

## Stefan Rinck A Sunny Place For Shady People

Opening May 2, 2014 from 7 pm  
Exhibition from May 3 to June 14, 2014  
Wed - Sat 12 - 6 pm  
Opening of the exhibition with artists invited by Stefan Rinck on June 6, 2014 from 7 pm

By Monika Rinck

“Marblehead. Dream – Grave Mound – Evening, Irreality. A Feast?”  
*From the notebook of H.P. Lovecraft*

Is it a feast? Well, at least it is a place to celebrate. “A Sunny Place For Shady People” – the title of Stefan Rinck’s exhibition originated from the cosmos of William Somerset Maugham, who meant the french riviera where he gave legendary parties at Villa Mauresque at the Cote d’ Azur. An illustriously mixture of partyguests from Haute Volée and demimonde assisted him, flickering, dark, overexposed. Chiaroscuro was the name of the cocktail they all tipple. O, these moving boundaries. Obviously, the feast continues – but you don’t know yet, whether you’re invited.

Is this blackness or the pitch-black borderline between two worlds? Time and time again, the character that goes ahead of itself touches the difference, while you can watch him trying to enter this world. The window glass is the translucent border, the vitrine of existence, the threshold on which the slightly confused character patters back and forth in the mystical predisposition of his anticipation. Bird twitter, later airplane-noise. Is this the water-surface of the soul, tilted vertically? How does this being arise and under whose eyes? Who observes it? Or is it an invisible observer itself – a shadow from a different world, who doesn’t miss anything? Would shadows petrify, the world would double its weight – to nemesis. Cheers Chiaroscuro!

Speculative realists know, how common stones feel, “Stones Feel Dizzy”, said Graham Harman, yet Stefan Rinck’s stones obey to a different form, that keeps developing. The central little being stands at the border between “to be or not to be”, challenges it and puts it to negotiation with every passover. It is one of many dynamic agents who excite these transitions. After all, there where it’s unclear if the being one has to do with is alive or not alive, horror enters the scene.

Maybe overhasty, the speculative realists lined up in retrospect on poststructuralism to reshuffle the cards of immanence and transcendence. The thinking shall think its own end, or step back before its beginning – to look at itself from the distance. Questioning the limits of the alive and the lifeless brings them close to the topoi of horror-literature: working at terror, zombie-motives, or the “overwhelming, untamable life, that invades into perished culture (as Werewolf or animalic creature)” as to Avanession and Quiring in the preamble to “Abyssus Intellectualis, Spekulativer Horror”.

We also know the enlivenment of things to quasi soulful products from the horror-scenario of consumption. These poor things, that become animated and loaded with desire by a consciousness-industry, are joined by Stefan Rinck’s mighty alive-lifeless characters, who dispute subjectivity of human beings with different means.

O, implosion of the mineral matter into a deserted world, in which lithic animals claim the attributes of sovereignty for themselves. Atomized rudiments escape from left-open sacral buildings, recombine to sand grains, petrify, will be employed as gargoyles and arrive in frightful stories.

Several attempts to fool the demons failed. They kept returning to the bar. We said: go home. You don't need us. However they stayed. We asked them what they need us for. They kept silent, grimaced, then they said: as guests, as guests of our wedding. For you're all invited. It will be a feast. So follow the track of darkening stone gravel: from light marble to the bright blue Azul Bahir along brown nordic detrital, finally ending with black diabase. Pass by the station of religion, embodied by a crusader, and leave black magic, embodied by an upright black cat behind you.

A wedding is held in black and white. The feast sets itself in motion; however it's a motion downwards, into the abyss. Now, you have to say everything. You are probably obsessed by the demon of truthfulness. O, what an agitation controls the passage. Please, turn to the cactus now. This is the psychotropic high rise, inhabited by a highly effective worm. The resemblance to the tree of life with the snake is intended, says Stefan Rinck. The Being, provisionary matured to a "Homunculus" can't look down to the bottom of its own pond. Yet, who actually can? The questioning starts. The long finger of the worm points out the way for you, to begin the ride towards the evil end, where even the past is unforeseeable. Was it a feast? Well, at least it was a place to celebrate: A Sunny Place For Shady People.