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Practice this: the marks you are seeing are invisible.

The mind is not a localized phenomenon; sensing occurs everywhere. These machines operate within that assumption. They make marks to gage the limits of time passing and to record shifts of location in space. They take canvas, oil paint, dust, keys..., cut them, pit them one against the other, extract them from their established relationships, knead, reassemble, insert, compress, and then sit waiting in a corner of the studio. Later, once attachments recede, they might be allowed back in.

My utopia is that there might be marks made without culture, in a completely empty space, but of course that doesn't mean anything, or rather, that wouldn't mean anything. Meaning requires some friction, something for the bubbling to catch on. I can sit with the marks, rub my hands over them to ascertain whether their irregularities are painted in, or created by volume, or by reassemblage of outlying parts.

I can imagine all sorts of scenarios to play the meaning for this, depending on the context in which my string of metaphors fall. If it's the history of enclosure and expulsion: stripes, penal colonies, immigrants accruing at the border. If it's pop saccharine candy dots: an extended experimentation around plastic and politics. I could lay out a decisive theoretical gambit about signs but nothing here uses force in that way.

The thinking, sensing, navigation, or whatever you'd like to call it is ex-corporated. The decisions, given up to the material, require trust. Do you see the blurry middle section that has been brought in from the periphery? The dirt of edges, the fray and tiredness of what is on the side is gathered close.

These paintings are sieves: they work on their filtration mechanism. I can call it epistemology, but don't ask me to explain. A cut will do that for me: down the middle of the painting, a third of the way in, a partial circle intersecting another, the accident of the end. To me, these are like autodidacts breathing, strangely the most enabled autodidacts.

Noura Wedell

Benjamin Echeverria was born in 1980 and lives and works in Los Angeles. Recent solo exhibitions include *Pose Falls* at Bad Reputation, Los Angeles, 2020; *Cups* at Parapet Real Humans St Louis, MO, 2020; *Six Sculptures* at Locker, Los Angeles, CA, 2019; and *C.A.R., Green Drawing, Willie Mays, The Terror of Evidence, 3939, No Smoke, Bubbler, Corners Brought to Middle* at Galerie Parisa Kind, Frankfurt am Main, 2019.