

Ellen Cantor

Galerie Nicola von Senger

30 August - 26 October 2019



"The picture of Ellen Cantor that remains etched in my mind is how she stalked through a fairytale forest of Maloja in a silver mini skirt with a neon orange finish." Simon Maurer, Tages-Anzeiger, 23 April 2013

It must have been mid-October 1995, when I first heard about Ellen Cantor, and it happened like this: In the Swiss news program 10vor10 I suddenly saw the talking head of my friend Simon Maurer and the story that the exhibition he curated at the Helmhaus Zurich was cancelled due to censorship. In addition, the report featured an artist who worked with a fine stroke with pencil, neon markers and tipp-ex on erotic drawings.



Soon after, I met Ellen Cantor personally and was immediately fascinated and hypnotized by her. The idea to repeat the cancelled exhibition in my gallery came up. Said, done - Simon Maurer, Iwan Wirth and I planned the exhibition in my former gallery arsFutura for the season opening in August 1996.

Since Ellen got along well with Simon and me, the idea arose, to make a small Swiss trip in the summer of 1996 with Ellen, that comes from Detroit, the center of the American automobile industry, through the Engadine alps to show her the beauty of Switzerland. So, we (Ellen, Simon, his wife Ute and I) were leaving Zurich in my white Subaru Legacy in July 1996. Without a real goal and yet driven by lust and joy. Harry Belafonte and Barry White roared out of the car loudspeakers, sometimes also Kraftwerk or hard hip-hop. The car windows were always wide open. We were all singing along at maximum volume, even the cows got terrified. As in a film, the unreal barren yet ghostly beautiful landscape of the Engadine passed us by.

We hiked a lot and laughed a lot. We visited the Viamala canyon, we stayed in the highest hotel in Switzerland, in Juf, we walked through the magical forests of Maloja and Sils, stood under the sacred waterfall of Zuoz and have swum in the mountain lakes in glacial water.



I had my camera with me and took many photos of our Swiss trip, including this one, as Ellen stalked through the fairytale forest of Maloja in a pink miniskirt with a bright silver finish. And in the fairytale forest there was also a lake where we were swimming.



Or Ellen Cantor in Cunter.



Then I remember a dam where to reach it we had to drive through a long single-lane tunnel.



Back in Zurich, Ellen set up an unforgettable exhibition in my former gallery arsFutura. The gallery became a magic garden. Erotic

picture stories drawn directly on the wall were supplemented with drawings, photos and videos of the artist.



Looking back this was with the most beautiful days as a gallery owner for me.

The wall drawings were so skillful and unique that I somehow wanted to save them. The next exhibition after Ellen was installed by Maurizio Cattelan. He wanted to convert the gallery into the red room where the Sun Templar sect committed mass suicide. Since this only took half the room and the rest of the gallery was covered with red cloths, I decided to take the gallery apart, i.e. to save Ellen's wall drawings. With a saw I carefully separated the walls and then framed the rescued wall drawings under glass. During Maurizio's exhibition, the holes in the walls of the gallery were patched and rebuilt.

For 23 years, this exhibition has been dormant wrapped in bubble wrap - and now is the time to show this historical exhibition as identically as possible.

I look forward to your visit!

For more information and pictures, please contact the gallery, info@nicolavonsenger.com.