

going for a walk

taking off ... wandering ... letting thoughts ramble.

The body gives in to the rhythm of the legs. The eyes relax. They see without strain – without *needing* to see – look around without compulsion. Up the mountain, it becomes brighter, the colors change, as does the light. The weather wouldn't be good, I'd thought; I expected gray on gray, but once outside and on my way, I realized I had been wrong. It is much brighter, almost light. The eyes catch sight of a surface larger than one would think the valley perspective capable of allowing. After this, though, the next gully seems narrower, darker. One bend to the left around a corner and I stand unexpectedly in front of a monolithic surface, colorful heads on lumps of stone lie scattered on the ground. A silver spider web stretches above everything, and only above that does the sky appear. The same scenery viewed from afar shows me only a large tree with refined branches and the world behind it.

This is how I feel when I see a new work by Christian Einfalt.

And what is true of "black paintings" is also true for the material images, the "compressions," the "cubes," and for his floor objects.

I take off, let myself drift outside in another world, which is actually inside – in his studio ... , and I look and marvel. Again, something new has emerged, this time the dice. I have to laugh, because they stand there impishly, almost speaking to me through a grin; playful without being childish, free in design on the surface and yet precise in size and form. A little bigger and they'd be mundane, a little smaller and they'd be ridiculous. Without their delicate legs, which give them a floating quality – comet-like – they'd be heavy-handed.

Only the raw material itself leads one to an association with "ready-mades." Reminiscent of recycled objects. But the idea goes further here as an intellectual argument with basic artistic treatment: the adaptation and compression of one material into another.

Considering the principle of balance where spacial impact and color are engaged as often as a subtle sense humor: this is how Christian Einfalt follows his own artistic angle and intellectual approach to his creations. Yes, there are found objects – or rather, junk – rusty or colored re-worked pieces where the subsurface is an unrecognizable painted-over dreamy landscape oil painting, only sporadically torn open to uncover its subground, or respectively, background.

This coherence, the same balance between formal and free floating playful perspectives also occurs in his material images. In their three-dimensional form they resemble landscapes in which coincidence has no power and nothing is arbitrary. The composition criteria for strict painting apply overall: form, color, composition. The edges and cracks, the transitions into another color, or size of the assembled particles and also their montage-like arrangement in the room follow an intense monologue from the artist himself – which is also dialogue between his thoughts, speaking with each other, arguing and deliberating before a decision is made, the task approached and the result realized as artwork.

Einfalt says, "The images in the series 'black paintings' are references to projection surfaces of an integral theory of consciousness."

But not only the "black paintings" are references, all pictures and objects by Christina Einfalt search for something which they often simultaneously hide. They all show a world that offers more than only one single possibility, though "only" this one is made visible as the conclusion.

Einfalt's works tower in the room. They play to the eye of the observer. They show themselves purely as that which they are, shy away from no offense or degradation. They form bodies, bodies of landscapes. And with the entirety of their spacial corporeality they also bring form to the exhibition room, turning it into an accessible landscape in which I must find my way – and behave.

Everything breathes and is searching for constant expansiveness, so it seems. With every glance something new is discovered: yet exactness and creativity remain valid, space and three-dimensionality persist in every microcosm of square centimeters as well as in the greater whole.

In his first solo exhibition at FORUM KUNST in Stift Millstatt, the artist Einfalt displays both thoughtfulness and humor. He searches and finds: the sculptures, their depth and width, spirit, wit and ultimately freedom. He follows his images and objects into spacial extension and speaks his own unique, dynamic language.

As always, Einfalt is cheeky and an eager risk-taker, searching for essence – for an at least temporarily valid theory that this solo venture and artistic unfolding make possible.

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