



**Katrina Fimmel**  
*Cirrus*

March 24, 2017–April 30, 2017

Reception: Friday March 24, 6–9pm

*The impressions of the first moments are—recordings to me: of sparkling, trembling pulses; and the recordings—form images; in the imaginings arise—whatever it is; it is imaged; imaginings are—forms. Imagining changes all for me.*

– Andrei Bely, *Kotik Lataev* (1922)

Katrina Fimmel's works on canvas shimmer like heat on a horizon. Figures, objects, words, and spatial planes layer to produce a depiction of impossible depth on a supposedly two-dimensional surface. Fimmel compresses space to create the illusion of it.

Fimmel distorts the images she chooses from the never-ending deluge of content flooding the screens we live with. Faces stretch out like they're receding into the distance. Bodies forfeit their solidity and become incomplete circuits open to being penetrated by any nearby word or cloud. Everything floats in the same medium, connected yet discrete, like organisms in water. Fimmel creates images by washing them away. Marks made with watercolor pens are rinsed (in her shower) to the limits of their existence, then the process repeats.

The result is a mutant space in which Fimmel embraces her distrust of images and tricks them into becoming the lies they tell. Information, especially images on the Internet, are not beholden to any static truths. Fimmel both exploits and honors the absurd and infinite possibility of the world we have created for ourselves.

– Amelia Rina