

Blightman Klingel

Benedicte

Gyldenstjerne

Sehested

Aleksander

Hardashnakov

Claudia

Lemke

Lewis

Miller

Andy

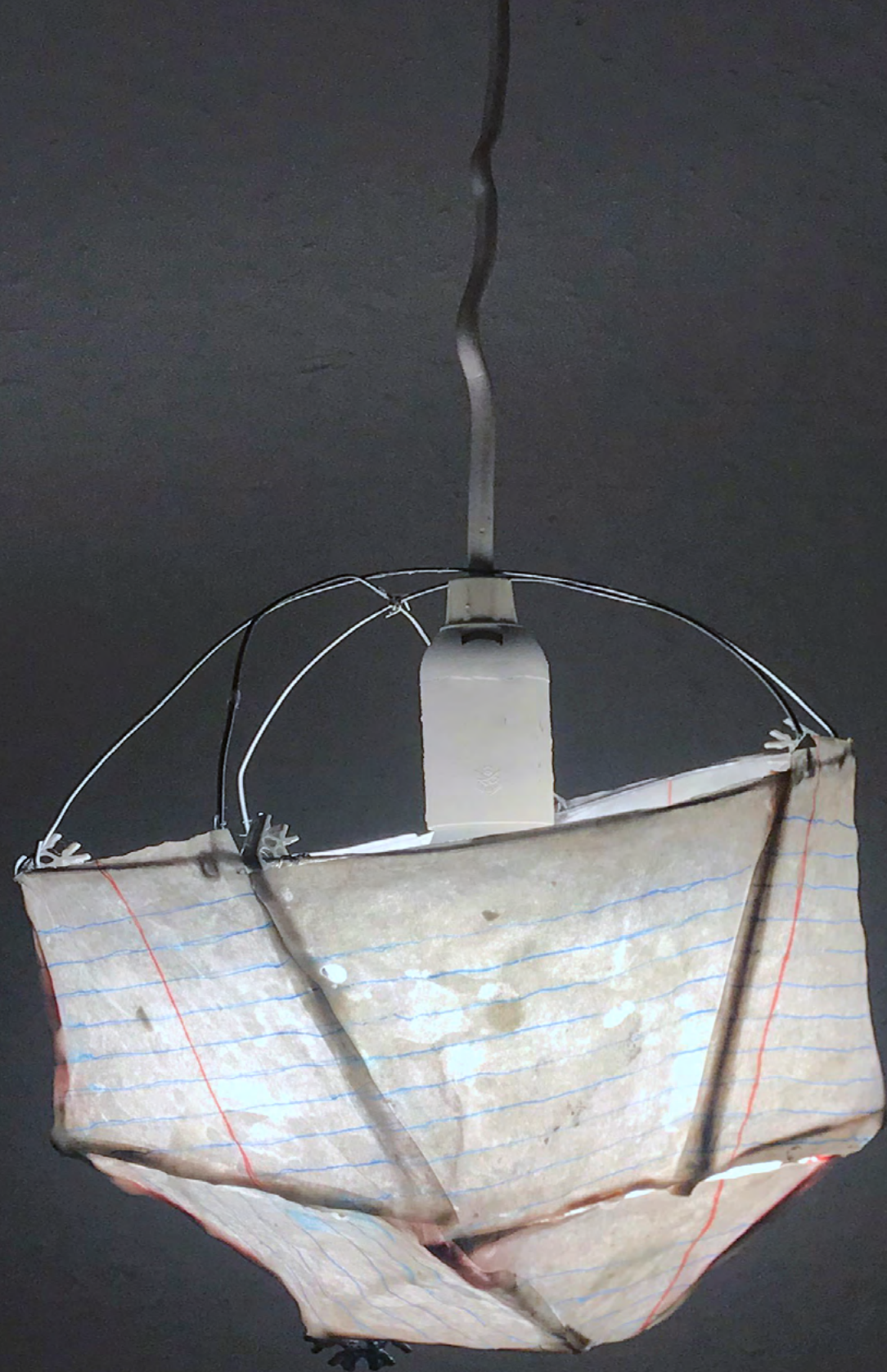
Schumacher

Joyce

Wieland



March 24 - April 27, 2019
Novalisstraße 5, Berlin, HH 1 O.G.
Opening March 24 17 - 20

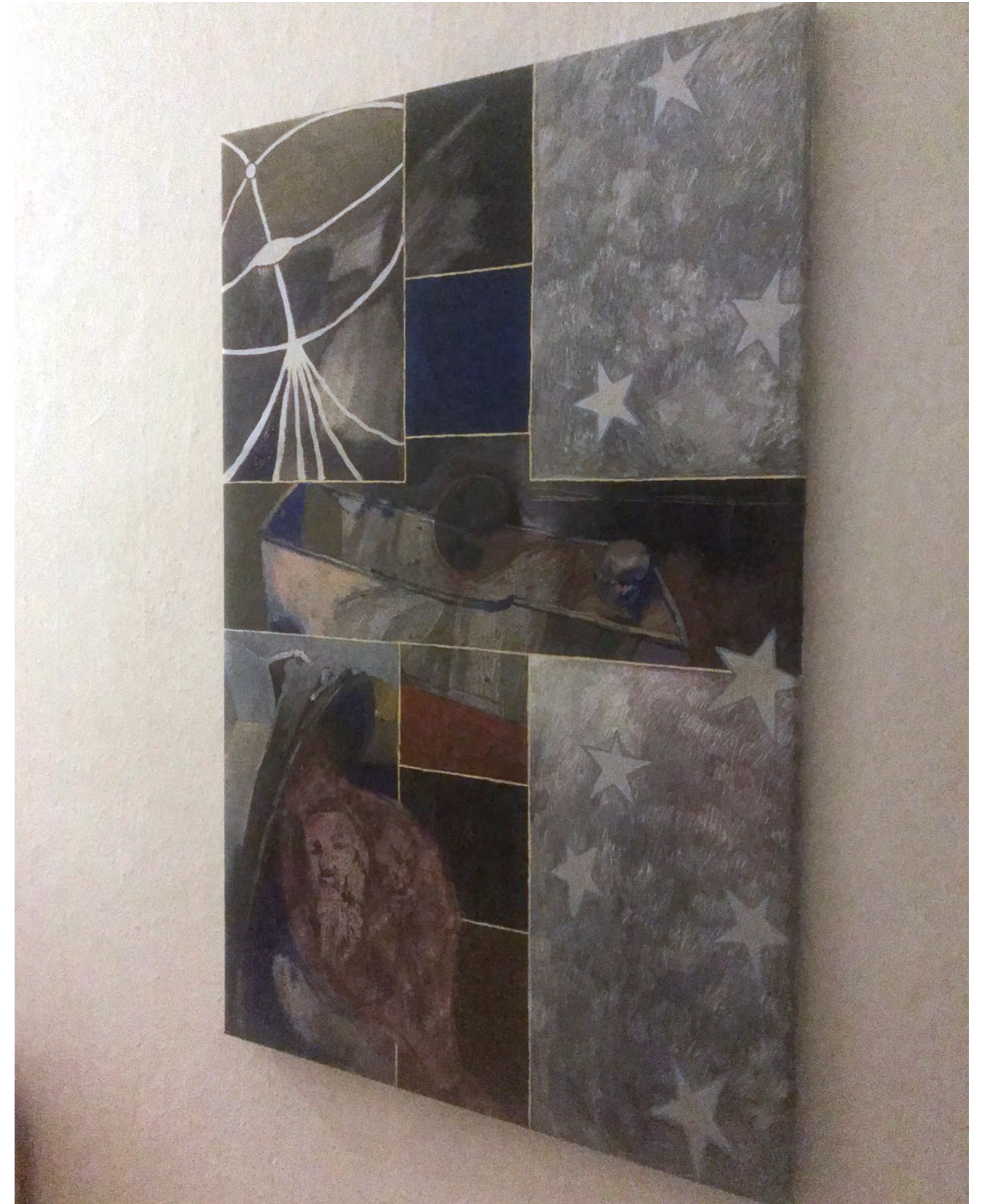






Benedicte Gyldenstjerne Sehested





Aleksander Hardashnakov

Text:

I'm watching you.

You're across from me and I feel like you're copying what I do. Or am I mimicking you? You're trying to someone. You're not putting very much into it. You kiss the person but then your face turns red and you lose a bit of restraint and start to lick the person. But maybe to you it is still kissing, but there's so much spit, and your mouth is open, and it's ugly. And my heart is going fast but I wish it wasn't because I wish I couldn't see you.

And then I watch you start to and I can't believe how quickly it's happening, and how the person is pretending to enjoy it. And then we turn them over and them hard from behind because that's power and that's what we really want to have. I want to from behind, hard. Pumping the way it feels good and not caring because anyone will pretend they're enjoying it because they're scared that you'll stop it or not want to them like that again. And I want to talk about rap music and making apps.

And then I close my eyes and now I can hear you instead of see you, and you're punching and chewing and slapping and . So I'm kicking and punching and slapping and , but I'll solve it by stopping. I'll stay totally still and my heart may stop because it needs to to stop doing what we're doing. But that's fine because I don't want to be like you.

Now you're ripping them apart and eating their insides. You're pulling out their bones and eating their meat, and you're their guts because their asshole is gone, and their vagina is long gone, and any holes you could are all mush. And you're licking their brain and you're doing it all wrong but everyone can see us, and they all think it's fine. The windows are open and so it must be the right way, and maybe I'm just not like you.

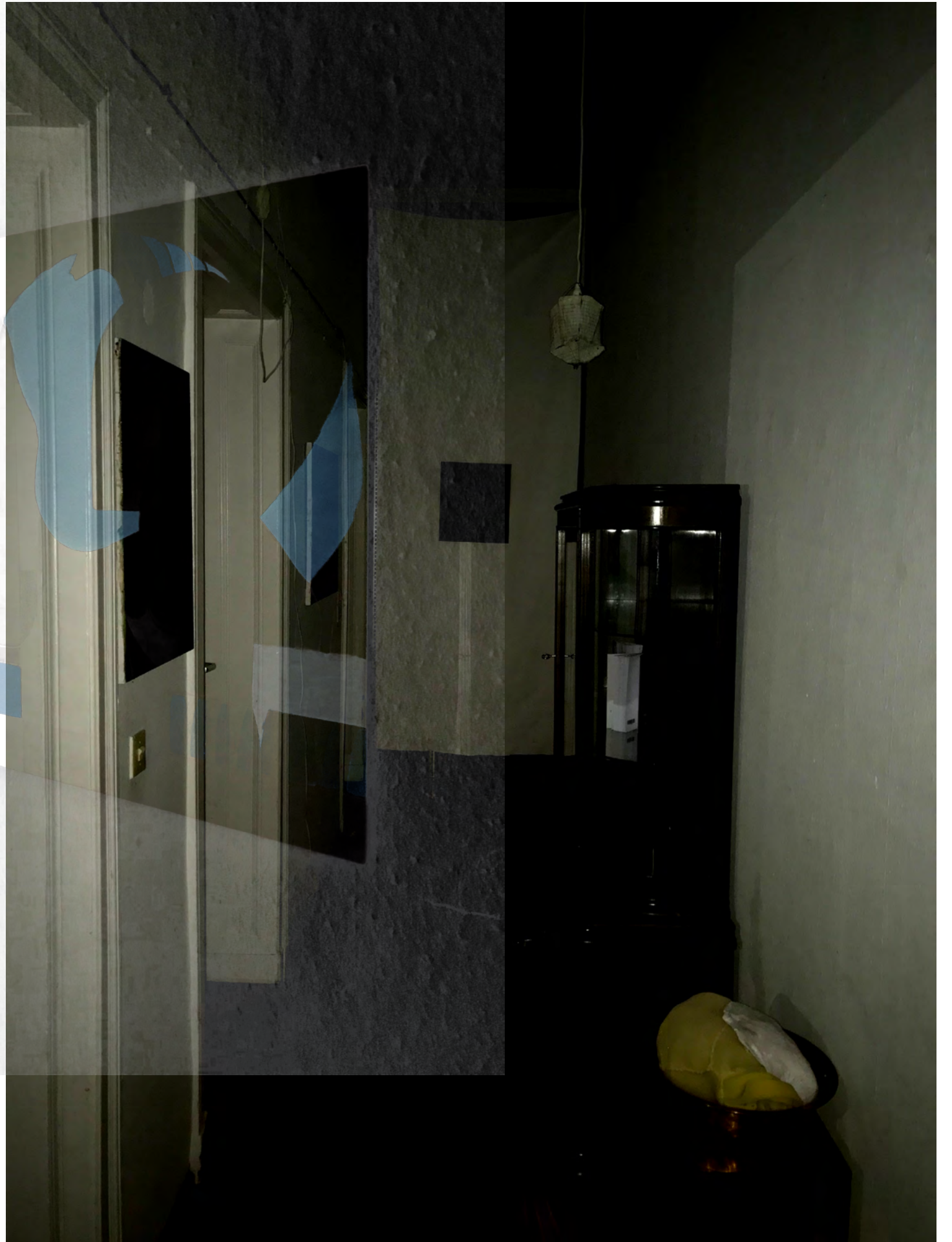
But it doesn't matter because we finished.



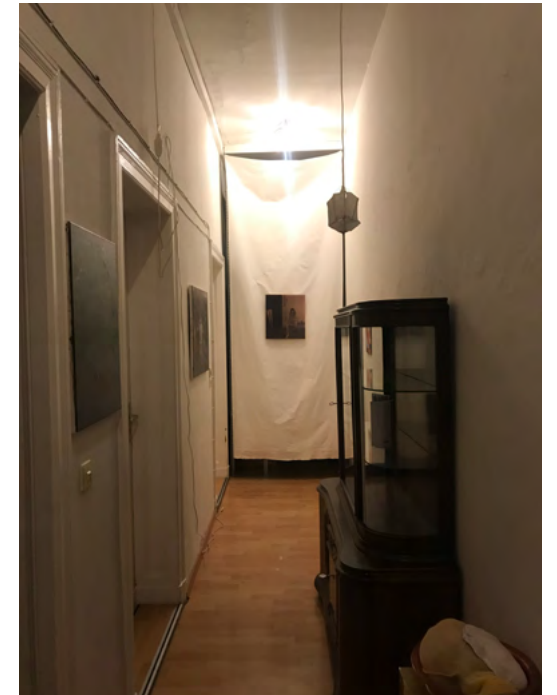


Claudia Lemke









Lewis Miller

"This is not your average artistic virus strain, I can tell you that!" said the cancer specialist.

"Is there an average strain?" said his wife.

"Well I can see that it has accumulated the genetic flavours of its regional history, it even has some Rojavan influence along the outer ridges."

"Just like Claude next door. Well if she can handle the Rojavans perhaps she could be of a little more use to us. That is, if she wants to," she suggested, looking at me with a smile as she snapped off the nitrile gloves and handed them to the nurse.

"The promise?" I asked weakly. But they were already gone. The nurse crushed up some pills for me to sniff and shortly after I was asleep.

MÉDECINS SANS FRONTIÈRES MALTA MEDICAL FACILITY

Labour Payment for Rendered Services Report:

Name: Cynthia Bell

Occupation: Journalistic chronicler

Condition: Tracheal tumour, cervical tumour, and general orificial irritation (tentatively benign)

Treatment: Chemo and surgical removal (to be administered upon completion of task)

Payment task: Chronicle of art students chronicling migrant labourers wherein the students are

SACK OF POTATOES

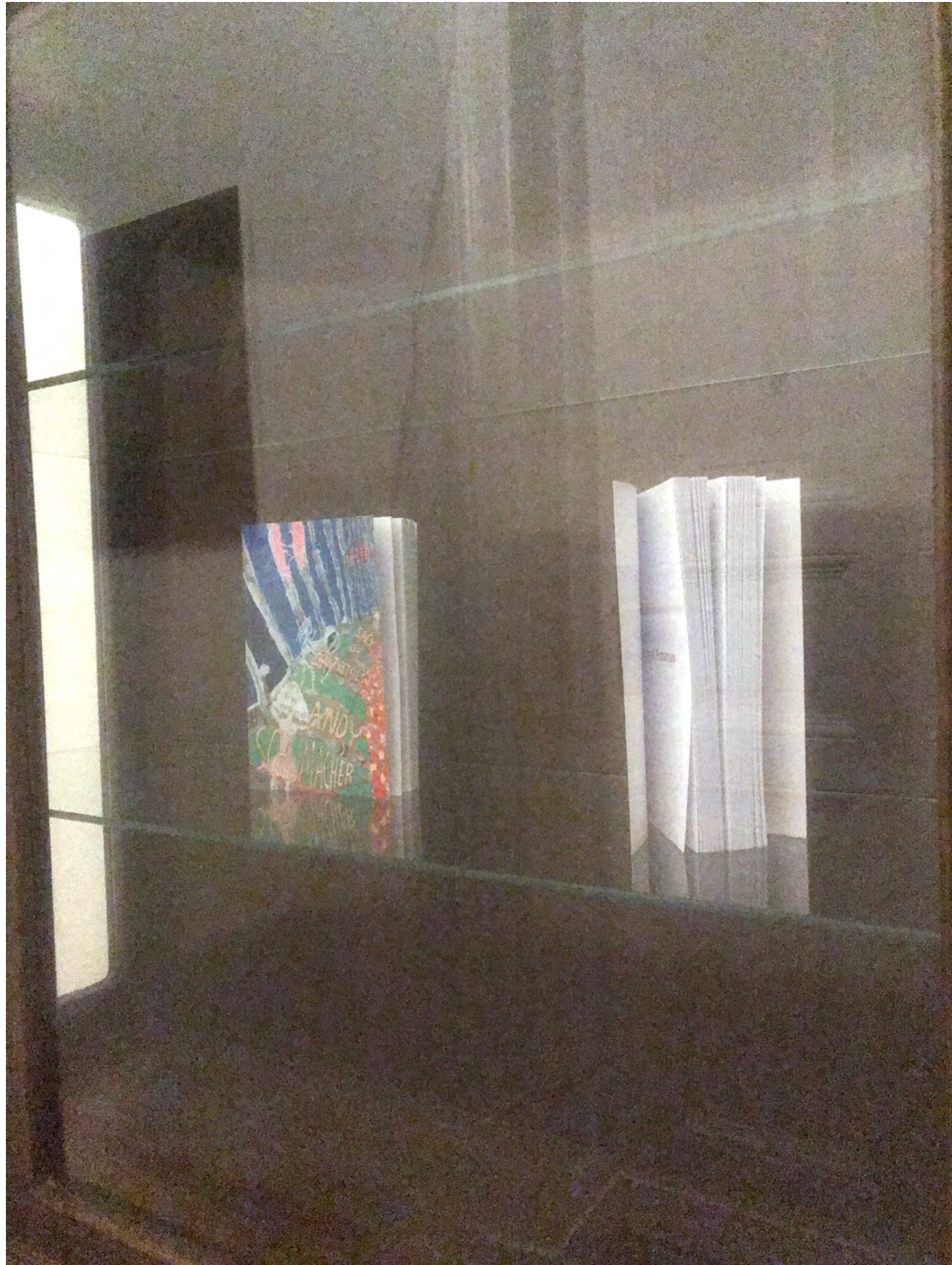
to capture the artistic dimensions of this migrant labour experience with an artwork of their choosing while Cynthia captures the artistic dimensions of the students experience by way of a chronicle.

Primary doctor: Francis

Specialist doctor: Hermann

Notes: Patient went into shock upon hearing the nature of her payment task. Possible bad mental associations with Vienna, art students or migrants, or combination thereof as the patient has experience with these elements. Patient refuses to discuss her relation to the elements and appears mentally unstable. Nevertheless, in absence of evident mitigating factors the payment task will proceed as planned.

All this observation stuff was happening on my second day in the hospital bed. Now, putting all this together from my notes, diagrams, memories and the recording, it is many days later. I'm still not close to finished; who knows how long it will take. I'm tired, ill and on medication. "Shut up and sniff these lines!" the doctors keep telling me—I need to get it done soon, before I go crazy. But I don't think they'll let me die, they wouldn't get my chronicle... I'll just do a shitty job, finishing it fast. Fuck them. They can have it. But first I need to psycho-embrace those migrants, their cells are stewing with culture; and I need to do it before they are abducted



Andy Schumacher

cat food





cat food

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JBwh5NNL2-Y>

Joyce Wieland

