

LISA TIEMANN / MAXIMILIAN RÖDEL
MAY 22 – JUNE 27 2015

Match: two players on a field. Who will make the start, who will take the first shot at the ball? A game, a fight, a contest, a pass; none of it makes sense in isolation. One of two sides being too strong, the balance tips. Boring. Playing in tandem pitched against each other, a friendly match between sculpture and painting: *game, set, match*. Disparate adversaries, encountering each other and forming a perfect foil to one another. On par, in harmony. The ultimate winner.

The "perfect match", two parts that meld into each other, the ideal counterpart, the missing piece in the puzzle and it all comes to a full circle, the "partner in crime" swipe right it's a match! Tinder finds you are a perfect match for each other, from VS (adversaries) to <3 (heart/love). The chosen one, a good match?

Wood that catches fire like tinder. A fleeting gesture, merely a note.

The spark ignites, a thought unfolds.

The crux of the matter, in search of a bright spot in dark pictorial spaces. An error, an interference? A point of reference. Who scores the first point, who decides the match? Is it the start and when is it concluded, the game, the painting?

Match, suit, collate, compare. Match me if you can!

Compete, in a Pac Man contest. The jackpot. *Cristobal vs. Phantom Lord* engage in a tête-à-tête. I'd rather be lucky than good.

The *tipping point* for things to be thrown off kilter, for a loss of static, for the game to be decided hangs on a silken thread, on an elastic string. In the end anything can happen, the tide can turn, in extra time, within seconds, the match point. "*There are moments in a match when the ball hits the top of the net, and for a split second, it can either go forward or fall back. With a little luck, it goes forward, and you win. Or maybe it doesn't, and you lose.*" (Woody Allen)

Leonie Pfennig