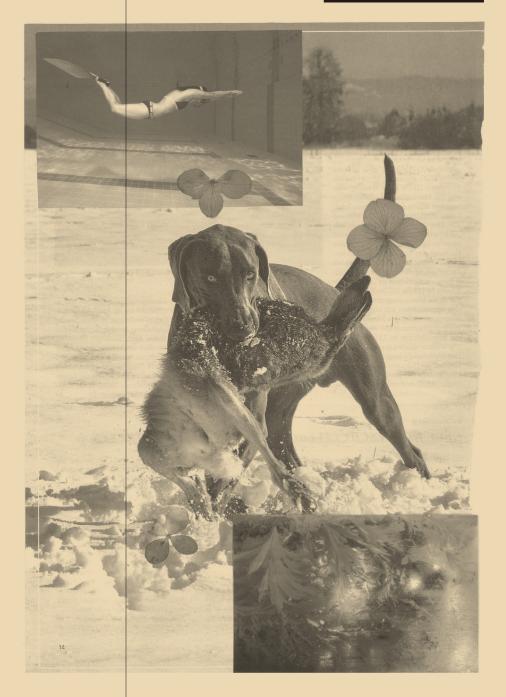
20 20 20



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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 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

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

with a little luck.

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.