

TEXTE DE PRESSE

ARTIST

Loredana Nemes

Grey Tree and Sea of Sky (Graubaum und Himmelmeer).

Over the course of four years and just as many seasons, she photographed the Jasmund beech forest on Rügen. What began as a recreational walk turned into an impressive, long-term photographic observation of this "forest-sea landscape." The resulting images are a celebration of the beauty and tranquility, the power and simultaneous fragility of this graceful landscape.

Nemes guides us through the many seasons, telling of the dialogue of the elements, the magic of the fog, the clouds, and the light. The beech trees at the Königsstuhl undoubtedly also reminded Loredana Nemes of the beech forests of her childhood in the Romanian Carpathians, thus explaining the deep emotion expressed in her images.

Excerpt from the Hartmann Project press release: "Breathing is easier in Sassnitz. A swifter light there, and the leaves in May like butterflies on the delicate branches. The ground around the beeches is closer, and fleeing is not necessary. The muscles relax. Grey trees that know me, for I come from the Carpathian ridge, from left-behind beech country. In Sassnitz, a sea at the forest's edge as well. It cannot snap at me. It reflects the light and knows all the greys. Then we stand at this edge with arms and branches and roots that hold and nourish one another, and nothing hurts anymore." (Loredana Nemes)

Overexposed

It all begins with grief. In the space of six months, four loved ones disappear from the artist's life. Faced with this emptiness, she does not seek to represent the loss, but to inhabit it.

She brings out boxes of AGFA photographic paper, expired since 2005, and exposes it to direct sunlight. In the positive analog process, an excess of light produces not white, but the densest black; absolute, brilliant, lacunar. These developed sheets rest for months, giving grief the time to follow its own rhythm. Then comes the gesture—a diagonal cut with a blade—and the miracle of photography: a white line emerges in the black depths. This stroke is not a drawing, it is a breath, an affirmation of existence. I am here, I want to stay and dance again.

These works naturally evoke Soulages. Black that is not the absence of light but its metamorphosis, a black that vibrates and reflects. But where Soulages built with broad gestures on the canvas, Nemes incises and reveals: it is in the wound of the material that light is born. To fall into the now—not to rise, not to flee, but to fall with trust into the present moment. A lesson torn from the ordeal of grief.