

Titania Seidl - composition w. potted plants, vases, drapery, marble,...

*MUSA, Vienna, 13. 11. – 10. 12. 2015
introduction by Pieterneel Vermoortel*

19. 11. 2015, 18.30 - Titania Seidl & Melanie Ebenhoch - yet, other events go on and on



those who shall master the micro shall master the macro,
2015, oil on wood, 30 x 20 cm





display display,
2015, oil on wood, 24 x 18 cm



Bananenblätter,
2015, oil on wood, 24 x 18 cm





slice,
2015, oil on wood, 24 x 18 cm

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M. pauses in midstep and looks up at the glass roof. The light changes quickly, like flicking a light switch off and on and off. There's a strong wind today chasing the clouds from one end of the sky to the other. M. casts a glance over the manifold potted plants in the greenhouse, arranged in a raster; they are set up in the space and sorted by type, size and function. M. is now standing in what is almost the exact center of this plant-grid, amid rows and rows of the most popular houseplants: ficus benjamina (with decorative trunks), spider plant (on NASA's list of best air-filtering plants!), snake plant (ditto), dracaena (added cheerfulness), aloe vera (frugal, no need for direct sunlight), parlor palm (perfect for creating an exotic atmosphere), monstera („Swiss cheese Plant“).

(...)

In the dream I'm floating, gaze skywards. I am nothing but pure gaze in an upward direction, moving forward, not like an eye but like the lens of a camera, thin and transparent, close to immaterial, or the sensor of a scanner, moving slowly, formed from light, actually immaterial. I, the eye, am floating through an empty cityscape, the light a dim, brownish twilight. I am floating past empty shop windows, very close to the ground, looking up at ceilings, hardly any reflection in the windowglass, just the texture of the clouds above. Curious to notice from time to time that I have no reflection myself. In a few spaces I drift past, the light is switched on and I can study the patterns of the glowing bulbs and fluorescent tubes in passing. How good to know that one's surroundings are undisturbed by one's own material presence, how nice to be bodyless, weightless, nothing, only a gaze.

(...)

M. walks through an elaborate entrance hall, arm wrapped around the pot of a miniature banana tree, dragging behind with the other hand a cart filled with a couple of different specimens, all contained in discreet off-white ceramic pots. The client had asked to rent out approximately 500 house plants for their new inner-city office - employees had complained about the new office building, the dry air, the general lack of atmosphere. The addition of a few indoor plants to the offices seemed like an ideal solution, every position of every single plant had been specified exactly, and the types of plants were to be selected today.

The entrance hall really is monumental, M. marvels, walking slowly as to not tip over the plants in the cart. The walls are mantled in decorative slabs of green marble with unlikely veinings. Bubbles containing colour gradients (mint green fading into emerald fading into turquoise) are penetrated by chaotic anthracite lines that perpetually entwine to form repeating patterns.

(...)

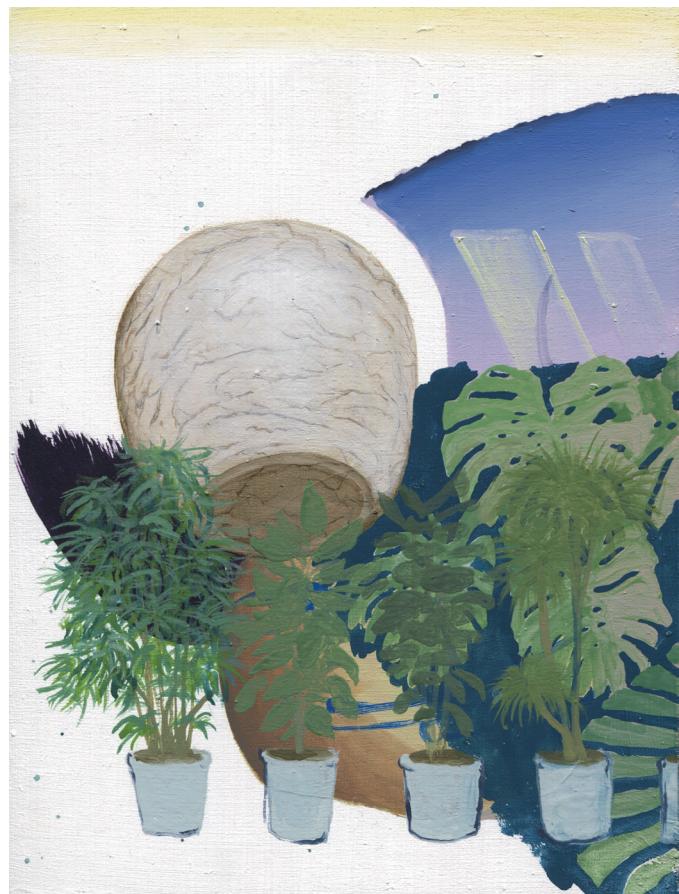
X. took a stroll along the riverside. The sun was shining. The river seemed calm. It was not very wide, but judging by the gap the city planners had left between it and the streets running along both its sides on a slightly higher level, there was no doubt that it swelled up from time to time to burst its banks. It was in this safety zone that X. moved upstream. Hardly anyone else was around, a few old ladies on their bicycles, transporting their shopping on small paths that snaked through the grass.

X. walked on, her gaze moving towards the water. On the river's surface, she could see the blue sky and a few white clouds. Even the houses built higher up along the banks were reflected as were the mountains in the distance. The mirror image seemed more clear, much more in focus, somehow more defined than what X. saw when she looked up. Where the land- and cityscape was obscured by haze and distance, losing colour and detail, its reflection retained an uncanny vividness. X. didn't try to see her own mirror image, she suspected that there wouldn't be much to see.

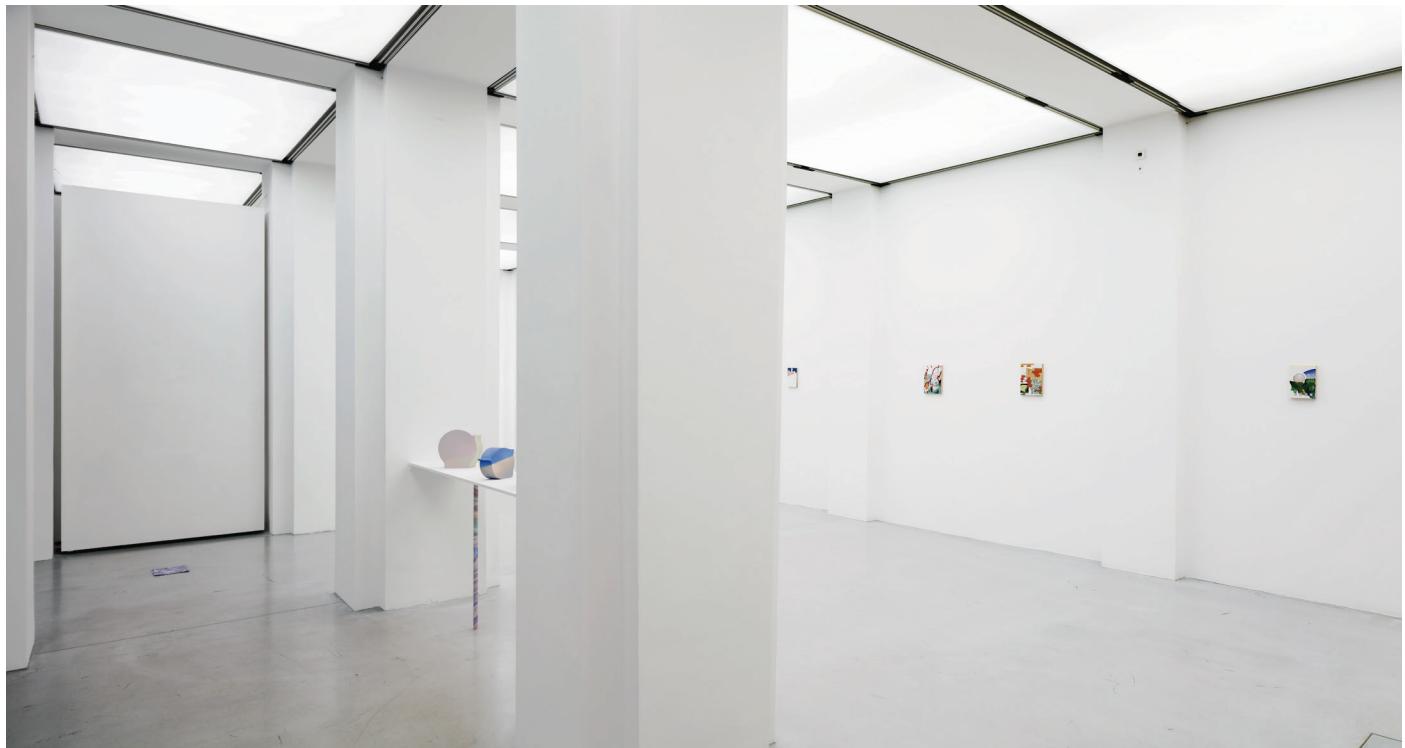
(...)

She takes out a folder bound in black leather, and I can see from where I'm sitting it's an expensive object, the colour slightly blacker, the leather, softer, more delicate to the touch than any ordinary leather-bound folder. She carefully lifts the cover, touching it only with her fingertips, her hands moving as if she was wearing the finest gloves, as if there was a layer between her skin and the skin the folder is bound in. Inside, there is only one sheet of paper, my contract. The page is so thin it is almost translucent, but not quite, and it is marbled in the most disturbing pattern. I recognise the marbling technique, Turkish, handmade, a decorative design, but somehow twisted as if the perspective within the paper plane is warped. Pistachio-coloured lines interweave with streaks of brilliant mauve, interrupted by large dabs of a deep prussian blue. In the centre of these blotches, brilliantly coloured particles, ranging from a cool lemon yellow to a red like a fresh cut steak. I delve into the multicoloured tumult, physically pulled in by the overwhelming multitude of specks. They form the pattern of the night sky, all the constellations are there, I try hard to locate my own star sign within the chaos, Leo, but I get so dizzy I have to look away, my eyes refocus and find the white office wall.

(...)



imminent marble vase,
2015, oil on wood, 24 x 18 cm



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installation views