not-yet-dead ends

I see [1] a chamber-opera unfolding in front of me and like a former lover of mine playing a play of make-believe: about the prospects one has together, or rather, has not, keeping one in the dark on their prognosis of a discrete future.
I see a quest keeping me stuck in an observing position. A quest which tells me I have to find out about what it is that is in question – a quest that poses the question about the question.
In this chamber-play, in the cut-outs of this building, I see a carnivalesque party going on, an opulent, historical piece. It is a play about the downfall of a dynasty, a story of a class that has become a passive observer in a play about themselves, looking from their balcony onto the vanishing of their once predominant caste.
I see aristocrats looking onto an uproar of insurgents on the streets; insurgents that are climbing a blockade in order to dethrone their present ruler, in order to install a new system, a system that will uncannily resemble the one replaced.[2]
I see these aristocrats moving tone deaf and rhythmically to the music of their own downfall.
From all the participants of this festive gathering, I can make out the adolescents, whose proportions – impostering as adults under the masquerade of elaborate maquillage and fancy couture – are a bit off. The adolescents' hyper-awareness of themselves is making their movements awkward, it is that mimicry – this over-detailed exaggeration – that makes me able to distinguish them from the others.
A gap has opened between what they aim to achieve and reality. Taking their vain picture, I can capture endless youth.
I am facing a rigid architecture that, like a mask overlaying a motive, is hindering my view of the whole. Making me guess what's going on in the off, in the blind spots behind that very construction.
I see a Gliedermann, moving incognito along with the crowd, dancing in grace.
It has been said, the Gliedermanns grace is for it is unaware of itself. [3] The Gliedermanns limbs are arranged in such relation to one another that tells me it is representing an adult person: a model of a body that doesn't have to obey the same rules as a body of flesh.
I see hands signifying Rock, Paper, Scissors: rock beats scissors, paper beats rock.
I can see things becoming discretized in order to become comprehensible, like ones and zeros.
I see forms and dimensions that we have grown accustomed to.
I see a construct that will keep me immobile until I find the thing that's off.
I see somebody working meticulously on locking themselves in, becoming a captive of their own longing for a pause.
As the night falls, sipping my cloudy white drink along with the other aristocrats, I feel an urge to ask my former lover to stop playing their illusory game. But my awareness that the narrative stemming from this very make-believe has become the sole pillar of our relationship, the structure carrying our mutual reality, makes me decide there is no point in turning back now.

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[1] Rineke Djisktra, I See A Woman Crying (Weeping Woman), 2009

[2] Luchino Visconti, The Leopard,1963

[3] Heinrich v. Kleist, Über das Marionettentheater, 1810

Text by Luisa Berghammer

sidequest

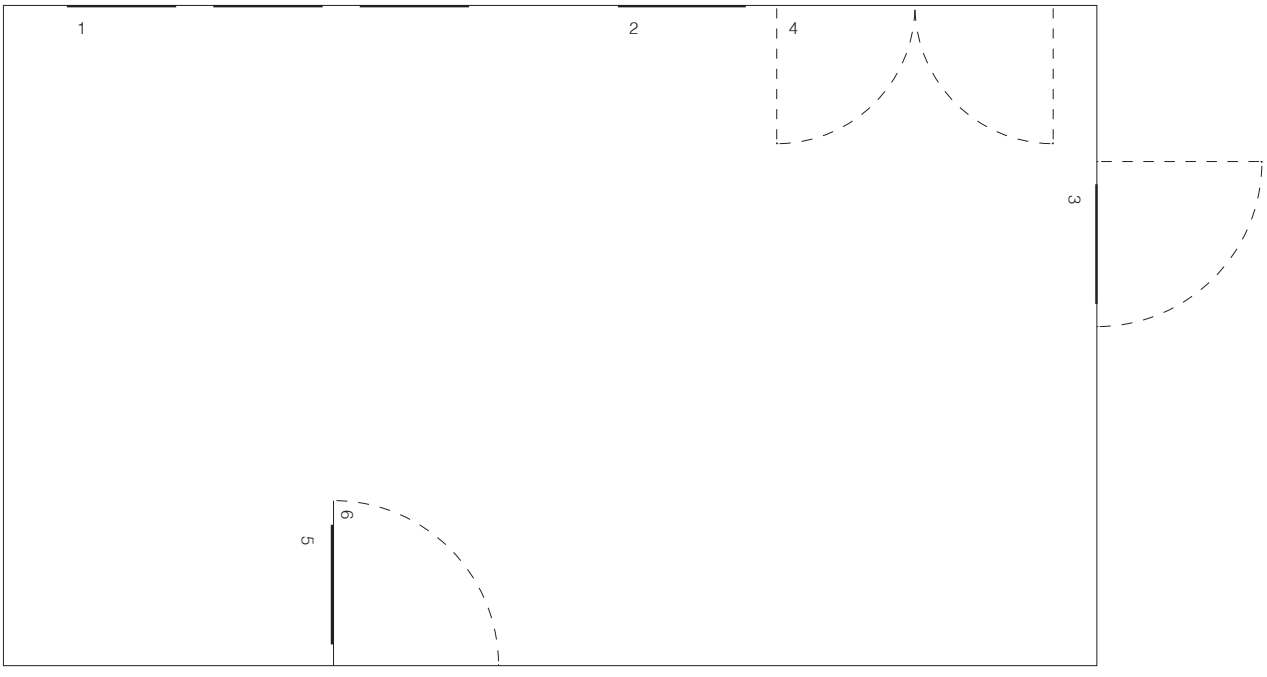
Lisa Sifkovits
Nov 3rd 2023
Sachsenplatz 4-6
1200 Vienna

1 Baluster, 2023
pencil on paper
107 x 53; 115 x 53; 107 x 53 cm

2 Sill, 2023
pencil on paper
115 x 62 cm

3 The opening through which one can enter or leave, 2023
pencil on paper
150 x 59 cm

4 Left behind artifact 01 (shutter), 2023
paper
2,5 x 1,5 x 1,5 cm

5 Tuscan, 2023
pencil on paper
147 x 58 cm

6 Left behind artifact 02 (stopper), 2023
paper
2,7 x 4,5 x 15 cm