

Paar to King
und die
jung
Lufflanten

Viola Yeşiltaç

Pawn to King und die fünf Souffleusen
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Poised on the peak, full of potential,
Then once again down, through slalom, expression,
The rush and the sweep, negotiating the poles,
A keen sense of danger having blunted perspective,

'Macho Man' left,

'Crazy lady' right.

Playing the long game is the best route for pawns,
Sticking to straits and sticking to narrows,
Drop a few decoys, a nicely placed *Zwischenzug*,
Every dinner needs tactics, on checkerboard tables,
If the aim of the game,
Is to capture the King.

Some subtle extravagance, that anchors the home,
A warm water lover with pimply skin,
An ancestral frieze keeps showers off the floor,
Scattered ruins of comfort, well hung by years,
Stray dogs without names that weave in and out,
Sniff their reflections, in plinths without heads.
A pawn's home is a castle,
Each room with a view,
Secured with fridge magnets,
And 'in-between-checks'.

An alchemist's work of making less more,
'It's all in the wrist,' the arc of the rule,
Tactics and gameplay, with blueprints spread out,
Keeping entry points tight, and maneuvers obscure,
Scooping off froth, to top up demand,
Squeezing bubbles through funnels,
Gets a foot in the door.
The *Souffleuses* speak:
With paper and ink,
Before you move,
First you must think.

-Rory Rowan