

# Barbora Klímová

We don't have to see Barbora Klímová for a long time. That's what I always liked about her: while most artists insist on *bright colouring*, Barbora tries to hide part of herself. While art usually attracts by its parasitic guests, Klímová verifies under which circumstances we go past it like "a dry branch on a tree". She creates mimicry.

## *The auras of aereolas*

I Carnivorous plants, for example aereolas, also create mimicry. Thanks to this they catch insects. Even those which have their own mimicry. Under certain circumstances (*unsurprising* circumstances, it must be said) the mimicry of insects is completely ineffective. They are *a priori* designed to hide the insect for faster predators. Of course for "higher grade" mimicry this is not enough, because not even the insect can hide from something that incurably attracts it. These kinds of mimicry thus have an aura of *seduction and activity hidden behind passivity*.

Barbora Klímová touches both kinds of mimicry. We are active predators (I think that art is more a hunt than a browse, more love than just life). Barbora has been deluding us for a long time. Her art is somewhere near, and we don't know where.

I remember how I met Barbora at the exhibition *In other circumstances it would be true* and I was too shy to ask where her work was. I found it the next day. It was in the same rooms where I had been shy. They resembled a ventilation system or redundant blinds. In the flood of much brighter colours, I did not see it at first.

When I found it I saw how its forms were directly derived from the well-known constructive aesthetic of minimalism. It seemed interesting to me that it was not about purely non-spectacular activity, but rather about setting boundary conditions in which we go past a traditional artefact because it is sunk in the social-environmental context of the gallery space.

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The second image of mimicry is the gallery itself. Its space is more alluring than you might think. It ostensibly hangs in a vacuum of passivity like a weightless, neutral zone for artistic acts. It however asserts its pre-defined power of peelings for the flesh of visual nerves. Even when it is empty, it kids us with the question "*but why?*" It is infused with our relationship to it, with what it brings us. It is the aura of a specific aereola for which we burn with desire, because art is more about love than only of life. It exhorts: "*Seek, and if you really try, you shall certainly find something*" and, the less it is adorned with showy pendants, the more it attracts attention.

What Barbora Klímová does becomes part of these attractive carnivores. Her work significantly assimilates with its surroundings so that as soon as we once discover it, it starts to lead us to the character of the surroundings themselves. Her work drags us to where it is hanging and opens up for us a view of pathological desires. If our head spins because of its own hollowness, it argues that the aereola swallowed us a long time ago and is now digesting. An insect also understands that he is sitting on glue even when the aereola goes "crunch". Barbora Klímová thus reminds us by the way of the level of our individually different but always *existing* intoxication.

## *Brakes and silencers*

After the last work of Barbora's that I know, she looked for a corridor with brown tiles on the floor. Several times she placed slightly higher cross-strips there. These were covered with tiles indistinguishable from the originals. Therefore we could accidentally graze the points of our shoes while walking on them

At the very least I touched them. I could compare the reaction to a sudden loss of balance with the experience of a sleeping policeman, on which we sometimes travel too quickly:

*The silencers beneath us furiously shake. It runs through our head to ask "are we in a pedestrian zone, or what?" Usually we brake and concentrate on the roadway. Sleeping policemen are rarely found alone. That is why it is called a sleeping policeman, isn't it? Policemen also do not go around alone. When we get to the next bump we brake and go over it carefully. The car's suspension gently flexes, until it awakens the forgotten feeling with which we rolled on our bellies as children. A feeling as if you are swimming on the surface of the water.*

I deliberately passed over Barbora's second strip. In my brain there were still some drops of the original surprise, something from an understanding that it was not anything malicious, and also the thought of what kind of impression Barbora wishes to evoke.

Maybe nothing more than that a corridor has an aura only when it is pointed out. Corridors are indeed very important places, but they are increasingly only transport routes to a destination. They do not even have credit foyers, nor halls, and we are not philosophers able to calmly stride along corridors and converse; however we are often modern snobs, so that it never occurs to us to proudly promenade corridors, like our snobbish ancestors liked to do. A corridor does not have its own value until someone places a sleeping policeman there and forces us to slow down.

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