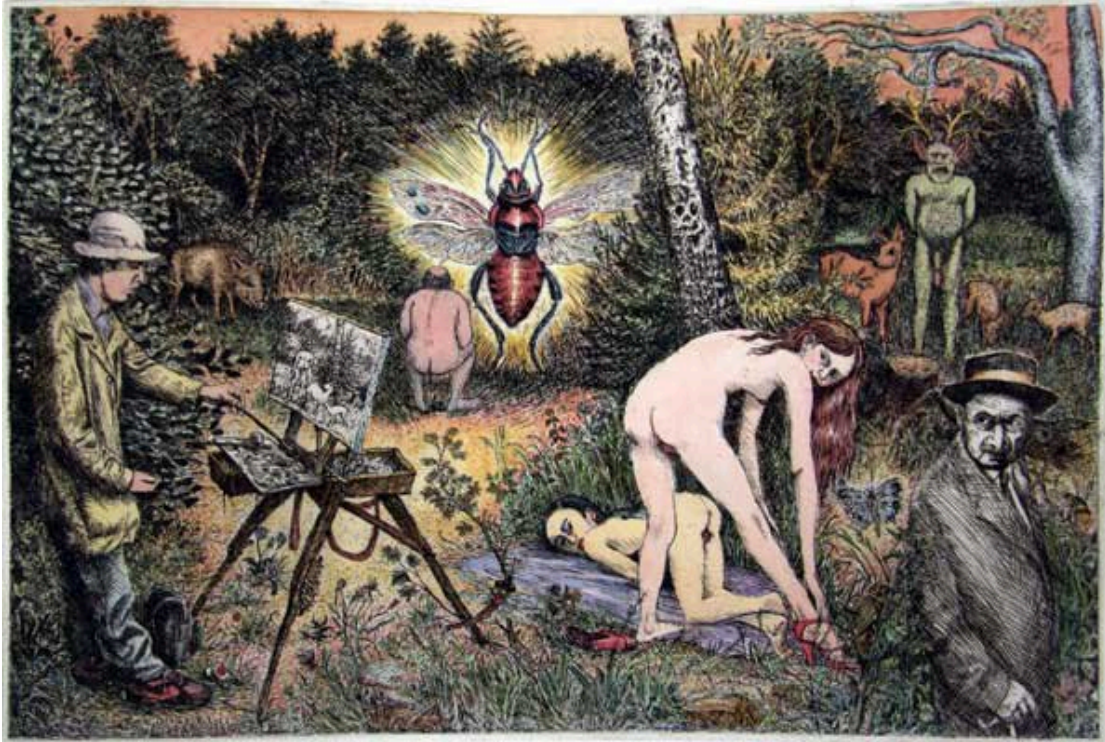


# Enchanted Gardens

WEDNESDAY, 12TH MARCH, 2013



**The Clearing (2005)**

*The Moot Art Gallery looks at the work of Reinhard Scheibner*

Today in the world there are many billions of people trundling away In their various different environments and habitats. All these people have their own mushy quagmire of views on how they see and feel the world. These views can be influenced by religious, political and economic systems as well as internal, familial and social factors resulting in each person having their own unique concoction of brain stew from which they perceive the world around them.

We will evidently go through our lives with just our own melanising perspective whilst meeting, communicating and fucking different people with perspectives of their own. Many of these people you may not agree with, for instance you may have a fully fledged racist who sees the world as a death trap of hostile paranoia in contention with an evangelical Christian who likes the thought of fucking children; You may also be a strong headed rebellious activist screaming out at some domineering fuck witted fascist, you may even be one of those domineering fuck witted fascists. It is not a matter of these people being right or wrong it is that there is much to be gained from knowing that all these amazing, sometimes baffling perspectives no matter how mundane or exciting a person's life may seem do exist and that they are all connected to the fact that they are all

the perspectives of other human beings, our fellow brothers, sisters and fuckwits. There are worlds looming about in people heads, planted in there, ever shifting and festering away slowly as ones we may love or hate but other than our own will never get to fully experience or feel. This notion can fill one with a throbbing wonder as to what it is like to see into the minds of other humans.

It is through the divine majesty of art that a window is provided to see into the minds of other humans. By looking at the solitary artistic fruit a human can conjure up we can observe their own worlds of experience both of the conscious and subconscious and likewise realise ripe worlds of our own by using our brain, hands and tools of our choosing. Engaging with art can give us something to do, something to look at outside or own monotonous experiences and subsequently give us some meaning in an otherwise meaningless universe. Art allows us to search deep into to ourselves and spit out a powerful form of dialogue to present gapingly and open for others to view. Art can be wrought with purity and truth so immediate and without words it lets out a quite roar that soars through its engaging viewer and when you like it you want more of it, it becomes your lover, your buddy, your breeding ground. To this extent, every once in awhile you will find something or someone on these plains of demise who will resonates with your being. In a similar frame to a lover with their moist flesh, pungent smell, contorted form, maniacal mannerisms and fiendish sound that makes you wet and full of desperate spunk, certain artists and art works possess similar qualities that squirt out of the woodwork and away from all the heinous things you don't desire, leaving you dripping and foaming in a lathery comfort.

It is such a joy then to see someone's perspective so tantalisingly erect and effectively portrayed for your own delectation and it is why we focus on artist **Reinhard Scheibners** work as such a delightfully palatable example of someone with such an appealing platter of art workings.

Working from his studio in Berlin, Reinhard is found squelching out some beautifully immaculate pieces in the form of drawings, etchings, woodprints, paintings and many other excretions. The images meander in and out of conjoining realities sometimes creating a fleshy cosmos ripe in joyous endeavour other times making reflections on our shit filled society and also on such seismic events as the Holocaust. Reinhard's range of work is so raw and varied that it would be a shame to pair him up too close with other artists. There are faint whiffs that mirror the fantastical worlds of Henry Darger in some of his drawings, especially some of his drawings from the mid 90's; Some of his etchings of concentration camps maybe found to have a similar intensity to Otto Dix's 'Der Krieg' etchings depicting the horrors of war but saying all this we find most of Reinhard's work is indicative of his own unique personal tastes, flavours and idiosyncrasies. Reinhard is not too afraid of experimenting within his

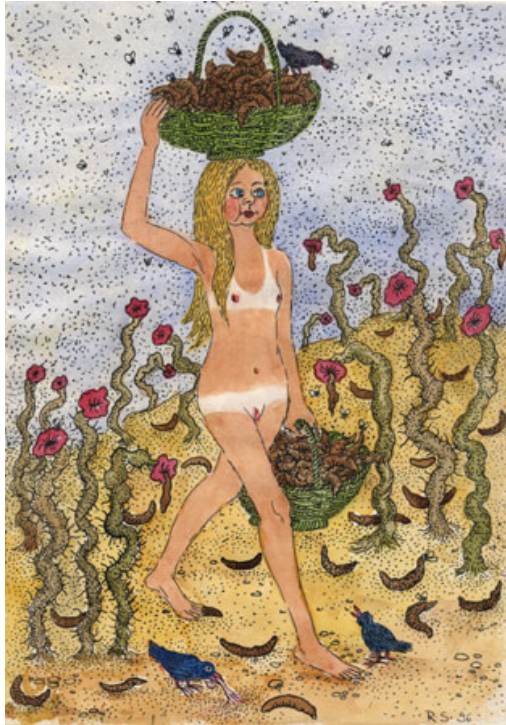
mediums either, we sometimes find him drawing with his weaker hand or completely blind, sometimes by smearing human excrement onto a canvas like a regular day Bobby Sands to give his work that little something special. However, concentrating on his more fantastical pieces we see some of Reinhard's strongest portrayals.



Enchanted Garden (1996)

In his drawing 'Enchanted Garden' (1996), Reinhard depicts an ethereal playground of prepubescent joy. There is a wonderful vitality of youth in this piece that Reinhard manages to capture so well. The drawing brings back memories of the divine stink of young flesh where the lips whack of fresh weed, plopped out little turds are dispersed by arsehole plants that dot the little poos around the garden which fills the air with soothing warmth; then there is the bell ends! Let us not forget the bell ends as they sting the nasal passages with a milky zest and urine after burn. The enchanted garden we find has a truly intoxicating pang set about the place that eases the viewer into its melancholic habitat to be a washed in its fleshy haze. In the enchanted garden the colours are ripe with fleshy hues. The tanning of skin and the ripe pinkness of cock tips bringing you down to a recently shaved pubic base that must feel wonderful on the bare feet of the enchanted garden's young inhabitants. The fine organically phallic shaped greenery sprouts up from the ground like fleshy warts; they are then wanked off into wholesome blue and white milkmaid jugs by young nymphs to be brought home and consumed with the evening's supper. The sun is going down and work about the place is bountiful with baskets full of lobbed off cockplants and jugs

brimming with semen. There is also two dogs fucking and drinking. Everybody is happy in the enchanted garden; it is full of a loving, wholesome and joyous spirit that resonates deep inside its viewer. The enchanted garden is happy, really happy, almost overtly happy, so much so that it could be viewed as unnervingly



happy, sickly even, a thought that may leave some viewers nauseous and strange to such a depiction. Lots of young children lobbing off cockplants, wanking off cockplants, what's going on here? This then opens up a whole new avenue of questioning about the enchanted garden that will not be pursued as of now. For now we bask in the camaraderie of this delightful scenario and enjoy a glimpse into Reinhard's fantastical creation.

As we look on into Reinhard's portfolio of work we step out of the fantastical joys and tasty endeavour the enchanted garden has to offer and into a horrifying Nazi Death Camp where our playful nymphs and wholesome vibrant friends are replaced with brutish lads clad in leather uniform and the dieing corpses of the camps prisoners . We are now no longer hoisting our noses up at the divine smells of the enchanted garden but instead we are now met with the grave stench of death that hangs in the air like the nooses that plague the gallows, the smell of decomposing bodies, burning flesh and sweaty tourists now consumes the nostrils. These intensely executed and well considered etchings of concentration camps are probably some of Reinhard's most powerful pieces. In

these etching of the concentration camps Reinhard fills the gaps in time between the tourist attraction of now and the horrifying death fest of then.

In Stock Condition(2003)we find an image that it is ripe with demonic and terrifying action, tourists shuffle along with backpacks filled with touristy treats in salami sandwiches, lemon pop and potatoe crisps whilst observing the caranage that lay around them. Likewise, nazi lads tip around the camp in a similar vein, enjoying each others stern company. A big black nurse can be seen wheeling some old fucker around in the background, he seems to have a rye smile as as he looks on at a stack of corpses trudging along in a rot iron trolley. We see corpses hang from pillars in a most discomforting fashion whilst been knawed at by hungry ravenous dogs. Dispite the obvious horrors Reinhard still manages to maintain a comedic touch by placing what looks like a burlesque dancer below one of the gallows, a humorous insertion in leiu of the horrifying events unfolding.



**Stock Condition (2003)**

Reinhard guides us ever further on into the series as we go into the part of the camp where they threw in the bodies to burn, the Crematorium (2003). From the rafters human bodies hang, some of them not wearing pants. Decomposing bodies lay in wait before the incinerators. In the forground we see an onslaught of tourists. One woman with her jacket in hand looks as disinterested as her son. One woman in high heels looks up at the rafters as if contemplating whether the 'concentration camp look' will go well in her new home. Some cunt is listening to

his walkman and some old bitch is taking a photograph as yet another stern looking guard looks on with callous flare.



**Crematorium (2003)**

As Reinhardt's tour of the concentration camp continues we find ourselves back outside in the yard. The School Trip (2003) shows a flock of school kids and teachers gather around a grueling scene of torture. We see a man strapped to a device which is holding him in place bent over with his arse held up bare. Two officers stand over the man, one is throwing a bucket of what appears to be a scorching liquid as his eyes begin to melt from the boiling exposure. From behind the man another Nazi guard is whipping severe lacerations onto the man's ass cheeks, it appears to be sexy as the man is dressed up in a leather uniform like that of a true sadomasochist domineering spank master. The tourists look on as voyeurs to the grisly and disconcerting scenes, each one of them conveying a range of different emotions. One girl doesn't seem to know what make of the scenario, her finger pressed to her lip as she contemplates the unfolding events in her human brain. Some of the school kids look pissed off, whether it's because of what is being spelled out in front of them or a rebellious indifference it is hard to tell. The teachers look more shocked than the kids, perhaps wondering if the scenes are traumatising their fragile young brains but alas there is no escaping the horrifying reality that lays before them. In the background we see a man in the midst of electrocution against a highly charged death fence after a possible vain attempt to escape or perhaps a blatant throw to suicide, it's hard to tell. The forced dance routines in the yard shows another form of torture where the

usually quite pleasant act of dancing is turned into a grimacing ordeal of imposed agony by the nazi lads.



School Trip (2003)

Essentially we find in these pieces that Reinhard is giving us his own unique tour of the concentration camp. Looking at these pieces the viewer becomes another voyeur, another tourist forced to look into the empathetic stares and blackhearts of mankind. We see two aspects of human endeavor come into focus, both the committing of these atrocities and then a reflection on the atrocities, these two aspects both mirroring each other like some deathly twins both spitting and crying at each other in agonizing pain for all eternity.

Through examples of his work Reinhard gives us an insight into his own delectable fantasies and observations that shows us a refreshing perspective that can fill ones head with titillating wonder as well as soul crushing despair. Reinhard's artwork is an example of what kind of glorious concoctions a human brain can let boil up and rise to the surface like ploppy little turds, leaving us with baited anticipation for more delightful excretions.

B.F WILTON 12/3/13

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