

Clara Kaufmann, 10/3/2022

Exhibition opening

## **The Narrative**

**Andrea Pernegr  
Eduardo Vega de Seoane  
Irene Wölfel**

The three artists all work very intuitively, and they have the gift of recognising an almost inexhaustible wealth of beauty, diversity and depth even in the very tranquil details of life. In Andrea Pernegr's case, it is everyday objects and environments to which she feels a deep connection and which inspire her paintings. Irene Wölfel also recognises the special in the mundane. With incredible care, even affection, she collects waste paper of all kinds, which becomes the starting point for her carefully tailored paper stories. Eduardo Vega de Seoane concentrates more on the immaterial levels of life, on perception itself, on the senses, on feeling aliveness.

And this is also what the pictures tell us in the first place. They tell of perceiving, of expressing, of interpreting. The artistic expression is immediate and very personal; no intellectual concepts are pursued here, but rather the straightforward need to express oneself. Or I would even say that it is not about expressing oneself, but the affection, even the love for things (Andrea Pernegr), for the material (Irene Wölfel) and for life (Eduardo Vega de Seoane). That may sound kitschy now, but I do stand by it. Because whenever I have dealt with the artistic positions here for this speech, I have felt surrounded by a pleasant cloud of care and affection, I have been drawn into this pleasant feeling of losing oneself completely in doing or looking - a state in which one is completely intimate with oneself and yet, at the same time, not entirely at one's own. It gives me a feeling of peace, and peace is something we can all use right now.

### **EDUARDO VEGA DE SEOANE**

When Eduardo Vega de Seoane paints, he tries to switch off his mind as much as possible and puts himself in a state of the greatest possible emptiness. He would like to paint without thinking, entrust brushes and colours to intuition and thereby uncover the most fundamental perceptions and sensations and translate them directly into painting. His paintings are about the immaterial, like the feeling of liveliness, the sound of music, the vastness of the sky, the poetry of language, the smell of a summer's day....

In the creative process, he oscillates between the inner world and the outer world, between the sensually perceived environment and what it triggers inside him. The intermingling of concrete sensory impressions and abstract - albeit quite real - sensations also leads to a simultaneity of representationalism and abstraction in painting. For as abstract as his paintings may seem, they always trigger representational associations, e.g. in emblematic details or partly also the way he composes his colour surfaces.

However, for Eduardo Vega de Seoane, categorisations such as "abstract" or "concrete" are obsolete anyway. He has not chosen one or the other - he is far too freedom-loving and intuitive to impose such artificial limitations on himself. He follows the brush wherever his intuition leads him. His painting is not abstract or representational; it is simply painting - pure and free. On a meta-level, his paintings also tell stories about painting in and of itself. Just as music tells stories from pitches, chords, harmonies and ultimately from vibrations, Eduardo tells stories out of or about colours, forms and signs.

For me, his works transmit a feeling of freedom and lightness. It may sound strange, but I have the feeling that there is still enough space between the areas of colour, enough air to breathe freely and become wide.

Look at his paintings the way you listen to a concert, enjoy a glass of good wine, receive a display of tenderness. Use your eyes as a sensory organ or, even better, as an organ of sensuality and stroll, fabulate, fantasise your way through Eduardo's paintings, which give you every freedom.

## **ANDREA PERNEGR**

For Andrea Pernegr, the point of departure for her paintings - as already mentioned - always lies in objects - even if, as an outsider, you might not recognise this at first glance. But if you stand with Andrea in front of one of her paintings, she will tell you with the greatest of ease what object she has painted there.

She devotes herself to the things of day-to-day use to which we normally pay no particular attention, but which accompany us throughout our lives and whose sight and use shape our everyday lives: the armchair, the blender, the soup bowl... - or outside: the street lamps, trees, flowers, the garden... For Andrea, they are homely objects that offer security and support in an unexcited, unpretentious way. And indeed: couldn't it be said that our things are not also our home somewhere? Don't we all have a family of things alongside our human friends and family members? At least, that is the case with Andrea.

She relieves things of their pure function, charges them with stories, with feelings, with vague inner images that could never be put into words, but perhaps could be in painting. For the viewer, the original thing in the picture is often no longer recognisable because of all the abstraction. Although: Andrea Pernegr does not only abstract - i.e. reduce - because she does not only take something away from the objects but, at the same time, adds something to them: personal levels of meaning, memories, layers of colour. Even if the starting point is often no longer recognisable, the significance, the care and seriousness with which the (hide-and-seek) game was played remain palpable and visible. The hint of a memory of childhood, when things still spoke to us and the bed was a castle. In the end, it is the essence that is what it is all about. The essence of things, the essence of painting, the essence of childhood, the essence of Andrea Pernegr.

The pencil in her hand draws a direct line to the inner child, draws her into stories and fantasies that begin with things. A simple object is enough for her as a vehicle into a world of imagination and inspiration.

## **IRENE WÖFL**

The fact that an individual thing receives so much attention and care is actually rather rare in our throwaway society. Yes, things are incredibly important to us; the consumer society lives from the fact that we constantly accumulate more and new things around us, but the individual thing, so to speak, loses value as a result. It becomes interchangeable, replaceable. The result is a huge amount of rubbish. I have to think of my three-year-old son. Funnily enough, he likes the word "rubbish" very much and has already realised that quite ordinary objects become rubbish at some point. There are borderline cases where he is not quite sure, e.g. empty medicine boxes or slightly crumpled paper. Then he asks me, "Is that rubbish already?" Most of the time, I answer yes.

It is in this process of transformation from useful paper to waste paper that Irene Wölfl comes into play. Because her artistic process begins where the conventional use of paper ends.

Irene Wölfl is a collector. She collects overlooked details and forgotten memories, textures, patterns and colour tones, torn edges and paper folds. She collects used things that are no longer needed after their use and refines the (now) worthless through attention and care. She pays attention to the unnoticed and creates miniatures of the minimal, precious objects of the forgotten, gems of care.

The artist seeks dialogue with the found materials, for they all have something to tell; they already carry a story or statement within them. This biography of the material is, of course, particularly intense in the case of papers that document personal experiences, such as letters or photos, which often end up in piles at flea markets after the death of their authors. But simple packaging materials or pages from print media and books also bring their own stories. Irene Wölfl listens, cuts out, tears open, arranges. She carefully establishes new relationships, spins narrative threads and reinvents the story(s).

Irene chooses her paper quotations with deliberation and intuition - a greeting from times past, an interesting texture, a yellowed crease, an airmail envelope. With the smallest excerpts from the past, she tells multi-layered "picture" stories that always retain a mystery and relocate the viewer in a state between curiosity and nostalgia.