

Kibbutz Gallery, Tel Aviv

23.2. - 24.3.2012

NIGHT MY LIGHT

In her exhibition, Andrea Morein brings together a comprehensive and compact installation in which every detail has its precise placing. The structure of the gallery plays a leading role. The artist has painted it in accordance with the movement sequences suggested by the structure itself, which – in its own way – reflects back her own world.

The daylight seeps into the gallery and onto the white walls. The small wall at the entrance shows the drawing *Limbo Three*, featuring three bright circles on layers of transparent paper. A black line sluggishly sketches a possible connection, a kind of unraveled labyrinth with several possible openings. The walls at the far end are black. There is an opening covered with a black curtain on the wall deep inside the gallery, hiding a faraway event, which, through the curtain's outlined edges, filters dim light and muffled, rhythmic sounds: raindrops on tin, heartbeats, rhythm.

Andrea came to the visual arts from dance and theater, from a perception of space as whole. She seems to have integrated the movement and rhythm of these worlds. The meaning is contained within them or derived from them. Movement, rhythm and light create a dynamic space, in which the internal, mental and emotional content appears as multifaceted, flexible and mobile. Ostensibly two opposites: black and white. In this very motion everything has been combined in order to deconstruct the opposites, to create an oscillating movement between the two poles.

The exhibition is featuring drawing, photography and DVD projections, in which the transitions from one frame to the next take place in a gentle, overlapping motion. The drawings consist of clusters of dots huddled together, creating circles of flickering contours. These are sketched on layers of transparent paper producing an expanse of depth, movement and flickering luminosity.

There is also a photographed written text, in the diptych *Dedication*, comparing the typographical characters with the drawing's seemingly

indifferent signs. The stains marking the text assemble the ciphers in the shape of saturated circles. Are they drops of water, or tears? Either way, they seem to suggest an equation incorporating an emotional, mental content.

They are photographs made in the studio inclining towards the fine, minimal and intimate – a hand gesture between herself and herself.

We cannot tell whether we are looking at an intimate drawing of repetitive, obsessive gestures made by a blind hand on paper, or whether this is a photograph creating a technical transformation distancing us from the intimate gesture. Is it really technical? The photograph in the black section of the gallery – *Limbic Orbit* – will open up the scenery to an infinite number of distant stars, or maybe islands...

The drawing *EYE* – “I” unifies the expanses into a simple intimacy, a thoughtful eye sketched in simplistic hand-scribbles. An eye and at the same time a trajectory of stars in the cosmic expanse.

Hanging on the black wall in the hall is the photograph *Hybrid Diptych*. It too, brings together outside and inside.

The silhouette of a strange figure is sketched by the light seeping in through the vertical slits of a curtain. The eye of the camera crossbreeds the image of an animal with that of a woman to create one single figure. An added enigmatic possibility is that the diptych includes what is in fact a drawing.

What has been drawn here? A kind of Rorschach blotch of ink, or the hide of a strange animal?

The slits letting in the light in the photograph called *Night Light*, hung in the passage between the gallery spaces, shape the patches of light into a diagonal structure looking like movement in the passageway. The movement is further highlighted by the positioning of the photograph between the erect, vertical orientation of the diptych, and the verticals that form the figure's background with the light shining from a different direction.

All the way in the back – the DVD projection *Limbus/Limbo*, with the color red occasionally penetrating the contours of the dots huddled together, moving about and gliding away from the center of the frame, which is momentarily left empty as they are cropped by the frame. The movement is being given an

energetic dimension by the touch of red and the sound of drums accompanying their motion.

The night's lazy rambling through eyes half shut evokes the creation of this content, letting it exist without any need for censoring.

In *Nocturne*, a large screen appears behind a black opening, filtering the light through the square opening delineating the silhouette of a passing figure. A procession of shadow-figures at the slow pace of drops falling on tin. Perhaps as if converging into one single dot from the cluster of dots, a lazy eye in the nocturnal light allowing these juxtapositions and combinations to occur and abide.

And on leaving the gallery, one encounters the small drawing again, its meandering lazy lines opening up a number of pathways and other possible exits, maybe.

Curator: Yael Keiny