

GALERIE
THOMAS
SCHULTE



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MARIA LOBODA

LORE

GALERIE THOMAS SCHULTE POTSDAMER STRASSE
14 MARCH ^{TO} 17 APRIL 2025

Lore may refer to a personal backstory or a more encompassing history; it could be real or imagined, full of idiosyncrasies or as old as time itself, foundational to us all. Related to ‘folklore’, ‘lore’ is a body of collective knowledge and traditions that is often passed on orally – it is myths and legends, beliefs and rituals, habits and customs. It is what people make, or tell, the actions they take. Originating from the Old English word for ‘instruction’, and related to the German ‘Lehre’ (teaching), it prompts us to seek out the lessons that can be gleaned from it.

A constellation of new and existing sculptural works and installations, Maria Loboda’s *Lore* is a gnarled tale: one that takes time, or may not be possible, to fully unravel. The passages we encounter are at turns intimate and inviting and at others uneasy and enigmatic: a cozy, dim interior with medieval flourishes, walls bedecked in mock Tudor half-timbering (*Pearly, Ashy, Thorny like Bliss or Worry*, 2025). Like a witch’s house of fairytales, we enter into it, perhaps warily, to discover what has collected in its shadows; we notice, gradually, the signs of decay and cryptic ciphers, the writing on the wall.

An indiscernible presence can be felt in mysterious patterns and stray, loose strands. Collections of unpaid bills left to pile up on the furniture appear to speak of neglect, absence, or everyday nuisances. They end up telling us something more – though just as murky. Something of discarded contexts, of themes, materials and elements that are picked up again and again, each time getting pulled and contorted into strange new shapes. We might wonder why such minutiae are necessary to the telling of this story, as they seem to lead us astray, taking abrupt turns or plummeting further into entangled labyrinths. This is the nature of the story’s narrator: unpredictable, elusive, a practiced spinner of tales that both slip through the fingers and coil tightly around them. Their words, ashy and brittle, turn to dust, dispersing through the air and sticking to every surface with a residue too stubborn to remove. Fragments harden into narrative threads that get knotted together: like cobwebs huddled in the darkened corners of life’s uncomfortable truths and deceptions, becoming momentarily illuminated, yet

remaining caught in the haziness of the unknowable.

A potential narrative framework is set by a curious appendage: a plaster goat’s tail is attached to the wall, becoming a part of the physical frame of the space. *Young Satyr Turning to Look at His Tail* (2017), an oddly descriptive title taken from a Roman copy of a Greek sculpture, makes explicit reference to the mythological nature spirit and known mischief-maker. Yet the twisting body that it apparently belongs to is otherwise not clearly defined. Instead, through the placement of the tail, the space itself is turned into the mythic creature; the satyr’s presence, though nebulous, is grounded in the here and now. With the trickster looming, the truth of the matter is likely hidden, or at least destabilized – maybe nothing is what it seems after all.

Throughout the various rooms, wooden crates of glass vessels are stacked in a seemingly transitory display in *Vase-mania/Urn Burial* (2025). It reflects the so-called mania around collecting classical Greek and Roman vases in 18th century England that was propelled by archaeological discoveries during this turbulent time. As a result of the desire, and insatiability, for the status and appearance of knowledge, taste and sophistication afforded by displaying such objects in the home, imitations became mass produced for wider availability. The translucent objects displayed here, however, are modernist designs based on Scandinavian and Polish vases from the 1950-60s. They seem especially fragile, as bulbous teardrops run in long streams down their bodies: a fleeting and ambiguous, potentially volatile, outpouring of emotion frozen in glass. Weeping as though in mourning, the vessels are anthropomorphized and imparted with an almost funerary character, like urns. The preoccupation of the mysterious collector might be something indefinable, that which cannot be grasped – a fascination for questions of existence. This act of collecting is ritualistic in nature.

Insects swarm out and over fragmented, geometric wall lamps made of ghostly alabaster – after those by French Art Deco designer Pierre Chareau – in *The Chosen* (2019). The taxidermied insects’ appearance might seem to indicate the abandonment and

erosion of a once elegant domestic interior, though such rare and beautiful creatures prove a rather unlikely intrusion. The work's title lends a spiritual or mystical undertone, while illustrating the basic instinct of insects that are drawn to light, sometimes at their own peril – a kind of sacrifice. The lamps' illuminated white panels become altars for these carefully chosen specimens, or tombs of a kind.

Like a siren song, we're pulled in by something deceptively alluring, possibly dangerous. A lush honey-colored glass object – a delightfully sweet offering, though perhaps pesky in its stickiness – hangs in a droplet over a Japanese irori fireplace in the middle of the room. The potential warmth that might be found around the hearth, as a central gathering place in the home – where stories and conversation are shared – is extinguished by the ominous presence of large writing in soot on the ceiling above it. The words left behind, a sort of smoke signal, could be a warning, a threat, a reminder of something already transpired or part of a cycle that will inevitably repeat. A sharp odor, acrid and charred, fills the space as tangibly as the dust that spreads over it.

As if collected over years of neglect, a heavy coating of dust settles onto a mirror in a frame inspired by another Art Deco designer, the reclusive Jean Michel Frank. In *Son of the Witch* (2025), the mirror's surface is marked by a single, mysterious hand-drawn figure: a mathematical knot. Graceful, and at times decorative, knots are laden with symbolism: suggestive, for example, of unity, the cycle of life, or forms found in nature. Recorded so unceremoniously in dust, this weighty and intricate marking, despite any suggestion of eternity, could be gently wiped or blown away in an instant, scattering into thin air. With its complexity left untethered, it slips between the transcendental and the everyday. In mathematical knot theory, there are only loops and no ends — only points of intersection, of infinite connection, however loosely held.

In the traces of life that linger here, there is a sense of continuity and transformation, of timelessness, as well as precarity

and obscurity: like a cocktail glass set carelessly atop the pristine pages of an open coffee table book. Beyond what is collected, the act of collecting – with an ancient cultural history of its own – can tell us something not just about ourselves, but also our shared motivations, emotions, desires, values, knowledge, and codes. In what is preserved or transported, we might look for where meaning is hidden, remains impenetrable, gets displaced or emptied out over time. No matter its shape, *Lore* circulates behind and around, dense like honey or diffuse like dust – like breath carried by word of mouth.

Text by Julianne Cordray

Boy Genius, 2025

Crinifer concolor, Peridot, silver ribbon
50 × 10 × 12 cm | 19 3/4 × 4 × 4 3/4 in



193 9882 193 9884 9402 59

Behördliche Zustellung des Finanzamt

Eilige Sendung – Sofort öffnen

Deutsche Post
FRANKFURT
87 04 011 836
87 76 12 87 EM
04/2022 IM

ESBANK
FRANK
PAG
CAR

Von Empfänger entgegengenommen am:
Datum ggf. Ort und Unterschrift
17. Nov. 2021

P Deutsche Post
FRANKFURT
AG 99 10 87 31A
020202 AB
703-05-18*

Wichtiges Schreiben in Sachen der
Mietzahlung

112-21 0999-20.21 135-39-776 9 0

LA POSTE
97 0810333 491 1324 86

RETURN
 Unknow
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Insul Non-addr
 Non-postal item id
Return date: 14



4. Mahnung

Bei der Zustellung zu beachtende Vermerke
 Ersatzzustellung ausgeschlossen
 Nicht durch Niederlegung zustellen
 Mit Angabe der Uhrzeit zustellen

Zugestellt am
(Datum, ggf. Uhrzeit, Unterschrift)

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PRIORITY
NIEZAPLACONE RACHUNKI

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8472 48109 038 29 511 0
"EE-0-01"



*IGNORE THE UNPAID BILLS ON
THE USM HALLER TROLLEY,
2022*

USM Haller Trolley, graphite, envelopes





*“The air was hazy, mellow
and saturated with the smell of
scorched honey and cold ash swirl-
ing together... [missing text] ...
take the air or dust: to disappear.
[missing text]”, 2025*

wooden fireplace, ashes, burned wood, iron chain
vinyl lettering
20 × 160 × 120 cm | 7 7/8 × 63 × 47 1/4 in



Son of the Witch, 2025

mirror with dust

200 × 105 × 5 cm | 78 3/4 × 41 3/8 × 2 in



*Young Satyr turning to look at
this tail, 2017*

gypsum

80 × 30 × 10 cm | 31 1/2 × 11 3/4 × 4 in



DYING
GREAT

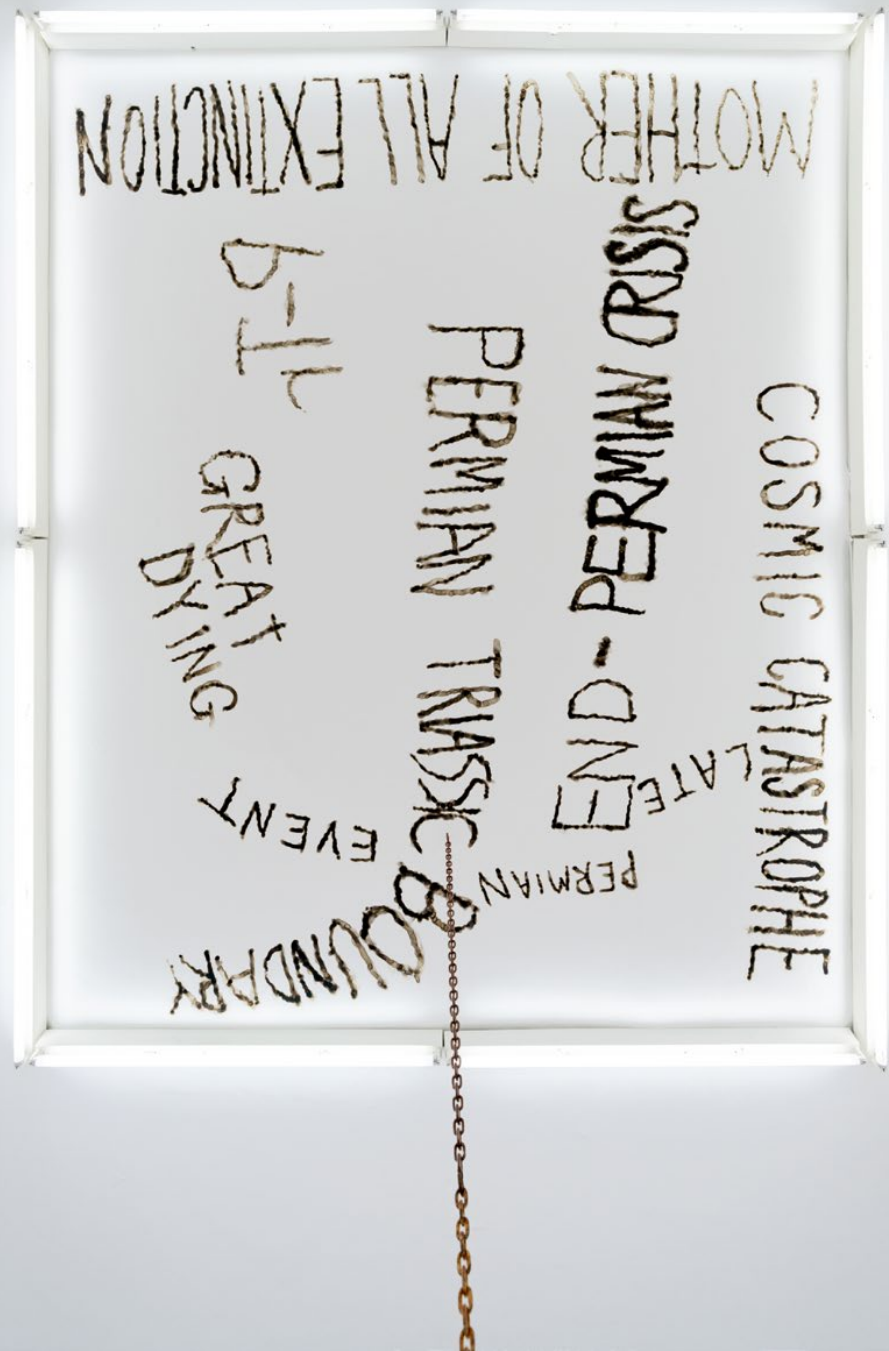
B-T
D-T

PERMIAN TRI

D - PERMIAN CRIS

Tout Terriblement, 2017

plaster, paint, candle soot
variable dimensions



Vasemania / Urn Burial, 2025

hand blown glass vase, wooden crate, insect
60.5 × 57 × 46.5 cm | 23 7/8 × 22 1/2 × 18 1/4 in



Vasemania / Urn Burial, 2025

hand blown glass vase, wooden crate

60.5 × 57 × 46.5 cm | 23 7/8 × 22 1/2 × 18 1/4 in



*The houses are all gone under the
sea, 2023*

Crustacean claws, cast in bronze
28 × 22 × 7 cm | 11 × 8 5/8 × 2 3/4 in

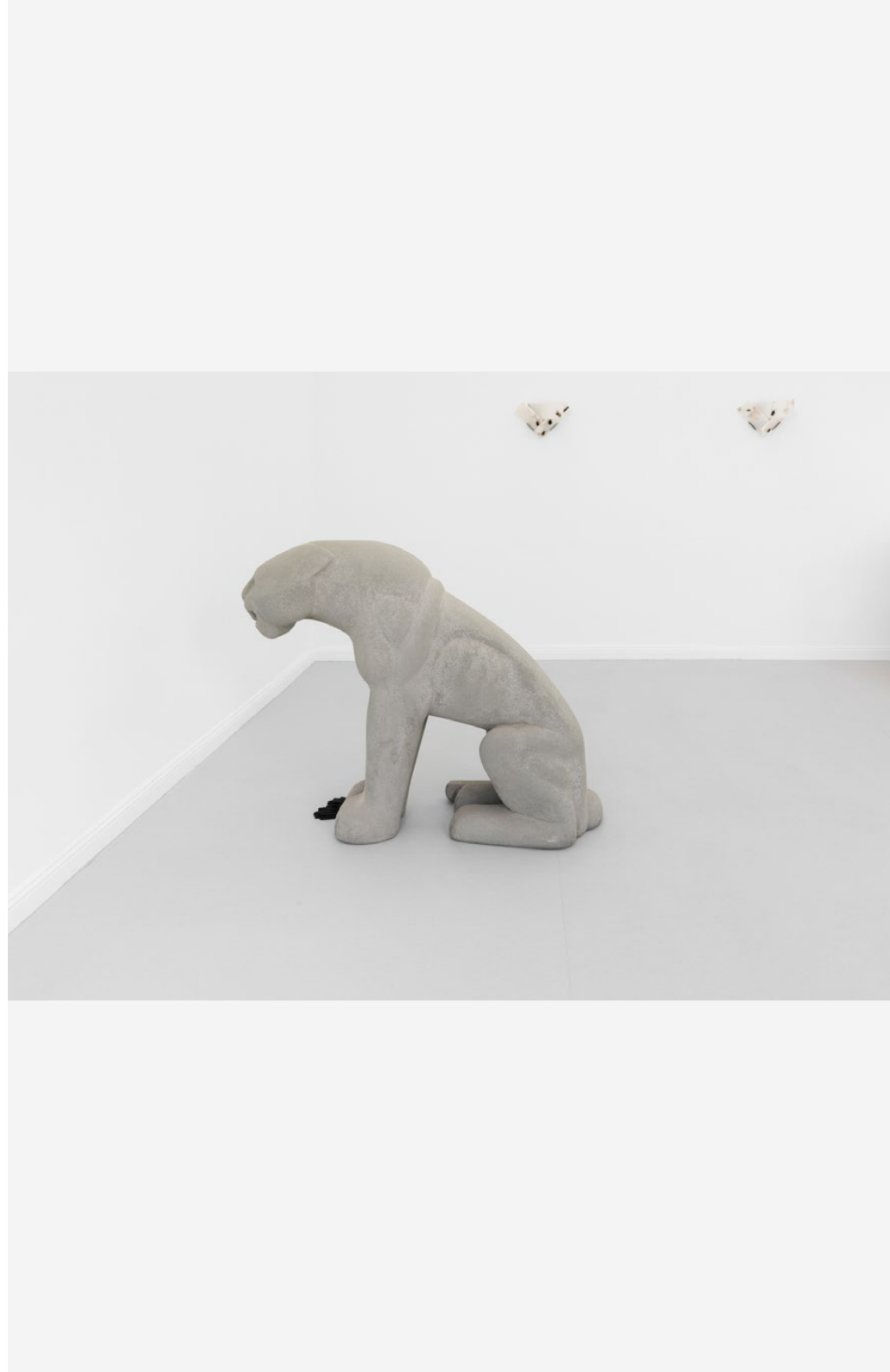






Her Artillery, 2013

porespan lion coated grey concrete, black leather gloves
122 × 72 × 176 cm | 48 × 28 3/8 × 69 1/4 in





Vasemania / Urn Burial, 2025

hand blown glass vases, wooden crate, insect
79.5 × 49.5 × 49.5 cm | 31 1/4 × 19 1/2 × 19 1/2 in



Vasemania / Urn Burial, 2025

hand blown glass vases, wooden crate

79.5 × 49.5 × 49.5 cm | 31 1/4 × 19 1/2 × 19 1/2 in



Vasemania / Urn Burial, 2025

hand blown glass vases, wooden crate

79.5 × 49.5 × 49.5 cm | 31 1/4 × 19 1/2 × 19 1/2 in



Vasemania / Urn Burial, 2025

hand blown glass vases, wooden crate

79.5 × 49.5 × 49.5 cm | 31 1/4 × 19 1/2 × 19 1/2 in



Vasemania / Urn Burial, 2025

hand blown glass vases, wooden crate, insects
93.5 × 69.5 × 49.5 cm | 36 3/4 × 27 3/8 × 19 1/2 in





The Chosen IV, 2019

alabaster, metal, electric wiring, insects
28 × 46.5 × 23 cm | 11 × 18 1/4 × 9 in



The Chosen III, 2019

alabaster, metal, electric wiring, insects
28 × 46.5 × 23 cm | 11 × 18 1/4 × 9 in





The Chosen II, 2019

alabaster, metal, electric wiring, insects
28 × 46.5 × 23 cm | 11 × 18 1/4 × 9 in



The Chosen I, 2019

alabaster, metal, electric wiring, insects
28 × 46.5 × 23 cm | 11 × 18 1/4 × 9 in



*IGNORE THE RETURNED
LOVE LETTERS ON MARCEL
BREUER'S WASSILY
ARMCHAIR, 2022*

Marcel Breuer Wassily Armchair, graphite, envelopes





*Ashy, Pearly, Thorny like Worry
or Bliss, 2025*

walldrawing



Guardian, 2014

polished agate

5.5 × 7 × 3.5 cm | 2 1/8 × 2 3/4 × 1 3/8 in



Vasemania / Urn Burial, 2025

hand blown glass vase, wooden crate, insect
60.5 × 57 × 46.5 cm | 23 7/8 × 22 1/2 × 18 1/4 in



Vasemania / Urn Burial, 2025

hand blown glass vase, wooden crate, insect
60.5 × 57 × 46.5 cm | 23 7/8 × 22 1/2 × 18 1/4 in



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