

“a slash is a dash is a splash” is a scenography for a play, a training room, or perhaps a leaky text that escaped the 2 dimensions of the page.

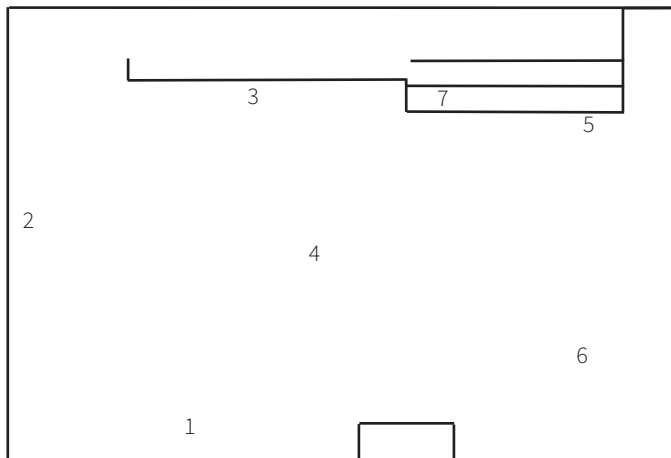
Playing with different degrees of abstraction, Laura Cemin literally translates puns and idiomatic expressions into material objects, while simultaneously creating a new abstract language. A sequence of bodily traces, exhaled sounds and physical impressions to allow slippages away from the straight, the vertical, the controlled.

The exhibition is the latest iteration of the artist’s research on the connection between movement and language and the connotations that language attributes to simple motions. Here falling and slipping, usually associated with failure and defeat, are no longer feared or despised, but seen as possibilities to release control, embrace vulnerability and yield to the support of the earth.

Laura Cemin (1992) is an Italian performer and visual artist currently based in Helsinki, FI. She is interested in performative gestures, which can appear in different forms such as live performances, installations and writings. She holds a degree in Ballet and contemporary dance and has obtained a MFA from Umeå Art Academy (SE) in 2019. Her work as a visual artist has been presented internationally in galleries, theatres and museums, such as Norrlandsoperan (SE), Tallinn Art Hall (EE) and Kiasma (FI).

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The exhibition is supported by Art Promotion Center Finland.



SCORES

1. *Imaginary problems*. Serie of 6 drawings, marker on paper. 21x29,8 cm (2021)
2. *Fall flat flat fall*. Injekt print on Fine Art paper. 80x60cm (2021)
7. *Cuc/ca/gna*. Concrete poetry, paper clips. 11 pages (2021)

TOOLS

3. *Shaped by clingy hands*. Porcelain, glaze. 110 pz, dimensions variable (2020-2021)
4. *Shaped by falling bodies*. Soap, metal. 3pz, 90x45cm (2021)
5. *Slippery slope*. Soap, porcelain, anti-slip mat. (2021)
6. *Greasy pole*. Metal, grease, foam, concrete, climbing ropes. 300x40cm (2021)

*A slash
is a dash
is a splash*

I remember waking up on a Sunday morning to my twin's voice talking to my parents in the room next door. I must have been 7.

When I managed to join them, his monologue had just ended.

I remember my father, a bit surprised, a bit amused, telling me how my brother had spent a good half an hour weaving apparently distant images and ideas into a cohesive speech. "He started by talking about a dog and we ended up between lava and volcanos" he said.

I remember spending the whole morning that day finding possible paths to connect dogs and volcanos. To slide between thoughts and to connect mental dots became one of my favorite pastimes and soon a way of thinking, of moving, of seeing.

I recently learned that a cognitive *slippage* is a mild form of disconnected thought processes or loosening of associations.

I must be constantly tumbling.

In climbing, every route is called a problem. Its solution must be figured out.

A choreography for fingers, an equation for the muscles.
A language of which the words are known, but the grammar keeps on changing.
Each new problem is a new embodied syntax.

I started sculpting porcelain during the first lock down in 2020.

A response to my need for touch? maybe. Or the desire to handle things when certainties seemed fleeing. I learned that the state porcelain reaches after being left to dry for about a week is called bone dry.

Dry as a bone – as a bone without water and any liquid – is an expression coined in 1830.

A bone dry piece of porcelain must be handled with care due to its fragility, as fragile as bones are. I learned this by breaking a few, a few sculptures, a few bones.

The process of sculpting porcelain taught me patience, that a slow drying process makes the material more resistant, less likely to break in the kiln.

As when practicing contact improvisation, I was reminded of how to listen without hearing. Of beautiful conversations that can happen in slow motion.

I spent the summer of 2000 falling, in a small indoor gym of a family friend. Climbing till the edge between wall and ceiling just to let go and rest on the foam floor, looking at the grips finding shapes as they were clouds.

I haven't climbed since then.

It is the summer of 2021 and my friend is diagnosed with rheumatoid arthritis. Gripping hurts but slipping scares her, she tells me over the phone.

We spend hours looking at bodies falling, finding ways to let fear go.

We found out that climbers have great tips.

The word humor comes from the latin "moisture".

Originally intended as any of the 4 body fluids (blood, phlegm, choler, and black bile), their percentage in the body was believed to change a person's state of mind.

Humor is fluid, liquid, moist.

Slippery.

A lubricant.