

ROSY KEYSER

"Reviews: Rosy Keyser CFA/Berlin"

By Louisa Elderton

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# Flash Art

## REVIEWS

### Rosy Keyser

CFA / Berlin

As the sky outside turns gray and cold, Rosy Keyser's first exhibition in Berlin summons a mood that recalls of the ruin of summer. Or perhaps it is more akin to a sense of sin swallowing warm nights. In one work, *Jo Lax in Jungeland* (2015), a torn parasol is affixed to a bare stretcher, surrounded by seemingly unpicked canvas, sparse string fringes painted with hues of apricot, midnight blue and gray. Another work, *Moisture Farmer* (2015), sees pearlescent oyster shells and glass-like mica scattered upon a picture plane sprayed gold and marked with footprints — recalling the seashore — while *Consolation Cinema* (2015) exhibits a sun-like form, light beams drawn with string and stained with deep blue acrylic pigments.

The title of this exhibition, "We Sing Sin," and works such as *We Jazz June* (in which ripped strings of canvas hang from the bare stretcher, sprayed with rich, dense marks of black and red) play with language that derives from the American writer Gwendolyn Brooks's poem written of 1959, describing a period of live-hard, die-young hedonism. Written during the decade of the 1950s, which coincided with the development of the Beat Generation, a clipped rhythm defines words that speak of late-night gin drinking and jazz dancing, driven by a carefree attitude of living for the now — and now only. This rhythm seems to pepper Keyser's own paintings; forms, color and mood repeated throughout the group.

These ostensibly abstract paintings (and one sculpture), utilize materials such as sand bags, sand, sawdust, raffia and straw mats — the colors and textures of a sun-beaten landscape. Keyser's works often reach beyond the limits of the canvas, exploring the intersection between people and the matter that surrounds us. Foraging for materials, she then molds, tears or deconstructs these to reveal their fragilities. As with Brooks's poem, here Keyser achieved a sense of release or even abandon, matter and paint coming together to recall gestural abstraction in a state of flux — both becoming and decaying.

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