

Deborah Hede: *Sonne*

Extended Play, Winter 2024

An installation of recent work by Deborah Hede seeks to illuminate the fraught border of the concrete and conceptual, real and illusory, documented and dreamed.

In Hede's preceding *Drawing Past to Present* installation, a sculptural sphere alluded to Aesop with a scroll and Cupid with a ball of thread flanking the entrance of Andre Le Nôtre's labyrinth. A relieved Cupid states, 'Yes, I can now close my eyes and laugh: with this thread I'll find my way.' to which Aesop counters, 'Love, that slender thread might get you lost: the slightest shock could break it.' *Sonne* foresees the labyrinth's end.

A folded and sealed three-dimensional pathway without entry or outlet, *Labyrinthine Knot* is a closed circuit. In contrast, *Labyrinthine Fragments* bend wire-rimmed mazes into a network of empty petals. Mended by hand with the proverbial string of love, the labyrinth's edges, once caught in stagnation, are now deconstructed, manageable, tamed; some beginnings linked with endings, others left open to dangle freely.

A formative tenet of Parisian Surrealism, later refined by the Situationist *dérive*, or "drift", intra-urban wandering aims to disorient, and in this way, incite novel encounters with the world. Echoing this legacy, Hede's embodied acts of roving, mapping, and art making are infused with the associative potential of dream life—not as escape, but as extension. Navigating the contoured boundaries of sidewalks, detours, obstructions, and engineered terrains, the artist's methodology of meandering engages the margins, and horizons of topography and consciousness alike.

Referencing drafting techniques, works in graphite, pastel, and charcoal plot liminal dreamscapes. Routes are overlaid and dismembered—a fragmented path breaks at sharp junctures as a looping labyrinth twists beneath. Disrupting progression, horizon lines breach open in *Clouds*, as *Clouds II* firmly contains a balanced composition of segmented tonalities.

Navigating space as non-consecutive and time as non-sequential, *Falling Fragments* and *Displaced Hours* reorient a hovering spectral labyrinth while the coordinates of a sundial deviate. Moving beyond the labyrinth's entanglements and dead-ends, *Sonne's* coastal proximity beckons to map a new perimeter. As time is reoriented in the duration of blossoms opening and petals wilting, *Sonne's* black sand underfoot catches sun and the world begins to shimmer.

-Marie Heilich