



JEAN-FRÉDÉRIC SCHNYDER

MISTER NEUTRAL
Martin Herbert

ON SCHNYDERIAN ART
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Patrick Frey

MISTER NEUTRAL

For a 2019 exhibition at Galerie Eva Presenhuber in Zürich, Jean-Frédéric Schnyder lined the walls with twenty-six groups of six paintings each, collectively titled *kleine Bilder* (Small Paintings [2015–19]), every group subtitled with a letter of the alphabet. These dinky canvases were mostly unified by welcoming, child-friendly color schemes and a pixelated aesthetic suggestive of 8-bit graphics: beyond that, though, Schnyder was out to trip you up. One of the clusters—their combinations of canvas sizes and ratios nonrepeating—was composed of perky, pulsing geometric abstractions, except for the one that suggested a rocket taking off. Another, teasing a Christological interpretation, included a schematic three-cross Golgotha scene; a half-full bottle of maybe-communion *Rotwein*, accompanied by a crucifix; an inverted poppy; and a skull. Four of six ostensible abstracts in a third grouping were composed using swastika designs. Elsewhere, alongside ruminating cows, caged pigs, googly eyes, placid sailboats, psychedelic-looking mushrooms, cheerful Josef Albers knockoffs, and corpse-like prone bodies, you could sometimes make out Schnyder's own initials serving as compositional elements, flickering traces of a poker-faced lord of misrule.



Most notable amid all this was how many ways the artist here anticipated, and foiled, all attempts at categorization, skewing constantly to seesawing dualism if not outright internal disputation on a macro level. These canvases were figurative apart from all the abstract ones, perky aside from the fearful ones, vibrant if you ignored the grayscale one, analog except for their digital vibe, systemic and system-tickling. The *kleine Bilder* constituted an oblique alphabet, a templated system, except the letters didn't seem to correspond to the imagery, and, wait, there was a final, encoring grouping, six gestural, kaleidoscopic, palette-knifed abstracts (made, in the artist's frequent spirit of Protestant frugality, using leftover paint), at once the set of all other sets and a scrambler of their residual logic.

Were you to at least characterize their maker as a *painter*, meanwhile, note that all these paintings were offset, in the show, by a centrally placed series of large sculptures fashioned from taped-together corrugated cardboard recycled from banana boxes, and blankly depicting cityscapes, religious buildings, and the Empire State Building (a subject the artist had sculpted back in 1971). Schnyder is Swiss, arguably very Swiss; he was born in Bern in 1945, he makes reservedness a part of his practice, he's painted Switzerland itself a lot. But his maybe-deliberate spin on his homeland's "neutrality" appears, on such evidence, to have more in common with Roland Barthes's definition, in his late lectures, of "the neutral": that which dissolves oppositions and outplays the paradigm. Except that, paradoxically, to say so pins Schnyder down a bit, narrows his art's wide-screen horizons.

By the time of this Presenhuber show, he had been coyly and understatedly foxing viewers for half a century. While initially enough of a Duchamp-inspired young Conceptualist to be included in Harald Szeemann's landmark 1969 show *When Attitudes Become Form* at his hometown's Kunsthalle, Schnyder pivoted the following year to then-verboten—in advanced-art circles at least—figurative painting, reversing on Duchamp's own prior trajectory as an artist. *Stilleben (Still Life)* (1970), one of Schnyder's earliest paintings, is a neo-Renaissance frieze of objects—bread, wine, tropical fruits, houseplant—its arrangement plotted out by his wife, the trained graphic designer Margret Rufener, and painted in Schnyder's untrained, illustrative hand. In retrospect, this work—clunky yet sincere-feeling—signposts Schnyder's conceptual-not-conceptual, counterintuitive move toward the ordinary: that is, the *last* place most artists wanted to situate themselves, despite it offering rich pickings in the sense that there's so much ordinariness in the world. Subsequently, in seeing how much of the everyday he could reach down and scoop up, could paint in a sympathetically quotidian manner without elevating it or himself, Schnyder would arrive at a characteristic reversal: the ordinary isn't necessarily ordinary—it can appear extremely resonant when framed right, when delivered in prodigious excess that suggests a maker tunneling determinedly beneath the surface of the real.

If *Stilleben* suggested a purposive disinterest in painterly style, Schnyder's next real landmark, the 12 m wide triptych *Apocalypso* (1976–78) forecast—in early-postmodernist fashion—his consequent omnivorous, or perhaps unfussed, approach to style and subject. Assembled from 142 separate studies of details and merging as it does aspects of medieval iconography, cartoons, and sci-fi illustration in its combining of a danse macabre, circus imagery, and tropical landscape, it's a painting that suggests a meaning long-lost, and what remains is a horizontalized approach to imagery and aesthetics: anything in the world, the maker claims, is fair game for painting. A grand gesture, a wolf whistle to iconographers, it is *not* the kind of work that

1 Josef Helfenstein, "Interview with the Artist," in *Jean-Frédéric Schnyder: Paintings* (Philadelphia, PA: Goldie Paley Gallery / Levy Gallery for the Arts in Philadelphia, Moore College of Art and Design, 1994), 16–24.

2 Ibid., 23.

predicts its maker becoming a plein air painter, as Schnyder would in a few years' time, except insofar as it constitutes a challenge to hierarchies of artistic value.

To hear him tell it in one of his pointedly rare interviews,¹ Schnyder became an outdoor painter because, in the early 1980s, he didn't have a studio. Made after he bought a racing bike and an easel he could strap to his back, the 128 plein air paintings of the *Berner Veduten* (Vedute of Bern [1982–83]) determinedly outplay the binary paradigm of serious versus amateur artist, sincere and kitsch: their maker, in limning Bern's landscapes (from vistas to churches to shopping centers) in a wobbly hand that splits the difference between unpracticed and charmingly openhearted, was at once cosplaying a Sunday painter, painting committedly—in love with the world—and operating as an artist with conceptual bona fides, which naturally troubles the meaning of these naïf-ish canvases. As so much in Schnyder's practice implies and almost demands its inverse, though, in 1984 he turned to making abstract paintings—the artist who saved his painting cloths and had them sewn into a quilt here using leftover paint—again with a mind to both-ness (see *Hell/Dunkel* [Light/Dark, 1984]). And, soon afterward, domestic still lives; and then one of his most charming and baffling series, *Dritchi* (1985–86), an eight-part sequence of sometimes banal, sometimes fantastical canvases featuring his Tibetan lapdog. (Schnyder in a 1994 convo: "You can't say much about them."²)

Paradox shimmers in many of the systems that Schnyder has set himself: he creates a tight and pragmatic structure within which a lot, it turns out, can happen, even if what happens feels like variations on triviality. As such—and as opposed notably to a lot of Conceptual art, which typically serves as a delivery mechanism for an idea—and because the reclusive artist is almost never there to tell you why he's doing it, you never seem to reach the work's end point. (Perhaps needless to say, this influenced his younger countrymen, Peter Fischli and David Weiss.) For the *Wartsäle* (Waiting Rooms) series of 1988–89, Schnyder painted in Swiss railway stations—he'd wanted to paint in public space; here was somewhere he could do that when it rained—and found that the smaller the anteroom, the cozier and more filled with knickknacks, halfway between suffocating and welcoming. For the 1989–90 series *Bänkli-Bilder* (Pictures from Benches), he took trains to the countryside, found an opportune bench, and painted the landscape to be viewed from it by hikers, et cetera; engaging, in the process, with the Swiss painterly landscape tradition of Ferdinand Hodler et al. While Switzerland is known for its picturesque vistas, Schnyder's hands-off, almost chancy approach and uncensorious gaze led him to include discontinuous elements like pylons: another manner of including *everything*, and of refuting standard ideas concerning what's beautiful or interesting or meaningful and what isn't.

After continuing with landscapes for a couple of years, Schnyder—almost predictably, now—switched to something like their opposite: a numbered 1991 series of muddy brown excavation sites. For *Wanderung* (Walking Tour [1992]), he walked the length of the Swiss national highway from east to west, amassing 119 views of the autobahn—that is, *not* the alpine vistas associated with the country but the stuff some might rather forget, or edit out. Such undercutting wasn't anomalous. In 1995, and following in Hodler's footsteps, he painted thirty-eight views of Lake Thun (*Am Thunersee 1–38*) at different times of day, as if enraptured belatedly by both Romanticism and Impressionism, and also desiring to own and refract the view in all its possibilities of lighting and color. It doesn't seem irrelevant that this huge lake is where, between 1945 and 1964, the Swiss government

JEAN-FRÉDÉRIC SCHNYDER's work is broadly diversified in terms of both media and subject matter. In 1970, he made the decisive transition from Pop art and Conceptual art to an ostensibly traditional oil painting as a clear break from the art establishment, which was aesthetically and politically killing painting. As an autodidact, Schnyder practiced the most diverse forms of expression between realism, symbolism, and abstract color-field painting. In parallel, he created a sculptural oeuvre in clay, metal, and wood, as well as objects. Between 1971 and 1978 he created a series of watercolors and felt-tip pen drawings. Schnyder's relationship to popular humor and kitsch is often misunderstood as an ironic play on the tastes of ordinary people. Similarly, those interpretations that want to see his quotations of popular motifs of art as a satire on art snobs are superficial. Schnyder's attitude starts deeper: he identifies with the painter as a craftsman and at the same time questions every style. Precisely because of this, he is forced to confront the fundamental problem of what it means to paint a picture. However, Schnyder does not conduct this confrontation on a theoretical level, but makes it visible in the painting itself. Schnyder often paints in thematically related series. Through strict rules that he imposes on himself, his painting takes on a conceptual character: in 1982 he created the hundred-part series of works *Berner Veduten*. From 1988 to 1989 he painted a train station waiting room every day until the ninety-two painting series *Wartsäle* was considered finished; on it he created countless landscape cutouts, seen from a bench (*Bänkli*, 1989–90), and between 1992 and 1993 he devoted himself to the painting cycle *Wanderung*, in which he captured 119 views of highways, which he finally showed in the Swiss Pavilion at the Venice Biennale. By limiting himself to a specific object—always in the same detail and size—a Swiss panorama of idiosyncratic monotony is created, which acts as an eye-opener precisely because of the minimal changes, for example seasonal. In Schnyder's preference for unspectacular places or, on the contrary, for overused motifs, a kinship with the artist duo Peter Fischli and David Weiss can be discerned. For Schnyder, stylistic pluralism is not a program, but the result of rigorous practice. If he dedicates himself to a motif that has already found its way into art history, as is the case with *Niesen* (1983), he also deals with the corresponding painting tradition—here, for example, that of Ferdinand Hodler. This approach differs from the subjective painting of the 1980s or the postmodern quotation.

Among his most important solo exhibitions: Kunsthalle Basel (1987); Kunstmuseum Bern and Aargauer Kunsthaus, Aarau (both 1992); Swiss Pavilion, 45th Venice Biennale (1993); Akron Art Museum, Ohio (1995); Kunsthalle Zürich (1998); Graphische Sammlung ETH Zürich (2001); Centre Culturel Suisse (2004); Kunstmuseum Basel (2007); Swiss Institute, New York (2011). Since 1996 he's lived in Zug.

disposed of thousands of tons of munitions, all hidden beneath the surface of the water and the surface of Schnyder's art. He can sometimes come off as a performance artist, playacting the good-natured citizen working hard every day (and sometimes at night), pointing his palette toward something he's come across that just happens—when he's done—to feel resonant. (See also, in the context of a country that notoriously stored Nazi bullion, the still life *Gold* [1984] of a tipped-over golden oilcan, or other paintings featuring mushroom clouds and, again, revenant swastikas.)

Schnyder does such things, lets them hum, and then offers a “Who, me?” shrug—at most, since he rarely speaks about his work and, when he does, tends to bat aside interpretations. This withdrawal, in the end, is a generous act (the binary flip again): he makes an oeuvre rich enough to feel like it engirdles the visible world *and* those of both art historical aesthetics and the folksy ones it's tended to vilify, and then leaves it to viewers who want to disinter, say, a thesis about the problematics of a society that constantly hierarchizes, makes some things more important than others, excludes or ignores things of value; or others who conversely want to see in his art a glimmering critique of what lies under his country's chocolate-box exterior. Part of his achievement, amid all this, has been his ability to remain a moving target, which he's managed by diversifying across as well as within media. He's created sculptures alongside paintings for much of his career; in 2003, revisiting his early years as a commercial photographer, he put down his palette in favor of a camera. *Zugerstrasse/Baarerstrasse* (2003) is a 14.5 m long C-print that conjoins myriad views of houses on the alpine route from Zug to Baar, all photographed in heavy fog. Supposedly, Schnyder chose these atmospheric conditions in order to achieve a consistent light, but fogging—concealing, effectively—quickly twists openly metaphorical. (It's as if Ed Ruscha had shot 1966's *Every Building on the Sunset Strip*, the work's most obvious ancestor, in the middle of the night during a power cut.) How much more Swiss might a secretive work about secrecy be? How much wryness regarding national identity and how it inflects artistic selfhood is baked into Schnyder's oeuvre? My guess: quite a bit.

And then there's the Christianity. Schnyder, in occasional interviews, has mentioned his Protestant heritage, and his art is speckled with crosses and churches. But they're just kind of *there*, like the one leaning in the corner in the carved wooden depiction of a rustic room—complete with pipe, beer barrel and stein, Bible (presumably), and ominous length of chain in *Sinnbild* (Symbol [2010]). Or the myriad tiny wooden crosses laid out on a giant white bier—up to 14,400 in some iterations—in *das Andere* (The Other [2014–21]). On the one hand, there's a feeling of daily, time-passing whittling or sawing and gluing in such work; on the other, it's a graveyard, and once more you have a sense of Schnyder as a sort of innocent, dabbling away, who makes what he makes and walks away whistling while others look upon it and shiver a bit. Which, again, is an element of the illusion. Part of Schnyder's agnostic (or just uninscribed) use of Christian symbols, one suspects, is because—like plein air painting—they expose contemporary art's quiet intolerances. It's hard to find friction in art when it feels like everything's been done, and Schnyder has a laser-guided feel for the right kind of wrongness. And/or he has faith, and he's wondering—he wouldn't be the first—what kind of God fashions a world like ours.

This text, perhaps befitting an artist who won't be contained, merely scratches the surface of Schnyder's stylistic prolixity. A book published by Galerie Eva Presenhuber in 2022, *Jean-Frédéric Schnyder: Bilder, 2020/21*, ostensibly reproduces paintings from

3 Ibid., 16.

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that period, though an opening swathe of semi-abstractions are dated 1999–2020, and many canvases bear no date at all. The effect of the page spreads is often whiplashing. *OBEN LINKS ROT* (Red at the Top Left [2021]) is a faithful cartoon image of Donald Duck splashily painting one corner of a room red (deadpan echoes of Sigmar Polke's *Higher Beings Command* . . . [1968]) while his nephews sit clustered under an umbrella. This abuts *STIFTER BRIEFTE* (Founder Letters [2021]), a realist painting of a green book, open but its contents hidden from us. *Moretti* (2020), an illustrative painting depicting the foamy-beer-sipping Italian from the eponymous beer's label, sits next to a text painting reading, in dancing letters, “*Berühren Verboten*.” “Do not touch”—that injunction might feel superfluous for an artist who's devoted so many decades to *being* quixotically untouchable, even while offering a changeably affable front.

In a 1994 interview, Schnyder flashed a rare glimpse of his inner self. Talking of his early years as a painter in Bern, he said, “I wanted to paint everything so that no one would be able to catch up with me.”³ It's perhaps the most totalizing example of Schnyder's productive duplicity. Behind the constructed guise of the amateur, the craftsman, the styleless dabbler, the cross maker, is a man of quietly huge ambitions who planned, up front, to outrun all of us while embracing a world full of difference and contradiction, of beauty and banality and brutality, leaving a trail full of clues in his wake.

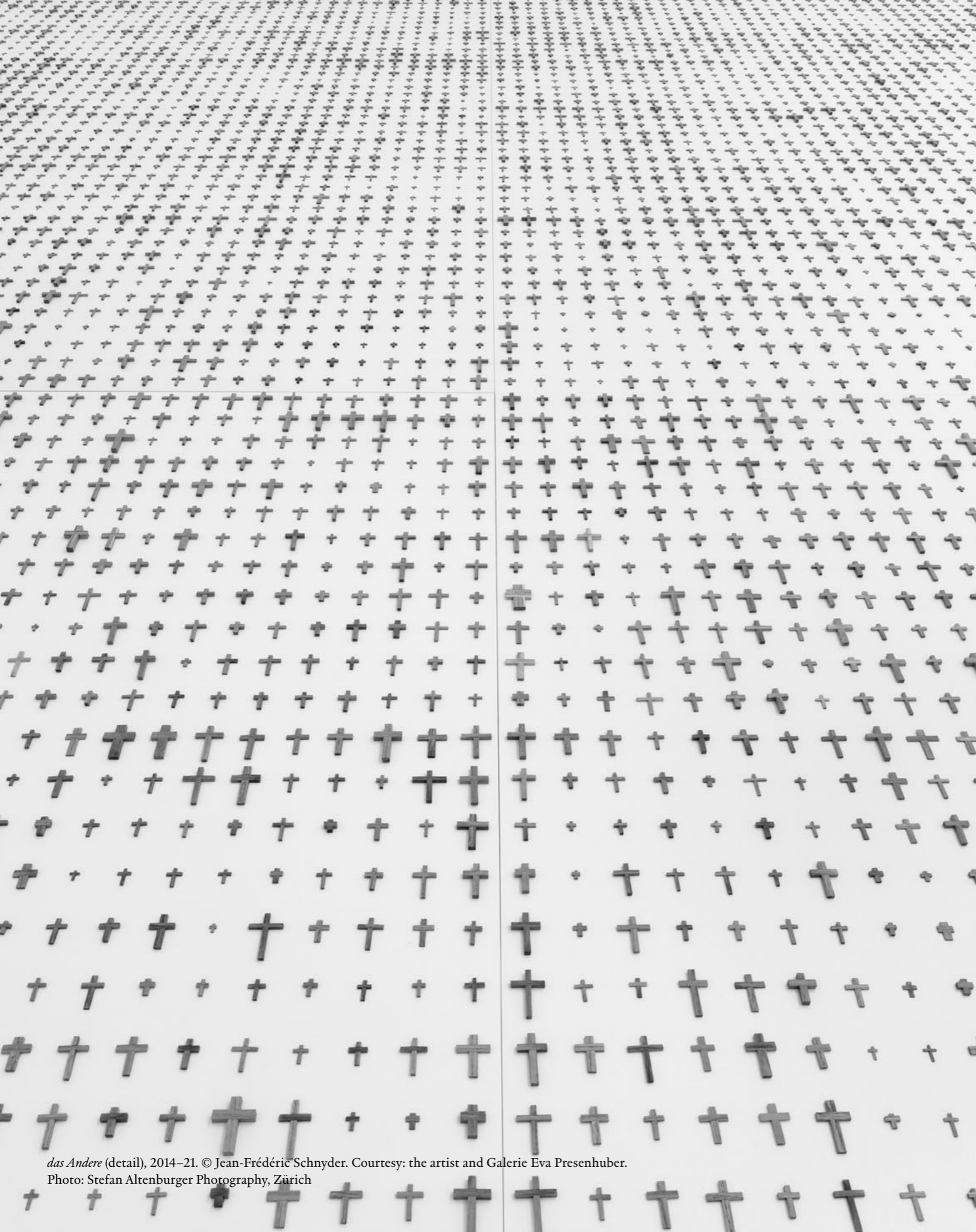
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VENEDIG JUN 68

JEAN-FRÉDÉRIC SCHNYDER FRANCOISE & HAROLD SZEEMAN

Jean-Frédéric Schnyder, Françoise Bonnefoy, and Harald Szeemann in the Grand Canal, Venice, 1968.
Courtesy: Fotostiftung Schweiz, Winterthur. Photo: © Vida Burkhard



ON SCHNYDERIAN

MOUSSE MAGAZINE 83

ART

“I wandered and I am wandering still,
and my steps were not always even.
At times I felt serenity.

At times, the same as in the sky, de-
light abruptly lost itself within a
drawn-out day of pain.”

—Robert Walser

das Andere (detail), 2014–21. © Jean-Frédéric Schnyder. Courtesy: the artist and Galerie Eva Presenhuber.
Photo: Stefan Altenburger Photography, Zürich

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I. LIFE AND WARMTH

Perhaps this is where the real greatness of Jean-Frédéric Schnyder's art lies, in this mixture of trueness to life and a profoundly skeptical intelligence, in the fact that his entire output consists of meta-works, pictures about painting pictures, meta-wood carving, meta-pottery. Yet the works retain their warmth; they retain the life that keeps them alive. They stir something within, something special; they want to be artworks for watchful intellects but for the heart as well (to which end they will, incidentally, stop at nothing).

II. THE FIRST WANDERINGS

Jean-Frédéric Schnyder (b. 1945) is a wanderer between times, between the times of contemporary art. After completing his studies in photography in 1967, he entered the Pop Art-dominated art scene in Switzerland. In his career as a photographer, there was only one great hurdle, he says, and that was shooting fast-moving things: "At ski races, for example, there was never anybody in the picture!"¹ When Schnyder talks about his—brilliantly successful—beginnings as an artist, the higher calling, the compelling vocation, and the all-embracing vision do not even get honorable mention. In fact, with his inimitable, sarcastically candid predilection for understatement, Schnyder remarks that on relocating to the world of fine arts, he was primarily interested in the career potential.

His early work, his fantasy of Pop Art, was, however, already participative object art that engaged all the viewer's senses. He anticipated the strategies of the early 1970s for expanding the senses and consciousness (Body and Concept Art) in works like *IN MEMORIAM JAYNE MANSFIELD* (1967), a blonde wig perfumed with Chanel No. 5; *ZIP* (1968), a padded board covered with nylon having a vertical zipper that could be opened for the finger to embark upon obscenely synthetic wanderings in the plush (more than fifteen years later Jiří Georg Dokoupil came up with his zippered *FROTTE BILDER / Terry Cloth Pictures*); or *Ich liebe mich* (I Love Me [1967–68]), in which the viewer saw themself reflected in a concave mirror set in imitation leopard skin, to the background of a soft, endlessly intoned, "I love me, I love me . . ."

The expanded senses were directed inward. Schnyder produced Pop Art in Swiss small format; nothing was blown up, and the Pop feeling was, in fact, poetically condensed, hyper-intensified to the point of implosion. Schnyder applied introverted Swiss fastidiousness to hyper-American, mass-medial emotional facts. In imagery, sculpture, and subject matter, he concretized the cool, colorful, deceptively seductive powers of synthetic, fake, plastic dreams, always drawing the viewer into a basically narcissistic, or, as it was later called, autoerotic scenario.

At least on the surface of things, Schnyder marched in cadence with international trends for another two years, from 1969 to 1970. In fashion were specific objects, clear, conceptual renditions of primary experiences in time and space; art became site-specific, material, self-referential, or tautological.

Seminal to Schnyder's Concept Art—as in two empty tin buckets, chained together—was, as he says himself, not only an article in the *Spiegel* (the German equivalent of *Time* magazine) on Walter De Maria's *Earth Room* but also the realization that at long last it was possible to make art without having to master drawing. "I have always been a bad draftsman, and Concept Art solved the problem for me." Once again, the artist equivocally yet honestly anticipates and even assimilates the most popular critique of incomprehensible contemporary art.

¹ The quotations, unless otherwise noted, stem from a conversation with Jean-Frédéric Schnyder, recorded in the fall of 1989.

Outwardly, Schnyder flourished; he participated in *When Attitudes Become Form* (1969) and other important shows and biennials, but he felt increasingly uncomfortable with conceptual culture, increasingly sure that it was not "his thing." In retrospect, he calls some of the products of his Pop period "slightly post-adolescent" and the attitude with which he produced his Concept Art as "autistic" (diagnoses of far more than mere personal resonance!).

In 1970 Schnyder canceled his participation in *Visualisierte Denkprozesse* (Visualized Thought Processes) on short notice and decided to paint a programmatic picture, a still life after nature. (He subsequently destroyed two others, *AKT/Nude* and *LAND SCHAFT/Landscape*, except for a few fragments, as well as all his work from his conceptual phase.)

In hindsight, *Stilleben* (Still Life) seems a curiously "normal" picture, as "normal" perhaps as Hans-Peter Feldmann's photographs, more "normal," in any case, than Capitalist Realism and more "normal" than much of what was to be painted in this vein fifteen years later. The arrangement of the objects looks more like an inventory than a painterly composition. The things, painted with an impersonal hand, do not stand firm but float above the tablecloth, shadowless and weightless. Schnyder's limited skills in those days unintentionally enhanced the inner intention: *Stilleben* ended up as an inconspicuously Swiss post-conceptual nature morte just when the cool 1970s were on their way in. Schnyder was fully aware of the a-chronicity and the modest appearance of extravagance in this picture. Before showing it at the 1971 Paris Biennale, he charged everyone, including the critics, one-dollar admission for the privilege of viewing it privately in his attic studio . . . Schnyder was already his own full-fledged showman and artistic promoter.

In 1970–71, he weaned himself, turning his back on this period—a decisive move in the development of his idiosyncratic and idiotemporal attitude in the years that followed and indispensable to an understanding of his later eccentric forays into the field of trivial materials and designs (brass soldering, pewter, pottery, wood carving . . .) coupled with popular iconography (allegory, heraldry, decoration, and ornamentation).

Schnyder did not drop out, in the sense of a strategically or biographically motivated retreat into private life. Instead, he forged ahead into himself, into finding his artistic self, but with the more comprehensive objective of tracking down collective constants in the immediate vicinity of the self. His quest took him to specific regions of daily conduct and emotion in order to discover the real essence behind the supposedly "cheap" magic of popular feelings of beauty and trivial satisfactions and to divert them to a revitalization of his own creativity. In this decisive year, shortly before going to the United States, he made *Empire State Building*, a Lego skyscraper eighty-two inches tall, illuminated from within à la Dan Flavin with three colored neon lights and crowned with a burning stick of incense stuck into a chewing gum pinnacle—a brilliant toy monument to the modern world, precise down to the last building block of its modular structure, frivolous in its materiality and light, and of enchanting beauty.

Starting with his own geographical, mental position, Schnyder wanted to redefine his art; in fact, he wanted to start from scratch again in terms of a new vitality.

III. BUFFOON AND FARMER

I remember a passage in Robert Walser's work: while taking a walk in the country, he comes across a farmer tilling his

PATRICK FREY is known for his work as author, comedian, and publisher. Born in 1949, he lives and works in Zürich, along with his wife, an art historian, and their four sons. Frey pursued his studies in both economy and art history from 1974 to 1981. Throughout his career, Frey has made notable contributions as an art critic and essayist, having written for publications such as *Tages-Anzeiger*, *WOZ Die Wochenzeitung*, *Parkett*, *Wolkenkratzer Art Journal*, and *Flash Art*—his texts have been also included in monographic and exhibition catalogues. Frey is also a talented playwright, television and film writer, actor, and comedian. He has been involved in various creative endeavors since 1984 and has established himself as a reputable figure in the world of entertainment. As publisher, between 1984 and 1986, Frey released titles for the publishing house Nachbar der Welt Verlag—among which *Das Auge, die Gedanken, unentwegt wandernd*, which he co-authored with Walter Pfeiffer. In 1986, Frey established Edition Patrick Frey, a small international publishing house that specializes in artist books, art, and photography. Over the years, the publishing house has grown in popularity, with over 350 titles published to date. Through his contributions as a publisher, Frey has played an instrumental role in promoting the works of many artists and photographers.

field and is overcome by a desperate longing for the eternal course of nature, for the natural, regulated, solid, and decent task of tilling the earth. His feelings soon give way to a wistful melancholy on realizing that he will never be granted the privilege of standing firmly enough upon the earth to bridge the unbridgeable gap between him and this other person, this perfectly normal farmer, because he can only toy with words, an itinerant buffoon, suspect among the sedentary, unable to share in the course of real life, condemned to remain only an acutely clear-sighted observer with the utmost fragile ties to things and acts.

When I think about Jean-Frédéric Schnyder's artistic personality and his multiform oeuvre of the past twenty years, these two figures, the buffoon and the farmer, always come to mind—two Schnyders in one. Schnyder, the artist, the buffoon performing his amusing tricks on market day, a serious game because his life as a buffoon depends on their success; and Schnyder, the farmer, who goes to market after his honest day's work is done and takes in the buffoon's entertaining performance with a healthy dose of peasant skepticism and suitably deep-seated mistrust.

IV. FACETS OF A CONTRADICTIONAL MENTALITY

BAMBUS I/II (Bamboo I/II [1972]), possibly one of Schnyder's most beautiful early carvings, consists of two short wooden poles reworked to look like bamboo, imitations that are wonderfully inconspicuous and perfectly deceptive of the senses because the intervention is minimal, because they are so similar to their models in shape and substance, and yet so far removed from their source, from their original home in the Swiss Alps. Instead, they invoke exotic faraway places, wanderlust, and the mysterious art (or deception) of artificially conjuring up such images.

Schnyder's candid enjoyment of the implications of falsity (especially of outsmarting his viewers) is as deeply ingrained as the honesty (and pleasure) with which he insists on looking out upon the near and the far from his own, and therefore regional, Swiss standpoint. His *WELT* (World [1981]) is a knickknack, a mere four inches tall (it would make a good paperweight), of glazed pottery: a black top hat jauntily perched on the hemisphere of the globe à la Maurice Chevalier. A charming world-sculpture, a joke, megalomaniac but basically harmless, folksy. Half the world is in the head, and the head sports the hallmark of the vaudeville artist who must eke out a livelihood at the bottom of the entertainment ladder, because it is there that he must please the crowds and it is there, as we all know, that glamor and misery reside in intimacy.

Schnyder does not take possession of the world; his art does not occupy territories, does not, therefore, engage in strategic thinking. His real power lies in deception; far more genuine is the shrewdly calculated act of putting a hat on the world to lend it—at least the illusion of—the glamor of magic.

Schnyder is a master of nuance and detail, a marvelous creator of disconcertingly decorative miniature things and medium-sized paintings, but he is also a maker of great, extravagant, exotic representations of the world as in *Apocalypse* (1976–78), in which he portrays himself as showman-director in the set of his vaudeville theater, dressed as a fool and escorted by a dog. The curtain is about to rise; posing in front of it once more we see the ballerina and the white horse, the youthful lecher and the naked woman, the symbols of beauty, eroticism, and imminent apocalypse. To the left, skeletons lean over the railing of a garden pavilion into the darkness of space, looking down onto the pockmarked surface of another planet;

2 Jean-Frédéric Schnyder in conversation with Dieter Koepplin, Basel, 1987.

to the right, the view opens onto a tropical, volcanic vacation land of fantasy . . . *Apocalypse* (to describe it briefly) is a colored drawing on a piece of cotton some forty feet wide and ten feet tall, with a double border of colored squares and an endless procession of ants, a decorative and spectacular mixture of danse macabre, quotations, stage-set illusion, and science-fiction surrealism.

Schnyder paints pictures as if from another world, invents images that evolve slowly, daydreamily, meditatively without an exact plan, entirely out of the work process itself, as in the fairy-tale *BRODERIE*, in which Chinese and Alpine, familiar and cosmic figuration and ornamentation are united in a mandala-like microcosm. Eight years (1973–81) it took Schnyder to complete his embroidery, whereupon he dressed up as a museum guard and allowed the piece to be seen under his supervision in a few select places for an hour or two, before stashing it away again in a suitcase—like the cult object of some imaginary tribe.

Schnyder, the passive designer, approaches the nature of things and their materiality with an attitude of expectation in order to let himself be guided by the gently compelling laws of this same nature. (Perhaps this passivity is one of the most important and relevant facets within Schnyder's complex and not entirely consistent mentality.)

Even the tree trunk on which he spent a summer and a winter carving and painting his large, family "totem pole" titled *JFMA* (for Jean-Frédéric, Margret his wife, and Anna his daughter) was not a planned, calculated operation. "It came to me," says Schnyder. I remember well how odd this piece of Swiss Oceanic contemporary folk art appeared in its narrow space at documenta 7 (1982), how odd and out of time. The concept of "World Art" was not in currency in those days and even less so the year the sculpture was made in 1980–81, when the largely Eurocentric art of the Neue Wilden was just beginning to surface.

But Schnyder is also a painter of pictures that are entirely of this world, or rather of this part of the world, a painter who wants to celebrate the commonplace and the overlooked, such as the shapes and surfaces of various kinds of plastic yogurt containers artfully arranged against a backdrop of Bubble Wrap that, as Schnyder himself observes,² almost looks like medieval bull's-eye panes of glass in the backlighting.

Schnyder chronicles pictures of banality, usually working according to plan, especially when he tackles the "ordinary" images of the countryside with an exhaustive passion unequalled among his peers. His paintings of the 1980s show suburban iconography, the atmosphere in new residential areas or the attractions on the perimeters of cities. On foot or by bicycle, always with a knapsack to transport the essentials, he worked en plein air, painting one picture a day. The stylistic idiom is, one might say, inconspicuous, adapted to the atmosphere of the moment (whereby atmosphere—if there is any—can also be seen historically, as, for instance, Hodler's influence on the atmosphere at Lake Thun). On August 18, 1983, *DENNER* was painted: the early morning atmosphere in front of one of the hundreds of chain stores in Switzerland's largest grocery discount enterprise, a dramatically ordinary, dramatically busy shot of suburbia, a grandiose icon of unconstrained Swiss normality in luminous signal colors.

There are many more facets to Jean-Frédéric Schnyder that one might describe, as for instance the artist who experiments in his studio with the potential and the limits of abstract art, or the visionary painter, the visionary portraitist of his own dog, *Dritchi*. *Dritchi VIII* (1986), the last in a marvelous series, shows a rapt hybrid of

dog and artist floating high above a sea of clouds. The figure, wearing a white smock spattered with paint and holding paintbrush and palette, is doubly illuminated by a halo and a huge eruptively rotating sun. Perhaps this is a visionary study of the source of his own inspiration: the beloved, faithful dog; the alert, clever, and adroit dog; the dog as leader of the soul, the saving grace of genuine creativity, the *Angelus Illuminatus* of Schnyderian art. But let us go back to the year 1978 . . .

V. “HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE,”³ OR:

THE DRUNKEN GAIETY OF THIRTEEN WHITE MICE

In the first version of 1978, thirteen life-sized white mice made of dough, wire, and peppercorns (for the eyes) danced around an empty bottle of Burgundy that had been converted into one of those novel lamps found in do-it-yourself stores. The whole thing stood on a round Biedermeier-ish table with white tablecloth, looking as if it had been made during a party, as if born of the spirit of inspired bricolage in the state of inebriation, a piece of art like a dance—merry, enraptured, and harmless—except that the dance was being danced by the hardened-dough fantasies of the DTs, a stereotyped, ominous crowd in the pallid glare of the naked light bulb.

In a subsequent version of April 1982, the ecstatically contorted mice-bodies were dancing in the same pallid light, but with no bottle, no center, alone in the middle of the huge ground-floor space at the museum in Winterthur. The walls of the room were papered with hundreds of black and white pieces of paper saying “JA” (yes) or “NEIN” (no) in a simple, geometrical design that became a wallpaper of stereotyped answers and clear-cut decisions. But “JA” was always in black lettering on white paper, and “NEIN” was always white on black, so gradually the walls began to dance, becoming a retinally irritating, quivering array of clear-cut answers in which the Zwinglian severity of “JA/NEIN” and black/white discourse wove its way into a Far East Swiss yin-yang pattern, into the ornament of nondecision, of openness and doubt, but still buoyed by the spirit of geometry and sobriety. Against the background of this omnipresent pattern in binary code, even the plastic, naturalistic outgrowths of a hallucinating imagination suddenly seemed somehow sober while forfeiting none of their unreality. But there was a change in the character of the mouse scene. The ritual of physical excess manifested by the thirteen phantasmic white bodies was buffoonery, a scenario of mad deception and simulacrum, a blend of the real and the imagined, an indeterminate “Ring a Ring o’ Rosie” of real phantasms, pure presence steeped in nowness, in digitalized ornamentation.

In an adjoining chamber bathed in red light, Jean-Frédéric Schnyder showed a special kind of memento mori: a life-sized skeleton made of wire, bones, and corks that he had collected from wine bottles at home. An admiral’s cap on its skull, it had the Bohemian flavor of the Reeperbahn [the red-light district in Hamburg], a folkloric showpiece, like the frenzied dance of the white mice, and as bricolage, much more insane, more driven and yet infinitely more detached than those matchstick ships or playing card pyramids begot by the passionate diligence and yearning of the creative amateur.

Actually, this cork-skeleton, made in 1973–74, is not as much a contemplative memento mori as it is a vigorous rem(a)inder of life—meaning the “life” of art. Schnyder was literally and metaphorically recycling the basic forces of creativity. Goodman Death, made of the dregs of sybaritic living, embodied almost to excess the cliché of the romantic, adventurous, wretched, and therefore noble and lofty life of the artist, without forfeiting one iota of its obviously biographical

3 [Sic], title of his exhibition at the Kunstmuseum Winterthur, April 1982.

reality. It was something like a piece of applied folk art in the service of Schnyder’s high art of uniting coarsely drastic, punch-line imagery with the sophistication and intuitive precision of a first-rate magician of the senses.

Hung on the walls behind the cork-skeleton, also plunged into dim, honky-tonk lighting, were small-format oil paintings set in frames whose glitter was not gold but tin-can metal that conspired with their subject matter—and the skeleton—to lend the conservative museum space a disconcertingly agreeable consonance. The paintings showed copied subject matters taken from the repertoire of do-it-yourself art courses of American provenance: “How to paint in oils” or “How to paint still lifes”. . . the beautiful gypsy, the dramatic seascape, the colorful bouquet, the melancholy clown.

Once again, Schnyder invokes folkloric gratification, the discerning power of mood, as an unmistakably subversive jibe at the speculative and fetishistic formation of values in high art—but casually, almost like an aside. These paintings were devoid of ironic strategy, no use was made of the “repelling technique,” to quote Grasskamp’s diagnosis of certain mentalities in the 1980s. Instead, they deployed the disarmingly shrewd strategy of candor: in fact, they marked Jean-Frédéric Schnyder’s (autodidactic) first venture into oil painting, which became his most important medium in the years that followed.

VI. WAITING ROOMS FOR THE EYES

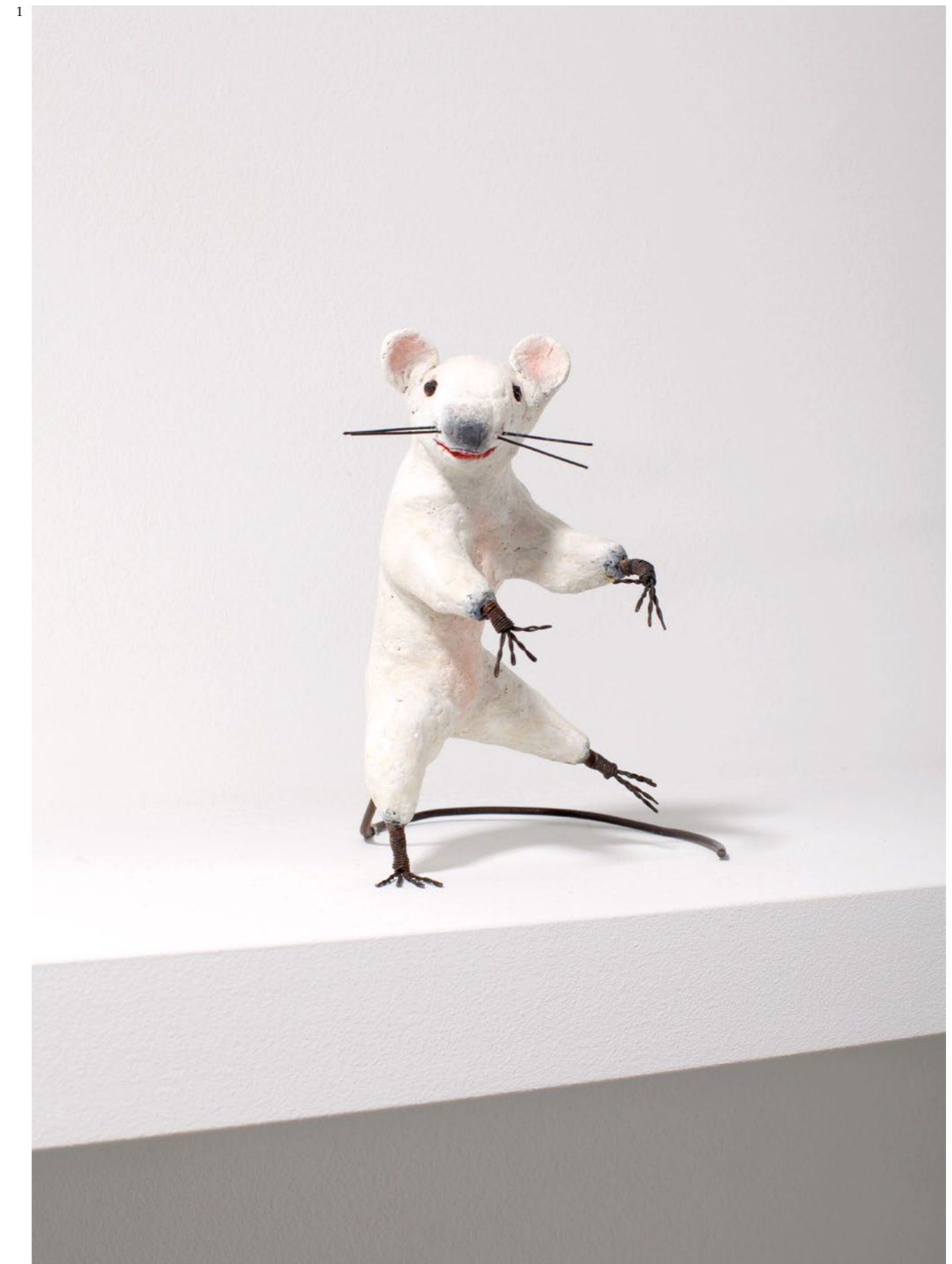
In the winter of 1988–89 Schnyder resumed his journeys into regions of external reality, this time with an annual pass for the Swiss Federal Railways and his painting tools no longer in a knapsack but in a suitcase of the kind used by sales representatives, with a light inside and a lid that could be opened up and used as an easel. Even more systematically than with his Bernese landscapes, Schnyder began to record the interiors of railroad-station waiting rooms all over Switzerland and all in A3 format (ca. foolscap size). He made a total of ninety-two pictures, unviewed so far, that he has sorted by geographical region and stashed away in specially made wooden boxes. They are pictures that have time, like the waiting rooms themselves, which may well be the last remaining collective spaces where time seems to stand still.

They are pictures filled with emptiness and static, with utilitarian furniture of various decades and traces of individual attempts to beautify them. “Usually the station master’s wife takes care of the waiting room,” says Schnyder, who knows things like that.

They are pictures that amiably await the eye of the beholder; they give us time to study them; they are pictures of the times.

2022	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Kunstmuseum Bern	2000	* <i>Glückwünsche</i>	Bündner Kunstmuseum, Chur
2022	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Kunsthalle Bern	2000	* <i>Das Gedächtnis der Malerei</i>	Aargauer Kunsthaus
2022	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Secession, Vienna	1999	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Galerie Francesca Pia, Bern
2022	* <i>Venedigsche Sterne Kunst und Stickerei</i>	Bündner Kunstmuseum Chur	1999	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Galerie Hauser & Wirth
2021	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Kunstmuseum Basel			Galerie Eva Presenhuber, Zürich
2021	* <i>Continuously Contemporary, Neue Werke aus der Emanuel Hoffmann-Stiftung</i>	Kunstmuseum Basel	1999	* <i>Patchwork in progress, et dernier</i>	MAMCO – Musée d'art moderne et contemporain, Geneva
2020	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Eva Presenhuber, New York			c/o suti galerie & edition, Bern
2020	* <i>All In One</i>	Galerie Eva Presenhuber, Zürich	1999	* <i>jf. schnyder + margret zeichnungen</i>	Tal Museum, Engelberg
2020	* <i>Dance Me To The End of Love, Ein Totentanz</i>	Bündner Kunstmuseum, Chur	1999	* <i>Aspekt Portrait</i>	Kunsthalle Zürich
2020	* <i>Avant Demain, Chateau de Pentbes</i>	Musée des Suisses dans le monde, Pregny-Chambésy	1998	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Gallery Monica de Cardenas, Milan
		Galerie Eva Presenhuber, Zürich	1998	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Kunsthaus Zürich
2019	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Eva Presenhuber, New York	1998	* <i>Freie Sicht aufs Mittelmeer</i>	
2018	<i>Am Thunersee 1-38</i>	Taro Nasu, Tokyo	1998	* <i>Biennale of Sydney</i>	
		MAMCO – Musée d'art moderne et contemporain, Geneva	1997	* <i>Landschaft heute</i>	Tal Museum, Engelberg
2017	* <i>Zeitgeist</i>	o.T. Raum für aktuelle Kunst, Lucerne	1997	* <i>Voglio veder le mie montagne. Die Schwerkraft der Berge 1774-1997</i>	Aargauer Kunsthaus
		Alpineum Produzentengalerie, Lucerne	1997	* <i>Belladonna</i>	Institute of Contemporary Arts, London
2016	* <i>Im Wandumdrehen zum Lullpunkt</i>	Gagosian Gallery, Beverly Hills	1996	<i>I Pittori Sono Cani</i>	Galerie Walcheturm, Zürich
2016	* <i>Im Wandumdrehen zum Lullpunkt</i>	Lullin + Ferrari, Zürich	1996	<i>Wartsäle</i>	Salzburger Kunstverein
2016	* <i>Ed Ruscha - Books & Co.</i>	Swiss National Library, Bern	1996	* <i>Die Sammlung Toni Gerber Zweiter Teil</i>	Kunstmuseum Bern
2015	* <i>Changing Perspectives</i>	Palazzo Reale, Milan	1996	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder: Paintings</i>	Akron Art Museum
2015	* <i>Das Fotobuch und seine Autoren</i>	Schaulager, Münchenstein	1995	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder: Paintings</i>	The Galleries at Moore, Philadelphia
2015	* <i>The Great Mother / La grande Madre</i>	Villa Flora Winterthur – Sammlung Hahnloser	1994	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Museum für Moderne Kunst, Frankfurt am Main
2015	* <i>Future Present</i>	Gagosian Gallery, Paris	1993	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder, Landschaft I-XXXV, 1990-91</i>	Portikus, Frankfurt am Main
2015	* <i>Drawings from the Ringier Collection Chapter I</i>	Kunsthaus Zürich	1993	<i>Wanderung</i>	Swiss Pavilion, 45th Venice Biennale
2015	* <i>Ed Ruscha - Books & Co.</i>	Kunstmuseum Bern	1993	<i>Retrospektive 1983-93</i>	Galerie Walcheturm, Zürich
2014	* <i>Ferdinand Hodler, Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Fondazione Prada, Venice	1993	* <i>Der zerbrochene Spiegel</i>	Kunsthalle im Museumsquartier, Vienna
2013	* <i>Feu Sacré. Zum 200-jährigen Jubiläum der Bernischen Kunstgesellschaft</i>	55th Venice Biennale			Deichtorhallen, Hamburg
2013	* <i>When Attitudes Become Form: Bern 1969/Venice 2013</i>	Le Consortium, Dijon	1992	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder, Malerei 1988–91</i>	Aargauer Kunsthaus
2013	* <i>Il Palazzo Enciclopedico</i>	Institute curatorial de la HEAD – Geneva	1991	<i>Wartsäle</i>	Kongresshaus, Davos
2012	* <i>Le Monde comme Volonté et comme Représentation</i>	Museum im Bellpark Kriens	1990	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Kunsthaus Luzern
2012	* <i>A Strangely Luminous Bubble, LiveInYourHead</i>	Swiss Institute, New York	1987	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Kunsthalle Basel
2012	<i>Schnyder, Jean Frédéric</i>	Galerie Eva Presenhuber, Zürich	1987	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Galerie Varisella, Nuremberg
2011	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Kunstmuseum Bern	1987	* <i>Die Gleichzeitigkeit des Anderen: Materialien zu einer Ausstellung</i>	Kunstmuseum Bern
2010	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Haus für Kunst Uri, Altdorf	1986	* <i>Schenkung Toni Gerber ans Kunstmuseum Bern</i>	Kunstmuseum Bern
2010	* <i>Lust und Laster, die 7 Todsünden von Dürer bis Nauman</i>	Gwangju Biennale	1985	* <i>Nouvelle Biennale de Paris</i>	Paris
2010	* <i>Am schönsten ist das Gleichgewicht. Kurz bevor`s zusammenbricht</i>	Museum der Moderne Salzburg	1985	* <i>Cross-Currents in Swiss Art: Martin Disler, Miriam Cabn, Jean-Frédéric Schnyder, Markus Raetz, Peter Fischli/David Weiss</i>	Serpentine Gallery, London
2010	* <i>10.000 Lives</i>	Hard Hat, Geneva			
2010	* <i>Press Art, Sammlung Annette und Peter Nobel</i>	Galerie Patrick Seguin invites Galerie Eva Presenhuber, Paris	1983	* <i>Über Gewissheit</i>	Klapperhof, Cologne
2009	<i>Braunwald</i>	Kunstmuseum Luzern	1982	<i>Die Kunst von Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Kunstmuseum Winterthur
2009	* <i>We Are Sun-kissed and Snow-blind</i>	Migros Museum für Gegenwartskunst, Zürich	1982	* <i>documenta 7</i>	Kassel
		Kunsthaus Langenthal	1981	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Galerie 't Venster, Rotterdam
2008	* <i>Blasted Allegories. Werke aus der Sammlung Ringier</i>	Kunstmuseum Basel, Museum für Gegenwartskunst	1981	* <i>Schweizer Kunst '70 – '80</i>	Kunstmuseum Luzern
2008	* <i>SAMMLUNG: 1978 – 2008</i>	Palais de Tokyo, Paris			Galleria Comunale d'Arte Moderna, Bologna
2008	* <i>Average</i>	Kunsthaus Zug	1979	<i>Apocalypso</i>	Kunstmuseum Bern
2007	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Kunstmuseum Olten	1979	<i>Apocalypso</i>	Kunstmuseum Luzern
		Musée cantonal des Beaux-Arts, Lausanne	1978	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Galerie Elisabeth Kaufmann, Basel
2007	* <i>The Third Mind</i>	Kunstmuseum Bern	1977	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Galerie Toni Gerber, Bern
2007	* <i>FernNah 2</i>	Museum für Gegenwartskunst, Basel	1977	* <i>Materialien</i>	Kunsthalle Bern
2007	* <i>Vélo & Kunst</i>	Swiss Institute, New York	1972	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Galerie Toni Gerber, Bern
2007	* <i>Du Nord, Collections du Xve siècle à nos jours</i>	Migros Museum für Gegenwartskunst, Zürich	1972	* <i>documenta 5</i>	Kassel
2006	* <i>Six Feet Under</i>	Santa Monica Museum of Art	1971	* <i>Biennale de Paris</i>	Paris
2005	* <i>Flasback</i>	Cobra Museum of Modern Art, Amstelveen	1971	* <i>Swiss Art of Today</i>	Kongresshaus, Davos
2005	* <i>Tracking Suburbia</i>	Villa du Parc, Annemasse	1971	* <i>La Suisse à la Septième Biennale de Paris</i>	Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Lausanne
2005	* <i>When Humour Becomes Painful</i>	Rheinschau Art Cologne Projects	1969	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Galerie Toni Gerber, Bern
2005	* <i>Incognito</i>	Galerie Eva Presenhuber, Zürich	1969	* <i>22 jonge Zwitsers</i>	Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam
2005	* <i>Swiss Made (the Art of Falling Apart)</i>	Centre Culturel Suisse, Paris	1969	* <i>22 junge Schweizer</i>	Kunsthalle Bern
2005	* <i>Une Journée Pariculière</i>	Kunsthaus Thun	1969	* <i>Wenn Attitüden Form werden: Werke-Konzepte-Prozesse-Situationen-Information</i>	Kunsthalle Bern
2004	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Kunsthaus Glarus	1969	* <i>Pläne und Projekte als Kunst</i>	Kunsthalle Bern
2004	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Kunstmuseum Luzern	1969	* <i>Prospect 73</i>	Kunsthalle Düsseldorf
2004	<i>Peintures</i>	Ikon Gallery, Birmingham	1968	* <i>12 Environments</i>	Kunsthalle Bern
2004	* <i>Gesammelte Landschaften</i>	Galerie Barbara Weiss, Berlin	1967	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Galerie Toni Gerber, Bern
2003	* <i>How High Can You Fly</i>	Graphische Sammlung der ETH Zürich	1967	* <i>Konkrete Fotografie</i>	Galerie Aktuell, Bern
2003	* <i>Space Shift</i>		1967	* <i>Vier Schweizer Photographen</i>	Galerie Clarissa, Hannover
2002	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>		1966	* <i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>	Bern Galerie
2001	<i>Jean-Frédéric Schnyder</i>				
2001	<i>Zugerstrasse – Baarerstrasse</i>				

- 1 *Dreizehn weiße Mäuse* (detail), 1978. © Jean-Frédéric Schnyder. François Pinault Collection. Courtesy: Galerie Eva Presenhuber
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- 8 *Am Thunersee 9*, 1995. © Jean-Frédéric Schnyder. Collection Banque Pictet, Geneva. Courtesy: the artist and Collection Banque Pictet, Geneva
- 9 *Am Thunersee 12*, 1995. © Jean-Frédéric Schnyder. Collection Banque Pictet, Geneva. Courtesy: the artist and Collection Banque Pictet, Geneva
- 10 *Am Thunersee 35*, 1995. © Jean-Frédéric Schnyder. Collection Banque Pictet, Geneva. Courtesy: the artist and Collection Banque Pictet, Geneva
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- 12 *Am Thunersee 25*, 1995. © Jean-Frédéric Schnyder. Collection Banque Pictet, Geneva. Courtesy: the artist and Collection Banque Pictet, Geneva
- 13 *Am Thunersee 22*, 1995. © Jean-Frédéric Schnyder. Collection Banque Pictet, Geneva. Courtesy: the artist and Collection Banque Pictet, Geneva
- 14 *die Aeschigrippe*, 1988. © Jean-Frédéric Schnyder. Courtesy: the artist and Galerie Eva Presenhuber. Photo: Stefan Altenburger Photography, Zürich
- 15 *Der Niesen am 21. Dezember*, 1987. © Jean-Frédéric Schnyder. Courtesy: the artist and Galerie Eva Presenhuber. Photo: Stefan Altenburger Photography, Zürich
- 16 *Torso*, 1988. © Jean-Frédéric Schnyder. Courtesy: the artist and Galerie Eva Presenhuber. Photo: Stefan Altenburger Photography, Zürich
- 17 *Dritchi VIII*, 1986. © Jean-Frédéric Schnyder. Courtesy: the artist and Kunstmuseum Bern
- 18 *Stilleben*, 1970. © Jean-Frédéric Schnyder. Photo: Stefan Altenburger Photography, Zürich
- 19 *GOURRAMA*, 2021. © Jean-Frédéric Schnyder. Courtesy: the artist and Galerie Eva Presenhuber. Photo: Stefan Altenburger Photography, Zürich
- 20 *STIFTER BRIEFTE*, 2021. © Jean-Frédéric Schnyder. Photo: Stefan Altenburger Photography, Zürich
- 21 *Eichenberger*, 2021. © Jean-Frédéric Schnyder. Courtesy: the artist and Galerie Eva Presenhuber. Photo: Stefan Altenburger Photography, Zürich
- 22 *St. Verena*, 2020. © Jean-Frédéric Schnyder. Courtesy: the artist and Galerie Eva Presenhuber. Photo: Stefan Altenburger Photography, Zürich
- 23 *DO NOT DROP OR TURN UPSIDE DOWN REUSE OF THIS BOX IS PROHIBITED - BY LAW (Typ A / Typ B) HANDLE WITH CARE KEEP AT 58°F OR 14°C*, 2012. © Jean-Frédéric Schnyder. Collection Emanuel Hoffmann Stiftung, Basel. Courtesy: the artist and Collection Emanuel Hoffmann Stiftung, Basel. Photo: Stefan Altenburger Photography, Zürich
- 24 *DO NOT DROP OR TURN UPSIDE DOWN REUSE OF THIS BOX IS PROHIBITED - BY LAW (Typ A / Typ B) HANDLE WITH CARE KEEP AT 58°F OR 14°C* (detail), 2012. © Jean-Frédéric Schnyder. Collection Emanuel Hoffmann Stiftung, Basel. Courtesy: the artist and Collection Emanuel Hoffmann Stiftung, Basel. Photo: Stefan Altenburger Photography, Zürich
- 25 *kleine Bilder (F)*, 2015–19. © Jean-Frédéric Schnyder. Private Collection. Courtesy: the artist. Photo: Stefan Altenburger Photography, Zürich



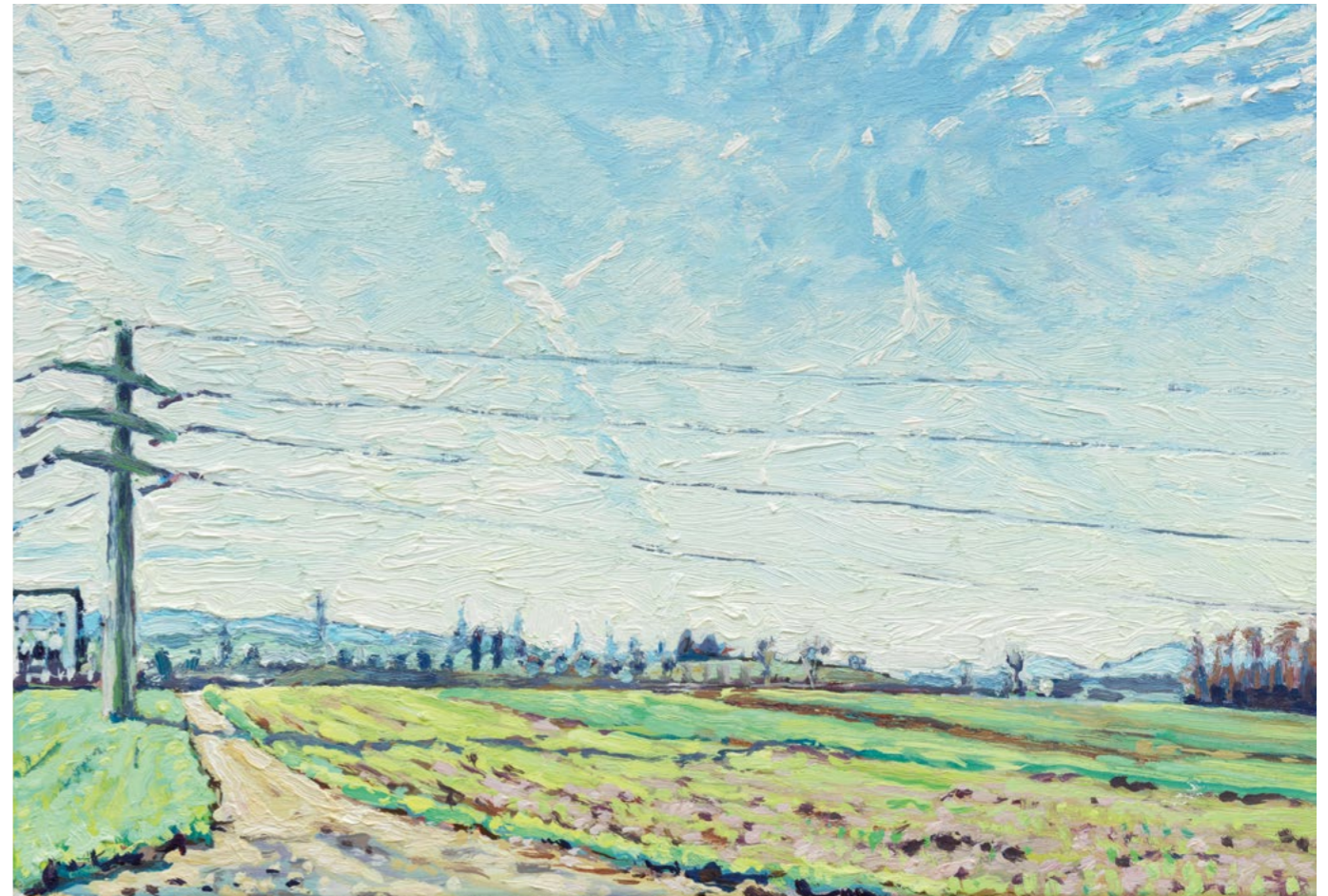


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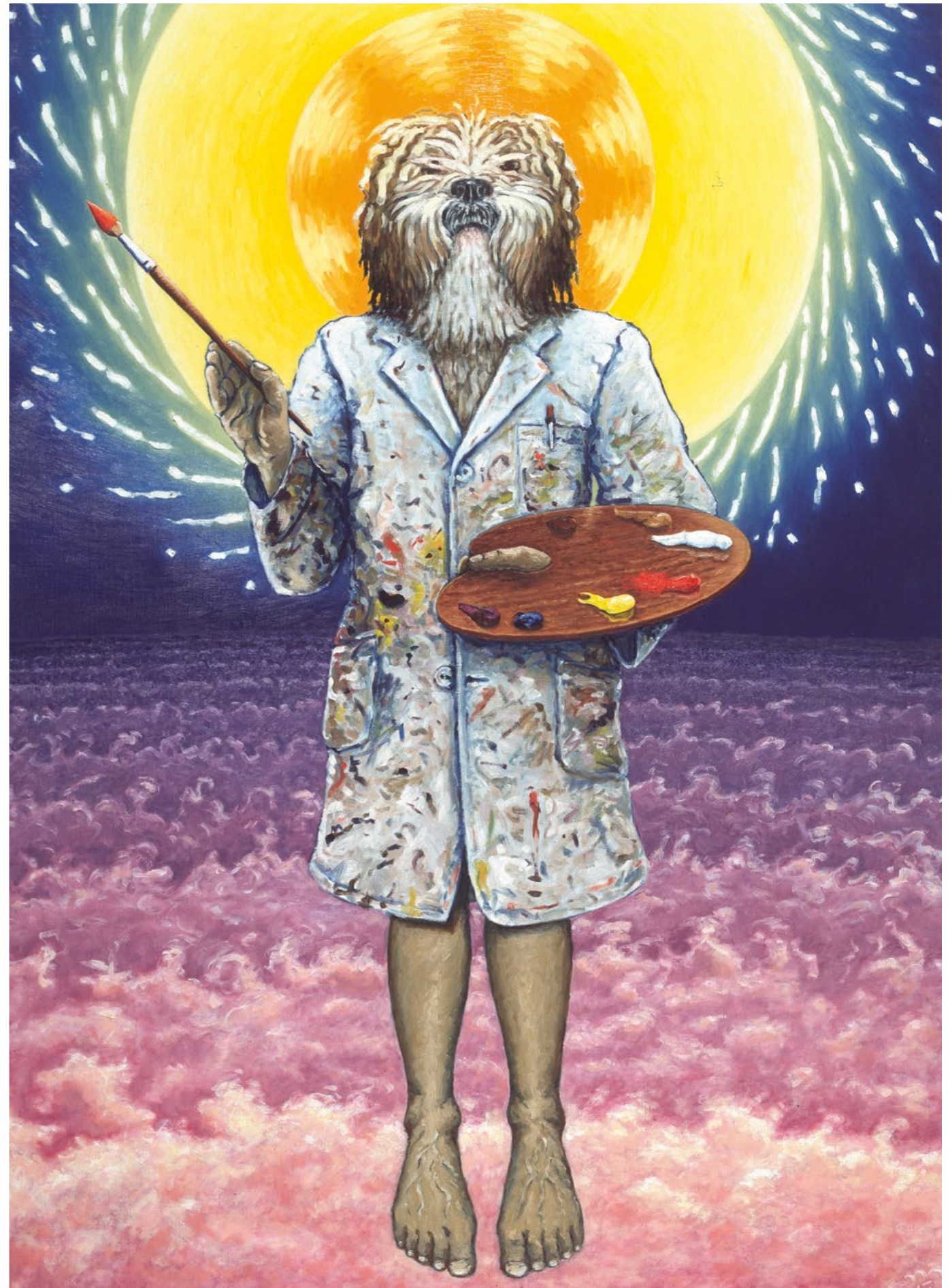
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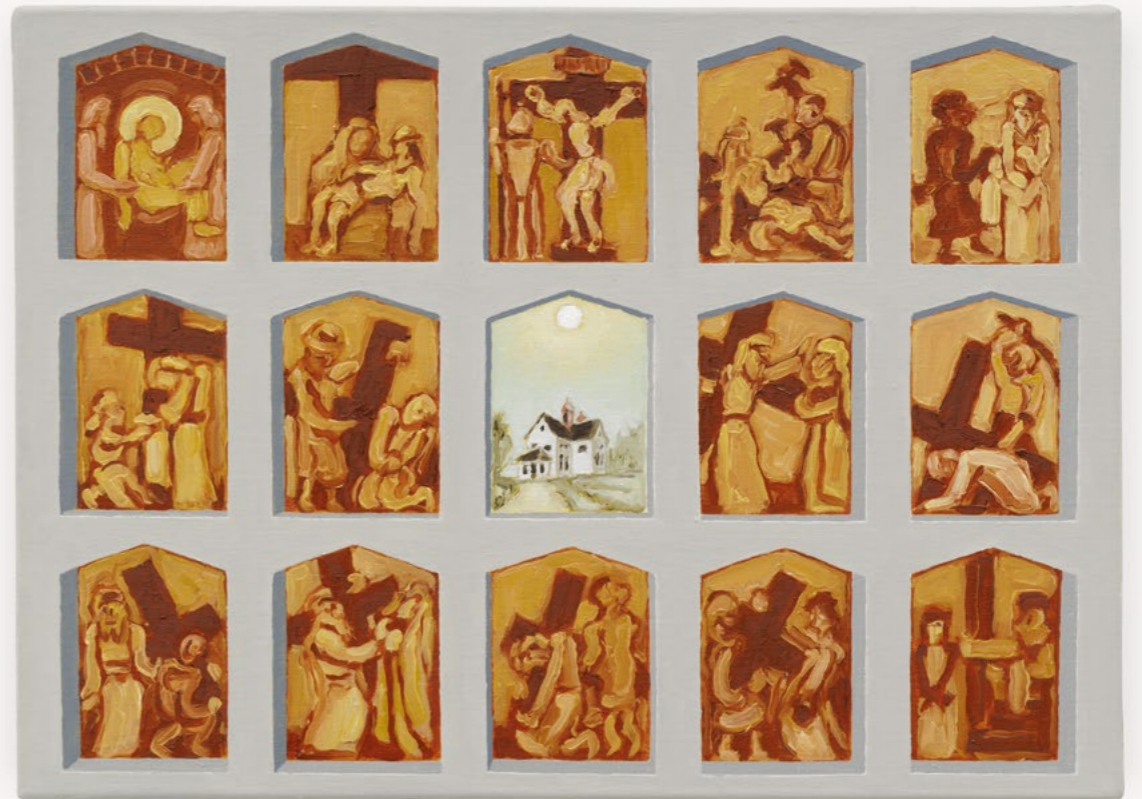
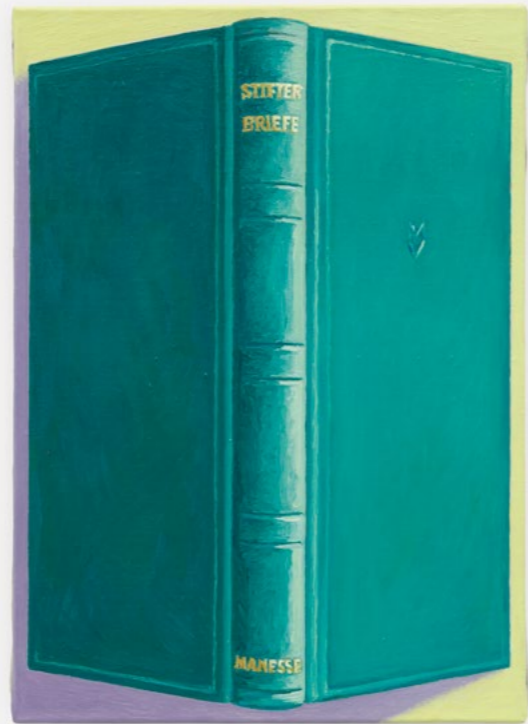
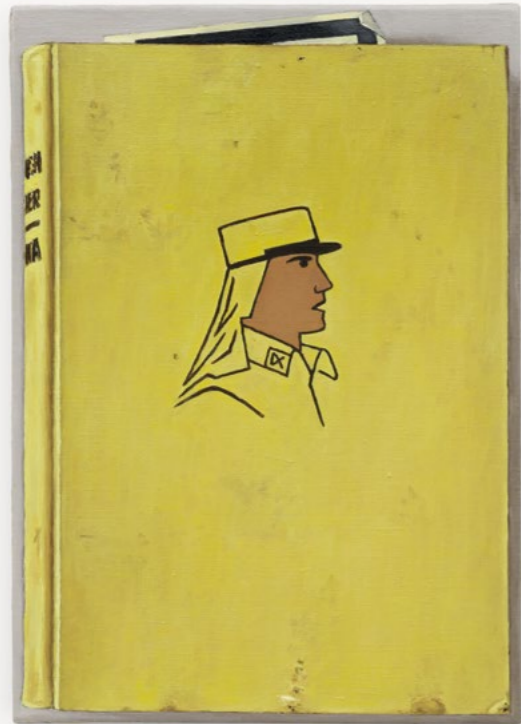


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