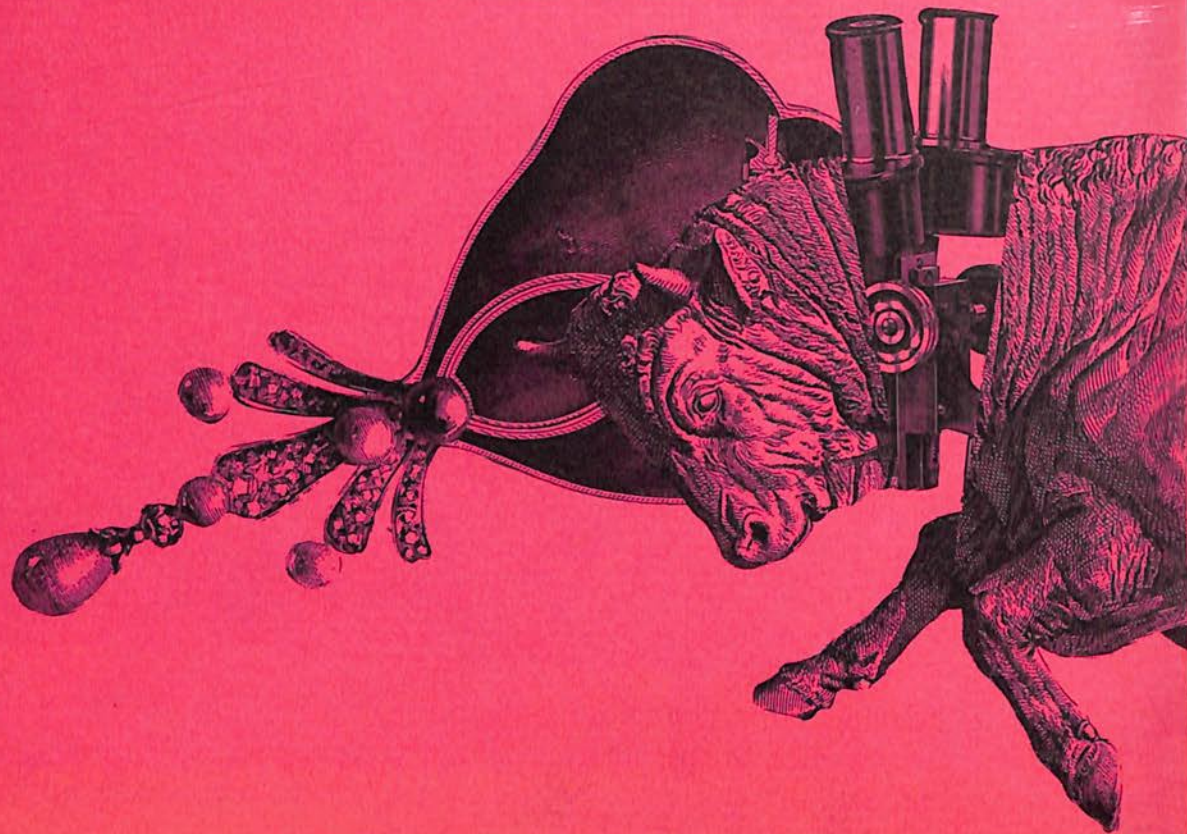




Ludwig Zeller

The Mitchell Gallery September 16th to October 5th



Ludwig Zeller, born in 1927 in Chile. He has worked for many years as a poet and artist. At the beginning of 1971 he emigrated to Toronto.

As well as publishing books of poetry and essays, Ludwig Zeller has had a volume of poems and collages published by Editorial Universitaria of Chile, entitled *Los Placeres de Edipo* (Oedipus' Pleasures).

His Exhibition includes more than fifty collages, representative of his work in this field. Many of them form groups which explore single themes: illustrations for a book of poems by Humberto Diaz Casanueva, entitled *Sol de lenguas*, *Tauromachia*, *The Tower of Babel*, and others. Almost all of the work on view was produced in Canada. Shows of his collages are being arranged in the coming months for New York, Paris, Washington and several Canadian cities.

In 1970 he organized the important Exhibition "Surrealism in Chile," at the Catholic University in Santiago. The *Event* of the show was "The Burial of Chastity at the Catholic University," which caused a great scandal.

Faithful to the line of thought maintained by Surrealism the artist has refused prizes and participation in Biennales and other art competitions.

This is his 9th One-Man Show.

Surrealism in Toronto? The Exhibition at the Mitchell Gallery opens some questions which should be examined in depth. To the initiators and principal figures of this movement, such as André Breton and Paul Eluard, Surrealism has been ever present. It flowered, however, and established itself as a set of very peculiar ideas in the first half of this century. "The after effects are alive, burning and flowing like lava." There have been prejudiced critics who have wanted to bury this movement of the



inter-war period. Yet Surrealism still prevails and is evident in everyday life at the point of collision of different elements that amalgamate to create a new reality.

In the works on view Ludwig Zeller makes use of the technique developed at the beginning of the century by diverse painters such as Braque and Picasso and, particularly in the Surrealist movement, by Max Ernst, who opened new perspectives in Surrealist paintings through works like "La femme cent têtes" and "Une semaine de bonté." Painters like Tanguy, Magritte and of course Max Ernst have produced paintings based on collage. A creativeness and desire "to try everything" that can only be compared in its magnitude and quality to the experimental work development by Picasso must be acknowledged in Ernst.

Later on collage had a different fate. It even changed its name. It was called "montage" and, more recently "assemblage." It offers a Pop-Dada image of the world, chaotic while it is only documentary, a witness of something happening in the upper spheres of thought, but

which does not succeed in crystallizing this *something*.

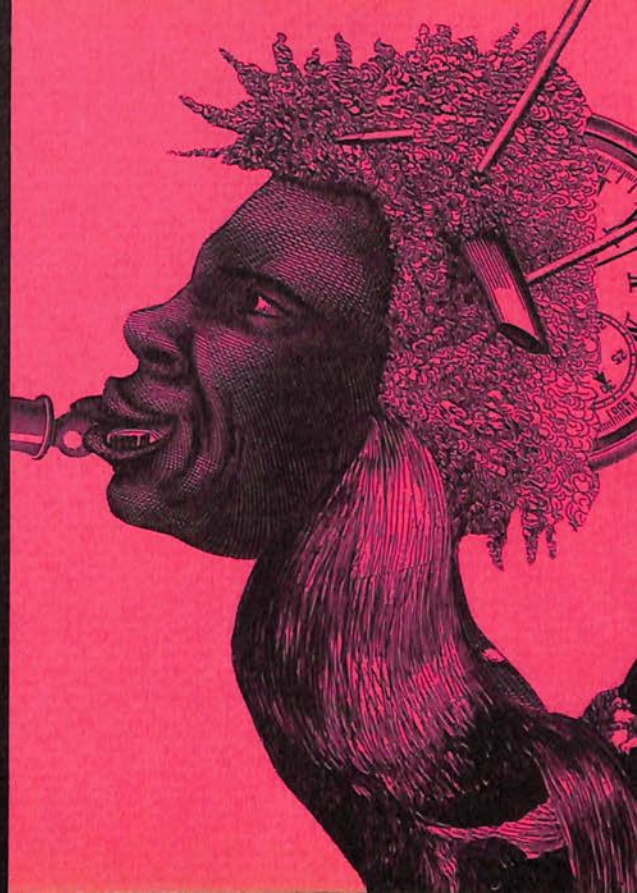
But why did this vein, tapped by Max Ernst, in so many ways prodigal, close? Joseph Cornell in his hallucinating boxes or Akbar del Piombo in a more superficial stick-on did not fill this void. The doors are still open.

In showing these collages by Ludwig Zeller we are throwing some light on a manner of thought which is convulsive yet lucid. It is not cold, in spite of its technical perfection, but like the language of tides that wash ancient fossils and strange ghosts towards the shores.

The artist comments on his method and why he chose this technique:

"We live as if torn into pieces, superimposing images on top of one another. Life may be nothing but a collage.

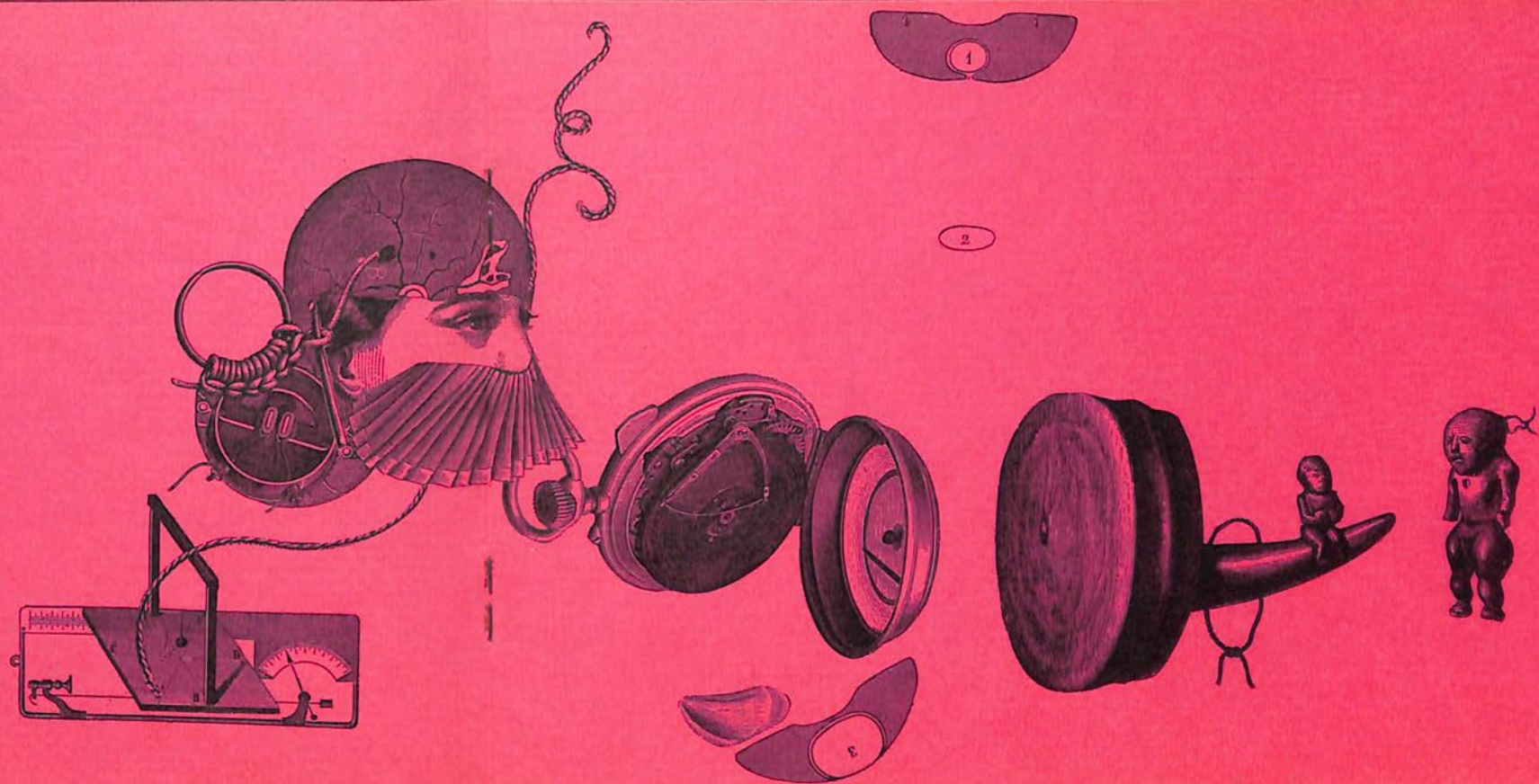
"I have worked with children and also with the mentally disturbed. In both cases there were connections to that great river of unconsciousness in which Dream is continuously flickering in front of us. We just have to evoke it, and glittering branches and opaline eyes

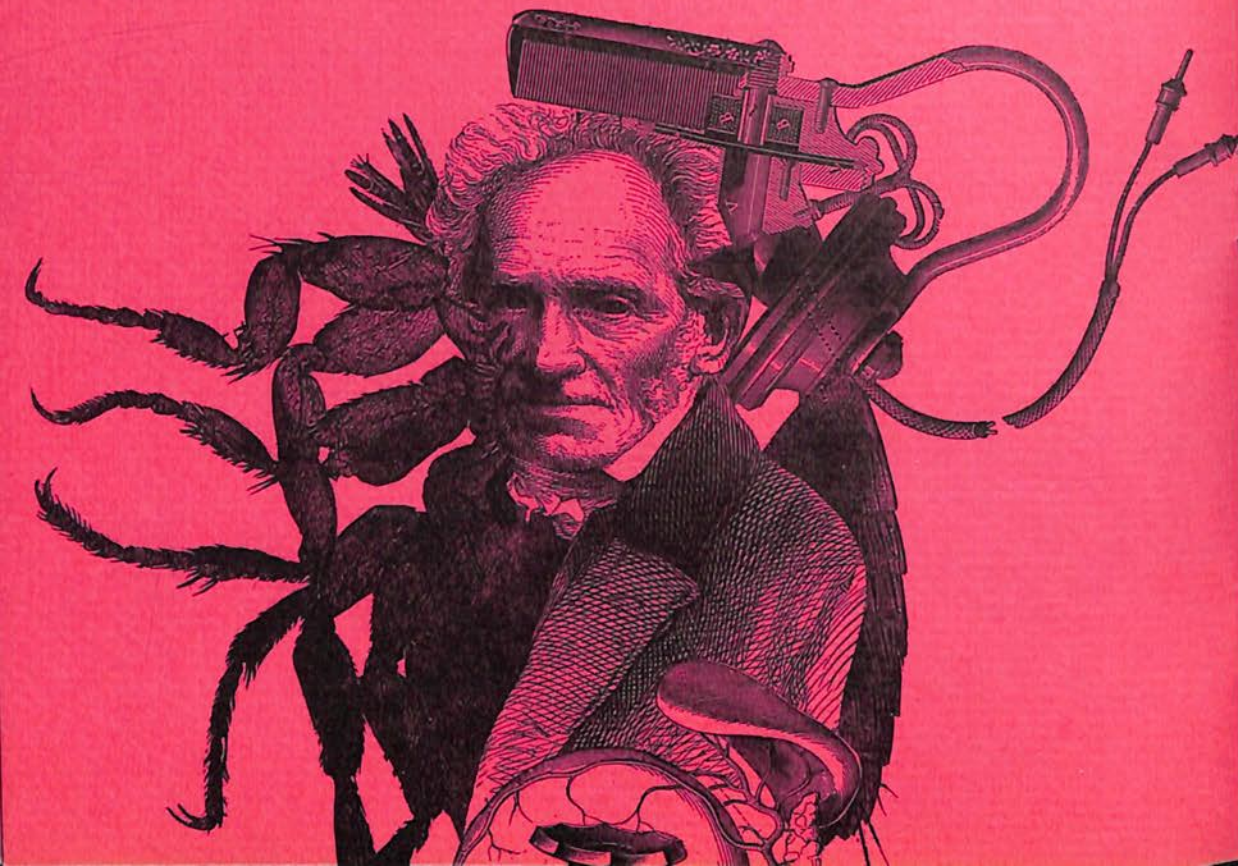


begin to sprout. In this sense I can think of no other rule than that of automatic writing. André Breton, that great seeker after images, insists upon it so often. But Dream thickens sometimes and over my table, so crowded with old papers already in existence in the remote past, as remote as the 19th century, I see adventure of the scissors that develop their new images. The palms of the hands have eyes, and the Beautiful One always waits in the deserts of memory.

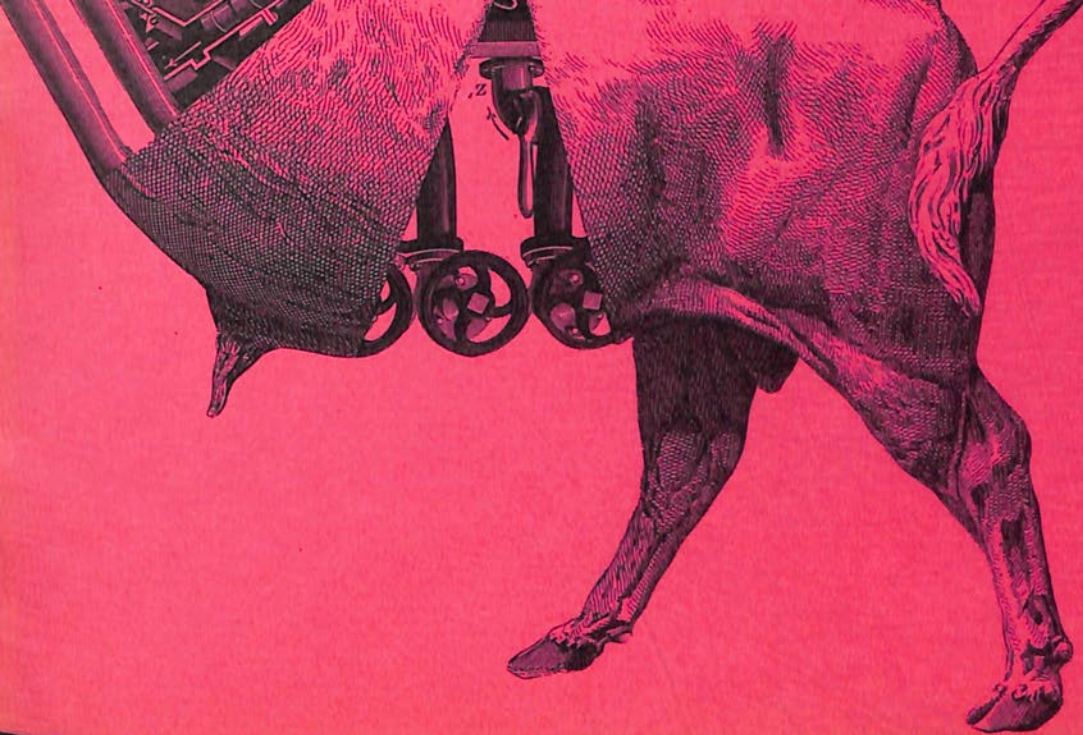
"There is also a corrosive element in collage, an edge that cuts in half those old images that came by the dozen, and that shaped the world of our parents and our grandparents, which is to say our world. The adult that believes in love and freedom above anything, should boil again the old gramophone records where the flames quiver and where the impossible is in reach of hand.

The images repeat themselves; be it in the old box where I stored the eyes; be it in David Mitchell's Gallery where the walls burn with white flames or in the frozen wastes where blood is a flower. The images repeat themselves."





- 1 Converted into a horse I devoted myself to think about Schopenhauer's ideas.
- 2 Remember, and with nostalgia.
- 3 In the land of the Antipodes.
- 4 Tauromachia.
- 5 Somebody looks at you.
- 6 Hommage to the Great Mother.
- 7 In the salt mine.
- 8 Composition with knives.
- 9 Heaven's machine.
- 10 Decoration of the islands.
- 11 Looking back.
- 12 Where the wind blows through.
- 13 Apsara.
- 14 Essays for a hero.
- 15 Tango
- 16 Unsolvable Irene.
- 17 The secret language.
- 18 The critics' choice.
- 19 Present arms.
- 20 To open the mind.
- 21 Something happens at the Niagara Falls.
- 22 Mother's hand.
- 23 The exhibition's magic.
- 24 Poetry and truth.
- 25 They remind me of the Mourners.
- 26 Romantic prairie life.
- 27 Television's spell. IV.
- 28 The Professor's re-examination.
- 29 "A amores imposibles, ruegos vanos".
- 30 Ask and you will be given.
- 31 The flower like the watch.
- 32 Captain Cook's voyage around the world.
- 33 When the beast comes up from the deep, the head bursts.
- 34 The Sphinx in Toronto.
- 35 When one feels to be free from love's . . .
- 36 To save the child, not the deer.
- 37 There is always something upside down.
- 38 The fork in sports.





Collages

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24 352 0012



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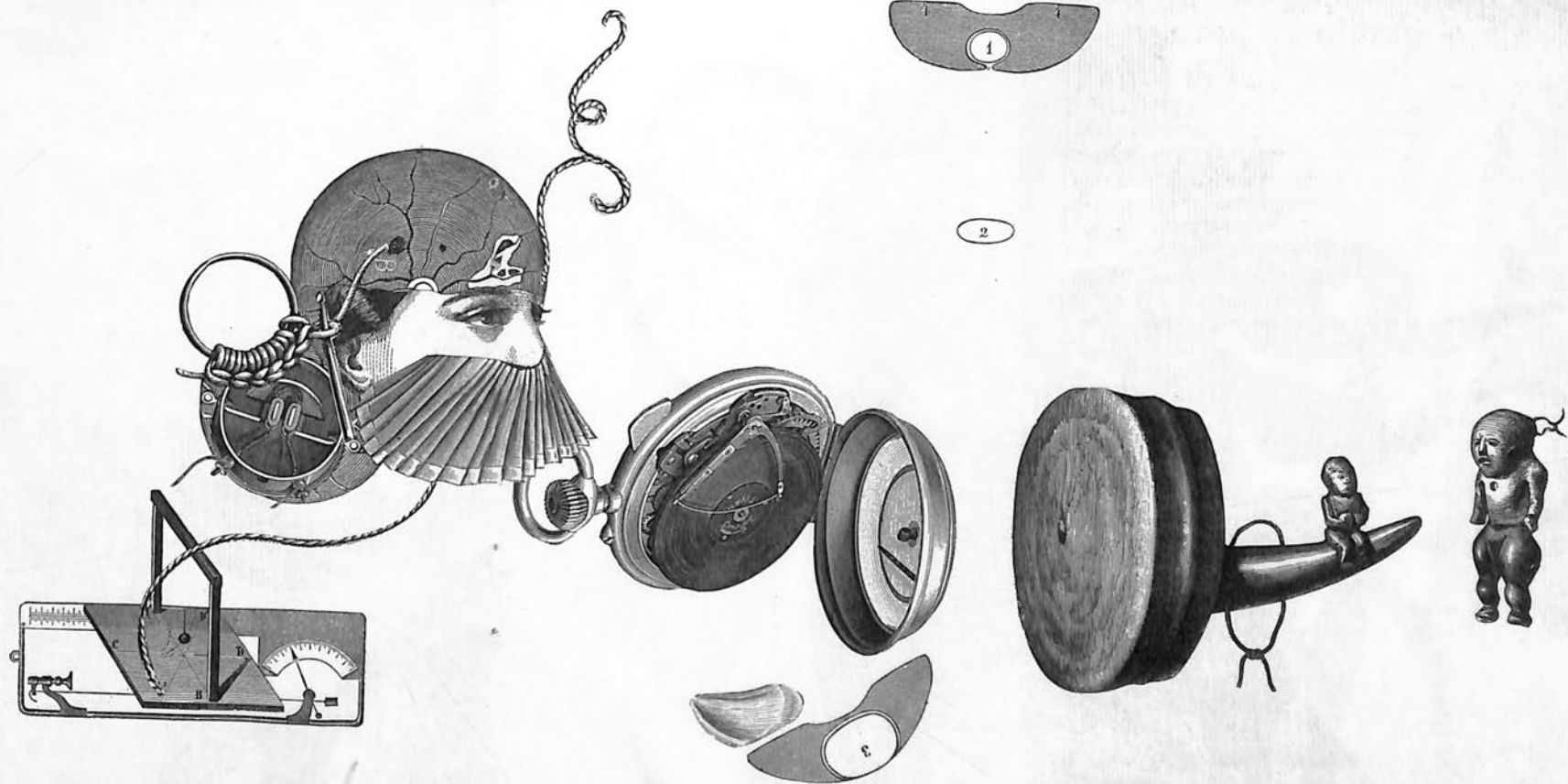
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- 39 Nobody chooses his mother.
- 40 The visit in childhood.
- 41 Theory of equilibrium.
- 42 To polish up speech.
- 43 Television's spell. III.
- 44 Tauromachia's "aficionado".
- 45 To gather the moons.
- 46 About cutting up chicken.
- 47 Listening to Venus.
- 48 Leonore, or the horse's lover.
- 49 Heaven is a face.
- 50 Offering.

Special item: The MAGIC BOX with
12 collages and diverse objects.

Acknowledgements

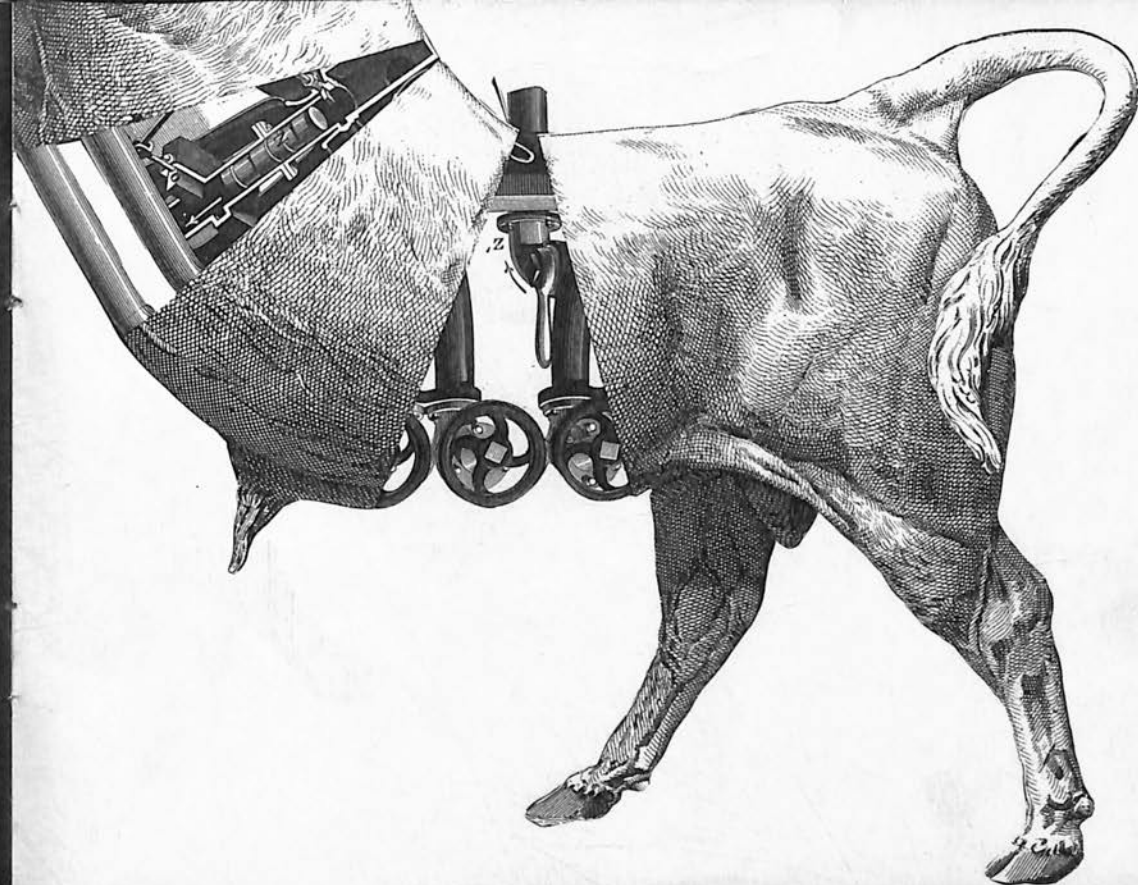
*To my friend Rolando Toro, who used to
dream of this box.*

*To Jack Pollock, who had the hawk's
precise eyesight for these images. To his
stimulus.*

*To David Mitchell and his warm friendship
that was always at hand in those difficult times.*

*To the loving millimetrical eye of Neil
McMillan, who took the photographs and
helped me with the box.*

Ludwig Zeller.





Collages

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- *Ludwig Zeller.*
The Mitchell Gallery, Toronto,
Canadá, 1971. Catálogo.