

Veronica Herber

THE FREEDOM OF LIMITS

Within a rigorous set of limitations, fields of heavy cotton rag paper, washi tape in various grades of black, and graphite powder, Veronica Herber explores infinite variables within the strictures of the grid. This demands from her a particular kind of attention, one that ceaselessly attends to the overlooked, the quickly passed-over, the smallest rupture or tremor in the rhythmic regularity of the grid.

In turn, the viewer is called to this kind of attention when drawn into the web of these grids delicately held together by an oscillation between cut, torn, and sometimes layered edges of the black washi tape. In some of these, soft smudges of graphite leak out from the density of the black tape, not shadows but rather soft emanations of quite different in character to the fragile edges of light that sometimes appear at their edges. The grids are always open-ended, and along with these subtle irregularities, suggest a continuum that pulsates with life like heartbeats, like breath.

Although the meticulous placement of the tape beats out a rhythm, this space so carefully measured and staked out, is riven with difference, and it is here that torn and clean-cut edges, small shifts in scale send tremulous visual vibrations that run through the grids, threatening to collapse the perfect linear tension between black and white, order and chaos.

It is within the mesmerizing tension between the limitless expansion of the grid and limitless variability of the torn edges, the ridged layers and the ephemeral smudges that the essential vitality and instability of the relations between order and chaos show up to remind us that it is the dance between the known and the unknown, between form and matter, and life and death that weaves the world into being and allows it to thrive.

Julia Teale, PhD.

17 September 2020.