

# GALERIE SANDRA BÜRCEL

Martina Heinz

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Opening on Friday, June 19, 19h  
Exhibition June 20 - July 25 2009

no Kaiser are you; you are nought but an onion.  
I'm going to peel you now, my good Peer!  
You won't escape either by begging or howling. (...)  
What an enormous number of sheaths!  
Isn't the kernel soon coming to light?  
I'm blessed if it is! To the innermost centre,  
It's nothing but sheaths - each smaller and smaller -  
Nature is witty!

Henrik Ibsen, „Peer Gynt“, Act 5, Sc 5, 1867

Peer Gynt skitters away a poor dwelling and his own no-good with bodacious tall tales, so the 'Button-Moulder' threatens to fetch him and to melt him up, because „the casting a mere dross“. The defoliation to an inner kernel, doubts and despairing close to terms of Søren Kierkegaard and faith as antidote are essential motives in the work of Martina Heinz. An Archaeology of the soul that questions: Are these our luggage pieces? And how can they be reconstructed?

The objects/ subjects find themselves alone on the white of the paper as if in invisible environment, and often they are varied in series. Thus they recall a study which, in order to understand complex conditions, extracts single symptomatic components. The pictures mostly are built up from a pencil or chalk stroke, applied lightly but precisely, that combines to hatching or grained areas, circles blank parts, and sincerely inform about each speed in which it was acquired.

According to Christian Iconography, reversed vessels tell us about vainness. Chimneys smoke silently into void space, without the origin of the rubbish to be closer identified. The faces, in case they did not yet pass away to beheadedness, are accompanied by shades. You can get a person to yourself by portrait drawing, but at the same time hallucinations originate about the person's presence or absence. Animals, drawn to full life-size in the work of Martina Heinz, refer allegorically to human traits and likewise serve to discuss gender principles of energy, strength and virility. While one horse sets for a run, slightly hysterical in wild-west manner, the other one (a *Shire-Horse*) is a fortress in rest, the flight instinct being bred away as much as possible.

What should you think of this open melancholy of the Self and Society?

Martina Heinz uses disrobement against the insecurity that occurs in unpredictable and thus frightening situations. Previous works (e.g. *Agonie*, 2006) drew an impulsive distortion to the point of breaking open the body at his orifices, in the newer works the grotesque manifests itself less vulgarly. The empty bottle has remained, as if to prevent oneself from the lapse of an alcohol escapade. The direct exhibitionism doesn't shrink from slightly devious to sweet motives; it applies itself to human hardships with honesty. Frequently, the awkwardness is accompanied by a feeling of pitiful neediness or bizarre understatement. That's the way we are; and the combination, which might hit badly otherwise, is compassionate and tender in hope. Embraces shelter thoughtfully here. Also the simple line of the pencil is reassuring and counters all inquietude. A '2' results from a split Omega, last letter in Greek alphabet, shining at the end of the way.