



EXHIBITION

STIJN ANK

Poems to Rome

Press preview: Wednesday 22th January 2020, 11 am - 12 pm

Opening: Wednesday 22th January 2020, 6 pm - 9 pm

+ Artist Talk with Thomas Claus at 7.30 pm

Exhibition dates: 23th January 2020 – 28th February 2020, weekdays 10 am - 5 pm

Academia Belgica

Via Omero 8, 00197 Rome

PRESS RELEASE

During his residency at the Academia Belgica Stijn Ank has been working from a different perspective on works of art that are in essence an inquest into the relationship between matter, colour, time and space. Having worked on frescoes at various locations over the years, the opportunity to be in Rome and delve deeper into what he considers to be the core of his artistic endeavours has enabled him to shed a new light on his body of work.

One could say that Rome is, rather than a city, an animating experience, that Rome's history is not a matter of time, but an artful and nebulous construct in which everything disappears, in order, sometimes, to reappear suddenly and raise awareness for the pertinence of human nature, and that an artist who has imbued Rome's impressions, which are emblazoned with the fugitive marks of city life, cannot but react to whatever has offered itself up so generously. While it's true that one could say the same about any city that's got more than 3000 years of memories stored in the sky over its ruined roofs, there is a difference in Rome. In all its liveliness it has managed to retain some of the archetypal persona it's always been. One cannot shake the feeling that the city is still trying to formulate an answer to questions that have been raised at a time so long ago that not even the Tiber can remember it.

Ank finds answers in approaching the city's immemorial impressions from a different angle. A fresco to him is the translation of an act from which the artist is trying to make himself absent. Creating moulds in which layers of pigmented plaster are poured, he allows works to appear that can't be defined as sculptures, because they behave too much as surfaces, nor can they be called paintings, because they have a body that reflects a subjective willingness to crystallize into what it wants to be. Therefore we should look at them as subjects, creatures with a life of their own, frozen in the space of their mould, like brittle postcards from a volcano perhaps, the size of small windows opening up into another world. It's up to us not to be cold spectators, but participants in the dialogue it engages us in.

On view at the Academia Belgica in Rome is a selection of a new series of works called 'Poems to Rome' which are originating from a daily studio investigation during Ank's residency.