respond to me with a great deal of scepticism—even long-standing friends of mine confront me at times with judgments such as, ‘Oh geeze, all this esoteric nonsense ...’ Nonetheless, the wise once said, ‘Speaking about third parties kills three: it kills the one who speaks, the one who hears the speech, and the one of whom it was spoken’. For the most part, however, I tend to meet more and more people who



g-tt ist kein bankomat (2012)



installation view, "I Love God" (2012)

experience great joy at becoming involved with these issues. Many artists have already concerned themselves deeply with God and spirituality. Questions such as 'Who am I?' or 'What is my purpose in life?' apply to all of us in equal measure. For thousands of years, these have remained the issues that art attempts to address, account for and resolve, in dialogue with society. **Any tenable conception of society can only come into existence through a recognition of the fundamentals of the spiritual world.**

JR Over the course of the impressive achievements that mark your artistic life thus far, you have had a whole row of companions who, apparently, were so taken with your approach toward making art that they were ready and willing to lend you, not least in terms of theory concerning your work, a great deal of support. You began studying

art at University when you were just sixteen years old. When had it become clear to you that were to become an artist?

ZK According to my mother, that had already been clear to me when I was four years old. My conscious decision toward that end, however, was actually made when I was fifteen, and, with sixteen, I entered the University of Applied Arts. That having been said, I would like, at this point, to extend my gratitude to all those who have accompanied me along the way.

JR Yet, you have stood on more than just the sunny side of a well-established artist's history; indeed, you have established the existence of an entire cosmos therein. What, in fact, is 'Zenita Universe'?

ZK How was I to progress without the existence of a shadow? **'Zenita Universe' is a connective device. It is a 'work of art' that attempts to emulate the principle of creation. Perhaps it is a kind of playground, within which the principle of giving is exercised, and a place in which connections are made visible. 'Zenita Universe' aims at contributing toward the emergence of an altruistic society.** Each person assumes the emotional guarantee for their own perceivable environment and thus becomes, thereby, aware of the band that binds the disparate parts of reality together. Upon finding ourselves in Zenita Universe, we acquire the ability to connect everything that exists there into a single reality—one which already exists within our souls. Unfortunately, there is currently no degree of progress to be seen on the level of our collective consciousness: we need to direct our attention toward a new level, which is located outside of our present spectrum of perception. Thus, this society ought not to be viewed as a concrete objectivity but rather as a space for subjective activity. Accordingly, individual development is not finalised as any specific social entity. Rather, the final consummation of each party is dependant upon each and every member of the society as a whole. 'Love thy neighbour' ought to be a decision that is made upon a daily basis.

JR How do you view your own capacities, as a young artist, toward perseverance within the system of art? After all, you are an exceptional example in support of the

notion that it is possible to 'make it' without having to boast of all too many wounds ...

ZK **I do art, and I deeply contemplate both my work and my own existence. My feeling, therein, is one of receiving in order to give.** I work and learn every single day in the attempt to better understand and do justice to the world and all of its aspects on a continual basis and in all honour. The most beautiful moments are, of course, those in which the muse suddenly graces one with a kiss. There are times in which it seems that I can truly feel the spirit of the creator. Much is comprised of nothing other than hard work, however—of the many weeks of preparation that are required in order to prepare the fields for a good harvest. It is not the question of survival that interests me so much in art; it is rather a deep urge within me that motivates me to do what I do. I view this primeval sense of trust as a great gift—one which is freely given and is readily accessible to all.

JR In the artist index 'Younger than Jesus' from 2009 (Phaidon Press), you have been listed as being among the 500 best artists worldwide. I mention the title of the index because, with the reference to the age of Jesus, it recalls the notion of youth—not in any obsessive terms but rather in those of that certain insistence which is necessary for effecting change in the world. When encountering you and your work, I sometimes get the feeling that I would be wise to make haste—that these aspirations, this intimacy, and this openness could, with the course



das verleumden eines dritten toetet drei (2012)

of time and over the years, easily become submerged.

ZK Yes! We all ought to hasten toward making this world a better place—an imperative that can only be realized by the initiative of each individual person.

JR With *'God is nothing'*, you would be sure to find a wealth of colleagues to wrangle over an interpretation. However, you have inserted a 'not' before the nothing.

ZK Not is not NOTHING!

JR One essential aspect of your work is a certain notion of healing. Your virtual signature is invariably penned as 'Art is a doctor!' ... Sickness is not merely a state of the body but often connected to a soul. To what extent have you found a way to handle this with art? *'Schuld ist Scheiße'* [Shame is Shit], for example, has already been sewn into the surface of one your images ...

ZK Art, whether in sound or as image, opens up the possibility of thinking with the heart. For this reason, artists are obligated to accept responsibility for that which they bring forth into the world. The mediums that artists use have frequencies, which reach and move us on deeper levels. Involvement with spirituality, or the attempt to peer behind the set, as it were, constitutes the most momentous kind of exposure to healing that is to be had within the human experience. In fact, I even go so far as to maintain that the attainment of holistic healing constitutes our purpose altogether and remains our greatest task. As

it is, we find ourselves to be experiencing what are highly intense times for the whole of humankind: we are in a time of spiritual revolution.

JR In your multi-part installation ICH VERZEIH MIR UND ALLEN ANDEREN [I FORGIVE MYSELF AND EVERYONE ELSE], you speak to a theme that breaches the very borders thought to exist between art and the conduct of everyday life. The multi-piece, space-claiming installation addresses the senses with intense immediacy: seven holy substances (frankincense, myrrh, camphor, amber, sandalwood, sage, and mint) are burnt upon an untreated, raw granite slab, which rests upon a mound of sand. How do you view the connection between ritual practice, the role of the actual self, and that of the 'deity'?

ZK People tend to dwell too long upon the accusations of others and get caught up in their own self-reproach. Once we have realised that we are all sitting in the same boat and are connected with one another, our situation would rapidly improve! The holy substances are there to draw more attention back toward the essential basics. Each person who comes into contact with them is made aware of the senses and begins to reflect: rejection and acceptance alike are positive reactions, as something has been set into motion thereby. Rituals are acts of inner contemplation. As a work of art, symbol and memorial, this piece serves to remind us of what, momentarily, so desperately needs to be done.



It's Time for Spiritual Action (2012) · Liebe ist die einzig wahre Religion (2012) · Internal Concentration! (2012) · Adjusting Focus (2012)

Ich



das

GANZE

demutsgequatsche

JR When thinking in terms of the phenomenology of religion, your '*Altarplatte*' [Altar Stone] is to be cased among the notion of sacrifice. How do you perceive of the 'parallel action' of art—is it identical with that of religion; is it somewhat different? Can, or should, the next step be: 'Art is a priest!'

ZK I concern myself with the heart, as it is the primary residence of my soul. That is where the altar is to be found, and everything that I need is there: the possibility of connection and the perception of the 'others' as outsourced parts of my own being. I am not into spiritual coffee chatter. Art has always had the task of awakening, challenging and questioning. In an awakened state of consciousness, we could modulate the sentence ever further, into 'Art is a fisherman!', for example, and continue in this way. The term *doctor* is coupled with the desire for healing; that is why I have selected it. But perhaps we will be lucky enough to encounter someone who transforms the formulation into 'The priest is a doctor!'

JR 'Spirituality is not shopping' was the title of your most recent major exhibition at the Jewish Museum in Vienna. It was a wonderful spatial installation, linked together by an oracular inquiry and more than 100 drawings and collages. 'Spirituality', according to the show's title then, is something else. Phrases are to be read, thereby, such as '*Liebe deine Feinde, denn sie geben dir die Möglichkeit zu lernen*' [Love your enemies, as they provide you with a possibility to learn], '*Wer seiner selbst voll ist, in dem hat G-tt keinen Raum*' [Those who are full of themselves have no room for G-d], and '*G-TT(Vater) losigkeit, Geschichte und Gegen-*

wart einer fixen Idee' [G-d(father) lessness, history and presence of an *idée fixe*] ...

ZK I experience my own personal involvement with spirituality as a very intense process of learning and working—a few steps forward, a couple of steps back, a few forward again, and thus continuing. Now and again, I even quarrel with God—question my own beliefs. I have had to abandon many of my convictions *ad acta*, before aspiring onward. My momentary relationship to spirituality reflects my present state of consciousness, which is constantly undergoing transformation and experiencing growth. In some ways, my drawings document this process. I will not rest until I have unveiled the very principle of creation.

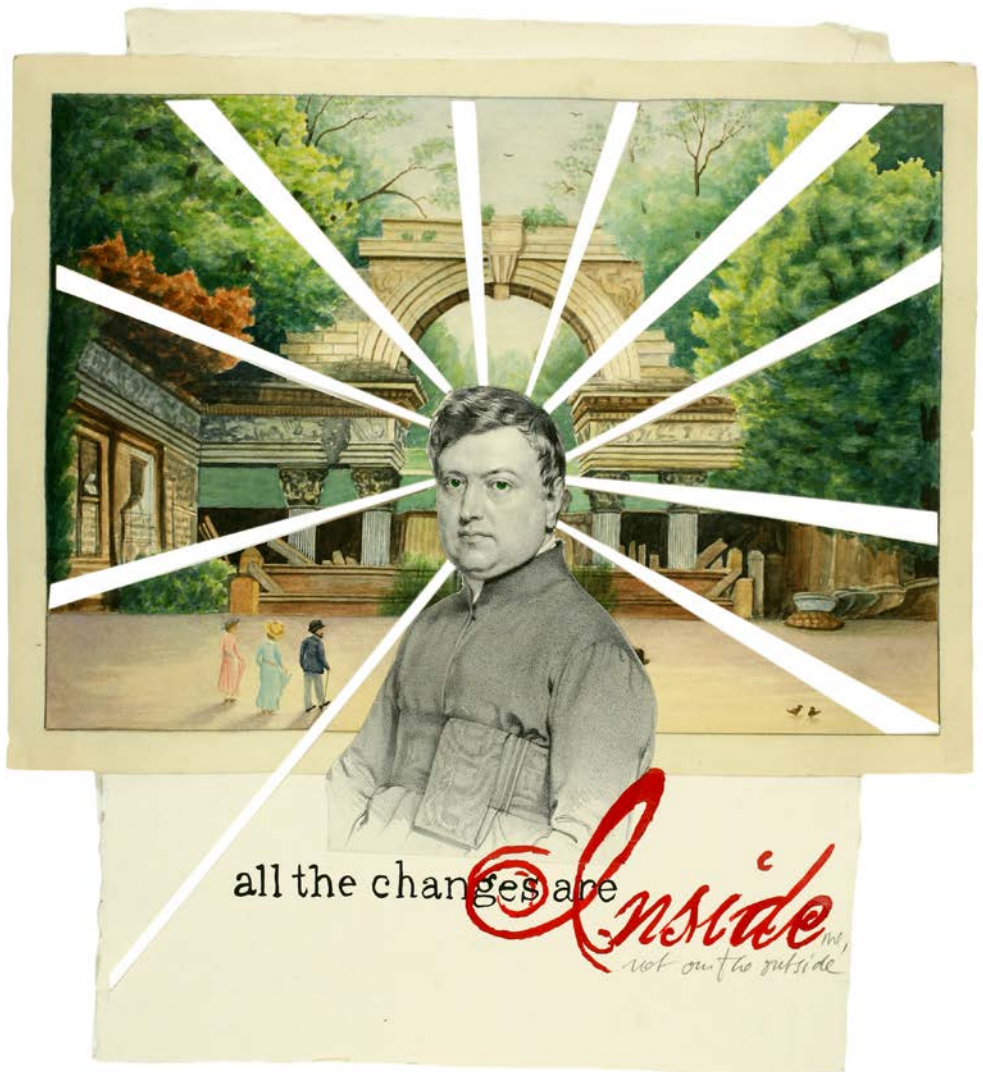
JR Would you care to allow us a glimpse into the artist's studio? How are formulations such as these engendered? Where do you find the historical pictorial elements of your collages?

ZK Formulations are like materials—like sand, stones or colours ... One encounters them, or they occur to one; and then the process of documentation begins: uniting oneself with the material, becoming sensitive to it, measuring its dosages, and so on ...

JR You work with widely varying mediums. The panel pieces are recognizable as such through their dimensions: 150x110 cm. However, they are usually constructed using a variety of differing materials: garments, clothing, sand or letters, for example. How would you describe your approach to your various mediums, formats and materials?



Die Schatzkammer des Schöpfers (2012) · Um würdig zu werden, braucht man die Erweckung von oben (2012) · The Multiverse (2012) · Das Paradigma ist erschöpft (2012)



All the Changes Are Inside (2012)

ZK The unchanging dimensions of the canvases signify an equivalence to the human being: a kind of artificial anatomy. The changing materials are synonyms for transformational and developmental processes. I view my cycles of work in terms of stages: each step preconditions and legitimises the next stage of development.

JR Text, in particular, plays a fundamental role in your work. There have, of course, been a great number of artists who, since the 1950s, have devoted their endeavours toward this element, often resulting in illegible, purely gestural forms. You have chosen to retain the semantic function of the text in your work, while employing it likewise as a formative, graphic element. It would seem that conveying messages directly is important to you, as opposed to releasing, as it were, veiled meaning for subsequent decipherment ...

ZK That is true in part, whereby the less explicit meaning in my work is deeply interwoven—not always revealed, and not to every beholder. Each person sees exactly that which they are ready to see! Presumably, there is a level of epiphany upon which we will no longer be in need of language at all. For this reason, I have expanded the languages employed in the ‘text-images’ into a sign-language alphabet, the words of which are cast in wax. ‘*Le Chaim*’, ‘*Schöpfung*’ [Creation], ‘*Liebe Deinen Nächsten*’ [Love Your Neighbour] ... as long as we have not yet attained these, we will continue whirling words about in order to unfold their meanings and consequences ... Our main problem is that we underestimate the power of thoughts and words, but that would be a much longer discussion ...

JR Your handling of art history is very playful and, at the same time, deeply subversive. Man Ray’s well-known back of a female figure is transfigured into the pregnant ‘Woman Ray’ ...

ZK What was that saying of our colleague? Nothing new under the sun? I find myself in constant dialogue with other artists—both physically and psychically. There are certain languages that have been developed by artists, which are determined by material as well as formal aspects. I make recourse to these languages time and again, as one adopts a foreign language in the attempt to improve communication between the various parties.

JR In closing, I have one more question: Your work is very personal; particularly, in part, through the text, you impart a great deal of your own view of the world. How do you understand your relationship to the public sphere? I LOVE GOD is the title of your next upcoming, major exhibition. To me, there is an incredible intensity of aura that resounds in this formulation, and such a great degree of insistence. Would you like to speak a few words to the courage that must have been involved in your arrival at this title?

ZK I am utterly convinced that everything and everyone is connected with everything and everyone else. The ‘personal’ thus becomes universal, as these all are questions that concern the whole of humankind and not simply Zenita Komad. My coming exhibition in a Minorite monastery will unveil further aspects, however. I love God. Really!



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Liebe ist die beste Medizin...

Zenita Komad thematisiert ihre Werke nicht als Readymades, sondern offeriert sie als Bricolages im Zeichen eines ebenso persönlichen (selbstreferentiellen) wie welthaltigen Lebensentwurfs. Sie sperrt sich gegen die ubiquitäre Entwertung der individuellen Handschrift und Handwerklichkeit des Künstlers durch den elektronischen Zeitgeist.

Peter Gorsen

aus: „Die Macht der ambivalenten Gefühle und das Kokettieren mit den Dingen“

MEIN



zum

HIMMEL



Schlüsselbild, „Liebe ist die beste Medizin“,
The Essential Collection, Zurich (2012)

dear z.,

markus mittringer

just passed by this place once again. i'm not sure whether lothar schmidt noticed me – he was too preoccupied with maintaining order in the game and had become one with his raised chair – or so it seemed to me. your field is already pretty worn out, the pawns have furrows and even the bishops seem beleaguered. i have no idea who sung this time. i can still hear maria harpner and see her being kissed by ignaz kirchner. for the others, though, today was the premiere. will you stop by every now and then? while painting, perhaps, or in dreams?

i admire the way your pictures reach out and seize space, a provocatively raised finger challenging the viewer, the way velasquez' trunk manages to work its way into the 'now', when the spiked tongues of fabulous beings shock all those who encounter art in a state of angst. and what i would enjoy the most would be to have all those pairs of eyes in the st. petersburg hanging around me, to be flooded with history and perforated by looks at the same time – faces and looks of loving care just so as to push myself further.

and yet i cannot be at your studio permanently, surround myself by causes for cross-examining direction, to imbibe espressi and step out of familiar territories and test new waters. there are yet a great many things out there which desire to be experienced. do you recall the time you fell head-over-heels in one of those capitular courts in this quintessentially german of german cities, how you began to bleed and afterwards ate grilled sausages? i had no

idea at the time that karl may and raoul capablanca new each other, that chess has always been handed down by our forefathers, where louise bourgeoise lives, that miramare is also only a piece of property and that nadir gottberg is a composer. but i should have easily been able to guess the thing about the opera.

a few alleys further on i came across that picture of yours with the triangles: it was up to me, it said, to form a picture of god – and not that much further on were written the words "religion is dangerous" and that one must perform the impossible. and, preferably, first of all.

cupid shows up every now and again and, if he happens to be in a good mood, he afflicts entire families. the city then begins to gyrate, cloth napkins are brought out, then come the words and the phrases with increasing momentum and meet each other at the interfaces of dare-devil manoeuvres joyously endowing sense and nonsense, alternately recharging themselves with meaning, banding together into aphorisms, dissolving into letters only to later, at some other place, reinvent themselves. and, if they feel so inclined, they simply clothe themselves in another language. sometimes they readjust the words of foreign poets and sometimes yours, sometimes they form walls, are chaste and immovable only then desiring, once again, to be taken up, shaken, and thrown overboard. compromise is the only thing they do not like, in this sense, they are as stubborn as cupid. this is as far

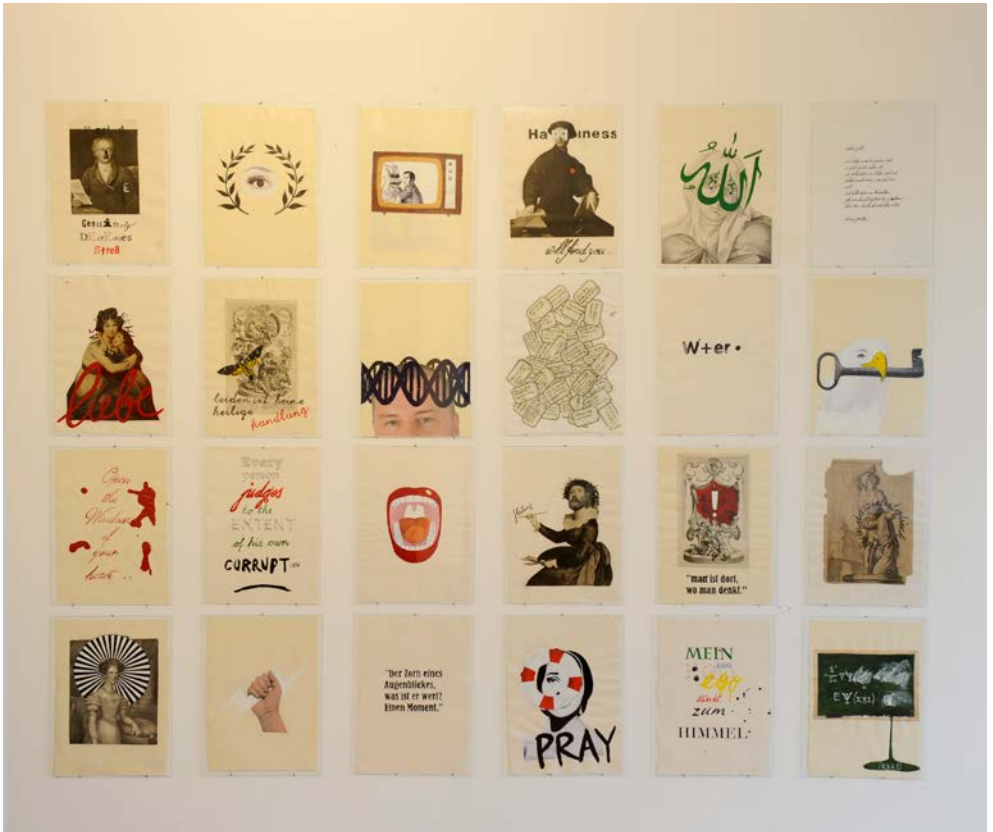
as it goes – they just flaccidly hang there in their lines.

it's a good thing that you not only paint but that you paint with your sewing machine, apply words in layers, that you introduce clothing, and that you already have done your wunschbild. recently i was observing how a word settled itself upon a canvass as a may green blotch. i right away lay myself down next to it. we became very close. incidentally: in "fortuna" an increasing number of people are now crossing the "yes".

yesterday i was once again in one of your voting cubicles so as to travel through zen-ita-city or, to be more precise, to "knowlege is a highly complicated thing – so also is love". i return there often just to say in a highly composed manner "sic!", to simply listen to the white queen, to meet the tyrant, the grey eminence, the helper, the swans,

the soul of the game, the joy, the spirits and you. maria callas came by with the post, as always, the place-name signpost stood in the centre, and time had red cheeks. and, as always, the chastity belt did a headstand. this time, baroque water games occurred to me fed by farmer's wives supercharged with desire and who, in spite of their equipment of shame, were pissing out oceanic fountains up towards the heavens.

what are you currently working on with your team of poets and tone engineers, fathers and interpreters, painters and inventors enriching the city? what are you digesting at the moment – what are you being subjected to; what pens do you allow to dance across canvasses like so many der-vishes? who are you going unfurl this time? i'll come over right away. i'll bring with me cigarettes and no expectations.



Installation view, "Liebe ist die beste Medizin" (2012)



Was uns fehlt ist Liebe (2012)



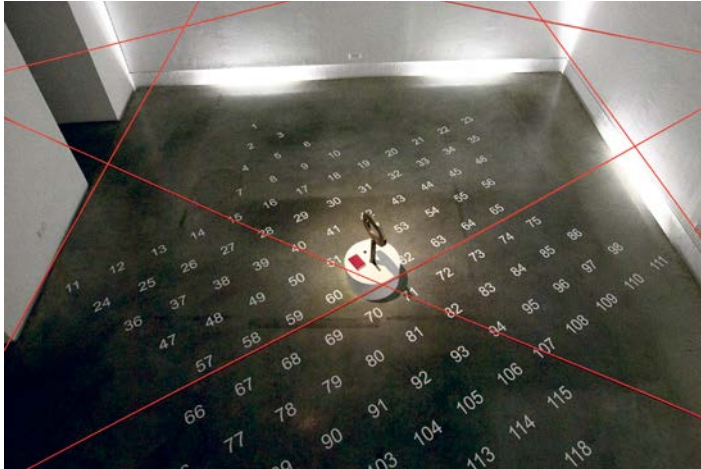
Heilung (2012)

*Zenita, not part of
but slave to her art.*

Peter Noever



God Speed Your Tongue (2006)



“Spirituality is not Shopping”, installation views
Jewish Museum Vienna (2011)

incensed

markus mittringer

and then this oracle threw me back on myself, asked me whether my passions would also make me happy, whether i was in control of my heart and “do you feel concerned?”

all right, an oracle is not a cash machine that through its generosity or refusal always tells me clearly whether i am inside or outside the limits. and it is also evident that truth has many sides and is sometimes uncomfortable. and it was i who asked the oracle, i who was searching for a sign, indications how to prepare the ground on which my future decisions would be made. the hope brought into the temple that everything was in any case all right and would work out anyway was not confirmed. an oracle doesn't confirm anything.

“become a farmer, harvest stars,” it instructed me. i like that: planting, cultivating, waiting, harvesting. good! and then every day a nose wash, pepper on the mucous membranes sharpens perception, and the daily toil in the field must surely somehow promote the inner peace that is supposed to be a stepping stone on the way to nirvana.

do i want to go there? will i feel at ease with the key in my hand that opens everything, that turns every object, every daily phenomenon into a revelation? am i willing to carry a sword that enables me to become part of a great whole? do i really want this at the price of giving up not only carefully learned but also favored analytical processes? do i want to be at one with my surroundings and to stop seeing objects as accusations so

as to learn more about them, their properties and peculiarities? do i want to work out my own laws, stop waiting for my knight in shining armor, share the story of every tree? and how can i give free rein to my soul without leaving rubbish at the same time?

at all events the card i drew, 14, at the entrance to the oracle was perplexing: “stand upright and speak the following phrase three times in a loud voice: ‘i am entirely free!’” i'm supposed to do that? for me!?

is there no other way of understanding what this “i” is? do i have to chant a formula in this sanctuary, do i have to remove my eyeglasses, turn off my mobile, pack my telescope, leave my saw at home? isn't there a joke to help me out, does irony suddenly lose its teeth and polemic become fuzzy? does dialectic suddenly fog everything over?

is it dangerous, as card “80” suggests, for memory to become independent and at the very moment when the public carrying of keys and the chanting of mantras becomes embarrassing, the anthem of my generation emerges noisily from my throat?

im zweifel für den zweifel das zaudern und den zorn im zweifel fürs zerreißen der eigenen uniform / im zweifel für den zweifel und für die pubertät / im zweifel gegen zweisamkeit und normativität / im zweifel für den zweifel und gegen allen zwang im zweifel für den teufel und den zügellosen drang / im zweifel für die bitterkeit und meine heißen tränen bleiern wird mir meine zeit und doch muss ich erwähnen / im zweifel für ziello-

sigkeit / ihr menschen, hört mich rufen im zweifel für zerwürfnisse und für die zwischenstufen

do tocotronic have it wrong? did camus and sartre, kubrick and tarantino, dexter and the sopranos harvest the wrong fruits? is the desperado mistaken? what sense is there in playing the "song of death" when there is a hereafter?

or, is there a paradoxical incense reaction? how else can it be explained that a high mass with medicinal herbs first of all evokes such unease? that the "and all the others" behind, in response to "i forgive myself" in the apsis, becomes a dark greek chorus that changes its position as soon as one instinctively attempts to escape towards the north gate. it burns the "i forgive myself" into the brainstem as one runs past "all the others" into the light. into a world with fixed rules, into the comfort of laws made by strangers:

"no smoking in the cloister!"

i don't want to embrace anyone, chop wood, carry water. not for me, not for anyone else, not for the eternal flux, not for the run of things. i don't want enlightenment. i want kitsch, i want finally to be able to hand myself over, liberated from searching. i want happiness to find me—and to have doubts.

last visit: "102" drawn and my position taken up on the board. i take hold of the key in spite of myself. standing up straight with the firm intention not to allow myself to be taken away from me. full of anger at the presumption that i am possibly the chosen one. convinced that i will not lose my composure. armed against all lofty thoughts that might undermine my own. heavily armed.

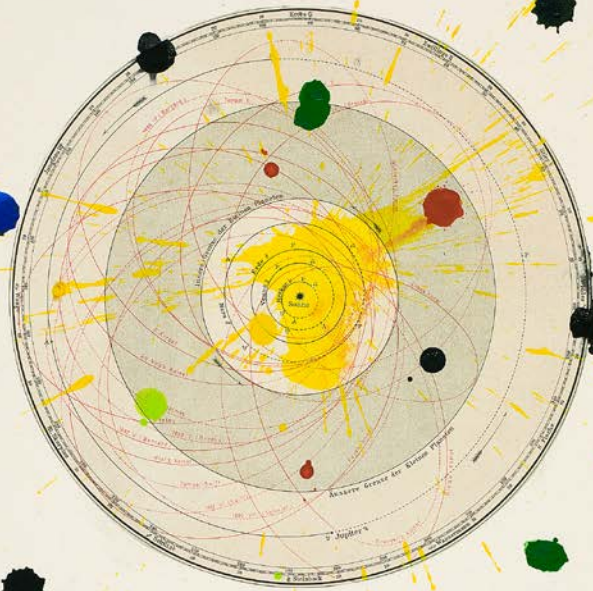
"can you make an exception for me?" asks the oracle, and i reply softly: "ok!"

i arrange myself, furnish my world with my thoughts, conceive a huge table. it becomes wooden and inspires me thankfully in turn. i have shorn my hair and wait tensely to see what transformation in myself the table comes up with next. dust warms my bare head. i finally feel at one with my prison.

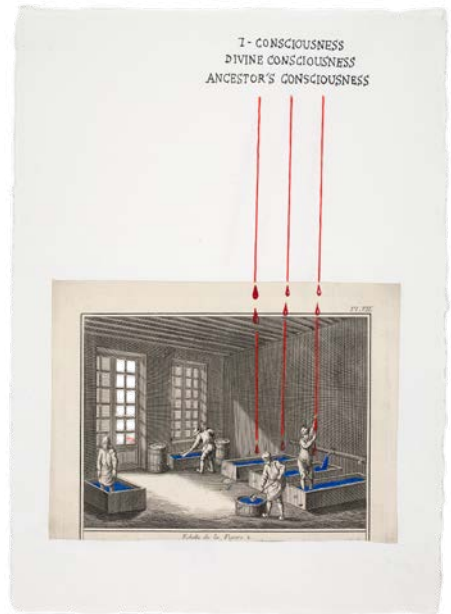
sometimes i see myself in bekki's film turning around my own axis and sending out phrases in all directions. one possibility would be to step over the arc that frames me, to stand up, to act. one of many. perhaps i will be ready in twenty or thirty years to start studying the kabbalah.



Weckt der Nordwind aus dem Paradies den Hahn? (2011)



werde landwirt,
ernte sterne !



G-tt ist idealer Zustand des Menschen, der Schoepfer, alles und nichts (2011) •
 Demnach ist es der wahre Glaube, wenn an die Stelle des Lippenbekenntnisses
 die echte Erfahrung tritt (2001) • Seelenwanderung ist noch eine Chance
 zur Vervollkommnung (2011) • Das Orakel ist kein Bankomat (2011)

A successful proposal for grappling with “roots”, at the root, from another perspective is to be found in the anonymous pictorial compositions by Zenita Komad, which emphatically introduce this element into the thematic sphere of fine art while, at the same time, bringing back the matter to an objective and sensually experientable originality on this side of all metaphor and abstract connotations.

August Ruhs



Back to the Roots (2006)



“Zeichnungskabinett”, installation view, Galerie Krinzinger, Vienna (2011)

And Zarathustra climbed back into the mountains, thus to speak no more. (*excerpt*)

Alexander Pühringer

The drawings, collages, paintings and installation images by Komad that are dedicated toward handling the topics of God and love are, regardless of what they might possibly otherwise be, primarily one thing: they are intensely moving. In place of a head, a giant heart presides upon the shoulders of a figure from a time-honoured black and white engraving, the main arteries of the blood pumping organ exposed. As evidenced by the subtitle that Komad has generously refrained from omitting, the original engraving by the Dutch artist Adriaen Lommeln (1620–1677) portrays the likeness of Johannes de Wael, who, having already been portrayed in a more well-known copper engraving by Antony van Dyck, was a colleague of the artist and lived from 1559 to 1633. When interpreting this work on paper by Komad, one might, by way of detour, even arrive at Johann Sebastian Bach's renowned cantata, BWV 147: 'Heart and Mouth and Deed and Life'. The central theme of the work is one's public confession of faith in God and Jesus Christ. (Among Bach's most renowned and popular works, this same cantata managed, in 1972, to find its way, as a pop version performed by the group Apollo 100 to number six in the US charts with the title 'Joy'). Below the newly interpreted portrait, one now reads: 'Um würdig zu werden, braucht man die Erweckung von Oben' [To become worthy, one requires an awakening from above].

This magnanimous heart, which we colloquially allude to as elevating humankind, is the prerequisite to any engenderment of a great virtue in mortals—that of the capacity to forgive. In her floor and wall piece (ICH) VERZEIH MIR (UND ALLEN ANDEREN) [(I) FORGIVE ME (AND EVERYONE ELSE)]—in which the 'I' appears to have fallen to the ground and 'FORGIVE ME' is read vertically, from top to bottom, upon the sand-painting—the artist has integrated 'holy substances' with the profane materials of wood, granite, sand, cardboard and sizing. Sculpted of sand, the words (which form a sentence that can be read repeatedly to various effect) recall, through their specific materiality, the transience of the world and of interpersonal relationships. Likewise, they can be viewed as visual symbols of eternity and eternal return, which would, in turn, be sure to please Zarathustra. The relics, on the other hand, suggest here the presence of religious practice while nonetheless resisting any direct correlation to the dogma of Catholicism. Though having been baptised, Komad has, in a conscious act of self-determination, left the dogmatic church to design her own individual spiritual connection to a 'higher whole'. In so doing, she has been known to unnerve her friends and acquaintances at times, to the extent that her utterances might occasionally tend to ring of sectarianism or sound sheerly esoteric. Yet, two virtues clearly distinguish Zenita Komad's character: earnestness and pertinacity.



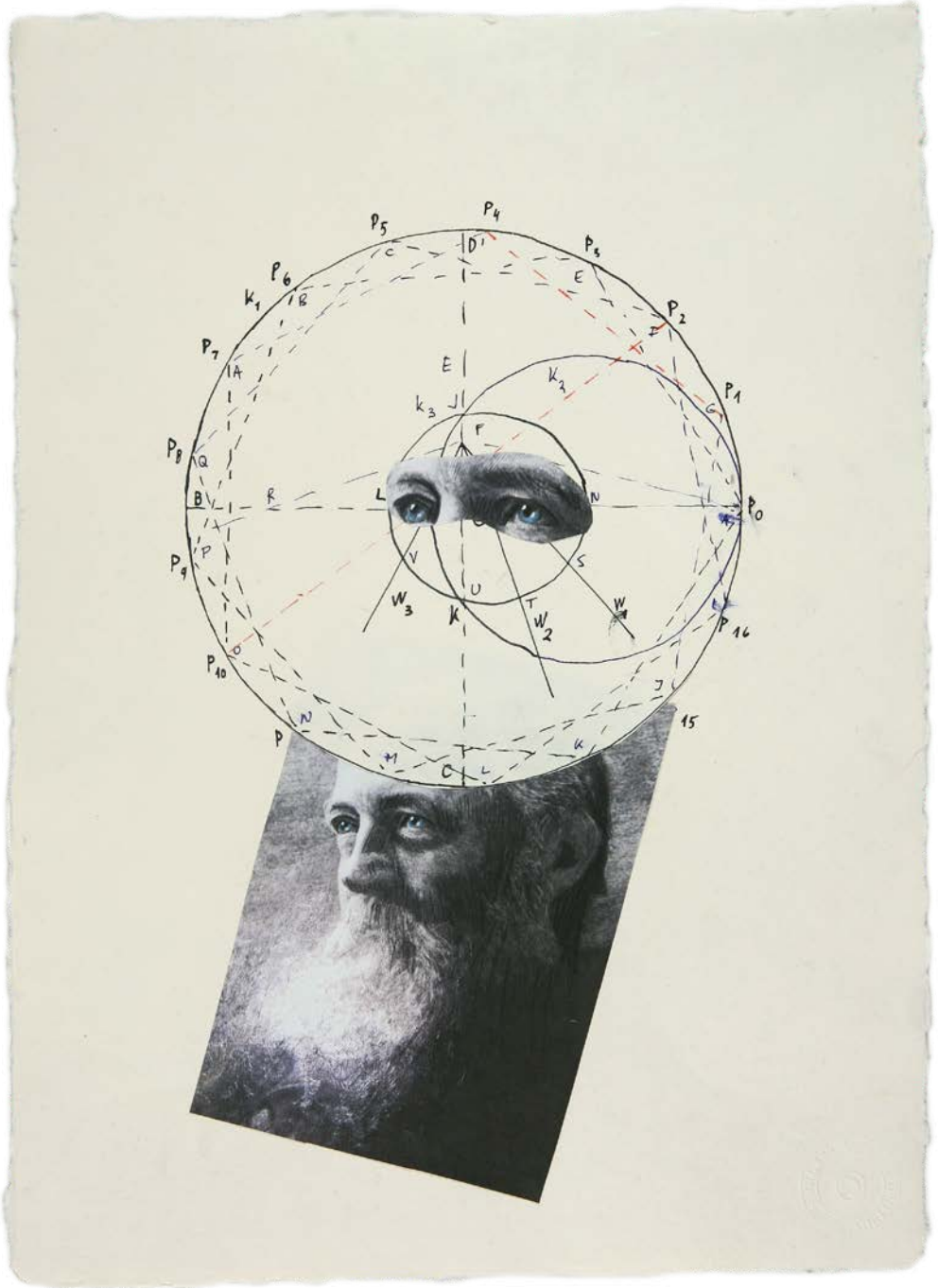
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what is real ?

© 1952 by Eastman-Kodak Photo

Ein Witz muss nicht witzig sein, er muss Witz haben (2011)



Glaubst du, dein Leben waere bis zum Aeussersten gebracht II? (2011)



**Ueble Nachrede ist das Geschwaetz von Idioten (2011) · Lass es sein (2011) ·
Du musst zu gleichen Teilen aus deiner Kraft wie aus deiner Schwache heraus agieren (2011) ·
Will die raupe tatsaechlich als Schmetterling vergehen? (2011)**

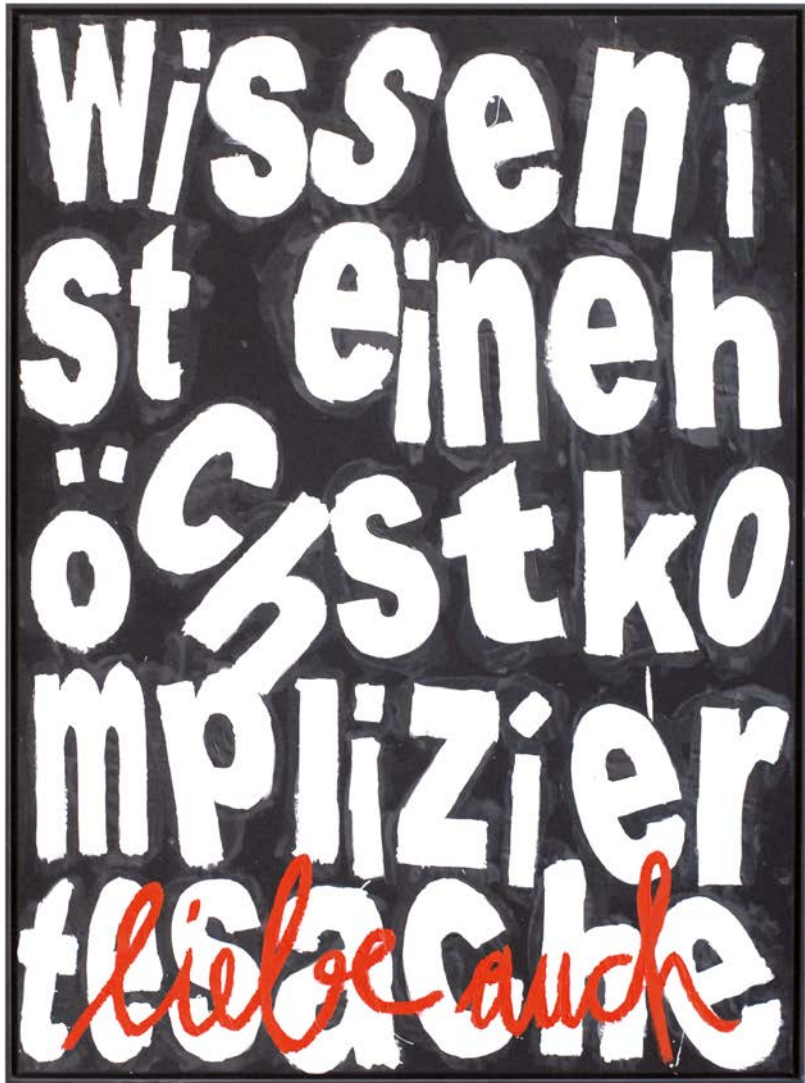


Bist du geschmackssicher, oder auch sonst stehen geblieben? (2011)

Komad brings the emotive and the collaborative together in couplets of love and liaison that accumulate in the overarching metaphor of conjunction that governs her practice, Zenita Universe.

John Welchman

from: LBZK: Heart Mistresses



Wissen ist eine hoechst komplizierte Sache, Liebe auch (2005)



Ich verzeihe mir, "Missa Solemnis", Bourouina Gallery, Berlin (2010)

A sOLEmN mAss FOR thE pOOR hUBBLEs

markus mittringer

(A kind of opera-guide to the Zenita-Universe, a state in which rampant growth, geometry, nature and cultures, monochromy and eloquence all passionately embrace. Or: An Introduction to the Philosophy of the Roomy Boudoir.)

The failure of the Mars expedition lies solely in the stubborn desire of its astronauts to return to Earth. Sentimental blokes they are—mere heroes of the already known world. No wonder they fail to make headway; mentally and technologically equipped for the journey, they seem to have gone and wet themselves when confronted with the notion that their true destination was indeed the destination itself. Unbearable was the thought that they would never have the chance to report back to their fathers, mothers, sons and daughters, and—first and foremost—to the president himself on how life on Mars really is, on what the Minotaur actually looks like, and where and how God resides. Their only cowardly aim is to return—both mentally and bodily unscathed, carrying bags that are loaded with nifty souvenirs. Moreover: while enjoying a hero's pension, the ceaseless sputtering of anecdotes, all the way up to the very last interview as the last living witness, as one of the greats among the locals, reading at the poolside from "How I Found My Way Back to the Entrance of the Labyrinth: An Autobiography"—until, despite all precautionary measures, death calls after all, miserly and strange.

All the same, Heaven and Earth remain inseparably bound, each partner nurtur-

ing the other in turn. As a matter of fact, anyone is free to take part in the consumption of their love at any time (the only restriction being that you are not allowed to watch). The voyeur and the secret are unappeasably estranged. Only those willing to strip down and join in are allowed to enter the roomy boudoir. Peeping Toms are condemned to endure the life of a cosmonaut, forever doomed to float through daily encounters with the same old lost-in-space lingerers.

For that matter, Plato had realized long before its invention that the telescope would amount to nothing but a chicanery. It was clear to him that, instead of simply observing the stars, we ought better to employ the intellect in comprehending the laws that govern their movements. Even the largest Hubble is still incapable of peering even a hem's width beneath the supreme skirt, of lifting the curtain to air the boudoir, or depicting the origins of life in even halfway decent exposure.

Divinity took pains to organize itself into triads in order to escape being bound to any monogamous coupling. "My Discoverer and I," "The Great Patriarch and His Chief Shepherd," and "The Truth and its Exclusive Annunciator"—the sort of fatuousity that has been screaming with flagrancy toward the heavens for ages. Approaching the divine, that is, requires, above all, remaining down-to-earth and learning to think in terms of threes. The drama triangle is in every respect superior to the duel. The individual semblances of three entwined faces

are no longer locatable; only the whole system initiated by their union accommodates description. Their interaction yields more than would the aggregate of their eyes, ears and noses. Aside from that, division by threes is always more difficult.

There is time enough, then, to build a model. (For the sake of expedience, we will forego justifying the latter through any practical substantiation of its everyday fictions). The very moment the mesocosmonaut passes through the gateway leading into Amel Bourouina's gallery, a system of pathways unfurls itself before the visitor, which in turn—once embarked upon—leads (without exhibiting the least suggestion of an incline) to a lofty vantage point. When viewed from atop the (provisionary) peak, the vista's center presents discerning meso-cosmonauts with a view of themselves in miniature; the gallery and its artefacts are revealed below in model scale, thus compelling the visitors to involve themselves through self-localization. As soon as the meso-cosmonaut has accorded credibility to the model, a long narrow passageway is manifested, which must be traversed before the newly entered galaxy widens once more. According to the model, that is the place where a second system points the way. No exit points are visible—nor is any grail. Nonetheless, the well-trusted real surrounding space bears a number of clues:

*

“Ich verzeihe mir [I Forgive Myself],” “Control your Thoughts,” and “Schön Malen

kann nicht jeder [Not Everyone can Paint Pretty Pictures]”—sentences built of sand: letters that, formed simply for the moment, have herded themselves into text paintings and amuse themselves by issuing jocular instructions, allowing little bits of wisdom or even platitudes to form, but only long enough for either love's or the sea's waves to reach them (only to prompt their immediate rebirth in a sandbox, now constituting a new set of relationships). If the letters begin to get bored (and only then), they proceed by pulling out their paint-boxes. They line themselves up alphabetically, with “A” at the front and “Z” at the back, and tonally, from white to yellow, then on to red, green and blue, and all the way down to black. This procedure is commenced in the hope that someone will whirl them around and mix them up. Whenever the letters want to stop making sense, no longer feel like signifying third-party thoughts or having themselves pressed into hexameters, they usually take a rest as wild heaping clusters or go for a dip in the soup, refusing to simply lie down in their letter case, sorted by color like felt-tipped markers. The grains of sand feel the very same way: as soon as the fun of purling and sliding has faded (when they have grown tired of illustrating the streaming of time), they cling to one another to form a firm and mighty fortress—or, they leave the sandbox again and spill mirthfully onto the canvas to form the words “Cold Coffee Steam Makes Beautiful.”

Zenita knows the letters and the colors and the little grains of sand. She knows about their relatives, about the cord that binds

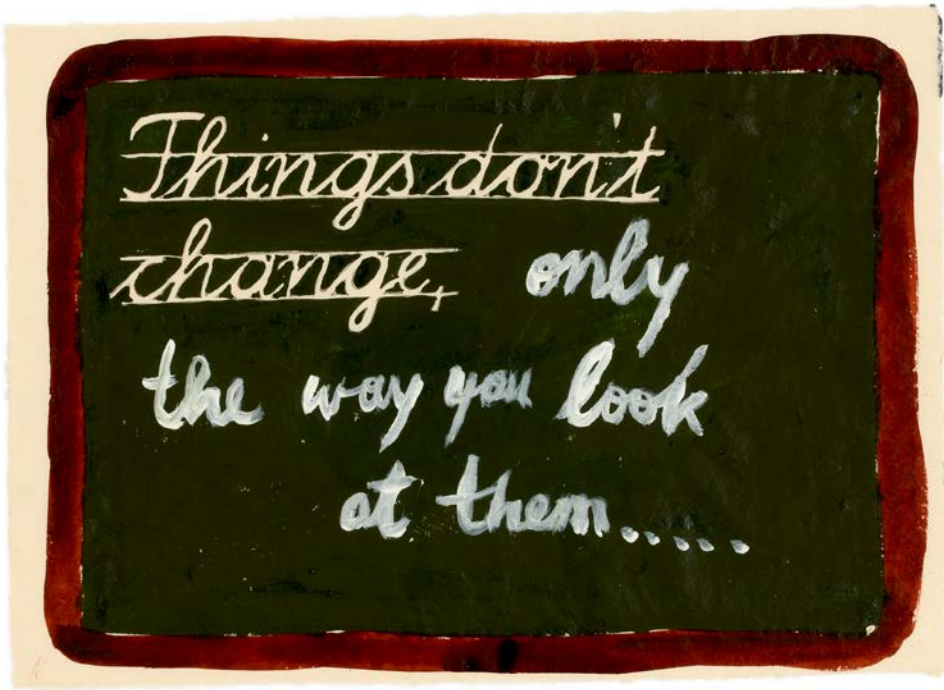


Kathedrale, “Missa Solemnis” (2010)

them all at the belly button, about their fondness for integration, and about their potential to articulate everything (“Happiness Makes Up in Height for What It Lacks in Length”). She knows that the pictures engender pictures, that the words entail new words as well as deeds and vagaries. In her catalogue-book *Opus IV. Selected Works*, Komad presented various series in chronological order. Now, with *Missa Solemnis*, she has widened the expanse of her mirthfully comparative ZenitaUniverse Sciences to include a solemn new study, thereby disclosing yet another ground plan. Now exposing a part of the very foundations upon which the Zenita-Universe (private grounds upon

which all are welcome) has been built, she has succeeded in establishing that, building in all number of directions at the same time and using any number of possible materials, the builder is just as free to apply cement to paper as she is to sketch upon the canvas.

Komad’s *Mass* is a journey. Whoever dares to embark upon it ought best to pack the “Bild gegen den bösen Blick [Painting to Ward Off the Evil Eye],” or simply make sure to get undressed well from the start—the reason being that the following has occurred in the past: The monochromy has tended to produce strange offspring: children that could not be stopped from taking



Things Don't Change (2010)

root, taking hold of the space they occupy, and relentlessly taking on forms of their own. Eventually, they became so fed up with the achromatic monotony that they abandoned themselves to indulge in mass orgies. During the foreplay to the present Mass, monochromy demanded that it finally be given a part of its own; it began to perform dances of elation and throw rakishly wild parties. Finally altogether unleashed, its children began to devour each other, goading one another into mass acts of procreation, never tiring of reaping more pleasure, with which they proceeded to contaminate the surrounding space and us alike—the

meso-cosmonauts, to whom no further option was left but that of participation.

Unmitigated. That is to say: whoever tries to escape will see nothing at all; whoever attempts to withhold will lose everything. There are no viewers; involvement is compulsory: risk. For perhaps the roots that have twisted their way towards us from the other side, from beyond the plane of the canvas—from another unknown heaven—are indeed highly dexterous in their search for nourishment, for symbionts—for us. Is it the legacy of art history that is well-rooted in these thoroughly contemporary canvases, or does the canvas—the Heaven that we

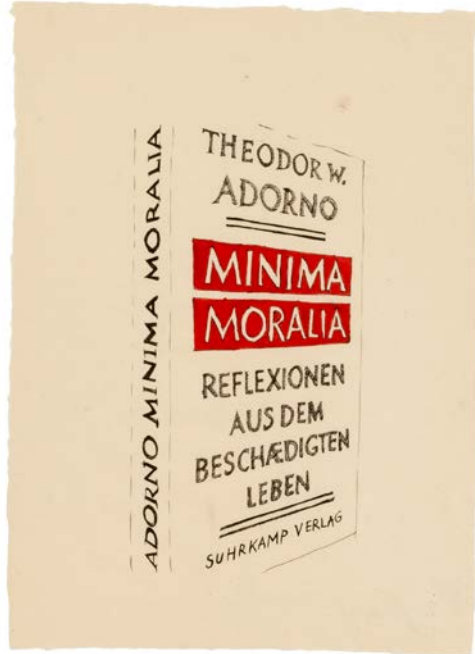
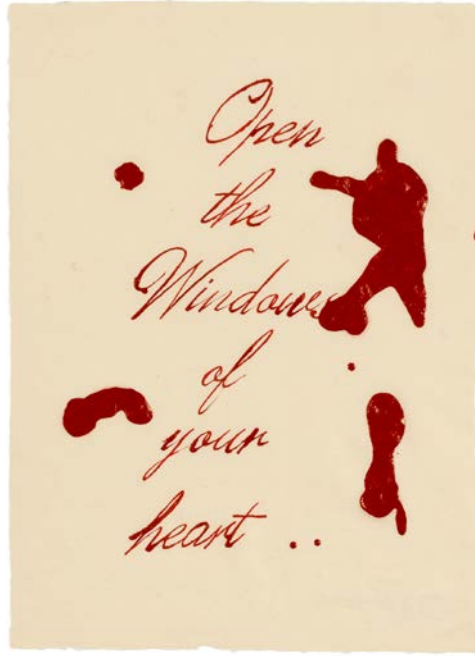
already know—in fact present no limits after all? The path to clarity concerning what may lie behind leads directly into the middle of the *mêlée*. That may actually be the place where certain magical beings reside—those who turn their backs on expectations and preconceived notions, those prima ballerinas who are capable of chiselling out the *Laocoön and His Sons* in no time flat, thereby delivering heroism from the grasp of melancholia and into the realm of sensation-rich harmony between word, image and tone: there, where nothing is anxiously balanced, mutually excluded or reciprocally damned. Certainly, the peace that reigns in Zenita City is anything other than priggish or oppressive. (There reside, among other things, full-bosomed paintings that are givers of life).

*

The visitors find themselves at a four-way crossing. The geoglyph of sand reveals the floor plan of a cathedral. The way the travellers now stand there, at the crossing of transept and nave, it appears as though they must have entered through the northern portal, as though the whirling of the birth canal, the bulging life-filled nucleotide strands of the narrow double helix has simply spewed them out directly into a state of grace, spitting them into their well-trusted and comfortable cathedrae. From the foundation's remains, memory allows towering walls to ascend, lets dauntless lancet arches emerge to encompass them, and empowers the sand to adopt new and ever changing fixed forms, perhaps to build a house—his

or her house, the house of God. Memory causes the mounded sediment to lay bare the entire temporal span of architectural thought, resuscitating innumerable saints, thousands upon thousands of building engineers and all of the painters and sculptors—in the mother church, in the temple, in the tradeunion hall or the Palace of the Republic.

They will surely find their way. They will recognize the meaning of the paths before them, of the changes in direction that are to be undertaken in the search for particular niches. They know the practices involved and the rituals that are employed here; they may even knock down the foundations, leave the painter behind them, give the priest one last smile, grab hold of the gleaming umbilical cord as it streams through the lantern toward the floor of the crossing, and pull it down with enough resolve to bring Heaven tumbling back down to Earth, seizing it for themselves, and evaporating in the most tremendous and final of orgasms. Unwitting bystanders noticed nothing but the merry distant ringing of the bells at what seemed an entirely inappropriate hour.



Heartthinker (2010) · Open the Window of Your Heart (2010) ·
I Know Is Bullshit (2010) · Minima Moralia (2010)



One (2010)



Mesokosmonaut (2010)

*to live is the rarest
thing in the world.
most people exist.....*

**'THAT'
IS
ALL.**

That Is All (2010)

But what are we seeking? Happiness? Love? God? Zenita Komad's own progress is remarkable in this regard. From "Religion is dangerous" (2005) and "God is (not) nothing" mentioned earlier, too "In the beginning was (not) simplicity" (2010), she sketches out a region that extends from a denial of all religions to the tohu wa-bohu of the Bible and the book of Bereshith.

Meinhard Rauchensteiner

from: The comfort of questioning



dictum sapienti sat est (2005 – 2008)



Silence (53 x 43 cm, 2021)

Eternally I am your Yes

Zenita Komad's Indian Labyrinth

Meinhard Rauchensteiner

The world of Greek gods looks like some patchwork family. Not particularly affectionate, not particularly happy. Not much of a model for the chaotic family relations that are being celebrated in these parts nowadays. Too much death, too much rape, too much incest. One of the stories is about king Minos and his hybrid stepson, the Minotaur, about his half-sister Ariadne and her lover Dionysus who again was the brother of Minos. And it's about Theseus, a ball of string, and a labyrinth.

The story itself is known, so well known it has carved itself deeply into the European collective memory, so there is no use recounting it here. No wonder that the figures and episodes of this myth have populated art for thousands of years. And even less of a wonder that Zenita Komad engages the subject in her most recent work. All the more so since strings have long been a subject of her works, transforming her sometimes classical panel paintings into something sculptural, installational.

Again and again, there are white or red cords spilling out of Komad's works, connecting them, reaching out into space toward the viewer, and tying otherwise disparate parts up into a coherent story. But not just any story; for most of them are clearly recognizable as umbilical cords, strings that generate parenthood, genealogies, filiations, that are a testimony to life, to love. Just like Ariadne's proverbial thread which kept Theseus alive and Ariadne in love – and which

Zenita Komad particularly refers to in her piece entitled "Man and Woman", in which the loops of a cord connecting two objects form the word "liebe" ["love"].

But it does not stay that simple. Parenthood is a complex matter, and so is love, let alone life. And so the labyrinth that Komad shows, room-filling, presents itself as one whose red thread is running everywhere. The wall themselves, the enclosures in their entirety are this thread. The saving orientation aid becomes a co-expansive factor that extends throughout all paths of the labyrinth. Just like author Jorge Luis Borges has the Minotaur say about his "house", the labyrinth: "The house is the size of the world, better said, it is the world." So there is no "outside" to take refuge to, no consolation. Sheer immanence.

What does this excessiveness, this proliferation lead to? First, perhaps, it make Ariadne's thread, which once brought order to a menacing maze, become part of that maze, a tangle. The chaos of life is not remedied by ordering powers, by psychologisms and psychiatry. What purports to be help eventually turns out to be chaos doubled. This may offer little comfort at first, but on a closer look hopelessness transforms into a great feast, a yes. "I tell you: one must have chaos in one, to give birth to a dancing star," Nietzsche has his Zarathustra say. And so the name of Ariadne's grandson whose father she begot with Theseus is Orion. Orion who can still be found in the firmament



“Eternally I am your Yes”, installation view (2010)

today. This yes to chaos, this “yea and amen lay” elevates humans above base resentment, hatred, envy, but also above falling for false prophets. Hence the labyrinth that Komad/Daedalus have built is one that is surveyable, apprehensible as a whole. Its walls are so low that it can be apprehended in its totality, the labyrinth as well as the red thread that it has come to be congruent with. In the act of surveying, imprisonment is resolved in laughter. Komad/Daedalus have shown to Komad/Ariadne that what it takes is saying yes to life as a whole. Saying

yes through a laugh. And again Nietzsche/Zarathustra: “This laughter’s crown, this rose-wreath crown: to you, my brothers, do I throw this crown! I have canonized laughter; you Higher Men, learn – to laugh!” So its no wonder that Zenita Komad’s labyrinth was not built on Crete, but in a land where the teaching of Zarathustra has unfolded in a special way, in India. Of the historical Zarathustra, however, Pliny the Elder recounts that he was the first human who was born laughing.



Gutschein fuer eine Erleuchtung (2010)

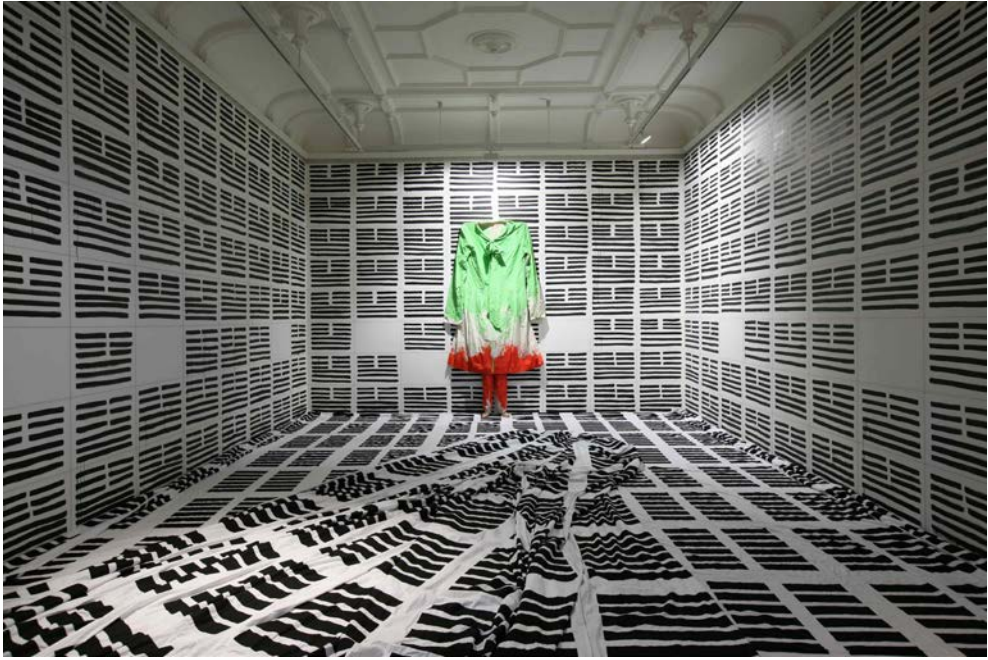
In recent years Zenita Komad has created a parallel universe entitled Zenita City, which has evolved into Zenita Galaxy and further into Zenita Universe: a cosmos comprising her works, but also a growing network of inhabitants, recipients, transmitters and collaborators. "And yet, while Komad, with her pictures of letters, approaches the abstraction of Concept Art, which excludes the corporeal and material, most of the image carriers are a materialization of the pictorial and sculptural métier"

Peter Gorsen

in: Zenita Komad, OPUS IV



We Don't See Things How They Are (63 × 44 cm, 2021)



"When Heaven Kisses Earth Part II", installation view,
Galerie Krinzinger, Vienna (2009)

When Heaven Kisses Earth Part II

In her performance, presented at the CIGE INTERNATIONAL SOLO SHOW PROJECT, Zenita Komad creates a space designed according to the wisdom of the Book of Changes (I ging). The exhibition space comprises 64 square meters, which correspond in number with the 64 oracular statements in the Book of Changes). With this accordance in mind, Zenita Komad reduces them to essential three key elements. CH'IEN / THE CREATIVE / HEAVEN is positioned on the ceiling, K'UN / THE RECEPTIVE / EARTH is positioned on the floor, while T'AI / PEACE is placed on all of the walls. The first empty space is to be filled by a processual performance.

Mrs. Yin and Mr. Yang draw the symbols in a meditation, which continues for the duration of the exhibition. They commence from outset of the exhibition, and conclude with the final brushstroke. The environment contains a sculpture depicting childbirth and symbolizes the future.



**Invitation subject, "Zenita Universe",
Galerie Krinzinger, Vienna (2008)**

Statement

Ingried Brugger, Director, BA Art Forum, Vienna

“It is stages that Zenita Komad creates at Galerie Krinzinger, set up for the purpose of self-presentation, which inevitably brings me to the question: Do I like this? For Zenita’s claim is a seemingly casual, but in fact quite usurpatory appropriation of all those parts of the world that seem important to her. In ‘Zenita Universe’, the artist is the strategist who makes use of given artist attitudes as naturally as she runs the gamut of networking in the scene. And finally art history itself turns into a self-service store from which things are unabashedly taken out, altered, and remixed: props in a pictorial representation of Zenita’s universe! And all this is done with a self-confidence which fascinates as much as it irritates, which attracts and repels. That is one thing. But there is more, much more. Lurking behind ostensible shallowness of such a concept and the déjà-vu experience (which is inevitable) is a complicated artistic self-expression that is worth exploring. Secret messages, visual allusions, social and political gibes and taunts, and again and again the

attempt to reorganize one’s own psyche and to make it communicable. These are just some of the things which travel hand in hand in Zenita Universe – provided with poignant intelligence – on a path which indeed makes the world appear new. This is something that does not happen every day, and it brings me to the decision: yes, I like the Zenita Universe.”



"Zenita Universe", installation view (2008)



Harpyie II (2008)

Should one choose to refrain from the superstitious and religious approaches, one then encounters psychoanalytical approaches.

As a second skin, the dress forms the limit between the physical body and the spiritual, psychological being. While expressing several things about the person, since “you are what you wear”, it also conceals the person. With respect to fundamental human needs, it becomes a technique for evoking self-assurance – and the image of the self. Much like a covering which is put on, it creates an identity and projects a specific outward image. Thus, in a very removed sense, dress is representative of the educational apparatus as a whole, which exercises a formative influence on the individual by the imposition of commands and prohibitions, by ideas of values and norms as well as of moral convictions going back to childhood. This constructed entity shrouds the inner life of the soul entirely and suppresses inner drives, desires, intuitions and emotions.

Margarita Thurn

in: The soul of the child



Ode an die Kunst (2008)



Kartenhaus I, "New Works", Galerie Tarasiève, Paris (2006)



Kartenhaus II, "Erzählungen -35/65+", Kunsthaus Graz (2008)



“Ich liebe euch!”, installation view,
Galerie Krinzinger, Vienna (2006)

80 Days around the World. 10 Years of Zenita City.

Nathalie Hoyos

It has to be somewhere between Alice in Wonderland and Around the World in Eighty Days: Zenita City. Stumbling over a root picture, caught sight of behind the door opened by the golden “sad door handle”, one can glean the contours, and then it is almost too late to escape the vortex of the Komadian universe. But what awaits one there? City, country, river? Promises of undreamt of possibilities, broken and unbroken promises, a picture and text world, mounted into houses of cards, which demonstrate protection, warmth and fragility – in a word, Zenita City?

Once the trapdoor is opened and having dropped through to the other side, one then discovers that the universe is populated by a number of permanent guests. They reappear again and again in the works as if work on them has not yet been brought to an end – as if not everything had yet been said. Often they are women: role models, soul mates, who, in their lives exercise a permanent fascination for Zenita Komad. One of her permanent companions is Maria Callas – something which, in the light of Zenita Komad’s background, ceases to surprise, since she grew up as the daughter of an opera singer to whom the stage meant everything; playfully exploring the boundaries between tragedy and comedy, reality and fiction. The series of Callas pictures are dominated by portraits of the opera diva, the mouth and eyes being especially pronounced, simultaneously mirroring life of the soul. The first Callas picture appeared in 1997. The diva peers out at us, while ropes hung in front of the canvas, though

not coming into immediate contact with it, warn of the compulsions that threaten to bind one fast. The pouting mouth, smeared and painted over with blood-red lipstick, leaves its traces across the canvas, appearing again in large splashes on hands and clothes. White streaks cross the face, like the crossbar of a window through the glass of which the diva, head clasped in hands, meditates on the world beyond. One year later, again a portrait of Maria Callas, although this time we witness the Prima Donna imprisoned in a golden cage. The gaze, at once patient and yearning, is directed towards the outside of this cramped cage as if liberation, though not yet in sight, is at least guaranteed. And, sure enough, a good while later, in 2004, we encounter a new Callas: very stylised, a mixture between pop icon and a cheap imitation of herself, set against a pink background. The message is political: after oil, they’ll fight for water. A water pipe sprouts out of her head, from which a fountain of water pours over her face. Tears stream from the eyes and a red pistol, like a beam, lies across the hidden mouth. A certain helplessness there, but which is nowhere to be seen in another picture of the diva from 2006: with a demanding look, pointing through a three-dimensional red arrow, pointing at Callas’ forehead, and which is highlighted even more, the face of the artist self-confidently peers out from the black canvas. The series of Callas pictures elucidates an interesting aspect found in Zenita Komad’s work: the canvases become independent and grow within the room. They appear to want to explode the borders

of the canvas in order to conquer the third dimension.

Komad has been dedicating a further picture cycle to Louise Bourgeois for a number of years. As a pioneer and fighter in a male-dominated art world, in which she continued to produce and to persist, even in spite of her late success, she has become an almost indispensable aspect of Zenita City.

I can't make you love me if you don't is inscribed under Louise Bourgeois (1999) – Bourgeois looks back at the viewer with a poisonous green fringe, and an impishly knowing grin. All around are freely hovering small red hearts. It appears as if the protagonist is not in the least bit worried by this insight – on the contrary, the wise face, permeated with wrinkles, radiates softness, calm and composure as if the rigours of life were of no concern to her. And yet, she does not seem to be absent from the world but very close and present. The smile returns in all Louise Bourgeois' pictures. In 2005, clad entirely in black, the Grande Dame poses the sixty-four thousand dollar question: have you begun to play yet or are you still fighting? The letters form, as they often do in Komad's works, a picture within a picture and lend to the content a second level and dynamic. In this case, it seems as if the vertical and inversely tilting letters are wont to ridicule, in a kind and playful manner, as if to soften the struggle.

Komad's oeuvre functions in cycles. One work conditions the next, thrusting it further along. One is thus a little surprised when Madame Sensible (2006), alias Comtesse de Broglie, taken from a picture by Dominique Ingres, again concurs with the work of Louise Bourgeois from the sky is no limit! (2006), that is, with a reverse message: the sky is the limit. It is in this manner that the various figures communicate in Zenita Komad's works, also among themselves, forming a grand whole.

Experiment painting, extended painting, is closely interwoven in Komad with the search for meaning and enlightenment. Thus considered, the texts also represent a support in the search for the deeper meaning of being and its imperatives/Waltens. In *Erleuchtung* (Enlightenment) (1998) a yellow lampshade replete with over-sized light bulb pushes against the head of a young woman, who is then literally pressed down by the illumination and who loses the sharp contours of her face. Everything blurs and dissolves, the face thereby being reduced to the unrecognisable. Nine years later, the reverse scene appears – and a self-portrait. The face of the artist, illuminated like a light bulb, moves towards us – whereas, in the first version, the illumination comes from above, the rays in the second version are no longer necessary. They clearly come from within.

Feelings such as helplessness, imprisonment but also of liberation, enlightenment and of promises stand in close proximity with one another in the works. Much as in theatre and in the opera, the artist is concerned with explaining and spanning the entire spectrum of human feelings. She succeeds in touching on these themes without thereby succumbing to pathos since, in most instances, her pictorial messages also contain humorous, ironic and playful registers, which effortlessly relativise melancholy. It is to some extent as if the artist would want to enact the history of the half full or half empty glass – she leaves the viewer the choice and simply indicates various ways of making it. And if on one of the routes around Zenita City a “waiting for Godot” syndrome steals its way in, one would do well to recall that there also exists another possibility: namely, Back in a minute Godot (2000?).

BIOGRAPHY**2019**

Rückkehr nach Österreich.
Beginn einer neuen Werkphase

2014

Award from the City of Vienna.
International exhibitions.
Work represented in numerous
international collections and museums.

2010

One year grant of the arts
council of Austria, BMUKK

2007

MAK Schindler scholarship, artists
and architects in residence program
Los Angeles, USA

2006

Scholarship cité internationale
des arts, Paris, France

2004 / 2005

Artist in residence, International
artist house Villa Concordia,
Bamberg, Germany

1998

Academy of Fine Arts Vienna,
Master class Franz Graf,
extended painterly space

1996

University of Applied Arts Vienna,
Master class Marko Japelj,
stage design/graphics

1980

born in Austria

SOLO SHOWS**2018**

8×10⁹ = 1. Treffpunkt Burgkapelle MMKK
Museum Moderner Kunst Kaernten

2016–19

Schaffenspause in Israel

2017

Art is a Doctor, DG-Galerie, München

2015

Wir, Galerie im Taxispalais, Innsbruck,
Austria
Choose the upper Frequency, Galerie
Clemens Gunzer, Zürich, Schweiz

2014

Art Genève, Solo booth performance.
(The Essential Collection), Geneve
Kill the Routine, Galerie Zimmermann/
Kratochwill
Time to change the Record,
Galerie Krinzinger, Wien
Art Genève, Solo booth performance.
(The Essential Collection), Genf

2013

The Work in the Heart,
Thomas K. Lang Gallery, Vienna
Time to Change the Record,
Galerie Krinzinger, Vienna
Art Genève, Solo booth performance. (The
Essential Collection), Geneva, Switzerland

2012

Zenita Komad. Bourouina Gallery, Berlin
Deine Gedanken möblierten die Welt – Your
Thoughts Furnish the World. Rauminhalt,
Wien
From A to Z and back again,
Art Chicago, USA

Zenita Universe, art:gwangju:12,
Nam-gu, Gwangju, Korea
Liebe ist die beste Medizin, The Essential
Collection, Zürich, Switzerland
I Love God, Galerie im Kulturzentrum
der Minoriten, Graz, Austria
Sei Licht für die Welt. Galerie Anton Gölles,
Fürstenfeld
Extended Universe I. The Essential
Collection, Zürich

2011

Spirituality is not Shopping, Jüdisches
Museum Wien, Vienna, Austria
Zeichnungsausstellung Zenita Komad,
Galerie Krinzinger, Vienna, Austria

2010

Missa Solemnis, Bourouina Gallery,
Berlin, Germany
Bellevue, Galerie Suzanne Tarasiéve,
Paris, France
At the Beginning was (not) Simplicity,
ARTCOLOGNE, Germany
Eternally I am your Yes, The Loft,
Mumbai, India

2009

When Heaven Kisses Earth (Pt. II) –
Residencies, with Eva Schlegel, Gallery
Krinzinger, Vienna
When Heaven Kisses Earth, CIGE09,
Beijing, China

2008

Mericanexpress, Sotheby's Wien, Wien
Die drei Nornen, Performance auf der
40. Messe für Kunst und Antiquitäten,
Hofburg, Wien
Zenita Universe, Galerie Krinzinger, Wien
Der Nabel der Welt, Galerie Konzett, Graz

2006

New Works, Galerie Suzanne Tarasiéve,
Paris
Zenita Grad, Regina Gallery, Moskau
one man show, Galerie Krinzinger,
Art Brussels, Brüssel

2005

Zenita-City, "Operation – Philidor",
Kunsthalle Nexus, Saalfelden, Österreich

2003

Mir träumt ich bin der liebe Gott,
Krinzinger Projekte, Wien
"Freiraum", 4 Filme, Museum für
Angewandte Kunst, Wien
mak-nite, eine Raumin szenierung, nach
einem Gedicht von Erich Fried,
Musik Nadir Gottberg

2002

Requiem, Semper Depot, Wien, eine
Installation für Ignaz Kirchner u.v.a.

GROUP SHOWS (*Selection*)**2013**

At.las, SoWeitDieZukunft, Vienna, Austria
 In the Name of Love, Galerie Krokus,
 Bratislava, Slovakia
 20×20, Galerie Freihausgasse,
 Villach, Austria
 Textual, The Loft at Lower Parel,
 Mumbai, India
 Fokus Sammlung, Museum
 Moderner Kunst Kärnten, Austria
 Biennale Giovani Monza, Serrone della
 Villa Reale, Monza, Italy

2012

Statements aus den Sammlungen der
 Albertina, Albertina Contemporary,
 Vienna, Austria

2011

Synecdoche, Bourouina Gallery,
 Berlin, Germany
 Am Ende war das Wort – Sprache als
 Medium der zeitgenössischen bildenden
 Kunst – Ursula Blickle Stiftung, Vienna,
 Austria
 Irreligious!, steirischer herbst –
 Kulturzentrum bei den Minoriten,
 Graz, Austria
 Rapid, Rapid, The Essential Collection,
 Zürich, Switzerland
 Fünf Räume, Austrian Cultural Forum,
 New York, USA
 AUSTRIA DAVAJ!, Schusev Staatsmuseum,
 Moscow, Russia
 WORT-BILD, Galerie Julius Hummel,
 Vienna, Austria

2010

Gender and Queer, Galerie Julius Hummel,
 Vienna, Austria

2009

In Between. Austrian Contemporary,
 Galerija Umjetnina, Split, Croatia
 MAK Nite Lomography curated by
 Marlies Wirth, Vienna, Austria
 Cella, curated by Christoph Bertsch,
 Complesso Monumentale di San Michele
 a Ripa, Rome, Italy
 Mono, Poly, Konkret, Galerie Konzett,
 Vienna, Austria

2008

Light Motive, Gallery Tarasievé, Paris, France
 Trickle-down Theory curated by Riiko
 Sakkinen, Korjaamo Gallery, Helsinki,
 Finland
 Artists of the Gallery, Gallery Krinzinger,
 Vienna, Austria
 Best of Austria, Lentos, Linz, Austria
 In Between. Contemporary Austrian Art,
 Michel Kikoine Foundation, Tel Aviv, Israel
 Sommerfeld, mit Christian Eisenberger,
 Kunstforum Montafon, Schruns, Austria
 What's up 2009, Bourouina Gallery,
 Berlin, Germany
 Ich ist eine andere, Momentum, Vienna

2007

The Tumult of the Mighty Harmonies,
 Schindler House, Los Angeles, USA

2006

Erzählungen –35/65+,
 Kunsthaus Graz, Graz, Austria

2006

Ich liebe euch!, mit Angelika Krinzinger und
 Christoph Raitmayr, Galerie Krinzinger,
 Vienna, Austria

2005

Lebt und arbeitet in Wien II, "Operation – Capablanca", Kunsthalle Wien, Vienna
Superstars, Kunsthalle Wien, Vienna

2004

Krinzinger Österreich – Artists of the Gallery Krinzinger, Wien
Festival Image mit Marina Abramovic und Otto Mühl, Vevey, Switzerland

2002

Converter Projekt 2, Living Art Museum Reykjavik, Island
a.s.a.p. (as soon as possible), Vienna, Austria

2001

Unfriendly Take Over, mit Magnus Arnason, Nicos Arvanitis, Heiri Häfliger, Franz Graf, Converter Projekt 1, Semper Depot, Wien

2000

Reisezeichnungen mit Franz Graf, Galerie Artelier, Graz / Galerie Krobath Wimmer, Wien

PUBLIC COLLECTIONS**Institutions**

Museum Moderner Kunst Kärnten, Klagenfurt, Austria
Österreichische Galerie Belvedere, Vienna, Austria
Artothek. Vienna, Austria
Albertina, Vienna, Austria
Jewish Museum, Vienna, Austria
Kunsthau Zürich, Switzerland
Sammlung der Minoriten, Graz, Austria
Kupferstichkabinett der Akademie der bildenden Künste, Vienna, Austria
San Antonio Museum of Art, Texas
Luciano Benetton Collection, Italy
Gwangju Museum of Art, South Korea

Private

Diethardt Collection, Styria, Austria
Sammlung Lenikus Vienna, Austria
Sammlung Hainz, Vienna, Austria
Sammlung Konzett, Vienna, Austria
Sammlung Fuchs, Vienna, Austria
Sammlung Angerlehner, Austria
Sammlung Krinzinger, Austria
Sammlung Berkson, Wien
Sammlung Zalsmann, Tel Aviv

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Kettler Verlag, Hrsg: Beate Ermacora,
Galerie im Taxispalais

Vienna for Art's Sake!, Archive Austria/Contemporary Art

Text: Markus Mittringer
Curated by Peter Noever,
Luciano Benetton Collection/Fabrica

Colouring Book

Art Brussels 2014

A New Vision Exists!

Bourouina Gallery, Berlin
Text: Markus Mittringer
Photographs: Roman März
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Spirituality is not shopping

Zenita Komad
Jewish Museum Vienna
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Missa Solemnis

Zenita Komad
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