

Heiner Franzen

Part 1:

„SCHICHTER“

26.10. - 29.11.2011

In Heiner Franzens' installation frazzles of memories and thoughts collide with imagery of various meaning referring to only seemingly existing things. All this results in beautiful, at times bizarre, estranged fragments of architectural forms and drawings conforming several layers covered with shreds of frozen film stills.

Filmstill like drawings, lines, strokes, photo copies together with its surrounding architecture compose "Ekphorien". "Ekphorien" are sensations of the central nervous system which evoke the reproduction of things and actions, best described as deep memories. In Heiner Franzen's case those deep memories are pointing to an apparent reality which consistently absconds from access even despite the fact that he built a house around it like a walk-in drawing while accruing a meta filmstill with multiple individualities.

Heiner Franzen:

"There is a Cartoon with this sleepwalker who reaches the end of the ridge and just keeps on walking. On his way down he steps on flying crows, branches and all kind of stuff to simply continue his walk on the ground... It is a beautiful metaphor for all doing and thinking as an subject by itself, and how I use my own memory silo. For instance a random teenage-film experience, which I continue to draw up today, because I myself made this experience and it is now my film.

My biography stacks itself between shreds of Pasolini- or Kubrick movies and expands again, at the end you see head and story...

Teil 2:

„FINDLING“

30.10. - 24.12.2011

Part 2 "Findling" (boulder) transforms memory. For just a moment a voice is added and it feels like loosing one's own innocence only to search for it again afterwards.

The voice seems to be like a boulder which is an erratic object without history because its origin is not known. The oblivious boulder contorts its meaning into an inseparable riddle of identity and belonging. The henchmen of consciousness; remembrance of culture and meaning, individuality and value, context and sense cannot find any hold on the boulder despite its arm's length distance. What's left is a battle field of disorientation.

The text in form of a voice and the imagery in form of codes are the material for the audience.