

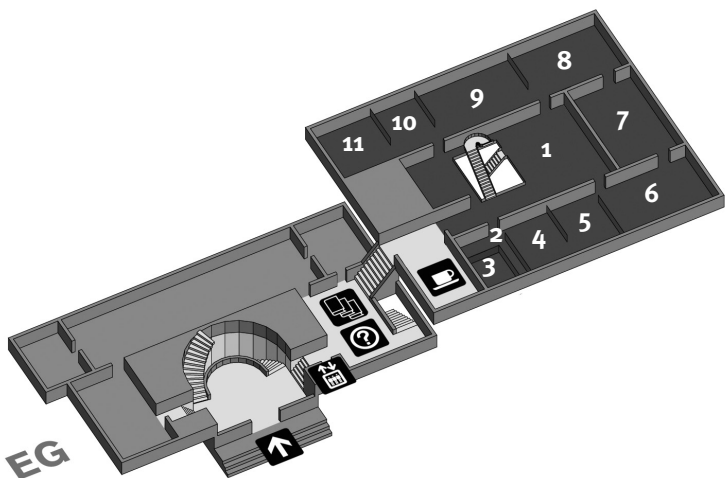
TRACEY EMIN

20 YEARS

Exhibition Guide
Kunstmuseum Bern

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Introduction

The exhibition «Tracey Emin. 20 Years» presents an overview, so far unique, of Tracey Emin's artistic career and shows the broad spectrum of the media and means of expression that she uses in her work: embroidered blankets, video films, works in neon, installations, objects, photographs, drawings and paintings. The artist's most important motifs and stylistic periods will be presented in ten atmospheric rooms, grouped according to theme.

Born in 1963 in London, Tracey Emin was discovered in connection with the Young British Artists movement. She rapidly acquired a large public with her uncompromising autobiographical works and today is regarded as one of the most famous British artist personalities in contemporary art. After studying at Maidstone College of Art and at the Royal College of Art in London, from 1998 onwards she celebrated successful exhibitions in Europe, Japan, Australia and the USA. In 2007 she became a member of the Royal Academy of Arts and represented Britain at the Biennale in Venice.

Among the high points of the exhibition is without a doubt *My Bed* – perhaps the best-known work by this artist – which caused a scandal in 1999 at the Turner Prize exhibition. Further works in which Emin thematizes her sexual past, her lack of formal education, her alcoholic excesses as well as her childlessness have no less a provocative effect and demand a continual redetermination which alternates between self-testimony and work of art.

The prelude to the retrospective is determined by the large-format wood sculpture *It's Not the Way I Want to Die*, by understated, white monochrome fabric pictures, small-format paintings and monotypes. Then comes the unadorned entry to Emin's biography which she, in fact, reads herself in the video *Tracey Emin's CV: Cunt Vernacular*. The installation *Exorcism of the Last Painting I Ever Made* in the same room thematizes her ambivalent relationship to painting. In *My Major Retrospective*, numerous tiny pictures that are reminiscent of her early work are framed by small cases full of *Memorabilia* from beloved family members. A first venture into her childhood in *Exploration of the Soul* leads to a recapitulation of her youth in the Margate Drawings. Emin triumphs over humiliating memories of her youth in the short film *Why I Never Became a Dancer* and constructs an almost paradisiacal monument to her father with *The Perfect Place to Grow*. *My Bed* is flanked by the works in neon: *Sobasex* and *My Cunt is Wet with Fear*. In the lee of this famous installation follow works that deal with abortion and childlessness: the monotypes *Abortion: How It Feels*, the installation *Feeling Pregnant III* as well as *Conversation with My Mum*, in which Emin engages her mother in a relentless conversation. Painting makes a powerful comeback in small and large-format acrylic paintings from the year 2007 in the next room the innocuous-looking *Bird Drawings* mark a stylistic change of direction. Rounding off the circuit are the embroidered fabric pictures *Volcano Closed*, *Oh Fuck...* and *Star Trek Voyager*.

Monumental Wooden Sculpture

ROOM 1

On the occasion of a solo exhibition in the White Cube Gallery in London, Tracey Emin realizes the monumental wooden sculpture *It's Not the Way I Want to Die* (2005). She has a wobbly and somewhat rickety roller-coaster constructed from recycled metal and building timber in order, as she puts it, to divide up the large exhibition space. This work continues the series of large-format wooden sculptures which have been done since 2001 and takes up, as does *Self Portrait* (2001) built in the form of a helter-skelter, elements from English amusement parks. Again, strong autobiographical references are apparent: in Margate, where the artist grew up, there is one of the oldest wooden roller-coasters worldwide, built in 1920 in Dreamland Park. (However, it fell a victim to fire in April 2008). The title verbalizes Emin's intention of not racing towards death when flying over a rickety track. The wooden sculpture can be interpreted as a symbol of Margate, but also as a symbol of life itself. In Emin's biography, the town on the south-east coast of England stands as a symbol for the discovery of bodily pleasure as well as for the dark sides of life - being an outsider, homelessness and sexual abuse. As an allegory of life, the sculpture links the expectation of pleasure with the threat of danger. The title could then be understood as a renunciation of careless pleasures.

After a long period of producing expressive, colourful and sexually outspoken works, a change of direction in Tracey Emin's work became apparent after 2005. Striving to have her work «grow up», the artist turned towards new motifs and a more restrained colour palette. Her artistic dilemma, which she herself described as a vacillation between the bold, cool and colourful Pop-aestheticism of an Andy Warhol and the reduced, symbolically loaded material aestheticism of a Joseph Beuys, was determined in favour of the latter. The *Self Portrait (Bath)* (2005), in its combination of metal tub, bamboo poles and fluorescent tubes, clearly refers to the Beuysian preferences in materials. The small-format acrylic paintings and monotypes strike a quiet note. *Family Suite* (1994) recalls dismal stages in Emin's childhood in the «Hotel International» run by her parents. The delicate paintings, on the other hand, visualize yearning for a love partner as well as memories of erotic afternoons. However, in the neon work *When I Think about Sex I Think about Men – Women, Dogs, Lions, Group Sex (And I Love You All)* (2005), this new gravity is relativized somewhat: Emin's sexual confession is impelled into the grotesque through the specifying of her alleged sexual partners up to now (dogs, lions, groups).

In 2004 during the first solo exhibition in the Galerie Lorcan O'Neill in Rome, the self-portrait *The Leg* is made, showing the artist semi-naked. With her left leg in a plaster cast, she stands between the bed and the cupboard door and photographs herself from the front. Instead of her face, only the flash of the camera is visible. Nonchalantly, Emin strains the idea of the self-portrait as a psychological self-exploration in favour of the immortalizing of a leg in a plaster cast.

The video projection *Tracey Emin's CV: Cunt Vernacular* (1997) shows a camera panning through a chaotic apartment empty of people. Various clues – photographs, a monotype, magazine articles – are evidence that it is Tracey Emin's apartment. One can hear her voice; she is reading her life story out loud in short, abbreviated sentences. However, this curriculum vitae is not a list of professional successes but is a harrowing description of beautiful but also bitter life experiences. At the end of the narration the camera stops at the artist herself who is crouching, naked and embryo-like on the floor in front of her mother. The mother sits silently on the sofa with her head turned slightly away, wearing black sunglasses. Her expression shifts between disinterest, helplessness and shame.

The viewer is led via image and text into a private sphere. The curiosity with which one gazes at the artist's untidy apartment is then constrained by growing dismay when one hears the tragic narration. In contrast to the self-confident aplomb and cool attitude displayed in most works by the Young British Artists, Emin's works are free of irony and cynicism. The artist does, however, play with her image as a «bad girl». The work that was originally to be titled the traditional «Curriculum Vitae» was renamed by her later to the brutal and direct «Cunt Vernacular».

The traumatic experiences of her abortions lead to an «emotional suicide» during which Tracey Emin also stops painting. It is only years later that she is prepared to attempt it again. For this reason, in February of 1996, she has herself locked into a gallery room in distant Stockholm containing merely a bed, a chamber pot, a teapot, a CD player, a fruit basket and some newspapers and, of course, empty canvases and painting materials galore. The exhibition *Exorcism of the Last Painting I Ever Made* in the Galerie Andreas Brandström consists of the fourteen-day continual performance in a room into which the public can see through sixteen fish-eye lenses. During this time Emin confronts her resistance to painting and begins to fight against her fear of failure. To begin with she paints paintings in the style of artists she admires, such as Egon Schiele, Edvard Munch, Pablo Picasso, Yves Klein and David Salle, quickly finding her own individual style and autobiographical subjects. In this way, fourteen paintings altogether are produced, 78 drawings, five body-impressions on paper as well a further number of painted objects. The room was removed in its entirety from the gallery and exists today as an independent installation.

The continual performance lasting a fortnight also resulted in the three photographs *Naked Photos: Life Model Goes Mad* which show the naked artist, drawing, mixing colours or taking a rest, in her double function as model and painter in the gallery room.

My Major Retrospective (1982–92) was the title that Tracey Emin gave, not to her umpteenth exhibition but – displaying confidence and doubt at the same time (she was afraid she would never have the opportunity to exhibit again) – to her very first one. That her oeuvre at that time consists only of photographs of her works is due to the fact that she destroyed all her earlier works. First of all, in 1987 in the courtyard of the Royal College of Art, she shattered her works with a sledgehammer. In 1990, severely traumatized after a disastrous abortion, she dumped all her works in the bin. They were, in addition to some prints, mainly paintings. The approximately two hundred tiny photographs in *My Major Retrospective* (1982–92) are appliquéd to small pieces of canvas. Mounted on canvas and reduced to miniature format and unified like this, the different works committed to an expressive style become souvenirs and corpus delicti. They are evidence of an artistic radicalness, manifest not least in the destruction of the artist's own work. Incidentally, the original version of *My Major Retrospective* did not survive either. The objects exhibited here are replicas, reproduced specially for this retrospective.

Also in the first solo exhibition, *My Major Retrospective* (1993) in Jay Jopling's White Cube Gallery in London, were various so-called memorabilia works. These consist of variously sized cabinet-like frames holding souvenirs and handwritten texts or letters by the artist. The moving work, *Uncle Colin* (1963–93) is dedicated to Emin's favourite uncle who died in a car crash. The exhibited objects – for instance, a plastic seagull found on the beach or an empty packet of Benson & Hedges – are commonplace but nevertheless valuable in the dismayingly direct way that they are evocative of the deceased, as Emin's text tells us. Thus, the golden cigarette packet which Colin had crushed in his hand when the accident happened becomes a veritable relic.

A further ensemble of souvenirs is the homage *May Dodge, My Nan* (1963–93). Two photographs of Tracey Emin and her grandmother comprise the temporal horizon against which the memorabilia evoking the beloved Nanny are to be viewed. One photograph is black-and-white and considerably older than the other. The pomander, equipped with a doll's head and what is an obviously handmade «dress», is not only coincidentally connected with the significance of smells to the power of memory. Tracey Emin transforms private objects into museum pieces by presenting them in a museum setting, as did Joseph Beuys and Susan Hillar before her. The cases and the framing take them out of the realm of the personal.

Hotel International (1993) is Tracey Emin's earliest work in textile. Requested to hand in a CV for her first exhibition in Jay Jopling's gallery, the artist presented her curriculum vitae – not on paper – but as sewed cut-out textile letters on a large sheet. Exemplary for her work is the particular connection between text and image. One can find this combination in her graphic work as well as in her works in neon. The spelling mistakes are not, although occasionally «speaking» and obvious, intentional but can be laid at the door of her lack of formal education. The title refers to the hotel of the same name which her parents managed between 1965 and 1972. The materials used were all from memorabilia. Thus the central piece of material was from the cover of the sofa that used to stand in the Emin family's living room. The differing textile colours and sizes of writing are evocative of the most diverse moods and have a well-nigh onomatopoeic effect. They are reminiscent of advertising billboards and the punk aesthetics towards the end of the 1970s. Sewing and embroidering is a craft traditionally practised by women and many female artists use it to thematize and call into question gender-specific stereotypes. In Tracey Emin's case this aspect is not given priority. She emphasizes that working with textile is quite simply fun for her. As of today, with the help of assistants and friends, she has manufactured about forty different and richly decorated blankets.

Exploration of the Soul (1994), written over a period of only ten days, tells in pictures but first and foremost in words events from Tracey Emin's life. After a poetic introduction, the narration begins in a relatively unspectacular manner with the birth of the twins Paul and Tracey, but then continues with extraordinary, sometimes tragic episodes and ends on a shocking note with the rape experienced by Tracey when she was thirteen years old. In its succession of sentences, in part without relation to one another, the text is reminiscent of a long poem or a series of verbal snapshots.

Outside Myself (Monument Valley) (1994) documents the reading tour that Tracey Emin and her boyfriend at the time, Carl Freedman, undertook across the USA. The readings, held in various galleries and edited from the artist's book *Exploration of the Soul*, served in the main to finance the journey. The artist was travelling with an armchair, an heirloom from her much-loved grandmother May Dodge. It is from the latter that the sentence *There's a Lot of Money in Chairs* hails. This is the title of the object, which is covered with all sorts of texts on pieces of fabric. The grandmother's expression refers to what used to be for a long time the general practice of sewing one's savings into pieces of furniture instead of putting them into a savings account as is done today. With the reading tour, acknowledgement as an artist and the sales success of her works arising from this, the saying came true for Tracey Emin.

The series *Margate Drawings* (1995–1998) is composed of monotypes, reminding one partly of children's drawings and partly of delicate works by Paul Klee. They render, in an extremely reduced form, places, buildings and situations from the artist's youth in the southeastern English seaside town of Margate. As simple and direct as the lighthouse of Margate, Tracey Emin depicts a scene of rape – one that she experienced herself when thirteen. An earlier monotype, drawn with almost rougher, more uncontrolled lines is the twenty-piece *Family Suite* (1994, Stairwell, room 1). This depicts representations of family members, of the hotel guests and other acquaintances, of episodes from childhood and scenes of an explicit sexual nature.

The monotype is one of Tracey Emin's preferred artistic techniques. The flat-screen printing process is at one and the same time complicated and unpretentious. Paper is laid on a glass plate brushed evenly with printing ink and then drawn on. The pressure of the drawing instrument and also that of the hand of the artist press the ink underneath into the paper – the motif appears as a mirror version of the original drawing. Monotype holds a special niche in the techniques of printing graphics as this procedure, as the name suggests, allows only one picture to be made; producing several identical prints is not possible.

In the super-8 film *Why I Never Became a Dancer* (1995) Tracey Emin shows views of her home town Margate, a town of roughly 60,000 on the south-eastern coast of the English county of Kent. The typical English seaside resort is marked by a promenade, beach restaurants and amusement parks – one of them containing the second-oldest wooden roller-coaster in the world.

While the slightly blurred effect of the shots, the colouring and the rapid transitions between the town's sights awaken reminiscences of holiday films from the 1970s, the spoken commentary takes us along a very different path. In fragmentary observations, Emin speaks in the first person about her school years, her first sexual experiences and also about her wish to shake the dust of the provincial seaside town from her heels at the very first opportunity. This presents itself on the occasion of the preliminary qualifying round for the British Disco Dance Championship in 1978 in London. Emin is well in the running when several of her former lovers begin to shout swear words in unison. She can no longer hear the music, loses the rhythm and has to give up. However, she does not acknowledge defeat. This is when the film changes from tourist city-sights to current views seventeen years later. The artist is sashaying exultantly through an enormous studio to the jubilant pop song *You Make Me Feel (Mighty Reel)* by David Sylvester from 1978. With jaunty steps she treads the parquet, signaling her triumph of having long surmounted Margate and her tormentors.

It is an expressly voyeuristic act that *The Perfect Place to Grow* (2001) demands of the viewer. A ladder leads up to a wooden cottage built on a scaffolding; one can peer through a hole in the door hoping – probably similar to Marcel Duchamp's *Etant Donnés* – to see something secret. However, Tracey Emin's installation with its allusions to paradise is, like *Dad* (1993) presented here, a loving homage to her father. The title refers to Envar Emin's statement that his ideal home would be a garden and little cottage at the seaside with a corrugated iron roof to amplify the pattering of the rain. Through the peephole one can see a brief super-8 film showing Emin's father walking through a cornfield and approaching the camera with a red or white carnation in his hand and offering it with a gallant gesture to the viewer, that is, to his daughter. As in other sculptural works by Emin, this «cottage», with the semblance of a treehouse, is constructed of simple, poor materials.

The two-coloured neon *You Forgot to Kiss My Soul* (2001) is often, as are all neon works by the artist, interpreted as referring to the intrusive neon advertising which is omnipresent in touristic and amusement-filled Margate. The private statement is clothed explicitly in a «public» medium. This apparent paradox between a purported intimacy and a public declaration is a distinguishing characteristic of almost all Tracey Emin's works.

My Bed (1998), part of the exhibition of the Turner Prize nominees in the Tate Gallery became one of the most famous and controversial works by Tracey Emin. The artist had originally developed the installation for the exhibition «Sobasex» in Japan. The realistic work depicts the artist's bed – actually a symbol of security, regeneration and sexuality, and the path from the cradle to the grave – which she hardly left during a deep physical and mental crisis lasting several days. The dirty sheets on the bed and the rubbish scattered on the carpet are witness to an excessive consumption of cigarettes, alcohol and sex. The two neon works mounted on the walls belonged to the first presentation of this work too. *Sobasex* and, particularly, *My Cunt is Wet with Fear* (1998) shift the sexual into close proximity with excess, loss of control, violence and fear. In the original *My Bed* version, a gallows complete with rope hung over the bed and staged the link between excess, sex and death somewhat more dramatically. The reactions to the presentation of the bed in the Turner Prize exhibitions were ambivalent: ultimately, Steve McQueen and not Tracey Emin was awarded the coveted prize. However, almost every article about the prize-giving was illustrated with a picture of Emin's bed. Thus, the work, which today is in the Charles Saatchi collection, became both a media spectacle and an icon of contemporary art.

There is no other female artist who has occupied herself with abortion in such an uncompromising and direct way as Tracey Emin and who acknowledges it in her work. This has brought her sympathy and criticism in equal measure. She almost died as a result of her first abortion in 1990, while the second in 1992 led to a great personal crisis. The traumatic experiences are incorporated into her work many years later, as in the super-8 film *Homage to Edvard Munch and All My Dead Children* (1998), which she films on the same pier on the Osloer Fjord which Munch chose as the background for his famous picture *The Scream* (1893). In contrast to the painting which can only make the scream visible, in Emin's film it curdles one's blood for minutes on end while the naked artist lies huddled and unmoving. The disparity between image and sound identifies the scream as an inner emotion. If the screaming figure in Munch's painting is a universal figure for everyone who wants to find him or herself reflected in it, in Emin's case it serves for the expression of her personal horror and regret.

The artist proceeds in an even more documentary-like way in the series of drawings *Abortion: How It Feels* (1995). In the eight monotypes, Emin depicts situations that arose in connection with the medical operation. The emphasis is on how it felt for the artist. The captions read like short descriptions of these experiences: *Bleeding from the Womb*; *Losing it All*; *Saying Goodbye to Mummy*, and *From the Week of Hell '94*.

Emin devotes herself in the same relentless way to being childless as she did towards making abortion a theme in her art. Without the least sentimentality she treats this subject in the 33-minute video film *Conversation with My Mum* (2001) where she sits at a table with her mother Pamela Cashin, smoking and talking. She wants her mother to explain why she finds her childlessness a good thing. The conversation swings between various emotions as every corroboration by Cashin that children are detrimental to an artistic career – after all, she would have liked to have been a dancer herself – Emin interprets as a sign of regret that her mother ever had children at all. The video is shown on a small monitor in front of two small children's chairs. Viewers have to sit on these if they want to watch the film in comfort and find themselves willy-nilly in the position of those whose existence is being just that moment discussed.

The group of works *Feeling Pregnant II* (1999–2000) contains a case with five pairs of children's shoes as well as a five-page handwritten text in which the artist expresses her fear in the face of a missed period. In short sentences Emin describes the roller-coaster of emotions when she thinks she will be forced to make drastic decisions. Then she begins to speak of a dream which shows her the sweetness of fulfilled motherhood only to wake up in reality again and realize her monthly bleeding has started.

In 2007, preparatory to the Biennale in Venice, a series of small-and large-format acrylic paintings are produced for Tracey Emin's solo exhibition in the Gagosian Gallery in Los Angeles. In contrast to the small-format paintings from the year before (room 1) their surface is less flat; instead, they are composed of energetic lineaments in blue, black, red and ochre on a mainly white background. Female nudes, in a style more drawn than painted, lie on the lower front edge of the pictures – again, the artist herself. The ambiguous gallery exhibition title *You Left Me Breathing* leaves open to question whether the figures are exhausted by the act of love (*Pelvis High*) or are half-dead from sexual assault. The artist presents herself as being abandoned, usually with a propped-up leg and sometimes, as in certain drawings, with the suggestion of a hand on her genital area. Her body reclines in an ambiguous pose between sleep and self-gratification. The short, broad brushstrokes filling the picture area and bunched together, sinking from the top to the bottom, could be interpreted as an impending disaster (*Hurricane*) as well as steaming billows of bodily fluids.

In the two smaller acrylic paintings *Trying to Find You I* and *II*, the female figure can be seen in a similar crouching posture as in the short film *Homage to Edvard Munch and All My Dead Children* (room 8) and *Tracey Emin's CV – Cunt Vernacular* (room 2). The artist appears as someone lamenting or a suppliant, obviously praying that she will ultimately find the «thou».

Invited by the international art magazine *Parkett* to contribute to one of their issues, on November 12, 2001, Tracey Emin takes eighty Polaroid photographs of her face and body. The artist trains the camera around herself taking snapshots with her eyes closed according to the random principle, thereby generating unusual views of her body. Over-exposed or blurred parts alternate with clearly recognizable parts; fleetingly glimpsed facial expressions with unusually detailed excerpts. The camera alternates between unspecified detail and a clearly identifiable context, and documents what is visible from the distance of an arm's length. Emin's eighty Polaroids make up a dreamlike, exploratory journey of the body abandoning the subjective interior perspective in favour of a, nonetheless intimate, external view

Although unexpectedly harmless, birds are among the recurring motifs in Tracey Emin's work. Sometimes she employs them as a self-portrait or as a counterposition to her sexually loaded and visually aggressive works. *Bird Drawings* (2001) comprise 14 monotypes of varying format. They show one or more birds combined with short sentences: for instance, the small owl attacking a sparrow («I don't even beleave (sic) you to be bird»); pecking pigeons («You told me not to»); a sombre magpie («I've done that better than I thought I would»); or two billing blackbirds («Shall we go to bed»). In the combination of picture and words the birds take on a human aspect. The sentences act as speech bubbles, revealing the thoughts of the animals. As a group of works they are proof of the yearning of the artist towards more appealing pictorial themes that would be an expression of a less-injured life and that, as she says, would even fit into her eighteenth-century Huguenot house.

The Concorde model made of papier mâché with the title *Upgrade* (2001) also belongs in the thematic compass of flying bodies. Originally, it was planned as a contribution to the Turner Prize exhibition and was to be built of matches. The work embodies contradictory issues as while the title is indicative of the continually increasing success of the artist, the actual Concorde had to lament its only crash in 2000, which heralded the unstoppable downfall of the company.

Newly embroidered blankets ROOM 11

As in the early *Hotel International*, the more recent textile works, sewn collages, also present, entire text landscapes to the eye of the viewer. The blankets are strongly reminiscent of flags – the Union Jack in *Star Trek Voyager* (2007) for example – but, with their large cut-out letters are also reminiscent of the artistically worked banners used in demonstrations. The messages are in the main private ones, or at least have the semblance of this, but by appearing on the banners take on the quality of an appeal. In *Star Trek Voyager* the different times allude to a diary – the texts could be the documentation of a sleepless night. In addition to this, the title refers to the extremely popular, at least in the English-speaking world, science fiction TV and film series of the same name. Increasingly in the more recent textile works, a movement towards general, political statements, thus a repudiation of personal topics, can be detected.

The figure visible in the upper centre of the textile picture *Volcano Closed* (2001) – an owl or mythical creature with a wide-open mouth – gives the effect of a mask which, as is familiar from our cultural history, can banish danger and misfortune. On the textual level, the sentence above, ALWAYS ALERT ALWAYS ACTIVE, has a similar effect. Out of the technique of sewing and embroidering which is still associated with housewifely activity, Tracey Emin develops a vigorous «handcraft» which hurls exemplified anger, accusation, desires and doubts at the viewer.

Top Spot at the Kino Kunstmuseum

Tuesday March 24, **6:30 pm**; Sunday March 29 and April 5, **11:00 am**

Tracey Emin's early films and videos are short, personal aperçus produced with simple means. Her director's debut *Top Spot* in 2004 was for the television programme BBC3 and plays in Margate using local non-professional actors. Although the film is aimed at adolescents, the censors placed a ban on it for under-eighteens because of the depiction of an abortion and a suicide. As a reaction to this, the artist forbade the cinema distribution and so far the film has been shown only on television, on DVDs and at festivals.

Top Spot is the name of a teenage discothèque in Margate as well as that point of the cervix that can be touched during the sexual act. With this double-entendre, the dilemma of Emin's youth is addressed: youthful recklessness as she experienced in a discothèque and the oppressive burden that sex can become for young girls. In a series of interviews, six young protagonists narrate their experiences. In their small-town jargon the experiences they describe are determined mainly by sexual curiosity and shame. Continually, nostalgic views of Margate are cut into the film. The soundtrack is comprised of pop songs from the 1970s which presumably also accompanied Emin's youthful years. The artist interweaves documentary interviews on video film with fictional passages and super-8 shots to make a lyrical film montage; surprisingly enough thus erecting a monument on the site of her youth.

Short films and video works at the Kino Kunstmuseum

Tuesday May 26 and June 9, 8:00 pm

The compilation of short films from 1995 to 2001 presents a cross-section of Tracey Emin's dealing with the medium of film. The earlier works were usually filmed with the super-8 film camera and, with their tendency to show family members (*Emin & Emin Cyprus 1996*), holiday motifs (*Finding Gold, 1996*) and tourist views (*Why I Never Became A Dancer, 1995*), they follow the aesthetics of home movies with their partially blurred focus, a specific colour saturation and unpretentious camera work. Authenticated in this way as personal documents, they go splendidly hand-in-hand with the Memorabilia and embroidered textile pictures in which personal memorabilia, family snapshots and letters are used.

Emin follows an entirely different intention with her documentary video films which she shoots with the help of a professional cameraman: *How It Feels* (1996) is a short report on her abortion in 1990 in which she returns to the most important stages and takes a stand on the events. In *The Interview* (1999), the medium allows her to present opposing character attributes. Two different embodiments – the vulgar and reckless girl and the sensible, industrious working woman – hold a conversation and collide in their irreconcilable desires and issues. As an unusual form of curriculum vitae, Emin films a tour of her apartment (*Tracey Emin's CV: Cunt Vernacular* (1997) while she recounts her formative life experiences.

Biography Tracey Emin

1963	Tracey Emin is born on July 3 in Croydon May Day Hospital, ten minutes after her twin brother Paul
1965	The family moves to Margate where the parents open the <i>Hotel International</i>
1968	Holy Trinity Infant School in Broadstairs, Kent
1975–78	King Ethelbert's School in Birchington, Kent
1981–82	Medway College of Design in Rochester, Kent, fashion diploma
1983–86	Maidstone College of Art (Bachelor of Fine Arts)
1987–89	Royal College of Art in London (Master of Fine Arts)
1993	Opens <i>The Shop</i> in Bethnal Green together with Sarah Lucas First solo exhibition <i>My Major Retrospective</i> at the White Cube Gallery, London
1994	<i>Exploration of the Soul – Journey Across America</i> reading tour with stops at: Rena Bransten, San Francisco; Regen Projects, Los Angeles; Museum of Contemporary Art, San Diego; David Klein Gallery, Detroit; Mattress Factory, Pittsburgh; Sandra Gering Gallery, New York and White Columns, New York
1995	Opens the <i>Tracey Emin Museum</i> (221 Waterloo Road, London) Makes the first short film <i>Why I Never Became a Dancer</i> Emin's beloved grandmother May Dodge dies

1996	Performance / Installation <i>Exorcism of the Last Painting I Ever Made</i> at the Gallery Andreas Brandström in Stockholm
1997	The <i>Tracey Emin Museum</i> is closed because it has become too popular Is awarded the Videokunstpreis (ZKM Karlsruhe) Takes part in the <i>5th Istanbul Biennial</i>
1999	Is nominated for the Turner Prize. Shows <i>My Bed</i> at the Tate Gallery
2001	Is awarded the Jury Prize of the Cairo Biennale
2004	Her famous work <i>Everyone I Have Ever Slept with</i> is destroyed in a fire at the MoMart warehouse in London Makes the film <i>Top Spot</i>
2005	Her personal column appears regularly in the newspaper «The Independent» Publishes her autobiography <i>Strangeland</i>
2007	Is bestowed with the honorary doctor from Royal College of Art in London, the doctor of philosophy from the London Metropolitan University as well as the honorary doctor from the University of Kent Represents Great Britain at the Biennale in Venice
2008	<i>Tracey Emin. 20 Years</i> at the Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art Edinburgh and at the Centro de Arte Contemporáneo de Malaga

Events

Public Guided Tours in English Tuesday, May 5 and June 2, 7:30 pm
Öffentliche Führungen in Deutsch jeweils Dienstag 31. März, 14. April, 28. April, 12. Mai, 26. Mai, 9. Juni, 16. Juni, 19h

Vorträge: Prof. Dr. Peter J. Schneemann Dienstag, 28. April, 20h Prof. Dr. Philip Ursprung Dienstag, 12. Mai, 20h Dr. Antje Krause-Wahl Dienstag, 16. Juni, 20h

Symposium: Tracey Emin – Subjekt und Medium Samstag, 16. Mai, 10h – 18h, Kunstmuseum Bern

Organisiert in Zusammenarbeit mit dem Lehrstuhl für Kunstgeschichte der Gegenwart, Institut für Kunstgeschichte der Universität Bern. Mit der Unterstützung von ABC Kartenverlag, Schönbühl. **TeilnehmerInnen:** Wolfgang Brückle, University of Essex; Rachel Mader, ZHdK Zürich; Seraina Renz, Universität Zürich; Linda Schädler, Universität Zürich; Marianne Wagner, Universität Bern **Moderation:** Julia Gelshorn, Staatliche Hochschule für Gestaltung, Karlsruhe; Eva Kernbauer, Universität Bern **Anmeldung:** info@kunstmuseumbern.ch, +41 31 328 09 44

Podiumsgespräch: «Unangepasst erfolgreich»: Donnerstag, 11. Juni, 19h30
Teilnehmerinnen: Pia Reinacher (Literaturkritikerin FAZ und Dozentin am IPMZ der Universität Zürich), Alexandra Haas (Inhaberin und Geschäftsführerin der Special Moments GmbH), Regula Stämpfli (Politologin, Dozentin, Autorin), Dominique de Rivaz (Schriftstellerin und Filmemacherin)

Film Evening I (Original Version in English): *Top Spot*, 2004 (p.21)

Tuesday, March 24, 18h30; Sunday March 29 & April 5, 11:00 am

Film Evening II (Original Versions in English): Short films and video works 1996 – 2001 (p.22) Tuesday, May 26 and June 9, 8:00 pm

Kino Kunstmuseum, Hodlerstrasse 8, 3011 Bern

Further information: www.kinokunstmuseum.ch

Exhibition

19.3. – 21.6.2009

Opening	Wednesday, March 18, 2009, 6:30 pm
Entrance Fee	CHF 16.— / red. CHF 12.—
The RailAway combo ticket	with a 20% reduction on railway ticket and museum entry is available at all train stations and Rail Service 0900 300 300 (CHF 1.19/min.).
Opening Hours	Tuesday 10:00 am – 9:00 pm Wednesday to Sunday 10:00 am – 5:00 pm Monday closed
Holidays	April 10 (Good Friday), closed April 12 / April 13 (Easter), 10:00 am – 5:00 pm May 21 (Ascension Day), 10:00 am – 5:00 pm May 31/ June 1 (Pentecost), 10:00 am – 5:00 pm
Guided Tours	T 031 328 09 11, vermittlung@kunstmuseumbern.ch
Curators	Kathleen Bühler (Kunstmuseum Bern), Isabel Fluri (Kunstmuseum Bern, Assistance), Patrick Elliott (Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art, Edinburgh)

This exhibition has been organised by the Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art, Edinburgh in collaboration with the Museum of Fine Arts, Berne

With the support of:

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Stiftung GegenwART, Dr. h.c. Hansjörg Wyss

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