

Signe Ralkov

Pod

08 November – 07 December 2024

Imagine liquid with high viscosity. Like Spit. Then think of the inside of an oil tank: A glossy black liquid shaped cylinder. The cylinder lying horizontally like if it's being transported. It's a pearl with no image in it, just reflecting light. I like to think about containing. An eye contains vision, vision is determined by aperture, the eye is filled by light when it sees. Your eyes. I contain myself everyday, I maintain myself. When I wake up in the middle of the night, I see things that aren't there, I make them up.

Riding the bus with strangers

Health

Signe recognizes herself in the drain's polished steel grate. Its slim, circular form warps the image of her face. She paints so that the world can look at itself, she paints because she is in this world as well. She paints what she really sees and what she wants. Our symbolic society, in which you extract to consume and consume to enter. A drain looks like a possible escape, but like most of the holes in our society, it just leads to a natural resource commodified. I mean it leads to a stream somewhere, a speculation about the unknown, the shapeless, the yet to be measured. In this world death is not the final word, it's a rapturing of time for more of the same to continue. Signe paints how she transposes her system. It wires meaning through circuits in the pharmaceutical supply chain. The consumed pill is absorbed in this. She is the beholder of and possessed by narcissistic love. An ice cube from her drink melts in her hand just before she can lick it. We know now that a painting collapses in a stream of images and maybe the ongoing flow in which Signe has entered is what she tries to clog.

– *Christine Dahlerup*