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If I were to characterize Denny Moers' work in a single word, I would choose Rilke's *Weltinnenraum*, the interior space of the world.

The earliest prints I have seen were literal interiors: the space of an attic, a stairwell, an ornamental molding; geometry and light. Even then he was using chemicals to 'paint' subtle color balances into his black and white photographs, a process that in the recent work has evolved into incomparable greater freedom and dynamism.

Then he seemed to move outwards: travels in Turkey, Yugoslavia, Egypt and Morocco; photos of caves and ancient wall reliefs. But the outward movement was deceptive. He was exploring traces of inner space, icons of a lost spirituality. His titles stressed the presence of angels 'in flight' or "transcended." There were "levitations" and "ethereal conversations," all held down to earth in colors that stress earth tones.

Now his camera explores contemporary new England landscapes: gravel pits, factories, overpasses rising from slopes of grass, the grass catching the wind in a lyrical movement.

There are also recent tombstones, which form a strong thematic link to the earlier work, though their beauty is more sober, their ornaments plainer. Most often we see the Book of Life open to the inevitable last page, carved into the stone. The grain of the stone is mostly granite, not weathered, a less picturesque surface.

But the process of painting into the photograph has become steadily bolder and introduces violence into the image it would not have on its own. Edges are eroded, become feathery; whole arrears of the print are fogged or seem to burst into flames.

This happens most dynamically in the landscapes. Moers paints a sense of threat into the prints. There are fires on the horizon, explosions. The sky is menacing. It seems a force that does not respect the boundaries of stone, even the tombstone. It eats into them. Decomposition invades our space. The grass, the warm earth tones in the foreground cannot hold our eye. The paths of energy in the pictures lead slantwise, always, to the mysterious menace.

The fires are of the artist's making, painted into the image. He traces them to Goya's brushstrokes, to the eerie fires of Bosch, who is perhaps also behind the sense of enigma that pervades all of Moers' work.

But if these prints "overthrow" the landscape, they only continue a process that we began long ago, interrupting the land with straight lines in stone, macadam, concrete, changing it into a new kind of 'scape', complete with polluted air and water. This process is pushed farther in the manipulation of these images, is made manifest. We do not like to think about the destruction implicit in all construction, but we can no longer ignore it. The environment is on fire. We have endangered the future.

The presence of an 'other world' is the real subject of both groups of prints. It is contained in the pictures of tombstones. It explodes in the landscapes. Here is our *Weltinnenraum*, an inside view of our world where death does not just threaten the individual, but the whole globe.

Some destruction is creation. Some destruction is beautiful. The definition of the sublime is to show beauty in what threatens to destroy us.

