

What is the connection between kiosks, awnings, parasols, tents, curtains and psychedelic designs? These are all stations on Moni K. Huber's journey as a paintress. They are not merely lifeless, but rather the protagonists of a multi-layered narrative: a story that on the surface is about mobile structures and temporary dwellings, about memories of childhood summers, camping tours and the feeling of freedom. In its unseen depths, however, the story tells of the allure of intimacy created by thin tent walls—permeable membranes between inside and out, a textile means of sensual concealment and flamboyant self-expression.

Moni K. Huber's inquisitive gaze dissects the human-made, removes it from its original context, shifts the angle, presents close-ups and distant perspectives—only to resurrect them as soulless tentscapes, caravans entangled in psychedelic patterns, and giant insect-like kiosks. Huber's playful, highly perceptive approach results in curious phantasmagorias and often evokes an atmosphere of fearsome pleasure. Whether from a distance or in detail, the artist always plays with the visible and the hidden, luring us into the innermost mental worlds, which nevertheless still hide their secrets. In these worlds, you lose yourself in velvety labyrinths that could have come right out of a David Lynch movie, such as *Blue Velvet*—a fabric thrown into folds, no longer protecting the façade of cheerful family summers. A world of patterns in drapery. (Christina Fieber)