PRIME SUSPECT

A Search for Clues in the Exhibition
LUCY MCKENZIE – PRIME SUSPECT
10 September 2020–21 February 2021
Ellie the cat is an explorer. Like the artist Lucy McKenzie, she lives in Brussels. That’s a city in Belgium. Are you as curious as Ellie? Then come along with her on her prowl and write your name here, in either really huge or very tiny letters. Perhaps you might even like to draw a picture of yourself. As a cat, if you like.

Ellie is out and about. The cat slinks through gardens, sniffs at the corners of houses, and blinks in the sunshine. Suddenly she pricks up her ears. Curious, she sneaks through an open window into a large room where two cats are brawling loudly.
"I swear it wasn’t me, Mack," yowls one of them. Mack puffs himself up. “Who else could it have been? You had a paintbrush in your paw, Frida.” Frida hisses back. “I did not make that red mark.” “What’s all this about?” Ellie asks nicely. “Maybe I can help. I’m the best sleuth around.” Mack points to a coat. “Frida was painting and dirtied the fabric. The facts are clear. She did it.”
Ellie looks at the paint mark. “That is no normal brushstroke. Can you see the tiny footprints? Someone first walked through paint, and then across the coat.” Frida and Mack look at each other in shock. Ellie’s whiskers twitch. “Don’t worry. I will find the intruder.”

Can you help Ellie follow the clues? Then sneak down the with her.

This symbol will help you with your search.
Ellie stands in front of a shop window. “What is this? A shop?” “It is an artwork,” explains Frida proudly. “Everything you see here was invented by our human, the artist Lucy McKenzie.” “And I thought artists painted pictures,” says Ellie, astonished. Frida shakes her head. “Lucy is very multifaceted and likes working with others. She designs clothes with the designer Beca Lipscombe. Together the two friends run a fashion label. It’s called Atelier E.B.” Ellie is in awe. “So this here is both fashion and art.” “Exactly,” answers Frida. “Lucy is interested in what people wore in the past, and how clothing changes us. Why not try it out?”

Atelier E.B (Lucy McKenzie and Beca Lipscombe), Faux Shop, 2018
15L Room -1.1

- What patterns or pictures can you see on the clothes? Where might you have seen them before, and which era do they remind you of?
- Draw a pattern that you would like to have on your T-shirt.
Work together with Lucy McKenzie!

- Color in Lucy’s mannequins and clothes in your own colors.
- Cut out the figure and change its clothes.
Design your own clothes on the empty pages at the end of the booklet.

Perhaps you would like to do it like Lucy: collect old and new patterns or pictures that you like, and put them together in a different order. This allows you to make exciting clothes that have traveled through time.
Good choice,” Mack declares when he sees Ellie. “With this coat you always have the mysterious mark with you. And it protects you from the wind and the rain, and it’s comfortable.” Ellie turns up the collar. “It is perfect. I feel like a famous detective. And what about these coats? Who are they for?” “Those are artists’ coats,” Mack explains.

“Lucy is interested not only in fashion, but also in work clothing. What did painters wear in the old days? What does Lucy need as an artist now? How can she move comfortably? Where should the pockets be, for example, so that she can easily reach her paints and paintbrushes?”

Workcoats, 2010
151 Room -1.1

Which professions can you think of that require special clothing? Write down or draw your ideas.

Clothing helps us to take on different roles. Sometimes we act differently depending on what we are wearing. Do you like to dress up? What role would you like to assume, and which special piece of clothing would you choose for the purpose? A coat that makes you invisible, or one that helps you to fly?
Ellie hears a rustling sound. She slinks quietly through a door into the next room. “How odd. The painting shows several houses in one,” she marvels. “Every wall is different.”

Frida sits down beside Ellie. “That’s right. Lucy often finds new ideas for her work among old things. Here she painted enlarged versions of small sketches by famous architects.”


On the left is a drawing by Lucy. Do you like the room? What new ideas do you have? How would the room look with colorful windows or painted walls?

Draw a piece of furniture from your home and send it on a journey through time. Decorate it with patterns, things, or colors, so that it fits into an old building. Or perhaps you would like to send the piece of furniture into the future?
“Sitting around isn’t going to get us anywhere,” moans Mack. Ellie follows the impatient tomcat and, after a few steps, stands still again in front of a painting. “A windowless room with a sky full of clouds. I’ve been around the block a few times, but I’ve never seen anything like that.” Mack turns around. “Lucy painted that after reading a book by Muriel Spark.” Ellie looks at the tomcat expectantly. “Really? What was the book?” “You really are a nosey parker,” Mack complains. “The book is called ‘Girls of Slender Means’, and tells of poor young women who live together in an old derelict house in London after the Second World War. The rooms were once large and pretty, but have since been divided and are now quite shabby.” Ellie takes a step closer. “There are so many marks on this wall, each of which tells its own small story.”

Join Ellie and look closely. What traces can you discover on the walls? Can you see where pictures once hung?

Sometimes the women had nowhere to take notes while speaking on the phone, and so wrote them directly onto the wall. What can you read? Perhaps you can think up a little story about the scribblings? Write it down, or scribble your own telephone note into the booklet.
Ellie continues slowly. “And what is that?” “That is a quodlibet,” says Frida. “It means whatever you wish. Lucy chose objects for it that describe someone or something. This is about Janette Murray. She knits things by hand. It is very time-consuming.” “I like the ball of wool. It’s something I love playing with. What a pity it’s hanging on the wall.” “It is only painted on,” says Frida, amused. Ellie stands right in front of the picture. “Unbelievable. It looks as if it were real.” Frida is delighted by Ellie’s enthusiasm. “Well, now you’re about to learn a difficult word. This painting technique is known as trompe l’oeil. It sounds funny, doesn’t it? It means deceiving the eye. The things look real, but they are only painted.”
In her quodlibets, Lucy does not paint the bodies or faces of people, but instead describes them using suitable objects. How would you depict your parents, siblings, or friends? Which things describe them, their skills, and preferences? Design a quodlibet at home with typical objects. Draw it or take a photo of it.
Come over here, Ellie,” Mack calls. “I’m at the murals. I think something just moved.” Ellie runs over to him. “Where are the walls of these pictures?” she asks. “In Glasgow,” Mack replies. “That’s a city in Scotland. It’s where Lucy grew up. Every day she passed the same murals. Later, she painted them herself.” Enthralled, both cats look at the paintings. “The pictures are almost identical. But not quite,” declares Ellie.

“If it Moves, Kiss It” series, 2002
151 Room 1.4

Can you find the differences between the two pictures?

Do you often walk past a mural or artwork? What does it look like? Why is it that you can remember it?
Minutes pass. Sadly, nothing else moves. But Ellie sniffs and notices a new scent. Something between a mouse, a mole, and paint. She follows the scent and scrutinizes various different sticks and stones as she passes. “Fancy that!” Ellie is astonished. “I can’t believe that’s a painting.”

“Oh but it is. Nothing here is as it appears,” Mack replies. “Lucy even went back to school to learn that. Here in Brussels she learned how to deceive the viewer with brush and paint. She was already a famous artist by that stage, yet still she had to practice a lot.”

What did Lucy imitate? Write down the materials you recognize.

Do you think Lucy could deceive your eyes and transform a cardboard box into a bar of chocolate using her paintbrush? What would you like to imitate, and why?
Ellie runs purposefully into the next room. “I can recognize marble tables,” she delights. “This one here is huge, and probably really heavy.” With one leap she jumps onto the tabletop and meows with shock. “What’s wrong?” asks Mack. “Have you found something?”

“No. I almost knocked over the cup,” says Ellie apologetically. She touches the cup hesitantly with her paw. “I should have known. Lucy has fooled me again. It is all just painted.” “Not everything,” Frida replies. “The lamp works.”
“Do you hear that?” Frida whispers. Ellie pricks her ears and nods. “We’re closing in. Come on!” Noiselessly the cats slip side by side into the next room and listen. Nothing moves. Not even the tiniest rustle. Ellie looks everywhere. No detail escapes her attentive gaze. “Everything I have seen so far all comes together here. Everything is connected: fashion, different materials, tromp l’oeil paintings. I feel quite dizzy.”
Exhausted, the three cats lie on a towel. “No trace of the art defiler, not even a blob of red paint,” says Mack, summarizing the result of their walkabout. “If an animal had crept in here, we would surely have found it with Ellie’s help.” Frida yawns. “Well, it’s actually better that we didn’t,” she mumbles tiredly.

“But someone must have painted on the coat,” insists Mack, “You’re back to being our prime suspect.” Frida jumps up. “It wasn’t me! What part of that sentence do you not understand?” she hisses, and flashes her claws.

“You can stop fighting,” intervenes Ellie. She holds up a piece of paper. “I have solved the riddle.” “Where is he, this culprit?” asks Frida excitedly. “Or it might be a she,” teases Mack. “Look here! I found this sheet on the table beside Lucy’s drawings. The red pattern is exactly like the mark on the coat. I was wrong. This wasn’t an animal, it was Lucy who painted the mark herself.” Frida shakes her head. “Unbelievable. Lucy fooled us.” “Once again,” declares Mack, „and this time all three of us fell for it.“
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