

**Irene Schubiger - in between**

15 January - 12 February 2022

Opening: January 14, 2022, 14-18h

**Micromicelles / Narrative material**

When speaking, sounds combine into syllables, into words and sentences, and these occasionally into stories. Thus, Irene Schubiger (\*1948), narrating silently, assembles the most diverse materials, some found, some self-made, with a seemingly loose hand into constellations of objects and panels of images, precarious, concise. Her gestures are enchantingly simple: crumpling, wrapping, spraying, piling up, wrapping, interposing, leaning, accumulating, sticking and tearing, filling up, painting... Here all nouns end and verbs begin. At the same time, the subtle, often rapidly executed additive actions are cleverly complex because they dissolve hard contours, jeopardize clear contrasts, and set the frozen moment in vibration. Hiding something helps to show it, a casting solidifies filigree structures and finest nuances in aluminum or bronze, adding to something approximates and separates, defines it. A substantial contribution from the Krásner-Pollock Foundation has now allowed Irene Schubiger to include elaborate casting processes as a further moment in her cheerful discourse of materials, so that residual materials and precious metal find each other as a matter of course. It's quite okay that we never know how long the individual objects have stood in the studio, to suddenly be fundamentally transformed once again by the grip of her hand; whether they will ever come to rest, or when a next scene in their multi-part story will begin.

With the same intelligence of the fingers, just like plastic buckets or bricks are played with and stripes, snippets, stains, the block of clay, clothespins, paintbrushes, barbed wire or cigarette butts are condensed into situations, the familiar objects connect in time with specific places in the space that momentarily holds them. When the loosely painted white glass pane is held up deftly by the bronze stool, when the strictly orthogonal cubature in glossy lacquer is supported by the smooth glossy wedge and separated from the floor, when a square color board is pinned to the wall with rubber glue like a painting, then thoughts of a pedestal or hanging are far away. What could be fragile and what solid, is subject to the doubt of the senses. Finally, even the distant objects in an exhibition wink at each other, ask each other questions, keep their distance.

Sometimes even the language of words creeps into the action; in the title of the work or as painted writing in the object. But only when all words fall silent can the gaze engage undisturbed with Irene Schubiger's narrative...

Hans Rudolf Reust