

# Adrian Sölch

## Portfolio

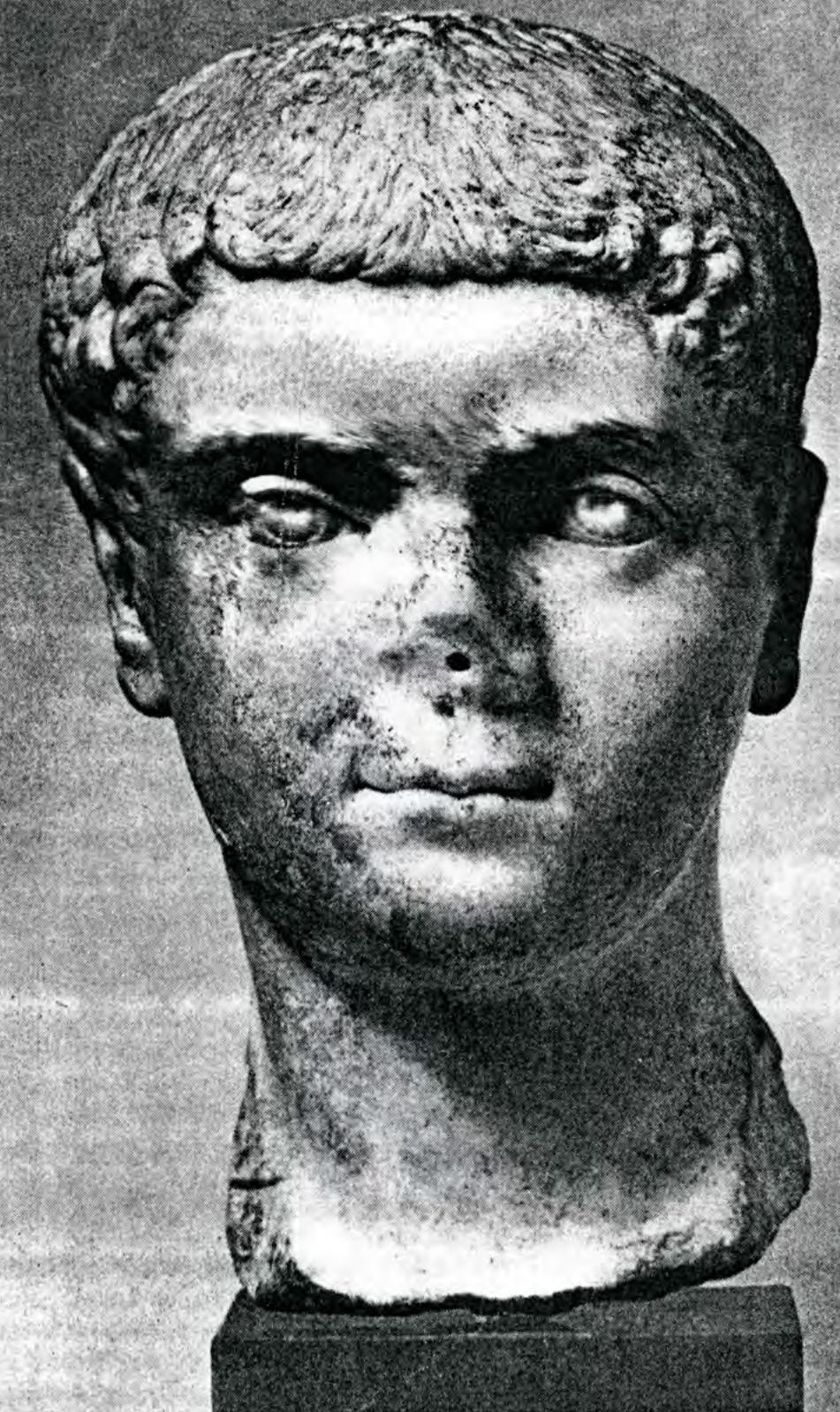


Long before he turned pillar into column, before he placed stone upon stone, man put stones on the ground to mark a place in the middle of an unknown universe to survey and change it. And just as with any other act of measuring, this process requires a distinct and specific method. What time is this place?



Long before he turned pillar into column, before  
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man put stones upon stone, man put stones on the  
manicured stone upon stone; man put stones on the  
ground to mark a place in the middle of an unknown  
ground to mark a place in the middle of an unknown  
universe to survey and change it. And just as with  
universe to survey and change it. And just as with  
the other act of measuring, this process requires a  
the other act of measuring, this process requires a  
wonderful and specific method. What time is this place?

Call it culture, when they are clearing and building.  
But don't believe that through this one can defy the  
great cycles of life. Nature is true and good, but also  
blind. She walks before you, while you hasten behind  
her. With appropriation comes loss. You see only in  
concepts and that makes you regrettably blind for  
facts.



Long before he turned pillar into column, before he placed stone upon stone, man put stones on the ground to mark a place in the middle of an unknown universe to survey and change it. And just as with any other act of measuring, this process requires a distinct and specific method. What time is this place? Call it culture, when they are clearing and building. But don't believe that through this one can defy the great cycles of life. Nature is true and good, but also blind. She walks before you, while you hasten behind her. With appropriation comes loss. You see only in concepts and that makes you regrettably blind for facts.

You operate within explained time, but true time is not limited to your explanations. You do not realize that beyond function and effort there lies an intrinsic drive for self-presentation. Do you not see the collapse of a universal understanding of nature, replaced by the strangely reduced term 'environment'?



Long before he turned pillar into column, before he placed stone upon stone, man put stones on the ground to mark a place in the middle of an unknown universe to survey and change it. And just as with any other act of measuring, this process requires a distinct and specific method. What time is this place? Call it culture, when they are clearing and building. But don't believe that through this one can defy the great cycles of life. Nature is true and good, but also blind. She walks before you, while you hasten behind her. With appropriation comes loss. You see only in concepts and that makes you regrettably blind for facts.  
You operate within explained time, but true time is not limited to your explanations. You do not realize that beyond function and effort there lies an intrinsic drive for self-presentation. Do you not see the collapse of a universal understanding of nature, replaced by the strangely reduced term 'environment'? Do you not see that this ruin has been here before.

I am > I was 1/2

*installation*, unfired clay, airbrush-color, five speakers, subwoofer, 2019  
The spatial installation describes the failure of a male ideal,  
accompanied by an audio piece with a duration time of 12 minutes.





The monologue begins with the description of a depression and consists of different dramaturgical phases. Besides the partly distorted voice, you can hear loud basses and synthetic hi-hats.





*... I've wandered aimlessly through the library. I was feeling very vulnerable at the time. I had just reached the archaeological section. I opened this book. I saw a drawing in there. I liked the drawing. The man in the drawing looked so sad. The man in the drawing was the Colossus of Rhodes. The book was written by an archaeologist. Her name is Ursula Vedder. I would've liked to talk to Ursula about this drawing. I would've asked her why her Colossus of Rhodes looks so sad. And why the Colossus of Rhodes is so important to her. I can't ask her anymore. Ursula Vedder is dead. She died on May 23, 2018. When I wrote an email to her, she was still alive...*



*...Everybody gets blue once in a while, right? But when you're a statue, you don't feel that way anymore. But it's not so easy to build a statue out of yourself. You need a well-structured plan. You really need to be convinced of yourself to tackle such a project. Otherwise it's going to fail. First, I thought that it should be half my size, that's plenty, but then I thought why not twice my size. I can do it. I don't care if building it is stressful. I'm fine when I work. I feel better now that I've stopped sleeping and eating. Hand me the saw! Hand me the hammer! Have you already measured the stone? Finally, there's a reason to talk. The time of awkward silence is over. It's drowned in the noise of the construction sites...*

The moist clay dries in the course of the exhibition.  
Cracks appear in the surface of the skin-brushed clay and start growing.



I am > I was 3/3

*installation*, styrofoam, unfired clay, site fence elements, bronze sculpture, 2019  
The clay sculptures are presented in a fragmented state and  
the narrative is supplemented by new sculptural elements.



Styrofoam, which was previously hidden under the clay sculptures, is now visible.









A divided bronze kneecap hangs in the site fence at knee level.

I am > I was 3/3

*video-installation*, four speaker, wooden construction,  
four cement bags, beamer, 11:56 Min., 2019  
The previously only audible story is supplemented with a film.  
There are deviations in content and acoustics from the previous version.







follow pain

*performance* (in collaboration with the Tatzel-Group), sweatpants, running-shoes, 2019  
The participants are guided to an unused open area under a highway bridge.







From time to time I slow down my tempo and start to shout sentences without addressing the audience directly. The content is only partly understandable due to the noise of the cars.



*...you see craftsmen, but no people...*

*...Just a battlefield, hands and arms dismembered...*

*... Can your head carry the new practice?..*

*...The old rules stick better...*

*... You die and stir up dust, but the dust  
settles down again...*



At a certain point in time I start to turn directly to the participants, first to the whole group, later to individual persons.

*...I want to say one more thing, um... you might see me in this moment. You see me being sad, lying broken down on the ground. But, and that's a fact, I did what I did and became, who I became, regardless of whether I hoped for fame or money or anything else. I never aimed for the loud applause and beautiful women. It was always about following my pain, and as long as you follow your pain, you can't get lost. You can see me here in this moment, but just because I'm sad, because I am running on empty and because I am totally broken apart, it doesn't mean you shouldn't do what you do. Follow your pain and everything will be...*



The participants are guided from the open area to the highway.



22

34



I don't stop running.

# Emergence

*installation*, unfired clay, airbrush color, 2,20m x 1,20m,  
carousel-projector, five tape-recorders, 2018  
The moist clay needs to be watered every morning and evening.



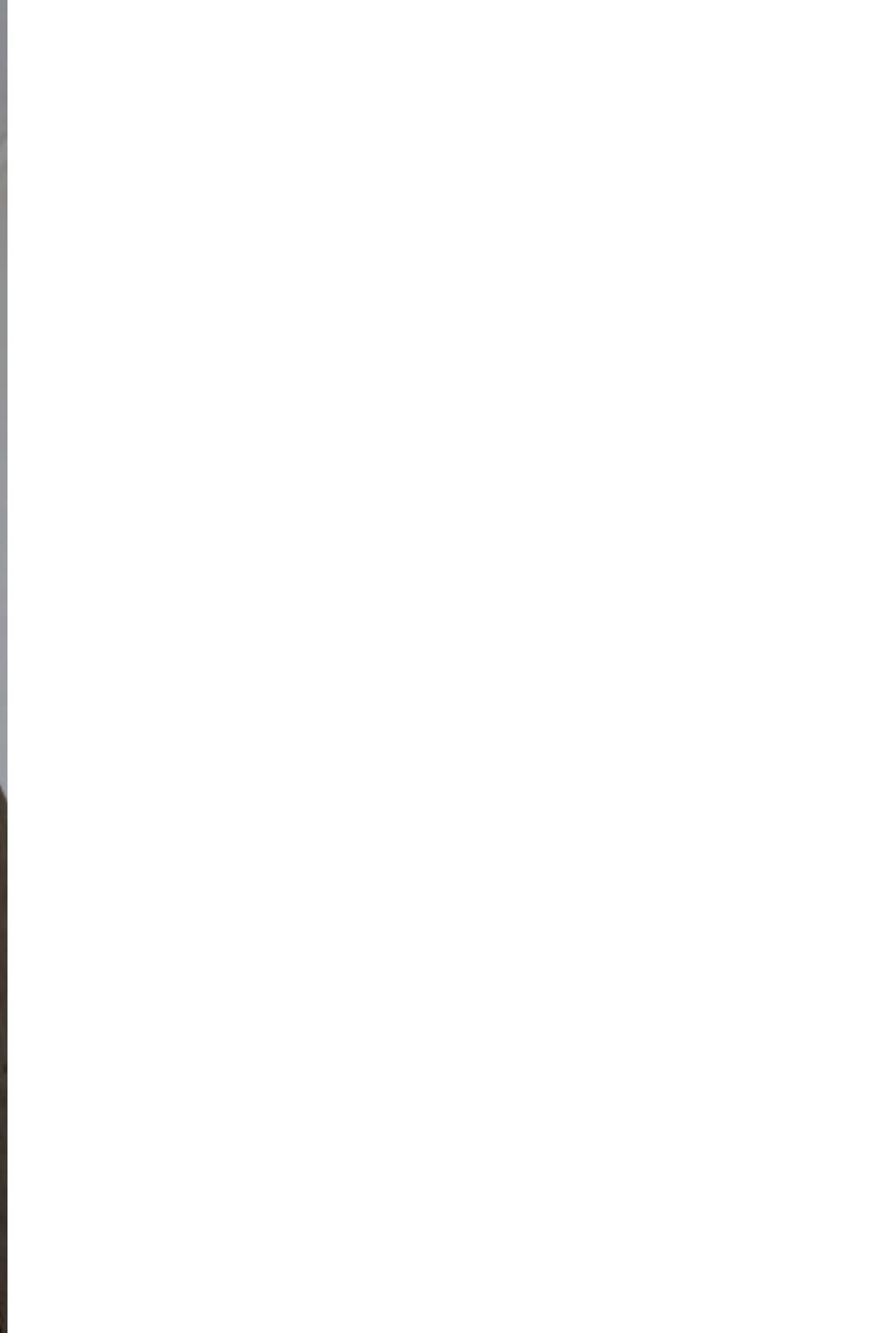








In the course of the exhibition gapping cracks appeared in the clay.





*"...abdominal side, action potential, adjustment period, alarm substance, alga, alliance, alluvial, amber, ancestor, anchoring, aperture, apical cell, arbor, arboreal, arboriculture, archetype, area, asexual, assimilation root, atomizer, attempt. autumn, average, avoidance, axillary, axillary bud, back seam, backward balance, banner, bar, barb, bark, barren bast fibers, bast ray, bastardization, bat spread, biodiversity, bioluminescence..."*

## Time is this place 2/2

*installation*, five tape recorders, six buckets full of clay remains, 2017  
The concept of the exhibition is to temporarily store various elements.



Five tape recorders are placed on the windowsill of the exhibition space and running simultaneously. This creates a soundscape consisting of both the noise of the devices themselves and various difficult to distinguish and overlapping voices.



Only the left tape recorder is clearly understandable. A voice is heard alphabetically listing biological terms and reciting fragmented texts on the human relation between nature and architecture.



Slightly hidden behind and between other objects, the visitor can see six buckets filled with dried clay remains.









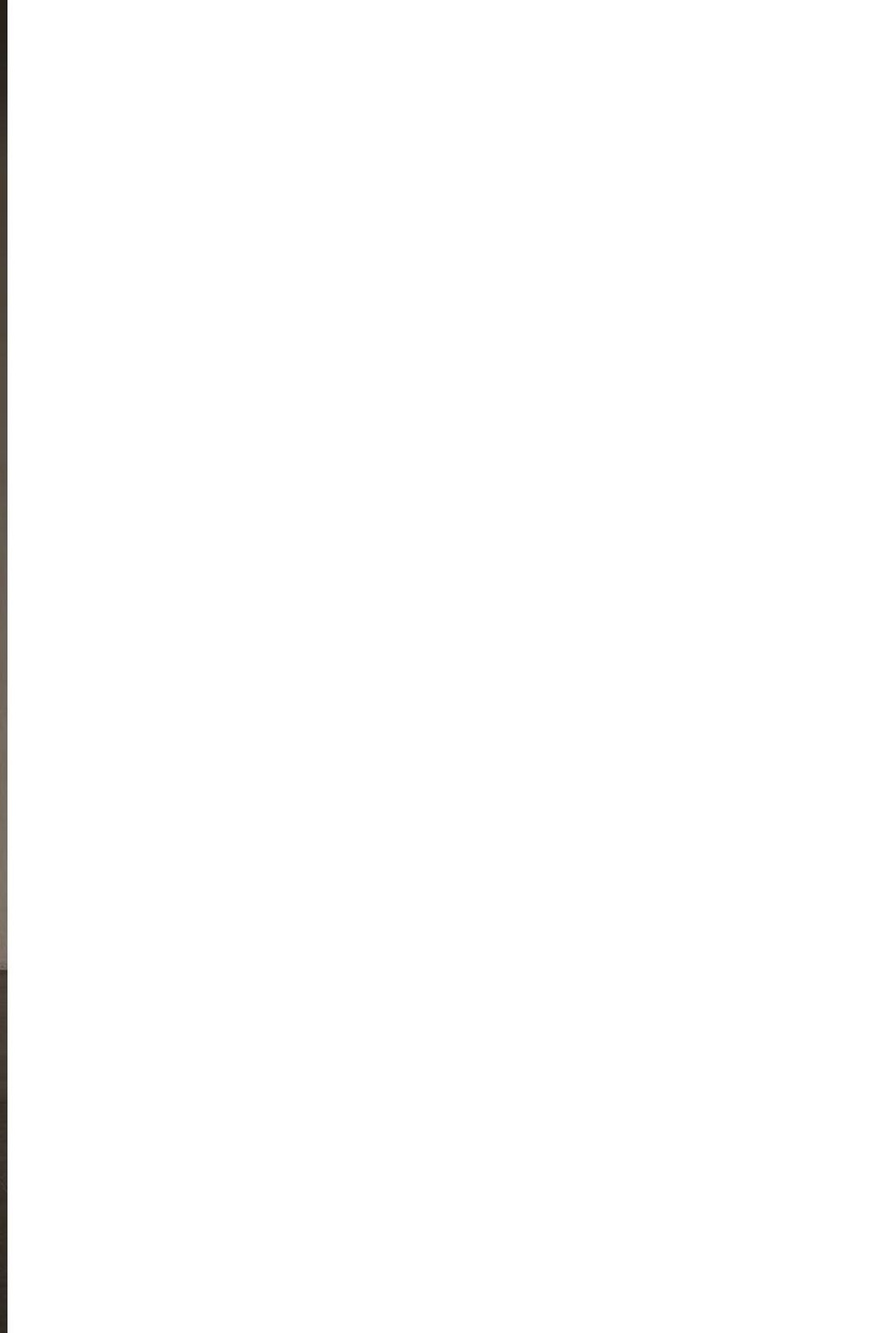


# Manifesto: Jungle

Installation, clay, airbrush-color, three projectors, two speakers, 2017  
A spatial installation in an urban setting addresses  
the desire for exotic remoteness.









*"...Smash the brick for real earth, so rain will fall again!..."*











What time is this place? 1/2

Performance, eight tape recorders, notepad with laminated pages, 2017  
Tape recorders are placed in pairs at four different locations within an inoperative greenhouse.





*...abdominal side, action potential, adjustment period, alarm substance, alga, alliance, alluvial, amber, ancestor, anchoring, aperture, apical cell, arbor, arboreal, arboriculture, archetype, area, asexual, assimilation root, atomizer, attempt. autumn, average, avoidance, axillary, axillary bud, back seam, backward balance, banner, bar, barb, bark, barren bast fibers, bast ray, bastardization, bat spread, biodiversity, bioluminescence...*



*"...The radical, unconditional will to create is the only justification you need. There is no reason. There is a process: and only the process. You can move in a promising direction or in a wrong one, but you are not allowed to embark with the expectation of ever stopping anywhere..."*



*"... dying off / dying off partially, each other, earth (world), earth's surface, earthly / country living, east winds, eat, ebb, ecology, edge, edge of the woods, efficiency, electricity, embryo, emergence, endangered, enemy, enemy, environmental capacity / limit of ecological capacity, environmental degradation, enzyme, epoch, erectile tissue, espalier fruit, etiolation, evergreen, evolutionary. excitement, existent..."*



*...They still exist; the nymphs. We all know at least some of their gardens in the midst of the pillaged landscapes that surround us. But who took these heavenly clearings away from us? Who built the first protective roof and opposed wind and cold with the first wall?....*

The different overlapping audio tracks become a more and more present soundscape over the course of the evening.



# participation

Installation, glass beads, air-dried clay, 2015

There are three sculptural interferences at the three different corners of a law office.









Guests accidentally stepped on the corners as soon as opening night, i.e. the annual office Christmas party.

# adequate images

Video, 02:30 minutes, 16:9, 2016

A monologue on the lack of purity in images, filmed on the television tower in Munich.



These days there are simply  
not many images left.

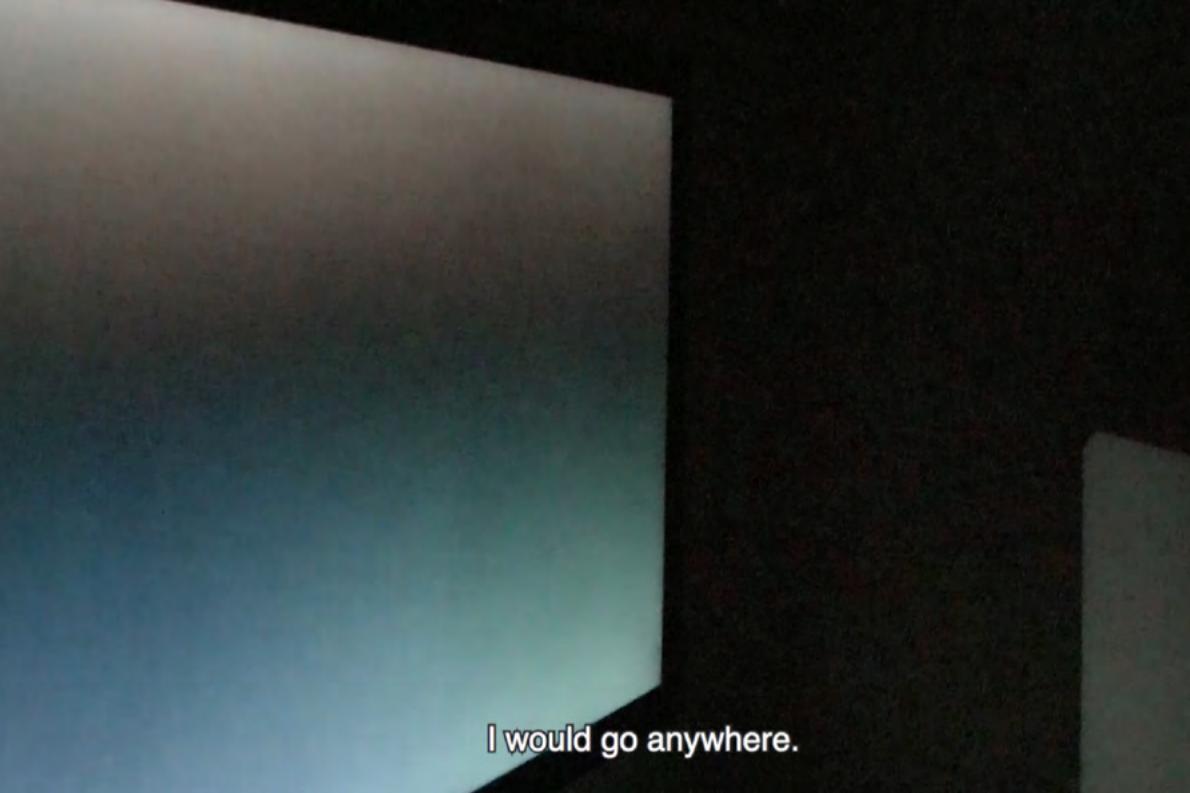
A dark, grainy photograph showing a landscape. On the left side, there is a tall, thin vertical structure, possibly a utility pole or a piece of industrial equipment, with some horizontal elements extending from it. The background is mostly dark and indistinct, suggesting a rural or industrial setting at dusk or dawn.

to see if there's still anything left to  
find in this offended landscape.



to get images which are pure,  
clear and transparent...





I would go anywhere.



I have not yet crossed the threshold. I am outside.  
I am still the man I might have become, assuming  
every benefit of civilization to be showered upon me.



I have not yet crossed the threshold. I am outside.  
I am still the man I might have become, assuming  
every benefit of CIVILIZATION to be showered upon me.  
I am gathering all of this potential civilized muck  
into a hard, tiny knot of understanding. I am blown  
to the maximum, like a great bowl of molten glass.



I have not yet crossed the threshold. I am outside.  
I am still, the man I might have become, assuming  
every benefit of civilization to be showered upon me.  
I am gathering all of this potential civilized muck  
into a hard, tiny knot of understanding. I am blown  
to the maximum, like a great bowl of molten glass.  
Make me into any fantastic shape, use all your bre-  
ath, exhaust your lung-power- I know this, I despise  
it. I stand outside full-blown, the most beautiful, the  
most cultured, the most marvellously fabricated soul  
on earth.

I have not yet crossed the threshold. I am outside.  
I am still the man I might have become, assuming  
every benefit of civilization to be showered upon me.  
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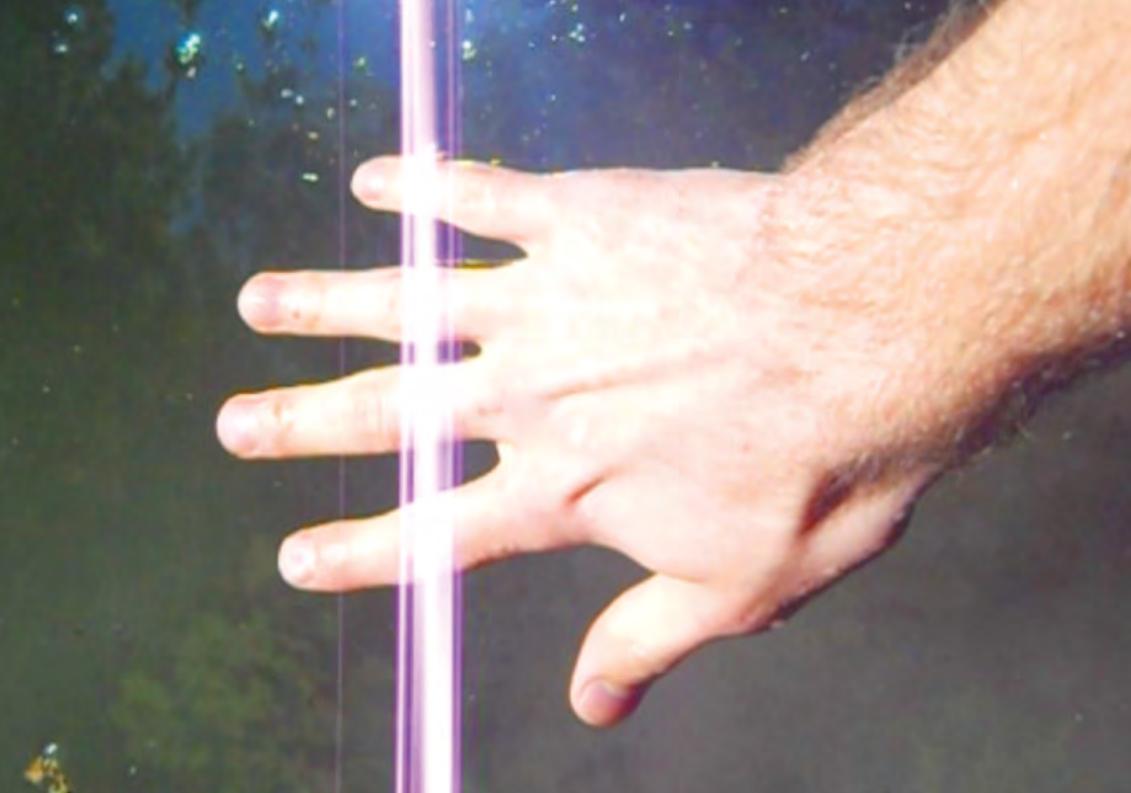
Make me into any fantastic shape; use all your breath,  
exhaust your lung-power - I know this, I despise it.  
I stand outside full-blown, the most beautiful, the  
most cultured, the most marvellously fabricated soul  
on earth.

I am going to put my foot over the threshold now.  
I do so. I hear nothing. I am not even there to hear  
myself shattering into a billion splintered smithereens.  
I am done with civilization and its spawn of cultured  
souls. I gave myself up when I entered this place. From  
now on I am a nomad, a spiritual nobody. Take your  
fabricated world and put it away in the museums,  
I don't want it, I can't use it. I don't believe in it any-  
more. My greek pillars are water bottles now.

# the arrival

Video, 08:30 minutes, 16:9 with audio, 2014

A domestic forest is staged as a foreign territory and explored by a human being.











# WoodChuck

*performance* (with Nicola Arthen), tree trunk, bass strings, amplifier, axe, 2013  
A tree trunk lies on a green area and is fitted with amplified bass strings.







The audience can only observe the trunk in a state of constant transformation.





Picture yourself, a confirmed homebody, a sedentary fellow who finds himself walking in a deep wood. You spot something out of the corner of your eye.



Picture yourself, a confirmed homebody, a sedentary fellow, who finds himself walking in a deep wood. You spot something out of the corner of your eye. Before you know anything else, you know that this thing is very large and that it has no place in your ordinary frame of reference. A flaw in the world picture. Either it shouldn't be here or you shouldn't. Now the thing comes into full view. It is a grizzly bear, enormous, shiny brown, swaggering, dripping slime from its bared fangs. You have never seen a large animal in the wild.



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The sight of this grazer is so electrifyingly strange that it gives you a renewed sense of yourself, a fresh awareness of the self—the self in terms of a unique and horrific situation. You see yourself in a new and intense way. You rediscover yourself. You are lit up for your own imminent dismemberment. The beast on hind legs has enabled you to see who you are as if for the first time, outside familiar surroundings, alone, distinct, whole.



... yourself, a confirmed homebody, a sedentary  
... finds himself walking in a deep wood.  
Picture yourself, a confirmed homebody, a sedentary  
... finds himself walking in a deep wood.  
Before you know it, out of the corner of your eye,  
this is walking anything else, you know that this  
thing is crazy and that it has no place in your  
world either. A flaw in the world pic-  
Now the thing it shouldn't be here, or you shouldn't  
be. Now the thing it comes into full view. It is a gizzly  
slime from its board things brown, a swaggering, dripping  
ge animation in the wild fangs. You have never seen a lar-  
The sight of the gaoler is so electrifyingly strange  
that it gives you the greatest sense of electrifyingly freshening  
awakeness of self-renewal since birth of a cut in flesh  
and horrors suddenly self sees itself from a few unique  
intend how it is to do. You are afraid to look at it and  
for it to come to you. You are afraid to look at it and  
for it to come to you. You are afraid to look at it and  
for it to come to you. The name we give to this compli-  
cated process is fear.