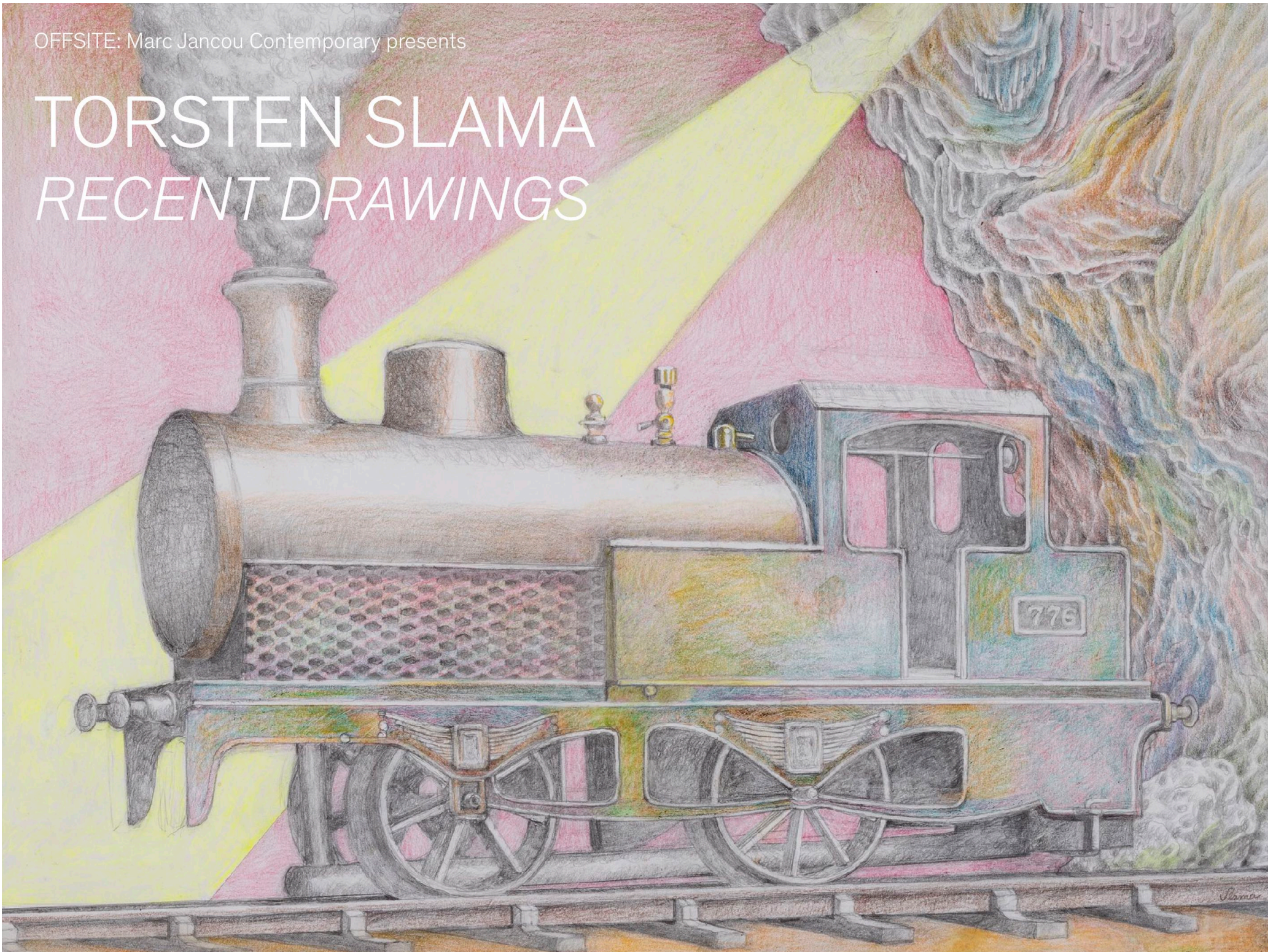


OFFSITE: Marc Jancou Contemporary presents

TORSTEN SLAMA *RECENT DRAWINGS*





Torsten Slama: Recent Drawings

from June 8th to June 29th

at:

WYSTUBE ISEBÄHNLI

Froschaugasse 26

8001 Zurich

Switzerland

Opening hours: Tuesday to Saturday 17:00 to 23:00

Contact for viewing: +41 43 243 77 87, wystube@isebaehnli.com

Torsten Slama suspends the rules of physics in favor of his poetic imagination. In Slama's world, floating geometric shapes can effortlessly co-exist with modernist architecture and sci-fi landscapes. His subjects are consistently architectural and mechanical, and noticeably absent of humans. Is this utopia better off without humans, or perhaps more unsettling with their absence? Is this a post-apocalyptic world erased of humanity? One is never quite sure.

This recent suite of drawings, on view at Wystube Isebähnli, Zurich, through June 29th, expounds upon Slama's fascination with this tension between machinery, architecture, and landscape. Sometimes the trains roll past industrial buildings, forcing the viewer to question if the isolated structures, while well-preserved, are relics of a civilization now extinct. Other times they travel through bucolic landscapes, imparting man-made steam and pollution onto the pastoral setting. Strange UFOs hover above a few of the trains, suggesting that if there were inhabitants, they might not be human.

Torsten Slama was born in Schwarzach, Austria, in 1967. Slama was featured in a major solo exhibition at Contemporary Arts Museum Houston, Texas, in 2009. He additionally has shown at Museum de Hallen, Haarlem, The Netherlands; Deichtorhallen, Hamburg, Germany; and can be found in the permanent collection of The Museum of Modern Art, New York.

Further information on the artist can be found at marcjancou.com

Excerpt from

How Strange the Land

A short-story response to the artwork, by Sophie Mackintosh

© 2018, Sophie Mackintosh

Here, we said to the newcomers each time, motioning to the carriages. Have a seat. And they did.

Is there anything more beautiful than metal? we asked them, This cold thing underneath us, uncompromising, leaden and certain? That rushes us forward?

The newcomers agreed, and then soon they weren't the newcomers any more, but just the same as us.

We never stopped for long. There were lands to move through before we reached the end. Lands of scarlet and of cobalt, stretching under the vault of the sky.

During stops we liked to move from the train and take the beloved objects scattered across the landscape in our hands. We liked to turn the angles of them around. Pipe and leather. Plastic. Shapes perfect in their meaning.

Bury them, we said to each other, bury them deep, but sometimes we just left them there, and sometimes we did not.

The dedicated engine thrummed. We sang alongside it, the song of the metal. Cold metal, turning to hot. Metal liquid and hardening. The sky twisted and rippled and became something other than itself.

Each stop was moving towards another stop, and at the end of all stops would be the end, and this was all we knew, those of us who had been feeling that engine-thrum for a long time, and walked the red and pale sands together during the hours when the journey paused.

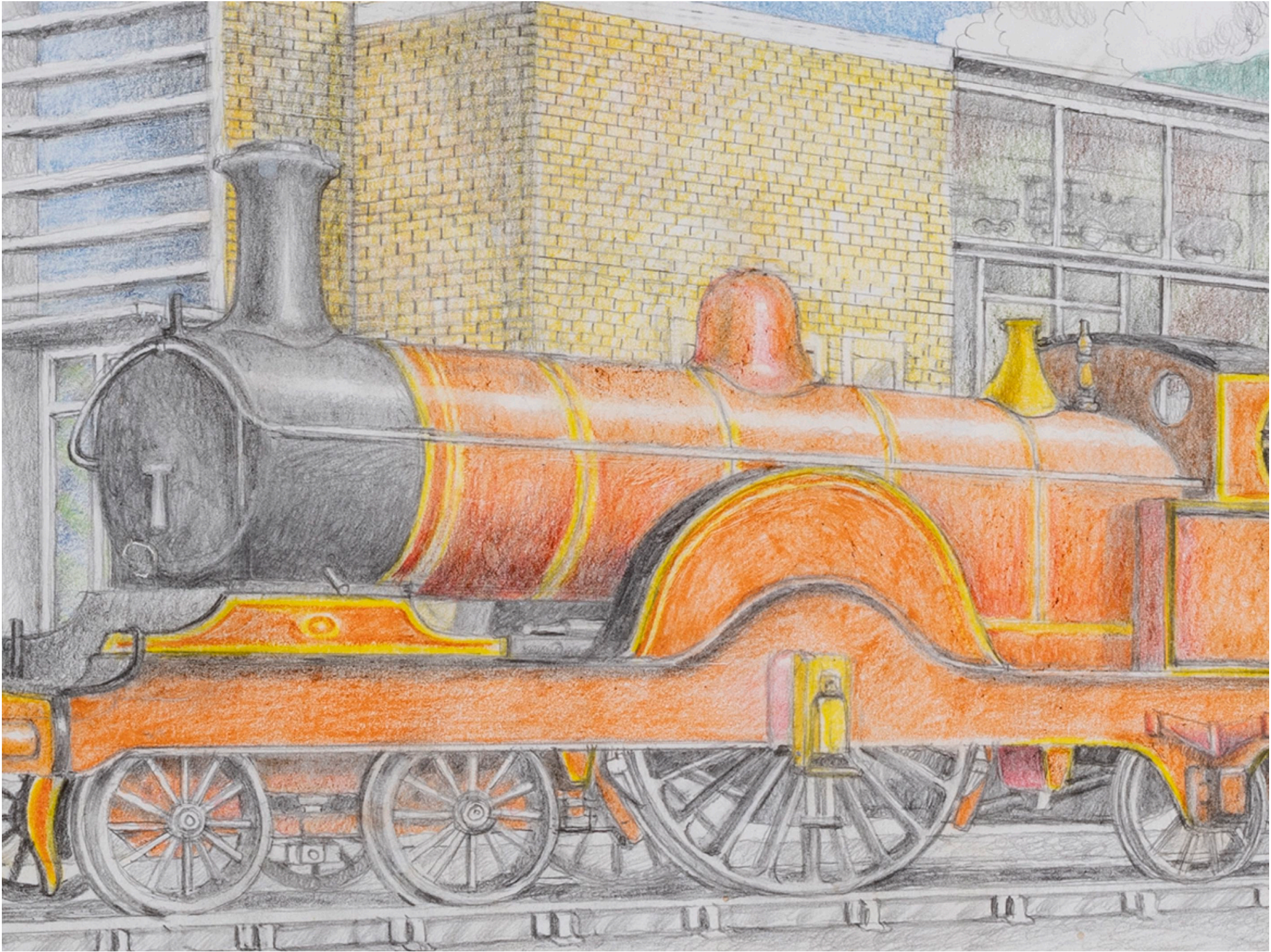
We had sucked honey from the bones of these lands; we had eaten of the beloved objects and they had nourished us, or sat in us, become part of us.

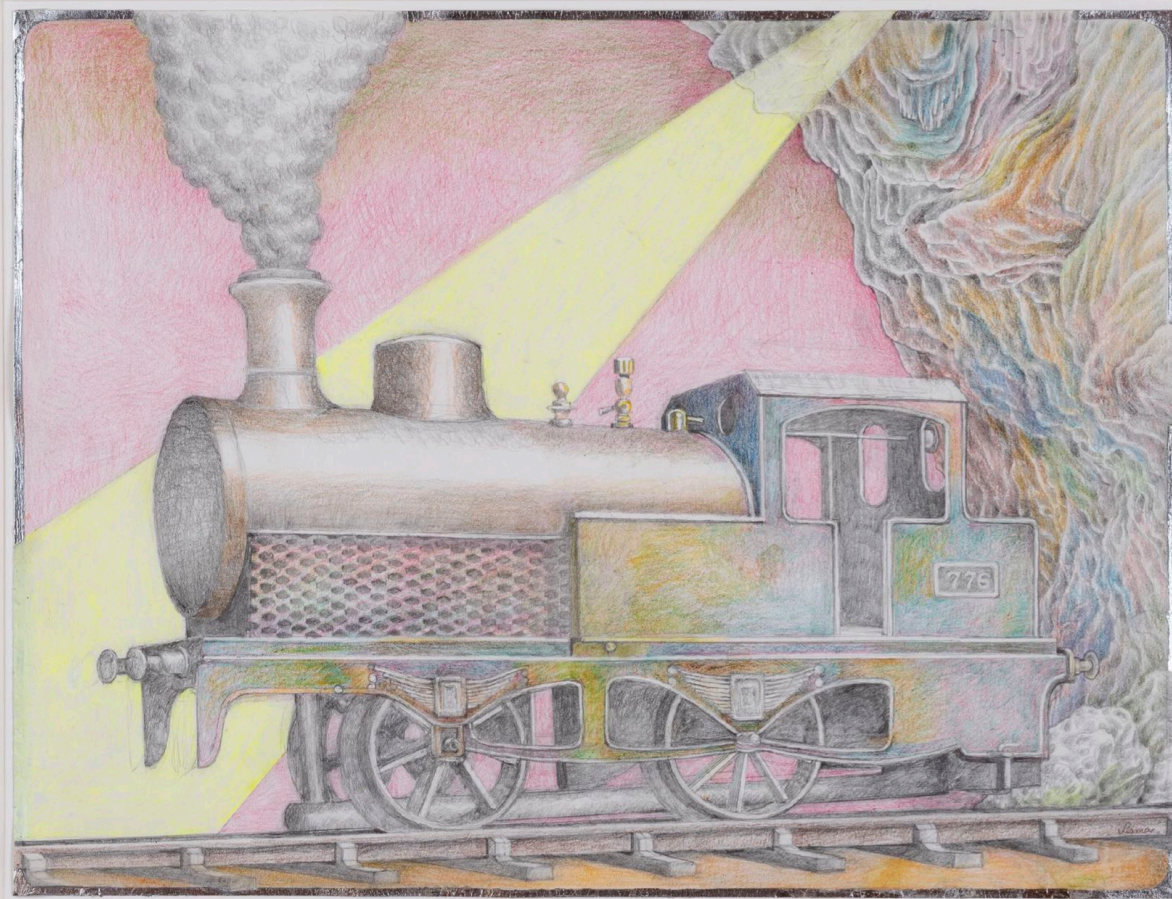
The newcomers mewled but grew used to it, to the motion. The locomotive was becoming full. But there was room for more, and so more came in; pale and strange and disorientated. We loved them and we welcomed them.

There's nothing better, we said, than a journey to a strange land.

And how strange the land.







The Plutonian, 2018

Pencil, colored pencil, and silver leaf on paper

Sheet: 29,7 x 39 cm (11-5/8 x 15-3/8 inches)



The Liverpool (after Cuthbert Hamilton Ellis), 2017

Pencil, colored pencil, and acrylic on paper

Sheet: 29,7 x 40 cm (11-5/8 x 15-3/4 inches)



The Dedicated Engine, 2017
Pencil, colored pencil, and gold leaf on paper
Sheet: 48 x 36,5 cm (18-7/8 x 14-3/8 inches)



The Heavenly Rho, 2018
Pencil, colored pencil, and acrylic on paper
Sheet: 29,7 x 39,8 cm (11-5/8 x 15-5/8 inches)



The Carl Grossberg, 2018

Pencil, colored pencil, and acrylic on yellow-tone paper

Sheet: 36,5 x 48 cm (14-3/8 x 18-7/8 inches)



The Constitutionalist, 2018
Pencil, colored pencil, and acrylic on paper
Sheet: 29,7 x 40 cm (11-5/8 x 15-3/4 inches)





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