

TRANSPORT OF THE BODY

Artist: Mina Minov

Curator: Ivan Mudov

Strange and indeterminate, the objects stand still as if in an abandoned museum, a place that has lost its function and resembles a yard of forgotten things, seemingly waiting for something to awaken them. They look like remnants of an unknown practice. With the appearance of the artist, they come to life. His body gives them rhythm and direction, turning them into extensions of his own movement, while their strangeness only intensifies. The contrast between stillness and activity creates a tension that slowly fills the space. The strange and the inexplicable appear as givens, not to be explained, but to be experienced.

Here I am in my new tracksuit. (1) Full of energy, I walk around Mina's installation. The hall resembles an abandoned gym assembled from improvised materials: wooden beams, metal angles, straps, balls, elastic bands, springs, wheels, car tires, ropes, and cables. The first thing I reach is a wooden device with a leather cushion mounted on the wall. I grab it and start hitting myself on the head with it. (2) It's soft, it doesn't hurt, so I hit again and again, switching hands. Is this punishment, or just a way to empty your head?

Close to the head-hitting device, I find a bicycle with a bagpipe attached to it. I inflate it and start riding. One hand on the handlebars, the other holding the bagpipe. I circle the pavilion accompanied by a monotonous screech. (3)

I see Mina sitting next to something resembling a coffin, placed upright. I drop the bicycle and the bagpipe and climb inside. Mina begins turning two handles. The coffin slowly tilts to one side, like an illusionist's trick—except that nothing is hidden from the audience. After a minute I am horizontal. Then the movement reverses, bringing me back upright. (4)

On the ground there are two wooden boards with wheels attached at the front. Mina steps onto them like roller skates and leads me to the next apparatus. (5) Thirty centimeters above the ground hangs an old, gutted refrigerator. Mina opens the door and climbs inside. His head sticks out from the top. Using a rope, he begins to swing the refrigerator until it starts hitting a nearby stove wrapped in an inner car tire, which softens the impact. (6)

While waiting for him to get dizzy from the hypnotic motion, I lie face down on a curved wooden swing. There is a hole cut out for my face, like on a massage table. My body bends along the shape of the swing, my lower back cracks. The exhibition guard approaches and nudges me with his foot, setting the swing in motion. For a moment I think my face will smear against the floor and I let out a quiet squeal, but only the tip of my nose gently touches the Venetian mosaic tiles. Up, down. The guard swings me a bit more and then returns to his place. (7)

When the movement stops, I get up and look for Mina's new position. He is suspended horizontally in harnesses. His right leg hangs down and touches the ground, causing him to sway back and forth. In front of him, his head, and behind him, his left leg, strike inflatable balls in rainbow colors. Why is this happening? I don't know, but I want it to continue. The rhythm of the movement is in harmony with the absurdity of the situation. (8)

I turn left. A metal handle hangs from the ceiling on a rope. In front of it stands a monitor displaying an image of a tree. I pull the handle as if it were a toilet flush; the

branches on the screen move slightly. I pull again and again, and the whole tree begins to sway. The rope is connected to the tree in the courtyard of the palazzo via a steel cable, transmitting the mechanical motion of the pull directly to the tree outside, observed by a camera. I step into the courtyard—the tree is there. I try to see the mechanism.(9)

Instead of the mechanism, I discover three car tires on the grass, transformed into a device for crawling forward.(10) Lying on my stomach, arms stretched out in front of me, I set the wheels in motion and slide across the courtyard. With effort, I reach something I cannot identify, shift my body onto it—and take off.(11) That's it. I don't want to come down.

As I fly above the rooftops, I see that Mina is no longer where I left him. He is wearing a cosmonaut suit and is tying himself to a metal rod anchored in the floor. He pulls something like a safety pin and begins to spin slowly around himself.(12) With each rotation, the speed increases and the angle relative to the ground becomes sharper and sharper. I lift my head toward the sky. I close my eyes and hear: "Come down."

The project *Transport of the Body* examines movement and stillness as a process of constant balancing—entering and exiting states of equilibrium. The slow, sometimes hypnotic movements in Mina Minov's performances resonate with the tonality of the 61st Venice Biennale, *In Minor Keys*, which draws attention to small actions that alter perception. Even when it takes place in a single location, movement transports the body and generates a sense of metaphysical passage through space. As observers, our senses remain unsettled, and the action is perceived almost as an exercise in teleportation.

Mina creates video performances and objects that function simultaneously as obstacles, points of support, and situational devices. He describes his own practice as an inquiry into the processes and habits of art consumption. He seeks different equivalents and metaphors for how such consumption occurs. When these metaphors work, they can, in his view, become relevant to certain fundamental existential states. In his works, Minov strives for "concentrated observations," in which what appears simple or minimal turns out to be densely charged with meaning. For him, the body is an indeterminate core around which prostheses accumulate—material, conceptual, or situational.

After all these movements, the body leaves the apparatuses behind but retains their logic—swinging, resistance, repetition. The space continues to act upon it even beyond the pavilion, as a slight disturbance of balance. *Transport of the Body* does not conclude with a final action, but with a residue: the sensation that the body has been moved without physically leaving its place.

1. **The Official Tracksuit of the Bulgarian National Visual Arts Team**, 2019. Installation/performance, custom-designed jumpsuit.



2. **Untitled (consumption)**, 2011. Installation/performance/video, wood, spring, handle, leather pillow.

<https://vimeo.com/37259394?fl=pl&fe=sh>

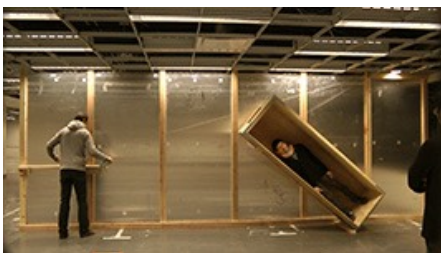


3. **Untitled (room 10)**, 2009. Installation/performance/video, bicycle, bagpipe.



4. **Moved by the Artist**, 2013. Installation/performance/video, wood, rope, metal.

<https://vimeo.com/110839360?fl=pl&fe=sh>



5. **Moved by (the walking prop)**, 2013. Installation/performance/video, wood.

<https://vimeo.com/400903717?fl=pl&fe=sh>



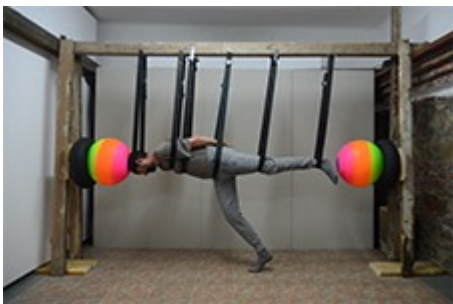
6. **Kick ass**, 2025. Installation/performance/video, refrigerator, stove, rope, inner car tube. <https://youtu.be/P0KpTja5fMM>



7. **Face Cradle**, 2011. Installation/performance/video, wood, foam. <https://vimeo.com/26696509?fl=pl&fe=sh>



8. **Untitled (to rest on a rest day)**, 2017. Installation/performance/video, inflatable balls, car seat belts, wood. <https://vimeo.com/245638337?fl=pl&fe=sh>



9. **Observatory #3**, 2008–2019. Installation/performance/video, metal handle, steel wire, camera, monitor. <https://vimeo.com/331544622?fl=pl&fe=sh>



10. **Three Wheels**, 2021. Object/performance/video, car tires, iron. <https://youtu.be/qHSOtaQntGw?si=tx5aOgH8iC6w06Tc>



11. **I Flew**, 2015. Installation/performance/video, wood, rope, metal. <https://youtu.be/YIMrQudWPCE> <https://vimeo.com/137944465?fl=pl&fe=sh>



12. **Untitled (fall)**, 2023. Installation/performance/video, metal. <https://vimeo.com/401349089?fl=pl&fe=sh>



Installation

The installation will occupy the pavilion space and part of the inner courtyard and will include twelve objects, each of which can be activated through a performance by Mina Minov. All works exist both as physical objects and as documented video performances.



view from above



view from the entrance



view facing the entrance



view from the entrance (detail)



view facing the entrance (detail)



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