Tobias Pils
the house, the mountain, the lake, the laundry, the paravent, the door, the eye

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Texts by Ferdinand Schmatz, Elisabeth von Samsonow, Rainer Fuchs
Graphic design: Willi Schmid
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Tobias Pils’s pictures are time. They take it and give it away. They move toward the viewer and away with him. They transform themselves in him, for it is he who shifts them into a subjective shade of time and recreates them. And yet they continue to exist, indeed by simply existing they are the most basic form of dialogue. A dialogue that demands neither affirmation nor negation, but decision—though without compulsion—for this picture, at this moment, that is, in time! The trees—if that is what they are—are trees born of the experience of seeing, but also of the possibilities implicit in the draft. Their branches blossom through the word of attribution. Their time, made up of states, opens out—not to objects but to regions, which are cheerful and bleak at once; not in the metaphorical sense, but in the psychological and physical sense. Inner effect and outer materiality: a realization resulting from an admixture of various areas of perception that sensations store in all purity, like the attendant words or those that define them. Or they drag them into the filth they never manage to get out of, the filth that is in us. In this way, they release the next image, which is also one outside of us who look. The dialogue never ends. A dialogue in a time of the capturing of images that continually looks for new frames, which may also lie in words, in their meanings, which are then integrated into the images. They never only hold court there, but run a circus, a sort of carnival of emptiness. Be that as it may, it is abundance itself.