

For his first solo exhibition at Salon Dahlmann in Berlin-Charlottenburg in 2013, the artist Ulrich Wulff will show a selection of exquisite oil paintings from his current Berlin based practice.

It appears to me that in his loving affection Wulff scans the entire surface of each painting methodically. Wulff's own perspective within the complex history of painting shows the space of the painting as the image itself; what it is, was, and will be.

There is no behind, in front, or beside on the canvas as in life, since stories are made and/or things happen when we, with our human perception, consider the world as a tool for superficial guidance. But if we pause, out of fear or in the immeasurable milliseconds of meditation, we project forwards in the existential immediacy of our eternal so-called beings. And here, dear reader, is where art begins.

Wulff's paintings (and apparently also increasingly his own life) are anointed with the dead bodies of narrative. They are completed through and with narrative, to give the soul insight into the now of painterly construction.

For the Allgäu native, Ulrich Wulff's first solo exhibition at Bernd Kugler Gallery in Innsbruck in 2010, the art expert and music theorist, Thomas Winkler, stated something which still rings true. "Enlightenment comes from an awakening to the everyday. Every search for the extraordinary AND leads one off their path. The result should be a leap into the ALSO of the everyday. Rather than wander elsewhere, the gaze should delve into the immanent present."

We'll see.

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