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Titania Seidl
Lukas Thaler
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Eugen Wist

SHE CONTINUED TO LISTEN

She continued to listen as she watched her move quickly around the room, she turned her eyes away from her as if ashamed, as though she was confessing to something terrible and as she listened to her she found she was picturing tiny images - couldn't help it - constructing her own GIFs without thinking, one following fast on the tail of another - appearing, repeating, dissolving - now a nail being hammered home and hammered home again, now a smiling clown repeatedly placing a shotgun into its mouth and continuously blowing out its endlessly blown out brains - Firstly I blame her for a lot of what has happened to me, she said. Does she give even a shit? That, she mentioned next, is the million fucking dollar question! Does she, she said then, does she even know? Does she? Does she have any conception of what she has done to me; is in fact still doing to me? She said, I personally, I mean, personally, I really doubt it. She paused for a while and by the look in her eyes, was ruminating, going over it once again, the place she always returned to, the Same Old Ground. Am I wrong to think that? Tell me.

She shook her head in answer and tried to stop herself imagining lightning striking an innocent man, his repeatedly zapped and repeatedly electrocuted skeleton. A Cheshire cat grin: appearing, disappearing. Then came a tree, felled, falling, falling, falling again.

Does she though, she said then, know I mean? For instance, she continued, I know I have said this before but I always believed that the way I functioned, the thinking involved, the sheer rigour of thought, the belief, the persistence I brought to whatever it is I was trying to do, would somehow I don't know, pay off, would somehow add up eventually to something, I don't know what, and true enough I have had my fair share of opportunities, but that's not the point. At this point, another image: a businessman, weeping, pulling himself together, weeping.

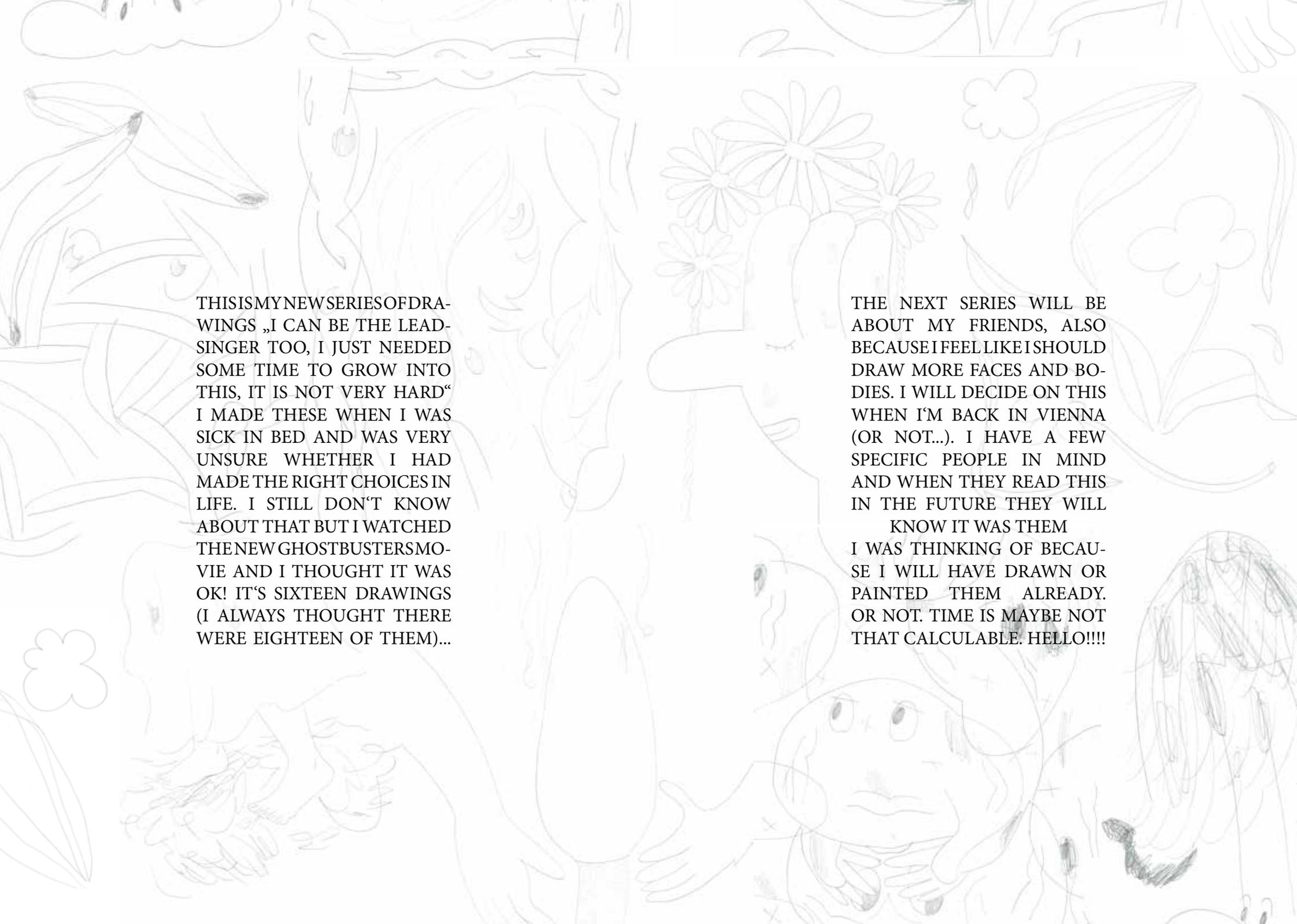
She nodded slowly, looked away and tried not to begin to panic, fingernails into soft palm, digging.

You know as well as anyone, she said next, that I have had, well yes, my fair share of chances. But just like she said to me after Blossom died: 'She was never given a chance to bloom.' Imagine that, she said, imagine my face hearing that from her fat mouth? That is just how it is, that is just how I feel right now and I am sorry to load this on you again, but, she said, pausing for a moment - a bubble of thought, expanding, contracting, always empty, always - but, she continued, you know, I know you can see - you can see can't you? - how she has always stood in my way? She has been the rock in my road since day one. This is something she does. This is just something she does. When I think, she told her, of all the people she has alienated on my behalf, as though at my strict request, by proxy - a laughing cow, drinking milk. A butcher's pig, piebald, napkin under chin, tucking into chop after chop - she said I go up to people now I have known for years and suddenly, they turn away, she said, they turn their backs on me when they see me coming. She said, do you know how that feels? When I have done nothing? Absolutely nothing. And, she said, this is what she has done to me. This is the gift. Can you even imagine? she asked her. This is the final favour she has granted, she said, bequeathed before leaving my life. How has she convinced them all so easily? It really is, she said, like some witch's curse. What has she said exactly? What has she...why has she done this to me? - three digits, two digits, one, three digits, two digits, one... She has turned people - she paused here - she has painted me as the fucking gorgon, she said, people cannot even meet my eyes in case I turn them to stone. She has brainwashed them all. After another pause she said I am scared to go home now, you know? I am frightened to return to my own damn mother's house. My own mother! What if even her body has been snatched? What if even her brain has been washed? I'm sorry. Do you mind, she asked her then, my talking again about this? Again?

(Paul Becker)



rose feeling



THIS IS MY NEW SERIES OF DRAWINGS „I CAN BE THE LEAD-SINGER TOO, I JUST NEEDED SOME TIME TO GROW INTO THIS, IT IS NOT VERY HARD“ I MADE THESE WHEN I WAS SICK IN BED AND WAS VERY UNSURE WHETHER I HAD MADE THE RIGHT CHOICES IN LIFE. I STILL DON‘T KNOW ABOUT THAT BUT I WATCHED THE NEW GHOSTBUSTERS MOVIE AND I THOUGHT IT WAS OK! IT‘S SIXTEEN DRAWINGS (I ALWAYS THOUGHT THERE WERE EIGHTEEN OF THEM)...

THE NEXT SERIES WILL BE ABOUT MY FRIENDS, ALSO BECAUSE I FEEL LIKE I SHOULD DRAW MORE FACES AND BODIES. I WILL DECIDE ON THIS WHEN I‘M BACK IN VIENNA (OR NOT...). I HAVE A FEW SPECIFIC PEOPLE IN MIND AND WHEN THEY READ THIS IN THE FUTURE THEY WILL KNOW IT WAS THEM

I WAS THINKING OF BECAUSE I WILL HAVE DRAWN OR PAINTED THEM ALREADY. OR NOT. TIME IS MAYBE NOT THAT CALCULABLE. HELLO!!!!

APPROACHES: IN A FANATIC ZEAL OF NEATNESS

I bought a new shirt:

It's off-the-rack, black, and regular cut. As plain as it gets or as normal as possible. I've worn it on many occasions already; to work, openings, casually, every day. Day or night, and to bed too.

By the same token I've had to wash it quite often. So far it has kept pace with my showering routines and these rituals seem to slowly converge:

At first I'd wash it in the sink, leaving it to soak, while taking my shower. Afterwards wringing the water out of the textile while still wrapped in terry towels myself. Mostly, I'd wait patiently for it to dry, but now and then use my hairdryer to force a certain progression. Turning it to full power and maximum temperature leaving the fabric arid and crisp. Overblown and overripe.

At some point I got tired of the parallel division of my cleansing efforts and decided to bring the shirt into the shower. I cleaned it with shampoo, made it foam in the same manner I do my hair whenever washing it. By now the equal treatment of myself and this garment had outrun and outworn my usual habits, and as with so many other things, it seemed natural - even necessary - to take it one step further or to the next level:

Wearing the shirt while showering. At this point it was no longer something spontaneous, rational or logistically beneficial. It had modified into an engaged, targeted project. I did it hoping to describe a shift within a certain habitual and trivial everyday physical experience. I was expecting an experience.

It clung to my body. Stuck to every detail of my torso, crawled into my recesses and stretched over my bumps. Tried to display features to me, that I knew all too well already.

But not only did the shirt create a kind of vacuum around me, the density of my body seemed to rebound; bounce back. I felt like a swelling amount of flesh pushing myself against the sticky fabric, allowing no gaps anywhere. Volume: force and restraint.

I thought of Rubens paintings and inflated airbags inside crashed crushed cars. Masses trapped in too small frames or vehicles. Whirling flesh and steamy clouds blown around and blowing up within some meshed but rigid container. Tornados wrapped in wet gauze, durum wraps in tin foil, transporting the heat from the meat to the hands holding the meal as if holding a handle. Or a pole, a column, support.

He had told me once, that my outfit looked like a building a settlement. I had thought more of it as a curtain; vertical venetian blinds. We'd agreed to consider my clothing a layer of division already then.

A private property not to trespass. And then he told me about Hollywood stars who build buildings entire houses for their let's say shoe collection.

Infinite lines of mint condition crisp coke white sneaks. Never or rarely to be worn. Some will simply buy new shirts, socks or boxers after wearing them once, he said.

(Birke Gorm)

Mine mine
Mine mine
Mine mine
Yours yours

Mine mine
Mine mine
Mine mine
Yours yours

Yours yours
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Is is
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Mine mine
Mine mine

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Mine mine

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My mine my mine

Is is
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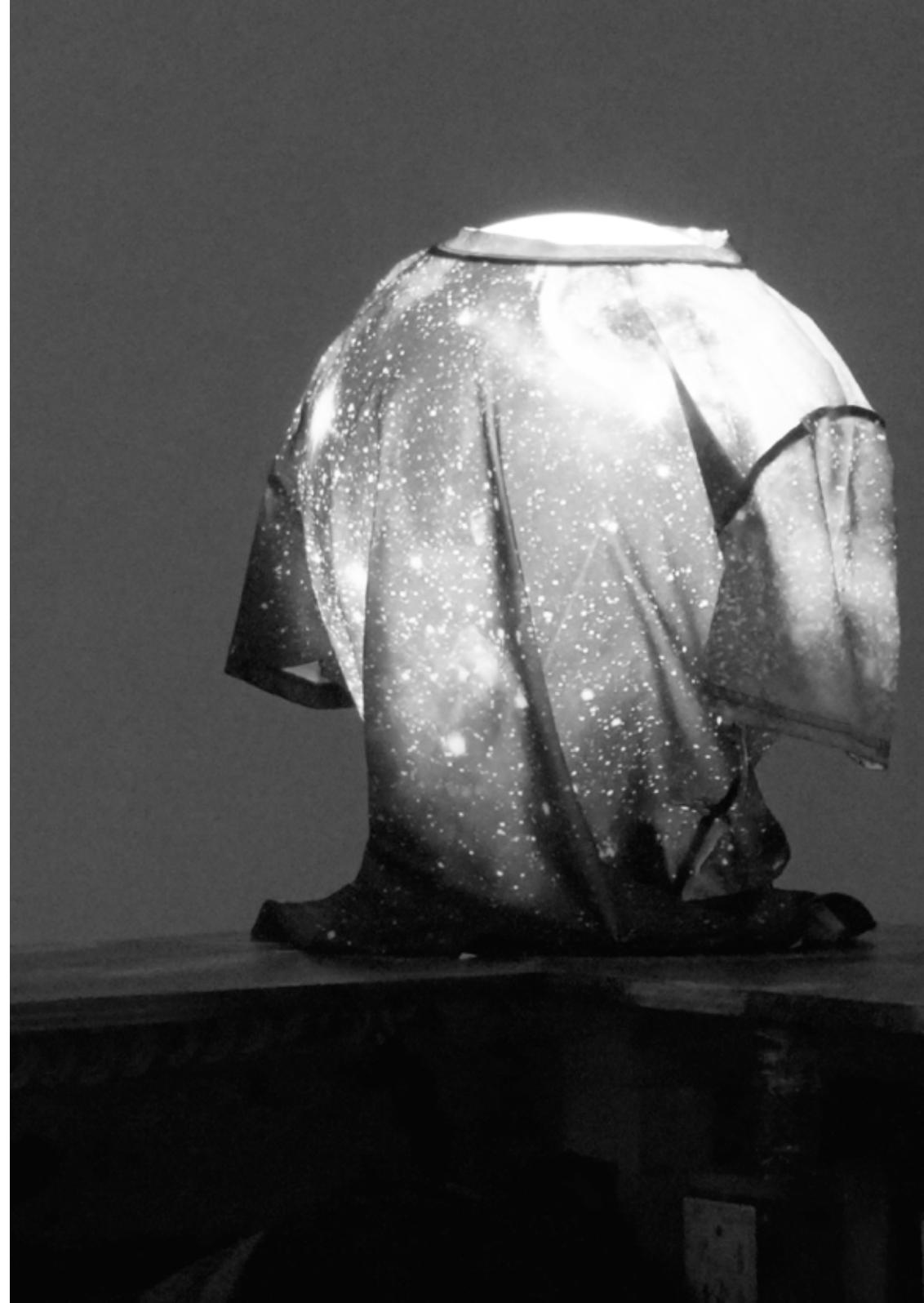
And
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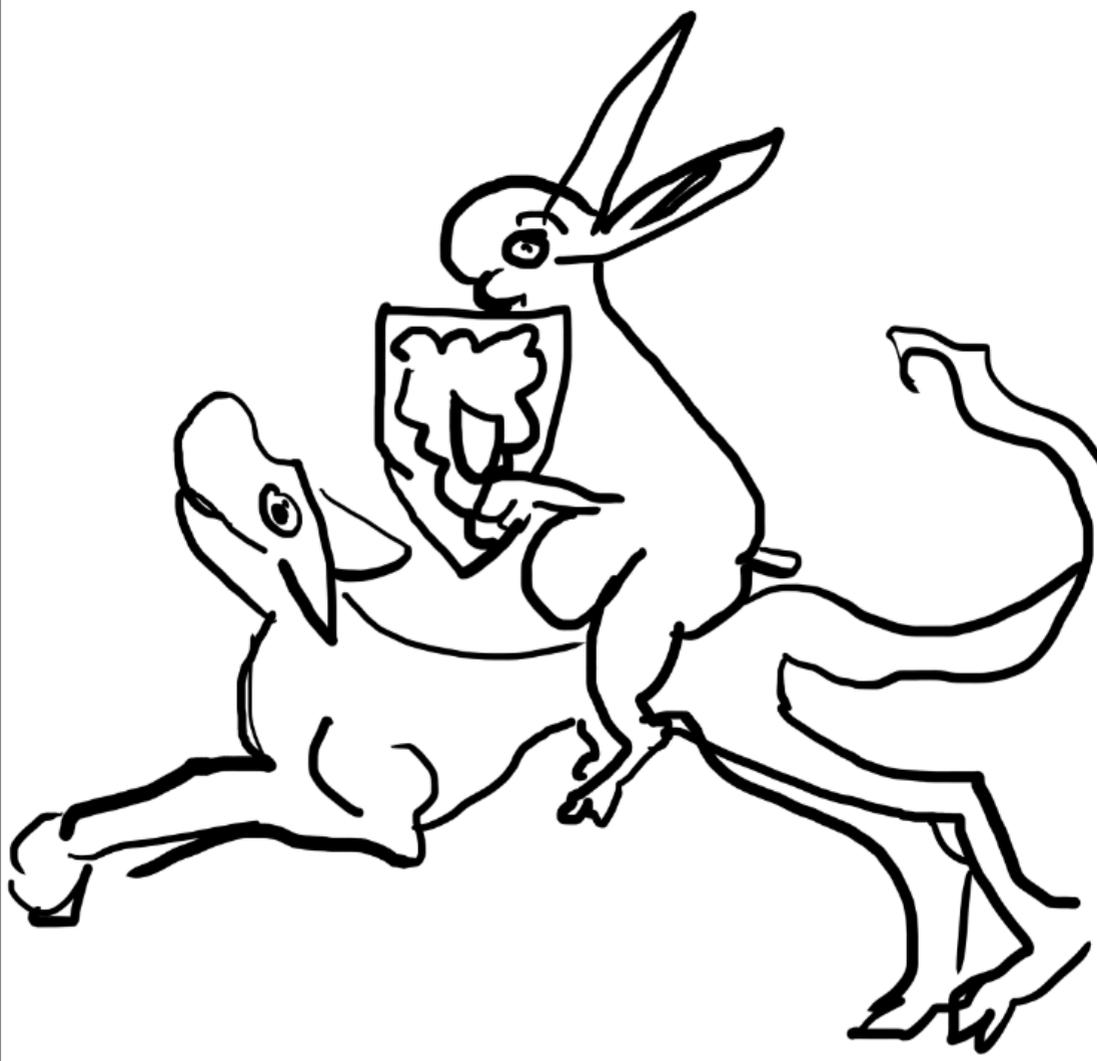
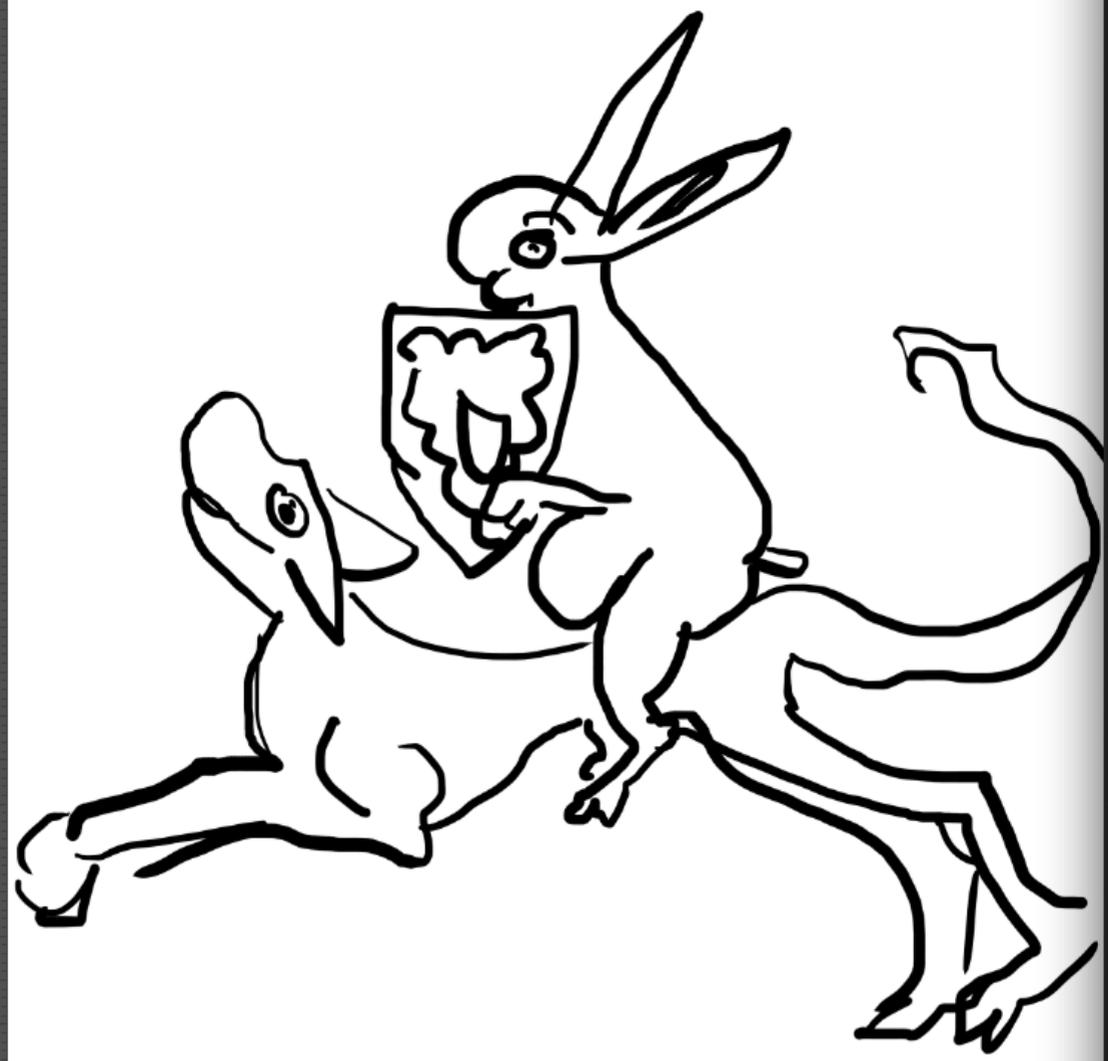
I value
Add value
You value
You value
Add value to
Use value
Costs you
More value
For my value
So

(Nicholas Hoffman)











*A gigantic lava sea drowns my view.
Waves are rising and breaking in slow motion.
Liquid fire gushes on the Yves Klein beach over and over,
then fades a little and is carried away again by a fresh stream of lava.
Hypnotized once more, I can't stop observing the spectacle.
A mighty gust of wind blasts over a sand hill.*

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