

# Nadia Lichtig

## Blank Spots

*Blank Spots (București)* is a series associated with events from Romanian history and national trauma. They are frottages of street addresses in Bucharest city where the Pogrom of January 1941 has taken place. The frottages have been made by imprinting the structures of these grounds on site, with graphite on canvas. I consider the frottages as cartographies that, as precisely as these events are historically rooted, concentrate the dust on the surface of this trauma, buried in the ground.

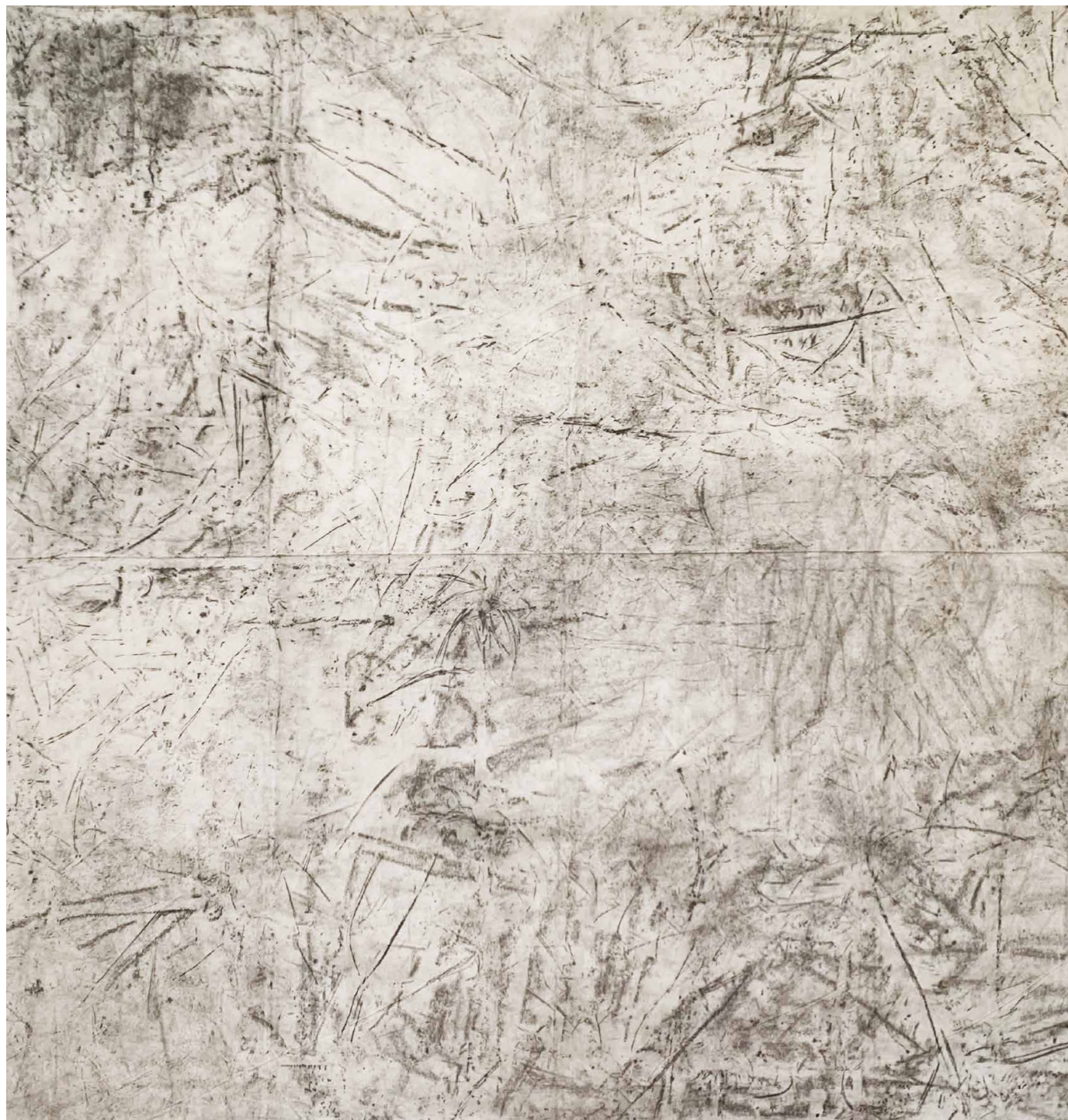
*Blank Spots Notes (București)* is a score. The musical indications are drawn from the frottages. The texts are collected notes, reflexions on dust, stars, science, memory, breath, oblivion. The score is interpreted as a choral performance for one or more voices.



**Blank Spots** (Strada Sfinții Apostoli 59, București),  
graphite on canvas, 160 × 170 cm, 2021



**Blank Spots** (Strada Biserica Amzei 8, București) #1,  
graphite on canvas, 160 × 170 cm, 2021



**Blank Spots** (Strada Termopile 4, București),  
graphite on canvas, 160 × 170 cm, 2021



**Blank Spots** (Strada Mihai Voda 21, București),  
graphite on canvas, 160 × 170 cm, 2021



*Blank Spots* (Strada Sfinții Apostoli 59, București),  
installation view, Anca Poterasu Gallery, Bucharest, 2021



Did it also find the others?

In a peculiar way, the sensation of touch tends to be both vivid and unverifiable.

Is it not vain to think that a painting was about you? Or mad?

Mutually acknowledged feelings, be they painful or joyful, are something one can act towards.

Unwitnessed pain and joy, on the contrary isolate you.

No act of giving testimony, no matter how strong or truthful, can ever have the quality of the moment of bearing witness.

Art and writing remain weak means of verification.

Bearing witness goes beyond making meaning.

It travelled through the airwaves to seek you out. And it found you.

But what help is meaning? Does meaning do anymore any good?

Fearing that it's 'all in your head' and hence all your fault, you slowly go crazy.

Madness is a product of the unavowed.

Even more so, if you proceed to do what they tell you.

To hear voices is considered a sign of madness.

No rival medicine or forensics, but maybe the type of factual veracity these modern sciences offer is of little help anyway when it comes to the truths of unresolved emotions.

*Blank Spots (București)* was developed thanks to a residency at the Goethe-Institut, Bucharest, Romania in August 2021. The work was shown at Anca Poterasu Gallery, Bucharest in September 2021, in the context of the exhibition *Image fantôme*, a series of collective exhibitions questioning arts' capacity of making historical and traumatic silences visible.

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