

# Ingeborg Lüscher



Ingeborg Lüscher, photo: Loretta Daulte

## When did you first approach art, how did your artistic journey begin?

When I was young I had a very loving home, this overriding feeling remains despite the horror of the bombing raids, the invading Russians and the hunger. My father, a lawyer, played piano and sang and my mother accompanied us to museums, the ones that survived.

I wanted passionately to be an actress, I succeeded and was lucky enough to get good parts. Merging myself with foreign scripts. Two lives in one. Working the scripts as I would later the materials for my sculptures. I felt happy. I married in Switzerland and was no longer a theatre actress. I played roles in films for television. With half of my enthusiasm. Then I filmed in Prague for three months, it was six months before the Prague Spring. I made friends with dissidents, people who ceased to conform and were willing to risk everything. That was my awakening. There I began painting at an atelier of a sculptor, to search for artistic expression and idiosyncratic paths that would later prove very important.

## What are the difficulties in the world of the artist?

Surviving. From a material point of view. A certain madness helps, to give urgent ideas new forms and new life.

## What has enriched your creativity over the years?

My art is always intertwined with my life and the nature of my consciousness. Even though difficult to read, as in the pictures from black to ash grey and light sulfur yellow, if related to the meeting with over five hundred people whom I conjure up for my photos, or the photos of my old skin which resembles grass, dunes, streams, rocks, flowers, rain, all that my body inevitably will become.

I do not know to what extent I have matured over the years and therefore my art. Actually one can presume it is so, but I cannot objectively compare the past and present.

## What are your plans for the future and where will they lead you?

Well, if I only knew...

## What does this exhibition mean for you?

I love museum exhibitions. It is like telling a story. My story. It contains a thousand friends, a jumbled mess mixed with suffering from the first ideas to the moment I can say to myself «it worked.»

And now again a story in Solothurn. I want to begin with the woods of Armand Schultness, a hermit who transformed his woods into a cosmos of knowledge, the meeting with whom, apart from immense wonder, had many consequences for my life.

I wanted to show the glow of sulfur.

I wanted that one can experience life with the people of Palestine and Israel: a video account dedicated to the victims, where, at the end, a question of forgiveness.

I wanted, if the funding succeeded, to show the Amber Room, a massive space, in those days the eighth wonder of the world, commissioned by Frederick the Great, in which the amber was replaced by 9000 backlit SOLE soap bars. A wonderful light show.

I will show the lichen photos with the idea that lichen has existed for 300 million years on earth.

I will show some of my «magic photos.»

And then a work from the early 70s which reflects my life. For which I transformed myself into a renowned professor, who presents in 25 showcases and chapters his cardio psychological studies with the aid of rock: «the heart on the path to existence», a tapestry through word and image of science, metaphor, irony, nature and uncontrolled flights of fantasy.

**Originally from Germany, you have lived in the German part of Switzerland and now for several decades in Ticino. What are your artistic experiences within these diverse cultures?**

From a work point of view I've had two lives. I ask myself what kind of person I would have become if I had stayed in the theatre. I imagined a career on stage in large German cities. At the time I had three horrific ideas, to fall in love with a communist, to live in a small town and to have a child out of wedlock. All three have come true and all three have made me happy.

The transition from bustling Berlin to a little town in Ticino, Tegna, was via my Swiss-German experience. I arrived through marriage. It was not marriage but the place which left me cold and unhappy. A foreigner without roots without perspectives.

It seemed presumptuous, but I was sure that a hidden way existed for me. The way was illuminated by the southern sun.

I soon rented an atelier in Locarno and I worked obsessively on finding my own expression. There was nobody pushing me, no limits, every step was an adventure. And all in my extremely benevolent community. The older women knitted frames for my pictures, others helped me with photo books. Then the man I loved for 33 years, until his death, came into my life. He brought the so-called «big world» to our Tegna, periphery and centre alike.

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**Ingeborg Lüscher**

**Das Licht – und die Dunkelheit knapp unter den Füßen**

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