

R.R.

Who is to say how a certain thing will take place and how many sides there are to a work. Every visible thing appears to be to our benefit; and we doubt that that which convinces us could be a weakening as well, slowly withdrawing into a mirage of manifold disintegration. Conviction is a fantastic drug, a party drug of our drives that carries us away, ... one two, ... one two, ... one ... two, ... the seductive spirit rises within us, glides within us to the narcissistic masking of our observations.

Now we are getting dizzy and irritated and start to merge, in time with the rhythm of the masking, our observations and convictions with our own inability in order to create an own authentic language of necessity as well as process-related consistency as an artistic expression; the firm foundation within us is a secret knowledge.

Everything is in its right place.

Every powerful work is deeply anchored in one's own authentic consistency in using who you are as discursive artistic nourishment so as to approach, in manifold states of consternation, the real.

As in the case of Reiter's work, where step by step his world of imagination, his illusions of uncompromising bodies begin, through the spontaneous agency of his artistic ritual, to accumulate in strange materials in order to enter more fractious spaces.

Everything is in its right place.

First to appear in R.R.'s work is the sound of an atmospheric sensation, then the searching creator of his own portrait with the lived diversity of an artificial moment, who, faced with the permanence of human entanglement with life, uses the bleak vocabulary of a melancholic search to look for anything that will provide some hope in order to soften up, atmospherically, dying in a disordered world.

In this way, over the years his work has produced and keeps producing subtle objects of sculptural organisation that form and construct a touching network in an opening world.

First, a sound rises up, then the objects, which slowly begin to clear themselves out.

Staring at oneself and at one's own work as in a mirror in order to immerse oneself in it, to merge with one's own name so as to be able to pronounce

it creates in us, on the one hand, a strange sensation of abandonment, yet in R's work, on the other hand, a stronger awareness of the need to oppose the totalising ambitions and modern power structures of the art establishment with conscious determination, intending, with artistic clarity and artistic growth, yet without coquetry, to dream up something new.

Everything is in its right place.

In R.R's work there is the diaphanous idea of an ever recurring classic torso, which, along with the idea of a fragmentation of the disassembly and the delusion of bodies used for measurements, of imaginations of metallic substances, of metallic illusions of transcendental bodies with fractious sculptures, allows us to enter secret spaces.

Birds are sitting on colourful bars in their hollowed out plumage, waiting for their transcendental transformation and rebirth; ... no corpse left.

Metal against metal,

Sculpture against sculpture, wearing themselves out,
Bronze against hair, hair against hair, and time and again, abandonment.

The solitude of a shock of hair,

The solitude of a preserved animal; over there, silicone, over there ...

living inspections. Solitude is suddenly given a gender and enters, in his work, between his thoughts, into a state of mutual correlation.

His feelings, his thighs, his breasts pursue an acceleration of sensuousness. He pursues the perfected manipulation of objects within us, of animals that we know from experience, that emerge from reclusive stories, in order to prepare them through his method of the intensification of visualisation and the increase of artistic information as a permanently changing environment within himself.

R.R. creates a place in spaces that we thought had been lost, creates a place in my head of obscene preconceptions, creates a place in order to install an uncompromising body of work. In between, the silence of the nerve cords, birds on fixed branches, tender buds, the sounds of a guitar, voices with moments of euphoria, amplifiers, voices and again nerve cords ... with imperturbable sound; ... furs lying about.

Furs cover his and her thighs.

Bronze.

Everything is in its right place.

Over there, sanitary silicone.

Every good work of art creates its own guiding principles, creates its own

place in the uncertain; and this uncertainty is its constant companion and simultaneously a hazardous, yet also passionate raid in a changing society.

To me, R.R. has always represented an original of authenticity, an exceptional artist of the private who understands how to merge the public and the great outside world with himself. He lives within this diversity of the moment, falls in love with mechanical catenations and the cadavers of intimate portraits that carry, like a self-portrait of prowling works, the desire for freedom.

As a reflecting artist you see yourself in a different way each day. This imperturbable observation is the vulnerable border that merges our firm proportions, like a mask of the rhizome, with our sensitised bodies. This perspective occupies a firm, very explicit position in R.R's work.

There it is again, this captivating, well, what exactly: sculpture? The studio is not locked,

... feathers, bronze, ... bronze, proportions like proportions, ... and a few objects that keep changing constantly, that lie awake in the silence; and in between, eroticism and adjoining areas, eroticism against a peeled background.

The noise swells up.

They are turning my head, turning it into a mask.

Over there, the "hall of fame", a small sculpture, mixed with white.

Everything lies naked and bare before one's eyes. Here, R.R's intense commitment to the body as an artistic material finds its condensed, organic abstraction.

Detached from any vanity, the sensitised object of androgyny stands alongside us, in our daydreams, says "comb your hair", says "I want the most beautiful scalp, the scalp of your

thoughts", I am a body, I am your body, a silhouette, the faint pulse you feel and breathing in your transient beauty.

White has always been the colour of the torso of the spontaneous approach of and the spontaneous connection to the secret knowledge, as well as the artistic struggle for authentic vitality.

No object of art is an imperturbable place.

Theories and their fragments form this diversity as an artificial state in which we, with the sore power of the torso, the torso of a tireless and invulnerable passion, finally rebel.

Truth is always linked to individuality and thus finds its particular expression in R.R.'s work. Everything is in its right place.

The object and the objects, they themselves are a fetish, the fetish of the firm closeness in our body, they are the mysterious body part within us and the part that finds such a strong resonance in Reiter's work.

Similar to a tongue-like reflex it begins to emerge in his works. It reflects the potent glow of human megalomania as well as that of a sexualised society, which in his work is nevertheless afforded an autonomous state, impossible to categorise, beyond the libido.

To me, his work has for years been clearing out the overcrowded current art space with his authentic and non-speculative acts by balancing feelings of erotic intimacy as well as the life instinct with death.

The islands at the opposite ends of our consciousness are the place where R.R. knows, with his work, rather unconsciously, to shake these boundaries.

It is the shaking, or even oscillation at the borders of our imagination with which he creates an expanded space for associations, mysterious and comic at the same time; on the one hand, raw material, on the other hand, a perfected resemblance. Passion is in the air and clears it. Passionate bodies and a drum kit are modelling.

Metal, pieces of wood are stuck, clean shaven patches, hair protectively covers the canvas, being like this and not being something other, being yourself and not being at someone's mercy, an abundance of vibrant colours is smeared across the desert. At plinth-level, lips are forming a kiss and socks are lying about, the hair is brushed, ... and the sculptures are assembling.