

wriggling notions

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The sun soaked the room with a diffuse white light and her eyelids began to flicker and seemingly strange ornaments appeared in front of her inner eye. She noticed the indentation and the outline of an imprint on her forearm. She got up to break the ever-changing light and threw off the blanket hanging over her lap.

Forgetting her motives, she stared slightly confused at a seemingly empty wall.

She carved a crooked line into the smooth surface, glanced at the marks under her nail and the loam traces on the top of her finger.

Forgetting about time, she danced across the smooth floor the surface of which seemed to create a poetic system of symbols. The floor had decided to accompany her with the sounds of a nightingale which reminded her of past eras.

What about material effects?

Notions wriggling on the walls, on the floor, in her mind and on her toes – she had nothing to say.

The window was open and the leaves on the terrace began to curl and display their own little dance from the sky. Something stuck to the ball of her foot. She leaned down and studied the soft shadow that she had inadvertently left on the leaf.

A static expression, she noted.

She crouched down and began to pull the sheets of paper across the floor into a messy pile, then she carried it awkwardly between her hands, and finally left it in the closest drawer she could reach. That is daily life, she thought.

Flowers in a vase hung their heads, thirsty, tired and untitled.

She remembered how the world looked like upside down (things adults just keep on forgetting). A pale yellow card flashed from between the leaves.

It seemed to attest to the existence of a lost presence.

She incorporated the idea of alienated bodies being blue.

She clamped the object between two fingers and slowly backed up to the desk.
Before she could feel any physical resistance, she stopped. She went back and forth, again and again.

She imagined infinity as a kind of frozen time and, without turning her gaze, placed the yellow card behind her on the surface of her desk.

Could this be more real?

She wondered if anyone would ever say: you feel like home.

She knew, this was all about mutual fragility.

If ever anyone else would understand? Euphoric, she pressed her hand to the damp layers of cotton and clay and inwardly noted the presence of stimulants, defining present time. She knew there was more to it. Like Bernini never was a Ninja Turtle – what an awkward insult. Follies.

She was fascinated by the immediacy of her surroundings and then recognized the incompleteness of her thoughts' linguistic. She stayed a while and tried to grasp the formal compositions while standing still.

How would she ever be sure, to be more than a physical representation?

In a last moment, she realized the captivating interference of the overlapping structures that surrounded her and then she started escaping her domestic spheres. The questions she was never asked went unanswered, as did her brief movements on earth.

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