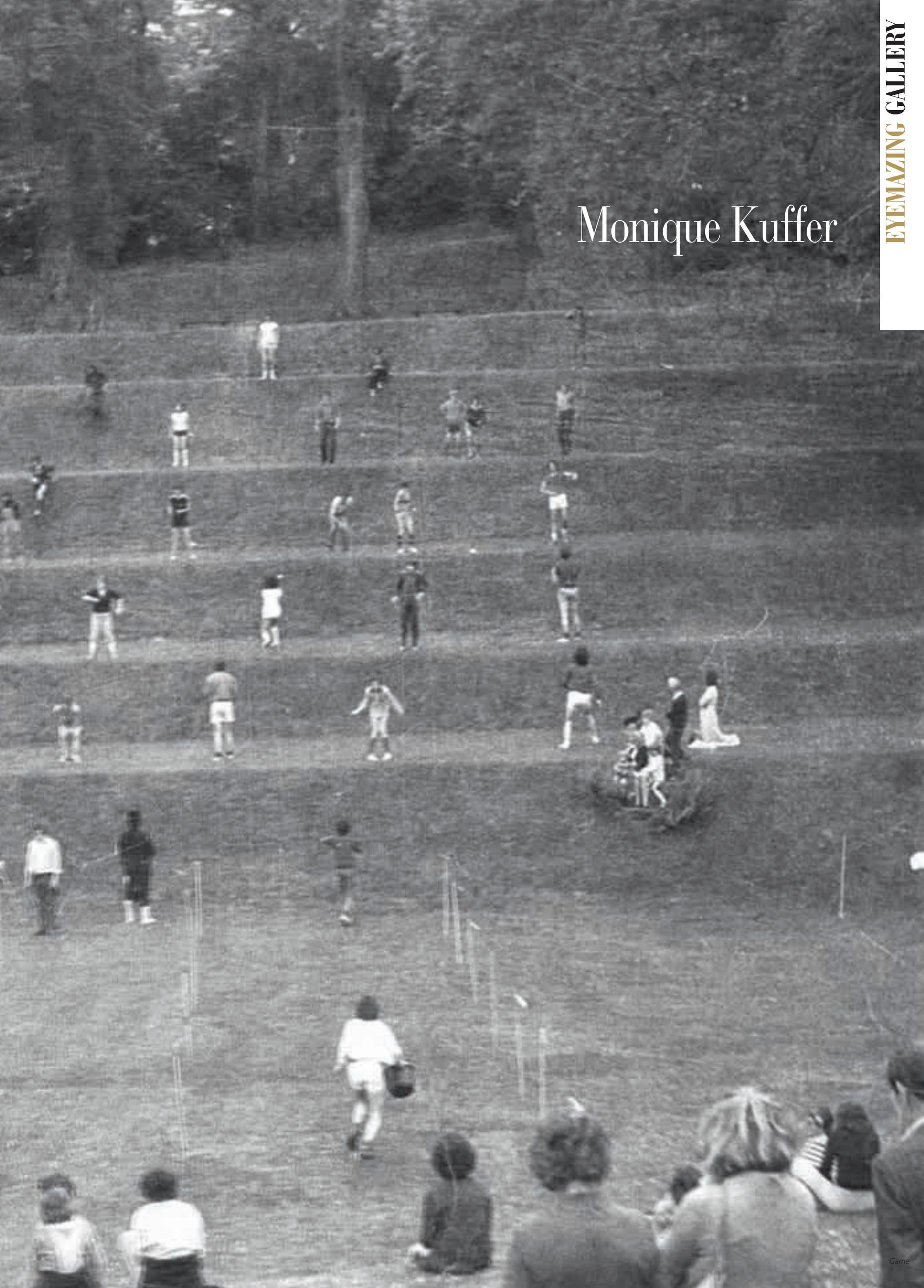




Monique Kuffer













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These photographs are memories of an impression, about space connecting to something else, searched for, undefined. Grabbing perceptions, catching moments, movements, and reflections. Filling gaps not yet labelled and organised or classed into series—series of piles, series of horizons, series of clouds. Recording with a conviction that it is needed at some junction of time/space not yet identified. A stepping stone towards something else, which may be sharing, developing, showing, analysing, changing....

Like a cat sitting still by a mouse hole, patiently waiting, attentive, the eye filters through the objective, freezing time into traces of ephemeral constructions, models, processes. Sometimes feeling like crutches, photographs help with an underlying impatience for results. Other times they take on a life of their own, relegating three-dimensional installation work to a backstage status. It may happen that the space is transformed only for the camera. Photographs nevertheless remain interdependent with the context they represent.

My prints beg permission for further participation. A different interaction is needed—a physical intervention, an alteration—of paper, ink, glue and light, of textures, rhythms and patterns. Borrowed gestures, tools and materials of daily chores and craftsmanship participate in constructing a 3D image with the feel of newsprint, telling a story, with force and fragility, interacting with light to imprint an ephemeral timelessness revealing the bare essentials. So there is space, there is matter and texture, a need

to play, to explore—a certain notion of work. I look forward to gestures, the rhythms of drawing, cutting, scratching, tearing, preferring to work and experiment in techniques with no gap or delay imposed by a device or process.

Running away at 17 and rebelling, I fled West from Switzerland, fled East for philosophical answers, fled South to exotic promises; fragmenting/assembling myself into an experiential mixture of my own making. I made a choice to raise a family, four children who still anchor me and teach me. I progressed through mazes and tsunamis and the elaboration of mental stories that turned out to be unimportant and interfered with day-to-day living.

Time unrolled, stretched or shrank for nearly thirty years. Ideas, words and sketches populated sketchbooks and strips of negatives accumulated, the image and voice belonging to what I am, unfolding regardless of apparent time ruptures, shifting reality around with no further intent. I find meaning in concentration, in being present. No mind, no thinking—whether it be while cooking, attending to children...or making art. Being as a filtering/interacting manifestation, the product of a local and cultural context searching for meaning and development, a creative, intelligent heartbeat communicating, connecting, intuiting, channelling the infinite, nonbeing.

True existential responsibility rests in growth within. With that awareness, expression is accomplished and the art media does not impose any conscious limita-

tion. All measurements and rules are transcended and inner freedom gained.

Research and experiments led me to borrow baking paper from the kitchen, wallpaper glue and tiling tools, gestures from childhood play, from ironing or hanging sheets in the sun, and transpose these into images which stand or hang, coming alive bathed in natural light.

TEXT BY MONIQUE KUFFER & SHOSHANA ROSENTHAL

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