

CABINET

Art Basel 2025
Hall 2.1 Stand K16

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14-15	<u>Mark Leckey</u>
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R.I.P. Germain
Silent Weapons For Quiet Wars (Hypnotizing Minds)
2024
Mixed media
259.1 x 137. x 55.9 cm
Unique
£30,000 GBP +VAT



R.I.P. Germain
Silent Weapons For Quiet Wars (Hypnotizing Minds)
(detail)



R.I.P. Germain
Edge Lord
2024
Pencil on paper
72 x 55 x 4 cm
Unique
£10,000 GBP +VAT



RIP Germain
Delroy (C2)
2018
C-type print
76.2 x 76.2cm (30 x 30")
Unique
£10,000 GBP exVAT



Henrik Olesen

Crocodile (post-war Art Brut landscape), 2024

crocodile: papier-mâché, wood, rabbit wire, acrylic paint, uv varnish, 15 painted produce packages

23x190x70cm

plinth: cardboard, MDF, acrylic paint

36x250x150cm

EUR 60,000.00 +VAT



Crocodiles emerged around 200 million years ago, and when looking at the crocodiles that exist today, they bear a surprising resemblance to their distant ancestors. Although they have evolved over time, they nonetheless serve as windows into the past—a world before or without humans. Olesen's crocodiles, such as *The earliest Crocodilian*, circa 95 million years ago or *American Alligator*, circa 83.5 million years ago, are made from materials like plaster, wood, chicken wire, and canvas, painted in shimmering greenish and black hues. They are both naturalistic and artificial, rough with visible traces of their physical construction and painting process—unstable as images, at once menacing and endangered. They embody a dormant wildness and velocity. Past and present seem to short-circuit, introducing a broader time horizon and evoking affects beyond the constant 24/7 attention of the present.

Installation view, Henrik Olesen, Cabinet London, 24 May – 29 June 2024





Henrik Olesen

71.5x66cm 2024

oil paint and acrylic paint on hardboard, papermache, acrylic gel medium, tape, mounted on wooden subframe

EUR 38,000.00 +VAT



Henrik Olesen

91x68cm 2024

oil paint and acrylic paint on MDF, papermache, tape, industry marker, mounted on wooden subframe

EUR 45,000.00 +VAT



Henrik Olesen

77x52cm 2024

oil paint and acrylic paint on MDF, painting butter, tape, Edding Industry marker, mounted on wooden subframe

EUR 35,000.00 +VAT



Henrik Olesen

50x40cm 2024

oil paint and acrylic paint on plywood, various acrylic gel mediums, tape, permanent marker, mounted on wooden subframe

EUR 30,000.00 +VAT



Henrik Olesen

77x52.5cm 2024

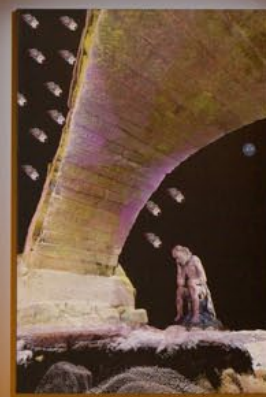
oil paint and acrylic paint on hardboard, mounted on wooden frame

EUR 35,000.00 +VAT

Mark Leckey
Thought: and the Moon
2025
Digital print in lightbox
121.3 x 172 x 10 cm
Edition of 3 + 1AP
£60,000 GBP +VAT

Installation view, *As Above So Below*, Lafayette Anticipations, Paris, 2 April - 20 July 2025





Installation view, Mark Leckey, *As Above So Below*, Lafayette Anticipations, Fondation Galeries Lafayette, Paris, April 2 – July 20, 2025

Leckey's landscapes are made of tiny details and big emotional sweeps. In *Dream English Kid*..., you might catch an echo of Judy Collins singing 'Both Sides Now' (1967) or spot the number 23 graffitied on the bridge, a number that had occult significance for the 1980s British underground. Maybe you'll recognize a clip from the TV show *Threads* (1984) or run the lyrics to 'Kid' (1979) by the Pretenders in your head as the record label spins before you. ('Kid what changed your mood / You've gone all sad so I feel sad too / I think I know some things we never outgrow...') You might see a cameraman dodge out of shot in *Fiorucci*..., reminding you that this is a third-hand memory. But if you forget about making an inventory of Leckey's references, you might experience the mysterious attraction that this material held for him in the first place. It's a different form of knowledge to one made of provenances, catalogue numbers and the right curatorial tastes of the day. Naming an experience can place it in history, but can kill its magic.

Dan Fox, Frieze, October 2019



Diamond Stingily
diamond V
2025
Plywood, acrylic paint
180 x 120 x 30 cm
Unique
£34,000 GBP +VAT



Installation view, *Diamond Stingily*, May 29, Cabinet, London, 29 May - 6 September 2025



Lucy McKenzie
 Quodlibet LXXIX (Magazines and cigarettes I), 2025
 Oil on canvas, 120 x 200 x 2 cm, Unique
 SOLD







Cossey Fanni Tutti

Confessions of a Shop Assistant

Experience Bedtime Novel, Vol.1 No.9 1975

Magazine action, Lithography on paper, Glicée print, signed, print on paper

9 parts, 2 @ 1580 x 850 mm, 7 @ 210 x 297 mm

£60,000 GBP +VAT

Cossey Fanni Tutti

was more for the taking at that moment, if I wanted her. I placed my lips softly on hers and slowly led her into my arms, feeling the gradual pressure of her full breasts against me. It was a wonderful moment and I wished that it could go on forever.

"Would you like me to kiss your pussy like Victor does?" I asked her.

She blushed and shook her head. "I'd rather not if you don't mind. That's something rather special between Victor and me." She played, almost shyly, with my nipples which were becoming painfully stiff under my thin cotton blouse. "But there is something I've always wanted to try."

"What's that, Gloria?" I asked, my voice a mere whisper.

"A... a... she stammered.

"What, dear?"

"A double dildo," she said, unable to look at me.

"Never did!" I exclaimed. "I've always wanted to try one."

"You mean you've never used one?" she asked, sounding surprised.

"Never." I told her, searching the shelves at the same time for my mutual desire. My eager eyes fell on the large, expensive sex in pink latex with hollow, fluted bulb complete with attachment for the release of warm liquid at the appropriate moment.

Gloria was already stripped for action by the time I had the thing out of its pack. "Slowly now," I told her. "I've got to fill it first."

"Hurry up," she said anxiously. "I'm nearly there with this thing." She rubbed up and down her shiny sex with her dancing finger tips. Her eyes were closed and her parting lips were wide open as her tongue darted hungrily round them. She breathed heavily and her milk-white breasts heaved slightly with the nipples standing out like pink cherry buds.

I stripped off and filled the double dildo with warm milk which I had heated on the small burner where we made coffee. It was a comfortable thing to put on and some of the warm milk trickled down my thighs.

"Oohh," moaned Gloria, licking her lips and rubbing her quivering fingers faster and faster. Her eyes were open now, but still heavy-lidded with lust as she stared at the pink penis substitute which I was slowly inserting into her quivering moist hole. I felt myself arch back with ecstasy as I experienced the joyful feeling of fullness which the latex prick gave me.

I thrust myself on top of her and rammed my pink latex prick up her pussy. Her vaginal spasms were so strong that they transferred themselves through the rubber cock to my own miniature body and within moments I was jerking with the ecstasy of orgasm. At the height of my pleasure, with my sexual sexual expertise and timing, I squeezed the rubber bulb so that both got a hot shot of warm milk which extended the ecstatic sensation for what seemed like an eternity.

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"Pull that one in for a start," said the Chief Inspector, pointing the finger at me. "And you, medium," he said to me, "will be charged with selling articles which are likely to corrupt and deprave. Anything you say now be taken down and used in evidence against you."

"Be me, be me," said my defence, choosing to wait for the moment.

"What?" screamed the Chief Inspector.

"You're the clever!" She does it all without opening her mouth. "He left with a smile and a wave."

The Chief Inspector's minutes were clearing the shelves of the "evidence" although I noticed that a few of our more popular vibrators found their way into the hidden (brown paper) pockets.

"Now," said the witness, "Quarry dropping with one and doing for a while, well, you..."

"That's very clever," said the Chief Inspector. "How do you do it?"

I was writhing out of my seventh organs and gasping for breath. "I'm sorry you know how."

"Humph," said the Chief Inspector, clearing his throat. "I don't think we need to take this case after all," he said to his boys. "Put everything back and get back to the station."

He left me still and stared at him as though he'd blown his mind.

"Don't stand there like village idiots," he screamed. "Put everything back upstairs and get back to the station!"

I stared out the window and lay back on the counter as I finally laid the little thing which I had used me under a pile of empty boxes.

When the door was closed the Chief Inspector turned to me with a look of loving lust in his eyes. "Now I'd really have to inspect the goods if you would please."

I already raised myself over a comfortable chair and raised my legs into a more relaxing position. The door was locked with a flick of a master key.

"Now what about this man here you've got to show me officer..."

THE END

Like all good things, my sexual activities with Gloria had to come to an end since impatient customers were hovering round the cash desks waiting for their purchases to be packed in plastic wrappers. Gloria was happy, I was happy and I left that afternoon, when Victor called in (holding only slightly after his moderation) he seemed happy.

But as I said earlier, it is only occasionally that I am seduced down with responsibilities like Gloria. On an average day I have time for fun and frolic with my customers. Opportunities arise like accidented pricks almost hourly to allow me to have my will away with frustrated lack restraints.

Sometimes I have to admit that I have off more than I can chew or take on more than I can handle but the fact is that I'm always right. The incidents begin with misadventure. One in particular almost ended up like Victor's.

"I'd like a penis developer," said a customer who was Rainer Garter's size but had the features of a young Tom Cruise. "Could you advise me on size?"

"Certainly sir," I said, smiling down at him. "Would you describe yourself as 'small', 'medium' or 'large'?" I couldn't help thinking that if anything, was in proportion the description was found to be "medium".

The customer frowned up at me. "I don't know really," he said vaguely. "I've never really measured it."

"Well, I mean, in comparison to others, how would you judge it?" I asked, trying to be helpful.



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He stood before me up to his full height of five feet and looked indignantly at the other men's cocks. "I'm not the type to go around looking at other men's cocks," he said.

"You sure you're not?" I placed "Would you care to step into the fitting room and I'll bring in a selection for you in those lines?"

He nodded easily and straddled through the curtain into the small cubicle. I took a small and "average" vacuum developer from the shelves and followed him through the curtain. When I saw him I turned the valve to make me get a gasp which was half surprise and half delight. My handsome customer had the largest cock I'd seen since I left Daddy's farm.

"I don't really think it requires development," I said, trying to keep my voice calm as possible and closing my eyes together in an effort to stop the laughing.

"Miss customer weighed his weapon in both his hands. "I suppose it's a reasonable size," he said. "And really, I don't think I have much more to say. You think and I'm done for." He looked down at his.

Ever willing to help I suggested a cock ring. "Customer Rank of Records size, of course," I added quickly.

He smiled and let his eyes linger on my bare legs which, without their summer tan, increased by my pale blue maid. His dangerous danger began to chatter and laughter.



"But we'll have to get it on quickly or it will be too late. I look as if I've lost it in the chair so let me get the largest cock ring we had in stock. Back to the shop." I knelt before the waiting phallus and raised one of my special lines - the Arab Strapless Cock Choker. At I pulled it down the steadily swelling member I sensed that my cocky little client was getting ready. I gave him a little prick on the huge, swollen purple head which swelled so enticingly close to my face.

Tasting the first taste of power I couldn't resist a longer line of the apple and I closed my eyes round the head. It was so enormous that I thought my mouth would trap round the edges as he began to thrust deeper and deeper down my throat.

Retar, relax, I told myself and I took a deep breath. I cupped my hands round his hairy balls and allowed him to push a little harder.

"That's wonderful," he said, slowly withdrawing the glowing weapon from my mouth until it rested with a resounding "pop". Normally I would have come with the first one. Do you think I could try it on a regular - er - up to you? The whole way, so to speak. I promise I'll not let anything happen to it.

His penis was looking ever larger and more swollen and I let a twinge of anxiety as I watched a bevy of pink pussies on his handsome face. I heard my mouth quickly, trying to give him relief and he closed one eye like a sex-crazed Albatross into a



back on his. He grunted and grunted as I rose and went with his flaccid throbbing but the cock ring got tighter as his body widened and still he didn't come. All that happened to Victor came to mind.

Eventually he rolled off me, panting with exertion. "It's not good," he moaned. "I can't come at all now. Get this thing off me!"

"I'll do it for you," I said, bending willingly to my task but with little success.

"That's not your way to do it," he growled, holding his whopping member steadily.

"He's back," I exclaimed with sudden impatience and rushed off to the push near door to beg a bucket of oil.

"Now it's time," I told my agitated customer.

He plunged in gradually between the ice cubes and set back water for a smacking, cooling sensation.

"It's coming," he said with charming treble. The cock ring slid off with a clunk into the sink bucket and the poor man's head expanded to the door, moaning his body said, shivering damply.

"I don't think I'll practice my Transcendental Meditation, and see if that helps my staying power."

"Have you a packet of New-Land Manifesto tablets?" I suggested, determined not to lose a sale after all the hard work I'd put in.



He shook his head wearily, protecting his cock with both hands as though I had suggested castration.

"That's really work," I argued.

"No, just action with the tablets," I argued.

"Only 70p."

"Oh, all right then," he said with a weary sigh and handed me a pound note. He didn't seem to be for the chair.

I forgot about him just a few days later. I was trying not to use very large addition to stock - the Talking Vibrator which says deliciously rude things to its partner rhythmically inside you. In the middle of my trial I was called to the front counter to deal with a very shy young man, who was inspecting about one of our most popular lines.

"Yes, sir. Can I help you?" I said in my most efficient manner.

"I'm going to look up on you for me, my dear, and my vibrator, in a deep moulded one."

The young man stared at me open-mouthed. "I'll be in a couple of days."

"That would be like a multiple orgasm!" said the judging mechanical hand which was doing it all for me.

"Two what?" I asked, wishing I'd remembered to watch the thing off or take it.

"Two," said the vibrator. "You've got a beautiful little face. You're going to look it and look it like never

SEXY SUPERMARKET

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moon raker hand dildo

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Jana Euler
In Brussels
2024
Oil on canvas
180 x 140 cm
EUR 120,000 +VAT

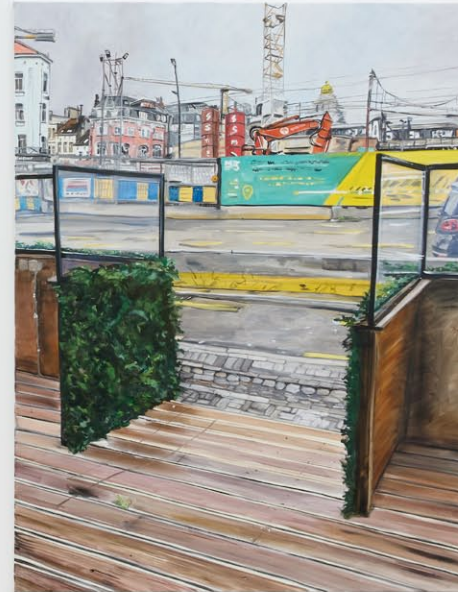
Installation view, Jana Euler, Oilopa, Wiels Brussels 21 June - 29 September 2024

Left to right on wall- *In Brussels* 2013 Oil on canvas 190 x 145 cm

In Brussels 2024 Oil on canvas 180 x 140 cm

With “Oilopa,” Jana Euler (*1982) has given Brussels the messy show it deserves. The painter’s casual survey at WIELS channels the EU capital’s chaotic energy and distills it in two eponymous paintings (*In Brussels*, 2013 and *In Brussels* 2024, 2024), where construction sites and traffic jams constitute sites of contemplation.... In his 2015 essay “The Sext Life of Painting,” critic John Kelsey already observed that “contemporary painting knows it’s busy building, decorating, and financing a sort of virtual café on the scale of the global metropolis, where all art is now café painting.”

Emile Rubino, Spike Magazine, Summer 2024





Gillian Carnegie

8

2021-2022

Oil on canvas

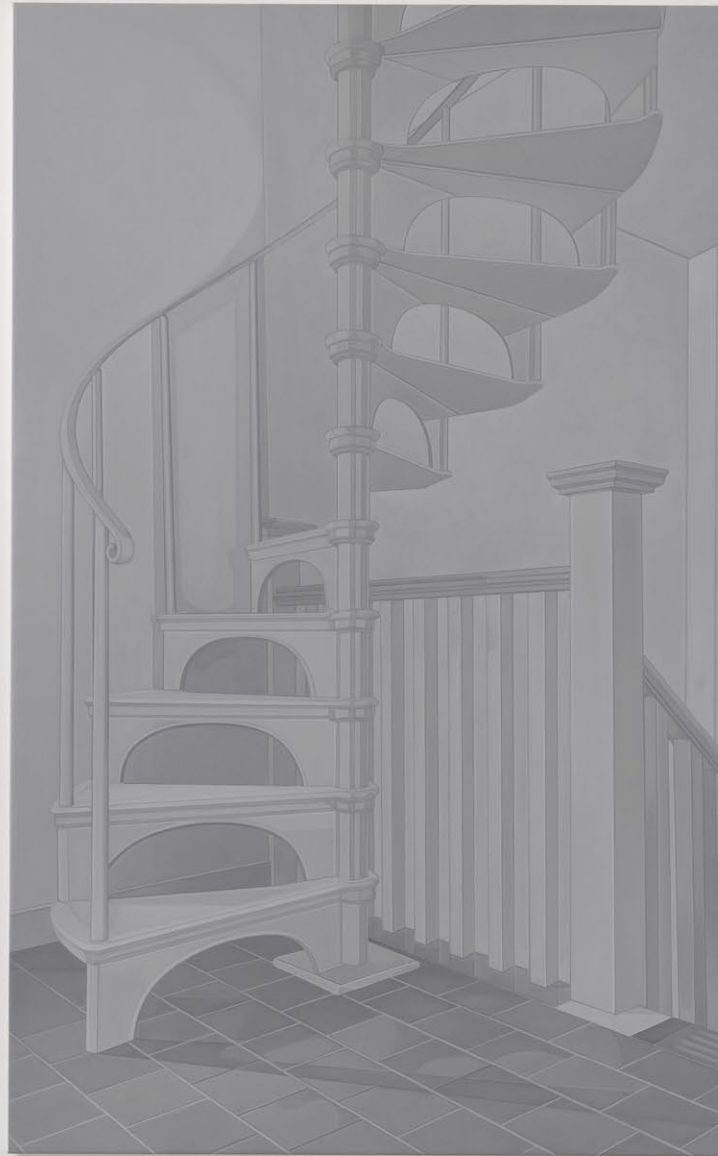
203 x 127 cm

Unique

£90,000 GBP +VAT

In repainting the same things, Carnegie has not painted them the same way: It's not that she has made many versions of the same painting, but rather that she has made many paintings showing the same things in distinct ways. She does this not by registering changes in the conditions of perception, as an Impressionist would have done—her linear, non-atmospheric approach to form and her anti-naturalist palette are proof of that—but through subtle shifts in her own representational choices. She seems to be playing variations on the theme of “difference and repetition,” exploring how, as Gilles Deleuze observed at the start of his book of that title, “to repeat is to behave in a certain manner, but in relation to something unique or singular which has no equal or equivalent.”

Barry Schwabsky, Artforum, April 2025





Ed Atkins *Untitled* 2025 Ink on artboard, 77 x 55 cm
SOLD



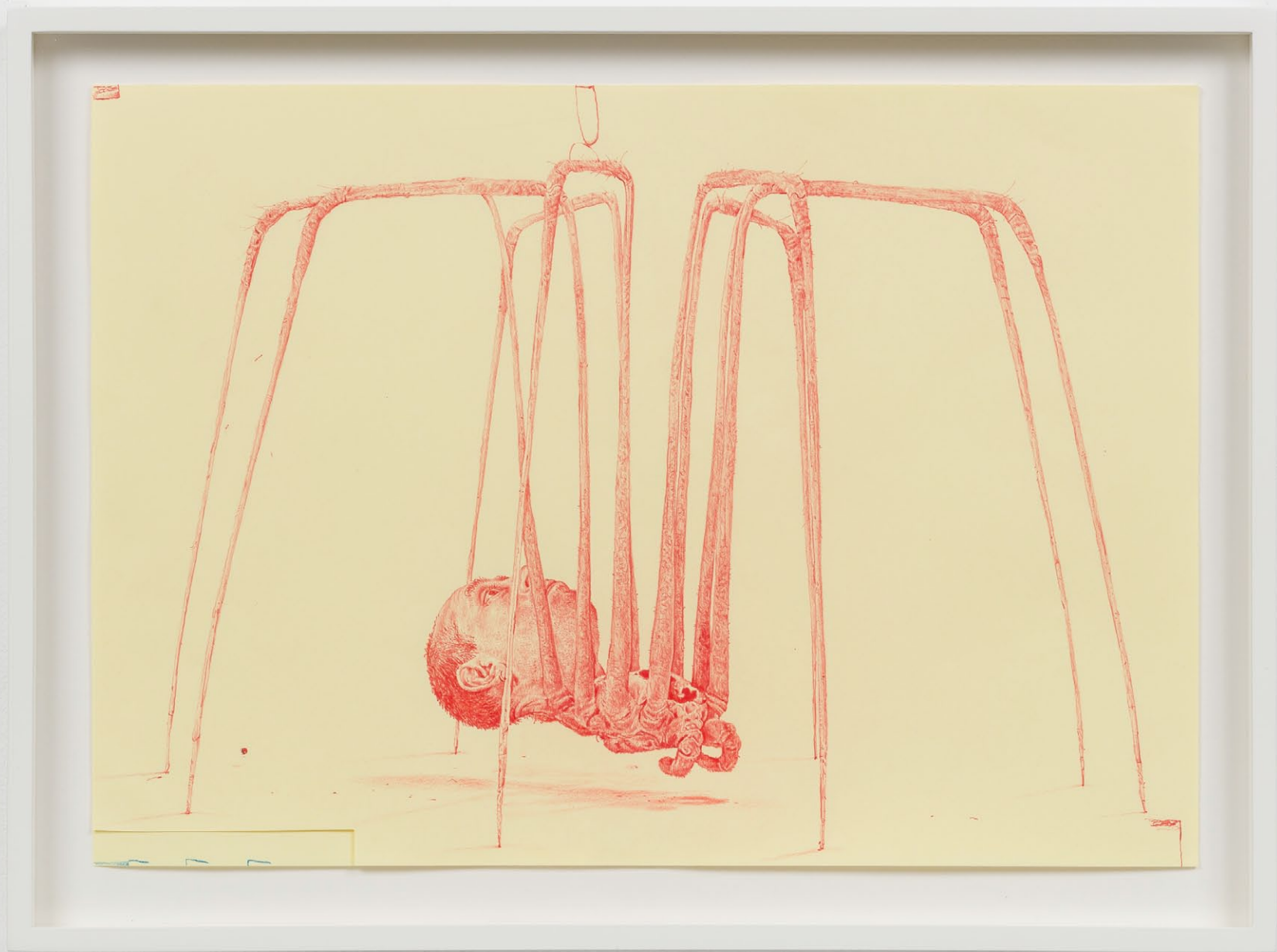
Ed Atkins *Copenhagen #5* 2023 Coloured pencil on paper Artwork: 420 x 297 mm Framed: 480 x 355 mm
£22,000 GBP +VAT



Ed Atkins *Copenhagen #7* 2023 Coloured pencil on paper Artwork: 420 x 297 mm Framed: 480 x 355 mm
£22,000 GBP +VAT



Ed Atkins *Copenhagen #9* 2023 Coloured pencil on paper Artwork: 420 x 297 mm Framed: 480 x 355 mm
£22,000 GBP +VAT



Ed Atkins *Copenhagen #10* 2023 Coloured pencil on paper Artwork: 420 x 297 mm Framed: 480 x 355 mm
£22,000 GBP +VAT



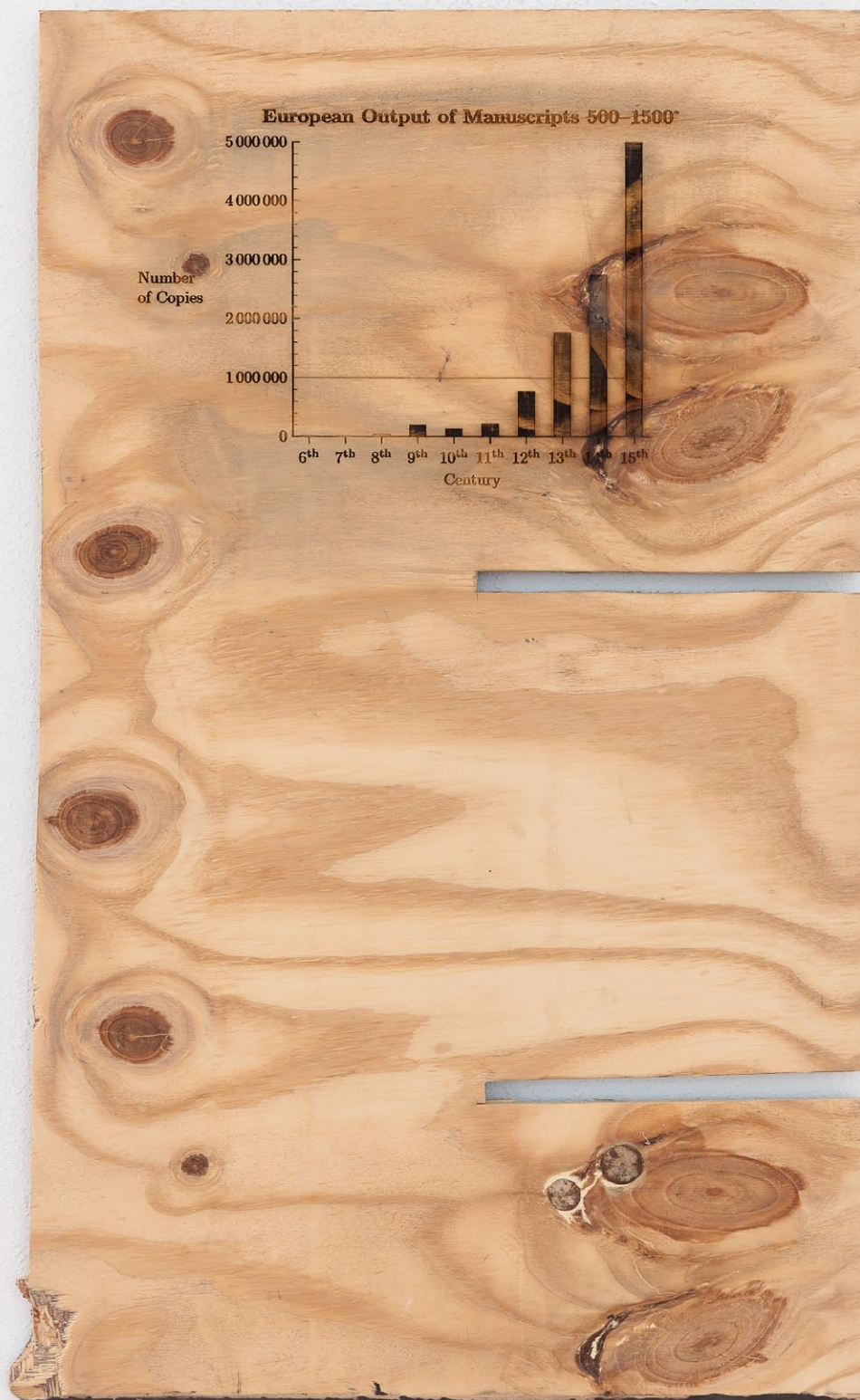
Ed Atkins *Untitled* 2019 Laser engraving on found board 186 x 122 x 3 cm Unique
25,000 euros +VAT

Throughout the early to late middle ages through maybe the great depression, the plains, swamps, and fringe of society were marked not only by abject poverty--your teeth falling out of your periodontal tender gums from a diet consisting of grains and plucked leaves, maybe never seeing an orange or salt in your life--but an education as inbred as whatever family you took after.

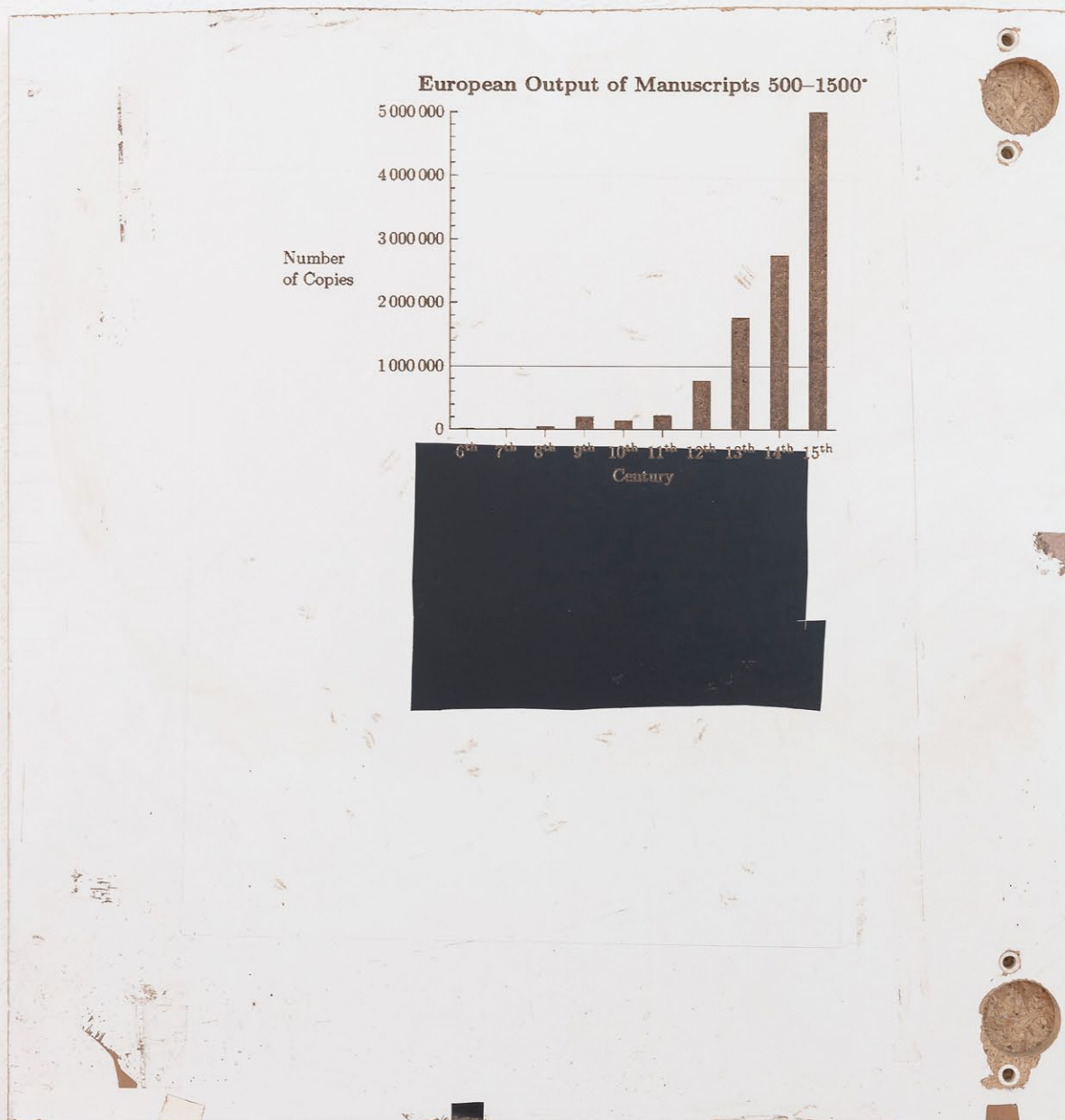
You're deeply uneducated, who toiled in filth, starving, whose children learned about sex from watching animals. Your wildly undernourished bones hefted wet bales of whatever grass stood for a diet, whose toilet paper was corn cobs, crushed twigs.

Teeth falling out of your gingivitic skull and eyes bulging from gaunt skin. You had lice. Black rats living among you. You ate continually re-boiled cauldrons of gruel, eternal stews. It would not have even occurred to your family not to whip you. Incest was rampant, boys set upon by red dogs.

You would have never seen anyone write a word or draw a picture. Never seen an ocean. You were as stupid as a log. Men in coats came and stole from you. Generations of nervousness for predators eventually evolutionarily hardwired your suspicion for being watched, inventing spirits in the trees, sentient forests, eyes from the sky. Disease rotting your children's bodies, you knowing nothing of why they died. Selling a daughter to feed the rest wasn't unreal. You were as educated as the wind and subject to it. You were a small cold animal in a hut of rotting straw. Your dream occupation was copying books in a drafty castle by candlelight for bread. An imbecile who toiled the land ashamedly, in hopes of some relief, without dignity. A flesh object. Without hope for dramatic redemption.



Ed Atkins
Untitled (wall text)
2017
Laser engraved wood
81 x 48.1 x 1.1 cm
Unique
SOLD



Ed Atkins

Untitled (wall text)

2017

Laser engraved wood

51.2 x 48.6 x 1.7 cm

Unique

£8,000 GBP ex VAT



Caspar Heinemann
Time Machine B 2025
Wood, plastic, gaffer tape, electrics
113 x 26 x 27 cm
Unique
£8,000 GBP +VAT



Installation view, Caspar Heinemann, *Sod All*, Studio Voltaire, 7 May – 3 August 2025

The transparent walls of the tanks are covered in a thick layer of black duct tape, but small cracks permit a view inside. Each Time Machine is illuminated by a ‘basking’ light bulb, coloured light/ heat systems with dimmer switches that set the temperature and variable brightness for different reptiles. These miniature worlds, uninhabited, set up possibilities for thinking about the meaning of sod as a word for soil or land; these long-dead ancient civilisations still resonate across a range of cultures to the point where they are seen as appropriate decorations for domestic reptile enclosures. This evokes the way that the ancient world exists as a generic set of fantasy images (Gladiators! Egyptian Mummies!), compressing and distorting the past in ways which can provide gateways to the pseudoscientific theories popularised by Erich von Däniken and, latterly, the television show *Ancient Aliens*. Such accounts posit that only extraterrestrial creatures could have been capable of building the Egyptian pyramids or Teotihuacan, perpetuating racist beliefs that ‘civilisation’ is the property of the West alone.

– Larne Abse Gogarty, *Art Monthly* May 2025



Caspar Heinemann

Glorie #12, 2022

Cardboard, acrylic, tape, string, dental floss, metal,

Huberd's shoe grease

8.5 x 23 x 13 cm

Unique

£7,000 GBP +VAT

Each of Heinemann's birdhouses has an entry hole for the birds. The holes are a "functional" feature but also create their own pattern—recurrent, at a regulated height. Spaced around the edge of the gallery, they have another symbolic meaning as glory holes. Unusable given the context, they are the most obvious way into some of the exhibition's key concerns—gay sex and queer relationality. There is a specific set of material requirements for sex to end in procreation, and sex acts that are not intended for, or cannot produce, offspring exist outside of this baseline.

- The House in Which We Live: Caspar Heinemann, by Alexandra Symons-Sutcliffe, Mousse, September 2022



Kobby Adi

Instrument

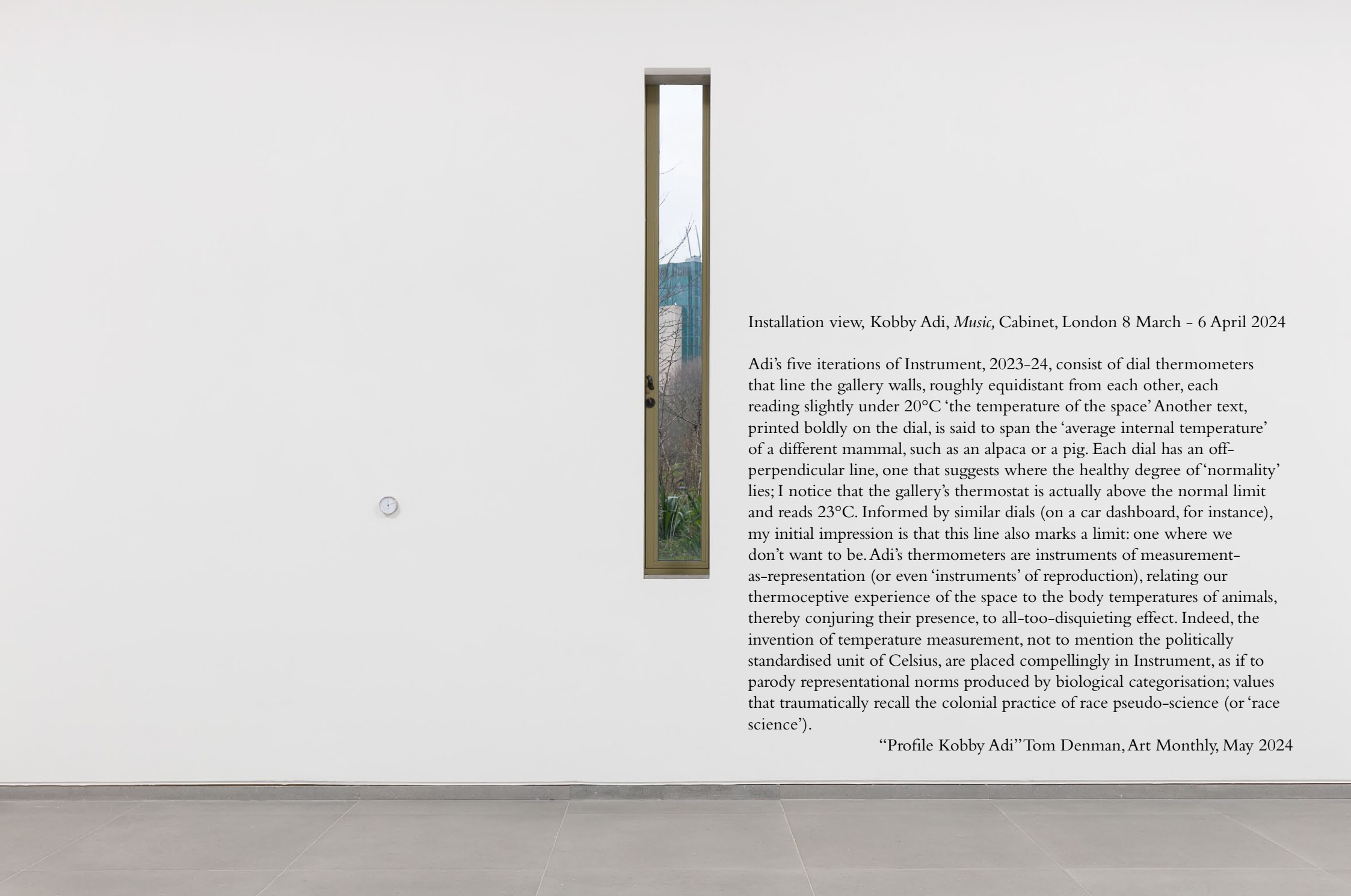
2023-24

Bimetal thermometer measuring the temperature of the space, and indicating the average internal temperature of an rabbit (37.5 - 38.9 °C)

83 (diam) x 34 mm

Unique

£5,000 GBP +VAT



Installation view, Kobby Adi, *Music*, Cabinet, London 8 March - 6 April 2024

Adi's five iterations of *Instrument*, 2023-24, consist of dial thermometers that line the gallery walls, roughly equidistant from each other, each reading slightly under 20°C 'the temperature of the space' Another text, printed boldly on the dial, is said to span the 'average internal temperature' of a different mammal, such as an alpaca or a pig. Each dial has an off-perpendicular line, one that suggests where the healthy degree of 'normality' lies; I notice that the gallery's thermostat is actually above the normal limit and reads 23°C. Informed by similar dials (on a car dashboard, for instance), my initial impression is that this line also marks a limit: one where we don't want to be. Adi's thermometers are instruments of measurement-as-representation (or even 'instruments' of reproduction), relating our thermoceptive experience of the space to the body temperatures of animals, thereby conjuring their presence, to all-too-disquieting effect. Indeed, the invention of temperature measurement, not to mention the politically standardised unit of Celsius, are placed compellingly in *Instrument*, as if to parody representational norms produced by biological categorisation; values that traumatically recall the colonial practice of race pseudo-science (or 'race science').

"Profile Kobby Adi" Tom Denman, *Art Monthly*, May 2024



Kobby Adi

Instrument

2024

Bimetal and human hair polymeeter with blank faceplates

24 x 13 x 3.5 cm

Unique

£7,000 GBP +VAT

Two works both titled *Instrument* (2024) feature polymeters (devices containing both a thermometer and hygrometer) that have been altered to have their measuring scales removed. Left blank with active dials, the sculptures remain mystically suggestive as to what or who is being measured and detected.

- Press release for Kobby Adi, Cloisters & Instruments, Swiss Institute, New York,
1 May – 25 August 2024



Kobby Adi

Instrument

2024

Bimetal and human hair polymeter with blank faceplates

25 x 10,3 x 3.5 cm

Unique

£7,000 GBP +VAT

Cause and effect, performance and photography. Likewise, the empty interiors of handbags, vulgar and functional, are spread open to reveal signs of wear. When selling a bag online, there is always this image, a Chaplinesque cheap gag: empty pockets in black and white, hands parting folds, making the personal public, extracting value from what is left.



Calla Henkel & Max Pitegoff Documentation (Bag 8), 2023 gelatin silver print 40.64 x 32.38 cm ; 16 x 12 3/4 in
USD 7,500.00 +VAT



Calla Henkel & Max Pitegoff Documentation (Bag 2), 2023 gelatin silver print 40.64 x 32.38 cm ; 16 x 12 3/4 in
USD 7,500.00 +VAT



Gili Tal
Attractions
2018

Digital print on roller blind, fluorescent under cabinet strip lights

180 x 138 x 12 cm

£6,000 GBP +VAT



Gili Tal

Join In

2018

Digital print on roller blind, fluorescent under cabinet strip lights

180 x 138 x 12 cm

£6,000 GBP +VAT



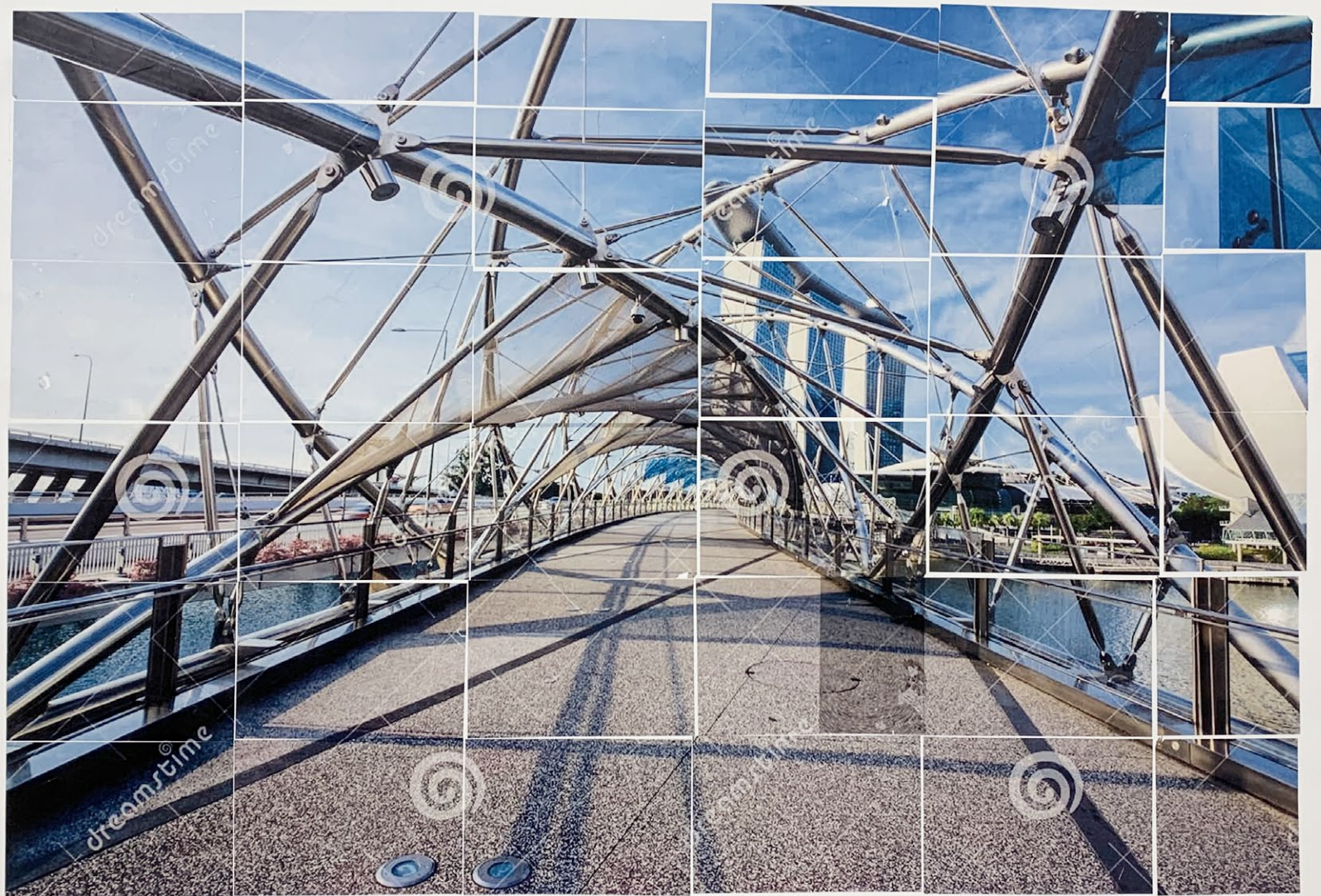
Gili Tal

Places for Connection, 2019

Lazertran and varnish on canvas, 160 x 110 cm

Unique

£10,000 GBP +VAT



Gili Tal
Places for Connection, 2019
Lazertran and varnish on canvas, 165 x 115 cm
Unique
£10,000 GBP +VAT



Gili Tal
Windows (Rainscreen Wash) I
2020
Inkjet print on canvas
140 x 135 cm
Unique
6,000 Euros ex VAT



Gili Tal
Windows (Rainscreen Wash) III
2020
Inkjet print on canvas
140 x 135 cm
Unique
6,000 Euros ex VAT



Gili Tal
Windows (Rainscreen Wash) V
2020
Inkjet print on canvas
140 x 135 cm
Unique
6,000 Euros ex VAT

CABINET

Art Basel 2025
Hall 2.1 Stand K15

Further available works

art@cabinet.uk.com

Ed Atkins

Untitled

2020

Acoustic foam, moulton and
embroidery on found cotton

302 x 93 cm

Unique

22,000 euros +VAT





Turning to the subject following a spate of online speculation about the fact Kaczynski had spoken to a psychiatrist about a desire to transition to a woman, Heinemann developed a more complex perspective on this story than the split perspective that dominated online discourse. While anti-trans voices situated the story as evidence that gender variance or being trans is a form of mental illness, trans perspectives campily suggested that hormones might have presented a path out of terrorism. Set in relation to the beautiful sculpture *Grandfather's Axe*, which reimagines Kaczynski's homemade bombs as a kind of craft project, Heinemann's drawings of "Theodora" in her cabin deftly weaves through his preoccupation with nature, interpretation and radical politics.

- Larne Abse Gogarty, *Art Monthly*, May 2025



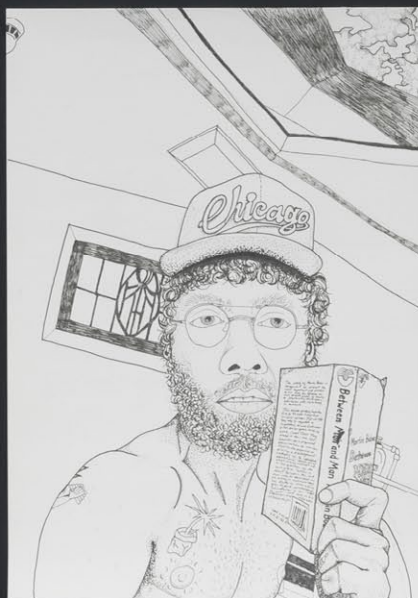
Caspar Heinemann
Theodora and Her Cabin (Exterior), 2023
Pen, ink, and pencil on paper
60 x 60 cm (23 ½ x 23 ½ in)
Unique
£3,000 GBP +VAT



Caspar Heinemann
Theodora and Her Cabin (Interior), 2023
Pen, ink, and pencil on paper
60 x 60 cm (23 ½ x 23 ½ in)
Unique
£3,000 GBP +VAT

As we discussed when he was preparing materials for this show, Kaczynski first came into Heinemann's consciousness via the mythical status the Unabomber attained within eco-anar-chist circles. Hence Heinemann's self-portrait, *Between Man and Man*, which also refers to the title of a book by existentialist philosopher Martin Buber. Here, Heinemann interprets his own place within this speculative reimagining of Ted as Theodora, pottering around her cabin, examining his own transition, as well as the limits within his personal history of political commitments. The project thus asks us to consider how the defence of nature might slide towards nativism and essentialism, a problem which in the *Time Machines* is reversed to examine how 'civilisation' becomes nature.

- Larne Abse Gogarty, *Art Monthly*, May 2025



Caspar Heinemann
Between Man and Man, 2023
Pen, ink, and pencil on paper
60 x 60 cm (23 ½ x 23 ½ in)
Unique
£3,000 GBP +VAT

Caspar Heinemann

CABINET

Art Basel 2025 Hall 2.1 Stand K16

art@cabinet.uk.com



Henrik Olesen

Belly (keyboard, plugs, wash powder)

2021

MDF, acrylic, screen printing ink, digital print on paper, spar varnish, metal

32 x 39 x 32 cm

Unique

\$28,000 USD ex VAT



Henrik Olesen

Belly (keyboard, plugs, wash powder)

2021

MDF, acrylic, screen printing ink, digital print on paper,

spar varnish, metal

32 x 39 x 32 cm

Unique

\$28,000 USD exVAT



Mark Leckey

Void

2025

Marquee lights sign

198 x 126 x 15 cm

Edition of 3 + 1AP

£45,000 GBP +VAT

Installation view, *As Above So Below*, Lafayette Anticipations, Paris, 2 April - 20 July 2025



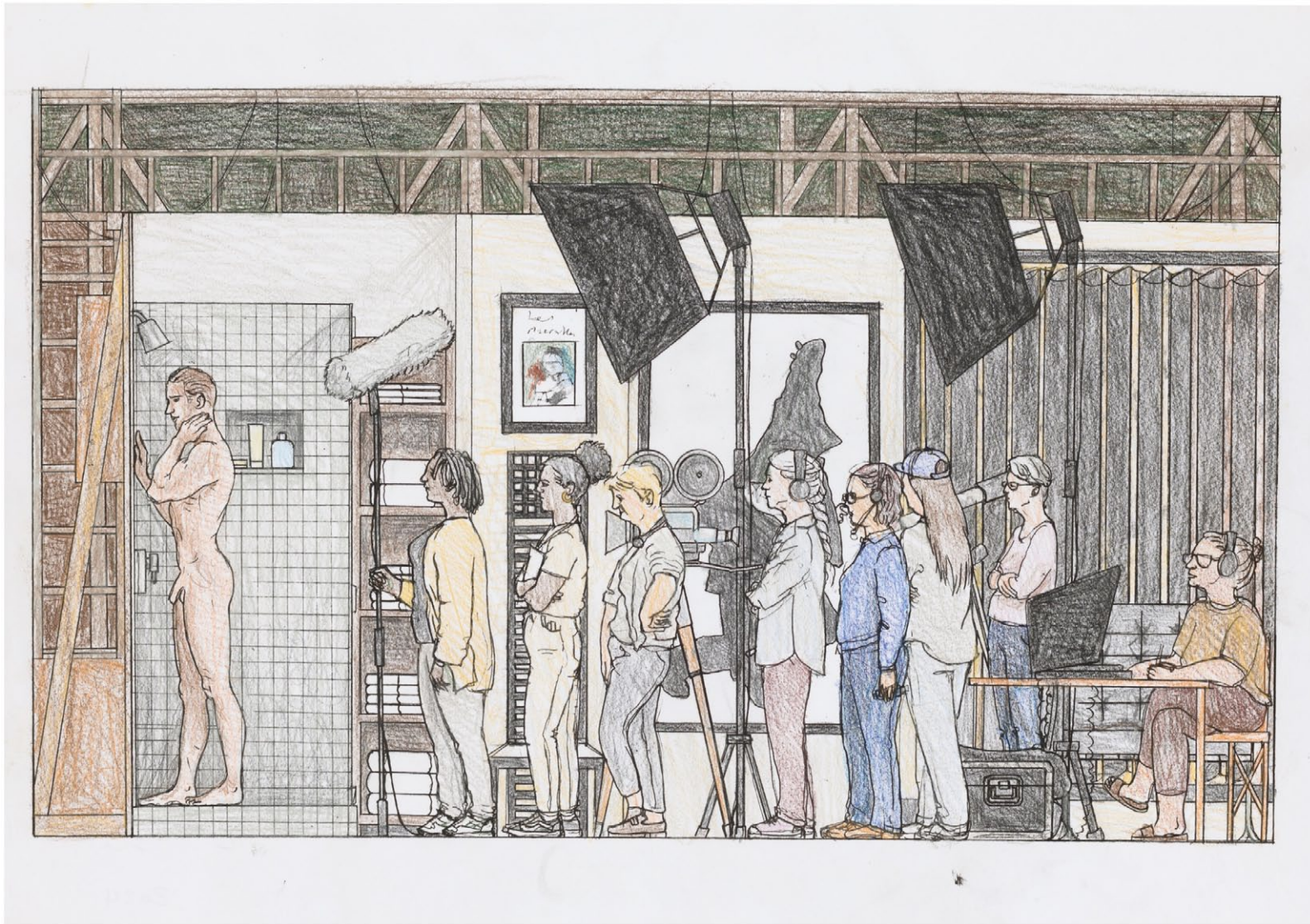
Lucy McKenzie

Drawings for Mural Proposal for Jeffrey Epstein's New York Townhouse (Filming of American Psycho), 2024

5 parts, pencil, colored pencil, pen on paper

Part 1 of 5 - 29.7 x 42 cm

Sold as a set of 5, £40,000 GBP exVAT



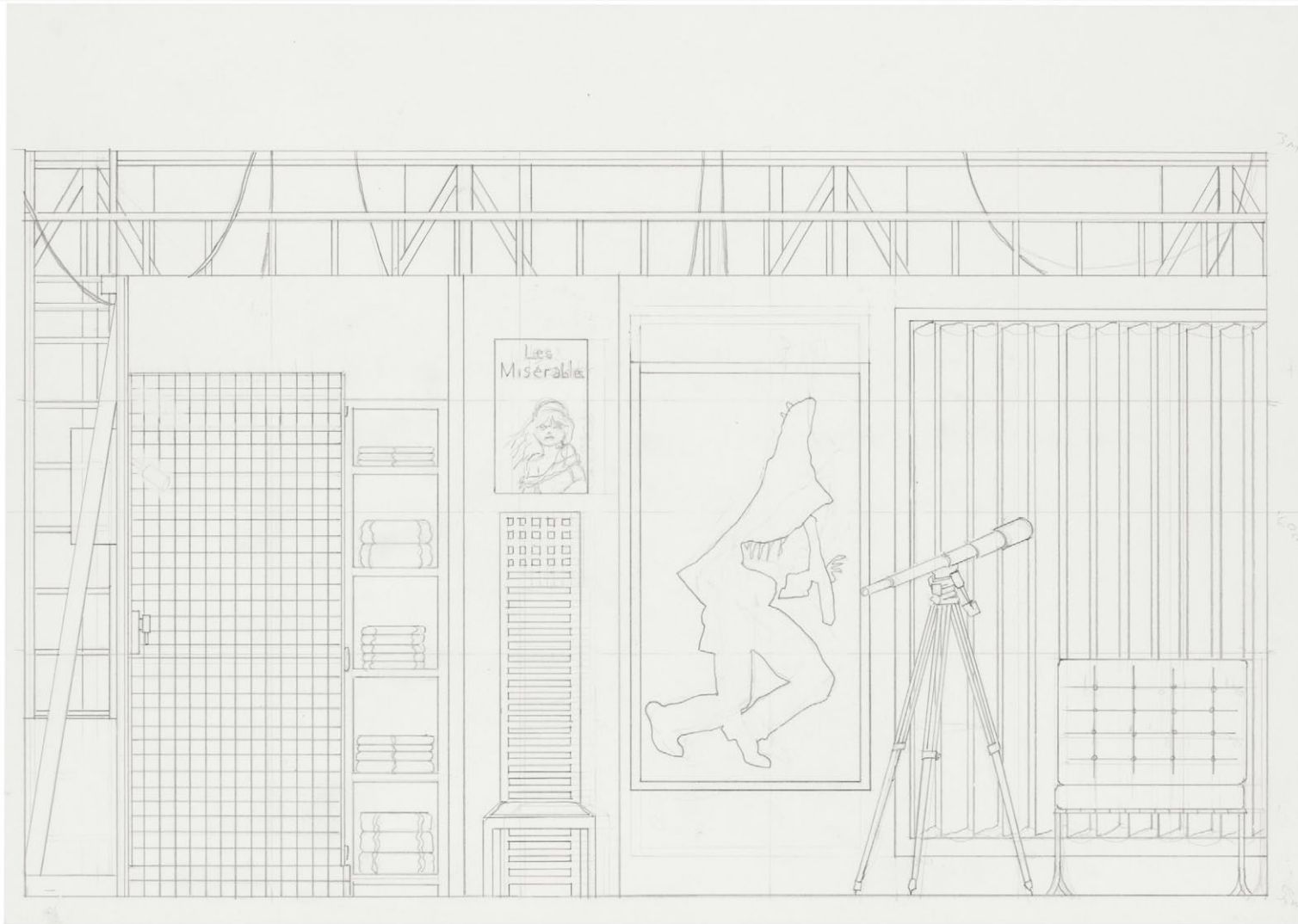
Lucy McKenzie

Drawings for Mural Proposal for Jeffrey Epstein's New York Townhouse (Filming of American Psycho), 2024

5 parts, pencil, colored pencil, pen on paper

Part 2 of 5 - 29.7 x 42 cm

Sold as a set of 5, £40,000 GBP exVAT



Lucy McKenzie

Drawings for Mural Proposal for Jeffrey Epstein's New York Townhouse (Filming of American Psycho), 2024

5 parts, pencil, colored pencil, pen on paper

Part 3 of 5 - 29.7 x 42 cm

Sold as a set of 5, £40,000 GBP exVAT



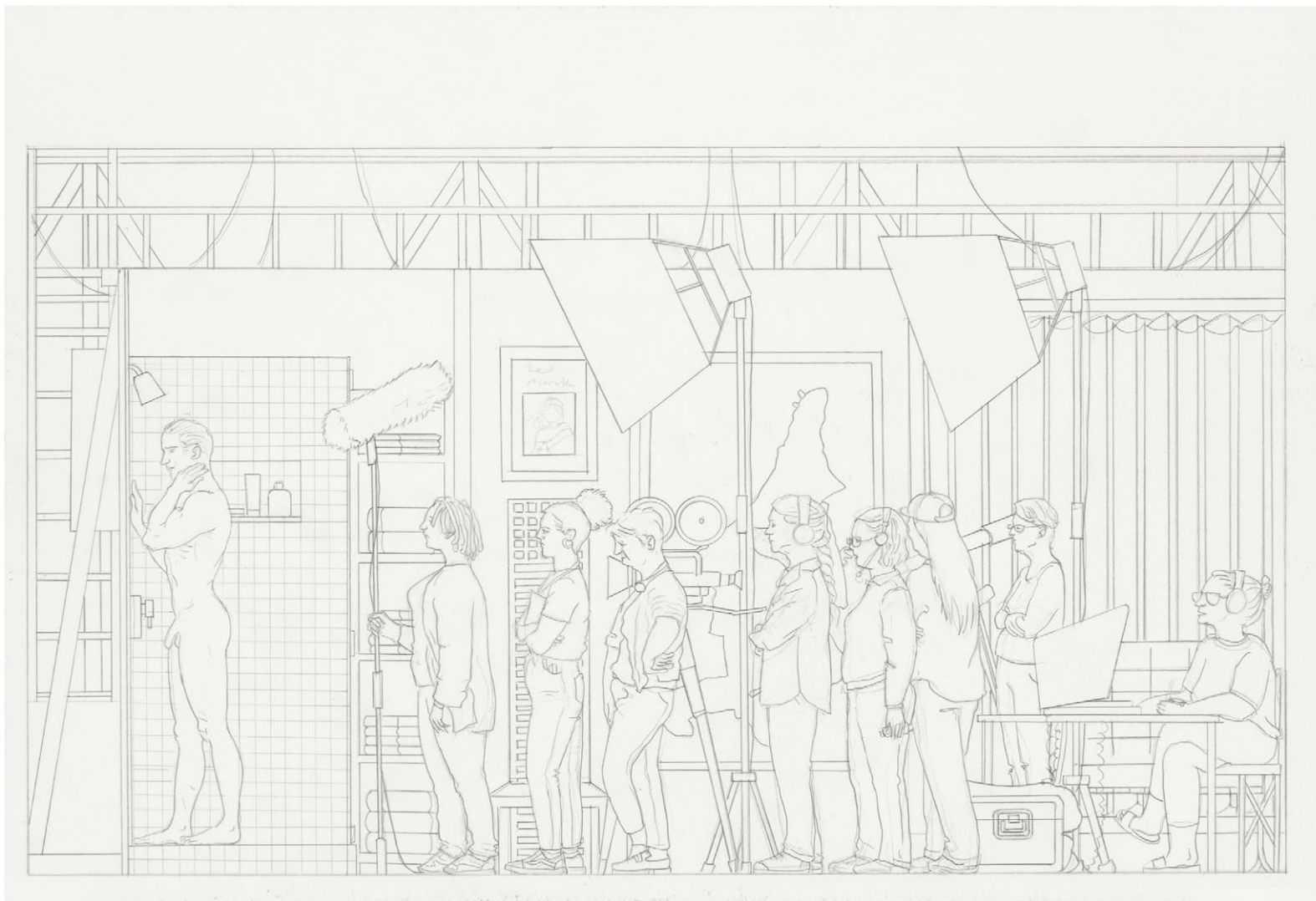
Lucy McKenzie

Drawings for Mural Proposal for Jeffrey Epstein's New York Townhouse (Filming of American Psycho), 2024

5 parts, pencil, colored pencil, pen on paper

Part 4 of 5 - 29.7 x 42 cm

Sold as a set of 5, £40,000 GBP ex VAT



Lucy McKenzie

Drawings for Mural Proposal for Jeffrey Epstein's New York Townhouse (Filming of American Psycho), 2024

5 parts, pencil, colored pencil, pen on paper

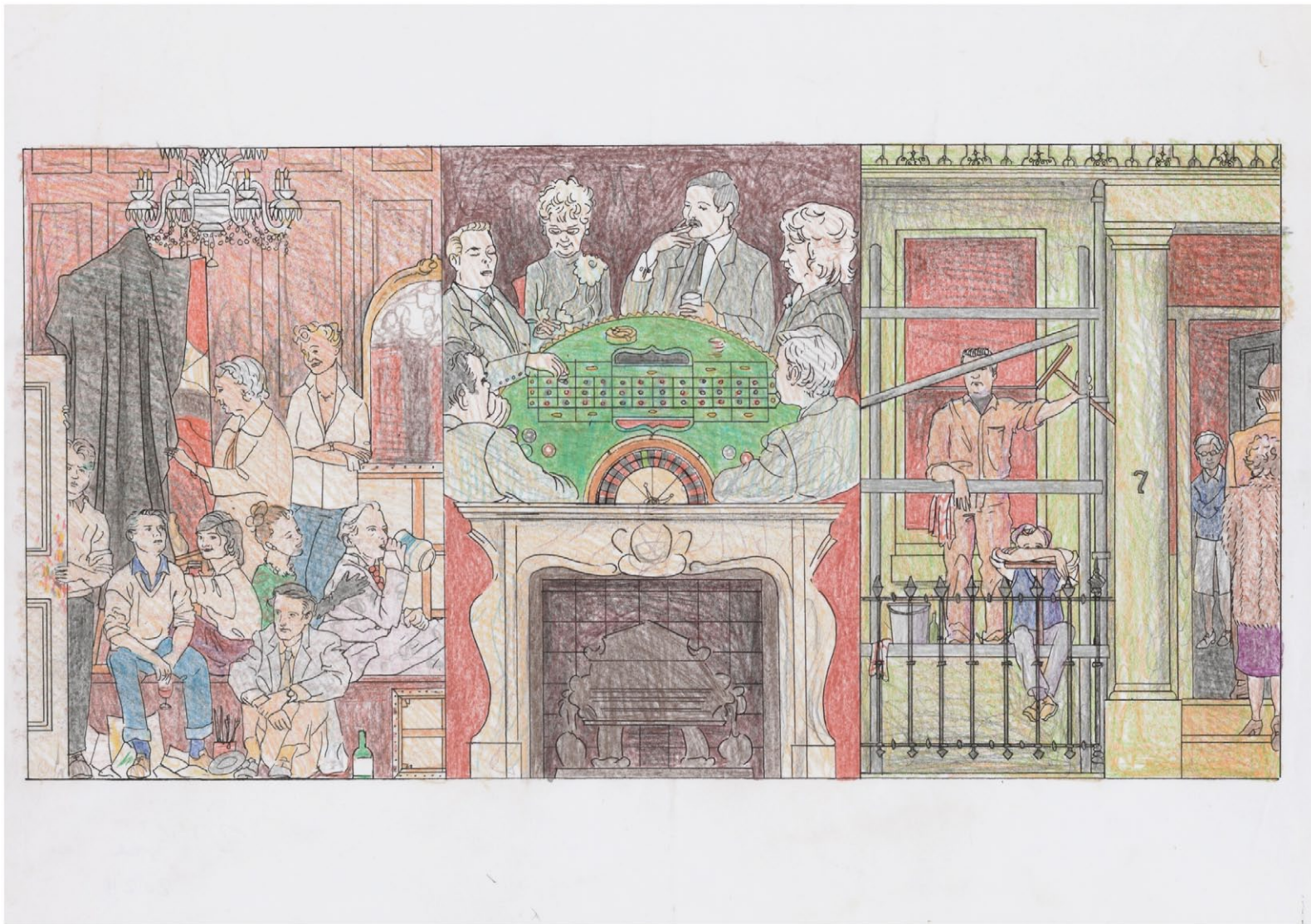
Part 5 of 5 - 29.7 x 42 cm

Sold as a set of 5, £40,000 GBP exVAT

Lucy McKenzie
Mural for Cromwell Place (Francis Bacon's studio)
2024
Oil & acrylic on canvas
300 x 600 cm (3 panels 300 x 200 cm)
Unique
200,000 euros + VAT

Installation view, *Super Palace*, Z33 Belgium, 29 September 2024 - 23 February 2025





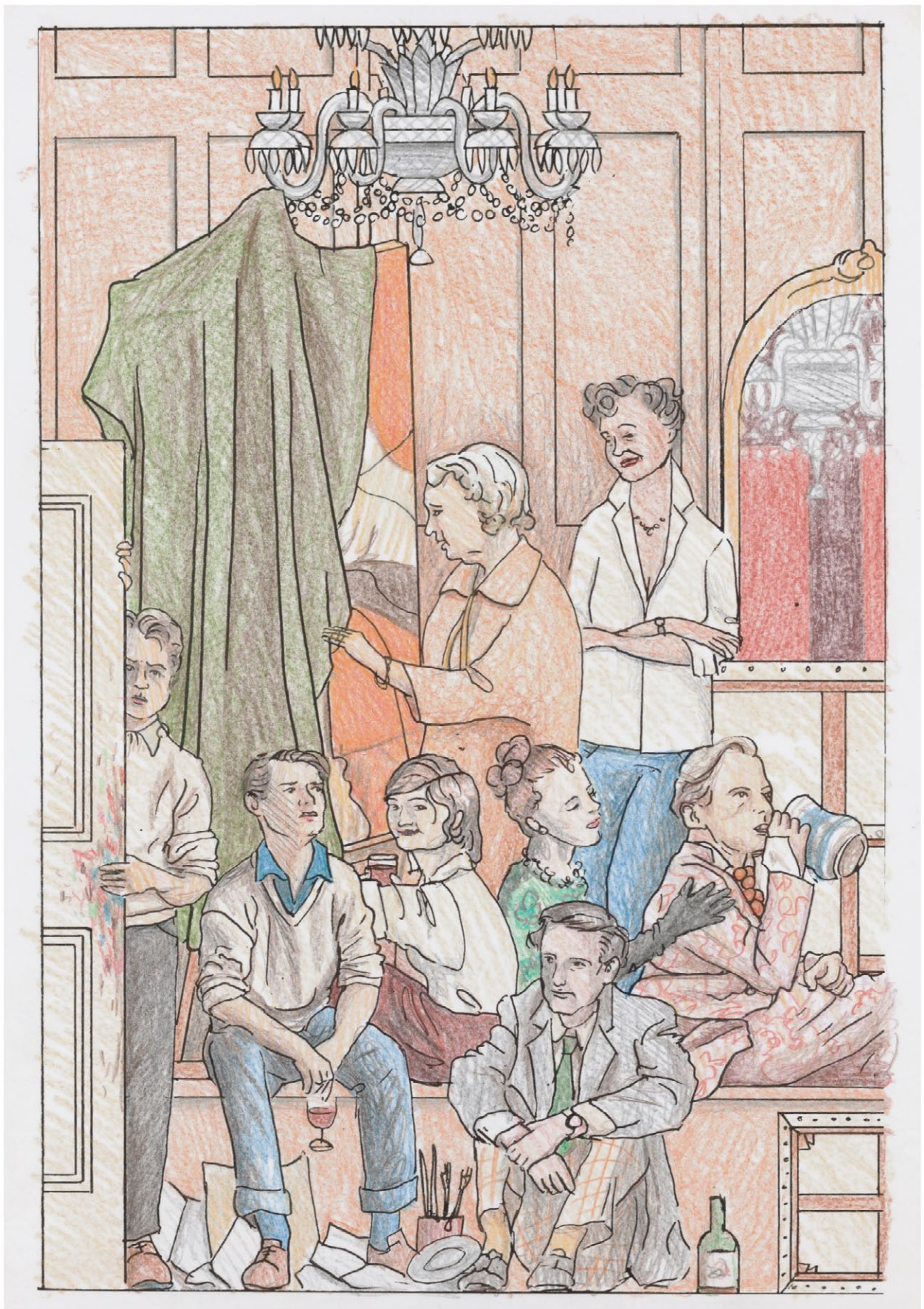
Lucy McKenzie

Drawings for Mural for Cromwell Place (Francis Bacon's studio) 2024

6 parts, pencil, colored pencil and pen on paper

Part 1 of 6 - pencil, colored pencil and pen on paper 42 x 29,7 cm

Sold as a set of 6, £40,000 GBP ex VAT



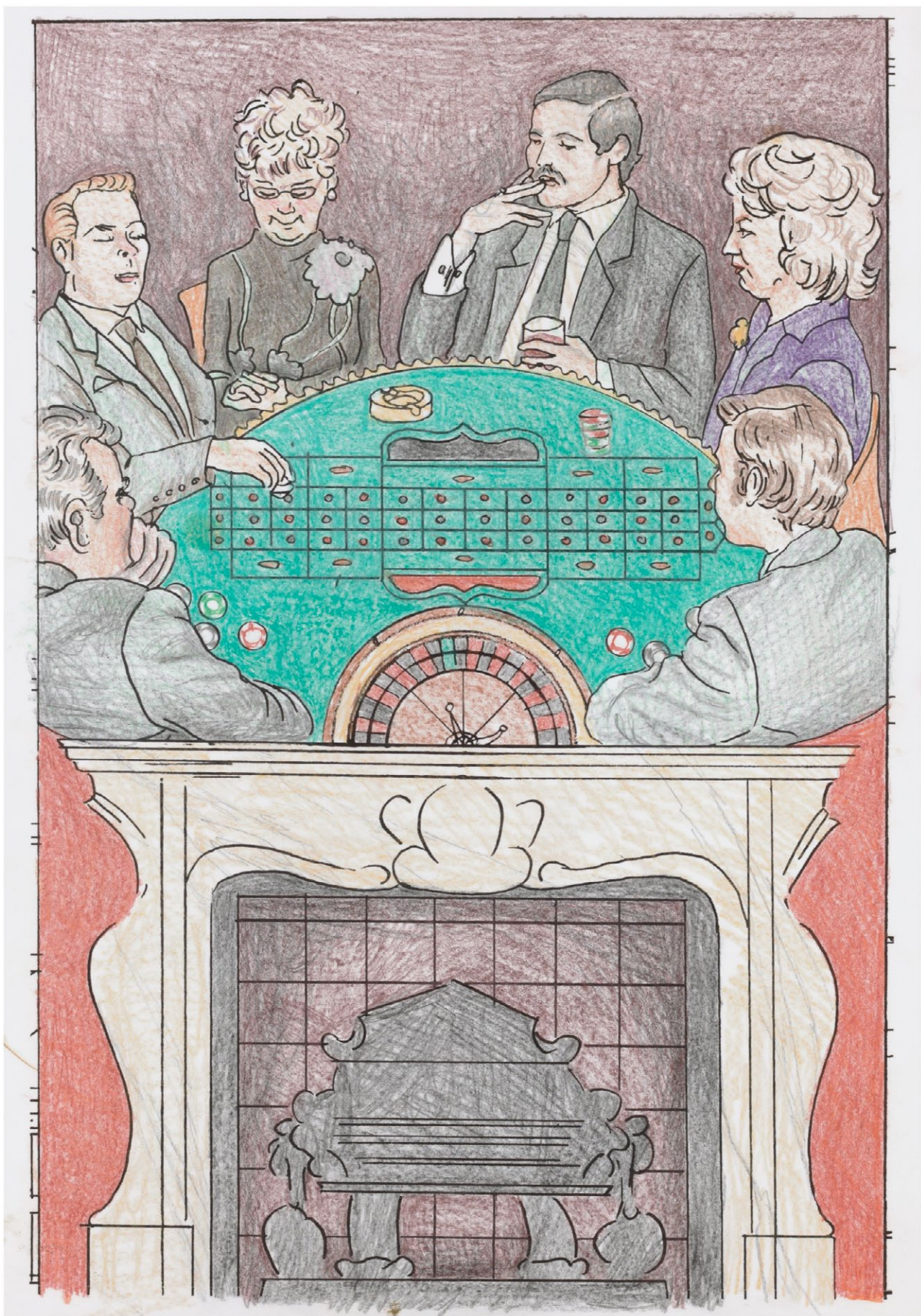
Lucy McKenzie

Drawings for Mural for Cromwell Place (Francis Bacon's studio) 2024

6 parts, pencil, colored pencil and pen on paper

Part 2 of 6 - pencil, colored pencil and pen on paper 42 x 29,7 cm

Sold as a set of 6, £40,000 GBP ex VAT



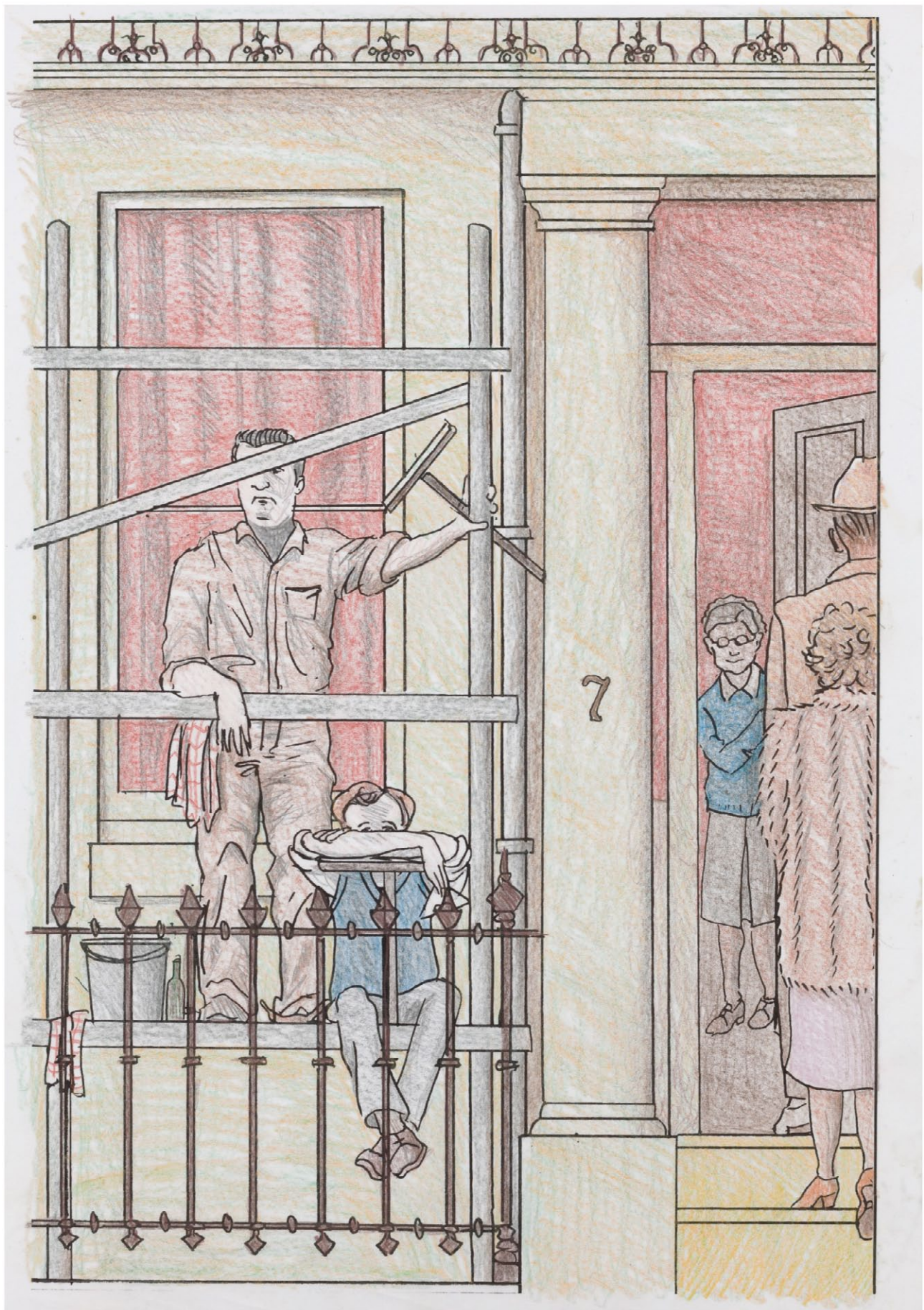
Lucy McKenzie

Drawings for Mural for Cromwell Place (Francis Bacon's studio) 2024

6 parts, pencil, colored pencil and pen on paper

Part 3 of 6 - pencil, colored pencil and pen on paper 42 x 29,7 cm

Sold as a set of 6, £40,000 GBP exVAT



Lucy McKenzie

Drawings for Mural for Cromwell Place (Francis Bacon's studio) 2024

6 parts, pencil, colored pencil and pen on paper

Part 4 of 6 - pencil, colored pencil and pen on paper 42 x 29,7 cm

Sold as a set of 6, £40,000 GBP ex VAT



Lucy McKenzie
Drawings for Mural for Cromwell Place (Francis Bacon's studio) 2024
 6 parts, pencil, colored pencil and pen on paper
 Part 5 of 6 - pencil on paper 42 x 29,7 cm
 Sold as a set of 6, £40,000 GBP exVAT



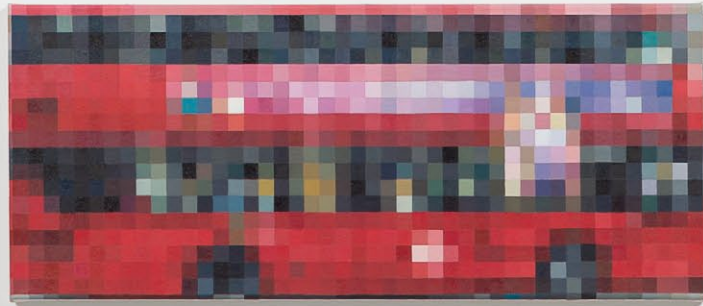
Lucy McKenzie

Drawings for Mural for Cromwell Place (Francis Bacon's studio) 2024

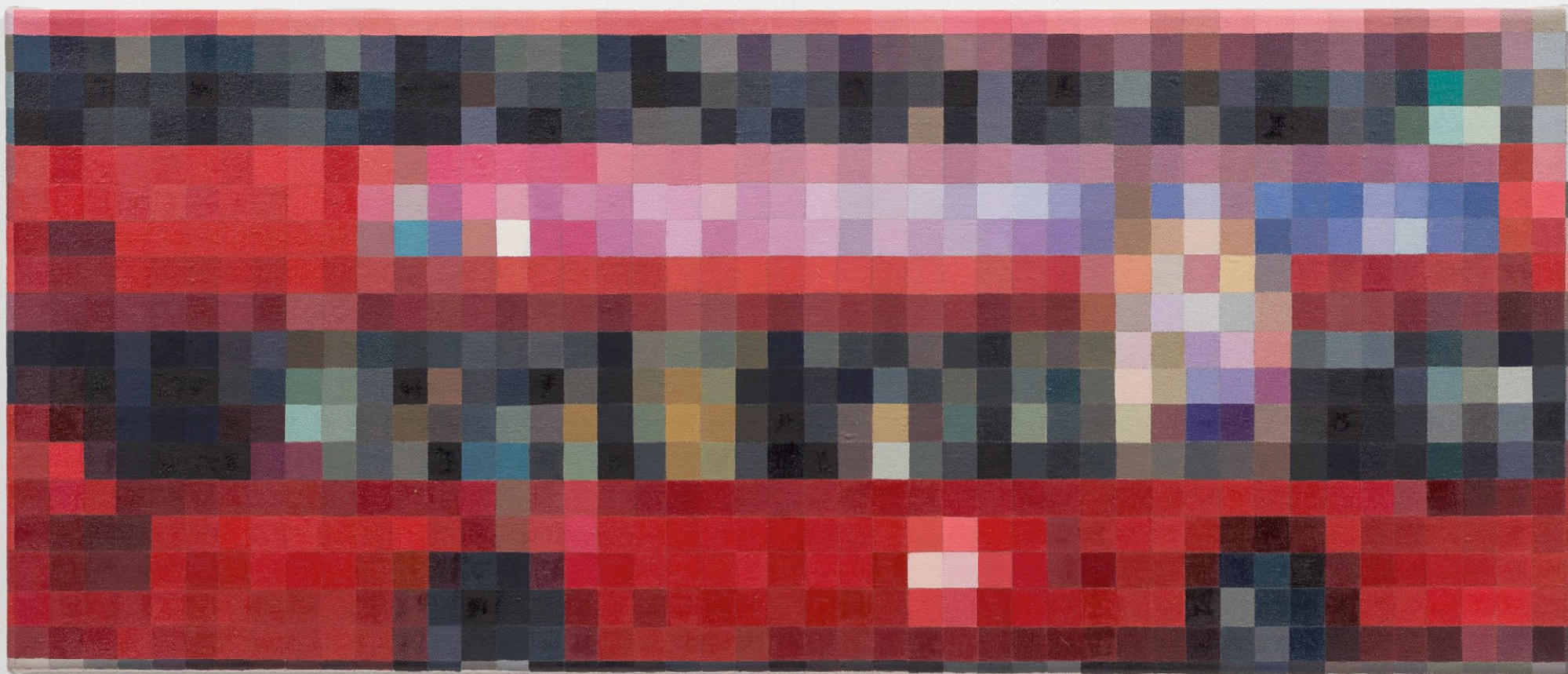
6 parts, pencil, colored pencil and pen on paper

Part 6 of 6 - pencil on paper 42 x 29,7 cm

Sold as a set of 6, £40,000 GBP ex VAT

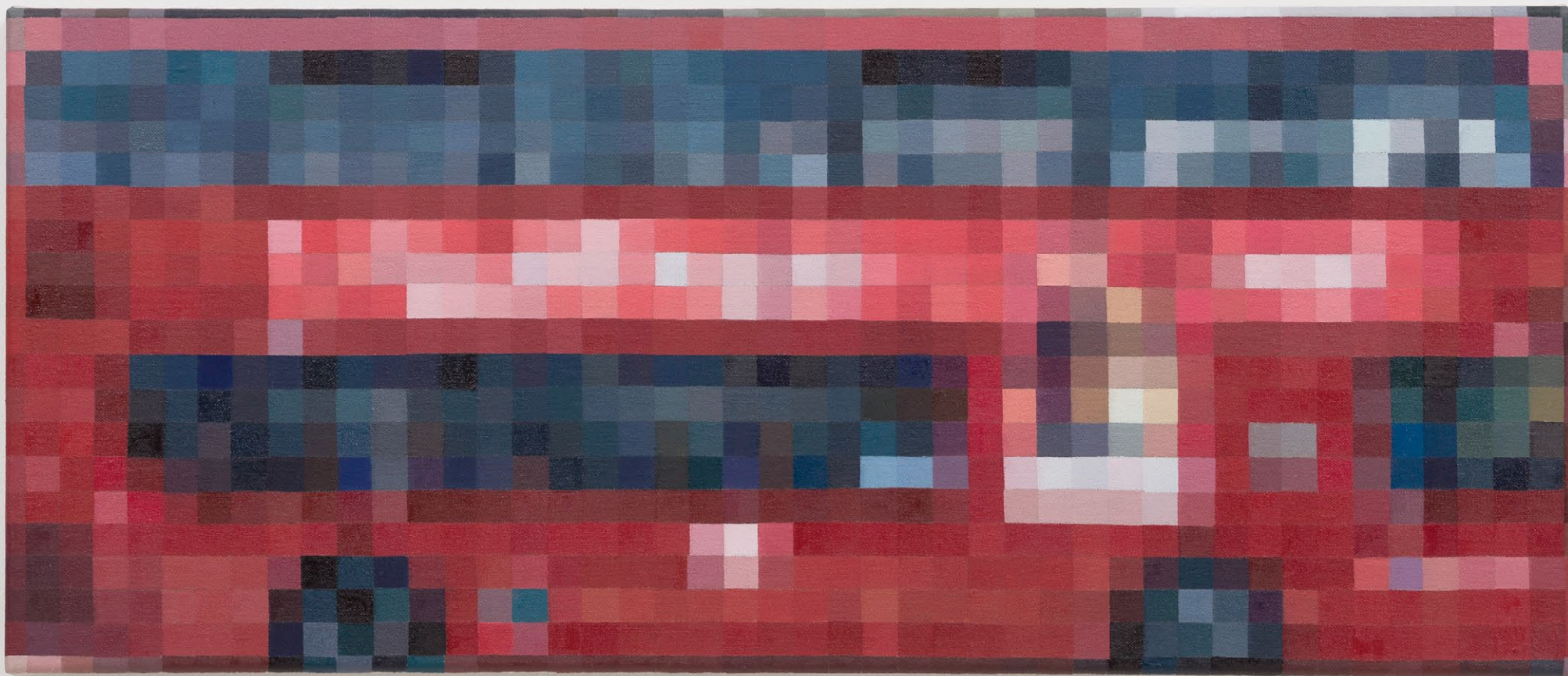


Gili Tal
You May See Butterflies V.b
2022
Oil on canvas
70 x 30 cm / 27-1/2 x 11-4/5 in
Unique
£8,000 GBP exVAT





Gili Tal
You May See Butterflies VII
2022
Oil on canvas
70 x 30 cm / 27-1/2 x 11-4/5 in
Unique
£8,000 GBP exVAT





Atiéna R. Kilfa

PLM Series (1)

2023

Digital print on Hahnemühle Photo Rag Ultra Smooth 305 gr., with wooden frame

20 x 30 cm / 7.9 x 11.8 cm

Edition of 3 + 1AP

£2,000 GBP ex VAT



Atiéna R. Kilfa

PLM Series (2)

2023

Digital print on Hahnemühle Photo Rag Ultra Smooth 305 gr., with wooden frame

20 x 30 cm / 7.9 x 11.8 cm

Edition of 3 + 1AP

£2,000 GBP ex VAT



Atiéna R. Kilfa

PLM Series (3)

2023

Digital print on Hahnemühle Photo Rag Ultra Smooth 305 gr., with wooden frame

20 x 30 cm / 7.9 x 11.8 cm

Edition of 3 + 1AP

£2,000 GBP ex VAT