

# ALCOVES OF WEEP

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## **The most sacred of it all (that I am)**

I hold a finger to my throbbing temple: what I see delights me. I lay down to the object's feet, stretching myself out, bashful as I am, somewhat clumsy in its proximity. Closing one eye first, then the next, before finally asking how come we've never met.

In the aftermath of an answer that, as far as I know, was never replied, I turn angel-like to follow the weeping feebly expressed in this deathly silence. I can no longer tell the difference between the sparkle that I, tearful, wipe from my ajar lips and the cold sweat stemming from impure springs that my hands bring before my eyes as I kneel to the sky. The dismemberment that flows from them makes me anxious. Dismayed, that spirit in me throws its weight against my right leg. I sway. The head, tottering behind my back, takes this last chance to turn to excuses which, spat out by fear, take me towards an unbearable loneliness.

Bowing to the etiquette of some unfamiliar ceremony, I take a quick run-up like a lunatic and, with a leap to fall in love with, cheerful to the sound of approving laughter, I finally part with everything that lies before and is behind me. The fear that now drives me, a forbidden companion caressing me as it gently covers my skin like a cilice, then sucking me, torn by more and more pain with every step, into the ass of the spirit. The sacred experience that haunts me through this ordeal is sordid.

Now at the mercy of an object that it just tried to harness, the spirit that can do no more, screams after it once more before getting lost in a revelation where nothing is revealed to astonished sensuousness other than a scene that no longer has anything to do with the everyday. Here, the wound left by this ordeal sets the table for a feast of pigs. I, most beautiful among them, let the shared fever wash over me, and after the anointing bid goodbye with a kiss: God speaks to me, the idiot, with his mouth against mine. The sunlight on my pale face opens my eyes. Ashamed, I walk out onto the street guided by bells chiming and ask fellow humans for forgiveness.

An everyday life leaky by its very nature was only able to let me escape temporarily through its open wounds. Because when the spirit within me brought itself before my eyes with a false move, I killed it, sacrificed it, so that I may use the power of the consecration it experienced to wallow blissfully in life.

I am the midwife of its rebirth into filth, the animal that keeps on teaching that even the most hopeless despair can still be followed by hope.

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It is an experience that I could never have sought out. It is not the object of any calculation, something no purpose could ever find.

Nils Fock

Nils Fock is currently pursuing his PhD on Georges Bataille's concept of "contestation" at HfG Offenbach under Juliane Rebentisch and Christoph Menke.