

Every morning the present comes like a bolt from the blue. One moment you find yourself dreaming, comfortably cuddling with your subject of desire in bed, and the next moment you accidentally hit the cold bottom of adulthood. [Here is the house | Where it all happens | Those tender moments | Under this roof, see also: Depeche Mode “Here Is The House” (1986)] In difference to [insert e.g., a Marine turtle] we do not carry our shell all our lives but must decide whether we want to stay warm and safe or leave the comfort zone and face the risk of [a gap for e.g., a void]. Whether goose down or turtle shell, our comfort is on loan. Through [involuntary] reflexive distance from supposed allies [insert reference of your choice e.g., bedspreads, living room, condo], we recognize that they are only the products of our projections and desires. Finally, our only ally remains in the form of existential uncertainty. [sorrow]

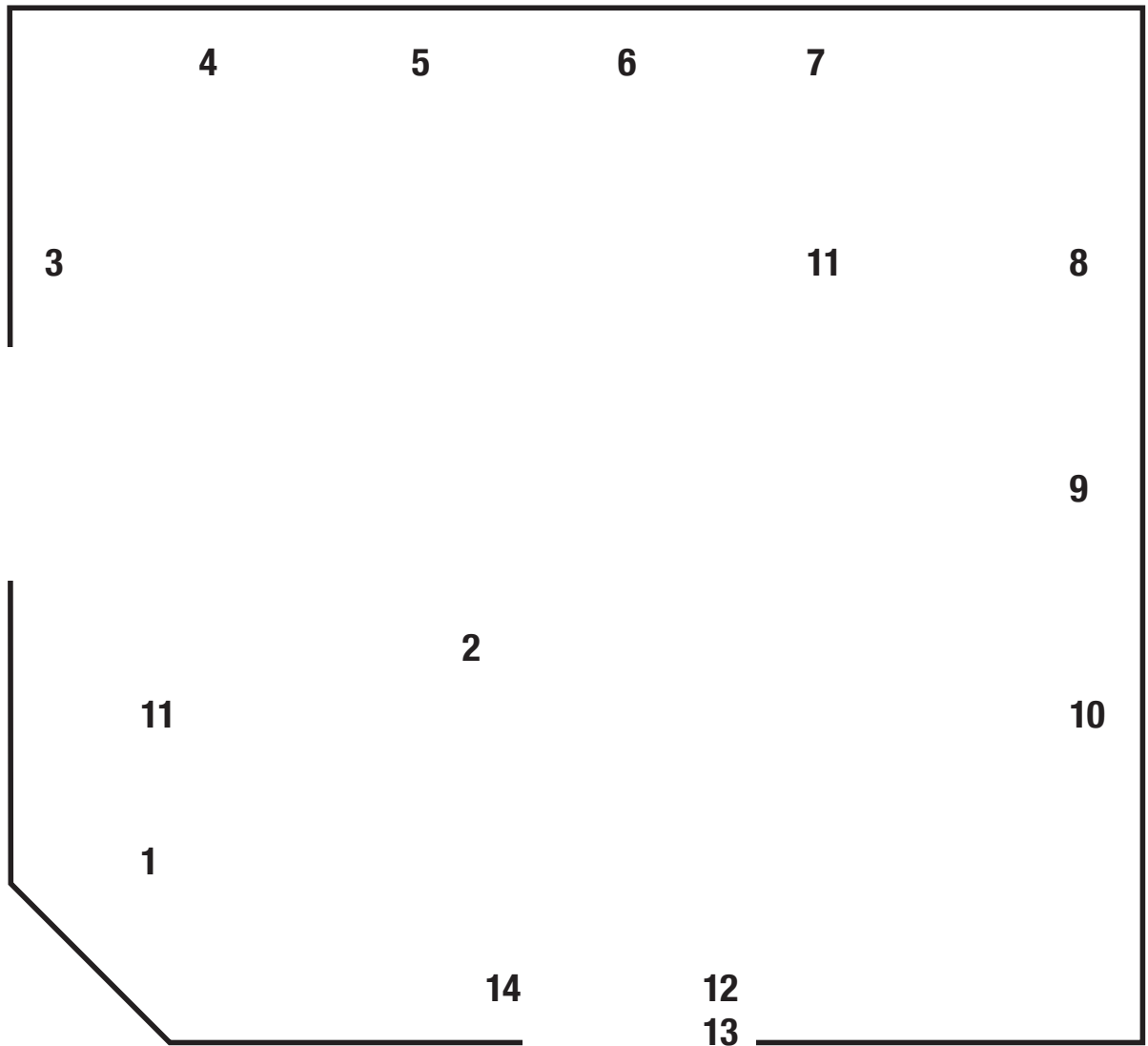
Slow but steady Slow but Slow Stop

There is no time anymore to have your heads in the clouds – there is a living to make, nothing comes from nothing. [Fortune favours the bold.] When we were kids, the grief of a loss was all encompassing. We ran to the adults to hide from the world, to recover, to heal. Like a hermit crab no home is final because we outgrow them. You try to become yourself a house [interchangeable: a home(?)], but you bark up the wrong tree if you thought it would be as easy as your first lusty cigarette puffs. Smash some walls, build some walls, it is a never-ending effort to generate a safe space for your little soul while staying in tune with the outer world. “wall work” might be a proper job description if only surviving was a job. You become a wall for others to lean on [Maybe even a garden one day, see also: Tom Jones “Green Green Grass of Home” (1967)]. The terracotta of the bricks has the fleshy color of the hand that stacks them. The mortar that holds them together is sticky like the pulp of words that have been chewed through without ever saying them. [swallow the sorrow] You leave no stone unturned because you have to make the hay while the sun shines.

Naming a thing is to breathe life into it Naming a thing is to breathe Naming a thing Surrender

To highlight a certain day, giving it a designation, makes it an external part of yourself. You draw the extended boundaries of yourself when you distinguish one period of time from another. [reflections might dazzle your gaze] To lose the perception of being one with the world is the first casualty of becoming human, and it occurs early [18 months] and with no exception [never ever]. So, to build a house as a world you are in control of [to hide] might be understood as a simple yet fundamental human urge. Yet from time to time, if we are lacking power, the only thing we can do is to watch something burn to ashes to preserve it. The Flowers you got for your birthday, like every cut flower, were heralds of a vast but ephemeral beauty. [What did the grape say when it got crushed? Nothing, it just let out a little wine.] Seems like their afterlife is more vivid than their already past future.

Floorplan



1
wall work
2023
150x200x75 cm
Bricks, mortar

4
Sunday
2023
29x5x5 cm
Bronze

7
Monday
2023
43x5x3 cm
Bronze

10
Friday
2023
40x5x4 cm
Bronze

13
Tschickpack 2
2023
9x5,5x2,5 cm
Concrete

2
comforter
2023
140x110x40 cm
Duvet

5
Thursday
2023
42x7x5 cm
Bronze

8
funday
2023
33x3x2 cm
Bronze

11
love
2023
variable
Bronze

14
Edition: Tschick
(reproduced) 1–40
2023
8,3x0,8x0,8 cm
Concrete
Each €35

3
birthday
2023
26x6x5 cm
Bronze

6
day of death
2023
39x5x3 cm
Bronze

9
graduation
2023
35x6x4 cm
Bronze

12
Tschickpack 1
2023
9x6,5x2,5 cm
Concrete