

Hunter's Fallacy

Elza Sile x {F_x Office}

A Strawberry Solo Show

July 12th 2020 - August 16th 2020

open Saturdays and Sundays
from 2-6pm
or by appointment

Elza paints. Or rather: Elza uses paint to create strangely architectural landscapes which remind of things familiar yet hidden in the buried creases of the mind.

Her almost ironic way of nonchalantly treating paint itself as a material which is layer of color but functions also as an architectural element or carrier of texture, combining it with items taken from every-day household and office situations, makes the work resemble child-like experiments at times. So innocently accessible in medium and form, the first experience remains unbothered by feelings of awe or inadequacy towards the work. No extraordinary frame of reference is required to enter them. It seems enough to have a mind.

Settings reminding of social and political spheres, timeless in their appearance, point to the larger structures societies are based on. Architectures taking the shape of what might be a Greek amphitheatre, a Roman court of justice, contemporary parliament or lecture hall – you name it. Others more abstract, bringing larger patterns or schemes to mind. Brackets which enclose one social setting while suggesting that things might just as well be different – a little shift of a closing bracket from here to there and the convention will be another. Possibilities theoretically unlimited, an air of dystopia inhabits the works.

What from afar resembles architectural sketches or schemes, upon taking a closer look, quickly draws our attention to the details. A fountain, something glossy and smooth, stairs leading up to another platform, inviting for a stroll to associate freely, following one element to the next in the dreamlike psychological spaces on aluminium canvas. X marks the spot or checks a box in a list of what might be reasons or tasks, or shelves?

Intrigued, we explore the psychological mindscapes, amused by the way in which she applies the material – so careful and detailed in some parts, only to serve us with unrefined sausages of paint in others, letting us just about hear the tacky sound of it coming out of the tube.

Still smirking, an uncanny feeling starts creeping up on us as we dive into the spaces. The friendly fountain... the X that marked the spot... the lovely living room plants – so accessible, familiar, easy to attend to, yet never quite allowing to settle. As soon as we get comfortable, a shape or a phrase denouncing our own psychological whereabouts starts vexing us, disturbing our peace.

Doubting, we start looking for patterns, our receiving gaze turning into the watchful eyes of a stalker – from one element to the next, following the tracks of her mind.

One element barely identified, it already transforms into another. Next to a sloppy lump of paint, we find the glossiest piece of color, brushed a thousand tender times. Another one appearing as the sneakiest snake's skin – beautiful yet intriguingly malicious. Before we allow for suspicion, the snake turns back into a mere pattern of rhombs, flat, almost mocking – 'I'm just some geometrical form on aluminium canvas, whatever did you think, you little nut?'

Repeating elements, arranged in psychedelic spatialities – there is no steady ground in here.

Were all those accessible elements just seductive traps to catch our attention? What kind of game is this? What mind would invent such traps? Who's tracing whom here? What the fuck?

And that is the moment when we realise we are not in a safe space, exploring her take on the world. We are being watched – our thoughts and desires anticipated, leading us into the most seductive traps triggered by our very own minds on the basis of some mere static painting. Seizing our attention, teasing us, only to denounce our most profane desires for the nice, glossy, symmetrical, comfortable. Naked, yet intrigued, we don't even bother looking for our clothes. Too curious about the mind that set us up, we go around, hunting for clues. And that is when the real, larger trap has snapped. The possibly impossible, yet addictively entertaining task of trying to figure out the game and mind of Elza S. Is there any way out of here?