Strange Heart

Several years ago during an intense winter in Berlin, the canal froze over. On the surface of the canal, a swan had frozen solid and was covered in ice, like a sculpture. Passersby tossed flowers from the bridge above, which landed on the ice beside the frozen swan. Perhaps it was not death, but rather a prolonged slumber – a hibernation spell reminiscent of Sleeping Beauty's century-long nap, awaiting the transformative awakening that a kiss might bring.

The series of works, 'Strange Heart', was created in Berlin in 2023 and consists of ten paintings. The paintings are painted on suede, the reverse side of processed leather, the inside of a dead animal. The paintings are not separated from their animal origin – they still remember their suffering. Guided by subjective experiences, the paintings depict dreamlike spaces – vague and dark. Within them float memories and visions from blurry nights. The paintings do not aim to imitate or describe reality, but rather portray the inner movements of a turbulent state of mind. In this sense, they cite the operating mode of German Expressionism, as well as some of their patterns and gestures.

The red and blue palettes resemble internal organs or a swamp. Distorted images appear: a "has been" Disney princess, a passerby peeing in a dark forest, a deformed child - a hybrid of mouse and vampire -, a monstrous pet, the soul of a servant trapped in a candle flame. Self-portraits transform costumes and masks, moving like ghosts between abandoned interiors – a corridor with many doors and a neglected castle staircase. The sounds of ticking clocks echo in all of them. At the core of all the paintings are scenarios of femininity, and sexuality of pain and decay. In different ways, they are born out of the longing for love and the danger inherent in a broken heart.

The fantasy of love moves in timeless orbits, but never in a linear axis. Recollections of unrequited romantic encounters are woven into nostalgic cityscapes. They resemble crafted daydreams of romances with strangers. They linger on the past and the potential that might have unfolded, addressing hidden recipients of secret love confessions. Like in a dream, ever-changing characters assume the coveted role of the beloved. Within this fantasy lies the bitter taste of disappointment – disappointment as a circular mechanism fueled by the melancholic pleasure of sorrow. The ache of cold solitude is yearns to be switched into the comfort and warmth of touch. Yet, each disappointment triggers a dangerous internal blaze, like a furious prophecy of revenge; the fire of the inner beast will burn the ice. Each time, the inner beast actually burns herself.