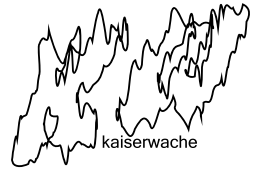


# Maria Tackmann

## *Moulure*

### Aug 31 - Sept 29, 2024



Kaiserwache is pleased to present *Moulure*, a solo exhibition by Maria Tackmann.

Tackmann's artistic practice is deeply process-oriented, drawing inspiration from her travels and the materials she collects along the way. These found objects—whether fabrics, small items, or natural elements like ash and clay—are reconfigured in her delicate drawings and installations. Her works are characterized by a subtle yet powerful interplay of form, material, and space. Tackmann's drawings often function as visual diaries, capturing impressions of colors, patterns, and structures she encounters in her surroundings.

In *Moulure*, Tackmann combines her collected textiles, including muslin (*Moulure*), a fabric used in the creation of clothing prototypes, to serve as a metaphor for the provisional and unfinished. She sews these fabrics into curtains and dyes them through an experimental process with water-soluble graphite. The threads absorb the color, but not completely, forming a patina that can be gradually worn away.

#### About the Artist:

Maria Tackmann (\*1982 in Wattenwil, Switzerland) lives and works in Wald in the canton of Appenzel Ausserrhoden. Tackmann completed her training in 2004 in the Graphic Design program at the School of Design Bern/Biel. She then continued her studies at the Academy of Fine Arts Karlsruhe, where she studied under Helmut Dorner and Silvia Bächli. Under Bächli's guidance, she was appointed a master student (*Meisterschülerin*) in 2013. Tackmann has participated in numerous exhibitions, including at the following venues: Musée des Beaux-Arts de La Chaux-de-Fonds (2024); Kunstmuseum Thun (2024 & 2023); Galerie Artdirekt/ im Stall 5, Bern (2023); Frauenpavillon, St. Gallen (2022); Fondation Espace Ecureuil pour l'art contemporain, Toulouse (2021) and Hiltibold, St. Gallen (2021). In 2023, she was awarded a project grant by the Ausserrhoden Cultural Foundation.

#### About Kaiserwache:

The former public restroom, known to Freiburg residents as *Kaiserwache*, was well-frequented due to its central location in the city and proximity to the banks of the Dreisam. However, with its original purpose decommissioned, the question of finding an alternative use for the heritage-protected building has arisen. This question has become increasingly relevant, especially given the growing lack of space in Freiburg, despite many buildings remaining vacant. With this in mind, KW positions itself as an offspace that is concerned with its own temporality, interested in suggesting alternatives beyond its interim use. The space at KW acts as a catalyst for the presentation of site-specific works and the facilitation of discourse surrounding the institution of the public toilet. By showcasing site-specific works, KW offers a unique platform for artists to reflect on and engage with the space's heritage and temporality.

Curated by Christina Sperling, Lena Reckord and Ilja Zaharov.

This exhibition was funded by the Cultural Office of Freiburg and the Regional Council of Freiburg.

## *A Memory*

In the preschool of my childhood, there was a ritual that spread like a whisper from child to child. I learned it from others, who had learned it from others before them, and so on, perhaps over years, perhaps over generations. It's possible that the origins of this technique trace back to a child in a long-forgotten preschool, a child who is now grown and occupied with other things. Or it could be something that arose beyond any authorship, something that appeared independently in various times and places, an unstoppable phenomenon that inevitably emerges under certain conditions. In this case, the ritual would tap into something deeper, something that renders the idea of an origin meaningless.

It felt as though you disappeared for five to ten minutes. The ritual was a drawing exercise that demanded a kind of devotion, an immersion in a fixed routine, a mechanism of thoughts and hand movements, an automatism. It began with sorting all available colored pencils by color, laying them out in an individually determined sequence. Then you would take a blank sheet of paper, start at the top right corner, and begin drawing a small triangle with the first pencil, usually extending beyond the edges of the paper. Lines were formed by rapid hand movements, expanding into a field of more or less parallel strokes. The next pencil followed where the previous one ended, the triangle grew, the hand moved along the diagonal of the paper, while the palm, like a sweating broom, smeared over the work, with clear borders dissolving into gradients. When you ran out of pencils, you simply went through the sequence in reverse. The paper began to glow, losing its papery quality and transforming into something else. Each drawing looked different, yet naturally similar—Northern lights, paradise birds, oceans, twilights, rainbows, flags of all nations, brown swamps.

A perfect frame, a shadow, the private continuation of the work that we would show to our parents... These drawings, which extended beyond the edges of the paper and clung to the tabletops, had to be regularly wiped away by the teachers. Eventually, the teachers proclaimed laying down a newspaper as the first step of the ritual. But the final product always had to leave a trace, to stay true to its roots. Sometimes, the results ended up directly in the paper bin, as if the drawing was merely a footnote to the actual process. Today, I can't find any of those drawings, not in my box of childhood memorabilia or anywhere in my basement, though I still have vivid memories of those artifacts.

One day, the colored pencils were gone. Vanished, perhaps confiscated. I took what was available: an HB pencil, whose lead was more graphite than lead, as I would learn a few years later. On DIN A4 paper, I began the ritual again, now with just a single pencil. I drew lines, shading the entire sheet from the top right to the bottom left, over and over, until the lines formed a solid area. I added another layer to the drawing and could see something happening to the paper. The paper began to buckle under the pressure of my wrist, the surface shimmered darkly, a portal through which I tried to see. Back then, I still believed in the Easter Bunny and Santa Claus—after all, that's what makes the difference between gray and silver. But from another angle, it was just like any other object; I was looking at a stone. I was fascinated by the drawing that had emerged, it evoked a certain feeling that I had something significant before me. I couldn't explain why, and I didn't even try.

Later that evening, when I looked at the paper again, it had transformed into a ghostly image due to the creasing and its journey in my trouser's pocket. The portal had fragmented, the stone became a wall, and the eye now inevitably followed the fold patterns. I laid the paper on the floor, my thumbs were dark-silver.

*Ilja Zaharov, 2024*