

Noëmi Anna Tina Ceresola

(B. 1988, CH)
NCERESOLA@GMX.CH
+41 79 640 63 94
INSTAGRAM @MAXIMAEHELIVETIAEUTERAE

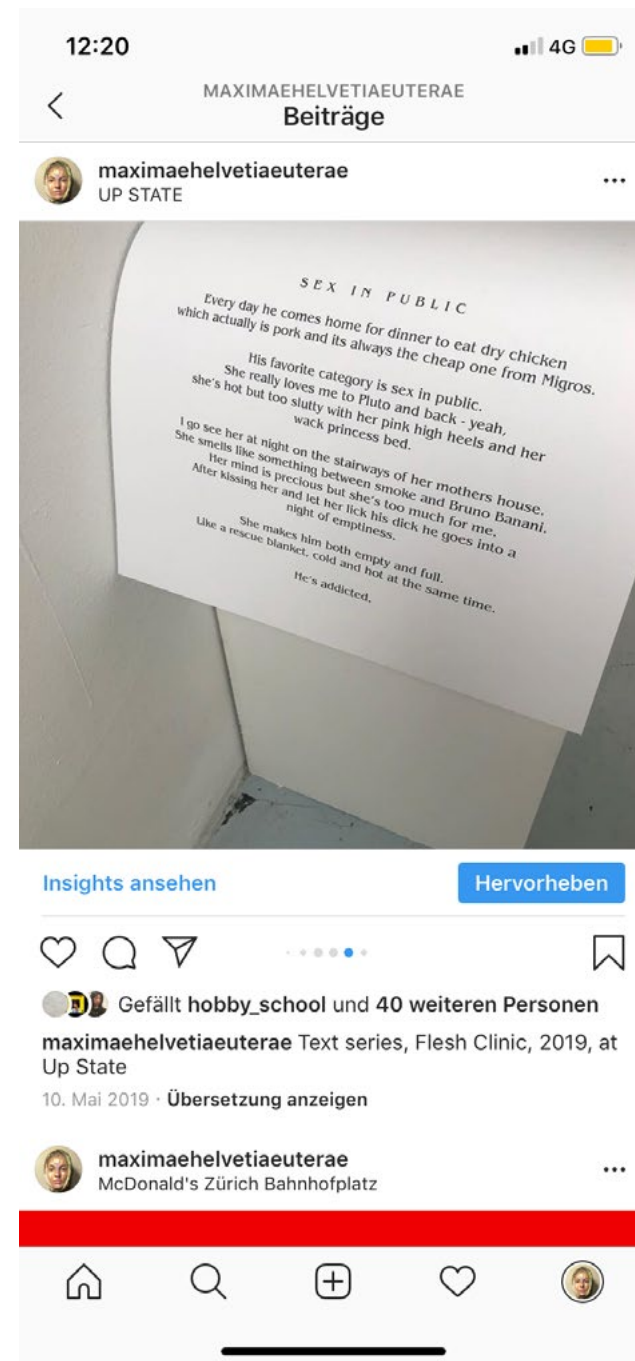
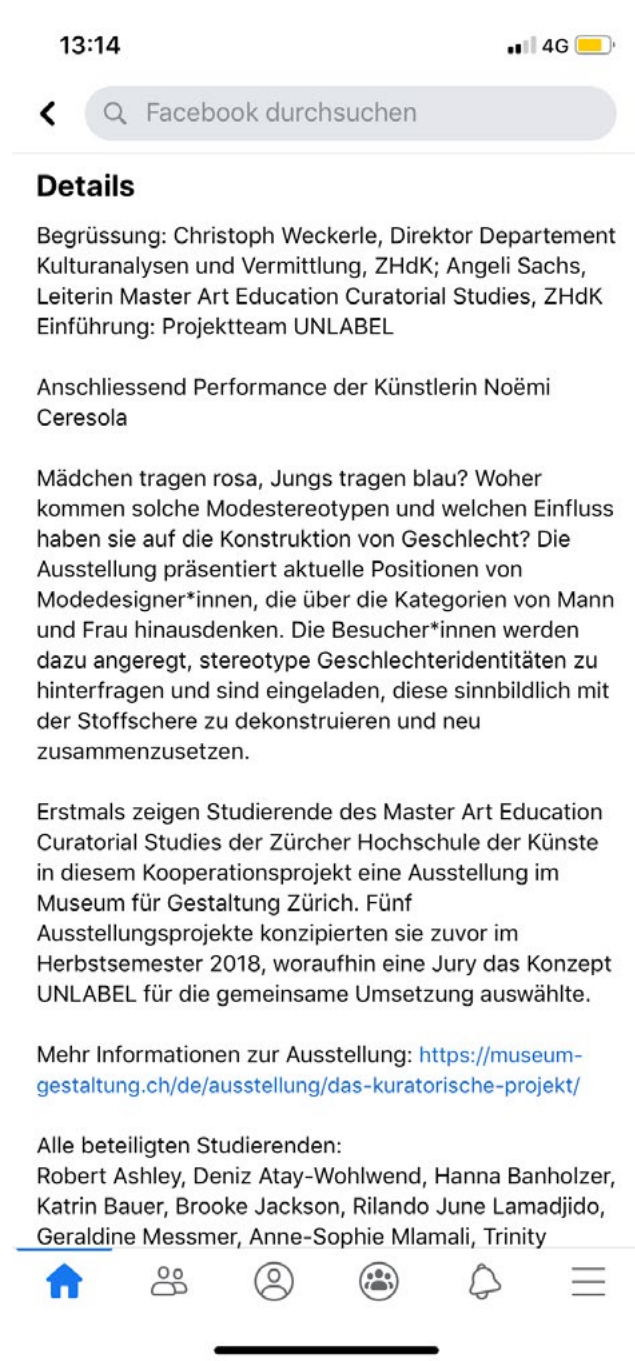
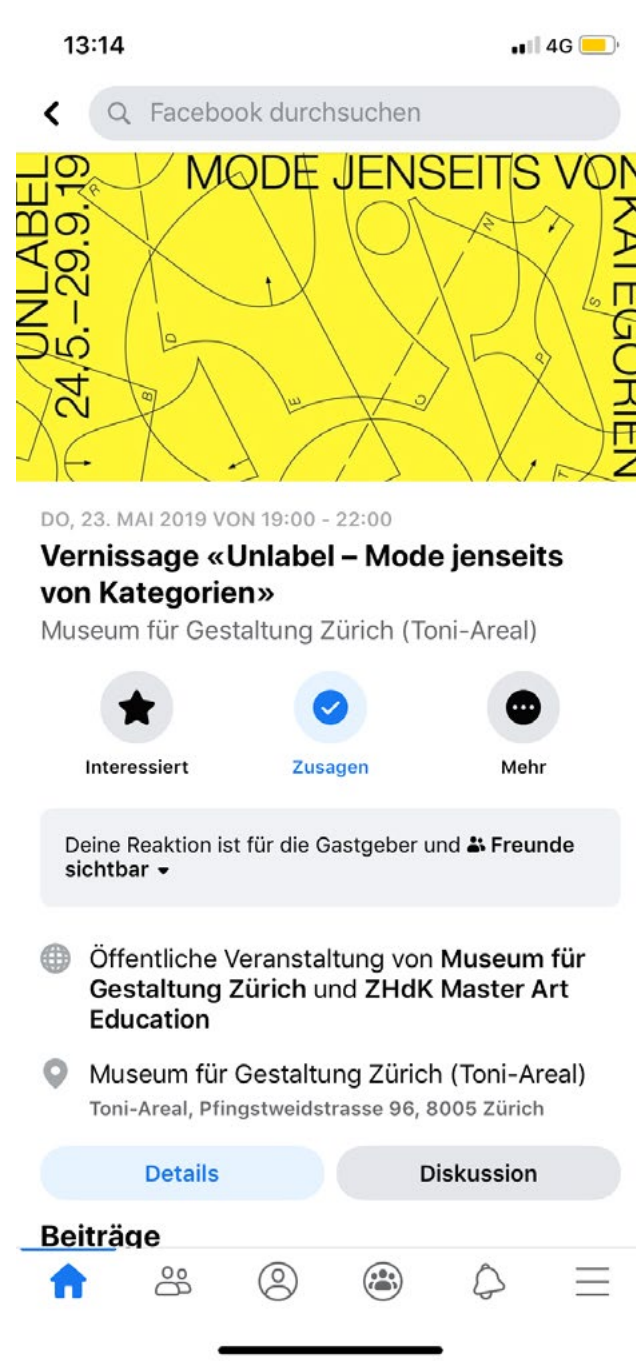
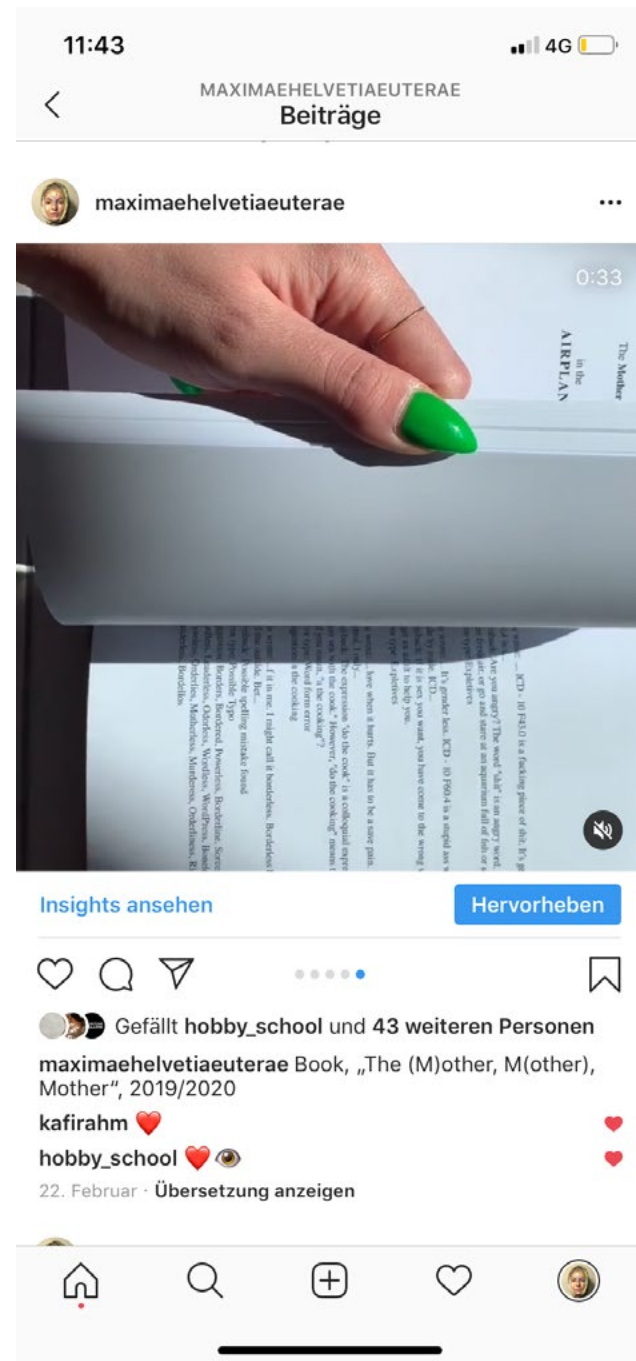
Noëmi Anna Tina Ceresola is based in Zurich and is currently working as an artist, performer, writer and freelance teacher. She was born 1988 in Lucerne, Switzerland. After she studied textile design in the Hague at the Royal Academy of Art she graduated from both with a bachelor at the Institute of Fashion Design FHNW HGK and with a master degree at the Masterstudio Design FHNW HGK in Basel and is currently finishing her second Master at ZHDK in fine Arts. Noëmi has been teaching as a guest lecturer and mentor at the Institute of Fashion- Design FHNW HGK and gave several workshops at the Master Studio FHNW HGK. She also worked and lived as a stylist and fashion designer in Basel and Paris.

SELECTED EXHIBITIONS AND PUBLICATIONS AND WORKS

Mar 2020	„the (M)other and myself“, audio, online publication, Zurich
Feb 2020	„oral abort/ cannibalistic love“, performance, Löwenbräu, Zurich
Nov 2019	object of identity: made in Switzerland“, photographs, online publication, Zurich
Jun 2019	„reality survival strategies“, text, online publication, Zurich
May 2019	„wind in my hair“, performance, Museum für Gestaltung Zurich
Apr 2019	„flesh clinic“, text, Up State, Zurich „simple life“, paintings, Up State, Zurich „farm material“, performance, Up State, Zurich
Sep 2018	„threeself/ what's the price?“, paintings, text, Zurich
May 2018	„ultra body“, performance, video and installation, Dynamo, Zurich
Okt 2016	„Project Princess Ari(e)s(e)“, multimedia, text, Zurich

ACADEMIC EDUCATION

2018 - 2020	Master of Arts in Fine Arts, Departement Art and Media, ZHDK, Zurich
2011 - 2013	Master of Arts in Design, Fashion Design, Masterstudio Design, FHNW/HGK, Basel
2008 - 2011	Bachelor of Arts, Fashion Design, Institute Fashion Design, FHNW/HGK, Basel
2005 - 2008	Bachelor, Fashion and Textile Design, Royal Academy of Art, KABK, the Hague
2004 - 2005	Creative preparatory course, Design & Art, HSLU, Lucerne



„Hard Body Soft Core“

Hard Body Soft Core is a group exhibition curated by Doris Dehan Son & Simon Marin in which the technical lingo becomes a metaphor to speak about our current physical and emotional estrangement. In line with Body Archive Project's exploration of the body beyond its fleshy materiality, the exhibition settles in the breach between notions of embodiment and disembodiment to reflect on the substantiality of discarnate feelings and other forms of extracorporeal experiences. In Hard Body Soft Core the exhibited artworks challenge the finitude of the self and emotional reality in terms of the individual body: they emerge from the cracks when sensitivity seems to exceed corporeality and expand beyond the physical envelope. Or when emotions become more tangible than touch. The exhibition takes place on an interface specially designed by Esther Hunziker and revolves around the concepts of embodiment/disembodiment both from a material and a metaphorical point of view. The exhibited works evoke the body and the notion of embodiment – as the identity experienced through the body; the dualism of physical vs. spiritual self; the limitations of the body-machine – and allow to wonder what is the self in these times of estrangement.

The (M)other M(other) Mother 105

I'm in transition. Now. Maybe forever.

With M(other).
With Genesis. Pregnant with fear.
With your Cock. Pregnant with thoughts. With emotions.

Your cock in My heart beating under your hand.
my mouth.

My body.
My body

The true self is the one that is in your body. The false self is in your mind. Or the disease in your brain. The eyes of yourself and the *others*.

PREGNANT.

is pregnant with myself.

With my true self and
my false self.

YOUR OWN VOYEUR.

The slave of the *other*.

My mind is in transition. And in constant translation.
inside to A translation from
outside.

My womb is big and red.

The disease spreads inside. The Teratom.
A red Teratom. But it's not Gene.
Why is it not Gene.
I'm waiting for Gene.
Gene will kill

The object. The false self doesn't know real love. The false self is a narcissist. You are the true self when you get born. The subject. When you breathe oxygen for the first time. When you scream for the first time. When you feel (M)others warmth. The false self is only a protection of pain of fear of injury. Let's kill it. Let's kill it together. Please. For her. Please. Let's kill our false self. They ask me how I want the others to see me. But I can't tell.

My mind. My
body. My
body

is pregnant.

My
body is

pregnant.

My
body is pregnant.

My
body is pregnant with words.

it. All the diseases.
I want to kill my false self. He should do it too.
It's not worth it. It's empty behind.
An empty red wall. There is only death.

Because I'm in transition.
In transition of killing the

Red words.
Red bloody words.

Rebirth doesn't exist.
Believe is only to feed the false self.
The false self is seducing you to lose yourself.

FALSE SELF.

My
body is pregnant with you.

To lose the connection to your body.
To lose the connection to me.
To get paranoid. The true self is the one that feels my skin on yours.
My breath on your neck.

I try to translate this transition.



Oral abort/Cannibalistic Love

There are still all the little tadpoles that I can't get out of my mind. They swim tirelessly in there. They swim for their lives, for my life. I can still see how they get flushed down but in my dreams they never disappear and the flush is going on and on. They won't go down. They swim and swim and swim until they turn into frogs and jump out of the toilet.

The aquarium was round and had an orange flower print with some black stones in it. I remember where she got the eggs from and how they felt in my hands. I watched them grow up but when they reached a certain size

Mother (robota) decided that they had to go.

The toilet was their death and my birth.

Somewhere in the bathroom, or in the brain of the **M(other)**.

The brain, full of childish unfulfilled desires and needs looking at the toilet seat.

The never-ending story of the toilet seat got stuck in their heads, in the paintings of my dad, in the never-ending diary of the *other*.

A desire. A selfish desire. A selfish desire in a child's brain.

The empathy and later the tadpoles flushed down the toilet with the little pill. Day for day.

FLUSHED_DOWN_(delay)

In that bathroom. That bathroom with no windows but a ventilation grid. A ventilation grid to the child's room with the red lights and the children's dancing.

I wonder if the **M(other)** realized that the unborn child could hear everything through that grid. There it was born through the flush of that toilet. The flush that nobody knew about. The flush that was so loud but nobody could hear it. Nobody could hear the loud flush of selfish desires born through the lack of love.

CANNIBALISTIC LOVE (strobo)

Tadpoles are cannibals too. The Scaphiopodidae. They live in pods that can dry out fast, so they developed a survival strategy for the strongest. Normally they eat plankton and need thirty days to grow up but if they eat other tadpoles they only need twenty days. For that purpose they become bigger and have sharper teeth than their siblings.

Some also have quite bizarre forms of brood care. For example, Rheobatrachus.

M(other) swallows the fertilized eggs and spits the frogs out when they are mature so the stomach is converted into a uterus. She gives birth through her mouth. The two mouths. The stomach. Some toads can even throw up their entire stomach. They literally turn it inside out to clean it from toxic meals.

The Chora in the stomach.
The Chora in the stomach.
The Chora in the stomach.

A toxic meal. A toxic meal that she caught with her tongue. The **(M)other** tongue. The tongue of the other.

A uterus.

ORAL ABORT (echo talk)

What if she has to throw up and the children are in there as well not mature yet?

The children are thrown out of the uterus. The room of the pure materiality of existence. The blue room. Cold and blue. Blue and cold. Quite dull sounds like underwater. Far away. Sounds, that the tadpoles might have heard when they were swimming against the flush of death.

There are frogs that can hear with their mouths.

(M)other has two mouths,

the main parts of her body. The main parts of her whole body. Life and death. The entrance. The exit. The entrance.

TWO MOUTHS ONE BODY.
TWO DOORS. EVIL DOORS.
SWALLOW AND VOMIT.

I can still feel the cold water on my skin. The baptism in the toilet. Her skin is my skin. Her body is my body.

THE BIRTH (evil)

„oral abort/ cannibalistic love“, performance, 09:33, duo show, „protocooperational cannibalism“, Löwenbräu, 2020, Zurich

<https://youtu.be/A9UA5lhscxo>

„protocooperational cannibalism“ Showing works of Noëmi Ceresola and Nico Sebastian Meyer, the exhibition is devoted to varieties of cooperational (or non-cooperational) natural life forms.

Through a performance which will take place during the opening, and an installation, themes such as symbiosis and coexistence are raised, culminating in reasoning about cannibalism. Curated by Body Archive Project and Fabiola Son.



„abject of identity: made in Switzerland“, photographic self portraits, online publication, 2019, Zurich

„abject of identity: made in Switzerland“ is a series of self-portraits inspired by the questions of identity and abjection in terms of the female and animal body in politics and capitalism. It also refers to Julia Kristeva's work: „Powers of Horror: An Essay on Abjection“. How do my geographical roots impact the question of my identity? What if I do not identify with my ancestry and its aesthetically and political approach? Can I build an identity by abjecting that approach? Is my identity my own abject and can there be a desire in abjection? Where is the border between me, my body, my ancestry? The photographs represent ten self-portraits within different identities as versions of Maxima Helvetia as my abjected alter egos. They are all made in Switzerland. They celebrate their fertility and their abject of identity. There is just green grass, happy cows and a lot of milk.



Reality survival strategies

Built a bunker or two

Do not cut your hair

Brush till it

hurts

Nothing is for free

Never be the first or the last one

Sucking dick is

okay

Read a lot of important books

Bananas and nuts are

healthy

Taking drugs is fine

Be intellectual but not too much

Go for the i don't care look

Proudness is a

weapon

Don't be too loud

Get a swiss knife

Vulnerability attracts the dinosaurs

Your game should be

undercover

Courage is for businessmen

Try to optimize yourself

Buy a big car

Blinkers are recommended

Groupie love feels

great

Attract attention but blend in

Have some disobedient friends

Be aware of any qualification

rules

Things are unspoken for a reason

Fill a container with milk

Do never ask for your

salary

„reality survival strategies“, text, online publication, group show,
„many more rooms of ones not own“, 2019, Zurich

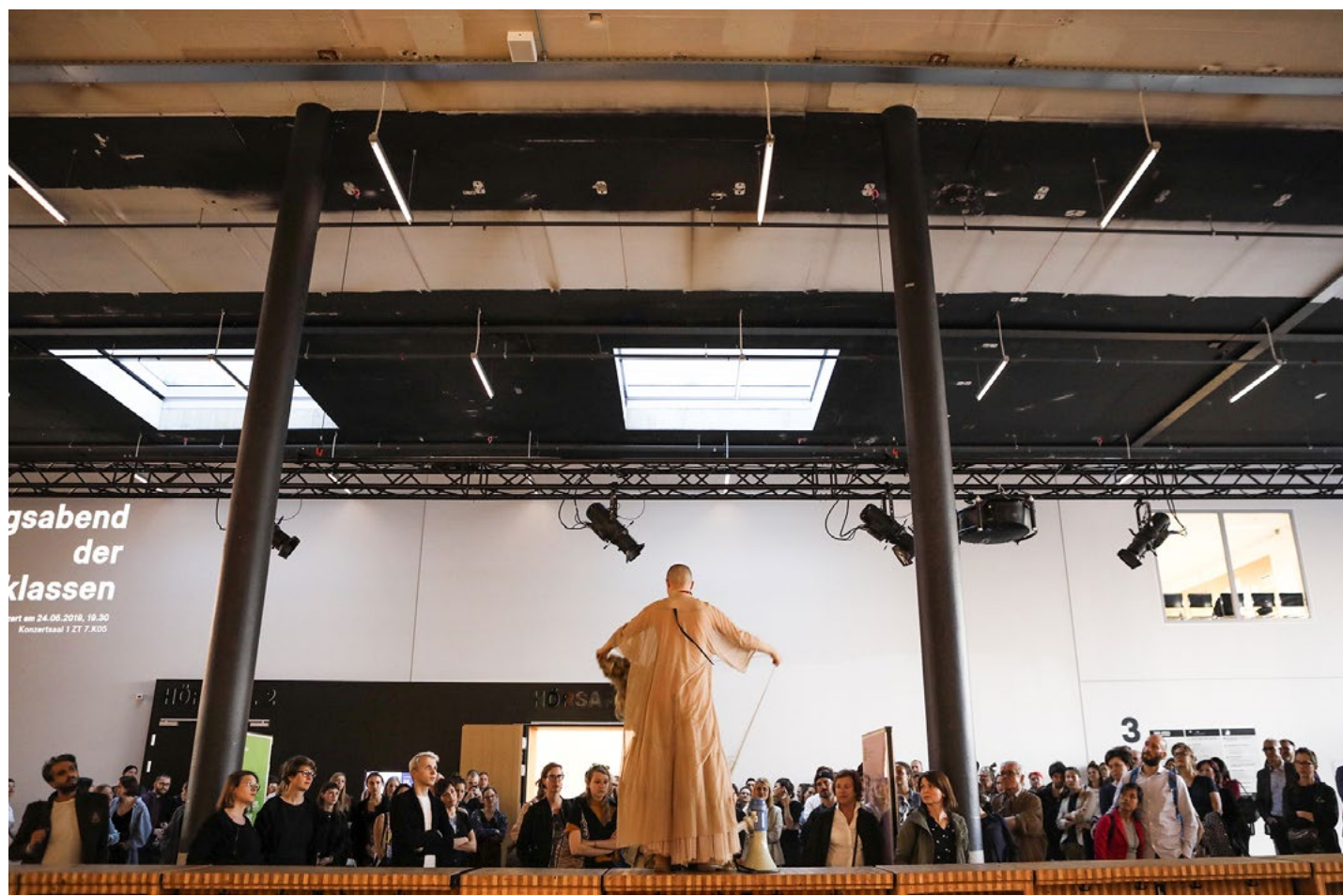
<http://manymorerooms.com>

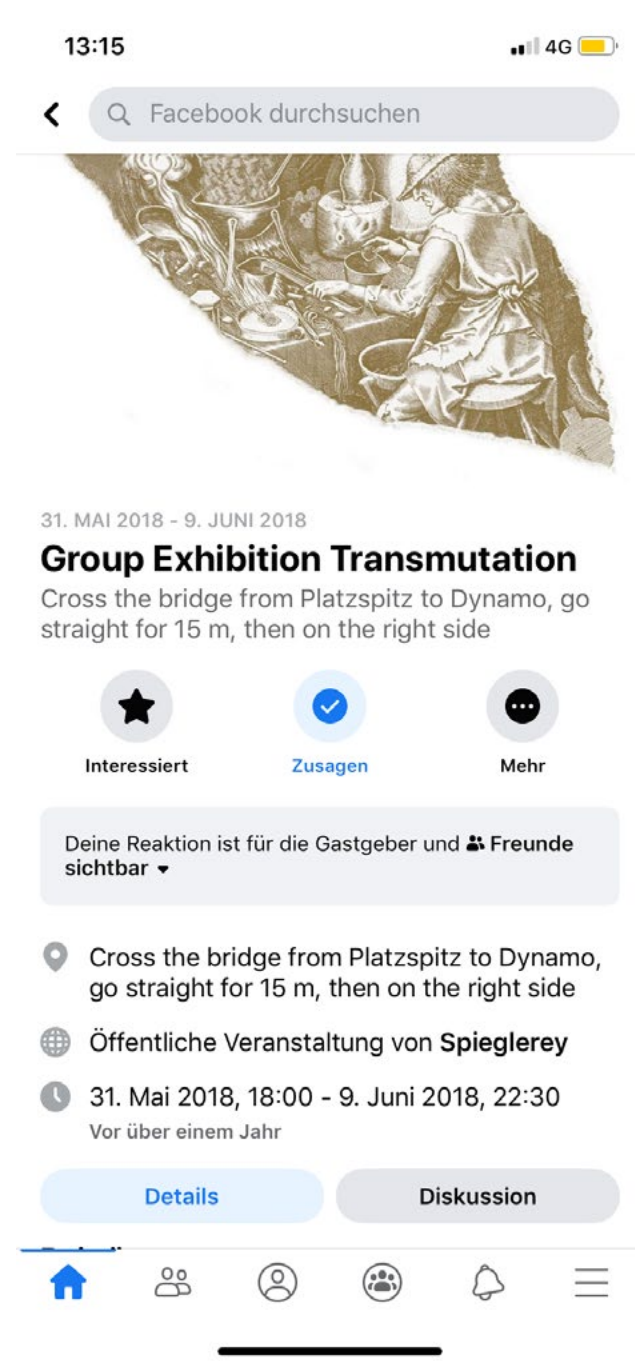
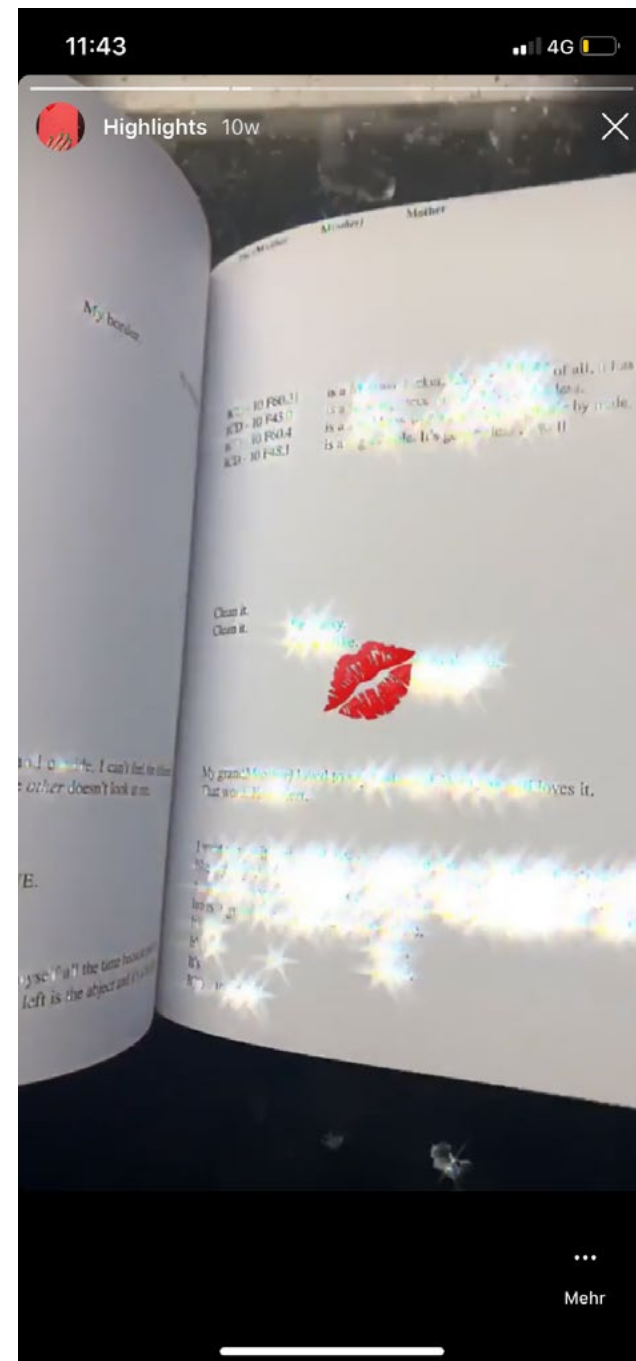
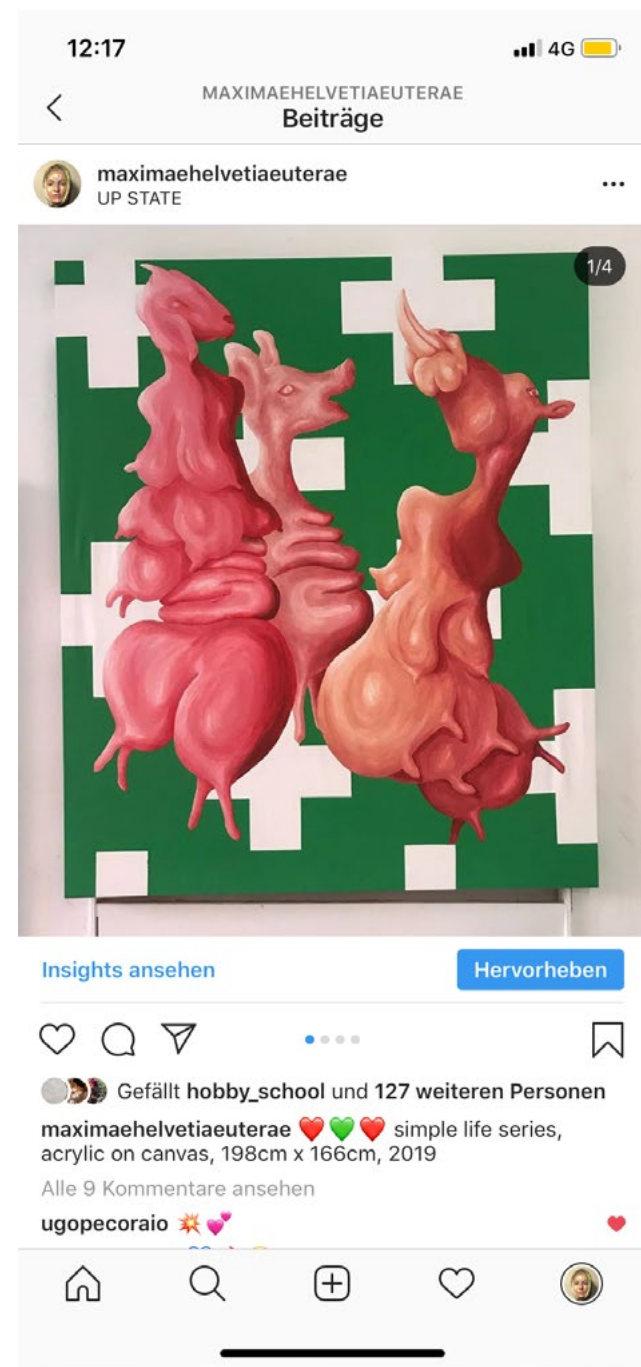
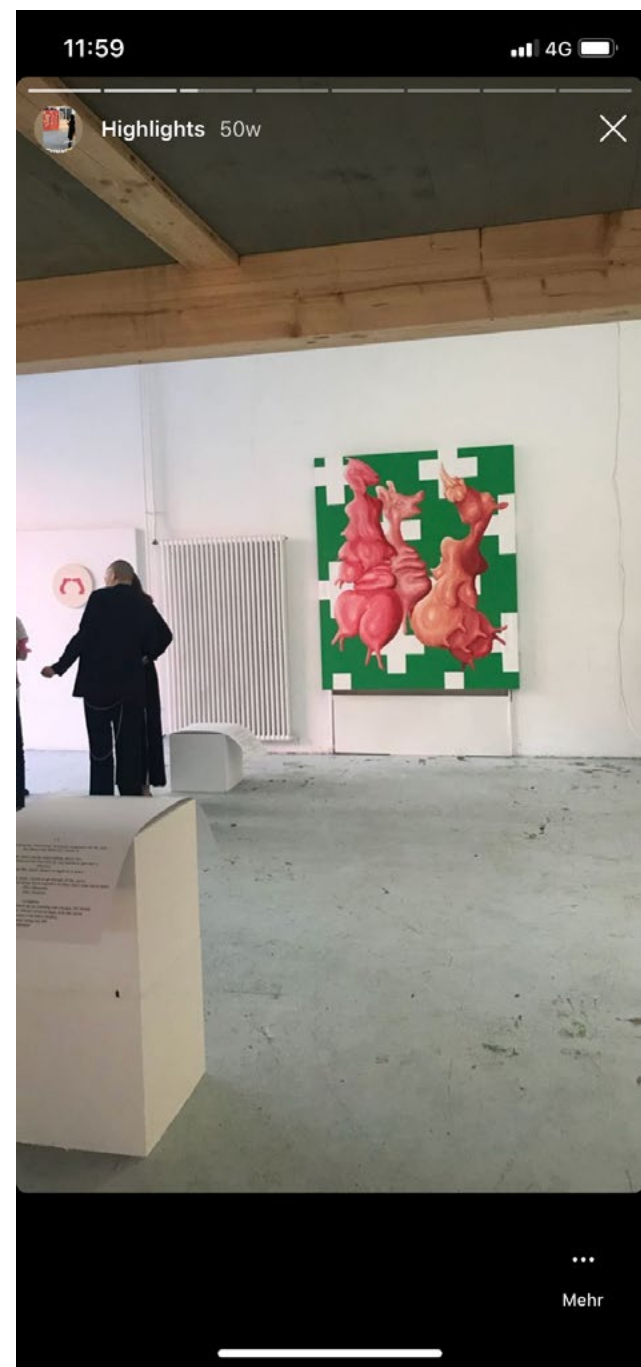
„many more rooms of ones not own“

The online publication Many More Rooms of One's Not Own unmistakably took root in an engagement with Virginia Woolf's text A Room of One's Own. It did so in two separate classrooms; one at the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna and one at the Zürich University of the Arts. It is born in the vein of our discussions in the classroom: As much a tribute to Virginia Woolf as a trenchant critique of some of her assumptions imbued to white bourgeois feminism. Rather than tarrying with conditions without which seemingly no art can be produced – a room of one's own and 500 schillings a year – our inquiry centered another question: What happens if material resources are missing or severely restricted? Curated by Tyna Fritschy and Laura Nitsch.

„wind in my hair“, performance, 08:00, group show, „unlabel“, Museum für Gestaltung, 2019, Zurich

What significance does the topic of hair or body hair have in relation to Gender roles? Can body hair be androgynous or even sexless? In reference to Foucault, Judith Butler defines gender as a continuous discursive practice that is always open to interventions and new meanings. This can be understood to mean that the external construction of gender, such as clothing and hair, for example, is also a discursive practice with continuous change. But are these optical gender norms really already broken? Or is the standard of girls with long hair and boys with short hair still valid? How trapped are we still in these adapted stereotypes? The influencing of these stereotypes begins at a young age through our society and the media. Especially children's films, such as those by Wald Disney, correspond to extremely outdated role models. I present this conflict in a performative way through the struggle and liberation of hair.

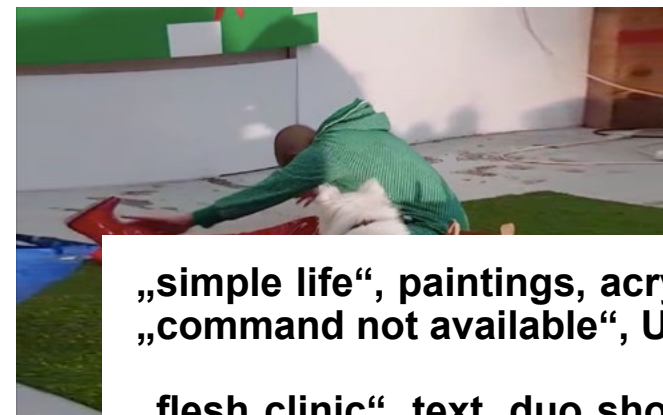




„SIMPLE LIFE SERIES“

„FLESH CLINIC“

„FARM MATERIAL“



„simple life“, paintings, acrylic on canvas, 198 * 166cm, duo show „command not available“, Up State, 2019, Zurich

„flesh clinic“, text, duo show „command not available“, Up State, 2019, Zurich

„farm material“, performance, 05:39, duo show „command not available“, Up State, 2019, Zurich

<https://youtu.be/1DOeaM2H1OA>

„command not available“

Our exhibition concept deals with the theme of the female body and its function in society. The female body is an integral element of neoliberal capitalism. According to Foucault's theory, the „disciplining of the body“ is one of the preconditions of capitalist development. The urgency of such a confrontation lies in the many prejudices and social inequalities that this issue involves. The exhibition is intended to be accessible to everyone and to encourage reflection on one's own subjectivization. The theoretical focus of the exhibition is the rebellion of the „disobedient“ female body in today's society, combined with the reactions of the environment. Which counter-effects are accepted, which are attributed to the disobedient body? This question is central to our individual works and positions. The status quo of social norms and their construction is questioned. We place ourselves in the context of various movements and institutions dedicated to the theme. Concept and curation by Noëmi Cereola and Doris Dehan Son.

SAFETY FIRST

She chases after it as though it was salvation. You need to read it over and over again. It gets worse inside, then it's over. It will come again.

She eats her green tail, can't stop the circle like an ouroboros. Whatever - it helps, or not?

Snakes on a plane. She flew to Barcelona, or back home - also the woman in the orange skirt couldn't really help. Cure and destruction on one sheet. You need to throw it away, they want the best for you. He said they cut him and after, they put a plaster on it. The plaster will heal it. Promise. She searches it on the internet, for the young girl. She loves it, the green pill with the snake on it. It will help.

SNAPCHAT

The young girl was healthy and cute. But it was all fake. The mirror was lying with its waves and Swarovski stickers. She wants to be her friend with the nice curls and her sweet belly button.

But she doesn't have any control over her thoughts. Shall I ask her to touch me? Will she be my friend?

She has to because she's with me 24/7. No options. Just mirrors.

Maybe I'll send her a snapchat selfie with my curls like how they were when I was young. This way we are no strangers anymore. I hope so. First we have to be friends so I can have other friends. It's a side-effect of existence. She needs a pet and a dab of ranch on her face to forget.

XANAX

The whole body is fluid like the ugly farmer curtains with the stripes in the wind. She can hear the animals outside but the sound feels like people screaming. The pigs are so weird. So ugly but so cute as well, they act like human brains. She sees them every day when she goes for her walk. When they see you they are scared and exited at the same time, as if they don't know if you are the savior or the killer.

Maybe they are used as charms because they are so pure, they have nothing to hide. Pure meat.

She lies in her bed with all the flowers and the pillows, all the useless charms on the nightstand. She suddenly feels like a princess. Nobody kisses her, the beauty sleep lasts forever but the meat stays pure.

VITAMINS

When she was crying and missed herself they gave her a little fragrance to feel home. The smell was fresh like lemons and looked like little yellow stones. She always carried it with her, when she wanted to flee on the highway. But she didn't have enough vitamins to run. She thought about her grandmother but still missed herself.

All the fruits were lying on the ground, colorful and smashed. Her phone was dead so Drake hushed and she started to run again, away from all her senses because they were overwhelming. All the colors in her nose, all the pictures in her ears. She couldn't handle it anymore. She knew she needed some more vitamins.

JB

I forgot to blend my contouring. Someone poisoned me for sure. The flavor was different, I know it.

She hears all the baes talking about her. About her stains on her face but no one wants to give her a blender. She's lost like Justin Bieber at night in the hotel.

I can't feel my body, I need to go through all the parts, paint them out in my head and bring them together so they don't lose each other. One silhouette, one creature. Complete. The muscles need to be tensed up so nothing can escape.

I need to hold it together. Always need to have it in my mind, even if I interact with other bodies.

They finally bring her the blender.

CHEMISTRY

I need to optimize it, I need this bra, like barbie tits, yes. Even if I can't feel them, they dissolve like the rest. But they look good in that shirt and I can't see my fat belly anymore.

Optimization is a motherfucker, but I'm into him. He's too cute.

Is it the chemical reaction? I don't know. I always liked chemistry when I was in school. The teacher hated me. Once he tore up my shirt because he saw my naked shoulders. I can remember it really well. It was my favorite shirt when I was a teenager. It was beige and made out of cashmere - it fell over both shoulders. I wore it without a bra.

I never saw him again. A few years later he killed himself with some chemical poison.

KIDS

She sees everything in 3D, I know it. She doesn't need these blue and red glasses. When she was young she was really good with those books where you had to locate the print and then you would see all those things.

Printed clothes, specially stripes, old paintings and patterns with dragons she liked the most. Sometimes she dresses up to play herself. In front of the mirror she always acts out some imaginary movie conversations. I'm sure she does it to not lose her strange voice.

She loves to play a teenage boy version of herself on drugs. She's not playing because that's how she always feels. Specially after she watched one of her favorite movies, Kids.

I like her because she doesn't like herself.

SEX IN PUBLIC

Every day he comes home for dinner to eat dry chicken which actually is pork and it's always the cheap one from Migros. His favorite category is sex in public.

She really loves me to Pluto and back - yeah, she's hot but too slutty with her pink high heels and her wack princess bed.

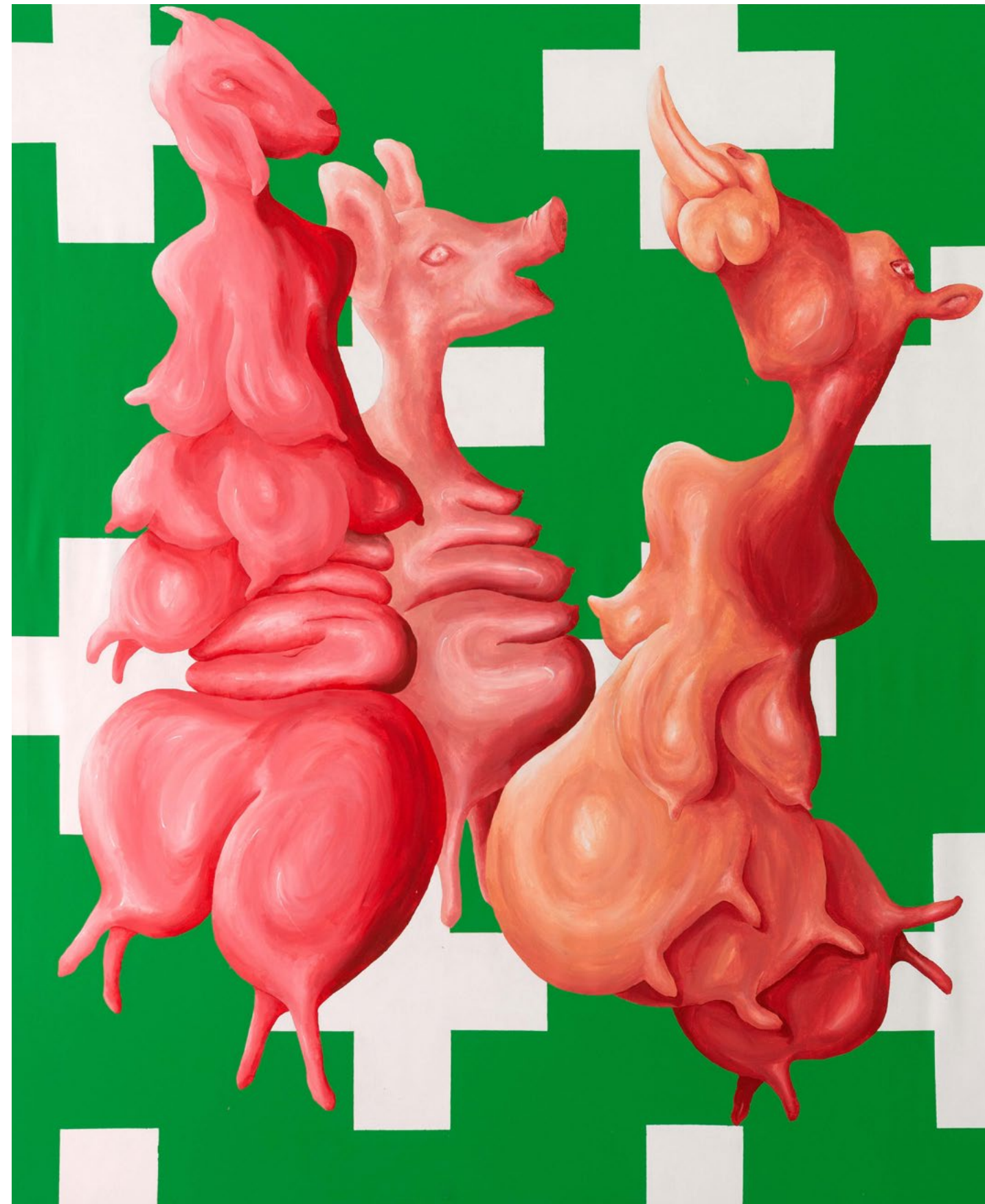
I go see her at night on the stairways of her mother's house. She smells like something between smoke and Bruno Banani. Her mind is precious but she's too much for me.

After kissing her and let her lick his dick he goes into a night of emptiness. She makes him both empty and full. Like a rescue blanket, cold and hot at the same time. He's addicted.

„SIMPLE LIFE SERIES“

„FLESH CLINIC“

„FARM MATERIAL“

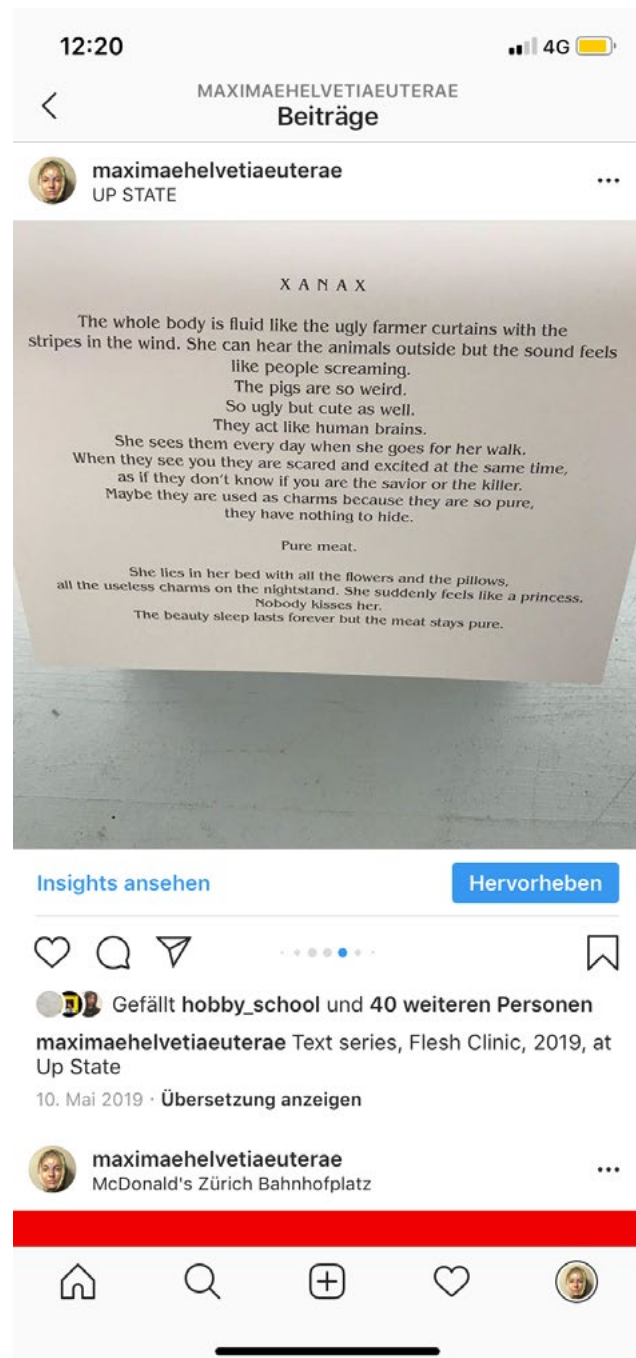
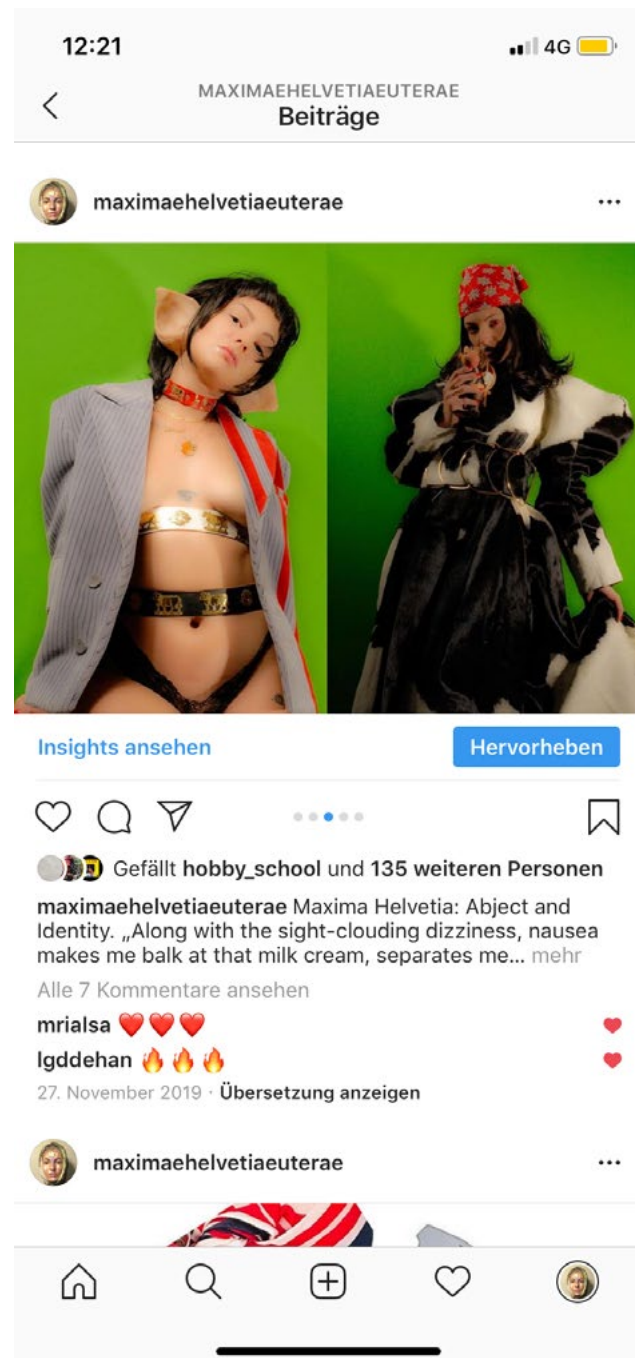
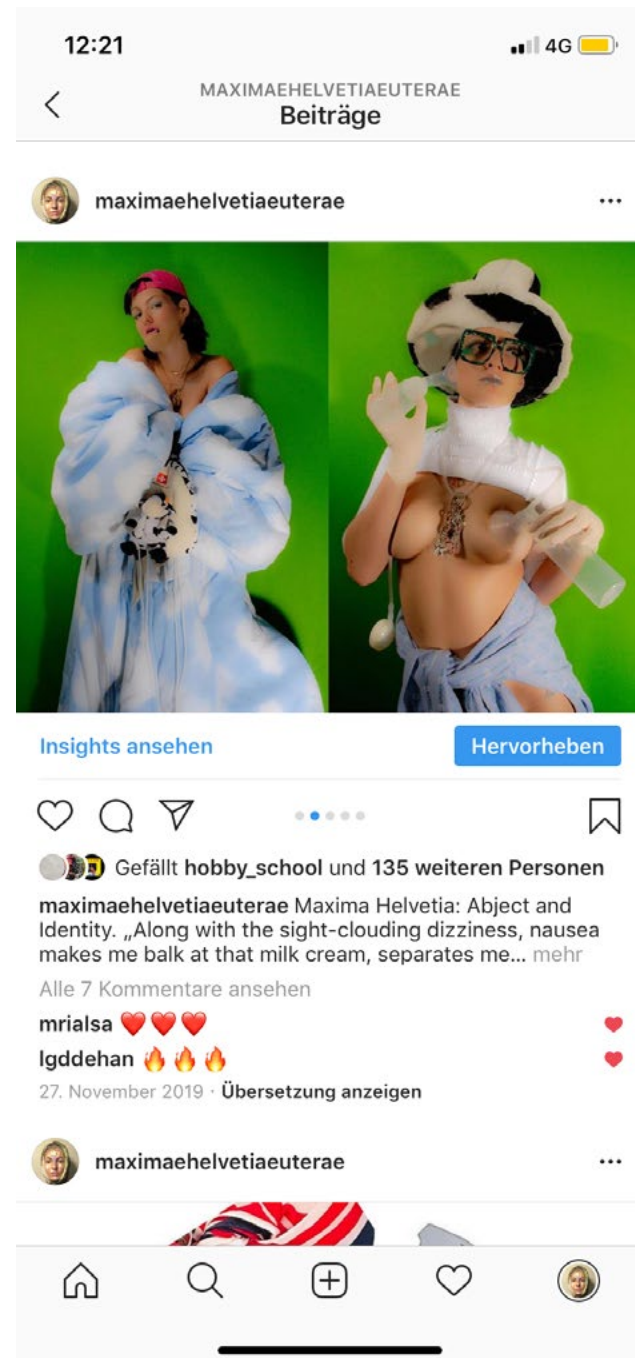
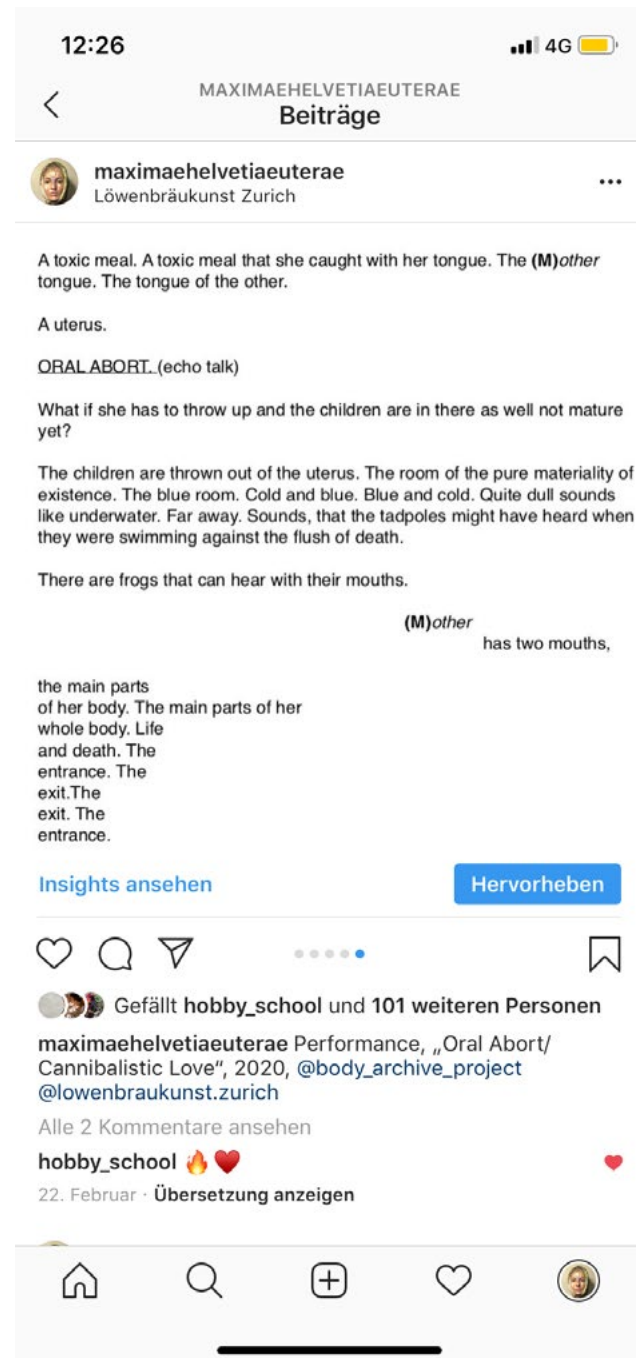
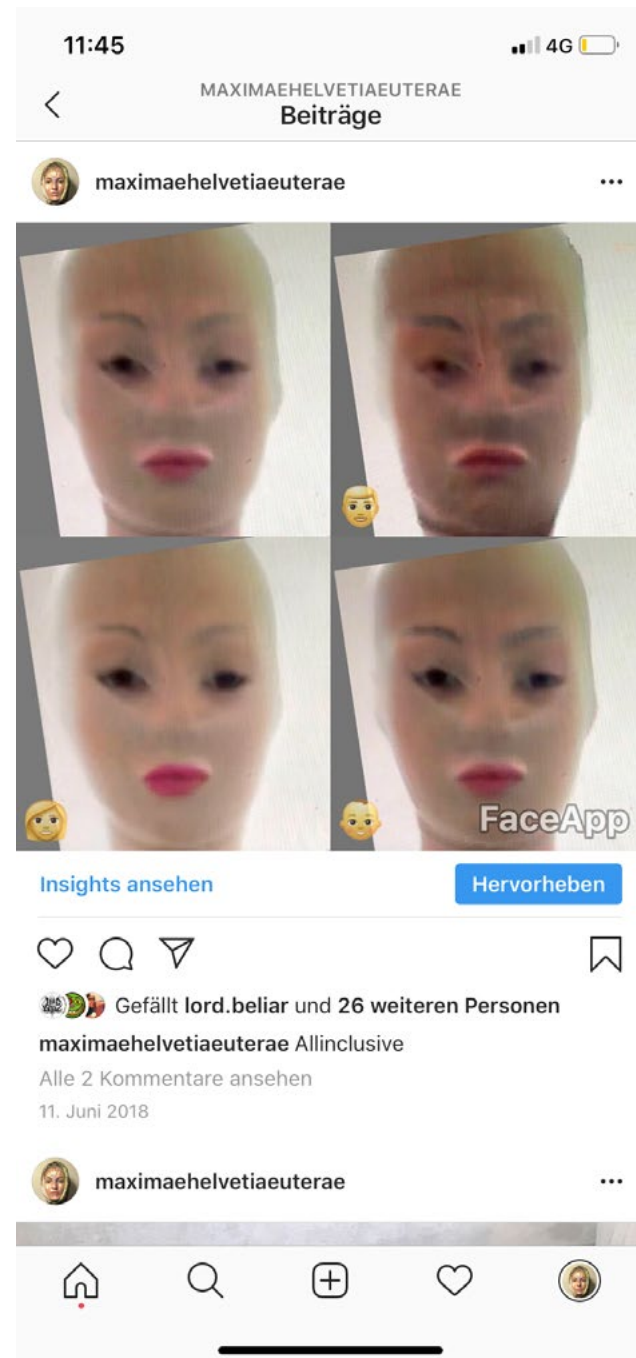


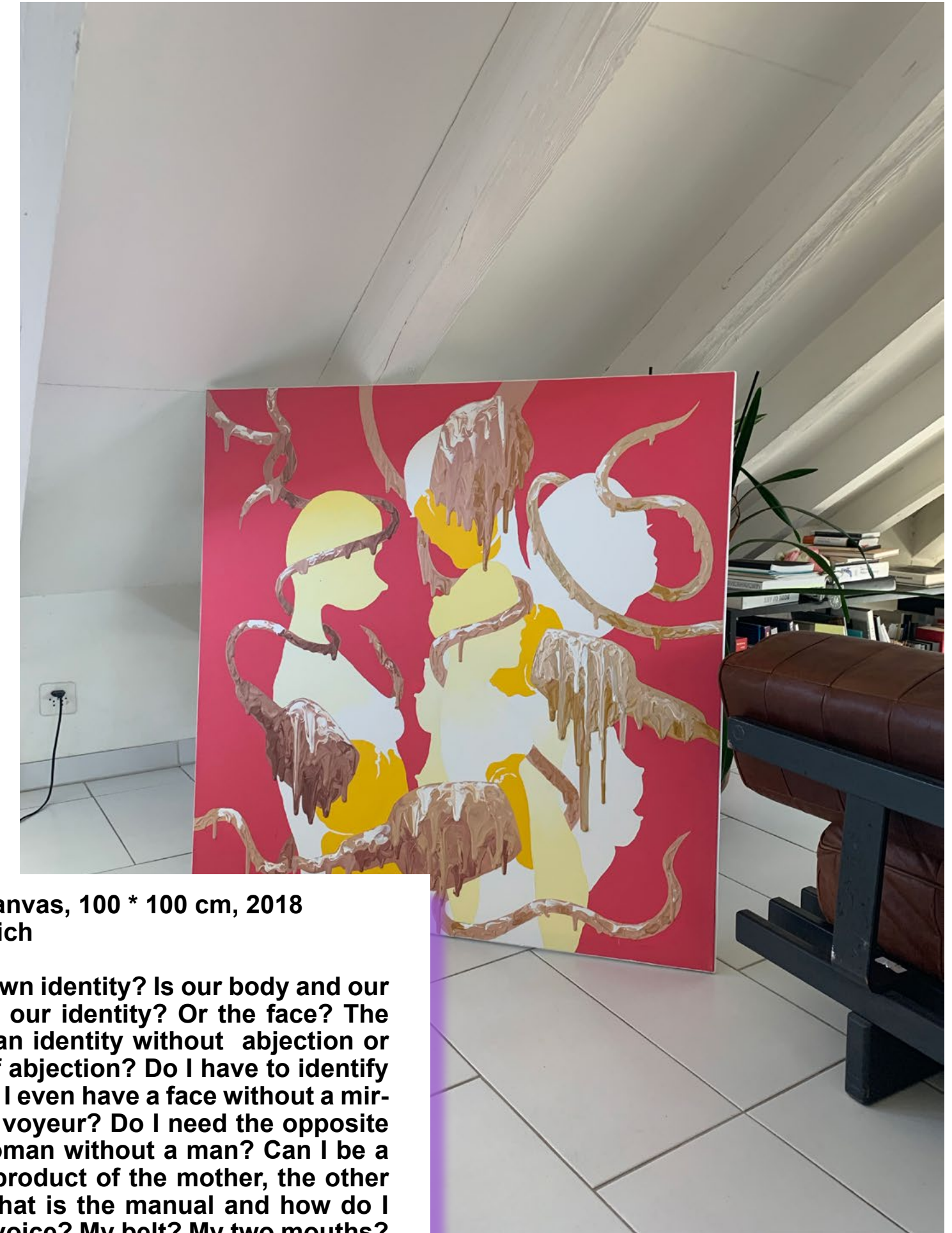
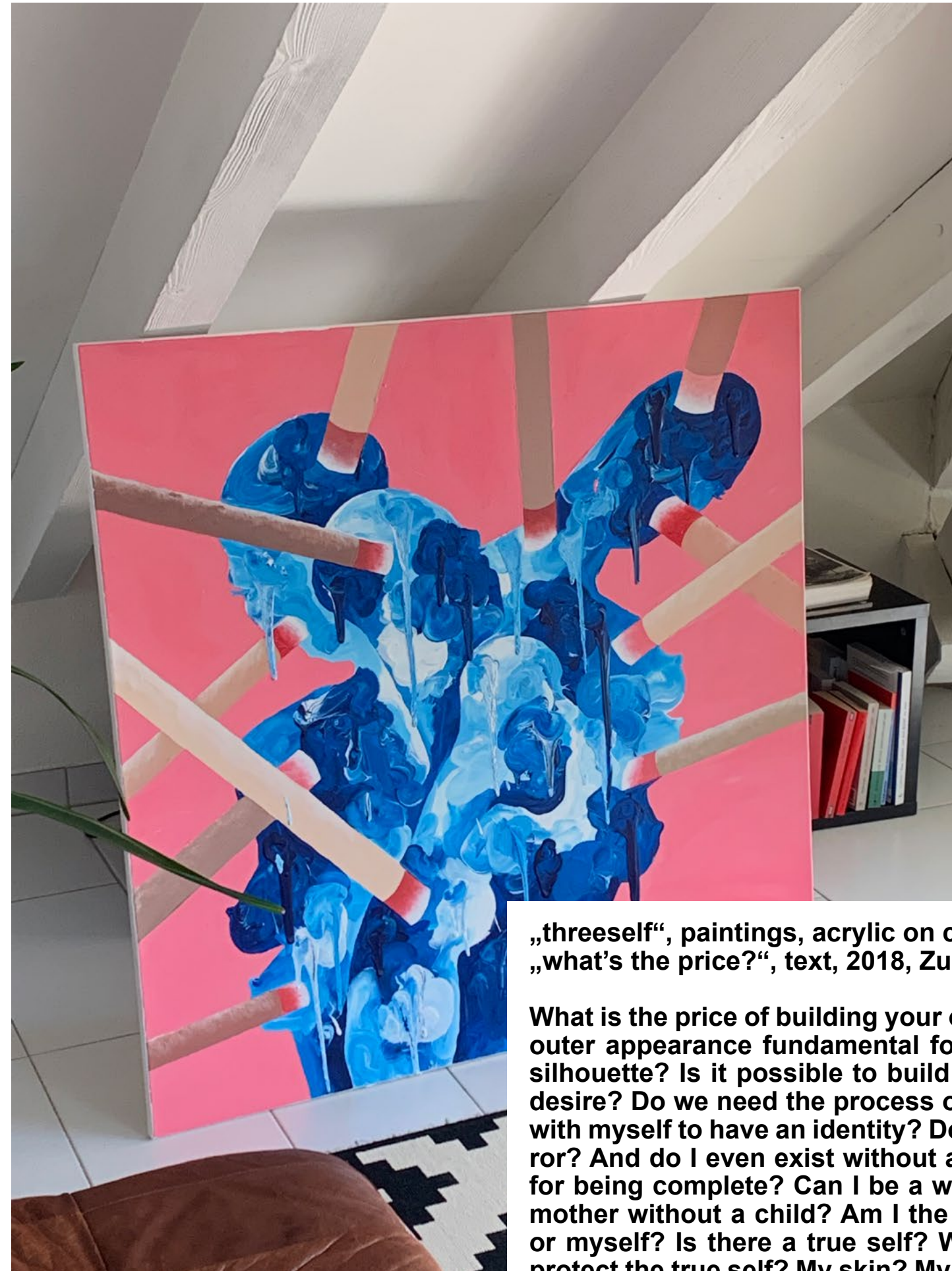
„SIMPLE LIFE SERIES“

„FLESH CLINIC“

„FARM MATERIAL“







„three-self“, paintings, acrylic on canvas, 100 * 100 cm, 2018
„what's the price?“, text, 2018, Zurich

What is the price of building your own identity? Is our body and our outer appearance fundamental for our identity? Or the face? The silhouette? Is it possible to build an identity without abjection or desire? Do we need the process of abjection? Do I have to identify with myself to have an identity? Do I even have a face without a mirror? And do I even exist without a voyeur? Do I need the opposite for being complete? Can I be a woman without a man? Can I be a mother without a child? Am I the product of the mother, the other or myself? Is there a true self? What is the manual and how do I protect the true self? My skin? My voice? My belt? My two mouths?

What’s the Price?“

The body is losing control.
The body is the embodiment of pink flesh. The body is the immortality begging for love.

The body is the fusion of atoms in a shell.
The body is the private and the public space.
The body is the unruly shape filled with milk. The body is the pig of the red fetus. The body is the muscle craving for existence.
The body is the identity of transformation.
The body is the moon full of holes and dents. The body is the abstract form of entity.
The body is the embodiment of disobedience.
The body is losing control.

The body gets dressed in the square and undressed in the space.

It was a Tuesday when she tried to understand it.
Deconstruct it.
And reconstruct it.

The body of red flesh. Craving for attention. Wants to be loved my everybody.
Wants to be loved by its owner.

By the little girl that inhabits it. The shell made out of skin.
The unruly organ.
The only task.
The only elixir.

At first she almost couldn’t breathe. She felt like captured. Trying to open the shell. The shell.

The air smelled like metal and sweat. Sweet sweat. Almost like jam.
The elixir.
The fragrance of elixir.
Her elixir.

It came out of the opened shell.
The fragrance of freedom. Of width.
The only task.

In march 2020 she saw the body for the first time. It was full of life. Inventing itself over and over again. The independent body. The disobedient body. The only task.

The body obsessed by transformation. By being the only leader.
Only mother.
No rules.
Out of control.

Disobedient body
Disobedient flesh
Disobedient figure
Disobedient form
Disobedient shape
Disobedient shell
Disobedient sculpture

A body in constant transformation.
In mutation. The red mutation.
A red shell. A blue shell. A yellow shell.
An unruly mutation. An unruly shape.
A girl. The flesh. The fetus. The red fetus.
An injection. A scissor. A knife.
Stop. Stop the voices. The voices under the skin.
Two mouths
one Body.

Disembodied mouths walking trough the door.
Unspeakable things.

The body puts the inside on the outside.
The girls voice in public. The body of the voice.
Two mouths screaming. The voice on the belt.
The disobedient voice. The closed circle. The ouroboros. The Key.
An unruly mother.

An abstract mother.
An abstract mother of her shape.
A strong shape. An independent shape.
The snake skin. The snake milk.
The fragrance.

I’m a bitch.
I’m a cow.
The Body
is a bitch.
The Body is
a cow.

I lost control again.

Her body? The voice turning its head.
Her voice? A gaze into the camera.
Her fetus? A product of Aphrodite and the snake.
Her weapon? White teeth behind the red lips.
Her protection? The talisman made out of wax.
Her enemy? The splitted tongue of the snake.
Her mother? Nyx waiting for a response.
Her shell? A selfie at night for her consciousness.
Her mouth? The voice in the mirror.
Her snake? Winding on planet Venus spitting it’s milk.
Her flesh? Changes to primary colors.
Her shape? The blue fluid sculpture.
Her skin? Peels-off the heels.
Her fragrance? The milk of the snake on the lips.

When the snake skins itself hanging on the mirror.
When two bodies occupy one.
When Pluto buys a piece.

When your body is the shadow of a random move.
When the two headed snake is drowning in his tears.
When the body is made out of skin, memories without organs.

When a body reproduce itself for outlast.
When the pointed tongue is licking the lily.
When you can buy a piece.

When the body skins itself to survive.
When the biggest organ the skin is your only brain.
When you can take all, would you take all?
When the body is the product.



„ultra body“, installation, nylon on wood, 100 * 100 cm, group show, „transmutation“, Dynamo, 2018, Zurich

<https://youtu.be/au3Ykr1ZE4s>

ULTRA BODY

The aim of spiritual alchemy is to restore a human being to the fundamental condition of grace, strength, perfection, beauty, and physical immortality. Dedicated alchemists over the ages labored to discover the secret of the elixir of life, which occultists believed would achieve this renewal of youth, and grant immortality.

But what is youth and immortality if not something superficially unreflected when it is not put into place and time?

An elixir of eternal life only represents a craving, a temporary ease. How would you exist and coexist in this idea of frozen eternity? Our whole perception of life is based upon transformation, mutation in time-constraints. The way we live is build upon temporality. This one life - specific moments who become our most challenging and meaningful timekeepers.

I am more interested in a search for „perfection“ rather than the goal to achieve such a state itself. Specifically the idea of an ethereal, perfect-ionized female entity - an ultra female body so to speak. Synthesized through our daily perceptions of (digital and real life) cuts and incisions.

Throughout the development of this work I will apply three main steps to my process, taken loosely from ancient alchemy and its understanding from the Fullmetal Alchemist series:

„An example of very basic Alchemy.

Alchemy (錬金術 Renkinjutsu) is, as it is understood in the Fullmetal Alchemist series, the ancient metaphysical science/mystical art of manipulating and altering matter by using natural energy.

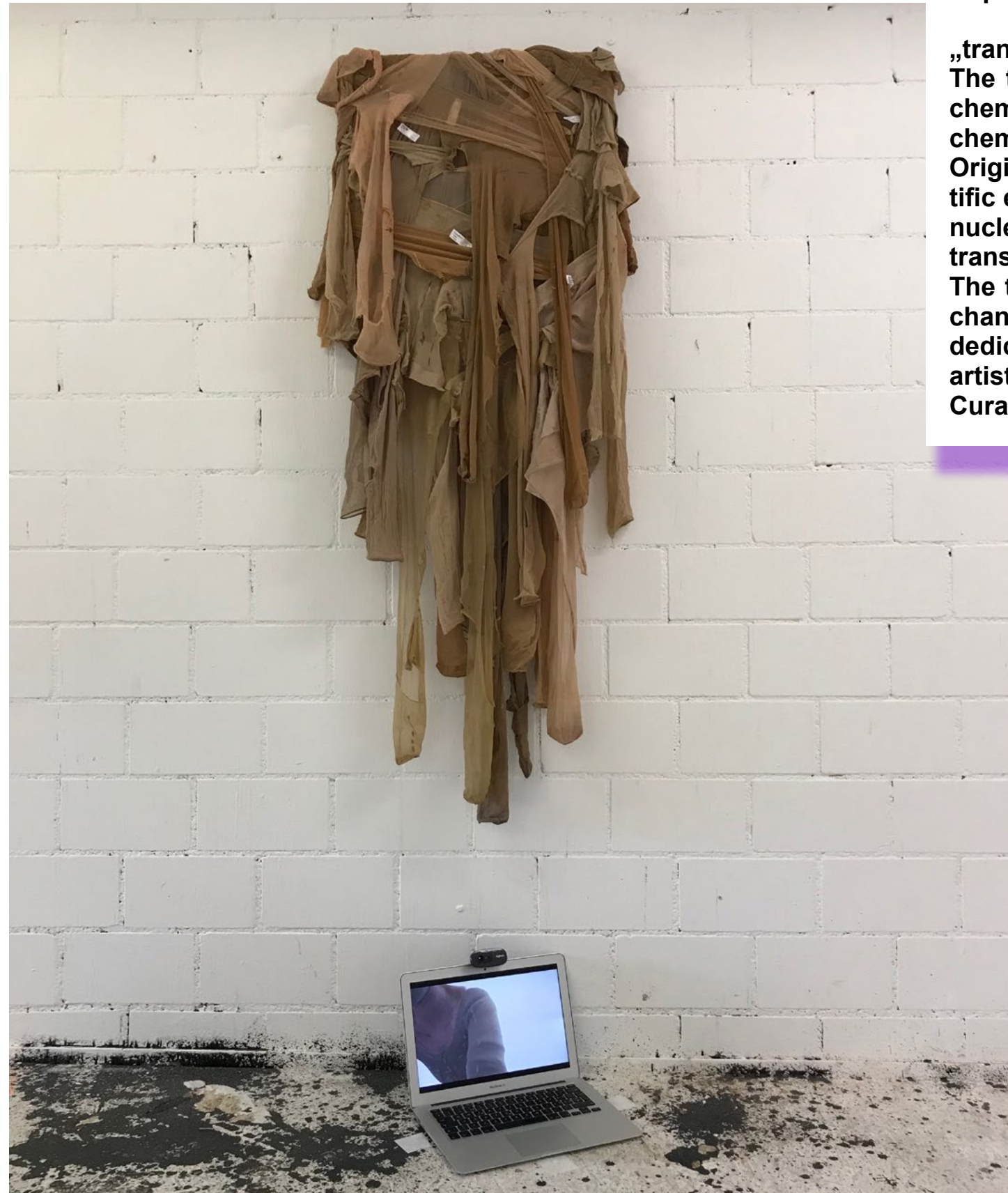
This act is known as "Transmutation" (錬成 Rensei) and its sequence is usually described as:

- 1 Comprehension - Understanding the inherent structure and properties of the atomic or molecular makeup of a particular material to be transmuted, including the flow and balance of potential and kinetic energy within.
- 2 Deconstruction - Using energy to break down the physical structure of the identified material into a more malleable state so as to be easily reshaped into a new form.
- 3 Reconstruction - Continuing the flow of energy so as to reform the material into a new shape.“

- 1. understanding
- 2. deconstructing/decomposing
- 3. reconstruction

The starting point will be my body and its skin, replaced by skin-tone, morph-suit-like covers (nylon, spandex, second skin) which I will sketch and draw upon, cut and tear, pull and break. Reminiscent as part of a female existence, already an ultra body in transmutation by itself. The body as the constant we all live with, our outer borders of perception, regardless of how we perceive it on a daily basis. It is here where my canvas begins.

What is left are layers of outer-skin shells. Skinned and cut-to-perfection, reassembled through various techniques to finally be placed and stretched out on a canvas-frame - the last resort for a temporary, reconstructed self. The remains of an ultra female body, a makeup to make up (reconcile).



„transmutation“

The term transmutation originates from the terminology of ancient alchemists in the medieval times. It describes the transition from one chemical element to another, in this case from un noble metals to gold. Originating from this ambivalent, half science fiction, half actually scientific etymology, the term transmutation remains multidimensional. Both nuclear scientists as well as artists and/ or poets use the term to depict transition processes from one element or structure to another.

The term inspired us and we developed a fascination for processes of change or transition and processuality itself. This half year project we dedicate to this idea of processuality and in that sense we searched for artists who incorporate this task of visualizing processuality.

Curated by Livio Beyeler.

Aries is the black psychedelic shadow on the other.
Aries is him in the body and her in the light.
Aries is the same they are both the same.
Aries is the space between the space around.
Aries is the negative space and the positive space.
Aries is the open and the closed space.
Aries is the public and the private space.

„Project Princess Ari(e)s(e)“, multimedia, text, 2016, Zurich

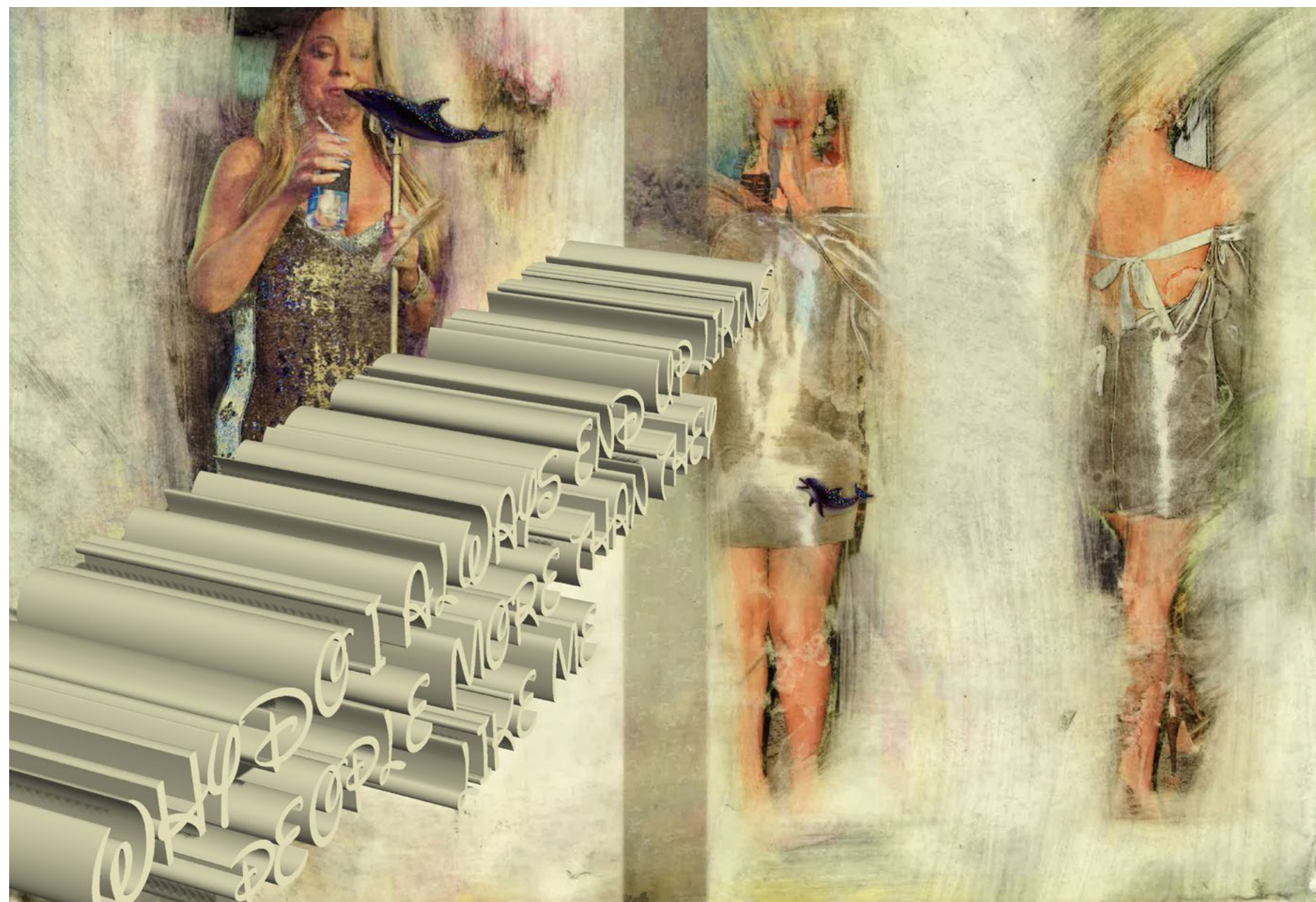
The state of teen aging is a liminal space. It's a space of paradoxes because it's a space where one builds one's own identity. It's a space between self and other. It's a space between You porn and Disney. Between condoms and plushies. Between horoscopes and homework. It's a space between inclusion and exclusion. Between individuality and conformity. Between fear and fury. Between narcissism and insecurity. Between optimization and destruction. Between dreams and despairs. Between flesh and emotions. The Beauty and the Beast. It's a liminal space where teen angst rules and where you are unaware of the unconscious. It's the public school toilet. It's the bus station. It's the shopping mall. The mirror. The body. The body in transformation standing in a place of transition, trying to translate.



Aries gets undressed in the fire and dressed in the water.
It was a Sunday evening 10 o'clock.
She constantly thinks about time.
She can't decide. Made the right decision.
The air smelled like rotten skin. The trash was all over.
But she made the right decision.
In march 1996. Aries saw her for the first time. From far away.
But it was an illusion or just a thought or maybe a vision.
It was stormy and windy when Aries was in the car with a driver that had no driver license.
But she was almost there.
It was 1988.

The black Aries
The white Aries
The cancer
The red cancer
Aries with a red cancer
A dark cancer. A red cancer. A dangerous cancer. A sensitive red cancer.
Aries with no hole anymore
Aries filled from inside
Aries filled with water from the other Aries
Aries filled with red water
No hole, no hole
No flesh, no flesh
Not yet filled with flesh
Flesh and bones. Two in one. One in two.
Red flesh blue bones
Red and blue
Aries and Cancer

Aries gets possessed in the fire and empty in the water.
It was the July the birthday of her mother.
The possessed mother. The rebel mother. The weak mother. The mother. The red mother.
He made the right decision. It was warm and red.
The cancer. The fish. The Aries. The right decision.
He decided to be obsessed. To possess her.
The right decision.
September 2019.
The flesh the bone.
Smelled like milk. Fresh milk.
White, black or red milk.
Red milk.
She was there, almost there.
Almost. She doesn't want to protect herself anymore.
It's all open and ready.
Or not.
The universe will tell.



Statement

In my art practice my main focus lies on the female human and animal body and its identity in relation to reproduction, abjection, capitalism, sexuality, gender and psychology. What is the role of the female human and animal body in our capitalistic society? How does that impact the question of identity? And how would an autonomous female organism that has freed itself look like? My work refers to various theories around these topics, like „Powers of horror: an essay on abjection“ by Julia Kristeva or „The gender of sound“ by Anne Carson. Currently I am reflecting questions surrounding the female voice, the body of voice and performing the voice as well as the gender of voice in relation to language, sound and hysteria. The female voice, may it be in writing or spoken, the female body, may it be painted or in movement, is a constant obsession throughout my art practice as well as the active processing and reprocessing of my own history- or as I would call it, a never ending adolescence, driven by dualistic aspects of the female being. I am interested in opposition, questions of abjection and desire, the uncanny space between things and beings as well as different postmodern subject theories. During my working process I find myself in a kind of liminal space between the conscious and the unconscious, between childhood and adulthood or between the self and the other, a place between the inner and the outer, like digital self-portrayal spaces. My artistic work is mainly text and performance based but may include paintings, installations, videos and photography. Every implementation can trigger different intensities of emotions for myself as the creator in these processes and, thus for the viewer, resulting in different outcomes and perceptions. The tools and materials I work with, don't have limits, decisions are based upon the closeness or the distance I want to expose the spectator to. The inner and the outer bodies of my work are in a constant process of movement. Who is the voyeur? Is it attraction or disgust I feel or want to portray? Or are they liminal spaces, uncanny valleys?

