

**122: I. Lorenz; Not Leave Me Alone; Berlin; 2015; Photography**



A very lonely impression I got from this pack of multivitamin juice in the autumn leaves - abandoned, left alone, simply left on the road near a bus stop.

I wanted to take it with me, quickly picked it up with my tablet - and now it has a permanent place here in the exhibition.

The background projection repeats the motif of the fruit on the packaging - symbolising spring and summer - in contrast to the autumnal surroundings with the leaves in contrast to the autumnal surroundings with the foliage.

**134: I. Lorenz; Autumn Leaf; Worms; 2009; Photography and painting**

With this last picture goes Autumn Leaf, which has been in the archive for a long time and has never been worked on. It is nothing more than a lonely autumn leaf, no longer needed by its tree, cast off – like the finished cigarette of a passer-by that happened to be lying next to it.

But the hesitant projections of the lights with saturated colours want to evoke the cheerfulness of summer once again, lovingly surrounding the leaf, albeit very slowly melting into the grey asphalt. The backlighting is restrained, forming a light space of light, that only wants to pin the picture to the wall.

You may notice the small hole in the leaf (clearly recognisable as a white spot in the picture). It is also a hole in the asphalt – and thus wants to create an opening into a new dimension: life may be transient in this world - but it continues in another world.



**176: I. Lorenz; Caramba, the frame pump; Rohrbach (Ilm); 2017; Photography**



We are travelling on an ICE train and it makes an unscheduled stop at a small station. There, directly under our window, is a frame pump that has been pulled out and is already rusting on the neighbouring track.

How did it get there, we ask ourselves. Why has it been pulled out? Why has it been there for so long?

We moved on – and the encounter with the air pump, whatever may have happened to it in the meantime, remains with us here in the exhibition.

“Caramba, the frame pump” was an exclamation we used to make as youngsters when we were talking about something special that had moved us. Even the air pump in its unfamiliar place was allowed to be special. We had stopped in front of it – certainly not because of it – and we took the opportunity to notice it with all sensitivity, where it would not necessarily and generally was no longer recognised as a banality by other people.