

Miriam Stoney on the exhibition "Helin Alas, Eine Perle auffädeln (Threading a pearl)", 2017

I come back to the text. I go back to the first moment I saw the video documenting your exhibition. Sitting across from you, one beer and nothing in my stomach to soften the blow. Holding the iPhone in my hand, I give myself to the representation entirely and suddenly there I am; long, dark hair reflected in the windowpane. But what else? I can't open the video file. It's been some time now and I think the wetransfer link you sent me may have expired. You're right: I should watch it again.

Walking through a building at a uniform speed, the scenery is revealed through a series of jerks or revelations. Someone called this serial vision. With light emitted from an LCD screen into my eyeballs, your subjectivity is superimposed onto mine: inhale deeply as the building is sized up; sense the momentum in my limbs with the approach.

Bird song, unless that's coming from outside my apartment here. Denim-clad legs with booted feet carry me through a door somehow threaded through with an impossibly thick rope. Never mind that the door is anchored open. Glide through an unassuming kitchen to pass by an image whose plane of representation is undermined by its curved surface, busy casting shadows of its own. An image of the building we're in, displacing me the viewer and now you're turning and my spatial awareness isn't good enough to reconstruct this building in my mind. Looking at this image for a moment I was compromised, but now it's time to move on.

Another photo on the wall, ten paces away in this funny little house but the zoom won't stretch that far and neither will your patience. A viewpoint filtered umpteen times through different eyes is out of sync with this house of objects. Time lapse. I can't be there this way. My iPhone promised me omnipresence but now I'm just floating in space. I can't figure out how to be the viewer you want me to be. What of the exhibition remains in this text (a memory of a video of a space of an idea)? You recount to me the salient points and I come to know full well what can't be seen. Some focus! A rope circles the windowpane with purpose. This would serve a practical function of letting air into the room, while cushioning the impact of the window slamming as air currents flow to and fro. What happens when it rains? I bet the doors thrash about a fair bit. Cradling, calming, soothing rope. I think of the rope that is wrapped around the door handle at the gynaecologist. "I'm in good hands here," I think as I push the door open silently, let it fall behind me: no crash, only discretion. Sculptures conscribed to emotional labour.

But ropes are not friends. Not in my network of associations, anyway. This rope speaks of utility; it is a tool for something. A sign of a process, an undergoing. These ropes look like they'd generate a lot of static, cruel little shocks like an impatient grandmother's slap on the wrist. Jobsworth. Tied so tightly, pursed and uptight, an unravelling is inevitable.

Now outside – not entirely sure how we got here – and the building is a picture again. How many times will this happen and what can these rendered walls offer me in two dimensions? Exteriority blurs into the interior and every time I see this building within a rectangle I struggle to locate myself in space – no answers in a cool breeze. An exhibition mounted on the threshold, coming and going always. You're going to have to close those doors some time and your ropes are going to have to shift. A laborious performance of deinstallation and reinstallation each and every day.

Chronology loosens going up the stairs – there's a plug socket on the landing, how bizarre. Another image, this time on the glass and another image behind that one, on the wall, producing another image reflected on the glass. The same house from different angles, we're walking around the perimeter as we pass through the interior. Serial vision. Let me rest a minute and regroup.

Rope folded in two, little legs of an unseen body perched on the windowsill. A moment of repose – I knew these ropes would let loose eventually. Projections of humanity, femininity, and I suddenly recognise myself in this snapshot. Sometimes I too sit naked by the window, legs anchoring me in the room. Once kissed, caressed, with back facing the Hinterhof: love on the threshold. A rope that is shiny, like gossamer gathered and twisted and gathered and twisted. Handmade! Time invested in knowledge, no exigency, beautiful contrivance out of which a sculpture emerges. Time made tangible. The material offers itself to me: fibres, threads, woven end, fraying end – how can an extremity be the antithesis of that which it concludes? I spin this thread of associations so loosely that the fibres start to unravel, too tenuous. A moment lost in – or, to – the material, interspersed with something like straw, golden flecks: heavenly rope coming undone.