

Galería Marta Cervera

Selected Press

Max Brand

Alles ein einziger Traum

Rätselhaft wie immer, jetzt aber noch malerischer: Arbeiten von Max Brand in der Galerie Jacky Strenz

Christoph Schütte, in: Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung,
13. Dezember 2019, S. 34

FRANKFURT. Diesmal ist alles halb so wild. Nicht ganz so überwältigend jedenfalls wie bei Max Brands vorigem Auftritt am selben Ort, als man buchstäblich im Bildraum selbst zu stehen kam. Oder vor den Boden als Leinwand nutzte für seine vor Ort entstandene Malerei, sondern den „White Cube“, durchaus zum Verdruss des Galeristen, kurzerhand komplett ausmalte. Diesmal hängen seine aktuellen Werke an der Wand. Wegweisend ist die vierte Einzelausstellung des 1982 geborenen Stä-

delschulabsolventen in der Frankfurter Galerie Jacky Strenz aber nicht wegen solcher Beschränkung. Materialwahl und der rauschhafte Schaffensprozess bleiben von ihr vollkommen unberührt. Wie immer fällt dem Betrachter angesichts des dichten Allovers figürlicher und abstrakter Details, ornamentaler Setzungen und zeichnerischer Kürzel zudem die Orientierung schwer. Der Atem aber der neuen Bilder ist ein anderer. Sie wirken, als sei Brand einen Schritt zurückgetreten oder habe einzelne Szenen herangezoomt wie in einem



Expressiv: Brands Bilder Foto Galerie Strenz

leuchtend bunten Kinderbild. Großzügiger, flächiger und konzentrierter, in einem Wort: malerischer denn je sind Brands aktuelle Arbeiten. Rätselhaft und wie geträumt ist ihr Geschehen geblieben. In ihrer expressiven Farbbigkeit aber springen sie auch den zufälligen Passanten förmlich an.

CHRISTOPH SCHÜTTE

Die Ausstellung in der Frankfurter Galerie Jacky Strenz, Kurt-Schumacher-Straße 2, ist bis zum 18. Januar zu sehen und dienstags bis freitags von 14 bis 18 und samstags von 12 bis 16 Uhr geöffnet.



Yellow-Green Nr. 7 (1997) has lonely trees: one lush in circular bloom, the other bare, decidedly deciduous.

The main gallery is given over to a never-before-seen sequence of works that focus on an exploration of landscape: variations on three horizontal zones of cloud, hills and lake, with skyscapes, ripples on water, the moon's reflection. These large-scale canvases were the last that Kasseböhmer worked on. At first view, the series looks like a group show majoring in mutations on one motif. An inordinate variety of styles are shuffled, from the Ben-Day dots of Roy Lichtenstein and Sigmar Polke to the thin drip markings of Peter Doig, as in the coldly alpine *Walchensee 44* (2014). With *Walchensee 37* (2014), the oil renderings of wavelets and sky are scuffed and scored in textural experimentation. *Walchensee 47* (2014) is particularly beautiful, with its soft indigo hills, the slight turquoise swells of the lake below and an audaciously empty volume of pure white airspace and reflection.

A memorial blog, written by the German art historian Wolfgang Ullrich, notes how the artist would sometimes launch into Thomas Bernhard-like monologues. Kasseböhmer can, in this regard, be seen as a contrarian: constantly interrogating his markings, worrying at the possibilities of oil painting, nagging incessantly via looping rants akin to those of a Bernhard novel. After all, both had an insistent belief in repetition and reworking.

John Quin

MAX BRAND Galerie Bernhard, Zürich, Switzerland

As soon as we are inside, Max Brand offers us a drink. Painted directly onto a wall is a bottle of bubbly, plonked on a counter top. Behind it, against a yellow backdrop, a wispy stick figure rises upwards, past a run of loosely described tiles, towards a frieze of blue flowers above the door. Colours seem to move across the room, encircling viewers in a maelstrom of forced jollity. The tumult covers every wall of Galerie Bernhard's first room, its bright patterns and stripes extending onto boards placed over the hessian carpet.

The second room has a darker energy, expressed in tones of deep purple and ochre. There is chequerboard patterning here, sponging there. On one wall is a fantastical organic landscape of coral-like forms; beneath it, a face looks out, expressionless. Unlike the first room, the scene in this space is not all-encompassing, with the flooring left mostly bare. In the final room, accessible through a painted gauze curtain, a thick black cloth is draped across one wall, like a dust sheet protecting against the mess of rubbish and discarded materials that are strewn across the floor.

With this installation, which highlights the process and spatial dimensions of his medium, Brand resurrects the old adage of the painter as recorder, decorator or creator of visions out of chaos. Yet, the canvases that hang within the space seem, at first, to refuse any part in painting's aesthetic discipline. Six untitled works, each 1.8 x 1.4 m and completed in 2018, are distributed throughout the three rooms. Each has a dense mixed-media surface made by scrawling, scratching, cutting, pasting and spraying; the resulting compositions are less descendants of art history than enlarged versions of graffiti-covered schoolbooks. The elements that recur most frequently are human faces or figures, but bees, flowers, a ball, insects and a bicycle can also be discerned. The majority of these subjects swim on the works' surfaces; occasionally, a figure falls back, painted onto fabric that has been pasted onto the reverse of the canvas and visible through a small window cut into its surface. Seen frontally or in profile, these figures are emblematic – a man, a woman – but rarely do they become dynamic or specific.

Brand studied under Michael Krebber at the Städelsschule in Frankfurt-am-Main and, in keeping with his mentor's influence, his paintings have continued to shed layers of composition ever since he left in 2010. In these new works, fore-

ground and background are scarcely discernible; only from a distance can some hint of proportion and perspective be distinguished. In fact, seen in reproduction, the majority of the paintings become messy abysses viewed by the characters that congregate at their edges. In one instance, a lanky, knuckle-dragging figure walks across a makeshift stage to the right of the canvas, recalling Alberto Giacometti's compositions. Look closer at the bold, graphic marks and nods to Keith Haring or A.R. Penck become evident; Hans Hofmann's early work may also be an influence. Brand's canvases are distillations of the last three centuries of Western painting, even if they masquerade as wild, puerile rejections of its edicts. In this, they also say something about artifice and the translation of experience into painting. The artist – that figure who moves on the cusp of these various worlds – is caught between gritty, overwhelming reality and the business of staging that reality, creating sense from so much visual noise. From that point of view, the overarching theme of the show is not what a painter might be, but what the audience expects of them, and how they must walk a tightrope to deliver it.

Aoife Rosenmeyer





REVIEW - 14 MAR 2018

Max Brand: Visions Out Of Chaos

Gritty, overwhelming reality and the business of its staging, at Galerie Bernhard, Zurich

BY AOIFE ROSENMEYER

As soon as we are inside, Max Brand offers us a drink. Painted directly onto a wall is a bottle of bubbly, plonked on a counter top. Behind it, against a yellow backdrop, a wispy stick figure rises upwards – past a run of loosely described tiles, towards a frieze of blue flowers above the door. Colours seem to move outwards across the room, encircling viewers in a maelstrom of forced jollity. The tumult covers every wall of Galerie Bernhard's first room, its bright patterns and stripes extending onto boards placed over the hessian carpet.

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Max Brand, installation view, Galerie Bernhard, Zurich. 2018. Courtesy: Galerie Bernhard, Zurich

In this framing, which highlights the process and spatial dimensions of his medium, Brand resurrects the old adage of the painter as recorder, decorator or creator of visions out of chaos. Yet the canvases that hang within seem, at first, to refuse any part in painting's aesthetic discipline. Six untitled works, each 1.8 × 1.4 m and completed in 2018, are spread throughout the three rooms. Each has a dense mixed-media surface made by scrawling, scratching, cutting, pasting and spraying; the resulting compositions are less descendants of art history than enlarged versions of graffiti-covered schoolbooks. The elements that recur most frequently are human faces or figures, but we also have bees, flowers, a ball, insects, a bicycle. The majority of these subjects, objects, swim on the works' surfaces, but occasionally a figure falls back, painted onto fabric that has been pasted onto the reverse of the canvas and is visible through a small window cut into its surface. Seen frontally or in profile, these figures are emblematic – a man, a woman – but rarely do they become dynamic or specific.



Max Brand, installation view, Galerie Bernhard, Zurich. 2018. Courtesy: Galerie Bernhard, Zurich

Brand studied under Michael Krebber at the Städelschule and, in keeping with his mentor's influence, his paintings have continued to shed layers of composition ever since he left Frankfurt-am-Main in 2010. In these new works, foreground and background are scarcely discernible; only from a distance can one distinguish some note of proportion and perspective. In fact, seen in reproduction, the majority of the canvases become messy abysses viewed by the characters that congregate at their edges. In one instance, a lanky, knuckle-dragging figure walks across a makeshift stage to the right of the canvas, like a Giacometti moocher. Look closer at the bold, graphic marks and nods to Keith Haring or A.R. Penck become evident; Hans Hofmann's early work may also be an influence. Brand's canvases are distillations of the last three centuries of Western painting, even if they masquerade as wild, puerile rejections of its edicts. In this, they also say something about artifice and the translation of experience into painting. The artist – that figure who moves on the cusp of these various worlds – is caught between gritty, overwhelming reality, and the business of staging that reality, creating sense from so much visual noise. From that point of view, the overarching theme is not what a painter might be, but what their audience expects of them, and how they must walk a tightrope to deliver it.

Max Brand at Galerie Bernhard, Zurich, is on view until 20 April.

Max Brand, installation view, 2018, Galerie Bernhard, Zurich. Courtesy and photograph: Galerie Bernhard, Zurich

Poppies @ Gallery of Modern Art

Poppies brings together artists Joanne Robertson and Max Brand, who bring a quick and expressive abandon to Gallery of Modern Art's middle floor, making for a messier and immersive environment of expressive paintings, sound and sculpture.



Review by Adam Benmakhlouf | 16 Jan 2017



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The Skinny



Poppies exhibit at GOMA, Glasgow

Exuberantly taking a wing each (loosely speaking) for their exhibition together in Glasgow's [Gallery of Modern Art](#), Joanne Robertson and Max Brand – based in London and Berlin, respectively – go hand to hand with the three U-shaped corridors that make up the Gallery of Modern Art middle-floor space.

Straight ahead on entering, Robertson comes first with railings of clothes that are all somewhere between new and worn. Add to that a perceptible taste seeming to inform the different items and the possibility of making colour connections to the fast-painted abstractions, this sense of a singular style emphasises the partiality of the abstract paintings.

Galería Marta Cervera

One painting on the wall is red, orange, brown, green, purple and sky blue. It's convivial, frenetic and signals a great deal of sincerity amongst the clothes rails, quickly rendered floor painting below them and wall painting round the corner.

Whereas Robertson's large oil on canvas paintings form a series of distinct works, Brand's fills his wall painting and hanging fabrics with smaller drawings and paintings. More linear and looking cartoonish in places, they nevertheless tend to collapse into an expressive abstraction – floating arms and hands, then another looking like an aerial-view map.

In Brand's end of the space, the collaborative music piece, saturation of surfaces and painted out windows increase the sense of being surrounded. Having the ambiguous, at points sinister then meditative soundtrack does a lot to transform the space into the kind of immersive atmosphere the hanging fabrics and huge wall-painting seem to suggest. With much of the work feeling provisional and single-use (tracing paper pasted and stapled to the wall, stained windows), this changes too the sense of the exhibition to a one-off event.

Direct, urgent and full of details, Poppies is an unprecious and resourcefully expressive ruckus.

Until 11 June 2017 <http://theskinny.co.uk/art>

Frankfurter Allgemeine

Christoph Schütte, in: Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung, 24.10.2016, S. 32

Du bist schön

Max Brand in der Frankfurter Galerie Jacky Strenz

Das dürfte dem Künstler gefallen. Immerhin beschränkt sich Max Brand seit seinen Studientagen keineswegs darauf, seine gerade aktuellen Bilder auszustellen. Und wenn jetzt ab und an Passanten neugierig ihre Gesichter an die Scheibe drücken und sich oder auch gleich die Galeristin schon mal fragen, ob das kunterbunte Treiben drinnen wohl die Einrichtung der neuen Kita sei, dann dürfte der 1982 in Leipzig geborene Städtelschulabsolvent an derlei Missverständnissen seine helle Freude haben. Denn tatsächlich dreht sich zwar in seinem Werk im Grunde alles um die Malerei.

Die Beschränkung auf die Leinwand freilich war ihm im Grunde immer schon zu wenig. Schon bei seinem Soloдебüt in der Frankfurter Galerie Jacky Strenz legte der damalige Schüler bei Michael Krebber großen Wert auch auf den installativ und mit mancherlei Skulpturen bespielten Raum und stellte sich als experimentierfreudiger, Öl, Acryl und Dispersion, Sprühlack und Schulkreiden, Graphit und Kohlestift und Marker gleichermaßen einsetzender Maler ebenso vor wie als nachgerade manischer Zeichner, der er vielleicht im Grunde seines Herzens gar in erster Linie ist. Seither kennt Brands Entäußerung kein Halten mehr.

In New York hat er unlängst erst die sonst in Galerien und Museen gerne makellosen weißen Wände zeichnerisch gestaltet, und nun setzt der Künstler bei seinem mittlerweile dritten Soloauftritt bei Jacky Strenz noch ordentlich eins drauf. Eine Woche hat er sich in den Räumlichkeiten eingeschlossen und die komplette Bodenfläche in leuchtenden Farben malerisch gestaltet, aber nicht fixiert oder versiegelt, so dass das Werk schon bei der Vernissage erkennbar unter all den Gästen litt. Eine entschiedene Geste mag man das nennen, eine klare künstlerische Haltung auch dahinter ahnen, war doch damit nicht nur jeder der staunenden Besucher wenigstens ein klitzekleines bisschen an der Malerei beteiligt.

Er nahm auch, fiel er nicht in dem Getümmel über eins der skulpturalen Wägelchen in Gelb und Fuchsia und Lindgrün, einen Hauch des Farbrauchs auf seinen eigenen Sohlen mit. Darüber hinaus aber, so zeigen die neuen, teils in mehreren Lagen übereinandergespannten Leinwände, verliert sich Brands Malerei nun ungleich weniger in figurati-

ven Fragmenten, Arabesken, hier skripturalen und dort zeichnerischen Kürzeln und erscheint mithin noch einmal deutlich konzentrierter. Und, vor allem, ganz entschieden malerisch. Mochte man sich noch vor zwei, drei Jahren in den Bildern des in Berlin und New York lebenden Künstlers schon mal in der Fülle der Details, von Materialien und Texturen beinahe verlieren, so taucht man nun im Raum geradeso wie in den Bildern erst einmal lustvoll in die Farbe ein.

Sicher, auch hier mag man einer Linie folgen, findet sich ein zeichnerisches Echo der Skulpturen und begegnet man fast wie von Kinderhand ins Bild gesetz-



Max Brands „Tür“ Foto Wolfgang Günzel

ten Monstern und Figuren. Und am Ende, kaum zu entziffern mehr zwischen den allmählich stumpf werdenden Farbflächen auf dem Galerieboden, stolpert man über diesen fast schon schüchtern vorgetragenen Satz: „Du bist schön“. Max Brand also ist sich in der Fülle der Verweise ganz offensichtlich treu geblieben. Und doch erscheint „Tür“, wie die Schau ein wenig kryptisch überschrieben ist, als eine entscheidende Wegmarke seines noch jungen Schaffens: getragen von einem malerischen Glühen, wie man es bei diesem Künstler bislang noch nicht gesehen hat. CHRISTOPH SCHÜTTE

Die Ausstellung in der Frankfurter Galerie Jacky Strenz, Kurt-Schumacher-Straße 2, ist noch von morgen bis 30. Oktober täglich von 14 bis 18 Uhr, Samstag von 12 bis 16 Uhr geöffnet.

Art Fairs (<https://news.artnet.com/market/art-fairs>)

10 Exceptional Millennial Artists to Watch

Who will be the next market darling?

Christie Chu (<https://news.artnet.com/about/christie-chu-193>), May 20, 2015



Nicolas Party, *Pastel et Nu* (2015).
Photo: courtesy of the Modern Institute.

SHARE



Max Brand, *Untitled* (2013).
Photo: courtesy of Jacky Strenz.

It's no secret art dealers, collectors, critics, and curators are always on the hunt to discover up-and-coming artists who are destined for greatness. Although no list is ever finished, of course, artnet News has narrowed down the search, focusing on 10 up-and-coming artists born after 1980, many of whom are already being snapped up by savvy collectors. Whether you see their work in between the aisles at a fair or during a gallery visit, our alphabetical list of artists to keep an eye on will guide you to the next generation as they rise to the top.

1. Max Brand (b. 1982)

Berlin-based artist-musician Max Brand (work pictured above) uses various mediums including spray paint, chalk, and marker to create colorful, frenzied, layered canvases. Drawing upon a wide array of influences, including German Expressionism to Japanese anime, Brand's canvases have become highly sought after. In 2012, the artist had his first US solo show debut at [MoMA PS1 \(http://momaps1.org/exhibitions/view/353\)](http://momaps1.org/exhibitions/view/353). This past year, Brand was in a two-person show with rising star Lena Henke at [Off Vendome \(http://offvendome.de/\)](http://offvendome.de/), and he currently is in a group show at [Tomorrow Gallery \(http://tomorrowgallery.info/\)](http://tomorrowgallery.info/), where he has painted a site-specific mural.

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Max Brand: *Mensch & Ding, Caro Diario, Pencils In The Fog*

A new exhibition of painting, drawing and sculpture by the Berlin based artist.

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:dear corporeal diary

(delayed buzzword shiver)

:yes

:do you want me to proceed?

:I'm sorry. I didn't realize you were dreaming

(lids further drop. held loosely in fetters by a life of surprises)

Max Brand (* 1982 in Leipzig, Germany) has an aspiration to dance but something like that is not possible at the moment.

(on fuming pasture)

:look it doesn't grow anymore

:so we don't have to stand still watching it

////

Max Brand (1982) lives and works in Berlin. He graduated from the Städelschule Frankfurt/Main (under Michael Krebber) in 2010. Recent solo exhibitions include Max Brand, Kunstverein Oldenburg, Oldenburg, Germany (2012) and *no solid footing – (trained) duck fighting a crow*, MoMA PS1, Long Island City, New York, USA (2012). Two person and group exhibitions include *S.O.A.PX.*, Vilma Gold, London, UK (2013/14) and Max Brand & Taocheng Wang, Libary+, London, UK (2013). He will have his second solo show at Jacky Strenz, Frankfurt/Main, Germany in Summer 2014.

Preview Thursday 15 May, 6-9pm

BLOGE ARTE

sábado, 12 de diciembre de 2015

MAX BRAND: FIN DE FIESTA (O LA VANGUARDIA COMO EJERCICIO NEGATIVO)



MAX BRAND: NEW WORKS
GALERÍA MARTA CERVERA: desde 01/12/15

*Sin título, ni para la exposición ni para ninguna de sus obras; sin hoja de prensa y sin nada a lo que agarrarse más que unos lienzos de gran tamaño donde la mirada busca en vano un lugar donde posarse. Así es la primera exposición en España del artista alemán afincado en Berlín **Max Brand**. Pero tantas privaciones no restan sino que suman a la hora de encontrar el ritmo de sus obras: su pintura, heredera directa de una vanguardia que ahora es reconvertida en pura negatividad, nos ejercitan en lo infructuoso de hallar una salida a la pueril superficialidad donde todo se juega. Su enseñanza: que por mucho que nos empeñemos en simular que todavía estamos jugando, la fiesta hace ya rato que acabó.*

Sin duda alguna que estamos asistiendo a una revitalización de la pintura en toda regla. Quizá no sea más que una sensación respecto de una práctica con la que apenas se cuenta y que parece ya condenada al silencio, pero son innumerables los ejemplos de pintores que despliegan un discurso pegado a una realidad muy poco dada a dejarse plasmar en un lienzo.

La pintura no se hace fuerte en su capacidad de remisión a la realidad sino que ejemplifica mejor que ninguna otra práctica cómo la realidad remite ya únicamente a ejercicios de repetición pulsional, de desplazamientos sintomáticos, de fugas libidinales de – en suma– juegos de diferencias donde la diferencia en sí misma no es sino un vacío estructural, una mismidad que vuelve tomándonos el pelo haciéndonos creer que todavía cabe la posibilidad.

Y es que, aunque sabemos que no hay nada, que nada nos cabe esperar, que bajo las apariencias no hay ninguna realidad real, lo nuestro es seguir jugando el juego. Porque, y aunque sea una perogrullada no deja de ser cierto: solo perderemos la partida cuando el juego haya terminado. La pintura, como cadáver intempestivo del arte que es, muestra como ninguna otra práctica la pulsión vital que anima a nuestra contemporaneidad. Quizá sea por esa negación esencial con la que carga –renuncia a la mimesis justo para una disciplina nacida para la representación más perfecta– lo que la haga más sensible a los cambios que cualquier otra disciplina.



En este sentido, lo cierto es que –y contra todo pronóstico– la pintura sigue siendo capaz de captar los más mínimos movimientos sismográficos de nuestra época. Pero, ¿cómo hace para ello?, ¿cómo consigue sacar la cabeza cuando, quien más quien menos, la daba por acabada hace ya medio siglo?

Para hallar una posible respuesta podemos irnos a época tan poco reciente como 1987: ese año **José Luis Brea** publicó un texto en *El País* (titulado "La nueva práctica artística") donde decía lo siguiente: "tampoco me parece tan evidente que la esencia de la vanguardia que (según **Adorno**) residía en el hecho de que cada obra cuestionaba, además de a sí misma, también la esencia del arte en general, haya perdido todo valor. (...) Me parece, en definitiva, equivocado situar el signo de la transformación radical que afecta a la experiencia estética en la desaparición de la vanguardia"

Si sacamos a colación este texto es para encontrar autoridad a una idea fija que hemos ido diseminando en textos varios: la idea de que la vanguardia, de un modo u otro, sigue profetizando el tiempo apocalíptico de nuestro arte. Una vanguardia que si bien ha claudicado de todo sesgo utópico ha sabido reconvertir su potencial en eficiente negatividad: no ya por tanto ver bajo las apariencias la posibilidad de un mundo real sino hacer patente que nada cabe ya esperar, que lo que nos queda es una cacofonía de voces y gestos en superficie, una latente melancolía por llevarnos a la boca algún acontecimiento que supere la chorrada viral de turno.



Y si estamos asistiendo a una revitalización de la pintura es, precisamente, por esta posibilidad suya de negarse, por ser adalid de un vanguardismo que, si bien es heredero de aquellos primeros "ismos", es también reverso de aquellos proponiéndose actualmente como ejercicio estético capaz de máxima negatividad.

Dicho todo esto, la pintura de **Max Brand** (Leipzig, 1982) ejemplifica como pocas este carácter negativo de una vanguardia contemporánea. En sus lienzos está todo y, al mismo tiempo, no hay nada. Mientras ese todo empuja desde debajo del lienzo por salir a la superficie, en ésta no hay sino un batiburrillo de trazos inconexos: no hay ya una lógica de los trazos-significantes con capacidad para significar sino gestos autoreferenciales que en su mismo trazo delimitan un espacio pictórico donde no termina por acontecer nada.

Aunque heredero más que obvio del expresionismo alemán, en sus lienzos no hay encuadres imposibles, ni gestos furibundos, ni la plasmación atópica de una catástrofe; no hay tampoco una explosión en masa de colores ni muchos menos tanteos con esa gran falsedad que, en términos generales, fue el neoexpresionismo. Quien pensamos está más presente en sus obras es **Chagall**. Y es que, quizá como el maestro bielorruso, **Brand** plasma un mundo en decadencia donde a la catástrofe inminente solo podemos proponer cierta capacidad de ensoñación y melancolía.

De esta manera, los lienzos de **Brand** parten de un campo de color para desde ahí ir llenando la escena en la inmanencia de unos gestos y unos trazos que no buscan más que crear el fantasma de una extraña sensación: la escena, sin duda, está desplazada, borrada. Rostros luchan por aparecer en toda su potencia pero apenas terminan siendo más que un apunte.

Si **Chagall** ponía en relación símbolos que aún condesaban cierta carga trascendental para tejer una narración que desde el desconcierto del período de entreguerras apostaba por un optimismo por el futuro, **Brand** nos muestra el reverso de aquel vanguardismo: por muchos gestos, por muchas huellas que se despliegan en la superficie del lienzo, no hay camino alguno que nos haga volver al hogar. Estamos desorientados y bastante tenemos ya con mantenernos a flote.



Galería Marta Cervera

Visto lo visto, solo le cabe esforzarse por buscar más abajo, en las sedimentaciones de nuestra temporalidad: **Brand** corta trozos de tela para buscar qué hay más abajo y hallar así algo a lo que agarrarse. Pero nada: su arqueología termina más que en el hallazgo de cierto sentido derivado en un restañar una herida que sabemos se gangrenará. Y es que cuando las cosas solo pueden ir a peor, no se nos deja ni siquiera soñar. Si **Chagall** buscaba en su pintura vanguardista un trampolín desde donde entender su tiempo presente, **Max Brand** –en esa negatividad con que actualmente se presenta la vanguardia– plasma en sus obras una única realidad: que no hay ya sortilegio alguno para escapar a una pantalla global donde nada sucede.

Esta misma lógica difusa es la que se desprende de las instalaciones con que acompaña sus cuadros y de la que en esta exposición hay un magnífico ejemplo: huellas de un rito a la nada, trazos de una liturgia vacía, la instalación consta de los restos dejados tras la fiesta chamánica a nuestro dios el plástico: plastificados en vida andamos como zombis puestos hasta arriba de todo.

La fiesta terminó y lo que único que queda son los detritus y una resaca de aúpa. Normal que así no sepamos dar pie con bola y que no podamos salir de una sintomatología bien precisa: una maquina pulsión de repetición que nos llama a fantasear con la idea de que queda poco para que la fiesta vuelva a empezar. Y es que, como decimos, cualquier cosa vale para no darnos cuenta de nada y hacemos el despistado.

Publicado por [JAVIER GONZÁLEZ PANIZO](#) en 18:50



Etiquetas: [GALERÍA MARTA CERVERA](#)



Max Brand: no solid footing – (trained) duck fighting a crow

April 19–September 17, 2012

Max Brand (German, b. 1982) paints with a wide variety of media including sidewalk chalk, crayon, pencil, marker, spray paint, ballpoint pen, chlorine bleach, and oil and acrylic paints. His chaotic lines, lush washes, and indeterminate stains create thickets of representational noise that are as exuberant as they are deceptively scatterbrained. The artist's line quality, often similar to a doodle or illustration, is both idle and obsessive, serving for Brand as the raw material of the mind, as a transcription of the automatic or subconscious. Taken as a whole, his visions—drawn as much from cinema, ceramics, comic books, Japanese anime, and graphic design as from painting itself—hint at codes or constellations of thought.



Max Brand: no solid footing – (trained) duck fighting a crow is organized by Klaus Biesenbach, Director, MoMA PS1, and Chief Curator at Large, The Museum of Modern Art, with the assistance of Jocelyn Miller, Curatorial Assistant, MoMA PS1.

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Address: 22-25 Jackson Avenue, Long Island City, NY
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ART & DESIGN | ART IN REVIEW
Max Brand: ‘no solid footing — (trained) duck fighting a crow’

By ROBERTA SMITH SEPT. 6, 2012

MoMA PS1

22-25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue

Long Island City, Queens

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Max Brand is a young German artist-musician who lives in Frankfurt and has graphic talent to burn. The seven paintings, all completed this year, that constitute his New York solo debut are to some extent big, colored drawings: scattershot, improvised fields of stop-and-start renderings that are good clean pictorial fun, if also somewhat familiar in terms of their sources. They manage to look refreshing but not unexpected.

Mr. Brand paints on patchwork canvases, collaged or edged with more mundane lengths and scraps of fabric, a tactic reminiscent of relatively Minimalist works by Michael Krebber, who was Mr. Brand's teacher, and [Sergej Jensen](#). But for Mr. Brand these surfaces are just the beginning. Channeling graffiti art, cave painting, German Expressionism, neo-Expressionism and cartoons while working in oil, acrylic and spray paint, as well as marker, chalk and pen, he creates drifting, transparent menageries of marks, mediums and creatures (all of which Mr. Krebber might see as a step backward).

Big, gangly outlines intimate a duck, a face-off between craggy human profiles, pairs of hands (they may be flowers) or pots and vases. Smaller, tighter clusters of line and patter introduce obsessive doodles. Somewhere in between are large-headed figures, sometimes wearing leotards, that suggest a cross between the styles of Lyonel Feininger and Ernst Kirchner. Color is applied in washes and then removed with bleach. Mr. Brand also has affinities with, if not debts to, Sigmar Polke, Jean-Michel Basquiat, Martin Kippenberger, Cy Twombly and the relatively conservative German graphic wizard Erwin Pfrang.

The paintings eke past this bastion of precedents by seeming completely uncomposed and unstable. It is as if every scrawl, figurative fragment or painterly slur has accrued largely by chance, with little concession to the others, in a sporadic, possibly even collective, effort. Shoe prints and random stains add to a streetwise elegance that is at once the paintings' strength and part of their predictability. But they are definitely worth a look.