

Round The Roses

Luc Piron

digital prints

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poems

2006-2008



Round the Roses

De digitale prints en schilderijen "Rosa" zijn gebaseerd op een gravure van Basilius Besler(1613).

De plaat met de rozenvariëteiten is terug te vinden in het boek "Der Garten von Eichstätt", plaat 95 van uitgeverij Taschen.

De schilderijen bestaan uit twee delen, een digitale print links en een traditioneel schilderij rechts.

De formaten zijn vierkant, zodat ze de cirkelvorm van de roos in zich sluiten.

Niet de originele gravure, wel de gereproduceerde afbeelding van de gravure werd verwerkt, bewerkt, gemanipuleerd.

Een reis door de structuren en rasters van het drukprocedé.

Een onderzoek naar het druktechnische, naar de industriële reproductie van een burijgravure.

Een wereld van vormen, kleuren, lijnen, punten en vlakken. Herwerkt met het digitale proces (de computer) krijgen deze afdrukken een andere dimensie.

De prints op doek geven niet dezelfde structuur te zien als een geschilderd beeld, ze vertonen geen verf- of penseel-structuren.

Het lijnenspel van de originele gravure en de waterverfkleuren worden vervangen door pixelstructuren.

Is het een gesloten poort van het paradijs die door de zwarte minimalistische grafiet schilderijen hermetisch wordt afgesloten?

Als contrast zijn deze zwarte abstracte geometrische vormen in balans met de digitale prints, ze vormen een wisselwerking tussen vlak, ruimte en materie.

Samengevoegd met de fotografische beelden, realistisch of abstract, vormen deze twee aparte, tegengestelde werelden één geheel, zoals goed en kwaad, dag en nacht, paradijs en hel, leven en dood.

De rechts aangebrachte zwarte schilderijen geven aan de opstelling ervan een repetitief ritme.

In tegenstelling met de digitale print is het zwarte vlak geschilderd. De verf is soms dun, glacerend, in andere gevallen gaat het om dik aangebrachte verfstructuren. Sommige schilderijen vertonen ook rasters, vlekken, strakke lijnen die het vlak afbakenen, begrenzen, beschermen.

Enkel de randen van het schilderij bepalen het einde van dit onbekend gebied.

Suggesteren ze een ruimte, een architecturaal idee, een ontwerp voor een tuin - een paradijs om in te mediteren, om rust in te vinden?

Rust tegenover de drukte van het beeld, dat meer en meer op ons afkomt, ons de dingen niet meer doet zien zoals ze werkelijk zijn.

Het zwarte grafiet geeft rust, maar ook dynamiek, een symbiose van het puur abstracte, het minimalisme met het fotografisch beeld.

Het tastbare en de illusie, het toeval en de leegte.

Luc Piron
maart 2008

Round the Roses

The digital prints and paintings "Rosa" are based on one of the engravings of Basilius Besler (1613).

The plate containing the rose varieties is published in the book "Der Garten von Eichstätt" plate 95 of the Taschen publishing company.

The paintings consist of two parts, a digital print to the left and a traditional painting to the right.

The squared shapes enclose the circular shape of the rose.

The reproduced images of engravings were processed, edited and manipulated, not the original ones. A trip through the structures and grids of the printing process. An investigation into printing techniques, an industrial reproduction of a copperplate engraving.

A world of forms, colours, lines, points and surfaces. Once processed by a digital (computer) program these prints acquire another direction.

Canvas printings do not present the same structure as a painted image, there are no visible paint or brush structures.

The original engraved lines and the watercolours are replaced by pixel structures.

Is it a shut gate of paradise which closes hermetically the black minimalistic graphite paintings?

In a contrastive way, these black abstract geometric shapes are in balance with the digital prints; they trigger an interaction between the surface, the space and the matter.

Once they are joint with the photographic images, realistic or abstract, these two separate opposite worlds become one just as good and evil, day and night, paradise and hell, life and death do.

The installed black paintings to the right hand side convey a repetitive rhythm to the whole composition.

In contrast with the digital print the black surface is painted. The paint is sometimes thin and glazing, sometimes it has thick painting structures. Some paintings show grids, spots, with tight lines defining, restricting, and protecting the surface.

Only the borders of the painting define the end of this unknown territory.

Do they suggest a space, an architectural idea, a design of a garden or paradise where one could meditate or find peace of mind? Peace as opposed to the bustle of the image, heading towards us, preventing us from seeing things as they really are. The black graphite does not only offer peace but also dynamics, a symbiosis of the pure abstract, a minimalism vis-à-vis the photographic image.

The tangible and the illusory, the coincidence and the emptiness.

Luc Piron

March 2008

Round the Roses

Die digitalen Drucke und Gemälde "Rosa" gehen zurück auf einen Kupferstich von Basilius Besler (1613).

Die Tafel mit Rosenvarietäten findet sich in dem Buch Der Garten von Eichstätt (Tafel 95) - Taschen Verlag.

Meine Gemälde bestehen jeweils aus zwei Teilen: einem Digitaldruck links und einem herkömmlichen Gemälde rechts.

Beide sind Quadrate und schließen die Rundform der Rose in sich ein.

Nicht der Kupferstich als solcher sondern reproduzierte Abbildungen dessen wurden bearbeitet bzw. 'manipuliert'.

Es ist eine Reise durch die Strukturen und Raster des Druckverfahrens, wobei die drucktechnische und industrielle Reproduktion eines Geißfußstichs erforscht wird.

Eine Welt voller Formen, Farben, Linien, Punkte und Flächen. Erneut verarbeitet im Digitalverfahren, mit dem Computer, erhalten diese Abdrucke eine andere Dimension.

Die Canvasdrucke zeigen nicht dieselbe Struktur wie das gemalte Bild.

Sie zeigen weder Farbenstrukturen noch Pinselstriche. Das Linienspiel des Originalstichs und die Wasserfarben werden durch Pixelstrukturen ersetzt.

Ist es das geschlossene Paradiestor, das die schwarzen minimalistischen Grafitgemälde hermetisch verriegeln ?

Als Kontrast sind die schwarzen abstrakten geometrischen Formen im Gleichgewicht mit den Digitaldrucken.

Sie bilden eine Wechselbeziehung zwischen Fläche, Raum und Materie.

Mit den fotografischen, realistischen oder abstrakten, Bildern zusammengefügt, bilden diese zwei gesonderten, einander entgegengesetzten Welten ein Ganzes : Gutes und Böses, Tag und Nacht, Paradies und Hölle, Leben und Tod.

Die jeweils rechts angebrachten schwarzen Bilder verleihen ihrer Aufstellung einen repetitiven Rhythmus.

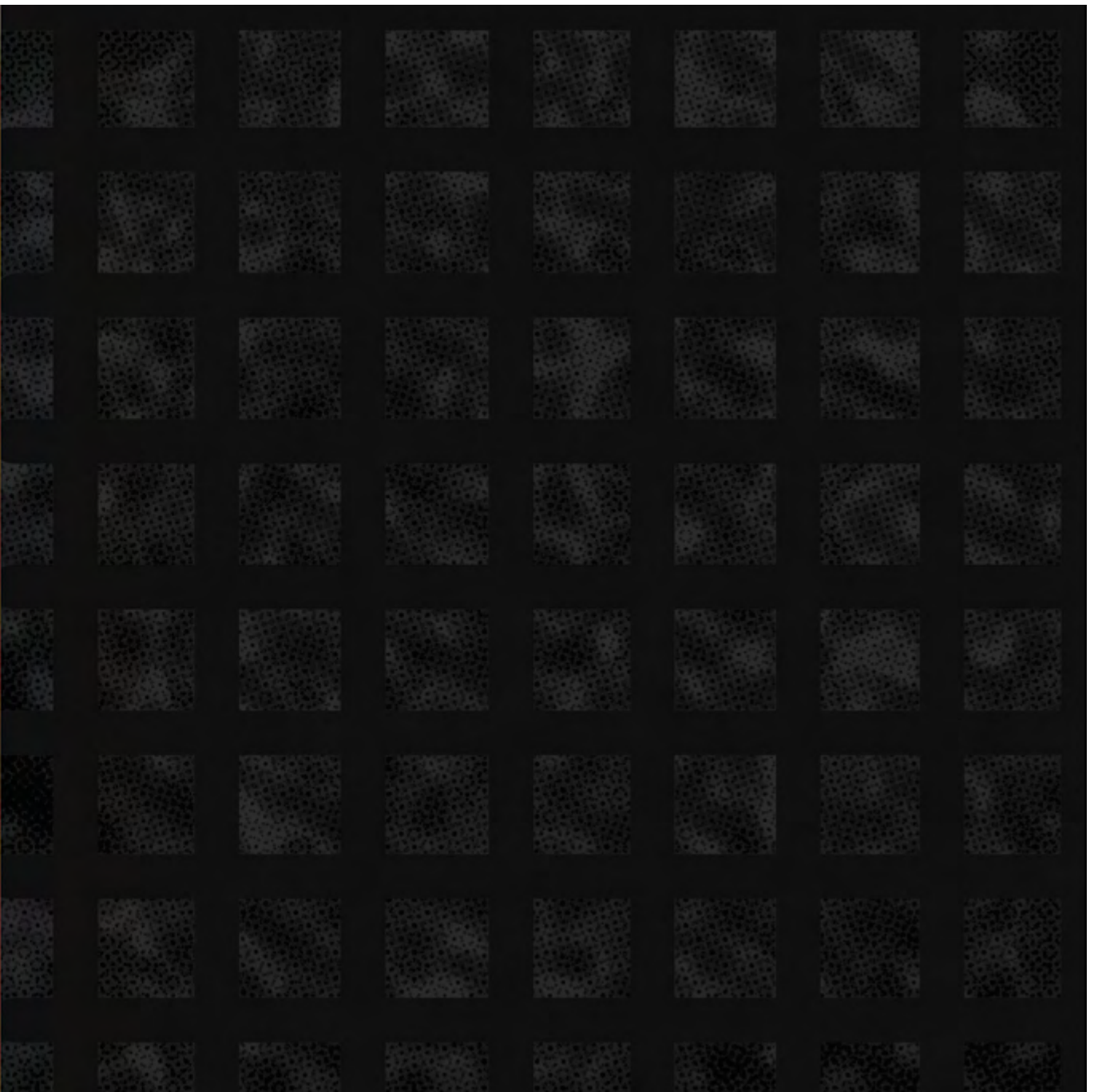
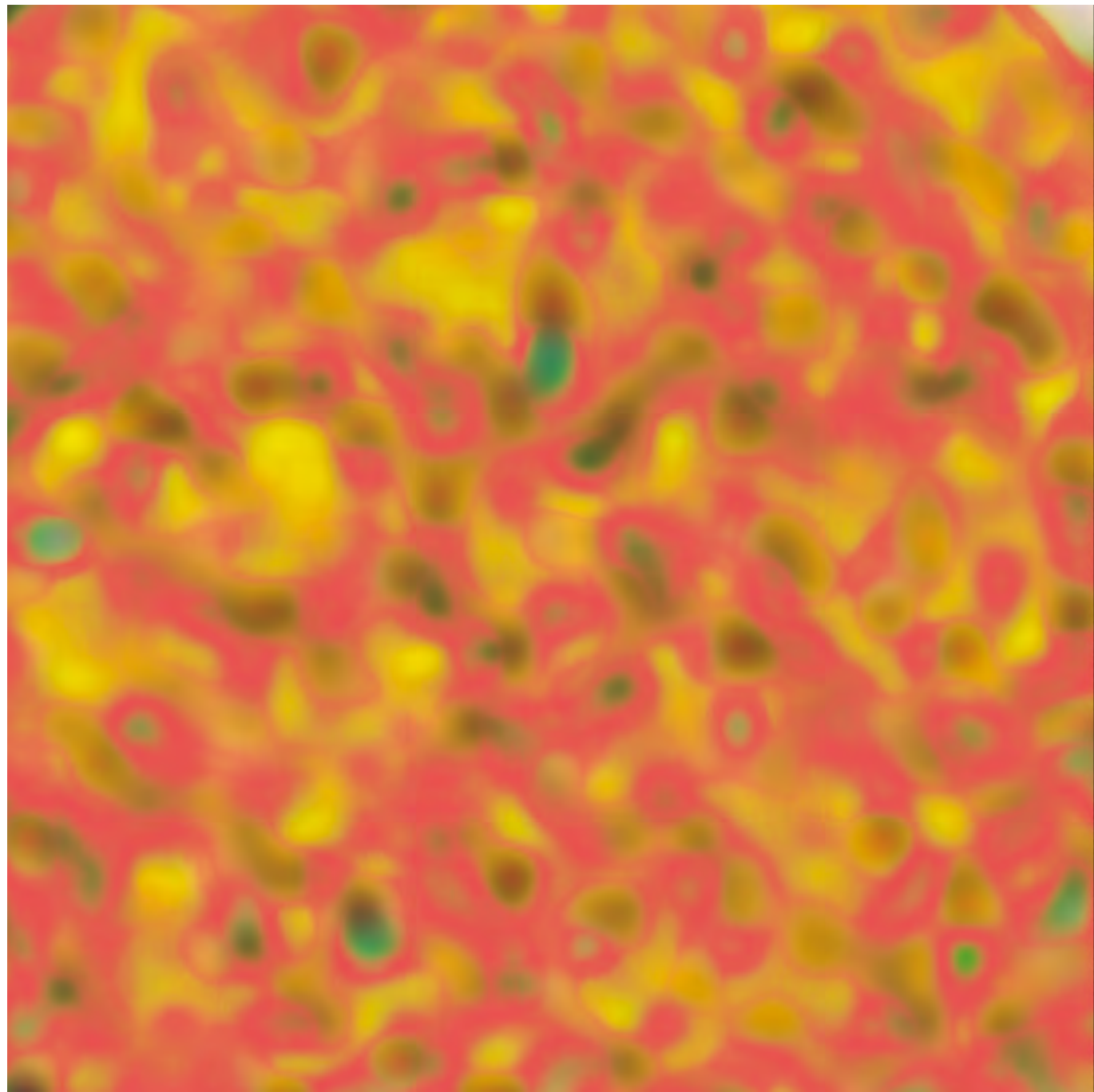
Im Gegensatz zu dem Digitaldruck ist die schwarze Fläche gemalt. Die Farbe ist manchmal dünn, satinierend; manchmal sind es dicker angebrachte Farbstrukturen. Manche Bilder zeigen auch Raster, Flecke, strenge Linien, welche die Fläche beschränken, eingrenzen, schützen. Lediglich die Außenränder des Gemäldes bestimmen das Ende des unbekanntes Gebietes. Suggestieren sie einen Raum, eine architektonische Idee, den Entwurf eines Gartens bzw. eines Paradieses, in dem man meditieren und Ruhe finden kann ?

Ruhe der Hektik des Bildes gegenüber, das uns immer stärker zugegentritt, uns die Dinge anders sehen lässt als sie in Wirklichkeit sind. Der schwarze Graphit gibt Ruhe, aber auch Dynamik, eine Symbiose des pur Abstrakten, des Minimalismus mit dem fotografischen Bild. Greifbares und Illusion,

Zufall und Leere.

Luc Piron

März 2008



rosa-02

warm surface
of a globe

like the sun,
dotted with
spots

and yet, the intensity -
the unimaginable heat
seems mild, subdued

a golden age of
angels, animals
flying in a red sky
hovering above a crimson earth

scorched -
dried out

and yet

green springs of life
light up

in the desert

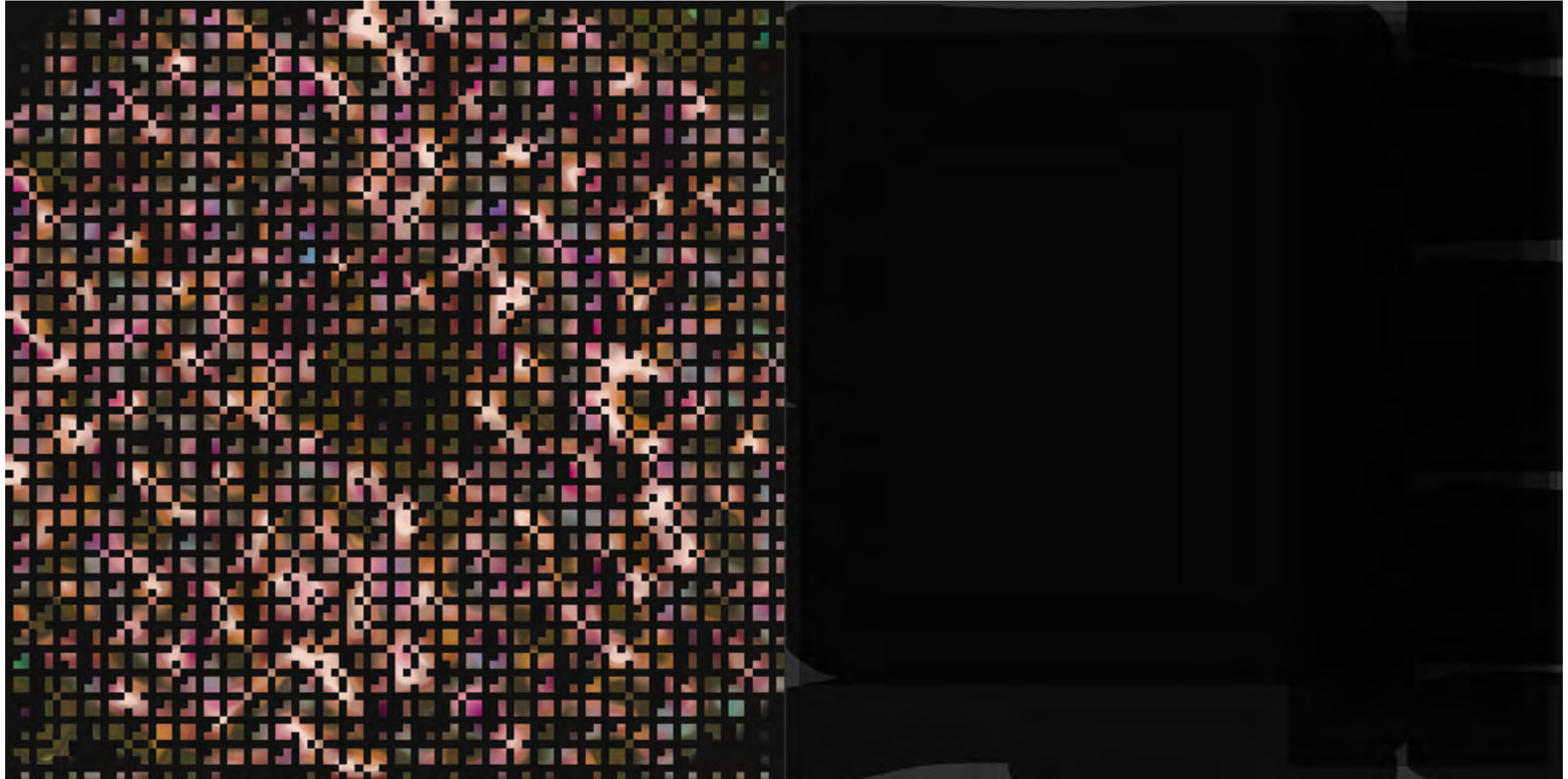
* * *

the pale moonlight
flooded the grille
of a window

its calm presence
repeating itself
in a recurrent pattern

beyond it
the restlessness
of a heart, a mind

as eyes
were drawn
(irresistibly, it seemed)
into the dark unknown
its spiraling
nebula



rosa-03-b

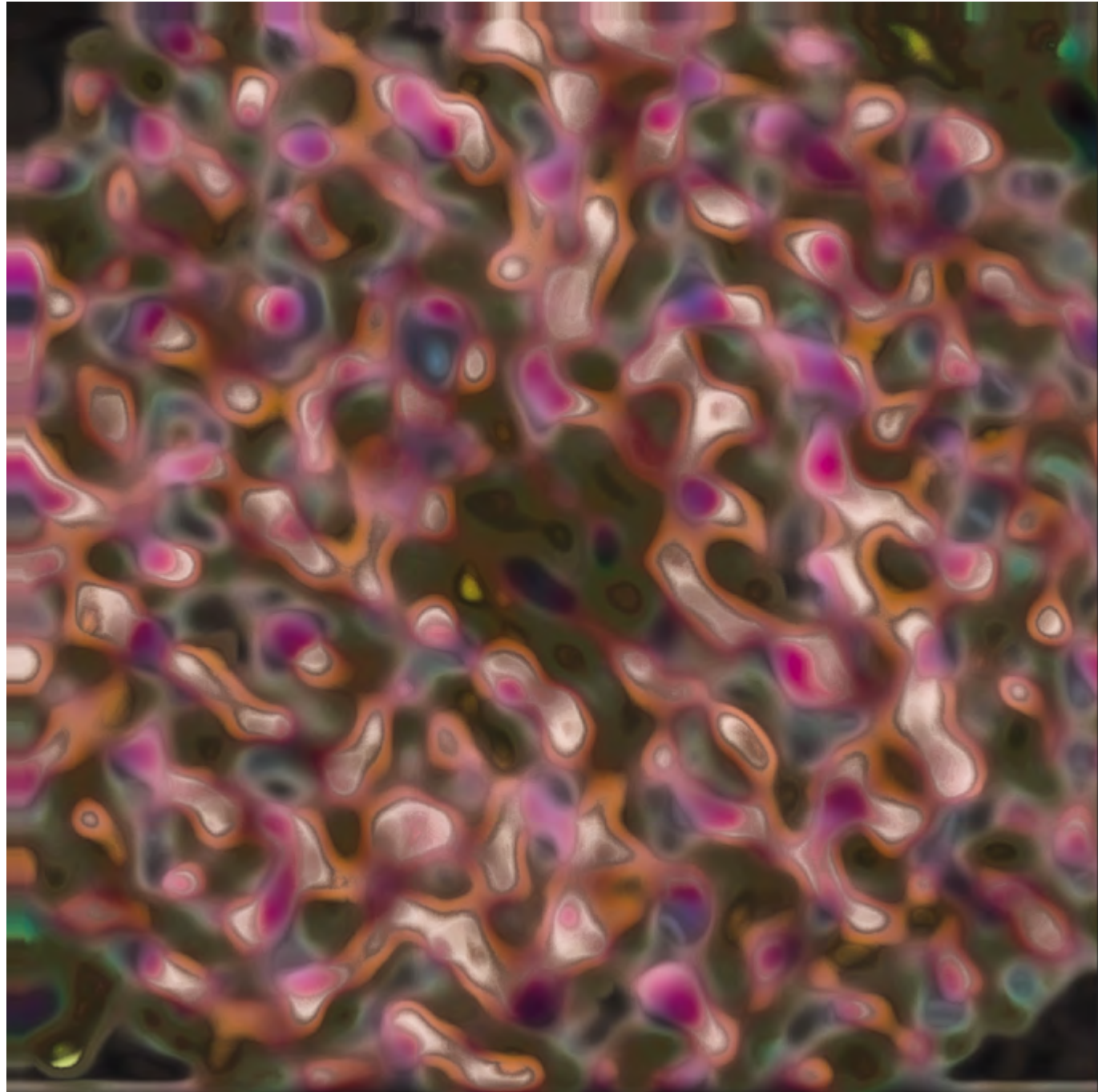
pulsating lights
on a screen
flashes seen through a
radio telescope
the bright lights
of Times Square
of Las Vegas
watched from a plane
thirty thousand feet above ground
their irregular distribution
in the darkness

the way their white stands out brightly
as it adds to and intermingles with
a world of colored lights

how many nights
did we stare at it
perceiving
through the telescope
the circular place
the wide ring
surrounded by black
traversed
by a corridor
that was pointing towards
a central hole

* * *

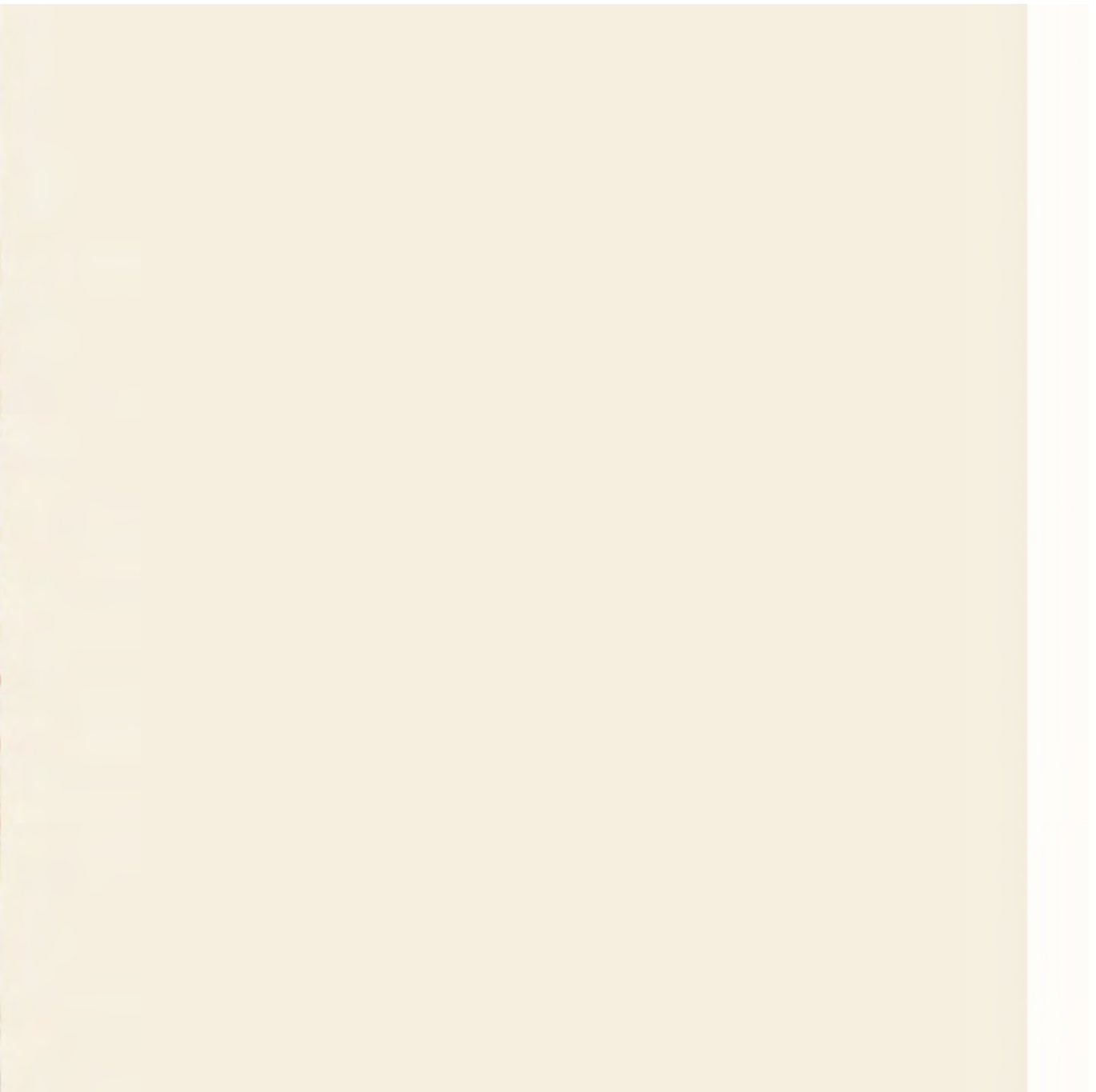
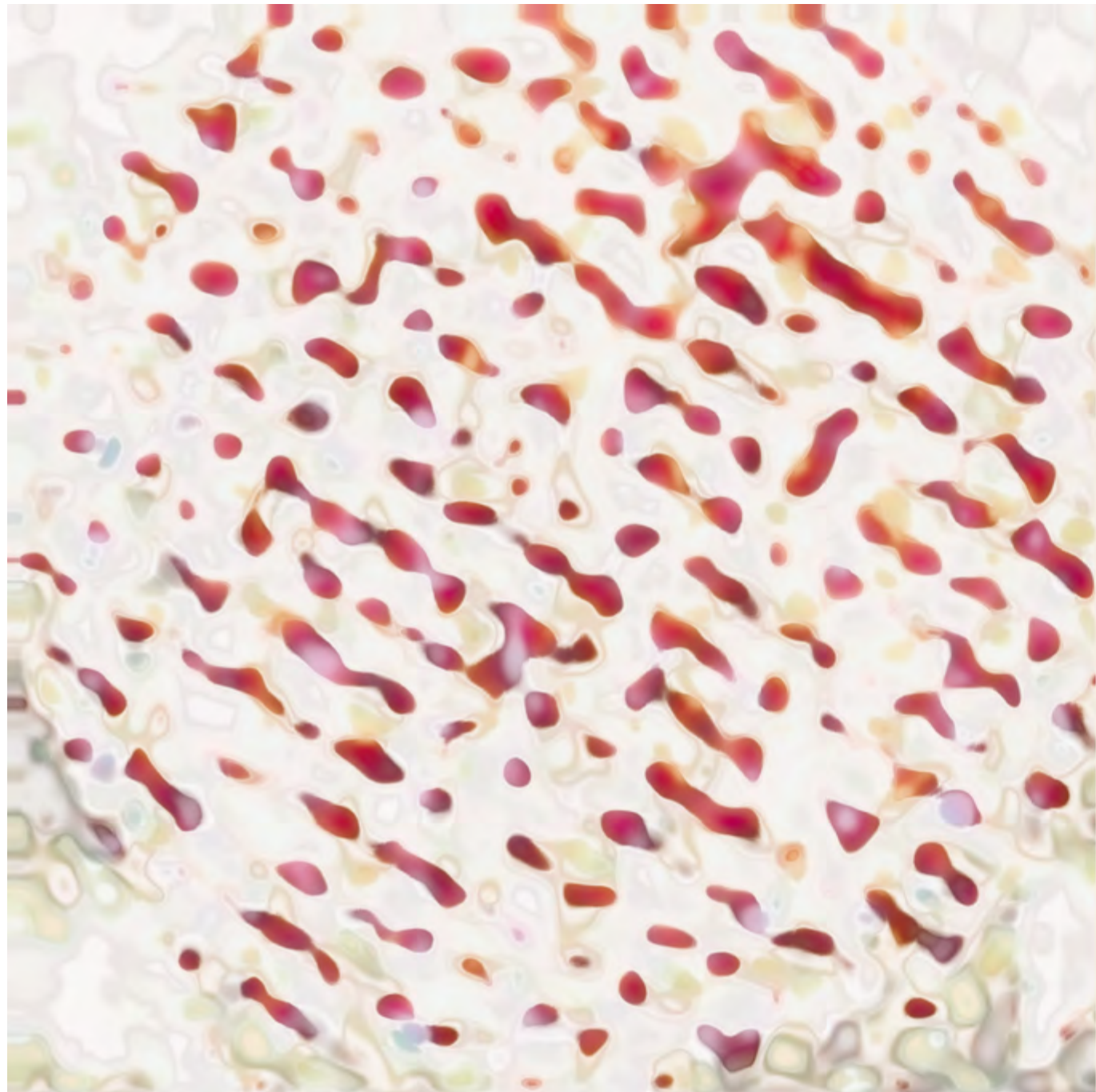
de-centered
emptiness confronted
the play of colors -
grayness bid farewell
to it -
Sucking in
our glances, our stares –
deflected by
lighter grays
stuck
like quays are sticking
in the unperturbed waters
of a gray ocean



rosa 03

petals of a rose
dissolved into
fleeting impressions -
I'm dizzy
looking into a dew drop -
a glass of water -
an ocean -
I see reds swimming in it
greens
light blues
the dark color of olives
I see the movement of life
before me
drowning in it

In the night
as I closed me eyes
opening them again
in the darkroom
quiet returned
the endless repetition of
a heartbeat
endless gray shadows
of always the same rose



rosa-07-b

a winter dream
traces of purple-red rock

shining through
a thin cover of
snow

we perceive
a fragile
structure, a rhythm

faintly regular
in its orientation -
faintly irregular
as a sequence of
dots blots and lines
of varying thickness

together they form
what might be
a circular space

set so strangely
so irritatingly
into a winter world

full of
traces of
melting water

* * *

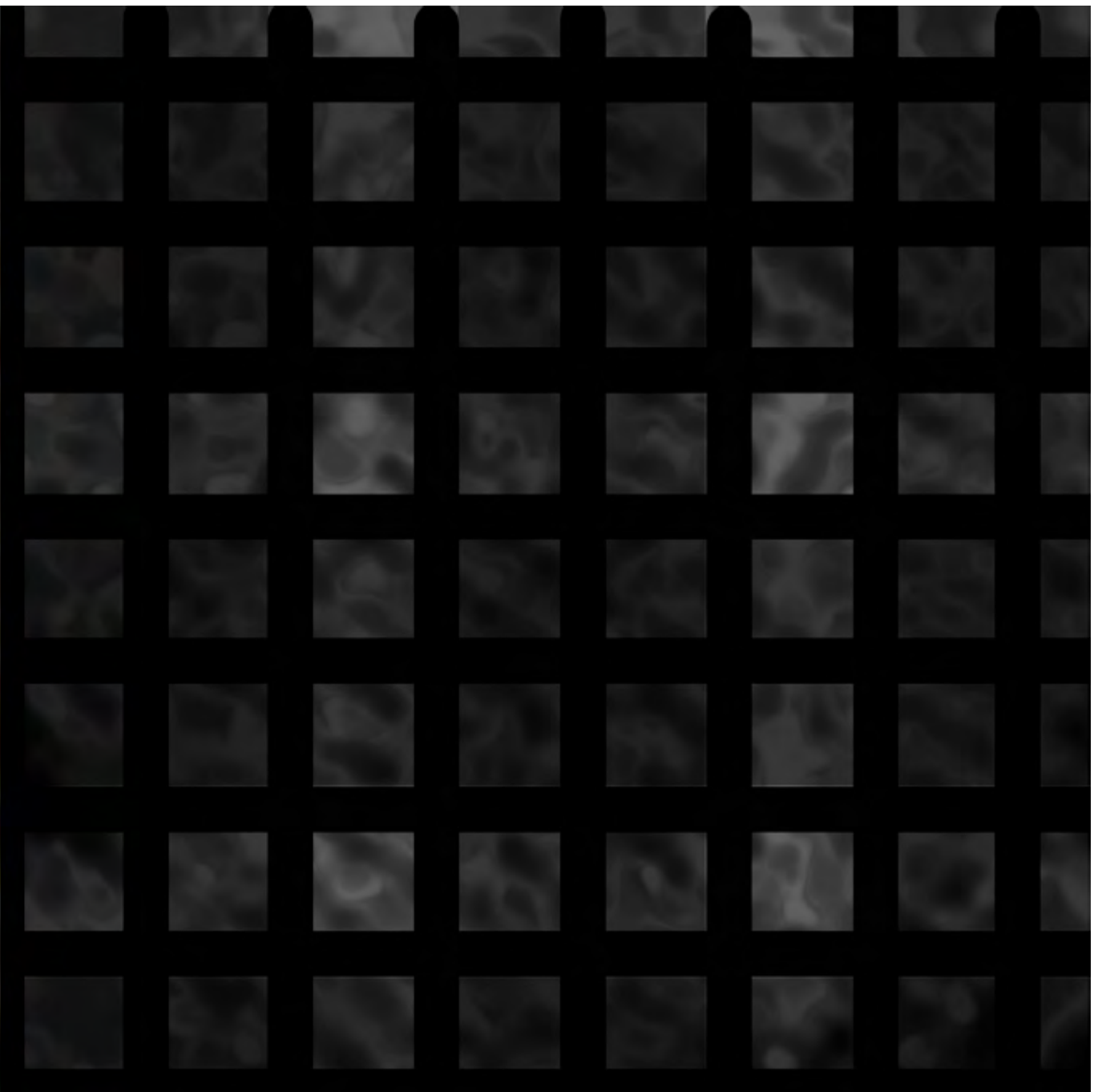
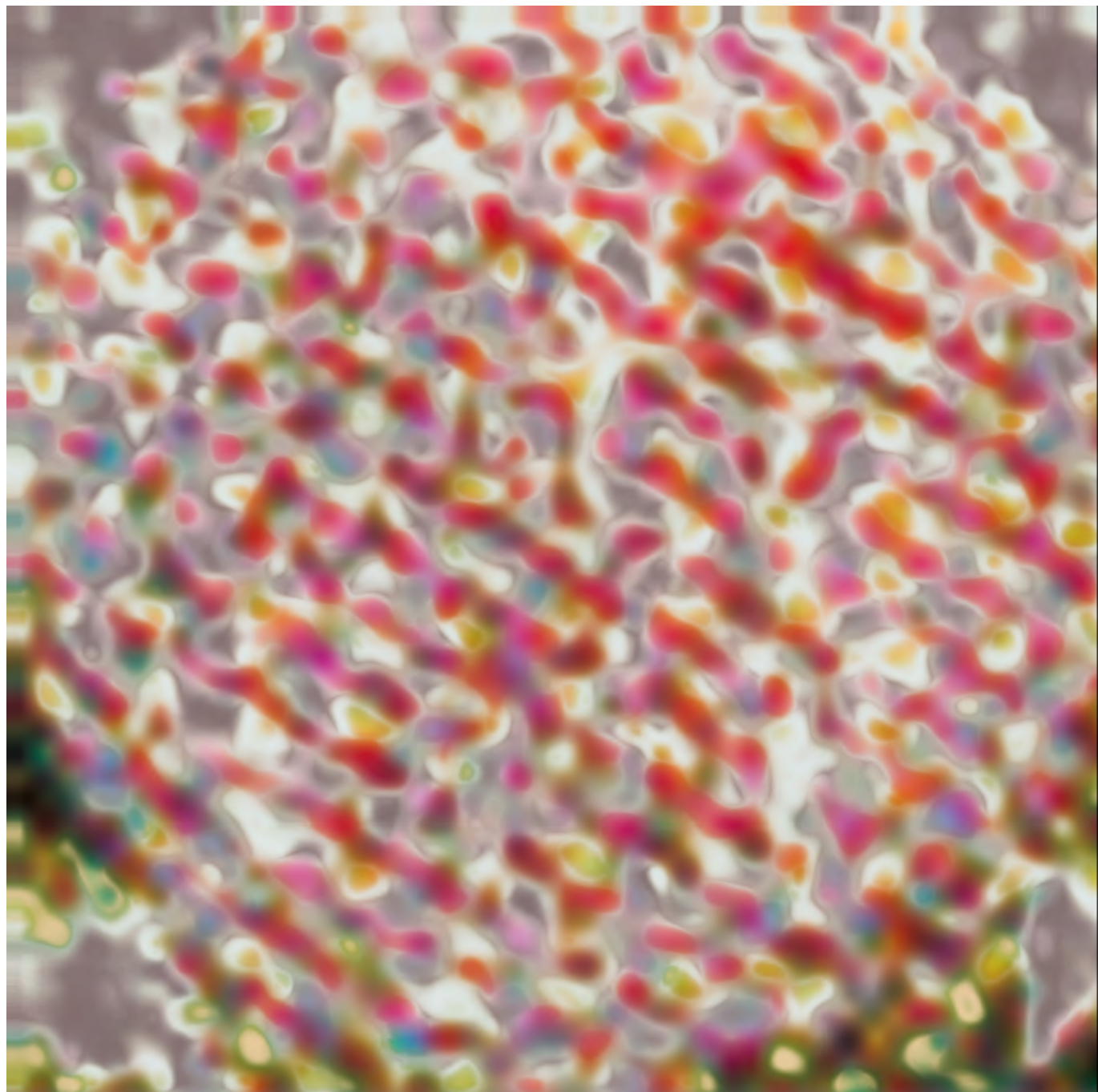
the music of a winter world
exposed to the warmth of the sun
reddened by its rays
come to life
by the rock bottom surface
its variations and
peculiarities

do you see it confronted
do you see it gliding into
do you sense it breaking off into

immaculate

cream-white

silence?



rosa 07

as if science was
transforming
what it was set to
analyze -

the shape
still round -
like rain
the red colors of a flower
run diagonally
across the window
on a grayish day

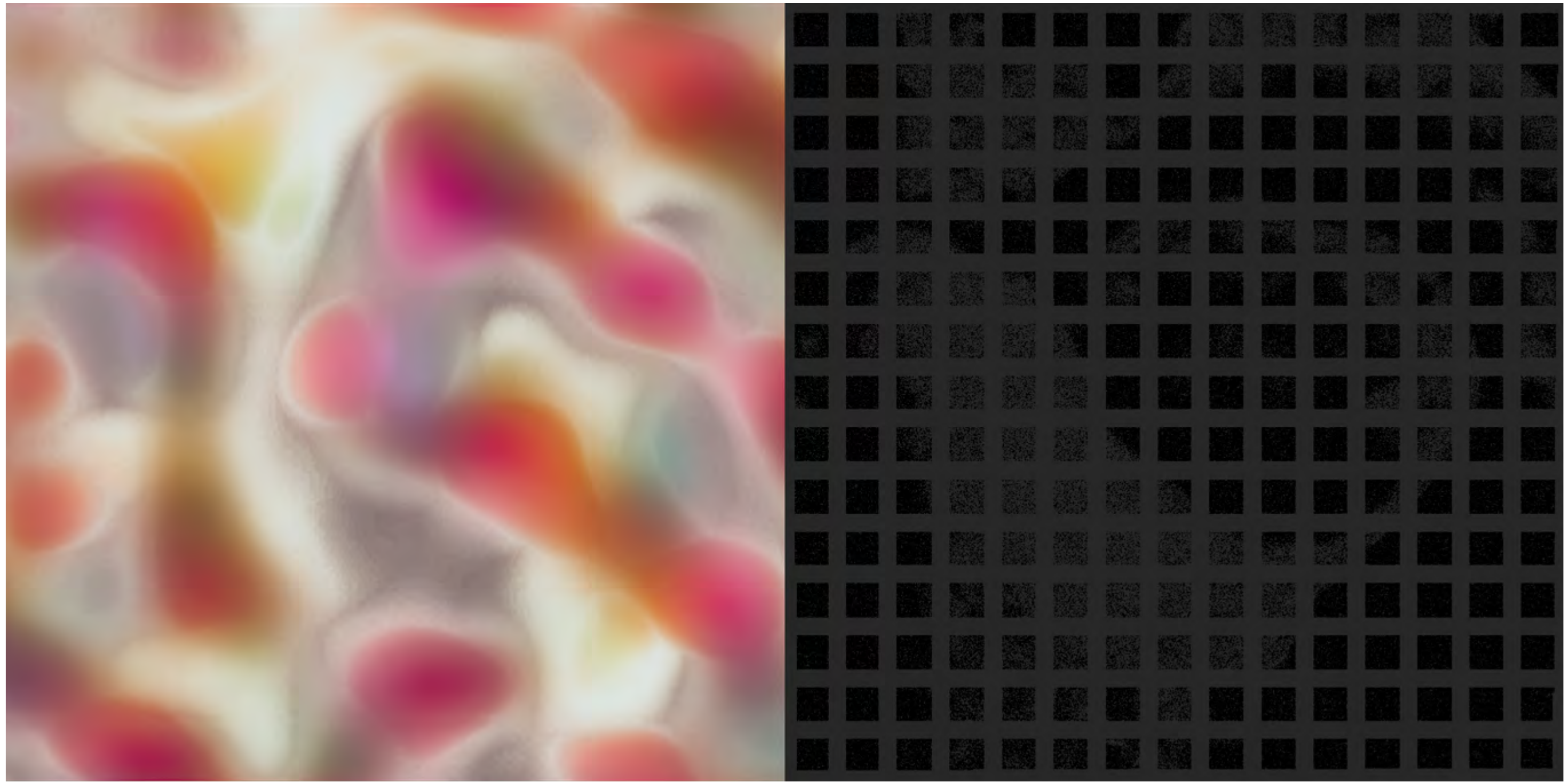
for a moment
I believed
in the truth of
RNA
saw the ribbon-like segments
right before me
their order
set in motion
forming a curtain
almost regularly structured
Below it
a chaotic dance
of whirling particles

* * *

the dark squares
of our brain's prison -
of the eternal prison
of the universe -
its laws
its regularity
come to light

they form the frame
of everything
that moves
that lives

the structure which
the searching eyes & minds
confront
and unicorns appear
and naked bellies breasts
and faces wearing black moustaches
and threat'ning eyes
look back at us
and thus
we are confused...



rosa 08

here, brighter reds and pinks
before cream grays and
bluish grays that verge on
turquoise for a second
form a landscape of the mind

stranger than strange
volcanic pools
that merge with terraced fields

I thought
a stranger surface of a rose was never felt
by feeling fingers that replace the eye
But through the looking glass
the smallest world is large
and antelopes may idle
in the grass
of hair that grows
on human arms
and jazzy sounds
emerging from a bar
still fill the air

and as I ask for help
not knowing where
I am, I see the light
of neon ads
that flash and wane
and I'm swinging, dancing
restless for a while

* * *

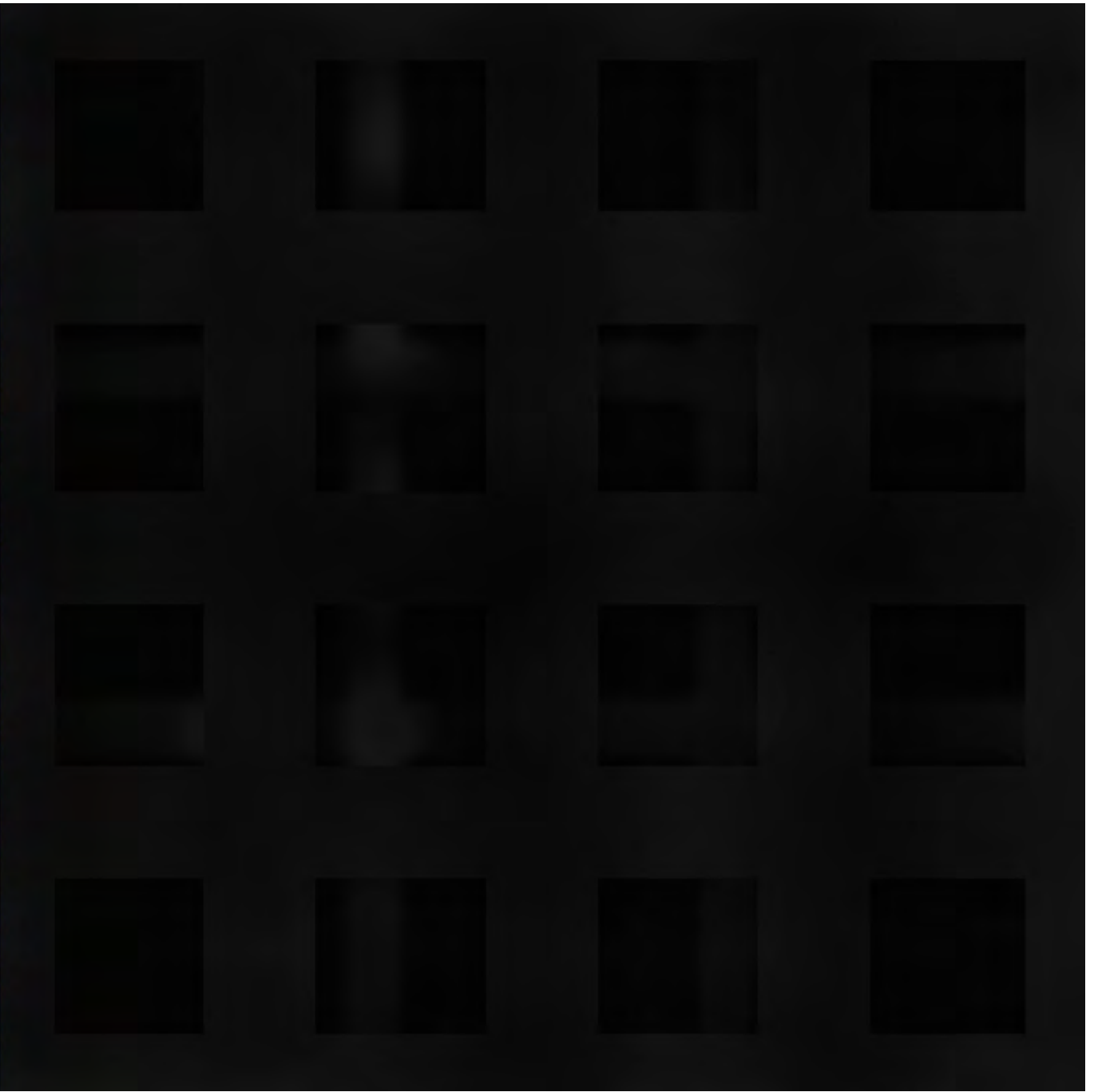
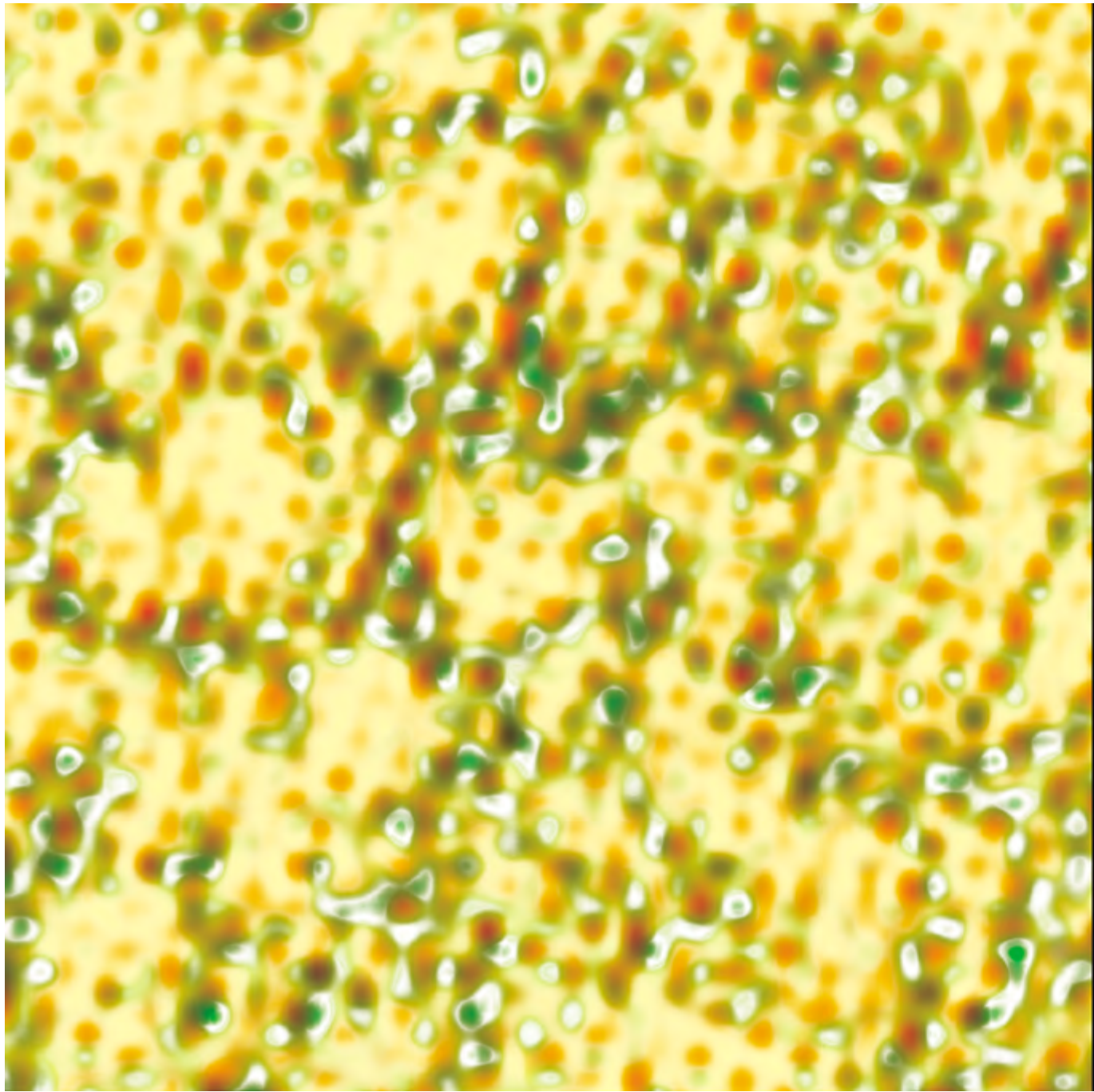
yet there, I'm again
so calm

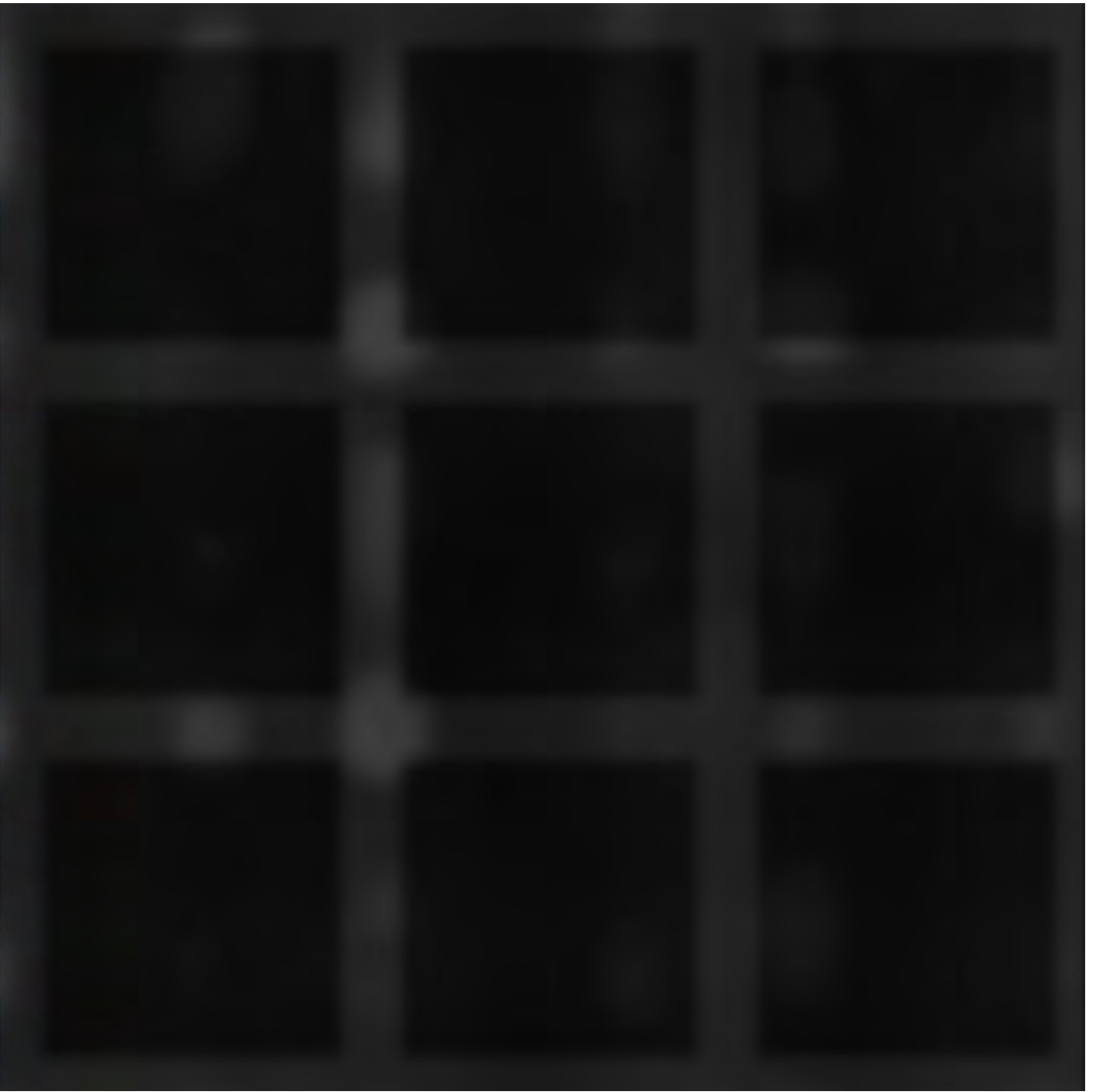
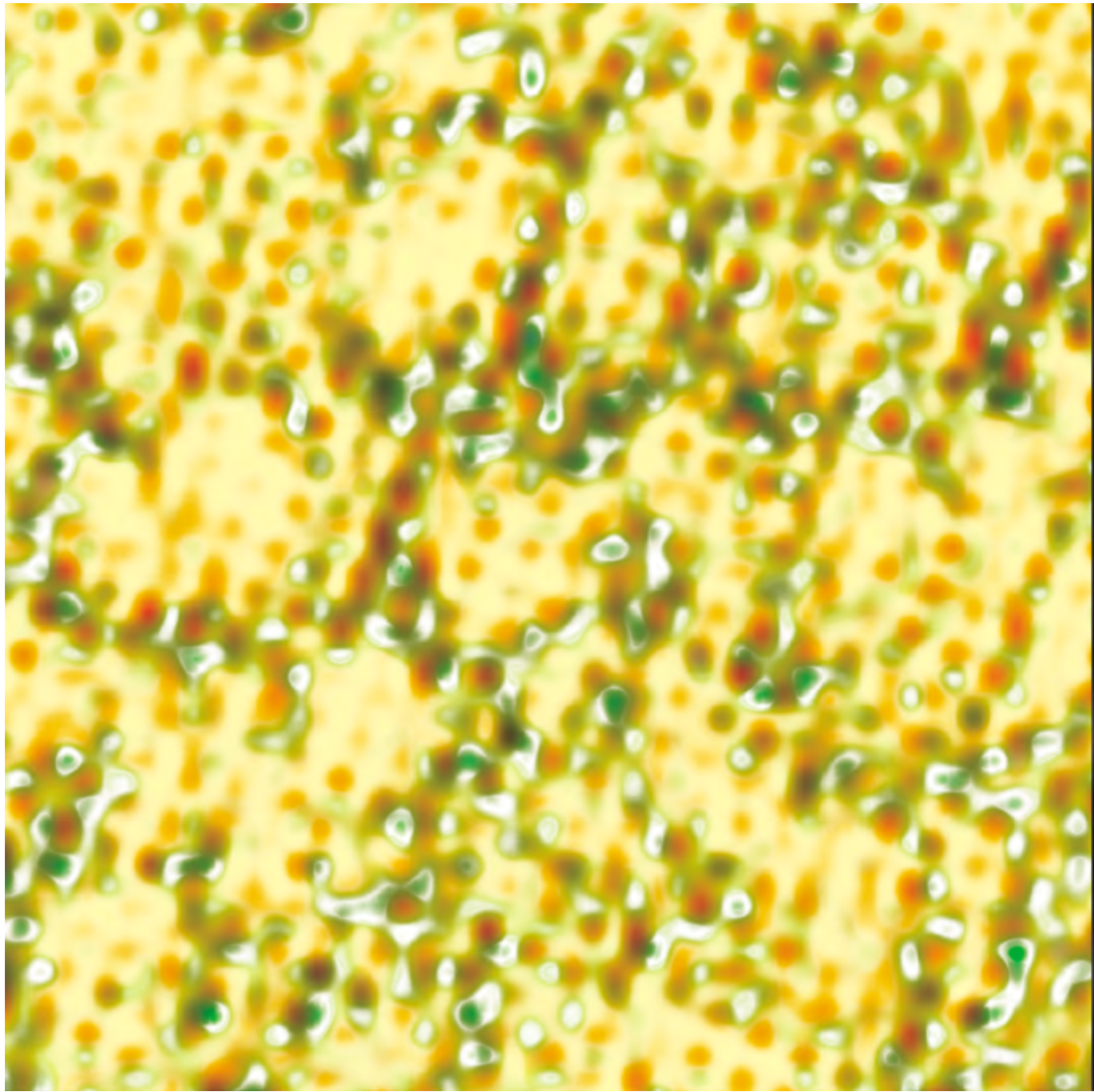
and through a grid so gray and regular
I see into the night

the misty milky way drifts past
it is a floating shawl

of stars so very far
and yet it touches us

like silent music
singing
in our heart





rosa-11

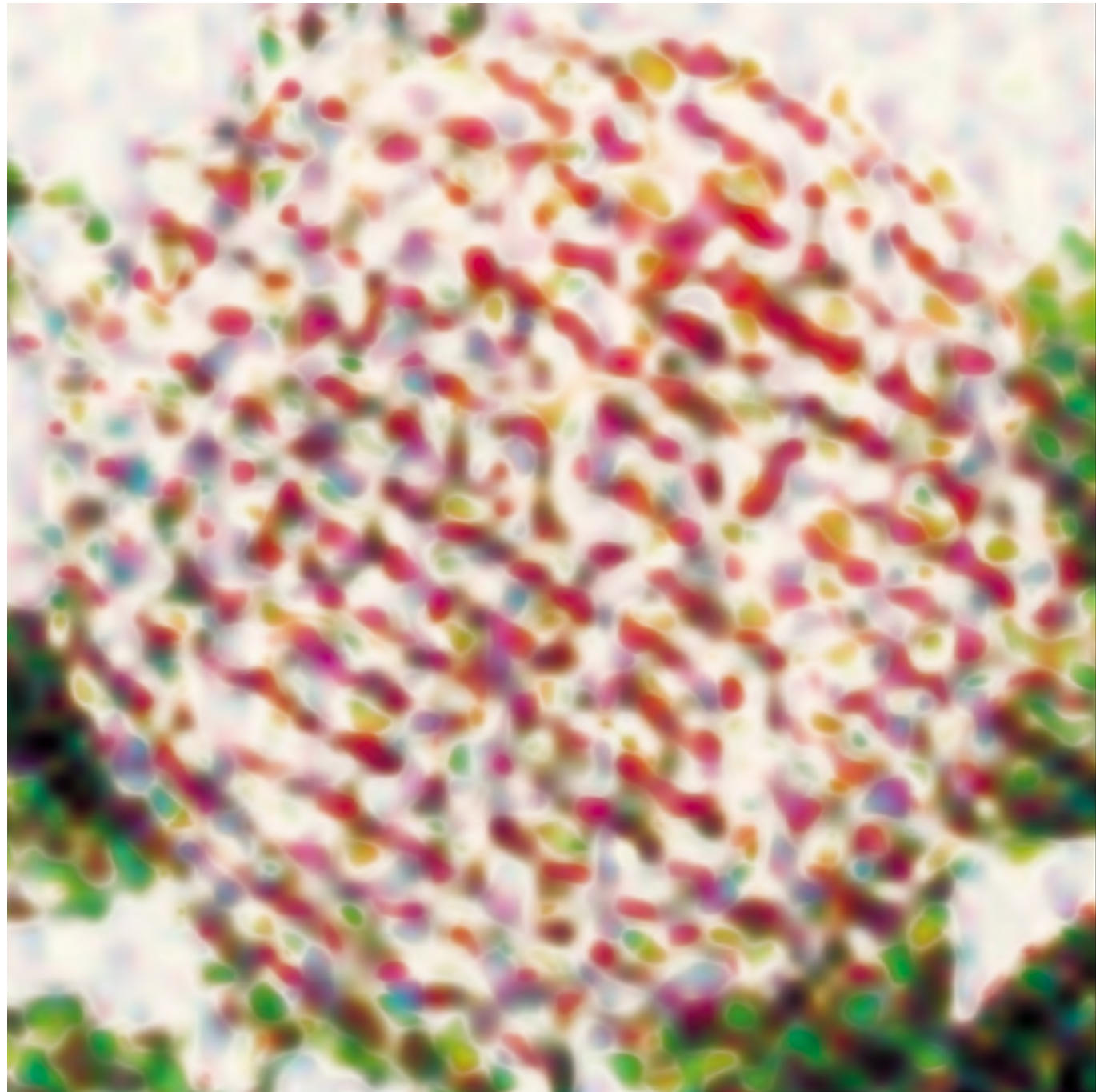
on that day
the garden turned labyrinthian
hedges formed hearts
full of empty secrets
dotted with sunflowers
dotted with pillars of yellow
I felt dizzy looking at it for minutes
saw the pattern
vary infinitely
saw the image of the sun
again and again and again

* * *

a prison in a prison -
behind bars -
are we behind bars?
imprisoned in the prison of the mind?
enclosed in the eternal prison
of empty space?

and where
does the light come from- ?
the strange, pale light
that elucidates
part of the second
grid of bars
as it appears in front of us
right behind
the first one

doubled barrier
separating us
from eternal darkness...



rosa 12

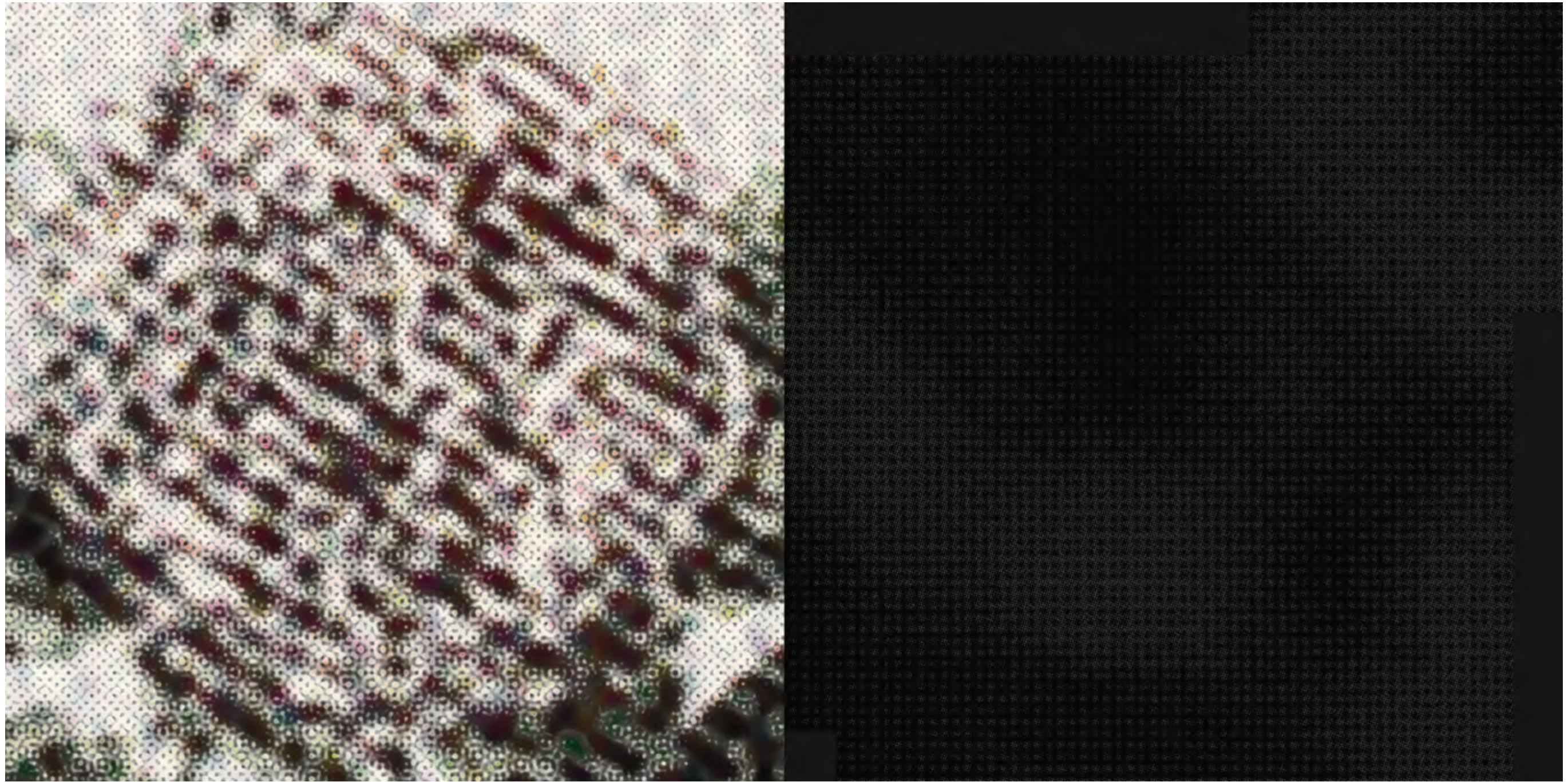
in a winter world
in a dream of snow
bits of green grass appeared
here and there
like a message

and a snowy
red ball
a ball of red wool perhaps
like a rose
was blooming...

* * *

in a dark sea
shapes were swimming
some were human shapes
some
I couldn't make
head or tail of
perhaps there was also a fox
with a bushy tail
perhaps some of these human figures
were flying not swimming
and the sea was the night-sky
and they were magicians and witches
and some were holding on to others
and they were lined up
in flight formation
in an irregular
and yet regular
order

and a very bright and very empty
blackness was
cornering them
was like two abysses
they could fall into
and vanish in
forever and ever



rosa 13

the next minute
a ball turned into a cube -
a circle
into a square -
and the square was
not quite regular
And it was made up of
black and white ribbons
which also were
not quite regular
and for a moment I thought
I was looking onto a city
the bird's eyes view
of a city
its parallel streets
its elongated blocks of
buildings
the surrounding white
of a snowy plain

and then I thought
it might be a fingerprint
the fingerprint of a rose

white and black
as under the microscope
and there were still
hinted hues
of rose color

* * *

fields!
tightly knit grid
regular structure
The black square comes to life with it
The regular
visualized before the eyes
is not as regular as we think
Almost imperceptibly
it dances!
Gray rectangles,
a small gray square,
disturb the world of black
The right rectangle
is accentuated
by irregularities



rosa 16

Look at that face
looking at you!
the right eye
wide open
the left one
closed
A big round nose -
the mouth of a monster -
a gigantic ear!

Do ogres look like that?
the protective spirits
guarding the doors of
Eastern temples?

Shed on it, the light
of a mild moon
the light of stars
a myriad miles away...

o yeah
it's all hid in a rose
the nose and all
the forehead
the stare
it's there, in it -
included in that
lovely plant
and an ant
brings you messages
of queens and
empires

and all of this
is just a vexing game
it is a flame that lights up
and that dies
and eyes shine bright
and look at it and see
and close
and die and dry
and vanish
and the world
that breathes
is a fleeting thing

and bingo!
wasn't this a sting
of insight
in a second rare
What is, will go -
the void is always there



rosa-18

volcanic form
vulva
coquille
the spiraling life
frozen -
come to a momentary
standstill -

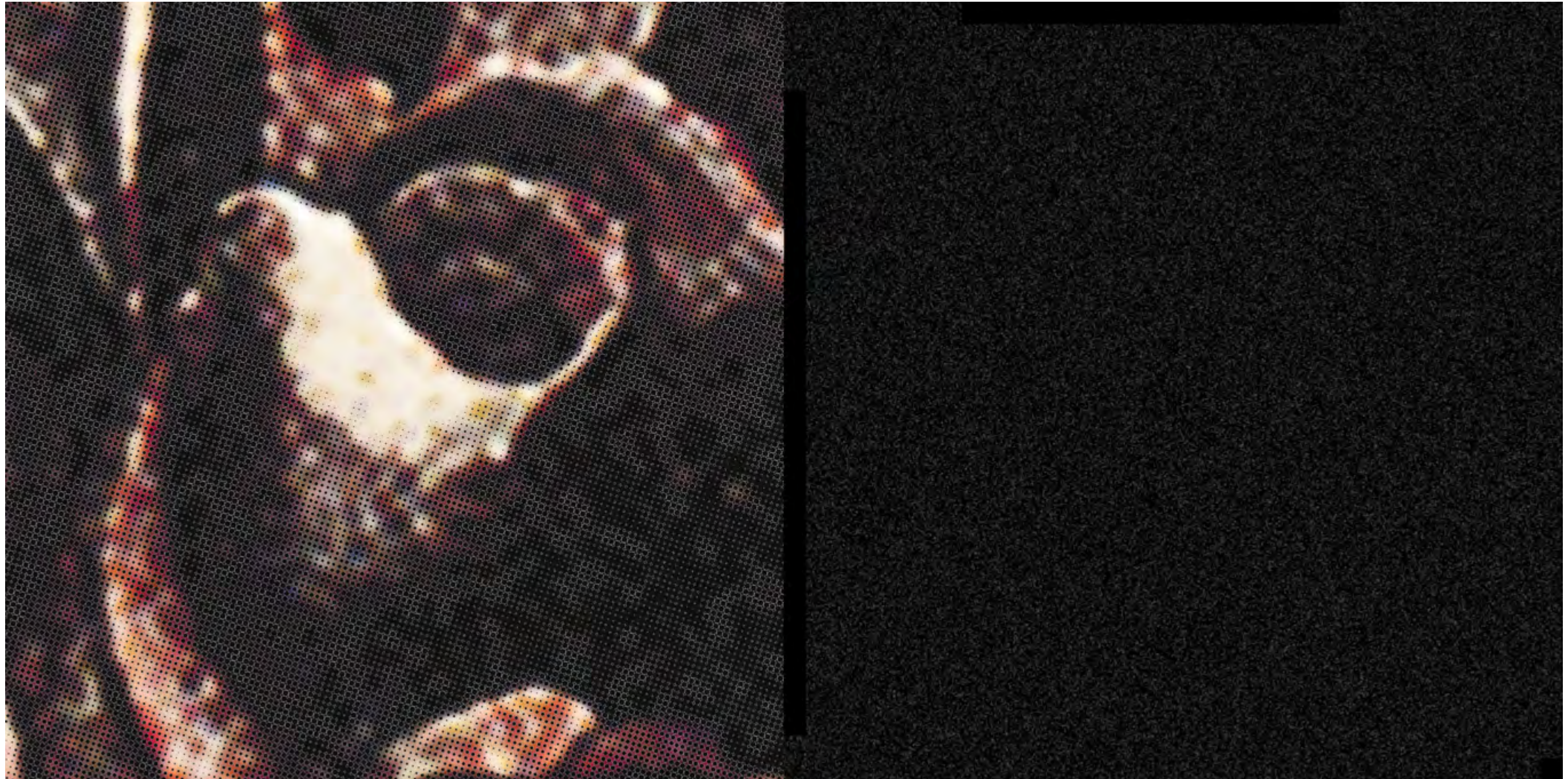
I see light
on protruding edges
Shades
of changing intensity
color the steep walls
An abyss opens
in the center
Steeper abysses
fall deeply
into nothingness
at the margins -
or fade
into a soft night...

gray evenness
forever and ever
breaking off
into blackness
the unfathomable
that has no name

There were seconds when I wavered, asking

is it meat?
flesh that is alive?
is it stone
exposed to the
whims of the weather?

* * *



rosa 19

exotic sculpture
of a jungle plant
that twists its leaves
that forms a painful bend
transfigured by the eye
becomes a leath'ry snake
and yet it seeks the light
like lilies
wrapped in night
and colored by the glow
of lamps that break the dark
dominion's rule and spark a sense
of beauty lost and found
in this black world
where blackened things abound

so quick, so rash
it raised its leafy head
the curve was beautiful
the whiteness shone so bad
amid the darker parts of life
so rife with pain
so endlessly
so full
if beauty aches
and aches
it was of beauty
full

a motion that unwinds
a music that goes on
a cadence that I hear
a silence in the song
a beak that weeps and sings
a look half-hid that stings
a waiting and a rush
a shiver and a slash
a wound that hurts and burns
a love that turns and turns

and yet, I see it faced
by, unperturbed, a rest
unending in the end
the haven
& the nest
the depth that is so close
it's shapeless -
not a rose



rosa 21

come to life
not my wife
laughing lips
invisible hips
smiling cheek
she's not meek
big big eye
asks you why
a clown's nose
gives you a dose
of laughter and yet
is she alive is she dead?
is she a slave is she free
a fairy or ogre
or a honey bee
leaves of a rose or
a tonal mosaic
is she quick
bathing in the weird pinkish light
is she right away
dead and of stone
is she prone
to bewitch you
do stones itch you

her face covered by a rash
the stony surface full of
points that glow

that flash and mirror
lamp light, sun light, a row of
spot lights in the dark

hark!

o listen

o hold your breath

life isn't life

and death isn't death

a human shape

naked or clad

stands, sits in the background

in a corridor

in front of a grove

leaves of a banana tree

spread their wings

open their legs

I see the hair of a cunt

I'm just mad

I'm stunned

* * *

the square is a counter-square
it's a square and thus regular -
it's a square with rectangles inside it
which makes it different -
changing it -
into something that is
“not a square”

It is stationary -
it is dynamic

four irregularly positioned
gray rectangle insert their impulse

its weight is a counterweight

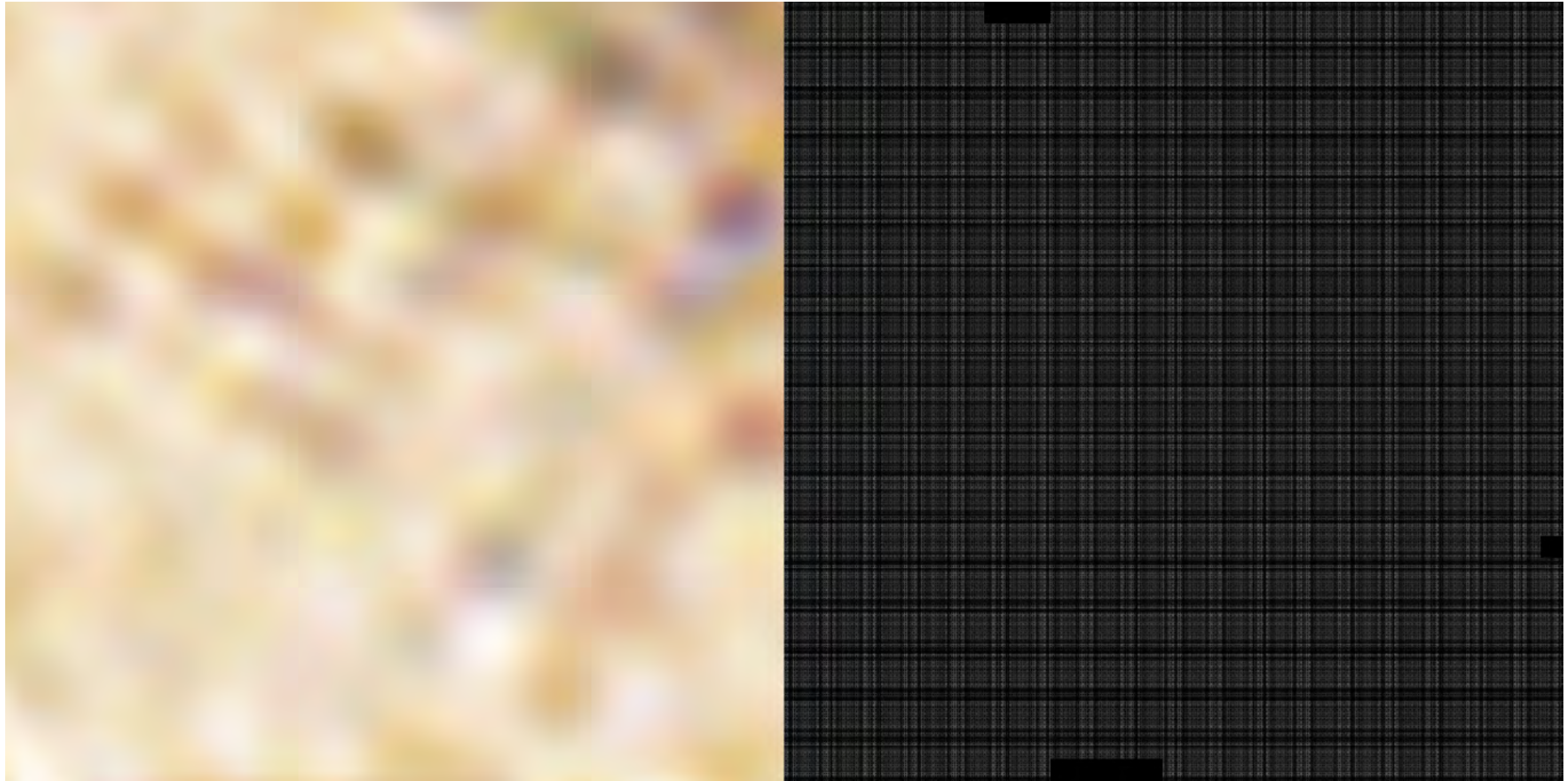
the black is a counter-world

its silence is a counter-song

the impermeable
is depth and counter-depth

the non-color is a color
and a counter-color

its opaque quality
is non-translucent
it devours light
it almost emits light
yes, it is
almost glowing
in the light
like light does
but it is dark
black
it is non-light
counter-light
There is nothing -
nowhere to go in it -
There is
its presence
which is also
an un-presence -
a non-something -
a nowhere
to lose ourselves in



rosette-2-c
rosa-2-c

(rosette-02-c)

rosa-2.c

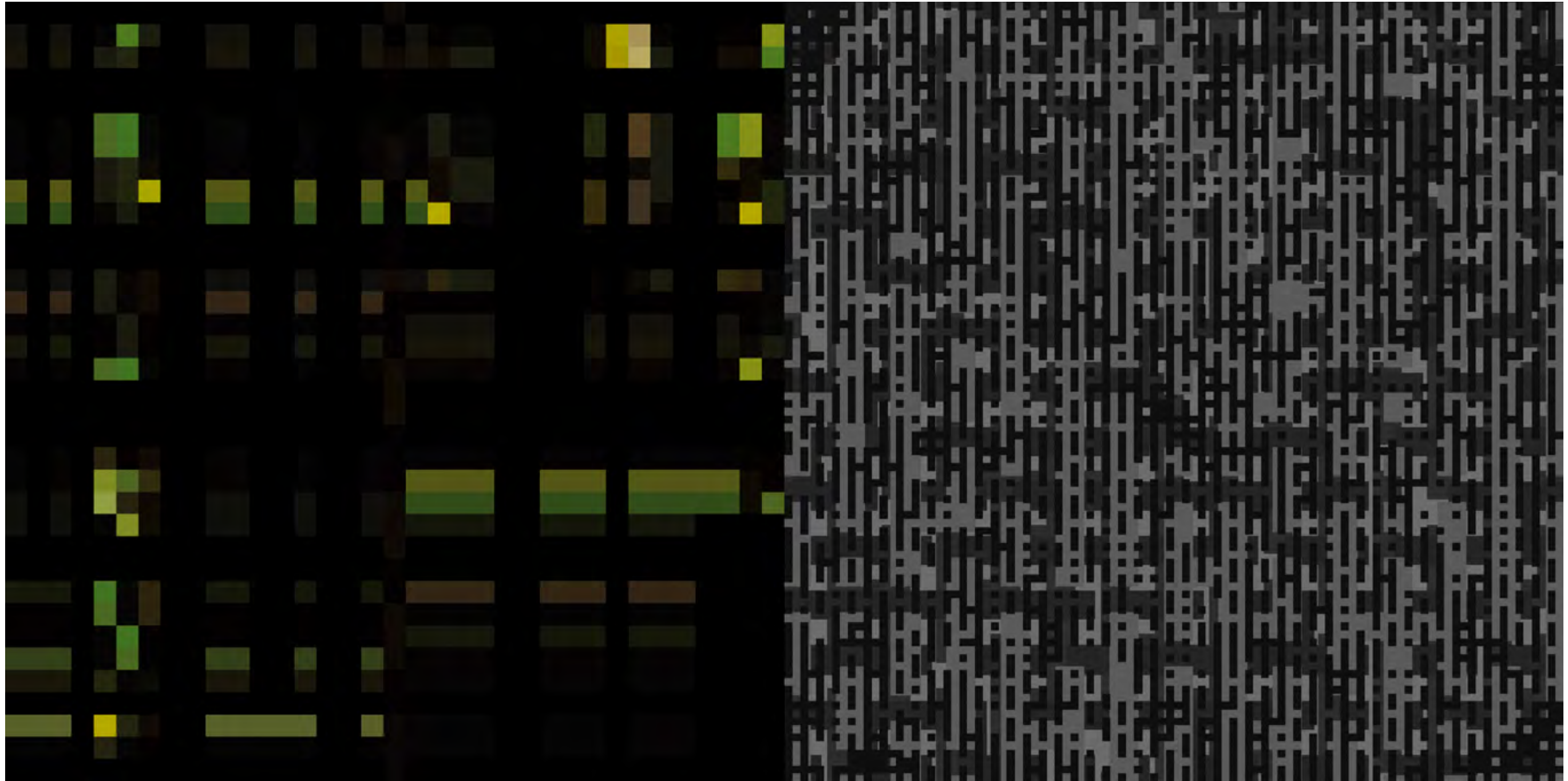
a day in spring -
the leafy roof of trees in a forest -
the light is buzzing with the
sound of insects
the light is trembling
like only light can
in the sun
The sun is somewhere
it is not there, it is elsewhere
it emits its light
the light sings and swings and reverberates
it echoes and reduplicates, triples, multiplies
it makes love
love
to soft colors
fleeting colors
love
to forms
fleeting forms
love to substance
fleeting substance
love to a universe
a fleeting universe
a universe of
forms colors substance
of light and shadows
of changes
movements
sounds

songs
a universe
which is in every rose
just like every rose
is in this universe
* * *
faced with the transient
the momentary
the world of shadows and
changing forms changing colors
the world of metamorphoses
the world of flesh and love and disease
the world of hatred and strife
of thorns and blossoms
of blooming and waning
of coming and going
the eternal patterns of reason
pure abstract unyielding reason
exist
in every course of the celestial bodies
in every formula of matter and energy
and every calculation
of the speed of light
It all exists
but its existence
is non-existence
its form

a non-form
its substance
the antithesis of substance
its presence
an eternal un-presence
its duration
the opposite of all
measurable duration
While its counter-world
blooms and wanes
it exists and doesn't exist
knowing no birth
no death
no beginning
and no end
it is there
but it is the opposite of
"being there"

May 15 / 18, 2008

- andreas weiland



rosa-01

