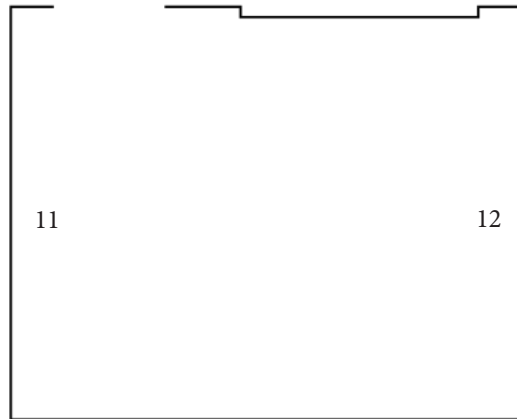
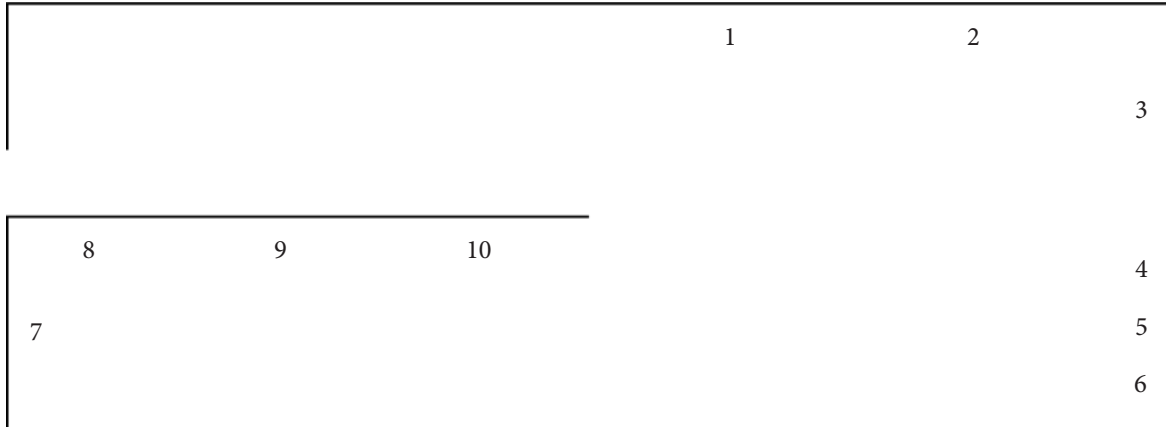


Anna Schachinger, Erik Hällman
Vanguardium
September 6—October 12
Opening Friday September 5, 4PM
Jennifee-See Alternate



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|---|--|----|--|----|--|
| 1 | Flachliegen (Cascais/Wien), 2024 Linseed oil, pigments, tube paint, pieces of dried paint on linen 40 x 30 cm, Anna Schachinger | 6 | Hagebutten vorm Haus, 2025 Oil and acrylic on cashmere 27 x 22 cm, Anna Schachinger | 11 | Freie Schlinge '25, 2025 Oil, acrylic and ink on reused linen 210 x 175 cm, Anna Schachinger |
| 2 | Untitled, 2025 Found materials, watercolour, oilstick, acrylic, needles, glue on cotton 31 x 58 cm, Erik Hällman | 7 | Universum, 2023 Pieces of linen and of dried paint, pigments, linseed oil, gesso on sewn cotton 50 x 66 cm, Anna Schachinger | 12 | Untitled, 2019-2025 Found materials, acrylic, processed soured milk, pigment, needles, glue on polyester 80 x 320 cm, Erik Hällman |
| 3 | Untitled, 2025 Found materials, gouache, ink, needles, glue on linen 22 x 63 cm, Erik Hällman | 8 | Ausgehen, 2021/2025 Linen threads and oil paint on pink cotton shirt sleeve 27 x 22 cm, Anna Schachinger | | |
| 4 | Container, 2025 Rabbit skin glue, oil and acrylic paint on cashmere 27 x 22 cm, Anna Schachinger | 9 | Untitled, 2025 Found materials, acrylic, watercolour, needles, glue on cotton 40,5 x 70 cm, Erik Hällman | | |
| 5 | Bett, 2025 Oil and acrylic on cashmere 29 x 22 cm, Anna Schachinger | 10 | Untitled, 2025 Found materials, acrylic, glue, staples on cotton 40 x 63 cm, Erik Hällman | | |

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They start mid-material, without horror vacui in the face of a cashmere pullover or textile prints, working right on top of them. Vertical stripes, like barcodes or prison bars, means you ‘get the lines for free’.

Anna and Erik talk about fabrics before they talk about paint, and about the fabric’s motif before their own, whether it’s vegan leather cloth ‘you mean plastic?’, or a sheer fabric, all stapled over stretcher bars and cardboard, or sometimes both.

To work with a surface ecology isn’t a moral posture, but a simple fact of what is left. While Anna’s works have long included garments and left-over paintings, Erik used to source materials from specific ecological sites or industrial waste. Now, the question of where these materials come from matters less, because the awareness is baked into everything. Second-hand is second nature to us, surfaces collect and store data, and when attention shifts, so does their composition.

Inside, two large canvases oppose each other, treated with the same strategies as the small works. And yet, the small works perhaps matter most, because they are where ‘what the hand does’ is rediscovered. Both speak of devaluing precious materials, of acting out of spite. Each work is a deliberate misuse of its parts. Traditional techniques like rabbit-skin glue or a soured milk-and-pigment mixture from Erik’s home region sit alongside staples, needles, and super glue.

Outside, in the pavilion built from train tracks on the old DSB ground, the small, sturdiest works have to be read against the landscape behind them. Fittingly, most horizontal formats are read as ‘train car’, not ‘landscape’.

Some works are serious, planned and motif-driven, while others are stubbornly superficial. Splashes of ink and old paint scraps fixed to canvases of the same size make a good pair. Layers of varying viscosity and water-to-fat ratios sit on natural-coded and artificial-

coded materials, studio gestures, and the surfaces of industry and design, all of them hovering over and sometimes soaking into each other, temporarily pinned or glued, their contact setting up a slow rhythm, like a shirt bouncing on a belly, creating a feeling of rhythm in the wearer.

It doesn’t inspire archeology-mode; it’s simpler, or just older, than that. Pinned build-ups of complexity, not to justify consciousness, but to let a surface carry a composition for a number of years.

Patterns and colors are an expression of how things are structured, showing what happens when a thing touches the world, but here the opposite takes place: surfaces dislodged from their objects become excessive. A sense of horror plenitudinis, of de-reality sets in. This is not surface as index but surface as surplus, hovering above the object. Such untethering is pathological only if you believe in absolute health. In the intervals between layers, another logic takes over, one of sensation, where contact does not resolve into depth.

The rhythm here isn’t the gallop of the vanguard. Nothing is breaking. It’s much slower than that. It’s barely moving, more like matter settling, the body meeting upholstery. Not abstract upholstery, but actual stuff: a cashmere pullover stretched over a frame, a flower print with strips of paper and paint, things that once touched bodies now touching color. Layers that don’t pretend to be new. If it’s a form of vanguardium, it’s the version with lint on it.

Anna Rettl