

Stéphanie Baechler I SINK ON HER

))))))

your voice

There is a moment, it must be so, when I was young, and things started to arrange the way they still do for me now. Piece by piece, organs arranged. Better take care.

In the photograph you can see, the angle points out exactly towards what you fear. It is so. I do not say you should think about it. To give you more clue, it is shown, how violence can do its work softly, can even be tender. It is also about control and mastery, on your body not only, but on the way we see when we look.

It is sensitive, as a topic I mean, but mostly as a thing. It can be stopped. It could all fall apart. We would then notice how much we still are stuck into it for now.

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my voice

The clay bodies are reduced in size in the kiln – the transformation away from the body is irreversible: they are no longer wearable and can only be seen as objects. There is no use, nor need, to bring them back into fashion again. The experience would be a different matter altogether.

I.W.W.T, 22.05.2015

