

*Blue Sky, Green Gras, No Birds*

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curated by Johannes Tassilo Walter

A cut, a chop. To bite, to gnaw. One is precise, measured—a clean decision; the other, instinctual, violent even, a compulsion unaware of its cause. One severs, one lingers. A lasting appetite that loops back on itself, never quite fed.

A shape begins to form, then slips away. Something holds, then folds. Surfaces accumulate like skin, like scars, decoration that doesn't decorate but distracts, or remembers. Material is not used but exhaled—thick, erratic, flirtatious, feral. Edges blur, buckle. What sounds stable might falter on repeat.

Forms echo bodies but resist anatomy. Figures emerge like afterimages, sticking around just long enough to be questioned. Figuration as a doublebind. Nothing quite lands. Instead: residue, implication, voracity.

There's insistence here. Repetition not for rhythm but for erosion—grinding something down to the point where it might start to speak, or disintegrate. Each return slightly off, each echo a soft distortion.

Everything teeters on the edge of too much or not enough. Gesture as excess, as refusal.

The room listens as much as it speaks. Voices, images overlap. The same, again and again, but never quite the same. Mimicry not for sameness, but for slippage.

A hesitation, then. The moment before a shape commits, or after it almost collapses but stays upright by will alone. These are not declarations but invitations to remain suspended.

Green beneath, blue above—everything in place, except what isn't. The air holds its breath. A hush where movement should be. Something has paused, or passed.

- Jonas Schenk



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