## corne de brume, misthoorn, Nebelhorn

A foghorn: this text speaks of sound and mist.

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A foghorn blasts to warn ships when visibility is reduced and lighthouses cannot penetrate the mist. A different signal must be transmitted if visual cues are ineffective.

Sound—such a potent register of metaphors to speak about what you can and cannot see.

Most of these works are muted. Or, to be more precise, they are as a dub, they're dubby: there are elements of a song but the vocals (the signifiers) are removed, or at least delayed. Dub is less about conveying images (a subject) and more about rhythm. There's a logic, but it's an internal logic. When the work is a thought, it's holding something back.

Some of the sculptures build on organic forms; they enhance bends, joints, and curvatures, creating a sequence. Form has rhythm. Some figures emanate from more technological shapes. The glass work is a blown-up version of a spark lighter, a tool to ignite the fire for a welding operation. Other works do not intensify a given shape, but rather make a conversion from something to something else. 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 zero desire emanates light on the pulse of a voice counting down. It looks mechanical, but has a human source. The painting, in turn, does not enhance or translate anything but defies what could be perceived as a recognizable image. It does not fall into a form (not even an abstract one), and any evident cadence is deterred. Think of syncopation, where the rhythm goes against the expected beat.

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Dim light, blurred vision, warps everything slightly out of focus.

Who is still dreaming? Who sees the light? Who is still dreaming? Who has the light?

Too much light creates the hyperfocus of an operating room. Edges are hard and sharp. There's an immediacy, but it's flat. Too little light proliferates meaning but loses urgency. April is right there in the middle. The light is not as sharp as in summer, but it's equally intense. The air is somewhat heavy, full of restlessness, promising, again, a new beginning.

Laurens Otto