

Rosa Nitzsche's words and sentences, her primordial subject matter, levitate in the slowed tempo of a dissipating mist: the deliberate musical quality of a *punk rock*; a German *Mittelpunkt*, this time comically anchored full center; the sentence of a *discussion*, a shakier—mistake helping—recalling the naming of a dog; the subdued resolution of having a *purpose*; *family* in a rounded, neonized typeface, where the pencil-written word has been retraced with a felt pen, the artist reappropriating her own initial sketches. Elsewhere, the padded a *winters dream*, dressed up for winter; or the condensed *angry birds*, off-centered, moving left to right as in the eponymous game where birds, lacking paws and wings, are slingshotted at towers. The manifest irritation is softened by the aquarelle.

The drawings' intentionality comes from Nitzsche's emotional treatment and essentialization, replaying the self-awareness of the words with the medium itself—drawing's promise of a privileged access to interiority. An indexical presence which releases affective charges, cutting through layers of criticality directly into the reader's personal associations. It makes for a foggy air of artificiality, against the pretense of picking up ready-made material: a projected transfer of meaning contra the recursive systems of attitude art and artificial intelligence.

We read the drawings as a filigree of the artist's own inclinations, grasped through a cinematic lens, screened onto a flat, rectangular frame. A filmic experience reinforced by the overlap of the exhibition space, the space of the written object within the blank page, and the space of imaginary projection induced in the viewer, creating a baroque storyboard in defiance of the minimal means of production. Much as Baroque art refuses a single vanishing point, crystallizing time in space, those are travelings within the frame—like movie credits, conjurings of our own projections.

Paolo Baggi & Stephan Steiner