

Krista Buecking at Susan Hobbs Gallery

December 17, 2009 – January 30, 2010

Opening on Thursday, December 17, 7 to 9 p.m.

For Isamu Noguchi—an artist whose legacy has had a profound influence on Krista Buecking’s practice—one of his objectives in his stone or wood sculptures was “...to transcend the physical and emerge into a new birth of an object, so that a rock becomes more than a rock.” Buecking’s new series of drawings present a different interpretation of Noguchi’s intention, one that equally reveres the symbolic power of these inert objects in their original state. Certainly, rocks are stoic placeholders in history, formed by and subjected to long periods of waiting punctuated by cataclysmic events. Bricks are akin to rocks: composed of ground-up particles of telluric matter, they too last for eons but serve a more multifarious purpose. Often the oldest remaining artifacts, they are perceived as static revolutionaries, equally responsible for building civilizations and initiating their destruction through one violent heft through a window. These shifting states of disintegration and renewal were addressed in Buecking’s previous series of drawings, *Proposal for Ruins*, which imagined certain modernist architectural icons in states of disrepair. Here, *LOVE SONG FOR A FUTURE GENERATION* also focuses on the architectures of civilization but specifically on the auras of their physical and figurative components. In these highly detailed diptychs, Buecking has meticulously rendered a number of bricks in graphite, suspending each in a void. Paired with these drawings are “fragments” of a different sort: pithy statements that reiterate a tenuous idea of eternity, such as *IT’S NOW OR NEVER* or *YOU DON’T HAVE TO STAY FOREVER*. Other clipped sentiments, like *THAT’S WHEN YOUR HEARTACHES BEGIN* or *IF YOU’VE GOT LEAVING ON YOUR MIND* are more direct indicators of their provenance from the song catalogues of Patsy Cline, Elvis Presley and Dusty Springfield. If each diptych is a verse, *Love Song* appears to present a dystopian hymn, but for Buecking, these passive expressions of unrequited love are historical signifiers of class. They evoke the “schmaltzy” inflections of crooners known for their displays of extreme decadence—like extravagant costumes and homes—that countered their shared upbringings in blue-collar households, conveying a sentiment that is both hopeless and hopeful. As she writes, “In North America you have a legacy of immigrant populations, consequently there is a sense of rootlessness but also of negotiation between and among all these different peoples as to what the past, present and future might be. I want to emphasize the sense that one might imagine a destiny rather than inherit one.” Paired in this way, each panel leans on the other for support, asserting their presences to monumental levels while also reiterating their status as relics.