

## **SILVIA BÄCHLI**

### **Statement 2018**

Drawings are actions. Lines are telling stories.

What are doing these lines? Where is the beginning of a line, does the line touch another line, how does it touch?

What kind of images are emerging?

What could be close to this, what kind of «words» are coming on the tongue?

My drawings are closer to music than to narrative stories.

I like a lot Inger Christensen's first sentences of her masterpiece «it» («det» in Danish): «*That. That was it. Now it has begun. It is. It continues. It moves. Further. Evolves. Becomes this and this and this. Goes on as that. Metamorphoses. Expands. Combines other more and persists as other and more.*»

I am less and less interested in narratable stories with a beginning and an end. The ephemeral between the stories, the tone are becoming more important to me, with all their gaps, all that is unsaid, the allusions, the pauses... The stories which cannot be tamed by words.

Even if nowadays my drawings often have non-figural cast – they are still closely linked with the body. Crossed lines can be stars in the lines on one's palms, snaking lines can have there starting point in the paths from here to there I was following yesterday ...

The everyday and normal seem to constantly bewilder me, seem to keep posing new questions: what do fingers look like? (Study closely.) What do feet look like under a chair? (Imagine something without seeing it.). How does the back feel? (Looking from within.) What do diffuse thoughts look like? (Groping through a fog.) What does one remember and where are the white spots? What can be depicted when avoiding sensationalism? What do the majority of minutes consist of?

Drawing is experimenting, groping one's way and playing.

In the best case you discover something that is a better fit, is more surprising than what you had expected.