

GEROLD MILLER

mehdi chouakri

SET.
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At the age of 12 I was all of a sudden inducted to the world of art. In the basement of my parents house I came across a number of oil paintings of unknown provenance, which were barely hidden behind carelessly discarded junk. They were well-intentioned depictions of landscapes and touching animal portraits, classically balanced and very heartfelt still-lives to be sure: Commercially available products drenched in harmony and obviously longing and dreaming of a world behind things.

These well-tempered and well-designed rather small treasures might have appeared like balm for both soul and mind at first, through the eyes of the still innocent, but they lacked the one, final unique stroke of the brush, which would count as standard equipment of a masterpiece (this I already realized quite early): the signature, which evidently discloses the information on the creator-like genius, the date and location of the work's origin. To save these artifacts of craft and pastime from their undeserving fate of oblivion, I crudely put down my own name over the faded signatures of the now nameless artists, who long ago abandoned all hope for belated fame and deserved honor - and thus completed them in my sense.

They were befittingly presented, very typical for its time, in an open air gallery in the front garden of the parental house, where the astonished village community strolled past in enchanted steps, visibly impressed by an up to this time unrecognized precociousness of the neighbor's child, and news about the young painting genius reached up to the ducal castle Altshausen and thence also to the artistically ambitious Duchess Diane of Württemberg.

From there it was only a small step to my acclaimed admission into the hand-picked club of the regional amateur painters of my serene 4000 soul community, in which many voices would not find an end in discussing the annual exhibitions my more than benevolent recognition. As my supply of exploitable material exhausted itself overnight, I gave up my unfathomable gift and my unquestionable talent immediately to everyone's surprise. Well, youth seemed to present some other adventures indeed.

Only much later, in a similar mood and attitude, I commissioned the production of frame-like structures for wall and space after my own personal designs. These were sealed with very thin layers of lacquer according to my ideas, which absorbed in its immaculate purity and nonporous perfection the sense, sensuality and signature of the true artist genius and dissolved it in nothing / into nothingness.

But however: The act of signing becomes a mere pictorial gesture, an action which should make a big, perfect and precise impression. Like the photo works "I love Kreuzberg" (2006 / 2008) prove, not (only) another vain artist/ego has been engraved in the scratched surface. It seems that it is my immediate living and working space, which is represented by those gestures of thrown nicks and scars, as if they were marked as violated, perhaps signed by another hand (see above). In exactly this act of delegating, the ability to release and let go is something like my own form of a contemporary street-like cityscape.

On the occasion of my major solo exhibition at Kunsthalle Winterthur in the mid 90s, an aspiring art critic - presumably joking, but quite rightly in any case - already placed my then signet-like appearing "Anlagen" in the vicinity of the overwhelming pathos of large-format paintings by Rubens or the almost intimate nature of atmospheric winter landscapes.

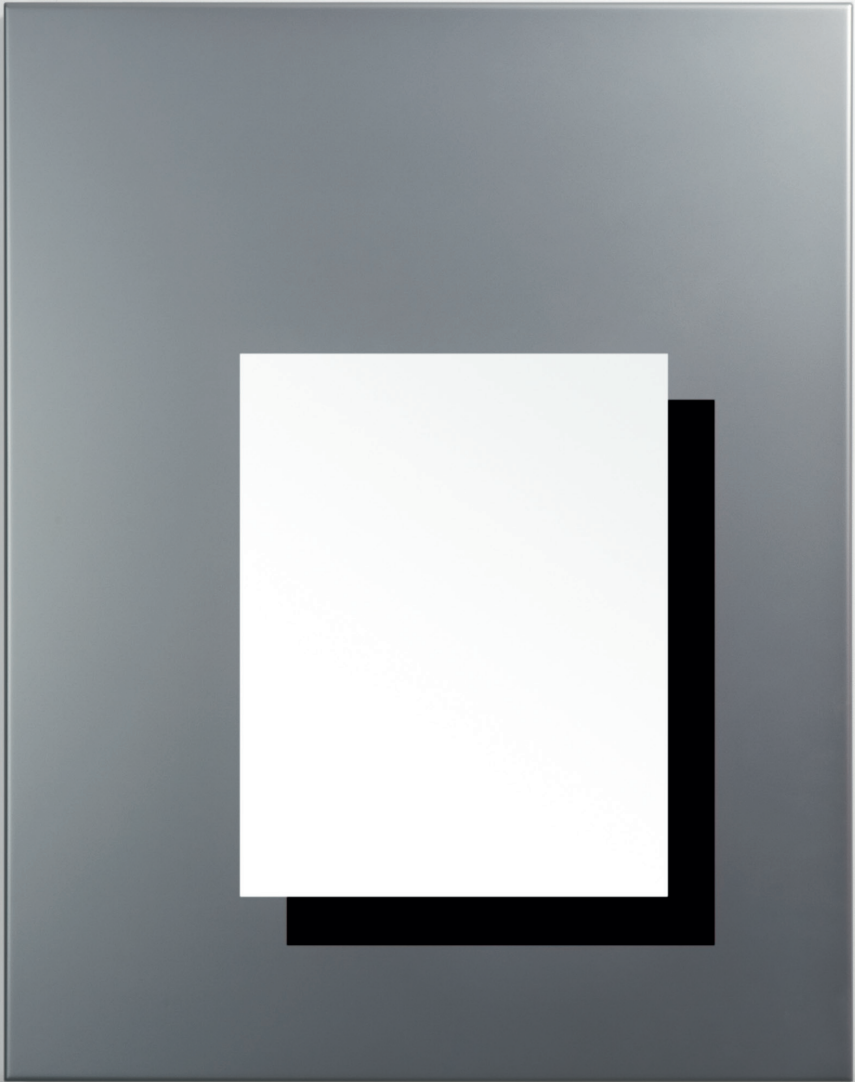
Hence, in my works, which always assertively approach to and distance from the archetype of the frame, in its abstract pleasure there is something that is captured and released what can only be felt in front of the work. Something which only passes along the inner eye in these large-scale counter-images of our completely external world: The possibilities and conditions of the image itself, quite possibly.

Gerold Miller: Signature of Nothing

Set. 6, 2012

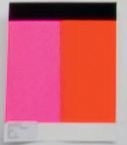
Stainless steel, lacquered

160 x 128 x 8 cm





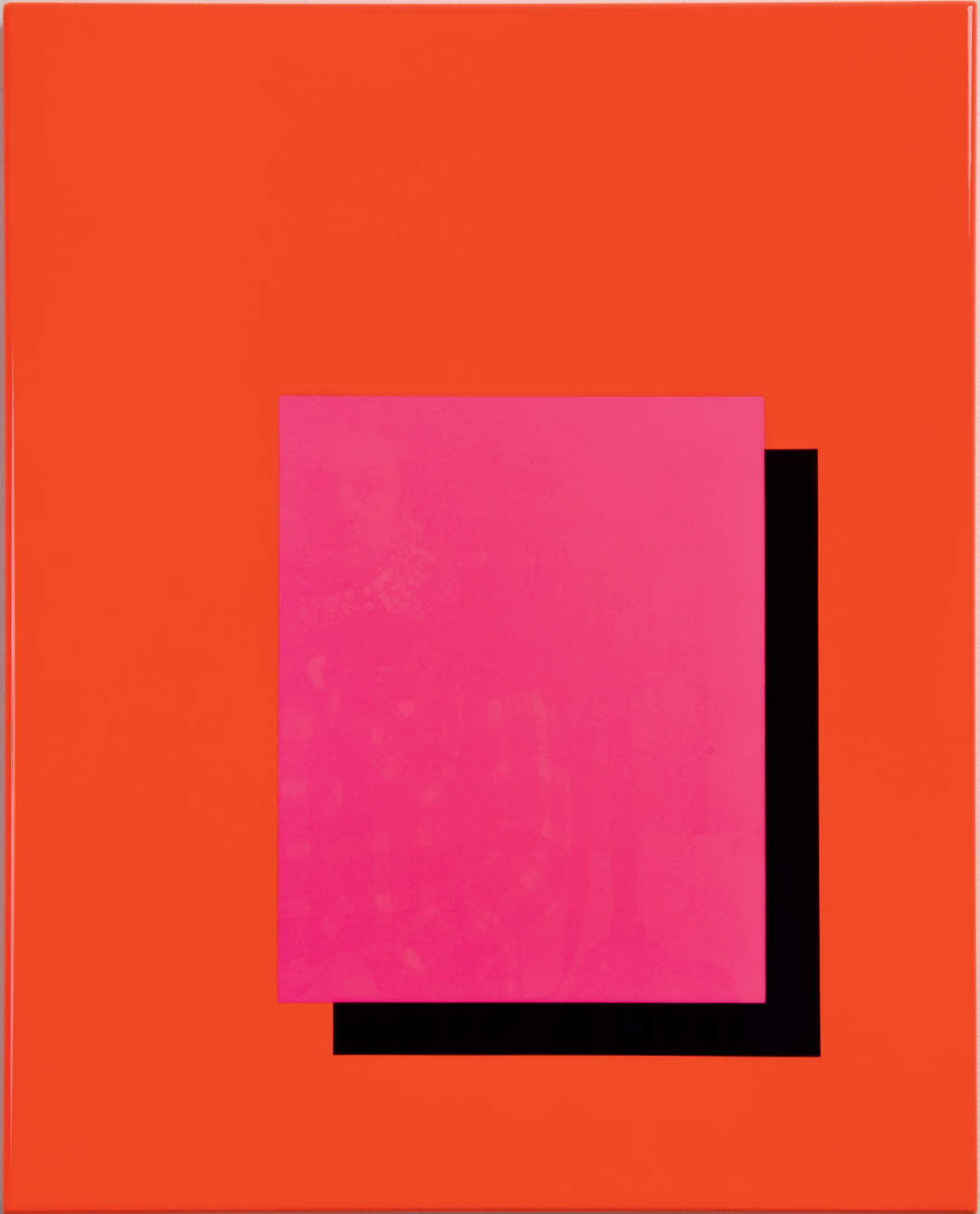
Set. 10, 2012
Stainless steel, lacquered
120 x 96 x 6 cm



Set. 19, 2012

Stainless steel, lacquered

60 x 48 x 3,5 cm



Set. 23, 2012

Stainless steel, lacquered

60 x 48 x 3,5 cm







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**ATELIER
GEROLD MILLER
BERLIN**

Set. 20, 2012

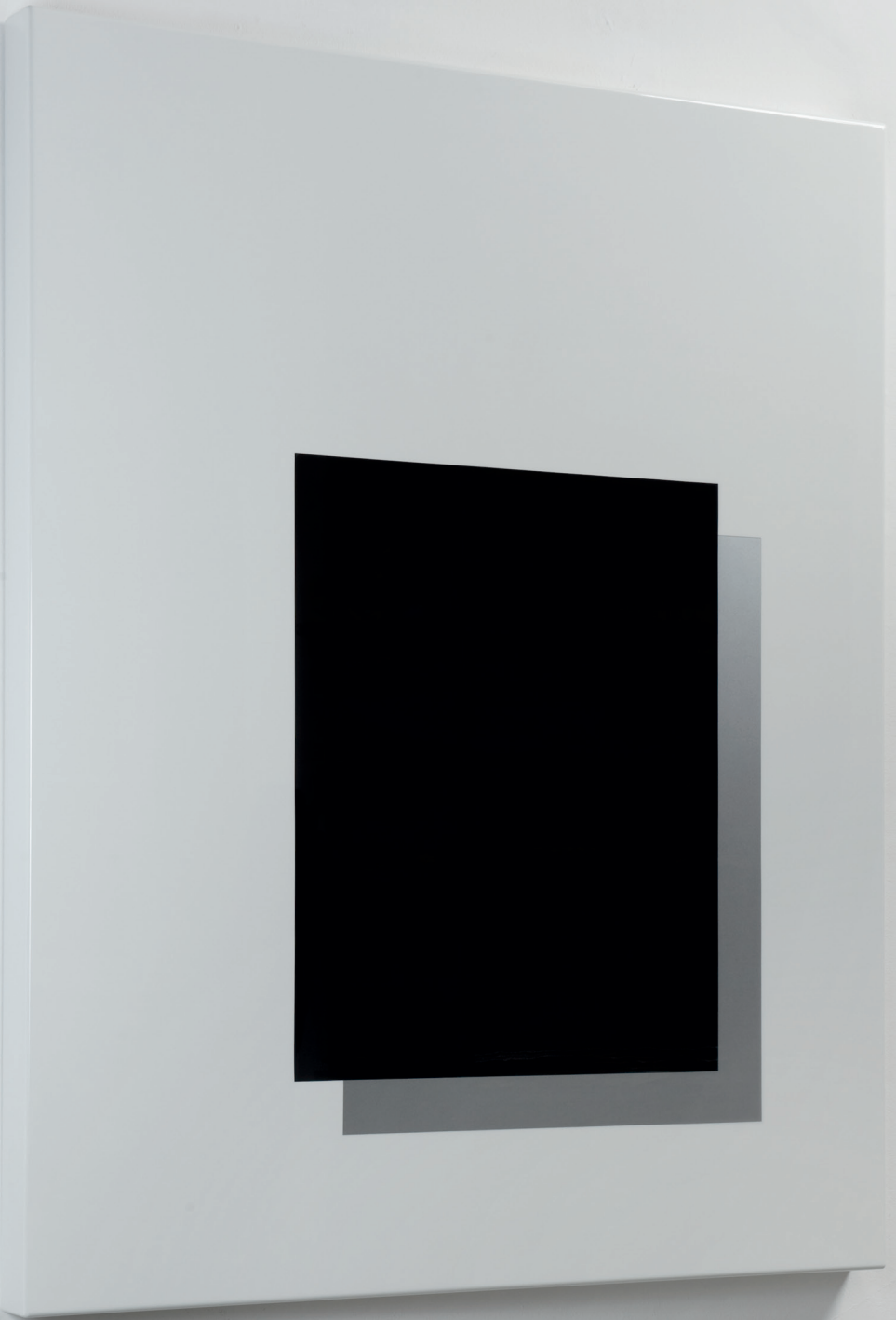
Stainless steel, lacquered

60 x 48 x 3,5 cm



Set. 4, 2012
Stainless steel, lacquered
160 x 128 x 8 cm

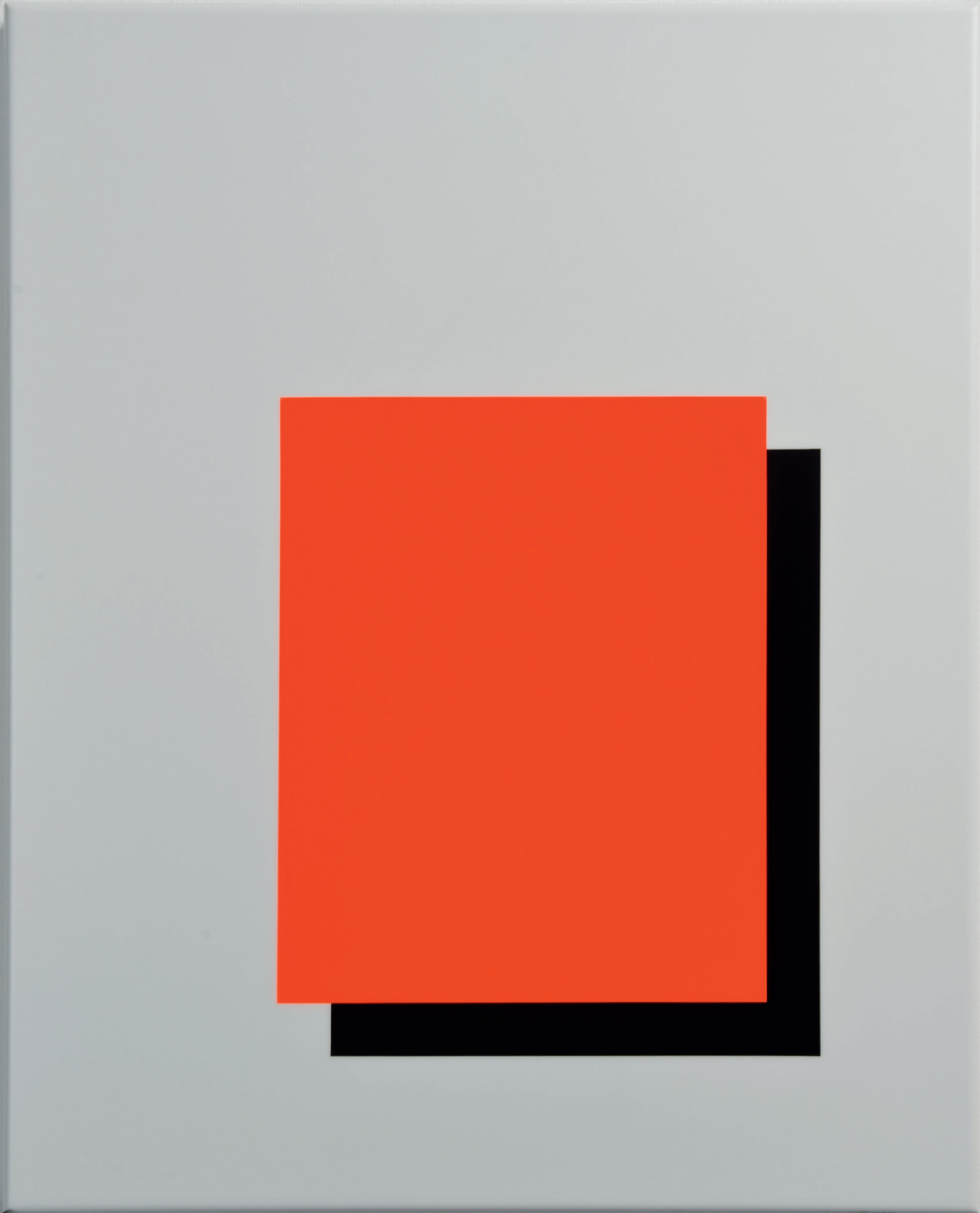




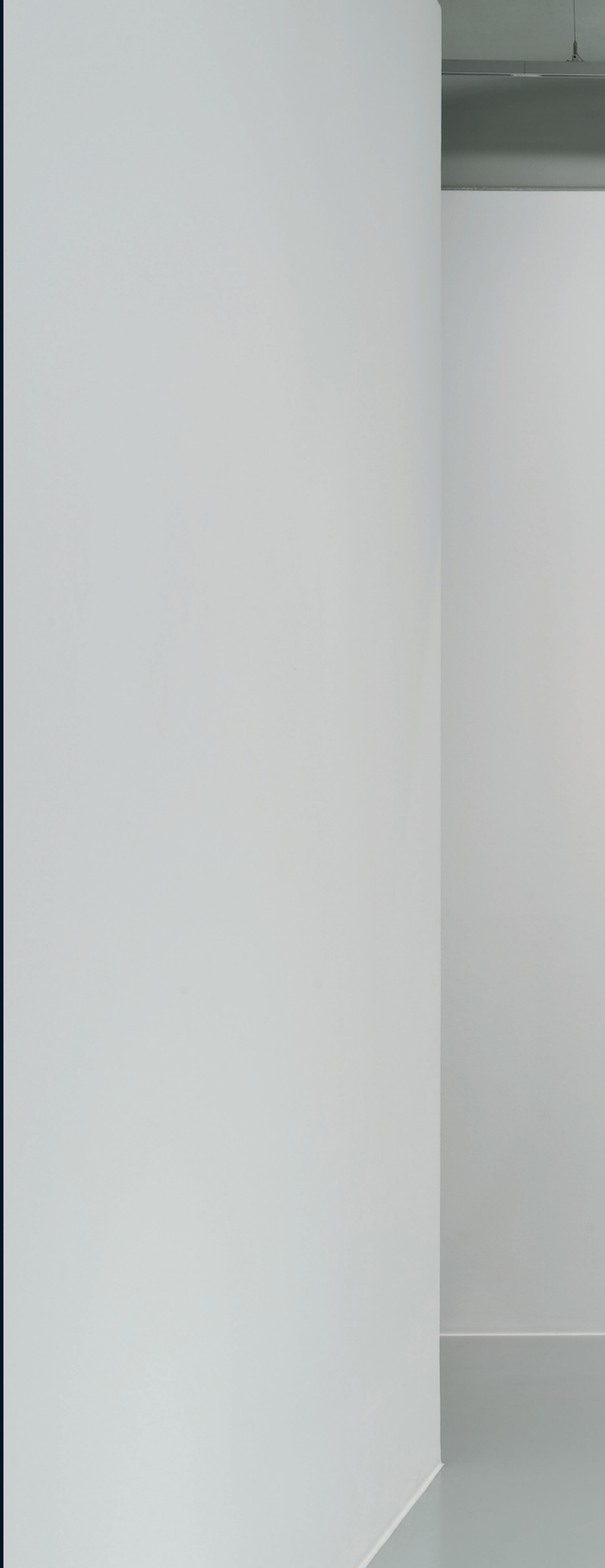


Set. 5, 2012
Stainless steel, lacquered
160 x 128 x 8 cm

Set. 22, 2012
Stainless steel, lacquered
60 x 48 x 3,5 cm



Set. 1, 2012
Aluminum, lacquered
250 x 200 x 10,8 cm









Cover:
Untitled, 2012
Silkscreen
100 x 80 cm
Edition of 50

All works are unique if not mentioned otherwise

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