







One experimental achievement augmented
by fiction. Ha-ha.
Ethical considerations by anti-scientists.
Neo-gnosticism. Spectacular speculations.
Line of argumentation—sensational daytelling.
Pecuniament of needing to rebel.
Already heard that one?
Trapped in trivial dialectics.
No need to argue

Impression of a minor being doubled
into a Garage sale.
The special garage and its half-lit shadow
allow for a deeper, milder perspective,
in which one could daydream
the promises
of total automation.
Lifts that float up over the summer
tongue reflecting yourself
in a mirror-like garbage mirror,
say too sober.





Surfaces as graphic interfaces, stubbly, wrinkly areas,
connected via crisp trinkets.

Nineties narratives refreshed -
there can be no product without its demonstration.
plastic as pedestal.

2,5D appears to be the sculptural formulation for
a presumed disembodied gaze.

Feeling kinda blue about the way in which
the singularity has already/never happened.

Things as things in themselves,
window-dressed to resemble residual humanity.

Post human like a grafted branch
that's shedding
its sheets.

(Aura approximates the...
the distance between
a thing or a person and
your desiring for them.
Cat-dog s.)

Impression of a mime having stumbled
into a Garage sale.

The spacial grammar and its half-lit situation
allow for a sleepier, milder perspective,
in which one could daydream
the promises
of total automation.

Lofts tend to heat up over the summer.

Imagine reflecting yourself
in a maverpark garbage mirror,
way too sober.



One experimental achievement augmented
by fiction. Ha-ha.

Ethical considerations by non-scientists.
Neo-gnosticism. Spectacular speculations.
Line of argumentation:—sensational storytelling

Predicament of needing to relate.

Already heard that one?

Trrrapped in truism dialectics.

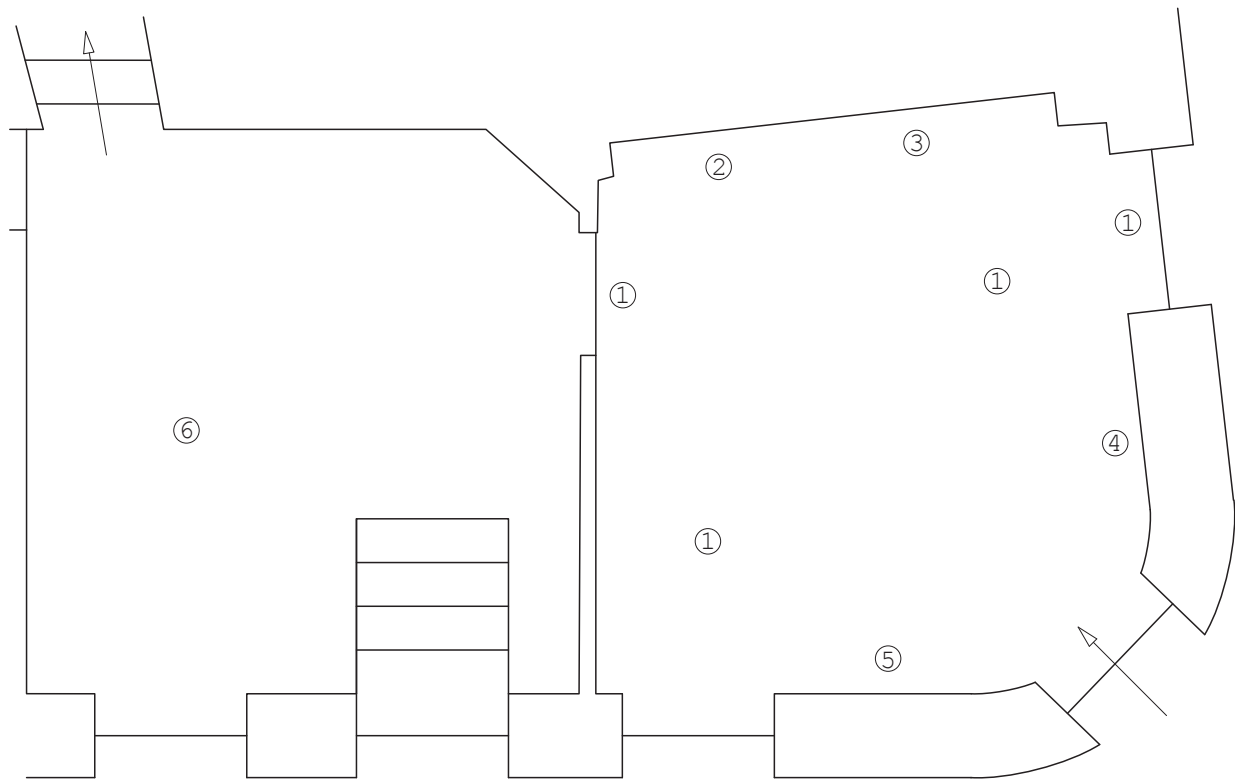
No need to argue







12.04. - 26.04.2019
new jörg wien



1
The Water Bar, 2019
Installation
Variable dimensions

2
One experimental achievement, 2019
Octenisept, Betaisodona and acrylic
on linen over cotton canvas
76 x 93 cm

3
Impressions of a Mime, 2019
Octenisept, Betaisodona, Ichtholan
and acrylic on linen over cotton
canvas
62 x 84 cm

4
Surfaces as graphic interfaces, 2019
Octenisept, Betaisodona, Ichtholan
and acrylic on linen over cotton
canvas
76 x 112 cm

5
Puppy days on Pioneer Island, 2019
Screenprint, Octenisept, Betaisodona
and acrylic on linen over cotton canvas
77 x 93 cm

6
Situationist Family, 2019
Installation
exhausted body of work 3, 2015
(screenprint on canvas, linen, zip
fastener, snap buttons, thread),
exhausted body of work 7, 2015
(ink and acrylics on canvas, linen, zip
fastener, snap buttons, thread),
exhausted body of work 18, 2016
(ink, acrylics, oil and dye on canvas,
zip fastener, snap buttons, thread),
mannequins
Variable dimensions

Puppy Days on Pioneer Island

About 3 kilometers long, a few meters wide, and situated in the stream of the river Danube, lies Pioneer Island, a peninsula close to Vienna's city border. A former proving ground of the adjacent Magdeburg base (which is out of use since 2013), it has for the longest time been regarded as a (somewhat) secret getaway spot for Viennese bathers, nudists and teens.¹ In recent years, numerous blogs in the Austrian corner of the internet have been advertising the island and its beaches as a paradise for dog lovers and their animal companions. This has led to a steep rise in canine presence.

In the summer of 2012, in the morning of what turned out to be the hottest day of the year, a crescent shaped cove on the island became the stage for a humble presentation of watery, popsicle-colored paintings. As these were being mounted on trees or nailed to two-by-fours and stuck into the water or sand in resemblance of public notice boards, the bathers were turning their skin into parchment at a speed which made centuries collapse into minutes and a lone long-haired hermit in his mid-thirties was napping in a hammock beneath the willows, his campfire gently flickering. Over the course of the afternoon, a handful of visitors showed up from the city, appreciated the paintings and went for a swim. Additional audience arrived in the shape of a group of nudists from the bushes, inspecting the pictures with arms crossed behind their backs as if walking through the nearby Essl collection.² A red wine infused voice emerged from the hammock, inviting them for roasted chicken, which the nudists politely turned down by walking away. On that day, less than a dozen dogs were sighted on Pioneer Island.

These days, a very different experience is to be had: Arriving to the island, it is possible to notice several print-outs. One is advertising canine behavioral lessons, another one relates an incident where a newcomer and his dogs got physically assaulted by another dog owner and asks potential witnesses to get in touch. As one is approaching the cove, dogs are seen running into cyclists at full speed, too busy noticing them because of the play fighting fun they're having. At the beach, a multitude of dogs, both beautiful and pitiful, is strolling about, their respective human families layed out close to the trees or in the water. Man-child is performing with his various toys, including balls and miniature surfboards. The dogs are not impressed, but he keeps up his act. Trying to set up a towel, one is playfully ambushed, even punched, by a few cheerful puppies, which is met with a cool indifference on part of their humans, who through a glance make it understood that if one is on this island without at least two dogs or more, one is clearly out of place and thus out of bounds. Dog droppings are equally absent as they were ten years ago. In that respect, Vienna has stepped out of the '90s improved: Austrian doggy bags are available most of the time, so the excrement gets collected instead of being left merging with the soil.

Similar to how the days of the rising of alpha Canis Majoris have shifted by loosely a month and its sighting does not anymore correlate with the extreme days of drought and heat that it used to be associated with, yet continue to be used as a name for this time of summer, the images of doggishness and cynicism (both classic and contemporary) are floating freely in these notes.

Having pulled out their toes from the lukewarm waters of belief in historical progress, vanguard artists in the early 1900s, either naively or with calculation (empirically and speculatively), took up to recode the foundational conventions of presentable art, starting with the material and compositional requirements. A distrust for the effectiveness of this tactic as well as a desire for moving the goal posts had later vanguards turn towards “the social“, where a further re-coding of the conventions of presentation from the inside to the outside took place: from the compounds of the object to the object, to the physical site containing the object, to finally arrive at the social conventions framing the sites of art viewing. At some point, around the turn of the 20th century into the 21st, the interface (appearance, look and “feel”) of that re-coding becomes the new and nearly inescapable attraction, and social performativity the primer for any work in any medium. Knowledge of this situation, which can now be gathered pretty much anywhere on- and offline, actualizes any work of art as a social event in any case, even if it were to showcase the most historically conservative features.

So you get dogs that run with or aspire to be a leader of some pack, while others stroll more freely or rather sit in a corner, ready to bark at anything that runs against their conception. Finally there’s a third agent, observing the two types of dogs. Whether number 3 is a dog as well or not is left open here due to indecisiveness on the author’s part. Most conveniently he or she could be called „the philosopher“, in either case being not at all free from the dog natures 1 and 2. This modern day Diogenes is renting out his barrel on airbnb while traveling the globe, holding seminars and attending symposia with various groups of canine creatures that bite, yelp, and fawn.

1 Obviously not that much of a secret for the local Lower-Austrians, since one of its sandy beaches shares the same narrow, murky dead arm of the Danube with the Klosterneuburger Strandbad, from which it can be seen and even reached by swimming at ease.

2 The Essl museum in Klosterneuburg closed permanently in 2016. Other places of interest in the area include the art brut center gugging, a gallery situated in a former psychiatric hospital (which was closed down in 2007) and the last residence of Franz Kafka, which, after a thorough redecoration, re-opened to the public in the summer of 2014.