

Philipp Timischl
*1989 Graz,
lives and works in Vienna

Aude Pariset
*1983 Versailles,
lives and works in Berlin

Nolan Simon
*1980 Detroit,
lives and works in Brooklyn

Back to the here and now...

It was one of those sticky nights. Couldn't breathe, couldn't sleep, couldn't think, just stare. The flickering blue lights of my neighbor's nocturnal series session rasped my insomniac eyes and so I left my bedroom to follow suit. The whole place was full of trash, barely vincible when I realized I still had my skype running with Sully. She was obviously gone, when I got to the screen. Probably at one of those weird séances where she often sits around a midget table clustered with absurd intarsia just to commit to something. Anyway, it was only then when I saw this incredibly beautiful portrait of her on canvas, hanging above her bed. It was nearly glowing. I remember seeing that template last spring on her instagram, some sunset session, coastal vibe but definitely effective. To keep it for later, I did a screenshot and shut it. That light on Sully's portrait reminded me of a Peter Andre video, back in 1996, so I had to turn it on. I have never noticed his Jamaican sidekick and this Thai setting. After some time researching the video set, I decided on streaming east, bound and down. I couldn't stop watching it, so I found myself slaving on the couch. All of a sudden one thing started to annoy me that much, I was barely able to chill down anymore. I noticed every time I focused on a detail, it was already gone. Second after second, scene after scene – an awful feeling being that powerless. We are all constantly exposed to those floods and rhythms, which we cannot control. I googled screenshots by using a more or less appropriate description of what I just saw. Error – there seemed to be not a single person on this planet who follows the same thread...among eight billion users.

While a gang of fruit flies had a blast sucking on the cabernet-sauvignon stains on my linen, that had been hanging on a laundry rack for ages now, I realized that I've become more and more the exact equivalent to what I always considered to be an ephemeral being.

Please, open my damn handcuffs! I felt like doing actual things. I wanted to work on actual crafted things and create something real that lasts longer than just a moment. I could not strain my memory any longer and wanted to make it aaaaaallll mine! There is no point in creating a new image because all of what I will be producing is iteration. So my pursuit of happiness consists of recombination and adoption. Having this satisfying revelation in my mind, I could finally rest myself and prepare for a decent nap. It was one of the most relaxing naps I have ever had in my entire life. The next morning I had breakfast with my father. My monologue literally appeased him. Needless to say, he concluded my undertaking with some phrases out of one of his last sermons. "There is no NOW... it is highly subjective and comparable to clouds; ever changing. You shall observe the clouds. Only then you will find your path of identification and gratification." He ate a grapefruit and Bircher Muesli this morning; I had a fruit bowl and some croissants. It all feels so right. This is the right perspective, the right angle.

Text: Dorothee Mosters