

Ich mache die Liste der Sachen
die mich ärgern
Refrain:
Ich habe satt die, die weinen
die nur zwei Kilometer pro Stunde fahren
die sich beschweren und die sich festlegen
auf die Idee einer fixen Idee
Ich habe von denen genug, die bremsen
den Radikalen die schießen
die das Leben ganz schwarz sehen
die mich verpetzen
Ich habe genug von der großen Schwester
die über alles stöhnt und weint
genug vom Regen, den Zucchini
die mich auf das Bett erbrechen lassen
Ich habe die Zyniker satt
und in den Wiesen die Herbstzeitlosen
ich habe es satt, es satt zu haben
Daher ...
Ich habe zarte Haut
in meinem Bade aus Schaum
Keine Erdbebenstöße
Ich mache es mir bequem (hier ...)
Und entspanne mich (oh ja ...)
Das ist mein Zustand im Wasser
Da scheint etwas faul zu sein

Amelie von Wulffen

Am kühlen Tisch
January–February 2015
Location Eschenbachgasse
(ill. p. 664)

Re-enactment of the exhibition of the same name at Portikus, Frankfurt 2014

Review of the show in Frankfurt
Jens Asthoff, Artforum International, May 2015

Goya's a great guy—you'd be happy to go on vacation with him, see exhibitions together, or just shoot the breeze, and you can always call him when you're feeling down. Or so it would seem, based on Amelie von Wulffen's latest paintings. Max Beckmann, on the other hand, comes off as a little less approachable: Although the weather's perfect for sailing, he just stands there in his blue jacket, smoking and staring blankly at nothing in particular. Then there's van Gogh, another member of von Wulffen's posse, gazing from the wooden backrest of an old-fashioned classroom chair with an expression of slightly befuddled skepticism—you've seen it before, in his Self-Portrait with Grey Felt Hat, 1886–1887. Von Wulffen's exhibition "Am kühlen Tisch" ("At the Cool Table") was chock-full of visual quotations from the dawn of modernism and bristled with the period's newfound sense of freedom. As these men saw it, creative emancipation from pictorial formulas went hand in hand with liberation from society's constraints. It was a star-studded show: Gauguin, too, put in a personal appearance; Cézanne and Gustave Caillebotte were invoked through their styles. The exhibition consisted of eight large paintings, a pencil-drawn animated video, and five chairs arranged behind the projector—their seats and backrests had been painted, suggesting that they weren't really meant for sitting.



Untitled 2013
oil on wooden chair
72×46×50 cm

The central and highly entertaining narrative in which von Wulffen encounters her painterly forebears is unspooled in the 2013 video that gave the exhibition its title. In pale and appropriately awkward drawings with speech balloons and the occasional eraser trace, von Wulffen concocts a caustically funny satire on her own day-to-day life as an artist, replete with embarrassing slipups, weird obsessions, and the machinations of a perfidious art scene.

At an opening dinner, all the important people sit at "the cool table" while the artist's alter ego is stuck making boring conversation with other misfits. One day she logs on to artifact.com to check in on her standing and gets wildly worked up because her market value has plummeted. Another low point comes when her sister, whose life seems to revolve around housework and diets, becomes a hit at [documenta](http://documenta.com). Von Wulffen is often accompanied by her buddy Goya; as they ride the train together, she muses about his fashionable attire, the hat and short jacket he is seen wearing in his famous Self-Portrait in the Studio, 1790–1795. She doesn't think too highly of it: "He powders his hair and wears these fashionable clothes—it doesn't suit him at all, makes him look quite pastoral." A moment later, gazing out the window, she waxes enthusiastic: "Goya—look how beautiful—three different kinds of clouds in blue, brown and pink; shame that these things can't be painted anymore." Goya asks uncomprehendingly, "Why? What do you mean?" Von Wulffen, at a loss to explain, replies, "Oh, you really wouldn't get it."

Surrounding this satirical tale of art, the market, and life were colorful paintings (all untitled), re-creations of works from classic modernism and protomodernism. In reality, Goya's self-portrait measures a mere 16 5/8 × 11 inch, but von Wulffen has blown it up to 79 × 55 inch. Moreover, she's painted it with deliberate amateurishness and, to highlight the irony, filled in some areas with abstract brushwork and added two surreally oversized bees. In paraphrasing Beckmann's final Self-Portrait in Blue Jacket, 1950, she transplanted the German Expressionist from his studio to a Post-Impressionist lake scene with sailboats. All in all, the show served as a dramatic/comedic narrative as well as a stylistic tour de force of art history, the contemporary art world, and the aesthetic life—with Goya as von Wulffen's Virgil.

Heimo Zobernig

March–April 2015
Location Eschenbachgasse
(ill. p. 666)

Text (excerpt)
Margareta Sandhofer

Has Zobernig been overcome by romanticism? Bizarre trowel marks in shrill neon colors draw the eye. There is a palpable reference to the grids of his early years, though massively infiltrated by the gestural. The images reveal a playful relationship to the history of painting, as well as to the supposedly polar elements of figuration and abstraction. Their appearance is ambivalent—not purely abstract, yet not representational, it suggests both while defying categorization. Figure and background are dispensed with as compositional principles: the painterly process as a complex narrative that determines the image. Taped-off gridlines provide a basic framework, the structure of which is ruptured by the gestural application of color. Layers of paint, clear and curvy lines and loops are closely interwoven. The successive removal of the tape reveals deeper-lying layers. Different temporal stages of the development process are made simultaneously visible—the compaction of the separate constituent pictorial elements and painterly dispositions result in highly subjective configurations. For all their suggested spontaneity, these create a very controlled appearance and in their visibly painted aspect determine the eccentric form. The materiality of the painting and its pictorial organization is rendered tangible; the artificiality of the status "painting" is emphasized in the affirmative. Zobernig's current paintings are an aesthetic statement—a new complexity manifests itself, full



Untitled, 2014
acrylic on canvas
200×200 cm

of fractures and discontinuities. The organizing principle is anarchy, each positing is heterogeneous and at the same time new. And yet Zobernig remains unwaveringly loyal to his original intentions.

Nora Schultz

Story off the Roof
April–June 2015
Location Eschenbachgasse
(ill. p. 668)

Text
Nora Schultz

Squiggle

Think of a country that after a war is ruled for a while by an occupying force. Ironically, the old culture proves more attractive than the new one even for the occupiers so in the new culture there is a certain popular type of antique stores where you get artifacts from the old days; however, most of which are artfully counterfeited. In fact in some parts of the country there are whole factories that produce furniture and all kinds of goods for these stores, where the workers are specialized in techniques to make metal surfaces look rusty and used, and leather dry and dark. Think of a factory that produces these goods and one of the workers in this factory who is really good—at inventing these techniques for the material to appear old, used, rotten but valuable—and loses his job nevertheless. So, he decides, with his friend, to open their own workshop and produce their own jewelry in contemporary and abstract designs. When they have quite a number of pieces done, they go to different stores trying to sell them. Think of one of these antique stores. The owner of the store is an effective businessman who constantly tries to find a good deal for his store and when the jewelry is offered to him for sale, at first he is not convinced. But after careful consideration, he considers the contemporary design as an exciting new direction not only for the store, but perhaps for the entire country, a new cultural identity, and one that is not fake. So, he displays the jewelry in his store. A disheveled and suspicious looking character enters the antique store. He tries to hawk a gun. But instead, the owner tries to unload on him a simple silver triangle pin, one of the contemporary design pieces that are now being sold there. Unbeknownst to the store owner, the guy has completely fallen apart; he needs a new future to look for and so he takes very seriously what the store owner tells him about the new design, that it would somehow represent a future cultural identity. So he decides to seize the opportunity and consider the pin as a sign that would lead him into a new reality. He goes out and walks to a park to sit down and scrutinize the new silver triangle he holds in his hands... He held the squiggle of silver—reflection of the midday sun, like boxtop-cereal trinket, sent-away Jack Armstrong magnifying mirror. Or—he gazed down into it. Om, as the Brahmins say. Shrunk spot in which all is captured. The size, the shape. He continued to inspect dutifully. Will it come, as the storeowner prophesied? Five minutes, ten minutes. I sit as long as I can. What is it I hold, while there is still time? Forgive me, he thought in the direction of the squiggle. Pressure on us, always to rise and act. One final hopeful glance—he again scrutinized with all he had. Enter me and inform what has been done, what it means, why. Compression of understanding into one finite squiggle. Asking too much and so get nothing. Listen, he said sotto voce to the squiggle. Sales warranty promised much. If I shake it violently like old watch...he did so, up and down. Or like dice in the critical game. Call him louder. Again he scrutinized. You little thing, you are empty, he thought. Curse at it, he told himself, frighten it. My patience is running out, he said. And what then? Fling you in the gutter? Breath on it, shake it, breath on it. Win me the game. Tried everything, he realized. Pleaded, contemplated, threatened, philosophized at length. What else can be done? He tightly held the silver triangle, shellwise to his left ear. No sound. Not even that. He shut his eyes and began fingering every bit of the surface of the item. No touch. His fingers told him nothing. Smell. Metallic faint odour but it

conveyed no meaning. Taste. Opening his mouth, he popped it in like a cracker. No meaning. Only bitter, hard cold thing. He again held it in his palm. Back at last to seeing. He turned the silver triangle each and every way; he viewed it from every extra rem standpoint. What do I see? He asked himself. What is the clue of truth that confronts me in this object? Metal is from the earth, he thought as he scrutinized. From below: from that realm which is the lowest, the most dense, always dark. Yin world, in its most melancholy aspect. The time-that-was. And yet, in the sunlight, the silver triangle glittered. It reflected light. Not dank or dark object at all. Yes, that's the artist's job: takes mineral rock from dark silent earth, transforms it into shining, light-reflecting form. The past yielded to the future. But which are you? He asked the silver squiggle. Dark dead Yin or brilliant living Yang? In his palm, the silver squiggle danced and blinded him, he squinted seeing now only the play of light. Now talk to me, he told it. The light disappeared. He held the dull silver triangle only. Shadow had cut off the sun. He glanced up. A tall blue-suited policeman standing by his bench, smiling.

Quote: Phillip K. Dick, "The Man in the High Castle"

Das Unbekannte Meisterwerk / The Unknown Masterpiece

Curator: Christian Meyer
June–July 2015
Location Eschenbachgasse
Publication

Artists: Kerstin Brätsch, Michaela Eichwald, Debo Eilers, gelitin, Julia Haller, Rachel Harrison, Michael Krebber, Albert Oehlen, Simar Polke, Christian Rosa, Gedi Sibony, Josh Smith, Amelie von Wulffen, Franz West, Heimo Zobernig
(ill. p. 670)

Press Release
The Unknown Masterpiece
(based on Georges Didi-Huberman)

At the end of the 1980s, a group of artist-friends began questioning the localization of art. Did the basis of art lie in the personality of the artist or in the bohemian society around them, in the theoretical concept or even in the artistic object itself? To friends Günther Förg, Martin Kippenberger, Albert Oehlen, and Heimo Zobernig it became clear that in the future, concept and context would acquire a previously unknown significance. "In the future, we will no longer make, only think" (Kippenberger). Yet these artists continued to place a certain faithfulness at the forefront of their practice, and so remained bound to the classical medium of painting. A decisive aspect of their discourse was the 1831 novel *The Unknown Masterpiece* by Honoré de Balzac. In this well-known novel, an academic artist, a young genius, and a skeptical old master of painting search for the truth of art. It is about the great painters' struggle for their own expression, as the young Nicolas Poussin, through the salon painter Porbus, meets the cranky old master Frenhofer, who has brooded for ages in his hermitage over a portrait of the legendary courtesan Catherine Lescaut. Poussin "lends" Frenhofer his beloved Gillette in order that Frenhofer might finish the painting. But when the master finally presents his legendary work, Poussin and Porbus see "nothing but colors concentrated in wild confusion and held together by an abundance of bizarre lines." A mess. Only in one corner of the painting do they discover the tip of a bare foot, white and pure, "like the torso of some Venus"—a lonely fragment, the physical remains of an artistic odyssey. As in all parts of Balzac's *Human Comedy*, the characters in *The Unknown Masterpiece* are less individuals than types representing a social role or art-theoretical position. As Georges Didi-Huberman shows in *The Embodied Painting* (2002), the story remains of continuing importance for the profession of the painting. Not only because Frenhofer, the painter invented by Balzac, practically characterizes the entire history of modernity,



Invitation, 2015



Invitation, 2015

but because *The Unknown Masterpiece* persistently points out the fact that the ultimate reason for painting lies beyond the practice of painting itself. In this sense, the further course of the story represents a continual postponement of this ultimate reason, in so far as to how it should be realized. The protagonists seek the perfection of painting as an act of deciding. This process of bringing about an artistic decision amounts in essence to the constitution of the painter as subject. As long as the subject remains divided (Frenhofer's critical-theoretical skepticism), the act of bringing about the heroic pictorial decision—the decisive brush stroke—will elude him.

But the story also addresses the relativization of representation, the mimetic. Above all, however, it speaks to the imperative of the in-between, the suspension of the figurative problem of the enveloping surface—the incarnate—the meshwork of physical surface and depth, the dialectic between appearance and disappearance, front and back, which are justified in the active, oscillating coloration itself. The painting would therefore already exist in the interplay of surface and depth alone. It is a hyperphysics of layers and vibrations. The physical appearance, but also the thoughts, act through this. The painting (canvas, fabric), therefore, no more represents a surface than do the color, the skin, or the “foliate” principle of the visible, which Balzac suggests here. Painting either mocks us, in light of a surface that is not a surface, or we kill it. Some of this is reflected in Frenhofer's dilemma itself: between ontological mockery and self-sacrifice.

Text in the publication on gelatin's contribution:

Tex Rubinowitz
The Unknown Masterpiece

When I woke up the other day, I reached my new state of aggregation hanging on to only the two words “There is.” No picture attached. What is there? All kinds of things, beginnings, claims, attempts, rice, all of which are premised on THERE IS. If there was no is, nothing could come from it. Before it exists, however, there is always the lingering question, what am I actually doing here, is it worth it, who got me all dressed up with nowhere to go, or am I supposed to meet someone, so that he, in turn, can meet me? You can also build nothing on THERE IS, because, of course, nothing exists that's not at least SOMETHING. There's nothing to eat today. OK, I will simply go to bed hungry, and have bad dreams, and tell my therapist about my awful dreams tomorrow, and he will diagnose me with a THERE IS trauma, an anxiety of beginning. A trauma is, at least, not nothing. You can build something on traumas. But now that I've already woken up with THERE IS, there is no point in going to the therapist, because I know what he'll tell me anyway. I will not talk to him, so he will not have to listen to me either. I don't even know the new day yet. I guess that it is there, but can I be sure? Maybe I already died before I woke up, so forget about everything else if the answer to the question of what THERE IS is simply the entire rest of my life, which is dependent on its beginning. In the beyond, there is no beginning and no end, no answers, because there are no questions. God gives the nuts, he does not crack them. But that's only true for us down here who have woken up this morning, be it as a giant insect or with a half-begun sentence on dry lips. So, what is there?

There is THE POSSIBILITY. And the possibility is not one, they are many. They stand right before us, like soldiers, it's just that we can't see them. Basically, we don't see a single one, but we don't have to, because they see US.

Even if we pretend that we have free will, cosmologically speaking that's not entirely true, we don't even exist, we are a lipogram (writing in which a particular letter or group of letters is avoided) in a bowl of gelatin, something flawed in the aggregate state of the wobble.

Maybe we'll wake up one day and be not just one missing letter, but four missing letters in four bowls of animal protein from the connective tissue of some animals, perhaps domestic rabbits.

And now the four of you will decide what THERE IS. And that which is decided by these four flaws will be even harder to define, but the tough decisions they will nonetheless reach we will call *The Unknown Masterpiece*.

But that is never realized, or, it has not been realized so far, and this point between not yet realized and realized, between dream and death, between waking and THERE IS, that is called GELATIN.

Curated by N.O. Madsky

KAYA V (Kerstin Brätsch & Debo Eilers)
Display by N.O. Madsky
September–November 2015
Location Eschenbachgasse
(ill. p. 674)

Text
N.O. Madsky, Mousse Magazine, September 2015

He did not know anymore how long he had wandered the city. Endless periods of time seemed to have passed since he had set out on his quest. He could no longer say with certainty how long he had been on his way—time, it seemed, played no role in his mind now. Was it hours, days, weeks, even months or had he been on his search since the very beginning of his existence?

It was almost impossible for him to summon up clear memories of the beginning of his quest. He had long been aware of the fact that he was searching for something—a part of his identity.

Ever since his earliest childhood days, it had always felt this way, it was as if he had been locked out of an area in his mind and feelings, which was now out of reach and inaccessible.

He prowled the shady, bleak streets of this morbid city, its memory, and the abyss of its decline and decadence.

With its classical architecture from times of past grandeur, monuments to heroic deeds of old odor of great history, and a touch of illumination ... that ostensive order and righteousness, those achievements of a culture continually losing its way and disintegrating, one that was only cultivated for its own sake and to increase the population.

In the past he had, at times, still enjoyed the colorful hustle and bustle on squares filled with the imagery and sounds of modern industrial society, the distractions of dark backstreets and yards where money could buy just about any hedonistic desire. Now, he had only contempt for all of this. Contempt for all these sensory impressions, temptations, and feelings that lured him away from his quest, that wanted to hold him captive in the unbearable pettiness of his existence.

He had to flee the city and its residents. Both were utterly lost in endlessly repetitive trivia. He wanted to leave behind him the sardonically grinning grimaces of people and buildings, this masquerade of life that really wasn't one at all.

Morbidly obsessive, he kept on wandering feverishly down main and side roads, roaming around parks and stumbling through an endless sprawl of housing developments.

When he found it, he was hardly more than a shadow.

The place looked to him as if it had always been there, as if it existed outside of any perception of time and space. A temple of infinite wisdom, filled with ancient, forgotten knowledge and hidden secrets.

It spread out before him like a wound in the continuum of the known universe, like a rift in the reality known to him.

Well aware that his ceaseless quest was now drawing to a close, he stood at the threshold and felt a sense of absolute triumph.

The first thing he became aware of was a sound wafting towards him from out of the twilight, an incessant throbbing, hammering, and seething that seemed to come from far far away. He had to wait a long time for his eyes to adjust to the twilight and could make out the first shadowy outlines. It appeared this space was filled with life, with a scarcely fathomable dynamics of millennia-old congealment and constant movement, and as he was trying to grasp something tangible, an air of the sacred flowed around him like an ethereal mist rising from an opened pharaoh's burial chamber.

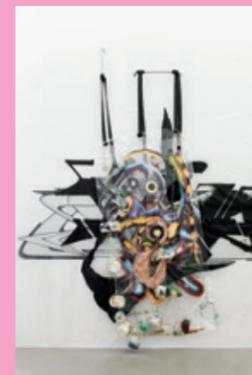
He felt dizzy.

He hesitated—knowing immediately that every step...

And then he crossed the threshold.

He entered the room like an acolyte of long-forgotten cults, slowly, keenly aware of the movements of his muscles, in the manner of a prelude to a ritual that...

The space



KAYA (Kerstin Brätsch & Debo Eilers)
Stone Call is for Bodybag
PLUMP PUCKER, 2015
metal, vinyl rope, oil on mylar, vinyl,
grommets, epoxy, plexiglass cans, urethane
390×190×40 cm

Elongated, sacred

Step over the threshold

Like Charon's journey across the Styx into realms of isolation that spanned eons, he left the world of the mundane, pushing onward into the sphere outside of direct perception, exploring mysteries that most people would forever be unable to uncover.

He was welcomed by machine-like silhouettes of an incomprehensible mechanics of permanent breathing cycles, a mesh of unreal colors, incomprehensible lines, cylinders, pendulums, tubes, and bionic incubus apparatuses.

He immersed himself in a pulsating life of recurrent circulation.

Everything was filled with vapors of decay and cadaverous motion, which swung back and forth like a sword of Damocles in a hypnotic pendulum movement.

Infinitely slow, like a marionette, he felt his way forward, not of his own accord, but going along, as it were, with the primal force of the pulsating cosmos that manifested itself around him.

It was as if he were part of an endless machine that was invariably drawing vital energy, deadening it, and delivering new life, filling all his senses, aligning his movements with the marching step of a shadowy procession that was accompanied by humming priests with strangely shaped tiaras on their heads. In the course of his initiation, they would introduce him to long forgotten mysteries and terrifying truths, willing to convey to him an understanding of wisdom as yet incomprehensible and intangible to him.

Universes of colors and shapes opened up around him, rushing towards him, burning themselves into his mind, and fully engulfing it.

With every step, he felt his own existence dissolve, his sleep of death end. He knew that each step meant the passing of his old, petty life.

While around him priests mumbled a beguiling sing-song chant, shadowy beings mysteriously whirred around his head, hovered above and watched him furtively, he could make out in the twilight reliefs on the walls—the signs of an older, greater, but infinitely alien wisdom that seemed impossible for him to decipher. Without being able to fully grasp them, he instinctively sensed that these signs, like the writing on the wall, heralded with fanfares the downfall of all traditional order and knowledge, screaming out into the cosmos the end of all culture known to him.

Soon he could no longer distinguish between himself and the outside, the bubbling and seething around him, he could feel how every further step meant a kind of dissolution. While unreal faces stared at him, tubes reached for him like tentacles, alien colors and signs flowed through him, permeating every last cell in his body, and shadowy priests tugged at him, the whole room seemed to wheel around him.

He was a machine, became part of a grand symphony of atomic chaos. Becoming initiated and, at once, victim, ghoulishly crawling, he moved closer to the center of the sanctuary while with every further step the throbbing and pounding grew into a cacophony of madness.

When he stepped into the innermost sanctum, he was no longer in space, no longer part of this world.

Here he found it

That which carried everything in itself

And that he himself was ____

Annette Kelm

Synchro

December 2015–January 2016

Location Eschenbachgasse

(ill. p. 676)

Review

Christa Benzer, Der Standard, 5.1.2016

Dollars, Blumenmuster, Faltenwürfe

In Interviews bleibt Annette Kelm immer überaus sachlich: „Um eine Annäherung an die Realität und das Sehen“ würde es ihr in der Fotografie gehen. Und nein, nicht um malerische Aspekte, den Szenestatus der von ihr Porträtierten oder gar um Politisches. Was die 40-jährige Künstlerin (geb. 1975 in Stuttgart), die im November den Camera-Austria-Preis der Stadt Graz erhielt, interessiert, ist der Prozess des Herstellens. Im analogen bildnerischen Verfahren geht es ihr hauptsächlich um „Belichtung und Bildwerte“.

So hieß auch die Fotostrecke für die Zeitschrift Camera Austria, für die Kelm berühmte Vorbilder wie Christopher Williams oder Morgan Fisher ausgewählt hat. Beide Fotografen reflektieren in konzeptuellen Herangehensweisen die technischen Bedingungen, aber auch die repräsentativen Funktionen des Mediums Fotografie. Annette Kelm ist im Wissen um diese Positionen ebenfalls an einer Versachlichung ihrer Motive (Objekte wie Personen) interessiert.

Betrachtet man ihre überaus präzise arrangierten Stillleben, die derzeit in ihrer Ausstellung Synchro in der Galerie Meyer Kainer in Wien zu sehen sind, kann man jedoch kaum vermeiden, eine Bedeutung hineinzulesen: In einer dreiteiligen, als Triptychon arrangierten Serie von 2015 arbeitet sie mit Eindollarnoten. Während sie daraus im ersten Bild das falsch geschriebene Wort „Monney“ bildet, sieht es auf den zwei weiteren Fotos so aus, als hätte man versucht, das Geld gleich wieder zusammenzukratzen.

Geldbäumchen

Als wären sie besonders fotogen, tauchen in Kelms Schau überhaupt viele Banknoten auf: In der ebenfalls dreiteiligen Serie Money Tree (2015) fungieren Dollarnoten als Blätter von Dekorpflanzen. One Dollar Right Side / Money Tree One Leaf Right lautet der protokollarische Titel des zweiten Bildes, während das dritte One Dollar Left Side / Money Tree One Leaf Left heißt.

Ähnlich geht Kelm auch in ihrer Serie Home Home Home (2015) vor: Auf allen drei Bildern hat sie das Wort „Home“ – in Form eines dreidimensionalen Deko-Buchstabenobjekts – gemeinsam mit Vasen und Pflanzen zu einem Stillleben auf blauem Bürosessel arrangiert. Man denkt an Interior Design und eine moderne Wohnästhetik, für die sich Kelm von der US-Designerin Dorothy Draper inspirieren ließ.

Die Gegenstände oder ihre Anordnung sind aber hier gar nicht maßgeblich. Das Unterscheidungsmerkmal verraten vielmehr die Titel: Home Home Home / Flashlight und Home Home Home / Daylight sind eben mit Blitzlicht oder bei Tageslicht aufgenommen worden.

Bei allem Bemühen um eine Versachlichung des Sehens – auch Licht und Schatten werden von Annette Kelm niemals als dramatisches Mittel eingesetzt – dringt aber auch Humor durch: Dazu gehört das Verwenden der Dollarnoten genauso wie das vor leuchtend gelbem Hintergrund aufgenommene Jeanshemd, auf dem sie eine Tasse mit Stricherlgesicht platziert hat: Es ist ein Selbstporträt der Künstlerin.



Invitation, 2016