

Jonas Lipps
Time Of Nuraghi
10.09 – 17.10.2021

A red tour bus careens around a cloud engulfed hillside. Golden sunlight shimmers off the dusty shale. Proudly displayed on the side of the bus is the name of the group, their speciality, and the dates of their tour: DingYang Arm Wrestling Club – Pentecost Tour 2001. Nine arms with matching wristbands appear in the bus window like a daisy chain. It's tough to tell if they are flexing in unison or wrestling with one another. This scene is embedded in the static hum of the verso side of a piece of masonite, which gives it the appearance of being viewed through a screen door. Behind the bus, the Chinese symbol of yin and yang is caked into the mountainside with cocked arms replacing its usual twinned dots.

Landscape is abstracted as perspective bounces through a prism, giving us as viewers a kind of omnipresence within both the depicted and psychological worlds that Lipps simultaneously conveys. Seemingly innocuous signifiers from our not so distant past are stacked up to the point that they become conspiratorial. Life's unjustified ironies often rear their ugly heads in the parallax. In a lot of Lipps' work we are looking at something, but also through it or around it. Clichés, corrupt charities, disproven schools of thought and outmoded forms of transportation occlude our view to the point that one can't help but begin to marvel at the amount of bullshit that's been foisted upon us. These references reveal how entrenched certain systems can become and – despite its allegedly ever-accelerating drive for progress – how unimaginative our present is.

Like someone writing with a message to communicate that knows all of their letters are being screened and censored, Jonas Lipps' works elude easy reading. They are full of double entendres, coded disclosures and veiled criticisms, but their steely assessment of society can be unraveled with a bit of commitment. How thoroughly to unpack each depends on one's willingness to face the more often repressed facets of existence. Lipps' appraisal of our world gestures somewhere, while leaving his audience to draw the more unnerving conclusions.

Text by Patrick Armstrong

Jonas Lipps was born in Freiburg in Germany. He lives and works in Berlin.
Selected solo shows include Halle für Kunst, Lüneburg 2019, *WIWI FOOD*, Bureau NY, New York 2018, Tanya Leighton, Berlin 2018.