

Theresa Patzschke is a German writer and musician, who lives in Berlin.

20 20 20



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Editing: Ann-Kathrin Eickhoff, Max Pitegoff

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Like blue drips from the walls
like roses of snow
and the pigeon swoops down
into the basin of the fall
and the basin moves:
back and forth etc.
And the cliffs plunge into the water
(down down)
where they then meet the surface
and collapse in
on themselves,
or, a new dimension pretends to be
another.

At the same time someone stepped onto the
street
and dialed the cab number
(20 20 20)
The voice on the other end
had already started the new day
while I was still
in the night,
where transgression is allowed and promised
to yourself and others
spread like a stretchy mass
and possibly also
redeemed:
you accept your responsibility
to implement the inadequacies promised
to yourself and others.
The fulfillment of duties had a different
meaning here,
it had reached
a deeper level
for even the non-fulfillment
was as an infinite undercurrent of expectations
part of the deal –
In this case
you were being smashed
(again and again) against
all kinds of truths that were
padded
with a little luck.
And then the moment arrives where you yearn
to leave the protected space again,
not without fear,
and you step
with a dry mouth
into the brutality
of the actual.
I ordered the taxi
and sat down in a café.

The tires of the car were covered one third
by the curbstone,
while I poured coffee
on everything else,

I poured the morning
on the evening
and on all the things
that had occurred
in the meantime.
Meanwhile, the pulse was critical,
which opened me again
to the unknown.
Things could happen
that you had never even thought
possible.

The cab drove off again
And I dialed one more time:
20 20 20

The smell of the coffee
was the smell of the morning,
I,
still in the night.
And I had the urge to resurrect
without dying.

The cab driver stared through the rearview
mirror
and I stared back.
Long after he returned his attention to the road,
I kept staring
and didn't stop
the next time he took me
in his sights.

I had called the cab number 11 times, which
caused the cab driver to drive the route
11 times. And even if I cursed him inwardly,
I admired the thoroughness of his execution.
We both enjoyed it, sharing the homoerotic
moment of two rivals. He was the ranger who
resorted to unusual means and I had obviously
broken convention in another way. And even
if my day hadn't ended yet and his day had
already started, we met here, in this place.

We didn't speak a word,
It wasn't necessary.
He kept his promise.
And while we sat together in the car
The sun was rising
as if she wanted
to take the piss.

Blue, yellow, red, she'd play all her cards,

as always,
and that was her trick:
the inescapable rigor of making things visible.