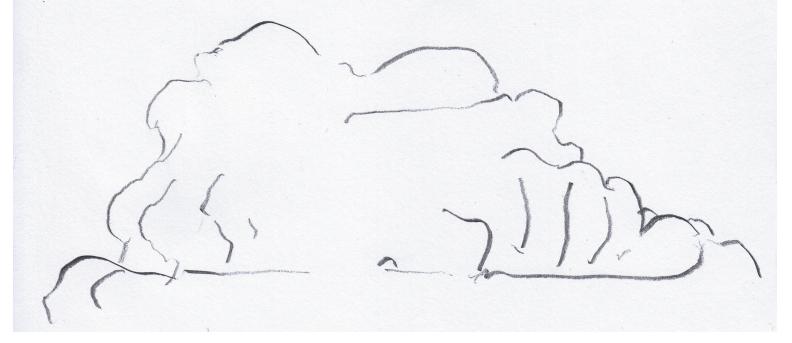


They Must Have Searched For Something



There is this area.

I can see it from the balcony. It's wide and ranges from here to there. It reaches to the backgarden of Massolit Books. Like many empty places here, where once stood a house full of stories.

Now the only thing that remained of the house are the backwalls of the houses still standing, with the silhouettes of the lost house. Between this and that lies an unknown area.

In this area are holes in the ground. Many. Widespread. Somebody has digged those holes. In search of something. Each hole has the size and shape of a grave. Surrounded with barrier tape. The earth lies beside them. In mounds. And it remains there since...I have the feeling for ever. Nothing happens. In silence. Ruins of older days.

The exhibition room is a former entrancehall of a house. Now it is bricked on one side and it is an unknown area which lies between this and that.

I'm just looking around. Seeing what there is. How it is now.

titles 1-22

mud little with it the cat can't get in the flat anymore irgendwann mal war der Park doch zu benutzen they took down the silk from the light one two three standing alone in the thicket dense smoke theater like massive concrete leaves slag I admired to cover the rock softly sprinkles I buried them in carpets won't you open a window holy heaps of earth scheut das Tageslicht carved symetric plaster der Fels, der die Füße hält iss Pflastersteine, Sand und Asche broken legs heavy lately

all pencil on paper, 20,8 x 14,7 cm, 2016





