

## **GALERIE CHRISTINE MAYER**

Liebigstraße 39  
80538 München

**THOMAS VON POSCHINGER**

*STARS*

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Stars burst and tumble and cast their rays into the crowd, spiralling into colourful patterns – like red carpet flashes of cameras on a glowing evening full of seeing and being seen, laughing and performing, for the journalists or for each other. A composition made of euphoria and movement: everything is enacted and felt simultaneously, American and German in concert. A kind of German, however, that does not exist anymore today – carried by longing, by poetic abstraction, the desire for the intact, the unspoilt. Not for nothing am I reminded of the film “Love in Thought” [“Was nützt die Liebe in Gedanken”].

The star, here, represents this existential question of abstraction. The acrylic which lies at the heart of all this, an acquirement of American art of the fifties, spells out an echo of the yearning for authenticity. Thus, it seems only ostensibly contradictory to the “realness” of Prince Harry or of the creator of “American Psycho”. The surface is that of a magazine page and the abstracting gaze of the artist is epitomized by obscuring flash lights.

Alone the contour of a simple star can be understood as embodiment of transubstantiation. And the word “star” in its two connotations is, just like the artist himself, both German and American: How can I reach for the sky? And how for the red carpet? What good can love do in thought? Was nützt die Liebe in Gedanken?

The answer to this question can be found in Aretha Franklin's performance “Tribute to Carole King”: In the uncontradictory space between true performance and artistic emotion it contributes to a vibrant intellectual colourfulness.

The artist does not have to paint stars for us to see stars. A punch to the face may be a calm caress in painting. Merci.

Andreas Chwatal

*Translated by Jennifer Leetsch*