

HINTERGRUND¹

¹ with footnote

"By going back to them—by listening, reading, looking—I've found something I needed: a genealogy of dissonance and dissent deeply rooted in my culture. Not a language of affirmation, then, but one of inquiry and individuation, destabilization and refusal. Gaps, silences, pauses, intervals. Uncertainties, outsides. A language full of lacunae, sometimes filled by the body."

– Barbara Casavecchia: TACI, ANZI PARLA (SHUT UP. OR RATHER, SPEAK) 2016

Note: This text outlines the basic principles of the exhibition, feat. the MVPs of its plot (background = title of the work / related information – footnote = memo on the work / all about details, matters, processes), however, along the following passages unfolds only a minimal excerpt of the exhibited complex of works on display.

SCHWERES WASSER² 2024

Copper, solder fluid, acrylic, pigment
27 x 32 cm

DAS DRAUßEN KIND³ 2024

Copper, solder fluid, acrylic, pigment
183 mm x 120 mm

SOME OF YOU WOULD ATTEND THE OPENING OF A CAN⁴ 2024

Can, copper, tape
16 x 7 x 7 cm

² No signs of patina yet, just the taste of (not less) heavy waters...

³ Extracting, sorting, stacking, hammering, bathing, draining, waltzing, grinding operations, structuring, basing, masking, marking, scratching, scoring, staining, etching, biting, stinging. Burnish. Blending moments. Controlling contrast. Stop-Process. Start processing. Always in process. Over and over again. System Development. Layer by layer. Patinating.

Driven by copper. Picturing on plates. Perishing on plates!

Motifs vs. Motives Groundbreaking backgrounds, otherwise backed up in the shadows, indistinct at first glance, but all along closer than they appear, rise from the expanding depth of field, now setting the stage and tone for a dazzling showdown, drowning streaks sprawl in silence off the scale, gradually detaching from their well-worn-contours to step over the leading edges, becoming self-aware or reassuring themselves...

Slightly lost in waking landscapes of memories, lightly slumbering, yet darkly determined, like faintly flickering artificial waters... Almost liberated. But what flakes off, is still not willing to show its true colors. Impregnated aura. Forever authentic. Shaped in light. Hardly airtight.

Changing substances and scenes crossfade artistic and chemical chain reactions between and beyond varnish and firmament, crackling crackles break through the thicket of transfigured formulas and malleable fabrics, forming an ever-shifting play of shades and reflectivity at risk and at stake, like a shoal of scars that refuses to fade, non-linear unfinished stories in never-ending search of new legibilities and paces, once leaked, they won't leave, till the foreground seems to flow upstream – temporary materializations with their own logic and half-life, overburdened by conflicts and concepts, related in dust and ashes. Backstage loom delusional projections, symptoms of decline appropriate promises of salvation, that rarely harmlessly manifest power and pathos... From mines and smelters via critical raw to artificial materials, through to enraptured signs of time and decay that lend color, texture and depth to image spaces, turning pictorials into membranes of a façade morphology that instills serial memories – as material and media co-presences, traces and apparatuses – works, values and worlds in flux state of the earth | dead end art

⁴ Some things are best left a blur.

"Anything else is...false. Fake. But real. [...] Broken mugs everywhere. Nothing left to drink from. But I didn't. Instead, I just swallowed it all. And wished this was all invisible, pretend...something. But it wasn't." – Patina

From chalk grounds to linoleum and carpets to copper plates
Concentrated on-site potentials and material constants of an artistic research and sculptural consistency, which, with an/whose uncompromising stance in and on the work, delimits plastic intensities.

She has her grounds. At all levels, so close to the surfaces. Absently gleaming topographies, that contaminate any blinding clarity. Concrete shallows, no empty voids or deep bunkers, mind- and selfscapes, not clouds of vagueness. And she loves the porous glow of her surfaces, whether opaque sanded, set matted, muted or vibrant, abraded and fragmented, soaked in shellac, flimsy like lime or completely viscous. Burst into wax bloom, in a state of inner turmoil or smooth-polished paralysis, from cemented or sediment horizons to corrosive agents and living environments, anything but monotonous or monolithic. In the pull of the plates.

Nodal and tipping points of a grounding as well as eroding order that revolves around attributions about self and others, belonging and demarcation, socialization and civilization – modes of configuring relationality, mapping ever-present claims and contradictions on an aesthetic, emotional, political or territorial level. Patterns of fissures and fractures, a working model of the world as it is lived, bonded in a matrix.

SCHMUTZBIOGRAPHIE⁵ 2024

Copper, soldering water, pigment, acrylic
183 mm x 120 mm

BÜHNE FÜR ZUNEHMENDE SELBSTINZENIERUNG⁶ 2024

Copper, soldering water, pigment, acrylic
425 mm x 710 mm x 20 mm

LASSEN SIE MICH ZIEHEN⁷ 2024

Copper, soldering water, pigment, acrylic
550 mm x 690 mm x 20 mm

TEXT⁸

all that is solid, melts into air...

Translucent expectations, whose swarming illusions shatter while still in the sky, dissolve in the heat haze, their finite reflection alive in debris and darkening, suspended in abeyance, fixing an unsustainable state as dusk falls... until they realize that patina has by all means something to do with one's self.

fast-forward glimpses of the future, nothing but distant echoes of the past

⁷ She alone lets herself go, all (the) frames roll, her body loose. Ready to rumble.

⁸ Start from scratch. Constanze Metzel