



Artur Niestroj
Graduation Exhibition
examen2012 at Salzmannfabrik Kassel



Heimweh
2009, sculpture, teared book,
8x16 cm

A piece of work on the brink. Sometimes you simply don't know what should be done. You have got a home behind your back which is fading in the uncertainty of your own steps, eventually just a memory with no realistic point of origin. In front of you the home, unapproachable and foggy, eventually never more than desire.

The old game of „She loves me ... she loves me not ...“. You are immersed in sentimentality, and tearing flowers in shreds without reaching any results. „She“, she becomes the metaphor for the own existence and the world you are exposed to. „She“, she becomes the society you are afraid of, to whose views and judgements you are committed.

Heidi and Ziegenpeter. Ziegenpeter, the stupid boy, who never learnt anything than tending the goats. Lost in the cheesy romantic of the old *Heimatfilme* which are meant to forget the absurdism. The prospecting in the chasms of these depths, alone, without a rope companion, sometimes moments of joy reaching a peak and big visions. And then plunging into the chasms of vacuities again.



Trautes Heim, Glück allein
2012, object
spruce wood, synthetic felt
172x84 cm (each)



Home sweet home. If you want to work you have to furnish your establishment. You are taking a studio agog with expectation. But what you will find at first is the vacuity, deeply felt as a lack. Wherefrom are minds accomplishing their transformation into contentful substances? First you have to keep stance and to operate on something that helps you to create spaces.



I create spaces in where I have got the supremacy. From being the Ziegenpeter to majesty. But what really happens is the exponentiation of the vacuity. It is a veneer made of cheap material and once blindly intended to gather all the transformed mental goods. Taking a small castle where you can act the prince. But nothing than poverty transferred from the studio to the exhibition.

Follow me. You never achieve to arrange yourself in the vacuity and become native to it. But steadily you begin to acquire a taste for your poverty. The misery urges. And suddenly from the middle of your inner unrest a mysterious imperative haunts you and drives you to take steps into a sea of foam. It absorbs you and gives you no buoyancy. Recently you have learnt to swim. But the journey leads you into new aggregate phases beyond anything you thought to know. Follow me. He is the ideal artist. The prototype of the better life. Taking part in his tradition.

Follow me

2012, object, polyurethane foam, poplar plywood, 115x70x49 cm





Untitled
2012, installation
ordinary chairs with
interval timer and
vibration motor



Finding new positions. The space incessantly reconfigures itself. Barely have you felt ground under your feet and recover your breath again. But in a next step you will lose your points of reference. The unrest and anxiety overtakes you because the things around of you are not as they should to seem. The assigned places are filled with their own dynamic. Where am I standing in a room which provides just restless places? It is the room of our personal world as the swimmer's pool and the social place in which I have to chose between scrambling and taking one step back. I will be driven into a corner if I do not reach new spaces from my own strength, radiating from the same foamy deepness where my anxiety comes from. Finding new positions.

Am I moving? Or are the things around me moving? No angle will remain the same. You will be carried away of the unrest. Finding your position. Or follow me.



Artur Niestroj. Born 1979 in Ozimek in Poland. Studies of architecture in Frankfurt/Main. After a study termination changing to philosophy and theology. After prediploma in cath. theology taking up the study in fine arts at the Kunsthochschule Kassel, first in class of Stefan Demary, since 2008 in class of Urs Lüthi, graduated in July 2012.

Kassel / July 2012