

Through painting, drawings and text, Flora Fritz often plays with the notions of truth attached to the production of images, introducing layers of visual and textual falsehood that muddle our ability to make sense of what is being seen. Barely rendering anything on the canvas—leaving works unfinished, or cropping and framing scenes as if they were part of a larger whole—Fritz’s paintings create confusion, including the impression of being incomplete. The artist plays with images that are simultaneously familiar and unfamiliar, drawing the viewer into her works with sensual colours and forms, only to then obfuscate the possibility of drawing out their meaning.

In a world where photographic and digital images are not only circulated but also now generated at lightning speed, Fritz draws attention to the possibility for trickery.

However, in deploying various analogue and digital technologies, she creates works that attempt to achieve something stranger than deceit.

Intentionally withholding and transforming visual information, the artist denies painting its propensity to recreate or represent a legible image, seeking instead to produce one that cannot be easily recognised. This impetus to fight legibility materialises in the artist’s practice in many ways.

Further teasing the unreliability of images, the artist often provides alternate representations in public—which is to say, images that are not an accurate depiction.

Rather than a wholesale refusal of portraiture, the artist is interested in introducing a different kind of self-representation into the public sphere, one that is inconsistent, and that questions the value attached to being seen.

In her most recent body of work the artist has produced a series of paintings of one single image repeated.

Introducing within the process of painting the mechanical task of manual reproduction, the works introduce slight variations from one to the other, revealing the shortcomings of the human hand.

But rather than focusing in on the details, the artist seems more preoccupied with the act of repetition. Though it may at first seem as though the paintings are essentially identical, when looked at as a series they provoke us to wonder what this image really is, where it comes from, and more importantly, why the artist has painted it with such compulsion.

Fritz seems less invested in providing answers to these questions than in provoking them in the first place, extending an invitation to look, and to look again, and again, and again.

Eventually, what these works might reveal is the passing of time, but also a certain warning about all paintings and images, reminding us that nothing is ever quite what it seems.

(Eliel Jones, 2025)









Drawing  
aquarell on paper in plastic sheet  
2024



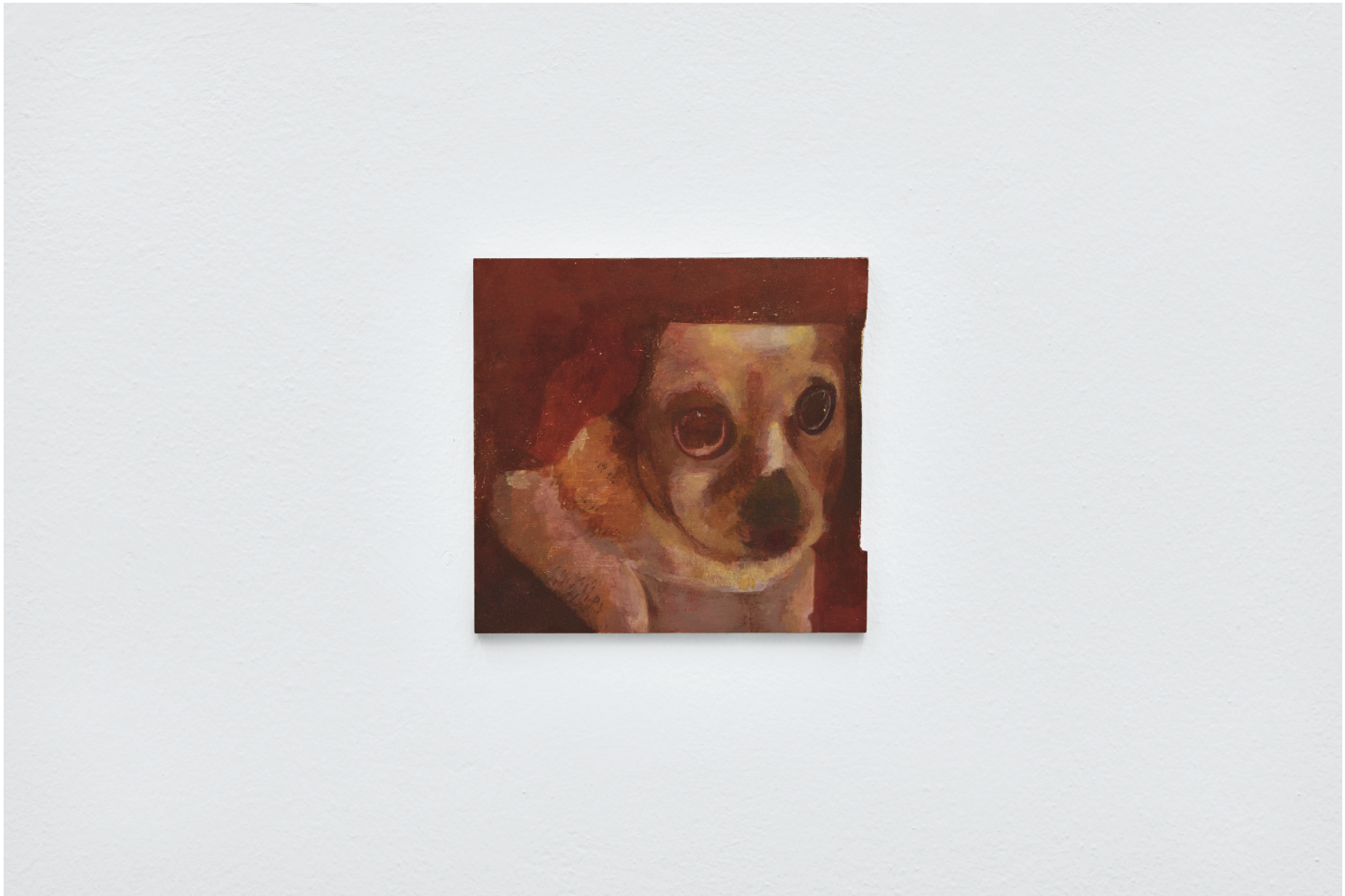


























30 x 40 x 2,5  
acrylic on canvas  
2025







CARS. Autos

Emblematic imagery of untrue origin. A pet has to smile. A car has a history of hand-jobs.

“I want to give a form which resists facts, which resists opinion, and which goes beyond actuality, which reaches beyond information - that is why I invented the motif ‘eye and its capacity to see everything red’... The eye doesn’t need to know the eye just sees, and that’s what counts.”

Thomas Hirschhorn (quoted in “Truth or Dare: The Art of Witnessing” by David Joselit, Artforum, 2011)

Small paintings suggest privacy and the tenderness of possession - possession that tells the double story of commodity:

The first story of hope and aspiration, fulfilment and joy of life.

The second story of the reduction of personal and interpersonal possibilities through the shifting of behaviour into foreseeable patterns.

Growing up in the 2000s, I often saw an ad for a bank running long-term on German television, trying to appeal to the middle-class, middle-aged man of Germany with the tagline:

“Mein Haus. Mein Auto. Mein Boot.”

This translates to: “My house. My car. My boat.”

My choice of object. My choice of person. My choice of dog.

One of each.

Through painting, there is a chance of returning to non-judgment, where the material fact of what is seen is stronger than its significance in culture. Often I record movies by taking timed screenshots every ten seconds, to get to a place in-between action.

The impulse to try and identify through possession seems deeply idealist - to negotiate every day through desire. It is easy to relate to and hard to leave. Probably so: identity is a toy - you hit it against the wall again and again, it makes a singing sound.

“In this beautiful and healthy life it is only I who has been made to suffer,” says the voice-over in *The Colour of Pomegranates*, a movie allegedly based on the life of Armenian poet Sayat-Nova but dealing mainly in the language of living images. I often think about this sentence. It lives in the same universe as Gwyneth Paltrow: “I had my first bowl of gazpacho when I was fifteen, in Spain, and the impression it made was a lasting one.”

In remaking these emblems in painting (one of each), they return to the body. By entering a fictional realm, having such figures - a car, a face, a dog — hollowed, they lose their ties to real conditions. They should become something to defy their category.





































(Offspring, De Ateliers Amsterdam, Foto: Jonathan de Waart, 2025)















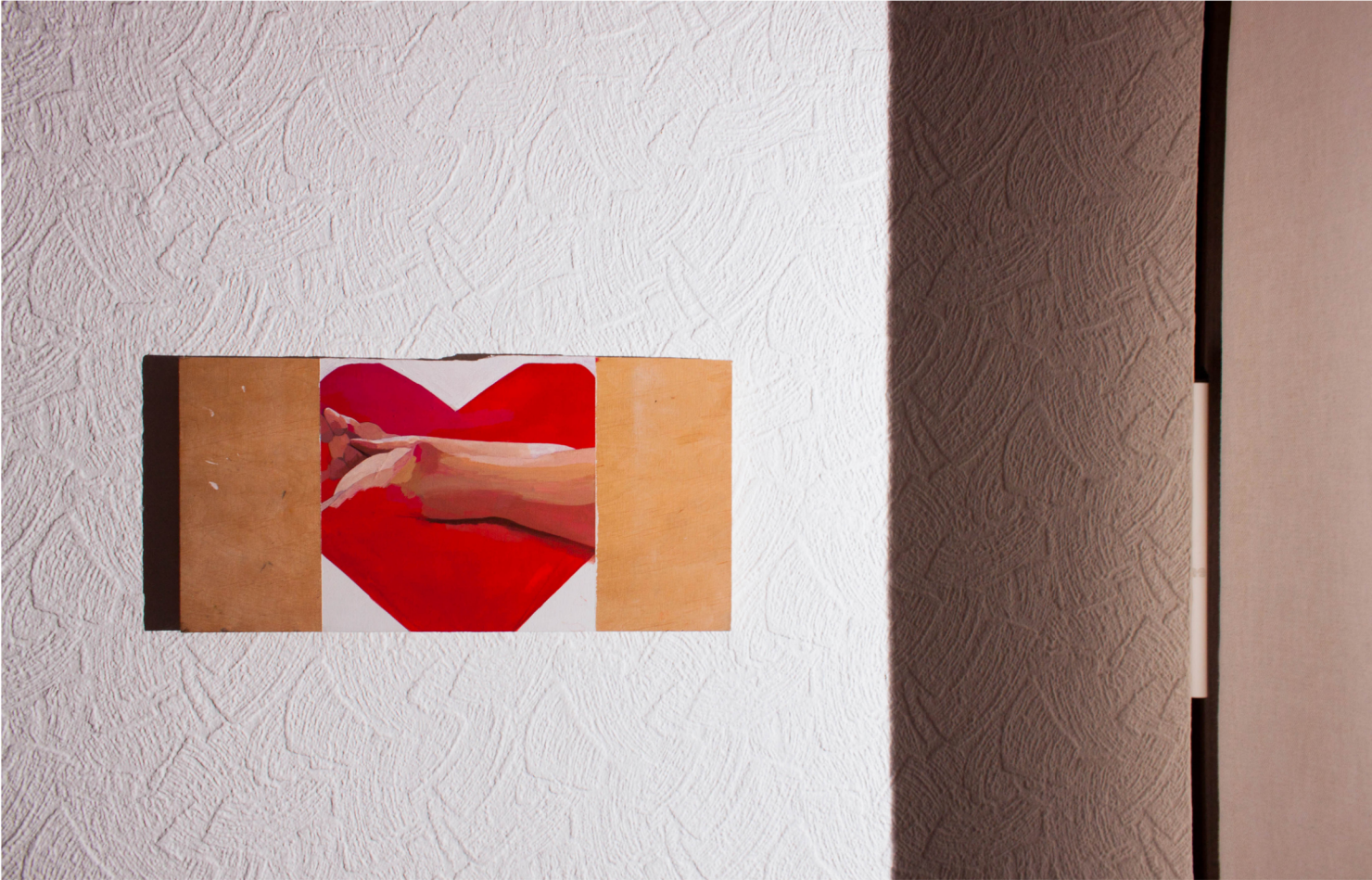


Stromboli1  
15 x 30 cm, acrylic on wood  
2023

















(A spy in the house of love, Pension Garni Karlsruhe, 2023)

