



vincent verbist // actionfields gallery

juergen grewe (ge)

juergen grewe is a painter. his paintings are posters, his posters are films.

films which are better, because they do not require to be realised. they realise themselves while one views his paintings. they have no beginning and no end, they only suggest a worrying, incessant "in the thick of it".

because we are already inside. and also we don't know what we should do about it.

we are constantly surrounded by this kind of images. we encounter them everywhere, they are chasing us and jump upon us. they are prefabricated and tested, tailored and adapted to a seemingly universal language and an absolutely real stimulus. they are perfect synthetic particles, exciting visuals of a constructed and functionalized reality. at this point, grewe's realism starts.

he distils standard boys and girls out of various image archives, fashion pamphlets and lifestyle magazines, and groups them (including their poses, gestures, glances) to imaginary circles of friends, naive teen cliques, who, in juvenile euphoric mood, pause and wait romanticised for their chance. and wait. and wait.

they seem to be concentrated, full of innocence, and ready for the big experience. and grewe gives it to them.

he uses typical mainstream motif fragments, and mounts them up to piles of crystal shards and highly dramatic image mountains.

In the heroic style of classic movie poster art, he creates bold soap operas and paints seductive pop icons of a spectacular mediocrity. he puts the fast life in the hands of average joe and describes this way the star spectacle as everyone's cheap dream.

but those at the first glance unequivocal collages of clichés are built in such a way that all actors (including the viewer) get lost in the associative brushwood.

there is no direction anymore, the traces of usual stickers lead into a narrative void.

one is in an eye-catch labyrinth where there are many paths, but no way out.



vincent verbist // actionfields gallery

any plots that emerge from the storyboard are cut off again, repealed or diverted into the surreal by the artist.

the formal layering of these non-stories is given in the pictures particularly by a perceptible focal shift of the real scale, the pictorial quality and colour intensity. If one follows these composed tracks and tricks, one will arrive back where one already is: in disorientation softly blown into a progressive lifestyle, which makes a lot of promises but can't keep any.

one is surrounded, by a provocative dynamic that reveals itself as a repeatable and interchangeable loop of banality.

these loops have thousands of names. juergen grewe usually calls them "untitled".