



*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 dugged 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

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