

Dario Wokurka

The Water Bar

12th to 26th of April 2019 at *newjoerg*, Vienna

Nearly all non-commercial exhibition spaces in Vienna have a bar within their premises. (There even is a local belief that this is somehow an especially salient feature of the Viennese scene.) So while empty rooms with white walls and other similarly sanctifying signifiers may exist, the presence of a bar usually breaks up that ostensible neutrality. The bars serve at least two functions: they raise additional funding for the spaces, which may be crucial, if, as is often the case, public funding only covers a small fraction of the necessary expenses. Secondly, even more crucial to the spaces' identity, they provide a framework for people to meet, hang out, converse, and get a little wasted, before, during, or after the actual encounter with the artworks on display. Neither of these functions can easily be brushed aside, hence the bar always has a distinct influence on the spaces in which one places one's ideas, objects, etc.

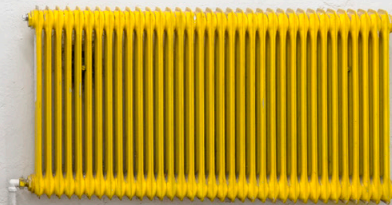
Thus, with 'The Water Bar', I wish to lay emphasis on that specific social setting, while simultaneously proposing an alternative to its decapacitating socializing aspect, its alcohol-fueled excitations, intensities and comforts: the stimulation, intensity and joy in observing detail and nuance in seemingly inconspicuous areas, like the differences in mineral contents of water and their aesthetic effects, look, texture and savour.

This perspective is echoed in the paintings present in this slightly reconfigured version of a bar: strokes executed in various medicinal substances, referencing a series of water paintings, in which pure tap water was brushed on raw cotton canvases. These strokes are set in relation to painted text, translated from exhibition reviews, which were abstracted from the experiences that prompted their initial formation. Furthermore, a group of old-fashioned mannequins is flaunting a set of jackets that refer to Barbour's Bedale model and were made from paintings that, at some point in the past, had been given up on.

diminished
the solo.
if-lit situation
respective,
dream
the summer.
raelf
irror,
er.



Before is again, slightly, usually, more
connected to the world.
Nine or ten minutes, reflected,
there can be no more, but the world is also
plastic as possible.
2.50 appears to be the smallest, for the first
a prepared, disambiguated space.
Feeling kinds like about the way in which
the regularly has already/never happened.
Things as things in themselves,
wondered to resemble natural humanity.
Feel human like a grafted branch
Philo's shedding
its sheath.
(Also represents the
the distance between
things as they are
and the things they
could be.)



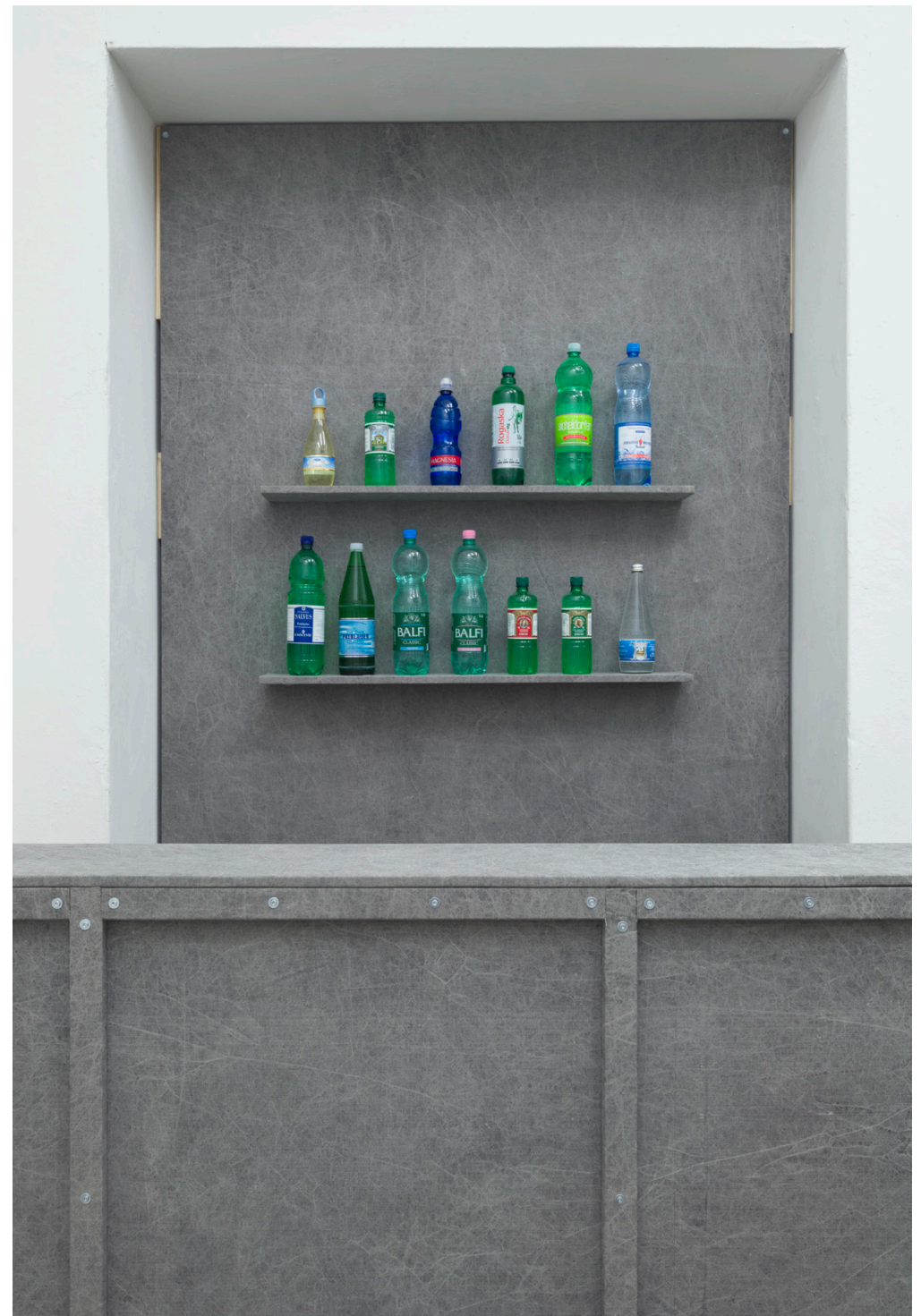






The Water Bar, 2019

acrylic and ink on cotton, machine-washed, wood, metal,
mineral waters: Preblauer Sunshine, Mira, Magnesia,
Rogaska Donat, Sicheltdorfer, Johannisbrunnen,
Salvus, Preblauer, Balfi Classic, Hunyadi János,
Ferenc József, Parádi
various dimensions



Surfaces as graphic interfaces, stubbly, wrinkly areas,
connected via crisp trinkets.

Nineties narratives refreshed -
there can be no product without its demonstration.
plastic as pedestal.

2,5D appears to be the sculptural formulation for
a presumed disembodied gaze.

Feeling kinda blue about the way in which
the singularity has already/never happened.

Things as things in themselves,
window-dressed to resemble residual humanity.

Post human like a grafted branch
that's shedding
its sheets.

(Aura approximates the...
the distance between
a thing or a person and
your desiring for them.
Cat-dog 9.)



Puppy Days on Pioneer Island, 2019

Screenprint, Octenisept, Betaisodona and acrylic on linen over cotton canvas

77 x 93 cm

One experimental achievement augmented
by fiction. Ha-ha.

Ethical considerations by non-scientists.
Neo-gnosticism. Spectacular speculations.
Line of argumentation:—sensational storytelling

Predicament of needing to relate.
Already heard that one?

Trrrapped in truism dialectics.
No need to argue

One Experimental Achievement, 2019
Octenisept, Betaisodona and acrylic on linen over cotton canvas,
76 x 93 cm

Impression of a mime having stumbled
into a Garage sale.

The spacial grammar and its half-lit situation
allow for a sleepier, milder perspective,
in which one could daydream
the promises
of total automation.

Lofts tend to heat up over the summer.

Imagine reflecting yourself
in a maverpark garbage mirror,
way too sober.

Impression of a Mime, 2019

Octenisept, Betaisodona, Ichtholan and acrylic on linen over cotton canvas,
62 x 84 cm



Situationist Family, 2019
mannequins, *Exhausted Body of Work III, VII & XVIII* (2016): various materials,
various dimensions