

1. *Crack Baby*, 2026
Oil on canvas, 185 x 130 cm
2. *The Wind Blows*, 2026
Oil on canvas, 180 x 230 cm
3. *Love my Fate*, 2026
Oil on canvas 90 x 95 cm

One washed out American flag flatters peacefully in the winds of the white painted surface. Brightness offers itself so easily, there are reasons to be suspicious of its call, It has nothing to do with the idea of a neutral state of the image or of the eye.

I get offered sequences of illusions that change as viewing distance changes. Thick opaque white fades into hazy strokes of colour. The scenery gets ambient as memories flicker when I move my head. Absurdly tiny figures are floating happily in the chaos of the vast space and get sucked into the backgrounds of bold black and white until they disappear. As romantic as this might come along in closeness, distance reveals the order, a measurable, definable body. The illusory translucency of white is fostering a vibe of ascension as an index of desires, fantasies, hallucinations, and memories. The vaporousness vanishes when the viewer is receding into more distance. Only then it is visible that the surface is actually rendered in control of a system that is not escaping into fantastic scales at all. It seems to be a game of closeness and distance, and i am intimidated by relocating my position, since my eyes are weakened from the light that offered itself with frankness. But there is now a new moment produced by distance: it refuses depiction and turns opaque - what remains is the bright color itself, no longer floating but resized into perspective with scale elements: Recurrence of grinning babies, a small self-portrait on a black square. A red ornament, forming toward a rectangle, makers of a determination of order. They offer reminders of measurement, holding the paintings safe within their own structure. So I say brightness is not pure. It is what remains after something has already been transformed. And what we actually see are its residues that are iridescent like ashes, unrecognizable pieces of an aftermath.

To be honest, i don't know why we are sitting in the midday light now, that hits so total in the face it feels like surrender.

Text by Fanny Dommers