

Shared Location

Whatever it is, it is something filtered, something without shape or name. No tag on its body. Unclear if there is even a body attached to what we call the ordinary.

Whatever it is, it lingers. It smells familiar but nonetheless the nose never seems to get used to it. It's neither cologne nor is it perfume. It doesn't travel but still marks departure.

It's synthetic!

It can be divided into a grid, in different zones. Each zone is only there to be walked through. Doors open and close. The walls are made out of glass, no stones allowed!

The grid could then be further divided in something like months, days, hours and minutes.

Nothing on paper. Everything is remembered forever.

It's rather about certainty than actual thoughts. Guessing only used to be an option.

Everything seems to be in flux, but mostly me, myself and I.

Everything has its rhythm. Everything adapts, morphed into the beat. We could start talking about a machine with many gear wheels, and all of them are spinning. That's what they do, they spin. Whatever it is, it's mechanical!

Schön, dass Du da bist!

It's personal! It's about you and I, in a place where the body is brought to failure, and is meant to grow. Be shaped, individualized and at the same time standardized.

The language is that of the doormat.

Step on the mat, thus it is for!

Here the grid would be divided into three.

Old zone - zone of yes or no - new zone.

It's a transition followed by the smell aforescribed. It has to do with new and old. With yes and no, granted and non-granted. It has to do with being in front or behind the door. The mat is a submissive and the language it talks will be questioned by the first person in the new zone. Its welcoming function is often capitalized on by asking you to reevaluate yourself.

Do you actually belong here? No, seriously do you?

Don't forget there are places to change yourself and there are places that mean change.

We can't really talk about brush strokes more than about information, numbers and letters, coded, revealing an image that is even more real than the immediate reality. Calculated and generated by AI, transferred onto the canvas. Making not just ChatGPT speechless but making nature obsolete or ubiquitous, subject and object of this exhibition. Executed not just with hands. Fitting into a corporate environment where it's easier to transition into it then out of it.

FOR ALL OF US

The human touch is to be found in the opacity. Sticker images are erased with the white-out solution, some left untreated to be read as tracks of the familiar. Becoming silhouettes, a shadow, a glance, calling out transparency.

David Moser, 20.09.2024

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