

## Outgrowing the growth

One could have accepted the rhythm in which birth and death alternate, join hands, hand on the notion of a life that avails itself of limited lifespans in order to advocate a different life, a life that continues and dispenses with living beings that take their leave, decease, die off or die out to make room for other living beings, to give other life forms a chance.

Conceptually, the life form already hints at a connection emerging in the concept of life and a concept of form – as if it were possible to infer a particular area of life by way of the form, to deduce the stage of life from the form, to gauge the distance until the moment of farewell in the parable of the three stages of life between birth and death. With regard to growing, growing up into an adult and growing beyond oneself, the concept of form proved to be a parameter of scale: growth as an expression of the notion of development was expressed through the changing of the form. Still modernist talk of the old forms and the category of the new was reverberating with echoes of this notion of growth and reflected in the historically changeable growth of forms. Even if something no longer seemed to age it still found itself older than the new, already disfigured in the verdict of the outdated, faced with the choice to seek its fortune either by continuing, sublimated, through the years or in being forgotten. For the respective growth of forms, the end was appended as an intrinsic figure already at birth or suggested extrinsically through the reference to the next generation – consequently, the form was set a growth limit.

Conceptions of death were oriented towards this growth limit, towards a canon of forms of finitude. With this in mind, death as well had its own vocabulary of forms, which above all articulated itself in the various rituals of entombing or burying – putting an end to the form as the final formal act. The cultural and socioeconomic conceptions alone that unfolded in the course of postmodern developments, evolving in the guise of post-Fordist and neoliberal dispositions, put an end to the various ends and in doing so in particular locked growth from the grave, denied the end of growth the funeral, exiled it outside the growth limits in order to sketch out an infinite horizon of prosperity. This denied grave of growth represents the initial point of Roland Reiter's artistic examination of the relics of a culture that still intended to determine the stage of life from the growths of forms: dissected animal carcasses, skinned furs, decapitated headdresses or mouldings are merely the found objects of a culture that, regarding the question of the end of growth, had devised various techniques for its preservation – for holding on to that which has ceased to grow, for the transformation of a growth of forms into a gossamer of forms that serves as a ghostly reminder of the end's aliveness. Even in the rhythm of death and birth there is the post-mortem oscillation between fetish and the monsters that rear their heads in the works of Roland Reiter: laid out as a relic and propped up as a sculptural gesture they are

confronted with a growth that knows no end. Like wax the silicone keeps on growing, lengthens the growths of forms into growth-forms, into elongations beyond the end. That which keeps on growing here already grows on the other side of the growth limits, grows out of the conflict with the end. This growth has defied the old chimera of living beings, outgrows the old rhythm of death and birth in order to see it even where the machine age gave the motorcycle one last name, measured its driving force in horsepower for one last time. What is emerging here is a decoupled growing that abstracts and liberates itself from mortality. Dead hair residually sprouts from the growth-forms that have left behind their relation to the representational, that rise up against the growth limits and their grave. The moulding of a woman monstrously reshapes her former size, opposes mortality for the price of aliveness. Already far removed seems the old talk of the return of the repressed, the atavistic against the horizon of the limits of culture. Reiter does not reinstate the archaic practices but only extends the logic of contemporary growth euphoria into a portrait of the monstrous. Consistently, the transitions between the epochs appear fluid, the silicone still permitting a glance with half transparency at the past and with half opacity at the exposed growth. Somewhere in this passage grows the present, raises its head from the chronicle of events into a chronic growth, gazing backwards into the future with eyes gone silent. Already protruding from the motorcycle-growth are the cymbals, lining up to give a new sound to the rhythm of death and birth, the acoustic pattern of a memorized future of outrageous growth.

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