

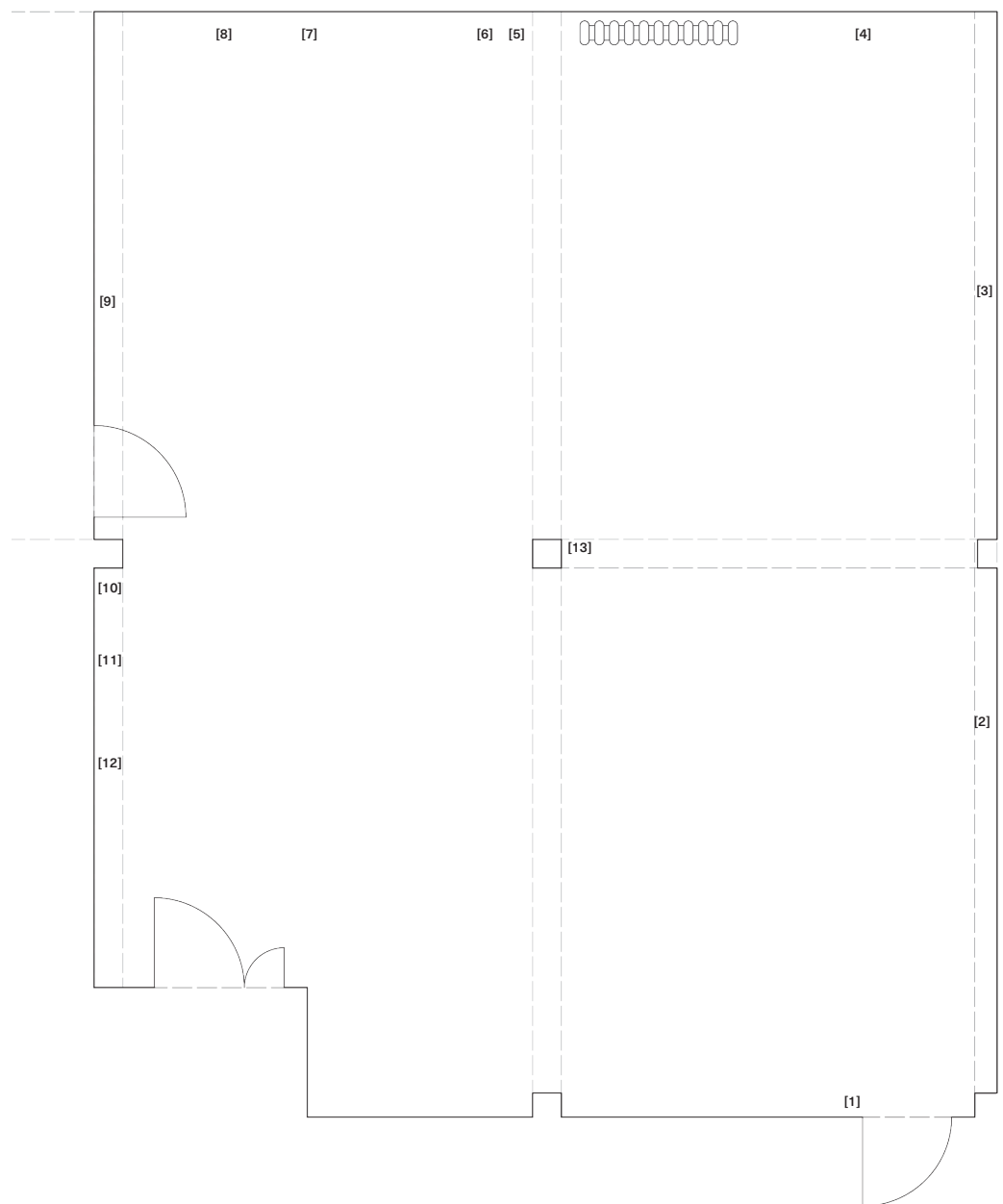


Isabelle Morton  
Eugène Kaimanovitch

Not to Hide the Hand  
04.07.2024–25.07.2024

Curated by Nemo Bleuer and Gaia Del Santo  
Text by Frano Karlovic

I am writing this while walking. Checkered Vans carry my weight across the pavement. My neck is bent, I face my phone, I open the notes app. A list of yesterday's regrets pops up: Airport buffet breakfast, Vodka shot, Juul, shrimp cocktail and kale salad for lunch (acceptable), coffee (instant anxiety), Juul, buying 2 Philipp Plein polos, bad date, spätzle with French dressing for dinner (acceptable). Juul. No big regrets though. Just tender ones. In the end, I am who I am so no reason to bother too much. But this is not important now. I have to put down my thoughts. I just finished installing my exhibition and something major happened: I washed my hands. Usually I never wash my hands. I let my Eevee-looking chihuahua lick them after chewing on unrecognisable street objects; I open the bathroom door of my favourite, grimy bar while fully gripping the door handle; I give my hand proudly and squeeze yours tightly when we say goodbye. Memories accumulate in layers of dirt, wrapping my hand in black grease. Turning my thumb, index, middle, ring and pinky to dark leather over time. The dirt's warmth softens my skin wrinkled in frozen solitude. This is how I like it. This is how I want it. Then, most importantly, I use these hands to work and embrace the traces they leave. Dark smudges on cardboards which frame images of moving humans and condense life to a single moment. Fingerprints in the corners of graphic accumulations and superpositions; reminding me I'm human after episodically entering manic and obsessive encounters in which I swell to superhuman proportions. Dried blood hidden in shades of black; suggesting that I used my body beyond its limits again. Scratches in the glass enveloping my work; showing me that I can't protect it to perfection. All of these marks are traces of me thinking with my hands. Working with my hands. Working but never talking. I am tongueless, I have nothing to say. I wouldn't dare attach a single word to the work I do. Cancelling out every vector of reason, I form. Bleached of any original historic reference because I simply can't think of any, I craft. Under the harsh conditions of (ir)rational reality, I construct. No dreams. No purpose. No company of Angels. What I do have is melancholy, which is more important than love, guiding my intuition. Guiding my hands. Composing the here and now into something of which I can say: >>This is me<<. I own my work. I am proud. I perform myself. I speak in the first person but I don't talk about myself. And usually I don't wash my hands but today I did it. I don't have to carry the weight of my memories in my hands anymore. They are out there. Hanging on the walls of an exhibition where no hand was hidden.



<sup>[1]</sup> Insider 1, 2024  
PET-G, cardboard, aluminum, nails  
12 x 18 cm  
Isabelle Morton

<sup>[2]</sup> Untitled, 2024  
Print on paper, museum glas  
50 x 210 cm  
Isabelle Morton

<sup>[3]</sup> Xakep scratch, 2024  
Engraved tetrapack printed on paper, wooden  
frame with museum glass  
103 x 75 cm  
Eugène Kaimanovitch

<sup>[4]</sup> Insider 5, 2024  
PET-G, cardboard  
34.5 x 25 x 4 cm  
Isabelle Morton

<sup>[5]</sup> Insider 3, 2024  
PET-G, acrylic paint and pencil on cardboard,  
screws  
19.4 x 19.8 x 8cm  
Isabelle Morton

<sup>[6]</sup> Insider 4, 2024  
PET-G, acrylic paint and pencil on cardboard,  
screws  
19.4 x 19.8 x 8cm  
Isabelle Morton

<sup>[7]</sup> Sans titre, 2024  
Engraved tetrapack printed on paper, aluminum  
frame with museum glass  
56 x 62 cm  
Eugène Kaimanovitch

<sup>[8]</sup> Sans titre, 2024  
Engraved tetrapack printed on paper, 80mg print  
paper cut-out, aluminum frame with museum glass  
56 x 62 cm  
Eugène Kaimanovitch

<sup>[9]</sup> Heritage on high: the carpert capers, 2023  
Painted relief plaster panel  
80 x 48 cm  
Eugène Kaimanovitch

<sup>[10]</sup> Little Secret, 2024  
Plaster, PET-G, cardboard box  
16 x 27 x 16.4 cm  
Isabelle Morton

<sup>[11]</sup> Public Note 2, 2024  
PET-G, wood, pencil on cardboard  
14.4 x 40.2 x 2.4 cm  
Isabelle Morton

<sup>[12]</sup> Public Note 1, 2024  
PET-G, wood, pencil on cardboard, masking tape  
14.4 x 37.5 x 2.4 cm  
Isabelle Morton

<sup>[13]</sup> Insider 2, 2024  
PET-G, cardboard, masking tape  
38 x 22 x 8 cm  
Isabelle Morton