

Wobbe Micha: *Pas d'objet, Pas de sujet,*  
*Pas de Drame, really?*

The work which I am referring to in the title of this text is an eponymous silkscreen print whose background is made up by a page of a contemporary Belgian newspaper, whence the traces left by (real) watermelon seeds on a photosensitive print stands out. Because a metaphor is always more convincing when it is directly or indirectly rooted in factual elements all the seeds come from a single imported watermelon bought by Wobbe. They leave a ghostly trace, whilst conveying a shadow message.

Rewind:

It all started in Algeria, a long time ago, around 2009. *Before* the Arab Spring.

This Algerian sojourn originated in a fascination and a taste for a culture, alongside with a similar fascination for the desert, as an open space and field for dreams and projections.

The trip left Wobbe full of impressions, emotions and vivid memories, but also with a sensual attraction for watermelons, as bodily, fleshy and refreshing fruits.

Later on, around 2020, an artistic existential period of questioning confirmed Wobbe with the desire and the resolution to work hands on. To get real and concrete, to confront materiality in the artistic creative process, after years of more cerebral and conceptual approaches.

And there it came, the *Watermelon* series, arising from this confrontation between vivid memories of cultural and sensorial fascinations, alongside with the need to carve, cast and glaze, through the experimentation of technique(s) new to him, *i.a.* ceramic.

Wobbe started to carve out real watermelons as ephemeral sculptures (whether they be towers, waves, or torsos and more bodily incarnations), which spoke of queerness, tenderness, besides the inevitable formal and stylistic references and preoccupations.

Beyond the post-neo-platonic act of shaping out an ephemeral shape in a mundane fleshy material, what fascinated Wobbe was also, after the casting of the sculpted fruit, the long and somehow random act of painting / glazing the ceramics, which is never entirely controllable.

For all their seductiveness, these ceramics are, now more than ever, if a bit by *fatum*, highly meaningful and polysemic works.

For, over the recent years, these sculptures have, incidentally but very essentially, assumed other meanings.

*Onomkeerbaar.*

Recognisable, and assumed.

Not to be censored. Anywhere, by anybody.

*Le hasard fait bien les choses.*

No « pink washing ».

It is all about remaining faithful to one's fundamental human and artistic values.

Which we all share. Or almost.

Besides any community or parochial, communitarian thinking.

They are about the need, the urge to reconstruct to carve out another / better future.

About removing the thorn-s from our heel-s, as the celebrated Antique *Spinario* model.

About building anew with and from the ruins, together, *brick by brick*

But *Pas d'objet, Pas de sujet, Pas de Drame,*

Really?

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