

Givon Art Gallery

Marik Lechner
You Are Alone

1. Genealogy - Matter and Time or the Birth of Angles

The painting which carries the name of the exhibition is a celebration, yet a distress, a call from the depths of creation. The words are painted with a pink-coloured viscous material, on a striated surface, saturated with colour and motion. It's a kind of Dionysia. The being alone of the paintings, the being alone of the painter and the being alone of the viewer. A preliminary encounter with the physical materiality of the work.

Lechner's painting is an accumulation of actions. A memory board of attempts, the debris of failures. The excessive materiality on the canvas is the result of the stubbornness of the one who knows no rest, like pieces taken from the agitated body of the painter. The paint moves on the canvas, allowing transformative sequences of possible figurations. A shape alternates as a stain of colour, a lump which shifts space, a whole world hovers over the canvas. The hand holds a tool, digs in, pushes over, erases, discovers - like a tectonic tremor that exposes and hides. The material rolls, flips and transforms. Suddenly there is a balance, the body stops, the hand pushes back and something new is born: a blue donkey or a monster, a golem or a fly, the trace of an angel's movement.

Lechner does not stop working on his paintings. The canvases go back and forth from the studio. All that is within sight is invited to participate in the Dionysian celebration of the creative work. And so a structure is formed, layers upon layers of material bearing the complexity of the painter's movements.

2. Horror and Beauty / Monsters Demons and Flowers

From and on the material structure of the painting images are born: angels, monsters, flowers, demons, swamps, fragments from narratives. Some are born directly from the material, holding on to it, remaining on the border between realization and potential. Others seem to be imprisoned in it - doubtedly belonging, hovering over the furrows, imprisoned in a world that holds them and emits them at one and the same time. This is undoubtedly a haunted world, and yet one with compassion. A sense of persecution is embodied in figures that look a bit out of place. They seek to belong, to create harmony, but like every good Dionysian party there is a sacrifice and beauty becomes awe. The figures remain on the canvas, insisting on the possibility that has been realized in reverse, innocently refusing to surrender to the material pressure closing upon them. Things keeps on happening, vibrations of material moving in the painter's hand. The erasing blackening hand is working against the hand which produces soft, clear lines. Lechner deals with images of beauty - beauty that insists on living in a world that refuse its gentleness. The painter must love his figures, even when he mocks them.

3. A Conversation

It is the urge to wrap oneself within images, trying to create some logic, as if to keep on reorganizing the world - layer upon layer. And yet there is always some disturbance, a moment that does not allow rest. And therefore the action must continue, nervous, stubborn, obsessive, with no end.

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Marik's painting is a conversation - a dialogue within the knowledge of being alone. The solitude is quiet. Words disturb it, they create a barrier to the body. This is a painting of the flesh, a celebration of desire, a longing to maximal vitality at any given moment. And in the midst of it all - a deep lack, a void that inhabits the core of the works. Embarrassment - human, personal and honest - one that exists in every act of creation.

Noa Elran

Beer Yaakov, 2019

To Marik with Love