Simon Mielke

Joggen

Joggen 2 September, 2022 - 28 October, 2022

Simon Mielke

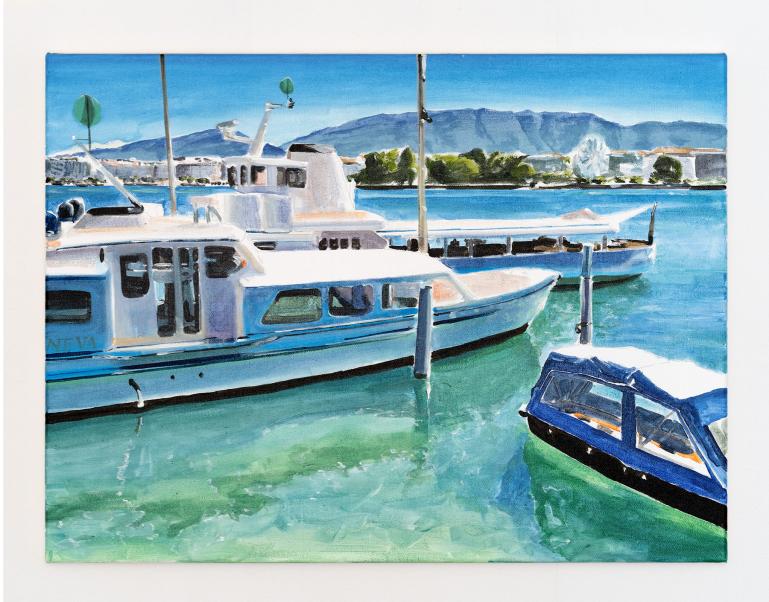
b. 1990, Essen Lives and works in Cologne and Essen

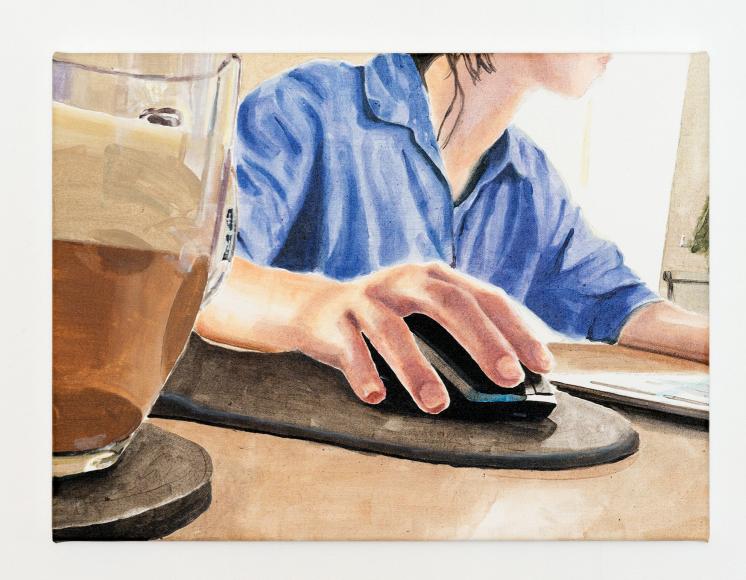
Simon Mielke's paintings are like a register machine that records the bleakness of "worker-student-artist life" in the Rhineland. They are documents from his life that are there to be relived. To show what happened, to remember, to share. It is at the bottom of a whole mantra of anti-ambition, anti-effort that generates its own autonomy. Dress like everyone else and ultimately adopt a style that is aware of our dark ends. Why paint something else if you don't have to? Mielke's paintings become like pop-ups that crackle every now and then, capturing seconds that then make you want more seconds because they are like thought bubbles that you can smash endlessly. In this way his works are self-contained and remind us that the mind can influence our eyes. This mechanism makes a separate opening that Mielke camouflages.

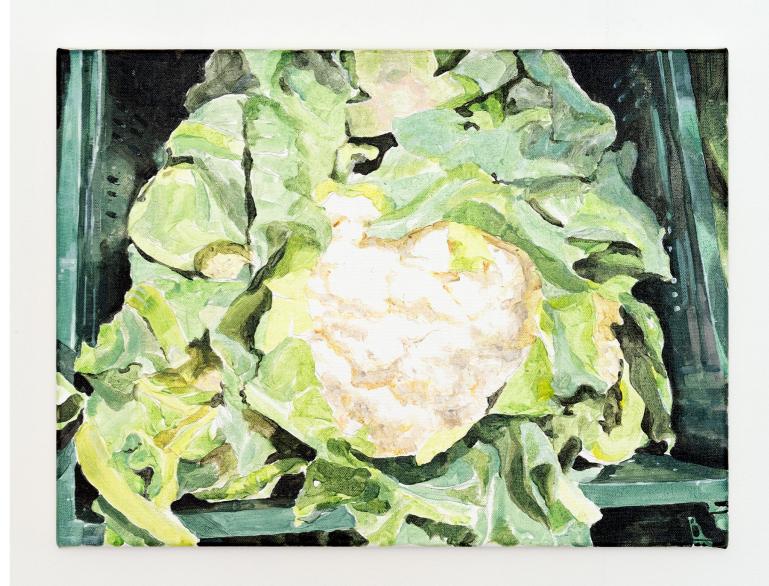
For his exhibition "Joggen", Mielke puts together five new paintings which are pre-processed on his phone and then executed with acrylic paint on small self-made canvases.

Gianna Surangkanjanajai

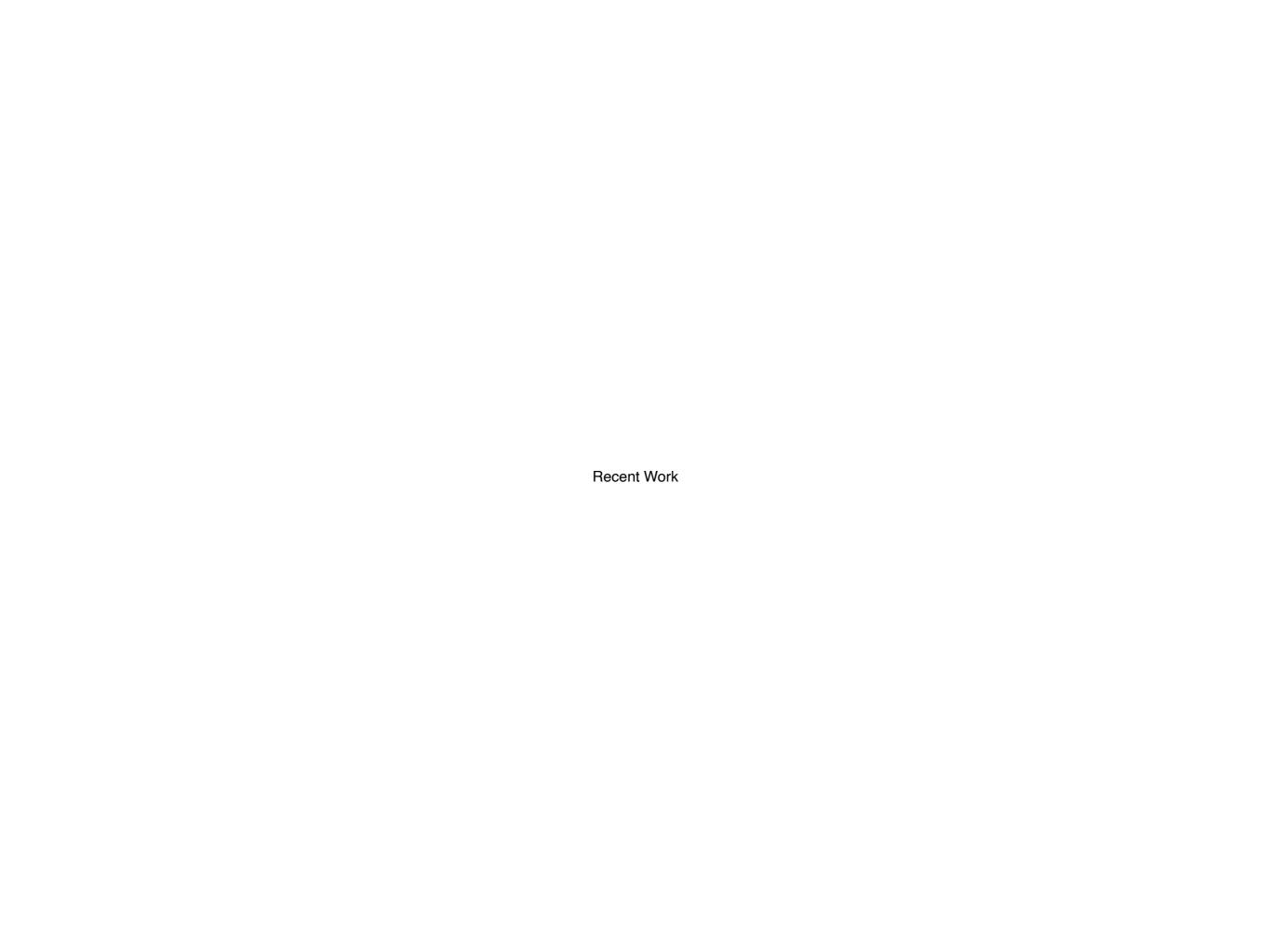




























Simon Mielke

Neue Character







Untitled, 2021 Acrylic on canvas 160 x 170 cm



DÜSSELDORF Simon Mielke Neue Character 2021 LUCAS HIRSCH Simrockstrasse 22



There's a peculiar temperature in Simon Mielke's debut at Lucas Hirsch. The intimate show, consisting of four drawings and two larger paintings (all works untitled, 2021), is full of generic imagery, but never comes across as cold or distanced. On the contrary, it exudes a reserved warmth. The two paintings, hung close beside one another, show nothing more than sections of empty rooms, such as those one finds by the million on real estate portals. However, Mielke painted them with swift, allusive strokes that allow the mundane subject matter to carry an intimate, diaristic charge. The canvases are poorly primed and sloppily stretched—the charm of the personal awakened by an almost extravagantly flippant approach to the medium.

But Mielke is also able to change keys: The four color-pencil drawings in the show are expertly wrought, streaked with whispers of fluorescent color that pleasantly scratch the eyeballs. These works are bordered by washed-out watercolor mountings that come in different formats and are never really in sync with the click frames. Three drawings present an older woman seated at a piano; the fourth shows her behind a computer desk. Black bars running along the top and bottom edges of each composition suggest that the source images could have been video. In fact, we are seeing the artist's mother here, and it is not quite clear whether we are witnessing an open display of filial affection or its Brechtian distanciation, catalyzed by the shift from one medium to another. Either way, nothing comes across as saccharine or calculated. It's this very undecidability, in fact, that gives Mielke's work its honesty, and its genuine charm.

Translated from German by Diana Reese.

- Moritz Scheper

