



KOW JOINT VENTURES:
COLLIER SCHORR
DAY FOR NIGHT (1992/2021)
PRESENTED BY
MODERN ART, LONDON

After Horst

I had these ideas about modern West Germany. It was silent. It was empty. The figures were small, or they were art students lined up in front of colored squares of paper. Whatever I saw in the work of Andreas Gursky and Thomas Struth and Thomas Ruff was somewhat perfect, organized, static, airless. And frozen in time that looked like the 70's. West Germany itself, a word I might see on a watch face or an Olympic memorial to the Israeli wrestlers killed by Palestinians in Munich. Somehow, I was there and not there. Dead, memorialized, alive and dead again.

I went to Germany in 1989. And again, for 20 summers. During the third summer I started taking photographs. I was convinced the German landscape held some truth other than the one I had seen in the large-scale imports I saw at 303 Gallery and Marian Goodman Gallery. Schwäbisch Gmünd was soft and pastoral. And the local boys seemed soft and pastoral. I would have never made photos in New York. Nan

Goldin, Jack Pierson and Larry Clark already made them. But in Germany, I could take a figure of my imagination and place them in the landscape memorialized by the Düsseldorf School. And I could as they say now- queer the space. So I shot my girlfriend's nephew Horst and a fusion of myself and him, of a young girl and of a young boy of a woman who looked like a boy. I wanted to make him suffer for his luxury... as if he knew he had this luxury which I can never know. Ultimately, it's a simple proposition. An image of queerness in an open airfield, rather than a club or a closet or a tenement New York apartment or West Side street corner. One image is called After Cindy Sherman because of how I wished I could use myself to talk about myself. But to do that I would have to find my image bearable and I did not. I saw Germany as a very romantic place and I attacked it and was seduced by it every year. I took the one category in August Sander's work that the Düsseldorf kids didn't touch : the Nazi's. I thought to myself, wow, they really left those soldiers out. Don't they realize that's the guts and the ghosts worth

tearing apart? I began to enjoy the fact that my story about Germany, my Antlitz Der Zeit, was completely ignored. Too romantic, too gay but not authored by a gay male, too Jewish but not Jewish enough, too personal.

Now I look at Horst and I think about my own body naked on the cover of Frieze magazine and dancing in a ballet I'm making. And posing with Jordan Wolfson in Fantastic Man. The same face the same hair. Over 30 years difference. Suddenly acceptable. Perhaps because the queer figure has more presence agency representation. I still find Horst, with his Levis's and sweat socks, the tropes of Christopher Street and his teenage girl make up somewhat radical. Because he looks like a living paper doll. Dressed and pasted into a landscape to disrupt the pristine crisis of a German photograph, transmounted, with a wide white border, expansive and somewhat toeing the line.

Collier Schorr

all works courtesy of Modern Art, London and 303 Gallery, New York



Collier as Horst, 2021

digital c-print

12.7 x 17.8 cm



A Possible Mutation, 1994

C-print

35.6 x 26 cm

ed. of 4



After Cindy Sherman, 1994

C-print

35.6 x 26 cm

ed. of 3



The Short-Haired Sherman, 1993

video, color, sound

4:02 min

ed. of 3 + 2AP



A Believable Lie, 1994

C-print

27.9 x 21.6 cm

ed. of 3



Horst Condrea, 1995

C-print

9 x 13 cm

unique





Castle, 1994

black and white photograph

48.3 x 36.2 cm

unique

A Chance to Travel, 1994

black and white photograph

20.3 x 14.6 cm

ed. of 3

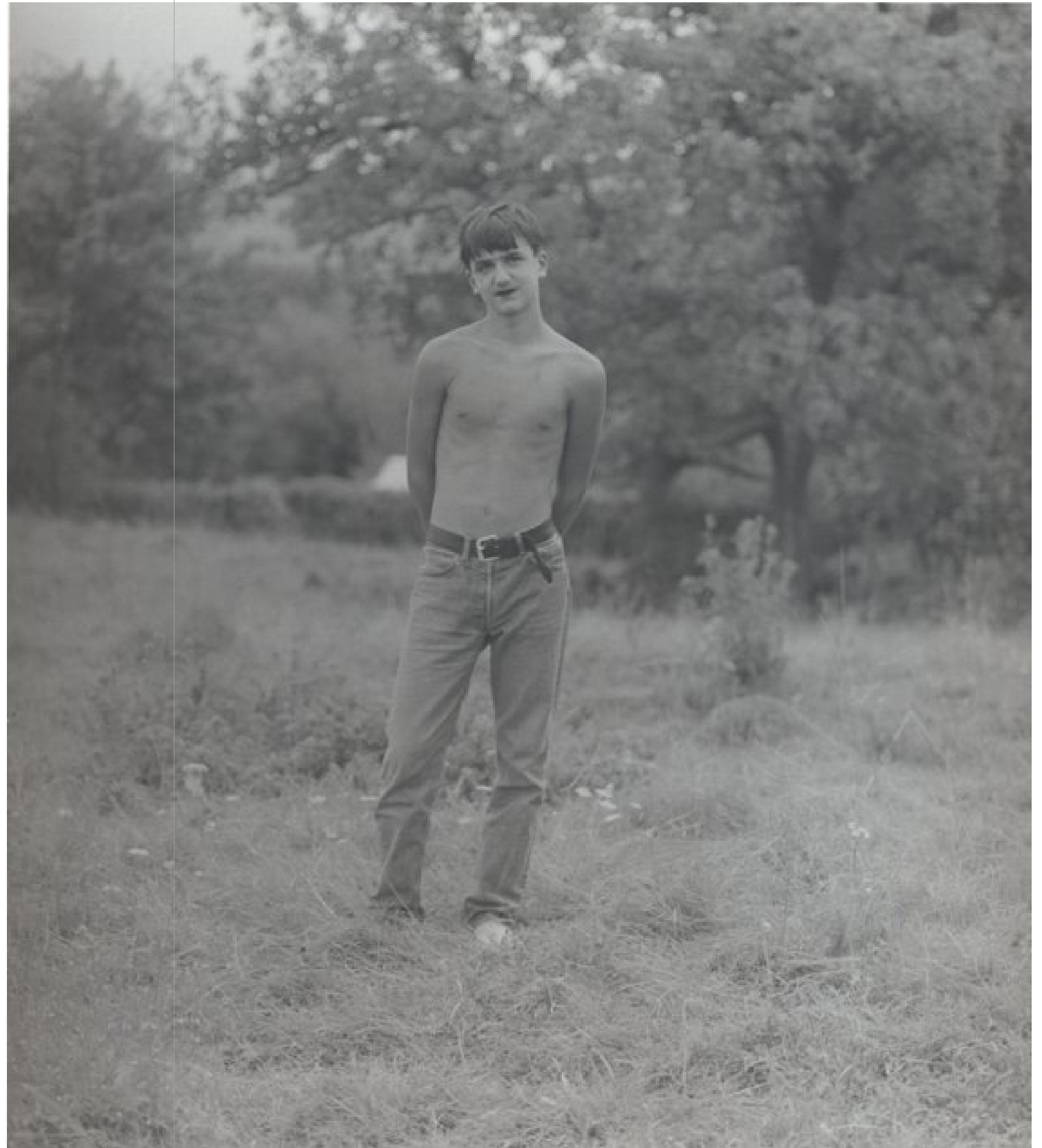


Swimming Pool Eyes, 1996

black and white photograph

23.5 x 21.6 cm

ed. of 3



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EXHIBITION 2021

ALL WORKS COURTESY OF MODERN ART, LONDON AND 303 GALLERY, NEW YORK