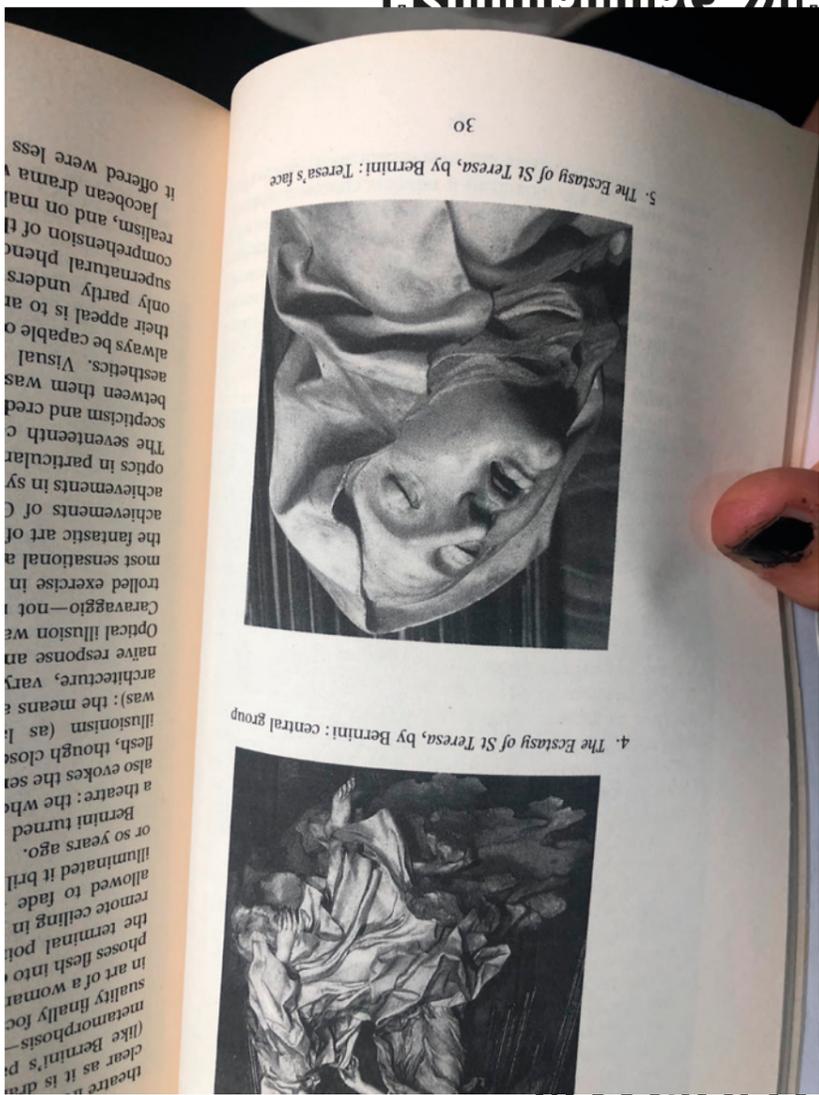


283 Karangahape Road

Level 2, Samoa House

Neo



2010

Millie Dow-zic

**They invite you in, no? Perhaps There's almost too much desire resting on the surface, as if the surface itself is night. The canvas is a window through which we are offered a memory, one saturated with a glittery sheen that appears like a pool of onyx, a deep blue lip gloss, the glass of fashion. Selena Gerzic has almost added too much of her painting medium to these landscapes to have them appear as she remembered, willing them to be real—a slippery dream, an iPhone photograph. Look how the brooding tinctures swirl around puddles of glitter, as they become factories for an audience's desire. The allure of these paintings and their promise of calm, while fully absorbing the viewer's attention is precisely the locus of their deception.**

We are offered an empty stillness in these gently mournful nocturnal landscapes, a reprieve, an escape, a lofty sublime. A path, shrouded in a vaporous softness, tempts us to follow its trail toward a distant horizon where the day never comes and everything is beautiful. These paintings, like narcotic drugs, promise to absorb the cold conditions of our world.

Paintings are often involved in the mystification of their value. These cycles of valorisation for the painting commodity continue to carve out space in the market for this specific category of art-object, with the hermeneutic machine rigged to mine for value in the narrativization of the personal.

Which is why one of the more potent theories to elucidate painting's value is the idea that paintings herald subjective-like

283 Karangahape Road - 20.03.20

Level 2, Samoa House Euphoric Recall

Selena Gerzic

Neo graeie

Millie Dow

new substance inside. around in your head, to alight some landscapes illuminated to bounce insistence affects a viewer magically: ravine. Her practice's material images that come through her attributed to the trust she places in an authenticity that can be At the core of Selena's practice is maker's 'better judgement' leaning against even the novice art atmospheric of decision making, but through the accumulative paintings is achieved not in spite of, embedded in Gerzic's suite of one is left with a sense that this aura which steps out towards the viewer, here—that in her distinct assembly something divergent is at play illusion. One gets the sense that ening to release our suspended barely contain the image, threat-messy bright borders which seem to resin, tacking on glitter, smearing on

faculties, meaning that as a medium, it contains a capacity to appear with the particular lifespan of its author. As a form of highly personalised sign production, it makes it the ideal candidate for value production as it portends the illusion that through viewing and purchasing a painting, you get a hold of the artist's labour capacity by holding a slice of her life.

"...Generating the illusionary impression that it is possible to grasp a fiber of the lived labour that was mobilised for it..."<sup>1</sup>

Gerzic employs a kind of trickery in this show by utilising nostalgia and memory to masquerade as her authentic self, but this nostalgia is vindictive, it's Euphoric Recall. Euphoric Recall is the psychological term which refers to the tendency for people to remember past events through a rose-tinted veil, forgetting the negative feelings associated with those events, a coping mechanism which is particularly dangerous for the drug-addict who is at risk of relapse. Euphoric Recall is a kind of deceptive memory which stops you from "Seeing The Full Picture"

Gerzic herself derives the material for these paintings from a repository of iPhone images that refer to reality but no longer stand directly in contact with it; a shaky hand at 2am, still feeling the benzodiazepine taken at 11pm, pulling out the iPhone in a desperate

bid to hold onto the beauty of the lights by capturing and preserving them in an image, proof of how peaceful and vibrant you feel. Hopeless and hopeful.

Gerzic's landscapes appeal to us using the oldest trick in the book: Nostalgia. In preserving the photos in paint, she wills it to last forever.

Nostalgia as the toxic substance used to preserve our memories in formaldehyde's rose tinted veil. Nostalgia as the vindictive enabler. Nostalgia as an alluring illusion. Nostalgia as relapse.

Painting itself as a medium is so encumbered by history that it often feels preloaded to become nostalgia. The paint transforms into the candied shell which preserves painting as a cultural object, a cultural myth. Honestly, sometimes paintings have the effect of making you feel gaslit, as they use your knowledge of its history and forms against you. What becomes clear is that we want to believe in it, like anything, the further you believe in the painting the deeper it affects.

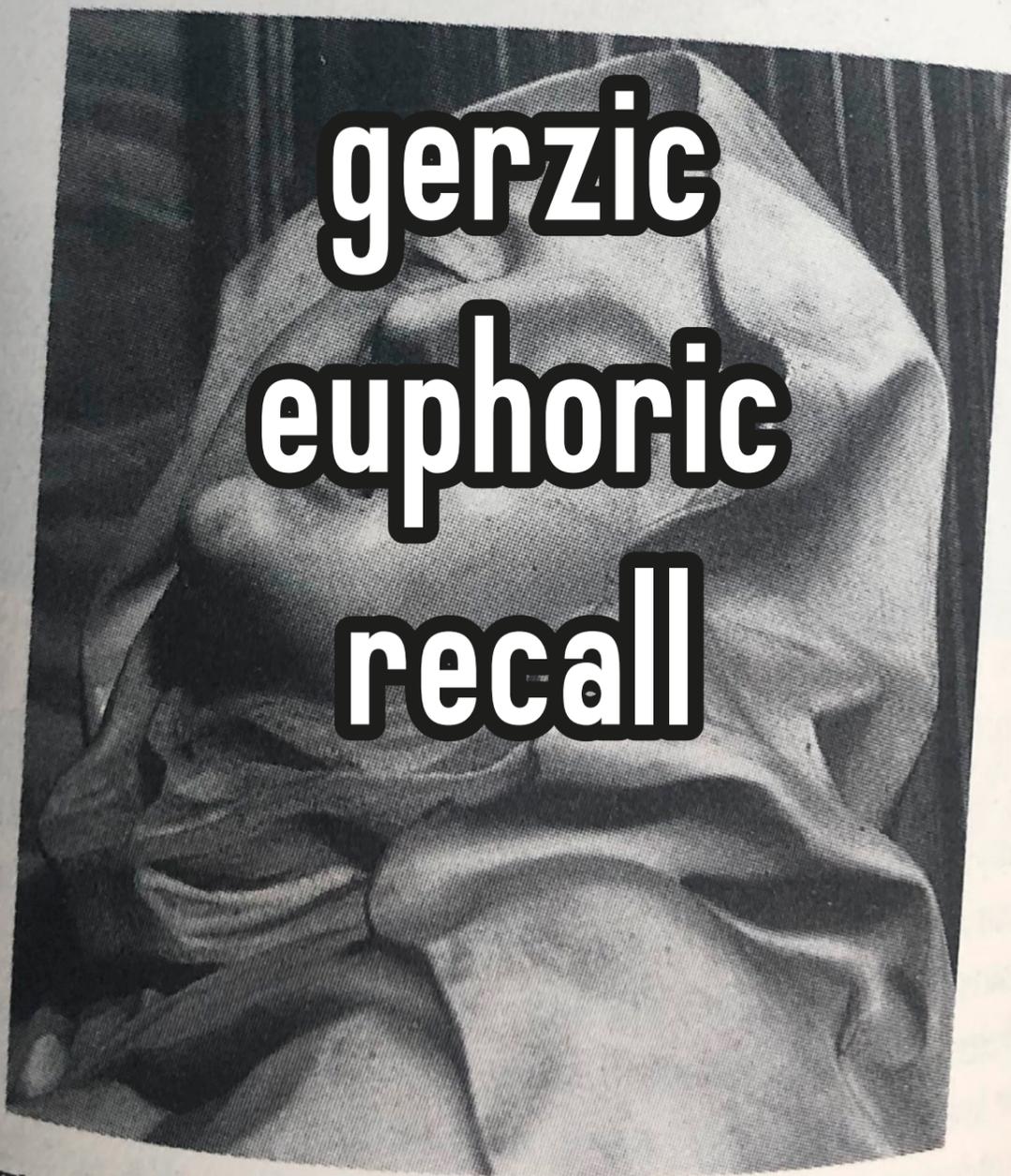
Perhaps the mechanism by which Gerzic's paintings feel most in command of a certain atmospheric intrigue is in her specific kind of playful production. Dabbing on

<sup>1</sup> Hirsch, Nikolaus, Daniel Birnbaum, and Isabelle Graw. 2012. *Thinking through painting: reflexivity and agency beyond the canvas.*



4. *The Ecstasy of St Teresa*, by Bernini: central group

**Selena**



5. *The Ecstasy of St Teresa*, by Bernini: Teresa's face

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