

Let the constructions race

Bernhard Jordi must be a cheerful person - how else could he create these mischievous pieces of work! Through breath-taking curves and unexpected diversions, past treacherous traps, the balls clanking, clattering and rattling - until suddenly a lift or a sling brings them cleverly into higher orbits ...

His iron labyrinthine loops are not merely a playful game for their own sake - they are also a sublime seduction of the spectator to the play itself.

It is hard not to be fascinated by the poetry and the filigree elegance of these purpose-free machines.

In the foreground stands, of course, the artistic play with the strict laws of motion and mass (Archimedes and Newton). The gravitation - the strangest force of the universe - is preferred, but clocks and manual drives are also tried out (as you are looking in vain for electric motors like with Tinguely). The works are started and then run at times rapidly multi-tracked, sometimes provocatively slowly to the natural extinction of the power source, whereby erratic and monotonous movements with all possible shifts of industrial aesthetics vie for our attention: In the midst of the welding points, we see drifting machines, monstrous springs and counterweights, complicated pulley blocks, occasionally also a rustling first aid film, and a burping plastic funnel. If you stay unmoved, you lack heart. Or at least humour, which is the same.

But Bernhard Jordi's work does not conclusively describe the simplicity that is so characteristic of kinetic art. Behind the mechanics it is about the human - for man begins where the purposes ceases, states Schiller, according to his 'letters on aesthetic education.' Only then, beyond destiny and duty, will man become free. And indeed, in the Jordian sense-free machines, there is something meditative, that of Schiller's 'state zero,' from which one comes to the freedom of the mind.

You do not have to look that far, the pure presence of these lovingly, masterfully forged and slightly insane nonsense devices, beautifully contrast our smoothly styled world of the iPhones, Teslas and magnet resonance scanners. This is not Postmodern, the irony is not arrogant enough. I have always favoured this friendly variant of artistic-absurd alienation from reality. Morgenstern quoted freely: "Let the constructions race, sacredly behold ecstasy!"

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