

Gavin Turk's Surprises at ScheiblerMitte 20 November 2009

Better not try to take a nap in Gavin Turk's sleeping bag. First of all, you can't slip in there and, second of all, it's really hard. Looks dirty and used – and is art, cast bronze (like bronze naturalia of the Renaissance), colored in naturalistic/illusionistic fashion. There is irony here as well as tradition. It's Turk's due that they should meet in such a relaxed way. The sleeping bag is yours for 100,000 euros.

No need to panic: screen prints are available starting at 1,500 euros (please keep the coming Christmas celebration in mind!). The whole exhibition is an ironic, witty, and at times truly inspiring full-speed ride through recent art history. Here Turk varies his name in the manner of Robert Indiana, there he styles it like a 19th-century English shop sign. Or he arranges foil (in packaging à la Warhol) used for baking turkey. Why? Well, the artist's name is Turk. When referring to *Meleagris gallopavo* the Anglo-Saxons speak of turkey, which can also mean the country of Turkey. Has nothing to do with Turkish, in which poultry is called *erkek hindi*. Completely confused? That's the intention!

Back to Warhol: Turk covered a wall with aluminum foil – homage to Warhol's Factory. An exhibition that one doesn't see everyday in Berlin. An artist working in near desperation to counteract boredom in art. Successfully. Indeed, successfully.