

23.01.2021 - 28.02.2020

Open by appointment

The Wanderer: By God and all the things I do not believe in, it is my shadow speaking; I hear it but I do not believe it.

The Shadow: Let us accept it and think no more about it: in an hour it will all be over.

(F. Nietzsche Wanderer and His Shadow)

pigment, oil, pearl, diamond dust, shells, wax, skin, butterflies, mold, fibreglass, crayon, resin, metal rust, gold, aluminium, canvas, gelatin silver prints, jewels, stainless steel, glaze, masks, bird wings, gemstones, asphalt, candy, offset lithograph, fragrance, kitchen cabinet from a movie (Jeanne Di), back side of a stage in a theater play (Petra von Ka), table, two figures staged in a space (serve as «figures» or «actors» in a locked room or section of time), labyrinths of doors, enfilades of doors, corridors, portals, panels are doors that cannot be opened, openings in walls, arcades, friezes, pale hues, opal pits, shadows (wanderers and its shadows) and lights, flashes, apertures, inversions (of time), dozens of seconds involved (what can happen in nine seconds can happen in ninety years), quanta of light, sheer potentialities, recurrent motifs (making a repetition to only produce a difference), revisited brushstrokes, recurring dreams and times, fallings, illusions (of what may be behind the pictures), highly allusive rhythms, axis, abysses, network of connections and slippages, consistencies of a dream, notations, additions, reductions, dedications, violent incidents, remembered expectations (the tip of the tongue taking a trip of four steps down the palate to tap, at four. Re. Mem. Bø. Ring), patches bereft of illusion, affective and affected bodies (like daisy petals under the big wheel), utopian promises, empirical phantasies, mental paradigms, intellectual landscapes, empirical realities, the plane, the horizon, the void, nothing, others, other worlds, all about giving the word to the Other, completely abstract, vague, but overwhelming joy of feeling another life, the Other (I must be living twice), that is, the other self (You and I, my dear) and so on – then, suddenly and without much a [...] everything is different – a Grey Room (the interior is suddenly the stage and expressed in images) with a portrait of an artist (a double, a witness, a possible variation or just a reflection), an author of letters and a lover (... and I saw the first morning that he won't see) – face like in variola after eels, dreadfully dire and attracting, a face of a toad with emerald eyes or of a Greek deity, an enchanted character of French fairy tales, shoulders covered with patches, blue, purple, pink, bloody brown, his beret, yellow jacket, white trousers, a legend, picks up cigarette butts on the stairs and smokes, this will be next year, next February.

Bogdan Ablozhnyy

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BOGDAN ABLOZHNYI

The Other

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Bogdan Ablozhnyy spent his childhood between Cherkizovsky Market (a mysterious city within a city that existed in Moscow in early 2000s), occasional overnight train trips to his aunt in a closed military city on the White Sea, and the Russian North countryside. He has later relocated to the abandoned Russian capital (St. Petersburg) where he studied linguistics and pursued his career as an artist. He has also been studying painting at Monika Baer's class at Städelschule. Bogdan Ablozhnyy lives and works in Frankfurt am Main, Germany.

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