

Über die Veränderung

[der Dinge (und Arbeiten)]

- the glimpse of the eye -

The Real.

Nichts ist wie es scheint.

backdrops on 'The Future is but a Second away'
Hannover . Berlin . Los Angeles . Hannover 2018 / 2019
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EaGTzPubQBc>

Here in Hanover staying flux is staying alive.

In a letter of gratitude, I wrote.

I was walking from the direction of lake Maschsee to the museum to pick up my bouquet of flowers, when I realized that I was incredibly satisfied with the show. It was winter and already dark outside. Around 5 in the afternoon. The lake was deep, almost black. Walking aside from it, I was able seeing the lid museum from far distance in the winter's cold and frosty air that embodied a breeze of warmth by times. The works were seemingly clear in that contrast of the frozen black and white. The museum's lid window-display elevated in the murk landscape of its surrounding. I approached slowly and let the image rise in my vision. In particular, I was thinking about the obstacles and challenges and the opening to grant something to the material. I admitted something to the image. It was allowed to partly write itself which added a liveliness that could not have been so comprehensive and dense without willing in to the real traces. The politics and physical manifestations, the rules of everyday life and existence that became visible and a part. It looked like a cave that bewares a trace of left-behind gestures offering us an understanding of a 20 thousand year old perspective. My thoughts commenced reaching a field of tension, a border. A border can easily topple over as a venture, but if you manage to balance on this edged line, the image arising creates an incredible wake. You are just sucked right into the picture because the perspectives are constantly shifting. They move, change and transform. They stay alive. Rather than representing a single picture or a single look, or even a label, the image steadily alters itself over and over. It renews and stays awake, dissolving the preset limitations of general constitutions.

It looks like a forest, she said.

In the forest you are somehow completely alien and completely yourself. And if you completely indulge into the forest's mood, then you are soon no longer alone. You meet flora and fauna in yourself, your most intimate fears and desires. If you fear losing or getting lost or even dying in the forest, it means that you will never return from it as the same. In the forest you are looking for change. You are disoriented in the slings of green patterns of habitus, of flickering light blinding your eye which adjusted to the dim. Your feet are crushing against the dry lightness of fallen leaves and shrubs, slowing your move down and making each step wised up.

Painting was always the representation of life. Daily life and its phenomena. Its heads, its leaders, its society, its time. The expression of feeling. It was earth on stone or earth on wood and became earth on cloth(es) and skin. What if I painted a forest in the appearance of an urban horizon materialized by mass products and fossil oil in interaction with an own creation of rock?

A horizon is a line that separates the sky from the earth. Regarding the natural horizon, the course of this boundary line depends on the location and height of the observer and the local conditions of its surrounding. Such landscape is depending on the gravid potential of its carriers.

An ideal horizon spans a plane.
A higher plane of reflection appearing as particles of time in facts.

The image was writing itself manifesting the real in its tangible concreteness. It is interesting that I approached the exhibition with a different expectation. Contrary to my artistic attitude I was seeking security and closure before it was there, done and completed. It felt authentic that this Fragmented Landscape could also enroll right in the room it would be presented in. In the museum's hall where it would gather for three months to evolve. The element of place specificity, the fact of the museum as an institution, the museum's own dynamics, its own character of cooperation and internal structure, the humanity of the whole exhibition process and the memory of my own biography and origin enrolled and became a part. *I was feeling freedom. I was feeling inspiration. I was fearlessly liberated from the common norm in the shimmering light of the lake's black disc I was pacing next to, the day after the opening.*

In the forest, you are most likely to encounter the interface between the individual and the collective self. Nowhere else do the archetypes seem to approach you so much, even though you seem to have gone there only in the darkness of your very own inwardness. The search for the originality of oneself, which once appeared indistinct from the collective self, developed in the forest.

Arising from the context of openness and chance that can not be planned, many levels emerged that enhance the beauty of all work - the beauty of capturing and depicting the real in an actual state, which fades one second later and opens up a new reality with a different perspective. Without the courage and the necessity to open up to this unknown, to this uncertainty in the global context of expected security, it would not have been possible.

For the Kurdish mystics, the pearl is an embryo slumbering at the bottom of its shell uterus.

I was pleased that the element of emptiness passed through. The less amount of bullets which are pearls of water were held by bigger amounts of glass in cases. They showed traces. Traces from repair and water leaks. Traces of life. They gave space to different contexts and associations and let the urban and abandoned arrive. *It created a feeling.* The glassy nearly empty vitrines and their marks created a sensation of abandoned shopping malls. Of something left over or behind. Something cracked open and bequeath. Water vapor crystallized on the inside of the glass pane that reflected lights of cars passing by. The outside subscribed itself through reflections to the inside and the glimpsing light made the pearls shivering against the tracks of a reflected skyline. An opened crust of a shell celebrating its shine of mystical emptiness of a once taken treasure leaving behind the destiny of a clause.

I remembered the director asking insecurely and confusedly, if the leap in the glass pane was wanted, which was certainly reinforced by the dirtiness of the glass and the brittle and raw-cut painter cloth.

I said, yes.

It needed a break. An alienation from the perfect nature of its original. I wanted to create an uncomfortableness by using a pre-happened trace of a mishap that caused irritation and represented a former life. Bringing the unnaturalness of perfection and virginity to mind that art works seem to have in our culture. A universal picture of traces upon traces and the manifested illusion of movement, change and flow. It turned out that the 'shady' not well lit lighting of the room was an essential complementary fragment. The light showed its exact opposite from far distance. It seemed clear and bright commenting on the time of the day. Just how the exhibition reflected habits and stereotypes in this context:

Sometimes you have to step away taking a zoomed-out position to be able to see.

The forest was elevated to the ultimate symbol of romantic worldview. A darkly overgrown wall, behind which another world hides. A world that expresses the alienation of humankind from the originality of its nature. It stands for the boundary between the cultural essence of humankind and their natural-animalistic ground. It is one of the most comprehensive symbols for the unconscious. In

all of the original interpretations, the forest acts as a place of trial and initiation on the path of becoming conscious. Humans go into the forest to gain knowledge by exploring its mystery. It is a whole that consists of the same diverse constituents. We do not understand if we consider only a section separately. For many, looking at a tree, a branch, a leaf, or a shoot is more meaningful than looking at the forest. But defining the boundaries of a forest or a system is the prerequisite for the clear allocation of responsibilities. Crucial is the fact that these elements themselves represent systems, but at the same time have their own complex life. They lose viability when the interaction is disturbed. The same applies to all types of systems, organizations, cultures, the World Wide Web, projects, sciences and economies. A society is held together by the individuals with their legal system, art, and science who share similar beliefs and gods. If it comes to disturbances in this structure, then there is a clash of civilizations with the known consequences. For effective steering of a system, it is crucial to identify the subsystems with their needs.

This moment between wanted and unintended instant caught reality by its sake. With the steadily alteration and recreation of new perspectives, it gave rise to space and allowed thought. Thoughts like physical threads. Like lines that float constantly. The willing in to the fusion of the studio and the institutional space conceded that one's own gaze became the subject of the whole.

If you leave an ecosystem to itself, its components emerge out of nowhere. In the right climate and with sufficient water plants and animals emerge. It works because everything on earth is part of a big system. The same goes for the things made by humankind. Those responsible for a system should always be aware that the system has its own momentum, even without their being in constant control.

It is the play of the wind with the foliage, filled with the light that dips familiar structures into poetry.

The forest as an image for the fabric of life, for existential sensitivities, for a range of emotions.

It is a landscape of what goes on in secret.

Only when the perception of things does not happen too fast, the mindset does not simply end in finding that something is beautiful. So the installation itself stopped and froze in a moment to explore. The gaze penetrated deeply into the branches and a microcosm that pointed to things beyond the visible was revealed hesitantly resembling the glimpse between 1 and 0.

I was able to see. I was able to understand. I was absolutely feeling real in this oscillating interference.

Instead of a brush, the picturesque movement was a gesture. A rhythm of soft and hard structures. They pointed to their dissolution, to nothingness - auspicious or inexplicable. Just as the view upwards first leads into the void, this nothingness signified a reduction in which the emptiness as the beginning and end of all being played around things with a lightness - like the wind moves the leaves of a tree. There was no stage, no auditorium. Impressions of the same always change in the invisible area to the human eye, a place of rest, security, nature, longing, and imperceptible metamorphosis. Only through a temporal dimension they became visible. They were beware behind that huge window made of glass and lit to shine from afar like a cave that closed its entrance with a crushing block of hard rock. Only that the rock today was transparent and allowed to observe.

I was painting from behind. Pouring one layer above the other, letting it solidify overnight to heaten it up the next day. This process went on for a few weeks. I was able to look in between the layers and transparencies. When the paraffin was hot and fluent, the light was able to break into the material. It reflected the color and showed the movement of the dense dye slowly dispensing into the paraffin liquor. It resembled earth or fluent mud or oil flowing and slipping down into deeper levels of a different cosmos. It was a process of making the invisible visible before the room temperature of its surrounding made it firm and concrete again. The lightness of the color became mat as the light's rays weren't able to breach through the locked up surface anymore. Invertatly, the surface reflected the light backwards into the room screening the color into pasty dull tones making it look darker and odd. It was a moment of the everyday politics that became visible by fading away in the eye's glimpse of

understanding. A moment of zoom to sharpen the lens at the interface when something is just becoming focused and yet it dissolves. The black showed its real nature and was created by green. Minimal and reduced, but intersecting in its perspectives. Distances and clearances blurred in their gaps. Everything that appeared was a static moment holding the flow to observe. The floating, the detached, the fugitive. It was matter in space on a horizon of time. Traces of gestures, of utility and usage, of hold and drawn up density. Imprints and enrollments of applying and demolishing at the display when something clears up. There were views, prospects, dreamy paths and erroneous thoughts.

“Nothing is real. Nothing is solid.”

The most important cycles of a forest are determined by the earth's orbit - the day, the month, the year, the life. The change of day and night, the course of the sun and the seasons of life are firmly anchored in the behavior of the forest and its elements. There is something in growth and decay everywhere. The trees, shrubs and plants become an impenetrable whole. In the margins of life, in times of dryness or cold, the forests change into savannas, tundra or deserts. The vastest forested areas on earth are the tropical rainforests around the equator and the boreal forests of the cold to temperate areas of the northern hemisphere. These ecosystems are naturally neither a temporally rigid nor a spatially homogeneous structure. Contrary to the widespread opinion, the contiguous recent "primeval forests" are a mosaic of zonal, azonal and intrazonal vegetation whose individual areas and patches are also subject to a temporal evolution. For a complete species of Klimaxwald societies it requires centuries of uninterrupted tillering. Also, the inventories set by human use can be classified into naturally occurring succession stages. A region-wise high proportion can originate in the so-called "small water cycle" from the evaporation of the forest itself, as far as these forest areas do not fall below a certain size. A forest can be considered relatively close to nature if the tree population is indigenous and the composition is wholly or almost natural. Nevertheless, such economic forests are subject to economic objectives, which bring about a determination of the harvest age long before reaching the natural age limit. Forests essentially fulfill three groups of core functions: economical, ecological and social functions. Some of these functions are provided by the forest without human intervention, for example, the production of oxygen. The realization of the various functions is the responsibility of the owner of the forest. Forests around the world have experienced a major shift in their use and expression. Depending on the type of use and intensity, replacement companies emerge within a forest system that often differ considerably from the natural cyclical succession of a jungle. In addition to protection against the erosive power of water, the forests as water reservoirs have great significance for the water cycle of the earth and the availability of drinking water and irrigation as well as energy production. Forests can provide water longer and in greater quantities than a comparable open space. Surface runoff from rainwater is slowed down. Like in a sponge, water is stored in the soil. The evaporation decreases due to the shading of the soil by the vegetation, however the transpiration increases. Woods make an important contribution to water protection by cleaning water in the same way. *And I do not have to mention that the forest described here is speaking of the situation in the museum. The Fragmented Landscape "The Future is but a Second away" as a system in the museum that bewares its authority of art against the owners of giving housing.*

The paraffin changed invisibly slowly throughout the 3 winter months of the exhibition duration. It calmly incorporated the room temperature, adjusting itself to the room's atmosphere in timely intervals of days, hours, minutes, seconds or milliseconds. It softened, and still it seemed solidified to the human eye. In slow motion it gently slid towards the ground. Its movement appearing frozen or petrified in the review of one exhibition visit. It yielded the gravity.

Break and track are more precious than new.

A loud bang filled the museum. It was February, two days before the exhibition finalized. Everyone in the museum froze, taking their hands on their hearts. It was a breathtaking moment. A loud clash.

One fragment of the installation collapsed and gave in to its sinking weight. It crashed down, cascading on the bottom of its rocky foundation. It created a heavy and loud sound. About 100 kilograms smashed down right at once echoing slightly, filling the whole museum with its vibrant.

You can prepare yourself for an instant carefully but still you won't be prepared in the second it happens. Only your instincts play.

A forest is made up of many layers. The main layers of all forest types are the forest floor, the understory and the canopy. Decay on the forest floor forms new soil and provides nutrients to the plants. Forests covered 4 billion hectares (15 million square miles) or approximately 30 percent of the world's land area. They are the dominant terrestrial ecosystem on Earth, and are distributed around the globe.

I wanted to create a picturesque landscape, an atmosphere or climate that would be so bloodless that you'd be doped when leaving. An environment for contemplation. A real space that makes you recognize yourself, feeling your own presence and becoming aware. That's why the size of each fragment was important. It needed to create a physical bodily reaction in the confrontation of your visit. It needed to surround you, to be bigger than you. Like in an ancient forest. It needed a moment of unpredictable hazard to scare you. You do not know if it's a work of art, an item, matter or an implement. A blanket or a carpet and two sleeping bags laid in a glass frame or placed on the floor. You don't know if you're allowed to touch or even use them or if it's for observation only. You are seduced to try them. They challenge your senses and conflict your known conducts. They play your instincts. These applications that seemed randomly positioned like leftover traces from everyday life gestures. Their gestures mutable and versatile. Like sandy powder becoming a pulverized ripple in the future's second away. A cut-out snippet that freezes the instant moment to make it graspable. You did not know where the edge began or ended.

I was invited to create an installation for a triennial in China and decided to do a variation of this Fragmented Landscape ('The Future is but a Second away'). There was no doubt about producing on site than shipping a whole container of resources from Germany to Guangzhou. Even though the imagery of shipping a forest would have given a beautiful addition of every day poetry, I decided to produce locally. I wanted to get involved with the moment and indulge in being there as a stranger. It was an elaborate process. 7 days to produce an installation based of 7 fragments. There were about 40 people helping melting the paraffin to accelerate the process of melting the fossil. It was a process of detail and devotion. Everyone involved took part with their whole being seeing the same I saw when creating the fragments in Hanover. It was a process of understanding. Everyone was able to see.

We fulfilled the landscape and installed the fragments on the limits of human power. The message was one against the Western materialism. It was against that economy of ownership which prevents life. The installation was held for 3 months while the exhibition was on display and was destroyed in total after. Though I decided giving focus on that specific moment that was only accessible in China, I was crushed to let go of those unique paintings with the beauty of its exclusive enrollments, subscriptions and traces.

It was not only about the never ending process, the line of thoughts as threads. It was also about the manifestation of certain process. Only with the degree of hold, a closer observation and a different sense of understanding becomes possible. The close up look in the zoomed out landscape allows you to understand through the reaction of your eye by sensing its meaning. All I wanted was to catch this feeling we all feel. This feeling of something flowing or rinsing through our fingers. This feeling of the caught flow that stars for one moment and honors our vision to understand, before it continues to tide away. The moment of holding your breath. The glimpse of the eye.

The picture was written from the inside out. All paintings (the fragments of the landscape) neither had a front nor a back side. There was crystallized viscous next to water evaporation from the inside of a glass frame next to a translucent banner or items supported by mirroring structures showing both sides equally. There were objects giving you the feeling of usage to look behind their tissues of sleep. Your eye got opened up again, thinking of anything might be representational. I was thinking about the origins of painting. The third hand that painted the evidence of life written by the hand spirit - space was given to a mirror image that manifested experiences and feelings grasping meaning. One quality of painting is its suggestive space, its flatness with surrogate depth or movement. It is its aura. What is beauty if beauty is in our minds like Agnes Martin says? The world is still as colorful as 20.000 years ago when the first man painted alone in a cave with charcoal on rock. It's earth didn't fade into pasty tones or shades. Is it the dusty haze of the concrete's pollution besides the digital noise that beclouds it today?

I was thinking about how far I could push imagery and what painting would not look like. Working with real objects insisting the objects keeping their identity. Using real material and painting as a tool of gesture. Producing locally allowed me the insight into all stratifications. To open spaces that do not exist physically. It was there but not there. It did not approach an infinitely distant object, but that which was in between. It was about the determination of their presence. There were heavy layers of petroleum, a frozen liquid adopting to its environment. Something rinsed thoroughly or washed up. Like a snippet of a frozen forest stream surrounded by ephemeral tree stems. Like a petrified wood from 200 million years ago beholding the relics and habits of our extend: time compressed in an exponential pace.

I was carrying the bouquet of flowers which was so beautifully arranged. They were laying in my arm as if I was carrying a baby. When they got too heavy I held them upside down as if I was bringing back a hunt, holding a skull on its end. Their stems were long and reached into the air though they seemed cut off. It was like a cropped growth carried in my arm as an offering.

By no tools of gods and goods.

I just wanted to see.

(Everything was about freedom.)

(Der Ur-Sprung.)
- *The Off-Spring* -

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FaGTzPubQBc>