

Lisa Holzer
Forgot Sunglasses

31 March – 20 May 2023

Does she see the same things?

Forgot Sunglasses describes what is not there or (nothing but) a wish. Maybe just its margins. The exhibition connects to *Eyes hold things differently*, my previous show with the gallery in 2021.

Family, 2022, 2023

Family are portraits of the turned off (family-) tablet, drowning in fingerprints. Some of the pictures in this series appear to collapse in on themselves, not rising like cakes. Do they hold us, something of us? They are very varied. The dark brown ones remind me of animals and appear as if there would be a lot of time in them. Within the series or under the same title/name there's one picture of a *McDonalds* family *Mm* that I took a few years back in Paris, during an extended family Christmas gathering. This one seems to bleed. Some cyan of a screen in the background leaks cyan. And there's another very pale *Family* picture, still with a little bit of cyan, which seems to be something like the extension of this streak of leaked cyan.

Objet petit a, 2023

Years ago, I visualised the *objet petit a* (according to Lacan the object cause of desire) as counters/holes of small *a* letters. Two new *objet petit a* works, *Objet petit a* and *Objet petit a (Sundown)* are sequels to pictures that were on view in my first exhibition with the gallery. They are larger, as all of my pictures are now, and updates of the older *objet petit a* works from 2009 and 2011, but formally very similar. They appear to be a little lost in a gradient. A gradient as a means of affection (Rührung). Though these pictures somehow appear to try to touch themselves, perhaps finding their boundaries. A movement occurs from the newer works to the older ones, from the fingerprints of the *Family* works to the “finger paint” in Photoshop of the *objet petit a* works.

Umbrella/Rain, 2021, 2023

There's a visual resemblance between emoji raindrops and the way I visualised the *objet petit a*. Or I move the *objet petit a* into the rain. Everything/Love is overcast. Or what does rain have to do with desire or with seeing? And with not seeing, or not seeing well. These umbrellas dissolve, disappear, or almost, and the rain almost falls away. What does it mean when I liken the object cause of desire to rain, when it rains object causes of desire? What does their proximity mean? Futility? You cannot pick up raindrops. Nor the *objet petit a*, probably. Possibly this picture was a mistake, only describing my hysteria. Like all prints in this show these too were altered in Photoshop. Two of them cry. In the last few years my pictures cried time and again (polyurethane drops at the outside of the glass of the frames). For my last exhibition I used the Photoshop painting tool “Art Memo Brush” for the first time. If you go over parts of the pictures with it, they appear to be wet. Almost as if they would cry from the inside (this time). The use of Photoshop always underlines one's own weakness. The *objet petit a* is always already lost, and is very unlikely made of rain. And then there's *Umbrella/Rain (forever)*. A grainy picture,

presumably overcast, of the bottom of a water bottle. I like this picture because of the three tears or drops, cut-out or painted on the label, and because of the colours. And also because it was taken with a zoom, which somehow makes the bottle appear to forever go away a little. I decided to paint a cream outline in the colour of *Umbrella/Rain* (cream/violet) that brings to mind the shape of an umbrella, turning the drops/tears into raindrops.

Objet petit a ≈ raindrops

Forgot Sunglasses ≈ *I can see clearly now the rain is gone*

The first words in Straub/Huillet's film 'Class Relations' are: "My umbrella!" A little later the stoker says to the young man who forgot his umbrella: "I don't even talk about the umbrella."

Maybe you could read the fingerprints as a reverse/inverse or the other of the *objet petit a*.

C. thought that the *objet petit a* and umbrella pictures might look too similar to the *Family* pictures, that their colours conflate them too much, and you do not read/understand them as a reverse/inverse. But when I thought about it, I liked exactly that, to suggest their proximity. While approaching from different angles, both series touch on something similar, or a wish. They seem to abandon and anticipate something. Or this was/would be the idea.

No love is left in the eyes or on the floor, 2021

No love is left in the eyes or on the floor literally links *Eyes hold things differently* to *Forgot Sunglasses*, and is on view here again. The last press release for this work stated among other things: 'In chapter 1 of *Und sie fällt uns dauernd runter / This one's about love** it says: 'No love is left in the eyes or on the floor' and later 'Is there anything left on the floor? If I had to illustrate this text, I'd put this cropped screenshot here, that I found somewhere in a note folder of Oldenburg's dirty brown and beige Floor Cake today, with a text saying

Claes Oldenburg, Floor Cake, 1962 (MoMA) May 22nd, 2006 / A podcast about this fun sculpture of a giant piece of cake. How well can you calm down in repetitions? There is something hopeful about big cakes that have the time to defiantly squat on floors. Again I'm reminded of the song *Cake in the rain*, that is *MacArthur Park* of which D. says that the cake is a substitute for a/the relationship.

What is it with the inherent absence in pictures? Can it hold/show something/desire?

Watercolours

Four (first) small water colours of four pictures from the exhibition. Who speaks/has painted them? Or do they come out of the pictures? For a long time I have been interested in what quite literally comes out or might come out of pictures or texts.

I like illustrations. There's an attempt to play tennis. I thought that tennis would/might be a good illustration for relationships (per se), though the aim/idea in tennis is to hit the ball in a way that the other cannot hit it back easily. Some of the pictures fail to play tennis. Tennis balls are stuck between the walls and two of the pictures. More than any other ball, the neon yellow of the tennis ball indicates the wish to not be missed, to be seen (before and after hitting the floor).

Most of the pictures mirror everything/you, two of them don't bother to, also to underline the mirroring of the others.

Forgot Sunglasses Again, 2023

A text that is concerned with a wish or its margins too, from behind or indirect and via (probably too many) questions.

I'm very happy with the hanging of the show, and it will make a difference whether you will see the exhibition in person or not. And I guess all of the works once again also suggest landscapes, despite their portrait format.

*Und sie fällt uns dauernd runter / This one's about love (2021--) is an unfinished text, which came into being for the exhibition *What a beautiful idea you were* at NOUSMOULES c/o L'Etoile Endettée, Berlin, 2021.