

Meyer Riegger

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Thoughts on an Interior Perusal of the Pictorial Spaces of Anna Lea Hucht

Enter into a realm of colour. At first glance this space consists of surfaces with shapes extending from them, fantasy objects, which unfold as loose forms, their contours describing an expansion within space. Abstract, falling circles, then interlocking prisms, a dancing yellow cross. They play the part of phantomlike agents, like images revealed behind closed eyes when touched by sunlight: a flickering, glinting and the emanation of an unexpected interior world.

The personal interiority which we occasionally outline visually when we imagine fictive situations reappears here, in the expansion of colour into figuration, within interior architecture. In a situation of solitude, dreaming, forgetting, remembering and unifying. Retreat: thoughts take on a life of their own. Masks and costumes, relics and artefacts of faraway travels help them do so. The foreign shapes seize one's mind, taking it to places one has already experienced, or always and recurrently longs for. Gestures, bearings, the attitude and placement of objects, which offer spatial reference points for the absence of the remembered, devised or dreamed. The order of space crystallised as shape, which reflects the mind: Fragments, forming the corpus of the visible. Excerpted from a whole, they show sight lines, which aim to concentrate solely on a segment. Cutting out, encircling, extracting, opening the intrinsically closed to reveal a world which is based on imagination, on the addendum that develops from longing and desire.

What is this world able to show? Bright blue eyes, glowing red mouths. And blank spaces, in which the amount of all the colours condense into white ovals. Openings that set free an invisible light, which is only revealed by the contrast and the illumination of the refractive surface. Like windows and doors, their permeability morphing into bright cavities in the darkness. But then, the curtain of reality, which covers this vision up again and throws back our gaze onto what seems to be there. The immediate presence of the objects, minimal and straight-lined. Things that deceive the eye, seem real. In the detailed reproduction of their texture, their shape and their surface approximates a visibility which remains, must remain, an illusion. It is like a dream, from which we awaken because it seems so real, because we suspect and hope that we are only part of an imagined scenario, of which we ourselves can take charge.

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translation by Zoe Claire Miller