

Exhibition title:
POLLY POCKETS

Artists:
Sibylle Ruppert
Tobias Teschner

#sibylleruppert
#tobiasteschner

Duration:
15.04. - 30.05.2023

Curators:
Lukas Schmenger & Alfons Knogl

@alfonsknogl
@lukasschmenger

Venue:
FLⒶT\$
293 Avenue Charles-Quint
1083 Brussels
https://linktr.ee/_____flats

@_____flats

Photography:
Jan Hoelt
@janhoelt_

Supported by:
Kunststiftung NRW
#kunststiftungnrw

Exhibition Text by:

Paolo Baggi

@paolobaggg

Incubi and succubi hovering in our nights, piercing through the paper by the head of the sharp peak. Sibylle Ruppert's drawings conflate the sticky skin with a cold metallic after-taste, like blood but it might be cum. Struggling bodies interlaced into a deformed mass, a condensed swarm, stirred, torn from the inside. The swirly erected dick still finds a way to stand in its menacing authority, proud corkscrew-shaped penis, like the ones of pigs, ready to add another body to its lump of flesh.

In Tobias Teschner's works, glitter and grit compose the scenes as evanescences from hard grounding. They're also stories of passages, the christian cross appearing in the three works, warding off the forces of darkness to hold them in the night. Sealing a painting like sealing the coffin of a vampire. The vampiric works as a good metaphor, not only since painting is vampiric, but also because it allows for easy connections together with their eroticism and their modus operandi in the darkness. Addicts that want to stay young forever, vampires are people too. But here droplets seem to have formed, teardrops that weaken the pictorial work, silence marking the limits of the conjuring powers of the cross. The choker is wearing one on a necklace. If it's a priest, then it's really like the end of a vampire movie only here the priest is not the usual softie.

The works appear then as if filtered through reflection surfaces, glinting in the exhibition space but existing really elsewhere, pressed on paper for repressed images of the mind. Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent. Well then, the unmentionable appears with its dust of white noise, swarm of wisps bearing the image. Surfaces and subjects lock themselves together, as moving sands, from the inside. They engender themselves in the first rays of sunlight.

Tobias Teschner was born in Germany in 1983 and lives and works in London.

Sibylle Ruppert was born in Frankfurt am Main in 1942. According to the legend, as a child she often watched her father, an illustrator, draw. One day, at the age of 6, she took his pen to surprise everyone present with a drawing of a face being brutally hit by a fist. Her talent for drawing was so extraordinary that teachers in school could hardly believe that drawings made for art class came from the hand of the otherwise rather mediocre student. After studying at Städelschule for some time, she moved to Paris at the age of 18 to become a ballet dancer, but later devoted herself exclusively to painting and drawing again and developed an oeuvre which is very much inspired by the writings of De Sade, Lautréamont and Bataille. She became friends with HR Giger and they influenced each others work significantly. Sybille Ruppert died in Paris in 2011.