

WHEN
IT MOVES,
STRENGTHENING
ITS SKIN

WHEN
IT MOVES,
STRENGTHENING
ITS SKIN

WHEN IT MOVES, STRENGTHENING
ITS SKIN was a program of
installations and performances
taking place over the course
of two consecutive Saturdays,
in the bordering spaces of
two different institutions.

On July 30, 2022, it opened at

Kunstverein Bielefeld with
BITSY KNOX, NILS AMADEUS LANGE
and MIRA MANN with IRIDESCENT
WINGS. One week later, on

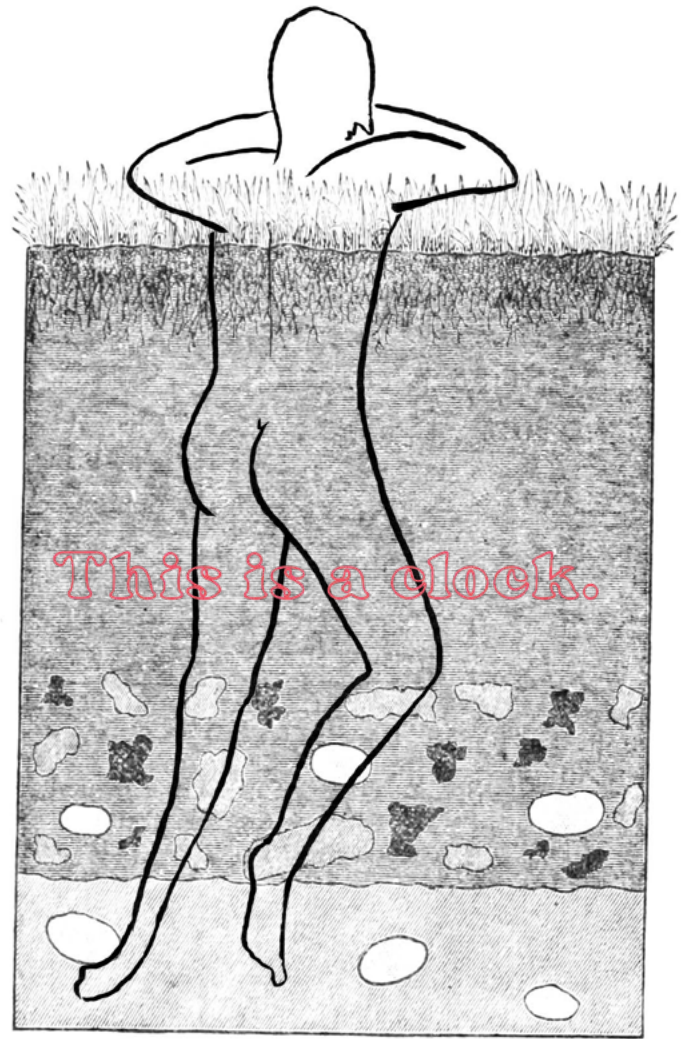
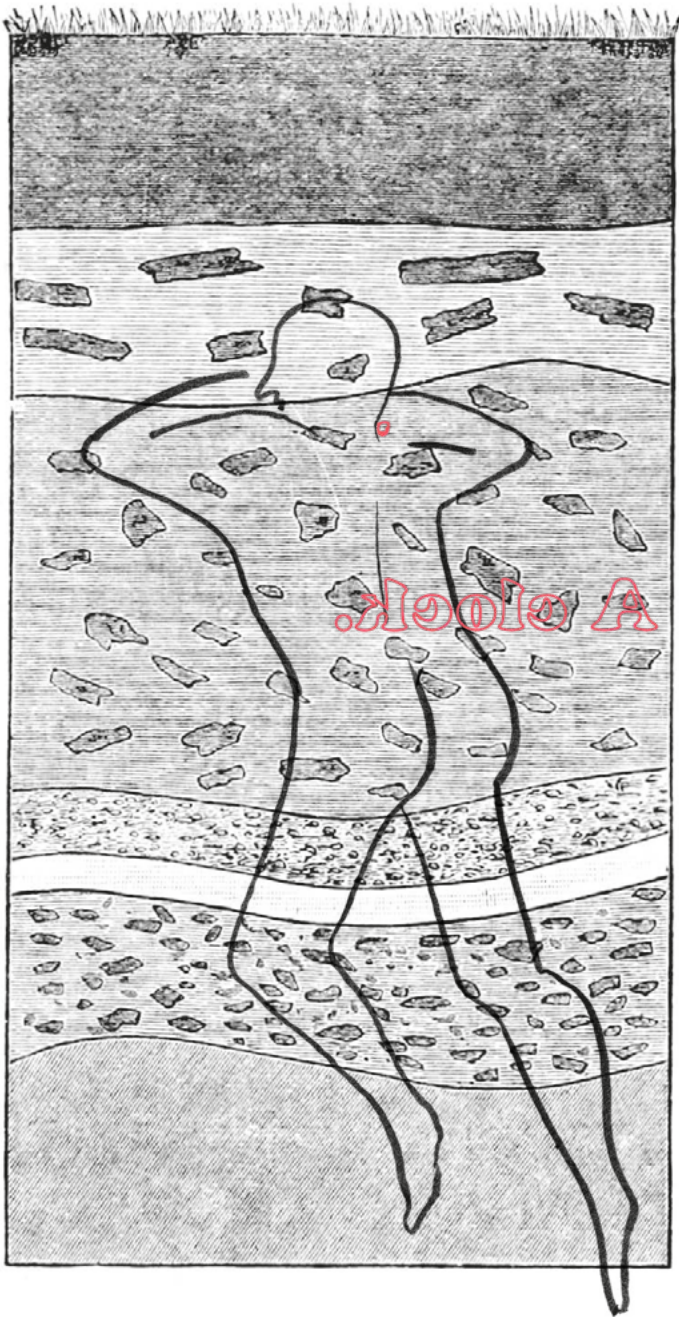
August 06, 2022, it closed at

Dortmunder Kunstverein with
ELISA BARRERA, SVETA MORDOVSKAYA,
PRICE, MARGAUX SCHWARZ and
NOEMI WEBER with MILENA WEBER
and KARINA VILLAFAN.

It was organized by Paolo Baggi
and Florentine Muhry as
part of Residence NRW+.

The publication is thought of
as a third space, inviting
all the participating artists
to take part with the content
of their choice.

The proposals are scattered
throughout the publication,
laid out and organized by
Christopher Tröster.





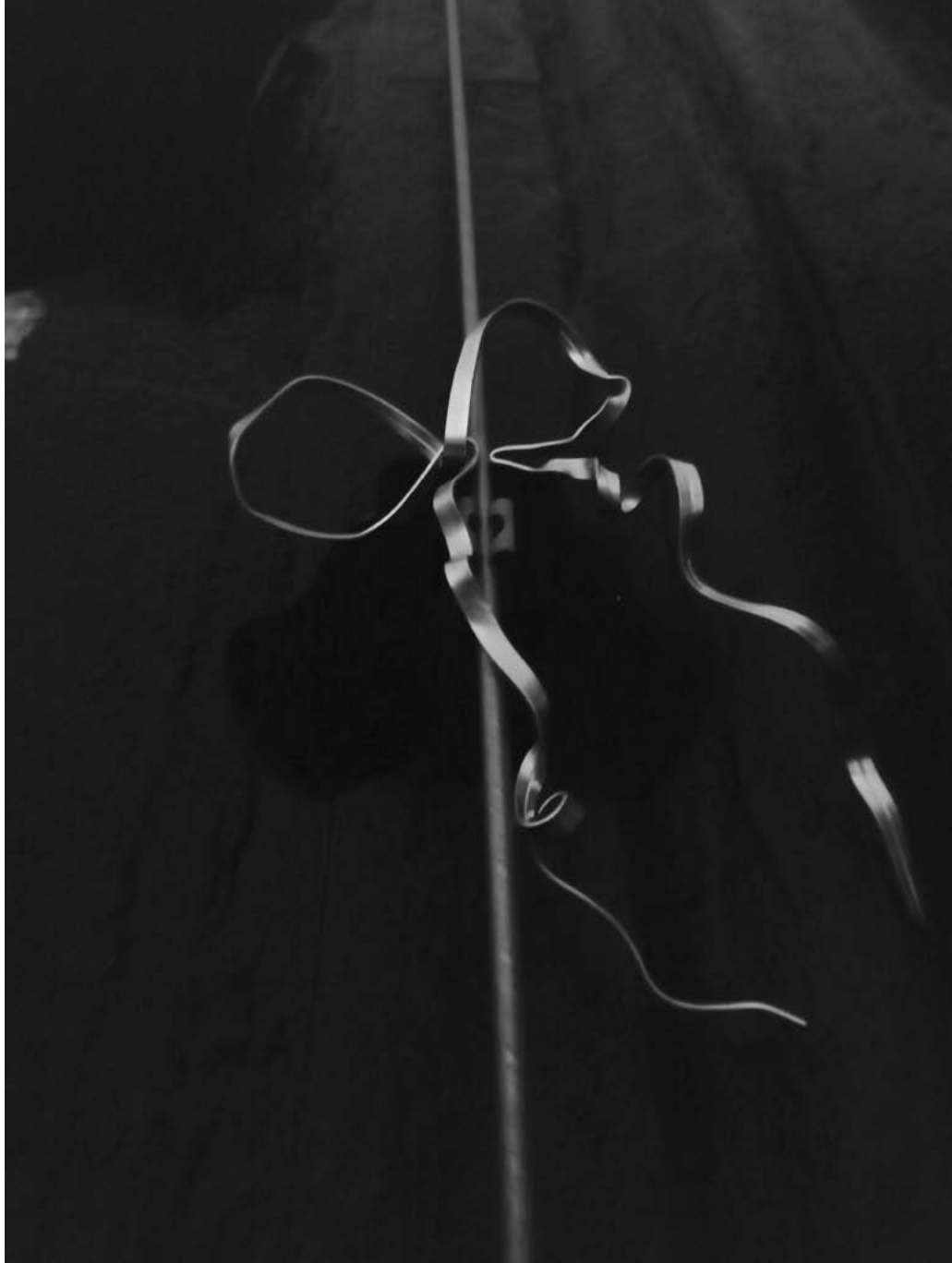


MIRA MANN

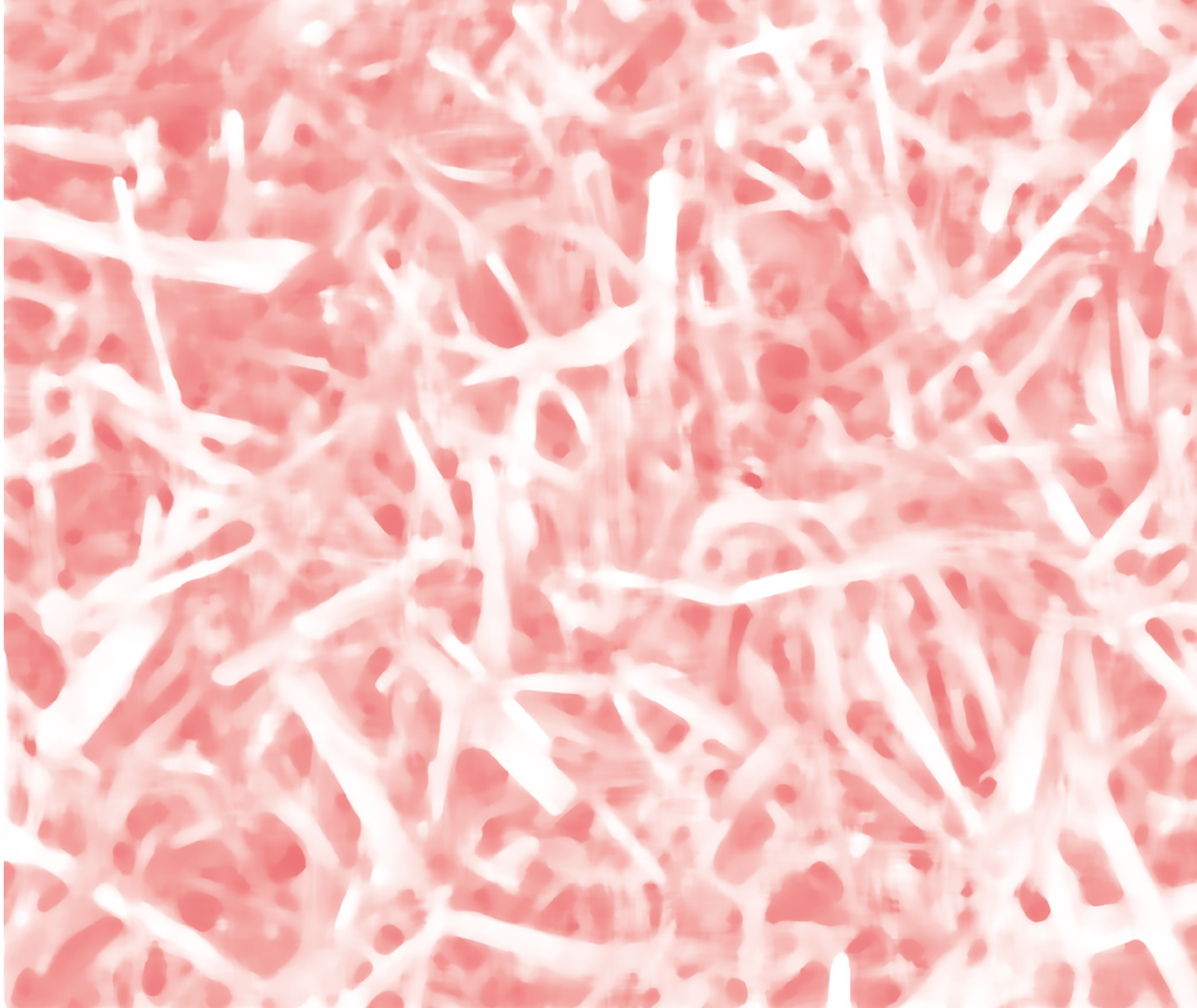




ELISA BARRERA







SVETA MORDOSVKAYA



S C R I P T

PRICE

MELODIES ARE SO FAR MY BEST FRIEND

Performance, 75 min, 2019

Performed by PRICE with Cecile Believe
and Sebastian Hirsig

In the middle of the room, there is an 11-15 meter long table that climbs into the grandstand. Five large curtain costumes made of imitation leather, latex, cotton, velvet, and sweat are laid out as the performer PRICE physically and sonically is occupying the space with theatrical acts, movement and his singing voice. Cecile Believe (producer and vocalist) and Sebastian Hirsig (pianist) are present on stage contributing to the audio landscape. The visitors are sitting around table. The grandstand remains visible but empty.

* * *

- The room is in with the dimmed light and the music is already has started „SONIC WIND BASS“ is already on.
- Pull the last table to the other while having the latex been supper stretched. The latex curtain is over all the tables in a tension/stretch status. The blue curtain is at the last table under the latex like a body wrapped. The gray is rolled onto of the second table.

The first image the audience is encountering should communicate something fragile. Stretched/Shift/Bass

- Sonic wind bass is ending and and Sebastian is been introduced some soft tones

Here, let's take care that the latex sound is been heard while I am on top of it. Introverted eyes, inner conversation, (maybe mumbling). Get into the slow movement and start to move and pose over the table all the way until you up on the stand.

- Room light fades almost out and the sharp light table is been lightened softly and pretty. This transition is done with a smooth fade with a longer duration.

TEXT:

This texts appears when I change pose or arrived somewhere.

IDEAL FEELINGS
ACTUAL FEELINGS
IDEAL FEELINGS
ACTUAL FEELINGS
IDEAL FEELINGS
ACTUAL FEELINGS

- 'Demo pop song' is appearing

TEXT:

ARCHIVE (singing)

try to introduce the vocal sound very fragile and let the sound appear subtle, take more time and make it abstract

TROUGH THE STAIRS I CAME DOWN
THERE IS A LOWER GROUND
ARCHIVE, ARCHIVE

- When I arrive up the last table I pose and say this:

REMEMBER THAT FEELING.
YOU THE FIRST ON A WAITING LINE
STAGNATION

SEDUCED BY THAT VERY STRANGE FORM CLOSE TO US.
A SECOND YOU? OR A PRIVATE NEW.

extract of: Sade – The Sweetest Taboo
Singing. humming 'sweetest taboo'

Then continue with this:

THERE'S A QUIET STORM AND
IT NEVER FELT LIKE THIS BEFORE
THERE'S A QUIET STORM AND
IT NEVER FELT LIKE THIS BEFORE

- Blue Curtain gets unwrapped
Get into the curtain and have the Words don't come easy arriving while sliding down the table. This text appears when I morph into the another curtain.

- One of the 3x light-spots goes on. For this light scores we will have to rehears and see on the spot what is needed. The 3x light-spots on a tripod are placed in different place in the space. I will explain when we meet.

TEXT:

extract of: Words – F.R. David
WORDS DON'T COME EASY TO ME
HOW CAN I FIND A WAY TO MAKE YOU SEE I LOVE YOU
WELL, I'M JUST A MUSIC MAN
MELODIES ARE SO FAR MY BEST FRIEND
BUT MY WORDS ARE COMING OUT WRONG
YOU, I REVEAL MY HEART TO YOU AND
HOPE THAT YOU BELIEVE IT'S TRUE ,CAUSE
WORDS DON'T COME EASY TO ME

Mood change

ITS NOT THAT SHE WAS PARTICULARLY LOST
WHEN THE SUN RISES, THE WORLD BECOMES VISIBLE

- Have the movements of arms and legs poses constantly present when you move over the table.
Continue moving with the blue shirt over the table.

TEXT:

Look first time at the people (singing):
TO THAT RIGOROUS POINT
STANDING OUTSIDE THAT DOOR
WE CAN'T AFFORD
BUT THEN HE CAME AND TOUCHED FOR MORE
LIKE A SONIC WIND
TIRING ALL OF US
AS A CHOICE
AS MINOR VOICE
ARE WE WILLING TO CRY FOR ALL OF US
AS A CHOICE
AS MINOR, MINOR VOICE

- Have the Table covered as much as possible with the blue curtain push the table behind Sebastian and pose and move again.
- Melodies of „Harry“ is arriving.
Go over the table and pose again and move/morph.

TEXT:

HARRY WENT TO AN UNKNOWN PLACE
AS HE CHOOSES TO LEAVE,
AS HE CHOOSES TO LEAVE SO YES,
HARRY LEFT HIS OLDER PLACE
AS HE CHOOSES TO LIVE
SO HARRY FELT DOWN HIS FACE
AS HE CHOOSES TO BLEED

HE MESSSED WITH ORDERS BUT MET THAT WONDER
HE CROSSED THAT THUNDER AND LOVED HIS HUNGER
AS HE CHOOSES TO LEAVE
AND THEN, I SAW HARRYS BLEEDS
AS I HEARD HIS NEEDS
BUT THEN, I FELT HARRYS BELIEVES
AS I CHOOSE TO LEAVE
SO WE GOT CLOSER, EVEN CLOSER
WE BENT TO CLOSURE AND HELD SOME MOTIONS
AS WE CHOOSE TO BE
AHH AHH, AHH AHH AHH
AS WE CHOOSE TO BE

- Encounter the red curtain hanging from the sealing.
- Try this moving curtains behind Sebastian and give him a back drop while he is playing.
- Movements are faster.
- After that, deform the backdrop into something more corporal, like a creature on you, wear it.
- Bring back the table to the center.

- somewhere here the „drum hit“ is arriving.

- arrive at the table with blue and red velvet curtain. And get ready for the pop song.
- walk slowly next the table and create a beautiful image with the dress. Take your time.
- Take the mic, pose and start singing.
- song „100years“ starts

TEXT:

MY BELOVED CAME AND BROUGHT THAT SOUND
TO THAT GROWING SHIVERING GROUND
BUT THE WORLD IT SEAMS TO LOUD
HIS MOUTH SHAMED ME WITH SALIVA
I COULDN'T WIPE IT OUT
BEFORE YOU CAME, YOU SAW ME DOWN
ABSORBED IN YOUR FLUID GOWNS
DEVOURED WITH MEANINGLESS SOUNDS
A POWER PIERCING THE CROWD
A CHAOS THROUGH ME DOWN
MY EYES ARE LEAKING FEARS
SO I TRY TO GLUE MY TEARS
WHAT BINDS THIS 100YEARS
NO TOUCH, NO SOFT APPEAR
BEFORE YOU CAME, YOU SAW ME DOWN

. . .

When Pigs fly?

#1 „SKIN TO SKIN CONTACT“ is the first text of a series of short stories that reflect on how the present sometimes borders on science fiction.

A month ago, Robert, a friend of mine, did a weird, funny but frightening thing for his two cats Misty and Pussy. To understand why he entered this pharmacy, let's go back 7 years when he adopted Misty with his ex-girlfriend Kathy after having the *'no children, but ok, let's have a cat'* conversation. She was the one that said *'ok'*. Misty was always begging Kathy's attention, whose only careful gestures were to empty the litter (because it smelt bad) and never forget to put dry food in her bowl. Bob, instead, would play hours and hours with her but would always forget her meal. Since Misty arrived, Kathy clearly had a decreased libido whereas Bob's was intact, even a bit higher. *'But at least'*, she thought, *'he's less sticky and demanding since the ball of hair is here'*. When Kathy got promoted manager of a famous e-cigarettes store downtown - bad timing -, Robert simultaneously lost his job as an accountant for a consulting firm called *'Positive Impact'*. She then rashly dumped him for a - let's be honest - way younger and cooler guy - called Jalal, who turned out to be her gynecologist.

Devastated and in desperate need of tenderness, Bob decided to offer himself and Misty a little fluffy sister as he could feel both of them were touching the edge of serious boredom since Kathy had left. He recently confessed being frightened by the late one-to-one evenings with Misty whom he found particularly dark and depressed at the time. Misty was a very elegant Bombay breed with a soft black fur; formerly an affectionate dweller, she was now wild and picky as a panther. Coexistence was sad, they both got fat. *'Fresh lively cuteness would help us for sure!'* Robert thought. Behind his cat's back he was spending hours on shelter's websites, compulsively watching cute kittens when finally Misty surprised him. When she caught him, he couldn't guess if she was sad, vexed or demanding, but lonely she was for sure.

That's why on a sunny but cold Wednesday morning, Bob put organic kibble in Misty's bowl, grabbed his keys and went to the shelter to find their new companion. After 23 subway stops and a 9 minute walk guided by Google maps, he entered the very smelly 'BEST FRIEND LIFE SAVING CENTER'. He didn't expect it would be so crowded. Mostly men and women in their 40's were waiting in line to access the counter like in ER but with no real emergencies, only a frenetic need of warmth in the air. 45 minutes later, the screen shows his ticket number, so he follows Steven, the shelter volunteer and enters an immense hall, lined with hundreds of cages. The noise of all these babies begging for a new parent was heartbreaking, which made it difficult to focus. He only had one rule to make his choice: the new companion should be black, just like Misty. Steven then presented to him a sleepy black kitten. *'I introduce you to Pussy'* he said with a smirk, Bob did not laugh and would later decide to keep this name anyways. *'She is only three weeks old, so she will need a lot of care, do you feel ready for that?'* Bob said, amazed to hold her warm tiny body in his hand. She looked at him and fell back asleep instantly. Her closed eyes felt like a green light to Robert. *'Ok, she trusts me. Let's go back home'*. After filling endless forms, he finally left the shelter and brought his new friend home. When he opened the door, Misty was flabbergasted, so he gently dropped the carrier on the floor and quietly unzipped its door. The newcomer was afraid, so she stayed in the fabric box for hours while Misty hid frozen under the couch till dusk. A few hours later, Bob was doing the dishes after giving Pussy her first bottle, when he heard a really high-pitched cry coming from the living room. Misty's pad looked severely injured and Pussy was back in her box on her blanket soaked with milk. Such episodes have occurred several times. While Bob was outside, Pussy kept mis-digesting her powdered milk and was mysteriously terrorizing and harming Misty. How could such a small and almost un-nurtured being could bully this old fat animal?

Dragging himself in a pet store in search of the miraculous, very sad about the creepy atmosphere in the house, Robert asked the saleswoman Pat (her name was written on a giant over smiling cartoonish pink dog shaped label) for advice. After careful listening, Pat seriously recommended

Feliway, a new substance, synthetic and odorless. It was meant to be diffused like a mosquito repellent. *'It's the only product clinically proven to help reduce or prevent conflicts and tensions between multi-cat households, whether they are due to new tensions or on-going fighting and aggression'* she said. *'Are you sure that's safe? This shit seems weird... Is it like pot or Ambien for animals?'* said Bob dubiously. *'No, no, no! It is just a copy of the cat appeasing pheromone which is naturally produced by female cats after giving birth and it is recommended by vets worldwide!'* Pat proudly answered. Always up to avoid conflict, Robert spent 79.99\$ in a pensive *'Why not?'* movement.

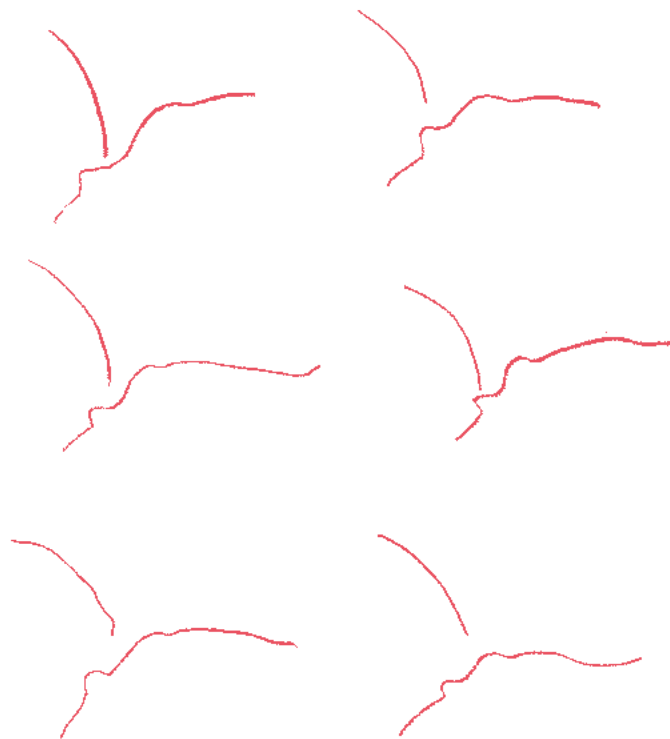
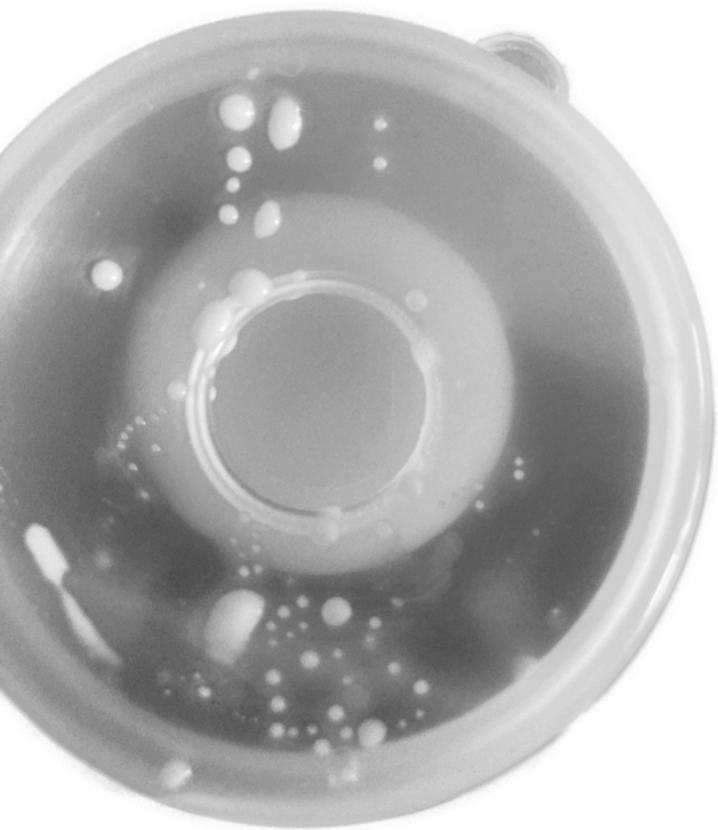
No, it did not work, it just increased their period of sleep which was already 16 hours a day. So, it went to 20 sometimes. In any case, both cats were still fighting or hiding under the couch or the bed... Robert then tried new techniques to guide Pussy and Misty through peace. He hired a cat whisperer, bought real heavy-duty animal drugs and even tried out a brand new cat ASMR therapy himself. Obviously, he began to drown in anxiety, realizing he couldn't be a good father, feeling useless, even un-protective for the both of them ... He then made the decision to see a therapist himself who brought to the surface a lot of childhood memories. He tickled Robert when he learnt that he had not been breastfed, as if it was the source of all his emotional problems. Bob was now drowning more and more, trying to recover from his mother's lack of connection and figuring out if this was really the source of his pain. He was now spending most of his time on psychology-magazine.com, national-library-of-medicine.com... From all his research, he finally discovered that all he needed was contact. Specifically a therapy called 'skin-to-skin' contact. That's when he found a very interesting article on male breastfeeding. He learned that some men are actually able to lactate, *'but production of the hormone prolactin is necessary to induce this lactation, so male lactation does not occur under normal conditions'*. He decided to take 'Domperidone' which is a drug that can be used to induce lactation. *'This might fix Pussy's problem and mine at the same time'*, he thought. After a short hormonal treatment, he finally managed to breastfeed Pussy who was this time digesting the milk perfectly and became really peaceful and loving to

Misty, who began to recover from all the previously inflicted injuries. From that moment on, Robert likes to say *'Milk is thicker than blood'*. They are now a tight-knit family, posting pictures and receiving tons of *'smiling faces with Heart-Eyes'*, *'Red-Hearts'*, *'Thumbs Up'*, *'Faces blowing Kisses'* or *'Hugging Faces'* emojis.

A week ago, Robert sent Kathy a selfie with the cats on WhatsApp, with a very long text explaining all they had been through these past few months. Here is how he ended his message: *'Let's be clear, cats are normally supposed to help reduce heart attacks by one third, they are not supposed to create one ! ;)* Haha ! So warming to see Misty like that #rebirth ! Sincerely hope you're well Kittycat, wish you all the very best with Jalal ! xx Bob' Kathy read the message, deleted it, she felt strange, then nauseous and blocked him.



NOEMI WEBER



This publication is published on the occasion of the exhibition project WHEN IT MOVES, STRENGTHENING ITS SKIN, at Kunstverein Bielefeld (30.07.2022) and Dortmunder Kunstverein (06.08.2022), with ELISA BARRERA, BITSY KNOX, NILS AMADEUS LANGE, MIRA MANN with IRIDESCENT WINGS, SVETA MORDOVSKAYA, PRICE, MARGAUX SCHWARZ, NOEMI WEBER with MILENA WEBER and KARINA VILLAFAN, invited by Paolo Baggi and Florentine Muhry. The project took place within the framework of Residence NRW+, a fellowship program to support artists and curators from the field of contemporary visual arts. Residence NRW+ is a program of Kunsthalle Münster.

www.residencenrw.de

This publication is made possible by:

Ministry of Culture and Science
of the German state
of North Rhine-Westphalia



Kunststiftung
NRW

swiss arts council
prohelvetia

the generous support of:

KUNSTVEREIN
BIELEFELD

DORTMUNDER
KUNSTVEREIN

A joint project of:

Thanks to:

Nadine Droste
Marcus Lütkemeyer
Merle Radtke
Linda Schröer
Rebeka Seubert
Leonore Spemann
Constanze Venjakob

The 2022/2023 residents:

Soya Arakawa
Nicola Gördes and Stella Rossié
Olga Holzschuh
Lisa Alice Klosterkötter
Magdalena Los
Alicia Reymond

Edited by:

Paolo Baggi, Florentine Muhry

Design:

Christopher Tröster

Printing:

Druckkollektiv Unterdruck im Nordpol
Münsterstr. 99, 44147 Dortmund

Published by:

Residence
NRW+

A programme of Kunsthalle Münster,
an institution of the City of Münster

All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction in whole or in part in any form. Kunsthalle Münster, the authors, the artists, Druckkollektiv Unterdruck

© 2022

