



AMANTIKIR

Ilka Raupach



In the artistic normal case, adventures take place in the head. In fact, I like traveling, being away, leaving definitions and demarcations behind me. Changes of location and strong new impressions influence my thinking and artistic work.

In August 2015, I accepted an invitation to São Paulo in Brazil. I worked there as an artist in residency for the *Acaia Institute*, an art school for the children and teens from the surrounding favelas. Together we worked on a mud brick building. Working with the children gave me access to their labyrinthine housing areas. These self-contained, wildly grown structures created by humans without an architectural plan fascinates and shocks me at the same time. Overlapping, layering, narrowness, darkness, only occasionally a natural beam of light; the disorientation gives me almost the impression of a spatial contemporary art installation. But no, it is pure lived reality! One third of the world's population lives in slums.

One weekend I spent with artist colleagues in the Serra da Mantiqueira, a mountain range between São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro. In the Tupi native language, it is called *Amantikir*, meaning weeping mountains. From the mountains spring many waterfalls and rivers, which supply the surrounding cities with water. The mountain peaks often disappear in fog, as during my stay. We reached the town of São Francisco in the evening darkness. It was not until around noon the following day that the all-encompassing fog vanished. Now I saw where I was: in a lush mountain forest with very rich flora and fauna. It was an almost paradisiacal contrast to the megacity of São Paulo, the concrete jungle.

I was very impressed, but I felt almost overwhelmed by São Paulo – the incredibly dense, high sea of houses, so many lives, beautiful people, smog, concrete and everywhere concrete and asphalt. Only a few isolated trees stood in their full spring bloom. They were full of poetry and were my theme, which I worked on nights in the form of collages. Brazilian paper, glue and dirty hands ...

All of my senses were constantly activated to perceive and control everything around me. I did not understand the language and only slowly did words and associations become accessible to me. I followed my intuition; the focus of my perception was delayed. I studied the people, their gestures and facial expressions, the sound and song of their voices, the radiance of their eyes and hands. A direct encounter, a reflection. Many of the things discussed; the fine and also broken hardness of the medium of language remained closed to me. I constructed my own versions. Assumptions, fragments, set pieces, half-truths, and yet all in all a truth of the moment.

It was gratifying for me to see that parts of the forests of the Serra da Mantiqueira, which disappeared after large-scale clearing, intensive cultivation and erosion, are slowly being reforested. Back at home, I reflect on my encounters and experiences in São Paulo and in the weeping mountains. With my chainsaw I sink into the fresh trunks of trees, which fell after massive gales. I am very upset after this trip and the highly concentrated work with the saw really makes me calm. It is only me and the tree trunks and in between us the chainsaw. Four hours a day I dive with my saw into my own universe. It can rain or not, it does not matter. It's no time for the silly thoughts, which tumbling in my head, finding no solutions and answers ... that stop.

settlement
oak 60 x 50 x 25 cm 2017

AMANTIKIR

(From an oral legend of the Tupi-Indians)

Legend has it that there was an enchanted princess of the brave Tupi warrior tribe. Her name time has forgotten, the memory of her face has been lost, it is only known that she was beautiful.

She was so beautiful that everyone wanted her, but she didn't want anyone. She watched men kill each other to see her. Swift knocks grinding bones, sharp arrows cutting flesh. How could they love her if they did not love themselves?

The beautiful princess fell in love with the sun, the warrior of the fire headdress and golden carcass, who lived up there in the sky, hunting for Tupã. But the sun, unlike so many princes, did not want to know about her. He did not see her beauty, did not hear her words, and did not stop to have her. He was barely warm on her dark skin, her complexion smelling of flowers. He barely caressed her black hair, her slender legs, and fleetingly followed the path of hours and shadows.

But she was so beautiful that to feel her naked, her small turgid breasts, her lips of honey and sap, her virginal lust, also ended up enchanting the sun. And the warrior of the headdress of fire remained as at the noon hours over *Itaguapé* ...

The moon was barely rising over the mountain, she was gone there. Soon there was no night. The sun no longer set and there was no dream, no sleep. And so close came the sun to kiss the beloved that the pastures burned, the *capoeira* dried up and the mud boiled ...

From faint silver fluff, white stork feathers, the moon saw that she was threatened by a mere woman. The sun, which in *Oca do Infinito* had given the moon so many dawns of pleasure, so much dawn of pure taste, had fallen in love with a woman ...

And the moon went to tell Tupã everything. So much so that Tupã wanted to know what the moon, full of growing hatred, of jealousy, waning in pain, became a new being of moonless night. How did a mere woman dare to love the sun? How dare the sun have time to love someone? May he never see her again! But the sun sees everything!

Tupã raised the largest mountain there and inside it enclosed the enchanted princess of the brave warrior tribe of the Tupi people. The sun, in pain, fled west and wanted to drown in the sea. The moon, with the pain of its beloved, wept myriads of stars, constellations and weeping light. But no cry was so weeping as that of the little princess, so beautiful, that she could never see the day, that she would never feel the sun.

She cried rivers of tears: Rio Verde, Rio Passa Quatro and Rio Quilombo, rivers of clear water, mines, fountains, caves, floods, rapids, spouts, and springs.

Her people forgot her name, but they called *Amantikir*, the weeping mountain, the mountain that covered her ...

Legend has it that it was so.

Amantikir I
silkpaper 58 x 47 cm 2016







Previous pages:

casa amarela I–II
silkpaper each 58 x 47 cm 2015

silencium
ash each approximately 50 x 40 x 30 cm 2016

São Paulo I
silkpaper 58 x 47 cm 2015

Following pages:

São Paulo II
silkpaper 58 x 47 cm 2015

seeds
oak each 70 x 40 cm 2018

favela I–II
silkpaper each 58 x 47 cm 2015

elm each approximately 40 x 30 x 30 cm *lichen*
2018









preserved
baltic amber – tears of the sun
each approximately 9 x 5 x 2 cm
2013

thorn
ash 95 x 40 x 40 cm 2017







Previous pages:

Amantikir II
silkpaper 58 x 47 cm 2016

pata de vaca
copper beech each approximately
50 x 40 x 30 cm 2016

arara
various woods and paint
18 x 10 x 6 cm 2018

construction I-IV
alder each approximately
50 x 40 x 23 cm 2019





Noctambule I-IV
silkpaper each 90 x 58 cm 2015

São Francisco:
Hundreds of little moths were sitting
outside the windows at night, trying to
get to us in the light.





Ilka Raupach

1976 Born in Hennigsdorf, Germany

2009–2019 Assistant Professor at the Department of Architecture, Institute of Architecture-related Art, Carolo-Wilhelmina University, Braunschweig, Germany

2004 Snowseminar Finse, Norway

Three months training at ICEHOTEL Jukkasjärvi, Sweden

2000–2005 Studies in Fine Art / Sculpture, Burg Giebichenstein, College of Fine Art Halle, Germany and KHiB Bergen Academy of Art and Design, Norway

1998 Four months study in ivory carving in Uumannaq and Ilulissat, Greenland

1996–2000 Training as an Ivory Master Carver in Michelstadt, Germany

Awards

2020 Artist in Residence, LABVERDE, Amazon, Brazil

2015 Travel grant by Consulate General of Germany in Montreal, Canada; Artist in Residence, Acaia Institute, São Paulo, Brazil

2014 The Arctic Circle, Art and Science Expedition to Svalbard, Norway;

InterStip travel grant by the Ministry for Science, Research and Culture in Brandenburg, Germany

2013 International Amber–Art–Award, Deutsches Bernsteinmuseum Ribnitz–Damgarten, Germany; Price Kiruna Snow Festival, Sweden

2011 Price Vinje snoforming, Norway; Artist in Residence, Nelimarkka–Museo Alajärvi, Finland

2009 Ceramic award, Velten, Germany

2007 Price Batuz–Foundation, Uruguay; Aquamediale 3, Lübben, Germany

2006 Aquamediale 2, Lübben, Germany

2005 Skulpturen am Radweg: Kunst in der Landschaft, Odenwald, Germany

2004 Travel grant by LEONARDO, Germany

Works in museums and collections

Deutsches Elfenbeinmuseum Erbach, Germany; Grassimuseum Leipzig, Germany; Nelimarkka–Museo Alajärvi, Finland;

Tobiashammer, Ohrdruf, Germany; Skulpturen am Radweg: Kunst in der Landschaft, Odenwald, Germany; Zugvögel, Svendborg, Denmark; OPEN HOUSE, Caputh, Germany; WegZeichen, Rhoden–Diemelstadt, Germany; ICEHOTEL Jukkasjärvi, Sweden

Contact

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if I dig just long and deep enough

paper and wire each 30 x 20 x 10 cm 2016

Exhibitions (selection)

- 2019 *ISHAV*, Galerie Sozio–kulturelles Zentrum St.Spiritus, Greifswald, Germany (solo); *WAS IST WAHR*, Kunstmuseum Singen, St. Bonifatius Mannheim, Germany; *Function.Anomy*, Rathaus Reinickendorf, Berlin, Germany; *Vinje snøforming*, Norway
- 2018 *WAS IST WAHR*, Morat–Institut, Freiburg, Germany; *Brandenburgischer Kunstpreis*, Schloss Neuhardenberg, Germany; *The water was pure and clear*, Galerie Group Global 3000, Berlin, Germany; *Vinje snøforming*, Norway; *Urban elements*, Kunstwege Pontresina, Switzerland; *III. Uckermärkischer Kunstpreis*, Dominikanerkloster Prenzlau, Kloster Chorin, Franziskanerkloster Angermünde, Germany
- 2017 *DRUCK*, Wenzel–Hablik–Museum, Itzehoe, Germany; *Vinje snøforming*, Norway; *Spreewaldatelier*, Lübbenau, Germany; *Wege durch Wolfswinkel*, Endmoräne, Papierfabrik Wolfswinkel, Eberswalde, Germany; *OPEN HOUSE*, Caputh, Germany
- 2016 *ISHAV Spuren in Eis und Schnee*, Galerie Bernau, Bernau, Germany (solo); *Zugvögel*, Svendborg, Denmark; *Marianne–Brandt–Wettbewerb 2016*, Industriemuseum Chemnitz, Germany; *Tools*, Spektrale 7, Luckau, Germany; *II. Uckermärkischer Kunstpreis*, Kloster Chorin, Franziskanerkloster Angermünde, Germany; *Vinje snøforming*, Norway
- 2015 *tilbake*, Galleri Svalbard, Longyearbyen, Svalbard, Norway (solo); *Bombay Glitter meets Arctic Ocean*, Galerie M, Potsdam, Germany; *Cranach 2.0*, Wittenberg, Germany; *International de sculpture sur neige du carnaval de Quebec*, Canada; *Vinje snøforming*, Norway
- 2014 *Kiruna Snow Festival*, Sweden; *Vinje snøforming*, Norway; *2. Skulpturen–Sommer*, Botanical Garden Ulm, Germany; *Dialogue Landscape*, Galleria Huuto, Helsinki, Finland
- 2013 *Made in Potsdam*, Waschhaus Kunstraum Potsdam, Germany; *Amber*, Deutsches Bernsteinmuseum Ribnitz–Damgarten, Germany; *Überbleibsel*, Konnektor–Forum für Künste, Hannover, Germany; *Genmais und anderes Geflügel*, ae galerie, Potsdam, Germany; *Kiruna Snow Festival*, Sweden; *Ensilumi–The first snow*, Galerie Alte Schule, Berlin, Germany
- 2012 *Vinje snøforming*, Norway; *Spektrale V*, Luckau, Germany
- 2011 *den Himmel entlang*, Schinkelkirche Petzow, Germany (solo); *Vinje snøforming*, Norway; *Höhler Biennale*, Gera, Germany
- 2010 *Leben Lieben Leiden*, Bomannmuseum Celle, Germany; *Licht und Schatten*, Kaiserdom Königsutter, Germany; *MARKierungen*, Kunstmuseum Dieselkraftwerk Cottbus, Germany; *Snowfestival Hovden*, Norway
- 2009 *Irreal*, Kunstverein Heidelberg, Germany
- 2008 *Spektrale III*, JVA Luckau, Germany
- 2007 *correspondence*, Cabilo de Montevideo, Uruguay; *Rostocker Kunstpreis*, Kunsthalle Rostock, Germany; *zwischen Ufern*, Pavillon der Freundschaftsinsel Potsdam, Germany; *fünf Himmelsrichtungen*, Stuttgart, Germany
- 2006 *Rasen über Kopfsteinpflaster*, Kunstverein Ettlingen, Germany; *Line of Beauty*, Landschaftspark Althaldensleben–Hundisburg, Germany
- 2005 *Trouble I–Female body*, Schwimmbad Oderberger Straße, Berlin, Germany
- 2004 *Neue Kunst in alten Gärten*, Lenthe, Germany
- 2002 *Identitäten*, Löwenpalais, DGB–Haus Berlin, Germany
- 2000 *Ilka Berndt*, Deutsches Elfenbeinmuseum Erbach, Germany (solo)



in a small pond | blobs the line
one alder tree – ten tadpoles each approximately 100 x 30 x 30 cm 2017

