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Des Teufels Party

Maša Stanić

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Paint Shop Berlin

Running away from yourself, from the world, from the demons that keep you awake at night. Facing death alive in the twilight. Those who stand still must feel. Those who feel must ask: What drives me?

In Maša Stanić's exaggerated depiction of the urgent attempt to experience the world headlong but alive, everything always seems to be in motion. In the photographs, weirdness lies as a reflection of the world. And in the frenzy, in the showing off, in the rushing through consumption like anarchic beings, like wild animals, there is a deep hunger: for authenticity and stability, for a security that one denies oneself—out of fear of becoming soft? Perhaps the desire for a place where one does not have to function is wafting about, since everything seems to have been broken long ago anyway.

Maša Stanić's images reflect a state of dissolution that nevertheless resists the transience inscribed in us. A twitch, a scream, living with raw nerves. And there is always a shadow in the field of vision that drives the people in her images, never letting them find an end. From day to day, in the now, because it is the only thing we can still control.

Who knows how life, how the world will continue tomorrow? And so they stumble alone, together, through the same repetition, which in its rawness of ecstasy, in the excess of their bodies, sounds different every time. This bittersweetness, a world-weariness, a melancholic flicker beneath the surface of a never-ending party.

Text by Paulina Czienskowski