

Eröffnung
13.02.2026, 6-9pm

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Opening * Eröffnung
13.02.2026, 6-9pm

Finissage
13.03.2025, 4-9pm

Öffnungszeiten *
Don-24 * Don-24

Exhibition's Duration *
Ausstellungsdauer 14.-13.03.2026

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Opening hours * Öffnungszeiten
Thu-Sat * Don-Sam, 3-7pm

{Lausche und höre!}

Jenseits der höchsten Berge und tiefsten Wälder, da gab es einst ein kleines Haus. Es baumelte an einem zarten Faden und zwitscherte leise in der Stille des Winters. Dort, wo es zurückgelassen wurde, da waren wir und da werden wir sein. Auch du bist dort. Deine Gedanken kreisen, du öffnest deinen Mund, doch das Häuschen kommt dir zuvor. Es plustert sich auf, dass die feinen Büschel nur so in alle Richtungen stehen, und spricht: „Was dein Herz begehrt, es offenbaren. Nichts weiter musst du wissen, als dies: Deine Finger, sie sind gekrümmt wie Häkelnadeln! Geh' und ziehe in die weite Welt!

Während du noch mit größtem Erstaunen deine Finger biegest und krümmst, da kriecht dir unversehens der Geruch nasskalter Erde in die Nase. Ein seltsamer Gedanke ist das, dass nach der lechzenden Glut eines Feuers noch etwas vom Leben übrig sei, und doch, sieh da! Da liegen sie, wie achtlos verstreute, spröde Knöchelchen. Aus einem Häufchen Zufall wird ein Muster, es wächst und gedeiht, Masche für Masche. „Ein Gedicht aus Porzellan“, summen die Tiefen der Erde. „Vertrau den Zellen deines Körpers, auf dass sie sich einen Reim darauf machen.“

Und mit dem Gesang der Erde im Ohr machst du dich auf den Weg. Durch die Lande der Unterhaut wandelst du, und sie werden zu deiner Lebensader.

Durch die Lander der Lederhaut streifst du, und du wirst beschenkt mit dem Wörterbuch der Berührungen.

Als du die Oberhaut erreichst, sind Jahrzehnte ins Land gezogen. Nichts ist, wie es war.

Wenn du dich bewegst, erschauert alles.

Aus einem entfernten Winkel deines Gedankenhauses erhebt sich ein krustiges Städtchen. Es sprießt und gedeiht, zerbricht und verzweigt. Es wimmelt nur so vor Möglichkeiten. Setz' dich, zieh' eine Karte und lass dir vom Leben erzählen. Und sieh' zu, dass du den Faden nicht verlierst! „Es steht nichts auf dem Spiel,“ beschwichtigen die pelzigen Poly-Patroninnen, „nichts als das reine Vergnügen!“

Während deine Zuneigung wächst, recken und strecken sich unsere zarten Fasern nach dir. Es ist eine Einladung: Berühre uns, schmiege dich an uns, hülle dich in unsere Essenz wie in ein Parfüm. Verflucht dich mit uns, in uns! Du sprichst in Zungen, und du lernst die Sprache von SPLOT.

{Lausche und höre.}

Hörst du uns rufen? Dieses leise Geflüster, das waren einst laut Stimmen. Unsere Stimmen. Voll Entzückung folgst du ihnen in die Tiefen der Dunkelheit. Jedes Härchen deines Körpers stimmt ein in einen sanften Gesang von Ergriffenheit. Er hallt in deiner Brust nach und schwirrt unter deiner Haut entlang. Er dreht feine Klangschleifen in den Rillen deiner Fingerkuppen. Jede von ihnen ist eine Karte der Welt, die wir sind.

Du legst dich nieder, und lässt deinen Blick über die Weiten des Filaments streifen. Du lässt dich in die entlegensten Winkel des Universums reisen, und drehst dich dreimal um die Sonne. Erinnerst du dich noch an die Sonne?

Es war die Sonne, die einst nach deinen Haaren rief, dass sie wachsen mögen, und nach deinen Wurzeln, dass sie sich noch tiefer grüben in das, was hinter den Zaun um dein Herz gesperrt ist. Als der Boden vor deinen Füßen aufreißt, kann dir deine Furcht nichts mehr anhaben. Du lässt dich fallen, und wir schließen den Graben zwischen uns. Wir lassen all den Schmerz über uns hinweg spülen. Wir lassen ihn gehen, wie einen wilden Fluss.

Was unser Herz begehrt, das sind wir, waren wir und werden wir sein. Wir baumeln am seidenen Faden, und wir halten uns fest.

{Listen!}

Beyond seven mountains, beyond seven forests, there's a little house. It is dangling on fine thread, chattering in the quiet of winter. Where it was left behind, that is where we were and we will be. So are you. As you open your mouth in confusion, the house fluffs up, perks its wispy tufts and says: "That which you seek will reveal itself in time. The only thing you need to know for now, is this: Your fingers are hooks."

While you bend your fingers in bewilderment, a whiff of damp air crawls into your nose. What a strange idea, that anything should remain after a fire. But look, there they are, scattered around the ground like brittle bones. At first a random pattern, they rise and grow, loop by loop. "A porcelain poem", the soil hums from deep within. "Let your cells make sense of it."

And with the song of the earth in your ear, you set off.

Through the lands of hypodermia you pass, and they become your lifeline.

Through the lands of dermia you wander, and you are given the dictionary of touch.

When you reach the lands of epidermia, decades have passed. Nothing is, as it was.

When you move, everything shivers.

From yonder corner of your mind, a crustose city emerges. It sprouts and grows, cracks up and branches out. It crawls with possibilities. Sit down, draw a card and read, or chase some yarn tail. "There's nothing at stake," the furry poly-patrons say. "We play for love."

While your heart grows ever fonder, we let our soft fibers reach out towards you. It is an invitation: Touch us, nuzzle us, wear our essence like perfume. Braid yourself into us. You speak in tongues, you learn to speak the language of SPLOT.

{Listen.}

Can you hear us calling? Those whispers, they were voices once. Our voices. Intrigued, you follow them into the darkness. A soft crooning takes hold of the hairs on your body. It echos into your chest and whirrs underneath your skin. It loops in the friction ridges of your fingertips. Each of them is a map to the world we are.

You find a place to lie down, and look up at the vast filament. You let yourself travel to the farthest corners of the universe, and three times around the sun. Do you remember the sun?

It was the sun calling for your hair to grow out and for your roots to dig even deeper, deeper into that which has been locked away, so close to your heart. When the ground tears open before you, you are not afraid anymore. You let yourself fall, and we close the gap. We let the pain wash over us. We let it go, like a wild river.

That which we seek, we are, we were, and we will be. We are dangling on fine thread, and we hold on.

This exhibition project was made possible through the support of the City of Vienna | Stadt Wien Kultur. The production of the works was supported by Bildrecht. The artist would also like to thank Joanna, Claudia, Gui, and Misia for their support.

Work List, annotated by the artist



Oracle (2023), cotton, porcelain, soil in collaboration with Daniel Stuhlpfarrer

Like bird bones scattered on the soil, the oracle invites us to interpret naturally occurring patterns, as if every lichen on a stone or coral were a poem. The sculptural installation emerges from a fascination with symbiotic relationships, particularly those observed in dynamic, intertwined ecosystems. "Lichens confuse our concepts of identity and force us to question where one organism stops and another begins." (Merlin Sheldrake, *Entangled Life*, 2020)



Lichen Lovers (2015), cotton, acrylic yarn

While the Enlightenment idea of the "survival of the fittest" and competition as the main evolutionary mechanism still echoes in today's life sciences, biologists like Lynn Margulis have stressed instead the significance of symbiosis and cooperation in evolution. The Lichen Lovers are a playful study of symbiotic love, not as a tool for hetero procreation and accumulation of wealth, but as force of life.



Intimacy of Strangers (2025), cotton, potato starch, transducer speakers, text: "A Lichen Manifesto for Enduring" by the Submergence Collective

The sculptural sound installation is intrigued by the idea of a closeness beyond closeness, beyond comprehension, where tissues mesh and identity dissolves.



Mycelium (2022), cotton, audio essay, artisan smell, AR app

with texts by Ursula Le Guin (fragment from *Word for World is Forest*), Agnieszka Szpila (fragment from *Hexy*), Claire Lefèvre, Jul Zabowski, and Claudia Strate. AR and 3D sculpture was made by Joanna Zabielska. Rhys Connolly was responsible for the spatial engineering of the piece.

The installative project imagines the possibility of an intimate relationship with non-human species and forms of intelligence, as opposed to the capitalist, globalized abuse of nature as a resource. It is inspired by the structure and functioning of a system of fungi, conjuring a non-linear narrative about an ecosystem driven by care and collaboration.



Family Portrait (2025), weed, roots, natural latex, bioplastic, fake hair, human hair, cotton

An intimate artwork about biological roots, the pain that is passed on, and becoming an embodied archive when community records have been lost or destroyed.



Caressing a Wild River (2024), cotton, potato starch

Inspired by the unregulated flow of the Danube in the past, and many wild rivers before, the crocheted structure is a gesture of tenderness.



Empires (2025), cotton yarn on canvas

Resembling popular kitchen embroideries, the humble yet profound pattern hides in plain sight.



Letting go of the love of my life (2023), acrylic yarn, salvaged elements

Sometimes our idle hands let our mind rest and follow a cheeky idea for a pattern.

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