

**ANDREAS WALDMEIER***AUSSER NICHTS IST NICHTS FORMLOS [NOTHING BUT NOTHING IS UNFORMED]***AUG. 26 – OCT. 7, 2017**

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Versatz is the title of one of the images in the exhibition. The several German meanings of Versatz translate with offset, mismatch, drift, backfill or stowing. The last two expressions are part of a technical language used in the mining industry. They refer to the refilling of a void made from excavating natural resources: a pit, a mine, a tunnel, a colliery. Suddenly it seems promising to approach Andreas Waldmeier's works with mining terminology, with terms like blind and manual backfill, dead rock, filling ratio, transfer medium and foreign heap. Encountering the terms swaying mightiness and large scale overthrust makes you feel like definitely having found linguistic matches for some of the impressions from the current exhibition at Counterspace.

Five canvasses are installed on three walls: *VERSATZ, 2 WALLS 01, 02, 03, AND DOOR 01*. There is light flooding in through the large window front, dispensable extra walls have been removed for the exhibition. Several wooden elements of oblong shape structure the space. The whole exhibition is about volumes. About the way they stretch and sprawl out, about the set of rules which makes them occupy, define space and burst space: optical, psychological, sensorial, social, euclidean, quantum physical space.

Andreas Waldmeier's images conserve the steps of his working process, from priming and taping to pouring paint, from grinding and scraping to the extremely detailed post production with a miniature brush used for retouching. Geometrically primed shapes define something like an inner pictorial space. In between there are left out patches of raw canvas. On top and over of this something takes place which withdraws from the eye of the beholder wanting to recognize and decode. Organically undefined mass enters the constructed space with a blast; colored substances overgrow alignments, lines of sight and association chains.

The images no longer want to be confined canvases on walls, spatial arrangements within a framed pictorial space. They want to cascade between the walls, to flood the space. A mangan blue line loses itself, running from a middle sized canvas in the direction opposed to the fuse box, uniting with the doorframe. Wooden elements rise from the ground and cling to supporting and non-supporting walls. In front and behind all this the space itself has started moving and flexing its muscles.

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