

Sophie Hammer

It's been ages (I can hardly recognize you)

***Diplomarbeit Jänner 2020
Bildhauereiatelier Kuzbauergasse***

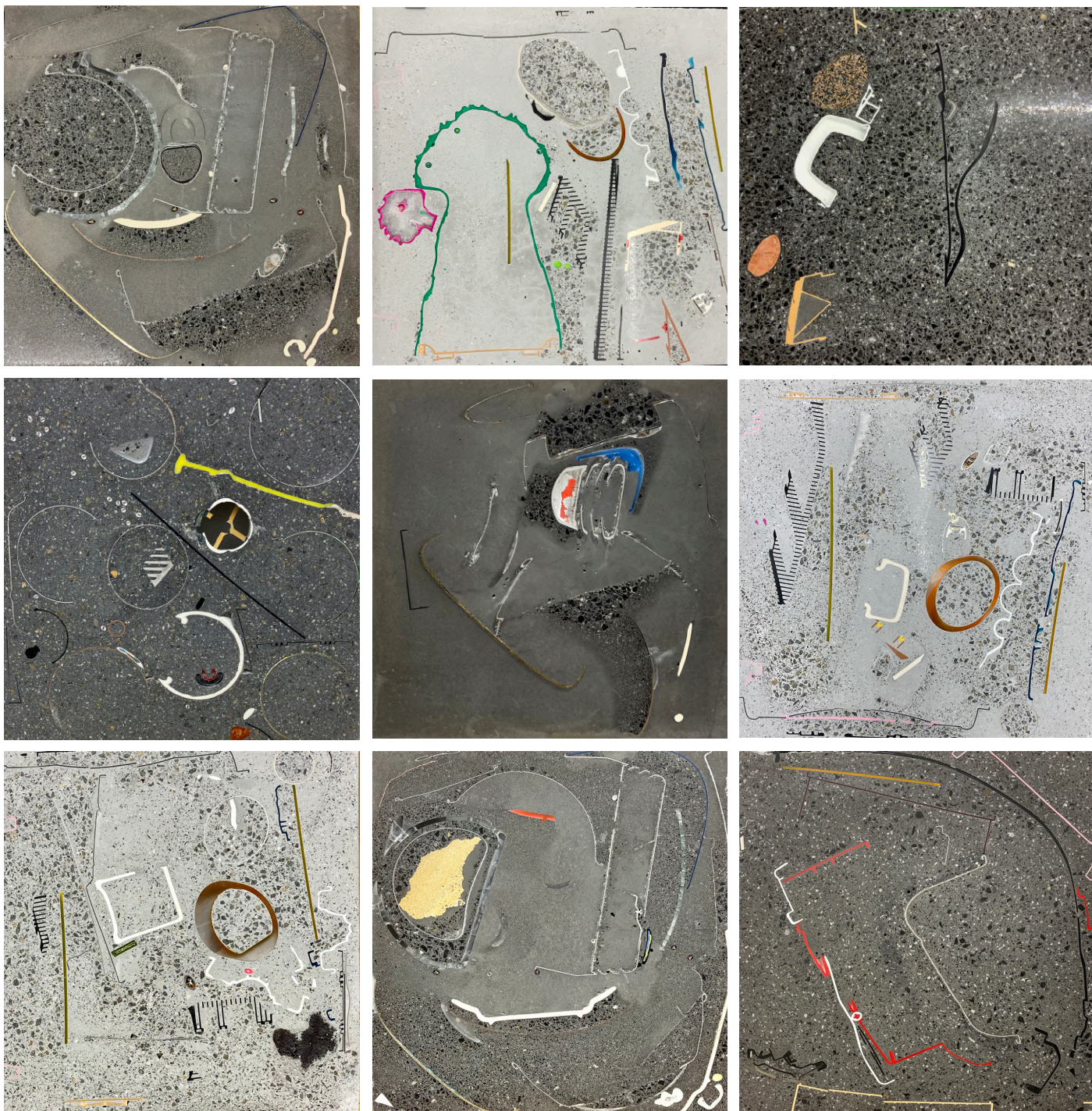


Ausstellungsansicht Bildhauereiateliers, Kurzbauergasse

It's been ages (I can hardly recognize you) (2020)
Diplomprojekt, Bildhauereiateliers Kurzbauergasse

The work consists of tiles (each 50x50x3 cm), produced by casting objects into blocks of concrete, that were then cut into slices and polished to a high gloss. The method of production is inspired by terrazzo, an ancient flooring technique where workers used oddly shaped marble pieces left over from sculpture and architecture production to create flooring. It was a convenient and inexpensive way to build floors with the addition of aesthetic value, the shiny pieces of marble inside the cement making the floor more aesthetically pleasing. Today's terrazzo still needs specialized methods and craft for its production, giving it something antique or classical, an air of bourgeoisie. We find it in the stairwells of historicist Viennese apartment buildings, in modern offices, as well as in the hallways of the sculpture studios at Kurzbauergasse.

Over the years of my studies I gathered materials, that were lying around in my studio, unused. Since it seems that others were doing the same, I asked them for objects they stored in their studios, that they thought could be useful one day to make a sculpture, or that were left abandoned in hallways of Kurzbauergasse. I also picked up objects from the Viennese waste disposal facilities. So finally, the work contains approximately one third of abandoned artworks and two thirds of society's trash. Some of these objects were at a time shown in an exhibition and were waiting for another, some of them ended up in the container, others were just tests, experiments, try outs, a collection of materials that never found a final form. All of them are now stuck in the terrazzo and will never achieve the purpose that they were brought here for.



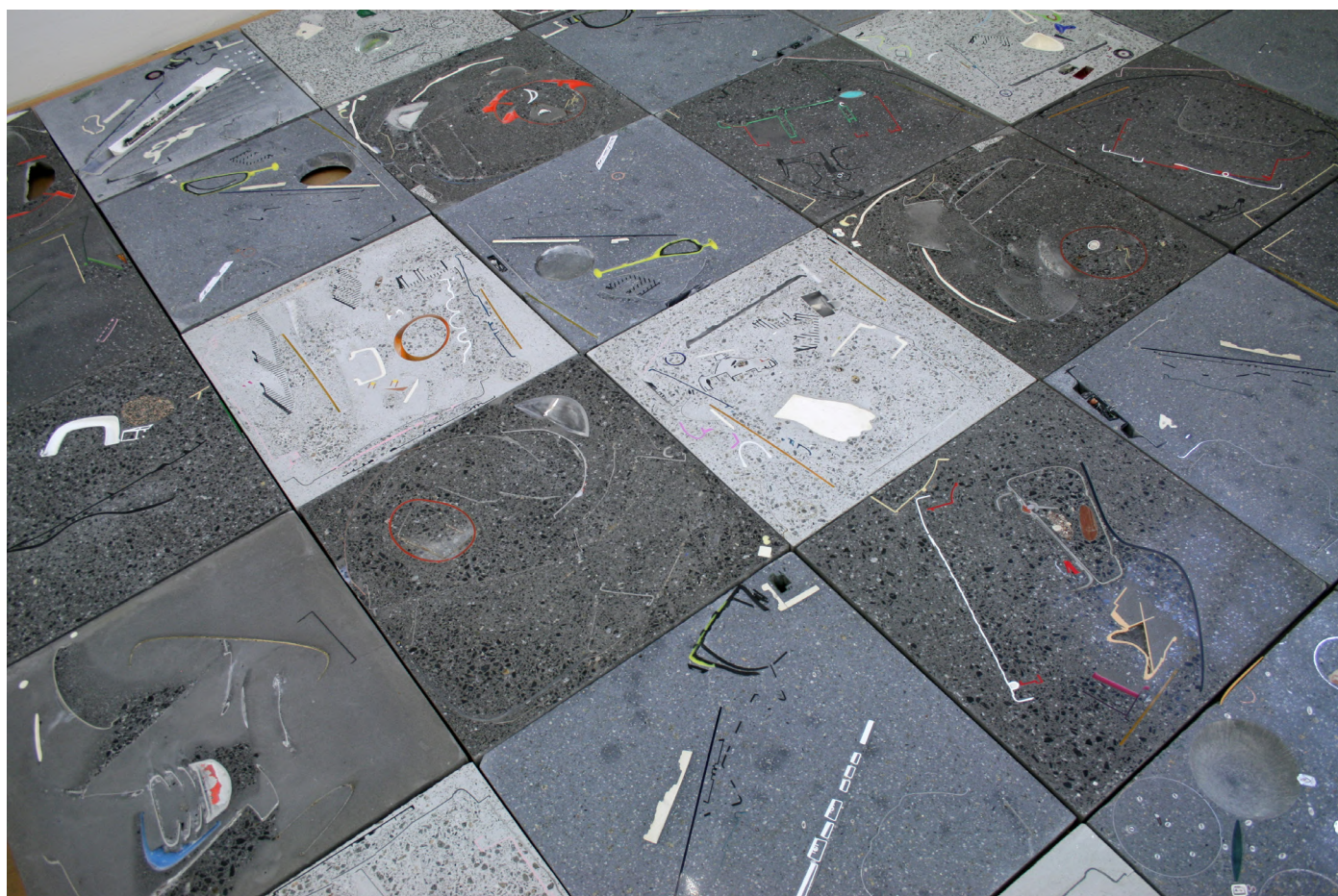
Details

Suspended in the tiles on the floor, these objects become fossilized, piled up like geological sediment, a flat archive of a certain time and a certain space. Now visible as lines and shapes, they are tracing something between a factual record of the banal and an index of all these projects that were made or not made. They refer back to the studio – in the romantic sense a hidden, private space of creation and craft – in a less romantic sense also an office where ideas are conceptualized and their execution is organized. Just like the marble pieces in the ancient terrazzo refer to the leftovers of the genius creators in their workshop, these objects hint at the idealized representation of contemporary sculptors working in their studios.

The objects are ingested, compressed, cast in concrete, neutralized, and digested, like the machine of the academy produces fresh artists, cut up into slices, sanded and polished into something exhibitable. Finally, the work, laid out on the floor in one of the studio spaces, takes up about the same amount of studio space as I did during my studies.



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