

Memories of Skin

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My first encounter with Ingrid Gaier's work was a silent one. As if I were able to peek into a human being's small living cells, to me, interior and exterior did not seem particularly separate in the artist's workspace: a vivid organum in which the artist is so consumed with her movements and focused pauses that she finds access to the things that move her.

The images she created at the time looked like printed fabrics in their serial character. They all implied the contrast of a rigid technical duplication process and the kind of softness expressed in a sewing pattern and existing as a memory of sorts—the artist's "outer shell," about to encounter the feminine as an abstract entity at a distance.

Many years have passed since our first meeting, and today I perceive this "interim"—the places in which the artist has dwelled since, her orientations—by way of the following works: Like a skin that stores memories and in its archaic appearance stretches beyond the here and now, the artist's objects have become strangely familiar to me. With their vibrant surface structure, they are inhabited by a narrative element that unites two- and three-dimensionality as image carriers and spatial objects alike: the fractured texture of old typewriter ribbons on the handmade paper of *TaschenBuch*, the meticulously embroidered textile of *StickGitter*, the translucence of *RaumTeiler*.

To this day, time persists in these works. When the element of movement appears, it is marked by a sensory quality that is peculiar in the best sense of the word, a quality that is at the foundation of Ingrid Gaier's meticulous method. The animated films spin the narratives into a textual and visual fabric.

It's remarkable how the artist's idea to transport her works as "multiple folding objects" govern the objects' lives: Their foldability and unfoldability give the fabric objects the softness and agility that adhere to a "human measure" of moving bodies in space. Also the modular concept of images, the duplication of a single visual element that is variable at will like an image cell, in detail and as a whole performs a process of expansion and contraction. Thus the viewers are confronted with an organic whole that allows them to make their own associations: an undefined feeling, simultaneously fed by concrete mental images—like a memory of skin.