

From your left when entering:

Morag Keil
Capsules from the Vomit Vortex
fake vomit in air tube capsule
2022

Arild Tveito
Der Blaue Engel (Coburg, 1957) #1 and #2
2022

Arild Tveito
Moai (1+1=3)
2022

Unknown artist
Vuvuzela on mirror

Reidar Aulie
Stille aften
1960

Ads for MACK ØL
illustrated by Sigmund Sontum
1993

Ben Schumacher
The Godfather at Benny boys fuck palace
Conscious hip hop in Benny boys fuck palace
Uprocking at Benny boys fuck palace
2022

In the middle of the room:

Elise Macmillan
Loma Verde, Alma and Angela
playing *Spiral Fugue Pt. 2*
2022

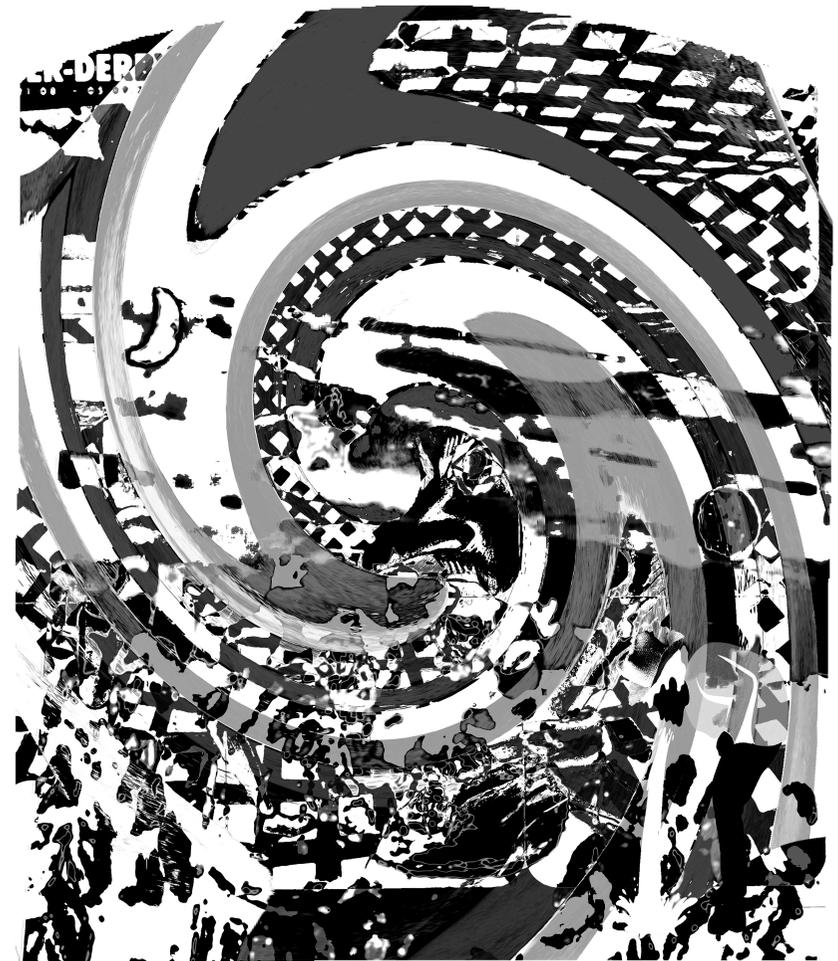
ELISE MACMILLAN

BEN SCHUMACHER

ARILD TVEITO

REIDAR AULIE

MORAG KEIL



Tappenstrek

Détournement of the fluttering handkerchief as «Farewell!»

TAPPENSTREK

Reidar Aulie
Morag Keil
Elise Macmillan
Ben Schumacher
Arild Tveito

Under a high moon, every sane man is guilty of dreaming the same wet daydream. Oh, to be a ghost in one's own funeral. How humiliating! Mortifying, even! To be praised for someone you wasn't. Remembered for what you hoped was forgotten. Cherished by people you despised! Behind your weeping mother sits row after row of dewy-eyed perjurers of true companionship.

Pseudo-fidus Achates! In the iris of your long lost lover, your life's monomyth cycle morphs into an ouroboros as a forced tear runs down their overly animated face. You are insulted by who is missing and cringing at who felt welcome enough to be present.

Champagne to our Real Friends, and Real Pain to our Sham Friends! At the Dodenbeer, phoney tears has turned into jolly tales as everyone, now knee-deep in the Fée Verte punch bowl, are painfully engaged in a Folie en masse scrimmage over who has the fondest, vividest memories of you. The level of intimacy that is being described sounds nothing less than ferociously unfamiliar to you.

What's a funeral feast without a poltergeist? Now, the Drummer of Tedworth himself has awoken in you and as the unbearable circumstances worsens, something like a promenade silent disco in Cock Lane begins.

«I give up!»

The jamboree attendees gasps as a you perform a tablecloth trick on every single table in the salon without spilling a single drop of The Queen of Poisons, and a far too familiar voice is heard whispering from somewhere indistinct.

«Men after death are understood worse than men of the moment... but heard better!»

Here's to us! Cheers! Adieu, salud, sayonara, au revoir!

Haus der Kunst

April, 2022

Huysman Ringheim