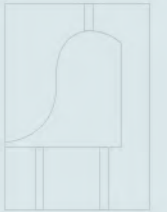


OAOA
T

Cinq à sept





The thickness of the space is not to sense, unless you grate yourself through the thin bars of a grid, slice the space and leave new figures behind.¹

Those that don't smell like you anymore, but take on self-sufficient life forms and speak a new language. You move through the sieve² and separate the 4th from the 5th. The newly born figures demand anthropic independence and erase your recognition of the former unity.

Only sometimes, the figures gather themselves as an unexplainably familiar hortus, a funny coat of arms on your new coat and synchro swim around, teasing you with a vague white evidence of the other form.

At those times, you per accident repeat the words twice upon the pronunciation. Your memory tries to recollect the moment, but instead it reflects a tiny totem animal of that moment, antiphone in an unexplainably familiar hortus.

*two identical porcelain vases placed on
the shiny edge of a Pierre Chareau desk*

They both are fragile, anonymous and delicate, they strive for the aesthetics of solitude, characters of petty vanities.

If their usual social pattern were a mirror to that which in this given season they have become, this mirror is fading, losing its silver and its utility. It is rather obscuring than reflecting.

Their instant is dismissed to a frozen image, which becomes a semi-transparent moment. Though detached, they are vividly aware of the present becoming past. This amorphous condition reminds that of the drifter, though one who does not seek for a space open, but for a space empty and closed. A private space containing enough room for solitude within which they could then be free to dwell.

In anonymity they extend their senses and the greater becomes the detachment, the more lucid the overview. And suddenly the overview exposes their handicap as becoming a privilege. This is the privilege of a twisted observation.

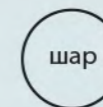
As if the mirror was to produce not only a horizontal flip but also a vertical one, they are now ready to draw a new geometric relationship, a new feng-shuiian position whose main axiom would be the charming impossibility of possessing any sensation in its entirety.

They start to exchange geographies until they find themselves being placed upside down between two symmetrically inoffensive surfaces. Here they are free to enjoy and extend their ambiguity and reverie, share pleasures in silent dialogue. At times wicked and at times pure, whispers and punctuations.

They realize they are capable of shifting shapes upon the slightest touch like words may shift meanings upon the pronunciation.

They dwell on the watery surface of the desk by Pierre Chareau.

To memorize this sacred name they imagine a mimed Pierrot holding a sphere, dark but translucent, like the letter O.



His hands holding a sphere the way one might hold a curvature, a miniature wing of a black piano.

The surface made out of deep night's opaque, the formula of its proportions and the usage of the material allowed it in perfection to be invisible.

Pierrot's hands trembled around the object, which resulted in tiered shelving, a sudden stutter that effortlessly produced new levels and folds.

Turning the porcelain inner pages of their crystal throats, they laugh and imagine themselves on every level simultaneously.

They were last seen between 5 and 7 walking well and lightly towards the edge of the desk, enveloped in thoughts of dance, murmur and velour.



Draperies of thoughts, assemblies of words, plurals, beds of coloured vowels, scenery of lines, shades of silence, superb curls and buckles of consonants, structures.

(Sometimes they leak through without being sifted and become lodges for uncultivated idiosyncratic forms.

One of such hearths can be found at the local city market[?] at a stall with affordable hermetic fashion.

Here the human traces are at arm's length with the original sounds, monuments of early art, almost imperceptible physical modifications, prints, mysterious objects perceptible only by two senses and yet real and pleasing.

The colour palette of these dresses and jumpers is that of dust, mustard and saffron. This colour stutters and lisps. Yet the words it finally stutters out, would charm anyone with their mystical innocence.

Another hearth that renders accessible is the space of the Central Post Office^{??}

Here the space is so immense it becomes a phase space with its own valid system of geomancy. Its dominance choreographs the visitor into a dance upon the entrance. Unlike the inhabitants of the market, these dwellers are well informed of their roles. The clock face already has no hands and each postcard sent from here is always stereographic.³

The random existence of such lodges compensates the missing degree of freedom.)

He holds a sphere the way one would hold a curvature. His eyes are always half past five.

(6 a 7 years old, Ventspils, O.V.

a tiny herbarium from a precious stone, a few coloured petals and maybe a little note placed behind a piece of green glass. This was then buried in earth, somewhere between flowers, in such a way that the glass would appear as a curious eyeball staring from the ground. One would then need to forget the exact location of this gem or even better forget entirely about its existence and rediscover it a week or two later. When left long enough, the palette of the eye would change and sometimes invite worms and bugs under its biconvex. The ecstatic discovery of such a tête-à-tête cinema would be unparalleled to any findings made later on in life. The bottle would continue its life as a single immortal crystalline lens.)

[?] Nēģu iela 7, Rīga, LV-1050

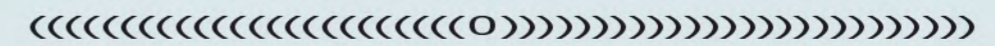
^{??} Gedimino pr. 7, Vilnius, LT-01103



The words become cleansed until they bear only pure single letters, the gammas reduce themselves to pigments only found in thoughts.

Observe the thought as a knitted sweater with a recurring pattern. Forget the word "sweater" however and forget the word "pattern". Then each form appears as a new movement. Forget the word "each" and the result will shine like silver. The sweater shines in the night like štepš.⁴

This is the response which one side of the choir makes to the other in a chant.



(Mr Lenticular: *one with a hand, one without*)⁵



In order to build a new structure, Pierrot needs to forget the precision of language.

He finds then the tropical truths of the cross-eyed geometry and all the metaphors he had never thought of before.

It takes a lot of words to dislodge the concept and turn it into a new sweater.

The sweater can be then seen as a mathematical equation with the concept above the line and the structure below it. The holy line serves to preserve their difference.



*My condition for the past 5 to 7 hours :
headless, vegetable, reclining on a chair.*

And from there: blossoming forth like some absurd plant, brazen and colourful!

The ambition is to descend from the head and inhabit that node somewhere between stem and root, a few centimetres below the ground and with its own conditions of light, form, colour, shade and proximity to inorganic matter.

And from that point to be able to project thoughts and senses upwards and downwards. The thoughts strive after an analytical perfection but are constrained by virtue of this relationship to behave much like writing : folding and dividing, adding notes and appendices: their tissue expanding like pieces of knitting to the outmost edges of the pattern, trying to cover as much of the space as possible.

Some thoughts behave as clear glass. Because it is invisible, glass appears to be the ideal medium for a detached relationship with the environment. During the day its my mind that dominates the view. But when darkness falls, the transparency is turning against me. Although I see myself reflected in the glass, I am unable to absorb it. In other words, the glass is less passive than it seems.

Another capacity of thoughts, which close and open simultaneously, like a venetian blind, implies that the wall does not always form a rigid dividing line between inside and outside. Rather it is the setting for a duel between doing and contemplating.

In earlier times, shields were designed so as to be easily recognisable at a distance, with bright colours and clearly defined fields. In order to paint them it was necessary, even if only momentarily, to put oneself in the position of the other.

The duel here is focused on the point where left becomes right and right left. Approach and avoidance merge in endlessly repeated movements and figures: now grey and compulsive and neurotic; now light and elegant as in a dance. The up and down manoeuvres serve to fold together elements that are in danger of developing into dichotomies.

Such treatment produces combinations made up of disparate elements which become mixed as a result of the outside forces.⁶

*The elegant dance. At the axis of this dance is what Pierrot calls
parapiglia or fuggi-fuggi.*

*The choreography is designed in such a way that the head of the
dancer is always turned upwards. The entire movement is dedicated
to the search of the face.. When using this rule the significance of
chance recognition is growing.*

The given space is a domain of primitive movements.
To give it a new degree of freedom we can play with the inverted columns and pedestals.
Various columns connect the upper floor with the lower one, the relationship between these lines, matter and mind, vertigo and reason is one of resonance, as in music. If we lay one of the columns horizontally, its resonance may unexpectedly unfold a new melody.

The given space is a monad of primitive tendencies.
To give it a new degree of freedom we can play with inverted columns and pedals.
Various columns connect the upper floor with the lower one, the relationship between these lies, matter and mind, vertical and reasontal is one of reasonance, as in music. If we lay one of the columns horizontally, its reasonance may manifold, depending on whether the musician is right or left handed.⁷

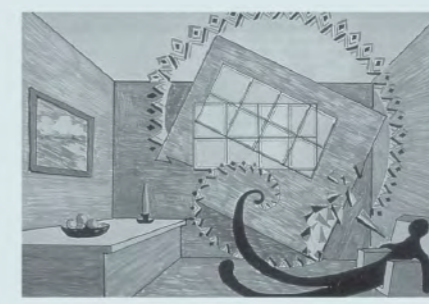
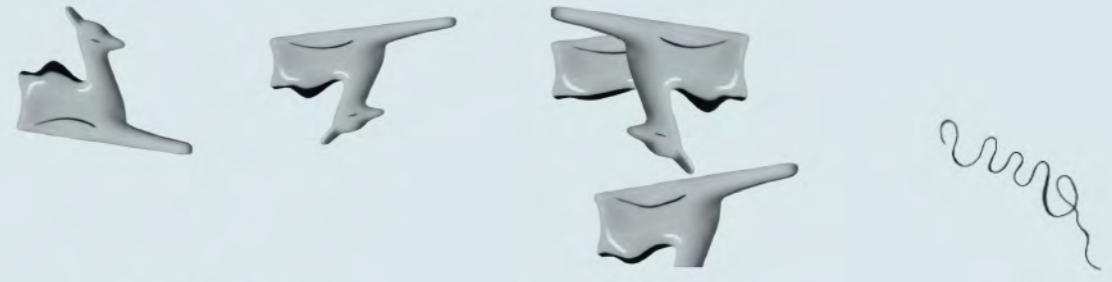


- 1..... Variable patterns in wool 20-100 cm
- 2.....Decorative window bars, painted steel I 70x 120 cm
- 3.....Lenticular postcard 10x15 cm
- 4.....Shoe print sculpture, wood, epoxy, silver pigment
- 5.....Animation HD, loop 2'56
- 6.....Carousel of analogue slides, video HD loop 5'53
- 7.....Threshold structure, wood, plaster sheets, marbled tile, 800x 30-30 cm

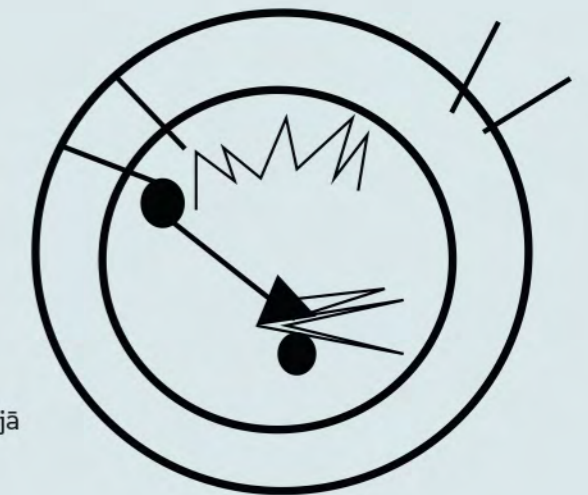
-
- *Where is the pole?*
 - *Between the breasts of a siren, a metallic cherry ting-a-ling in silver waters!*
 - *Between the breaths, misty accents written in small silver letters, multiplied by water?*

*This publication accompanies "Cinq à Sept" exhibition at **kim?** Contemporary Art Centre in Riga and was made possible thanks to the financial support of Mondriaan Fonds.*

Ola Vasiljeva 2013
OAOA



A



17.augustā plkst. 13.00 – 15.00, Rīgas Porcelāna muzejā (Kalēju iela 9/11, Jāņa sēta, Vecrīga) notiks lekcija, uz kuru īpaši aicināti bērni vecumā 5-12g.

The first figure that appears is the first letter of the Dancer's name.
The first letter as a volcano will erupt slowly the other letters of the name.
The word becomes readable when the ornament that the lips draw upon
the pronunciation matches the ornament left in the air by the dancing body.