

# JACKY STRENZ

*Galerie*

SEBASTIAN DACEY

*November 16, 2012 – January 21, 2013*

Overwhelmed by the immediacy of colours bathed in Tunesian light, Paul Klee rejoiced in 1914:

*“I am at one with colour. I am a painter.”*

A similar rapture may have grown upon Sebastian Dacey. While painting an even stream of radiant colours, he might have felt tempted to continue from one canvas to another, carried by the satisfying feeling that nothing is missing. Everything is there. Just there. Colour is here and now to a degree it literally jumps at the viewer. Rid of distracting accessories like composition or other hierarchies, the undulating fields meet the emotional, almost physiological need for materialized light to full satisfaction.

Light reflexes upon lavishly applied paint, shadows of ridges piling up next to creamy grooves – all this sculptural elements make paintings appear like reliefs. Despite a once popular doctrine according to which painting has to be flat to merit its name, the picture-plane is visibly structured. The colours' pointedly physical character sensitizes the eye for subtle differences like those nuanced transitions, apparently rather visual than material, assuming an ephemeral appearance similar to light. But this blissful revelling in fluffy drifts is interrupted by small lumps of colour strewn all over a surface that was just about to dissolve into pure light, reminding the latter of its coarse nature.

The shape of those furrows is reminiscent of a conductor being photographed by long exposure, whose hands after a calm horizontal sway command silence by a final inward twist.

Their regularity notwithstanding, the unobtrusive figures own a considerable shelf life. Their lasting effect is due to their origination in a process which cannot be corrected, yet without the action painting's drama of 'push and pull' so common in grand modern gestures. The trace of fingertips unearthing colours hidden beneath a dense surface visualizes the dichotomy of energy and inertia. Inhibited by the material's resistance, the visible strain slows down the easy momentum, its vivid irregularity preventing the display of virtuosity.

As if aligned merely by considerable force the stripes run next to each other in a more or less parallel fashion before charmingly disbanding within the final curve.

The complexity resulting from the combination of iridescent colour and domesticated gesture stands in stark contrast to the calmly modulated ground, which makes the shapes press forth vigorously. The hierarchy between the passively retreating matrix from which a gestalt wrenches its way to the fore is illusive, though. Obviously standing out, the streaks indeed lie beneath the plane over which they seem to hover.

The ambiguity of above and below continues. Also those light blue figures appear to rise from an intricate web of multicoloured fibre. In fact they just show the priming lacquer underlying the oils.

# JACKY STRENZ

*Galerie*

This revelation of the concealed corresponds to the topic of in- and exclusion characteristic of the whole show. Sometimes inside and outside is shifting like a Moebius strip. Inextricably interlocked planes in olive-green and black and white change from positive to negative like reversible figures. The twofold volute as well consists of an in- and outgoing movement.

Previously Dacey has already investigated abstraction by reducing vegetative elements to signs before analysing them up to complete dissipation. A painting based on the complimentary contrast of blue and orange re-enacts the evolution from the grown to the built by means of interpenetrating horizontal, resp. vertical stripes with organic diagonal ones. This relation between two conflicting principles is intensified by the contrast of cold and warm colour, playing the eternal game of *Now you see me, now you don't*.

Text: Charlotte Lindenberg