

"I have no idea where this will lead us. But I have a definite feeling it will be a place both wonderful and strange."

Dale Cooper

We all like to peek through the closed door, it gives us the undeniable pleasure. It doesn't push us into the interaction, it's comfortable. Do we want to know too much? Kurt von Bley is not hiding his secret behind the closed door, he opens them wide. Do you want to know what's behind them? There's nothing to be scared of, you don't need to say anything. Welcome, now you are in his room.

Every inflection and every gesture a lie, every smile a grimace. Suicide? No, too vulgar.¹

Departure and return, homecoming and homeland

Kurt von Bley is looking at the world with his own unique gaze. With the music and film influences in his works, he made something completely remarkable and outstanding. In artworks, he is highlighting the darker facets of human psychology. When the frustration and madness get elegant and controlled, the viewer can face the society to its fullest. Like Bergman's *Persona*, Kurt von Bley's exhibition focuses on human being in crisis, von Bley – just like Elisabeth Vogler, became explicit, but mute. He stays silent throughout fight with ourselves, and our increasing frustration. Is the contrast between us and artist somewhat illusive? *In his room*, like Lynch's and Bergman's films, requires several viewings to really appreciate all of its layers. The world without emotions, without love, lack of communication between human beings – this is the reality that we don't want to talk about, that surrounds us, that is inside us. *What are you hiding under your hand? Let me see. It's the photo of your little boy. The one you tore up. We must talk about it.*²

Our childhood's room – the place that we felt secure in. The place, which protected us from our parents, our fears. The one place where we could've been ourselves. Was it a trap or the protection from unwanted intrusion? The room – a dream about stabilization, nostalgic longing. One place, within which we moved, which protected us. It was unmoving, all-encompassing container through which time flows. Our time, our youth. Anxiety – passing time, which we can't influence. It covered us like skin, like a body. Our relationship with it was intimate, self-reassuring for our individuality. The room continues to exist even if we don't want it to, it exists as an empty space even if the objects are removed from it. Is this space absolute? And what is the purpose of it? Obviously, not every space has the same purpose. The room is for us to inhabit. Being human means to inhabit. But when we do - the home for which we search can simultaneously become a place by which we are haunted.

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¹ *Persona, Ingmar Bergman, 1966, Sweden, quote of the Doctor*

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