

Fur louse, or nun

You locked me out yesterday?

When? last night? I didn't do it on purpose. Why didn't you call me?

I forgot to take my cell phone with me, or it was stuck to the charger.

Oh, what did you do?

I was wondering why you didn't come home,

He adored him so much and was so consumed with understanding himself unconditionally that for him it meant understanding everything that represented a connection, a harmonious one, he quickly buried the twitching of his foggy anger, imagining that

Inside and outside are an account number. He began to think about the last images, reaching through and coming out at the back of the thoracic spine

Th 4,5,6. a clean slate,

a start, to feel better, was there a sense in the pain in his teeth, did he want attention or was he just old and mysterious, Sometimes he could have all in him with sun without the hate, or the rage of lostness then every ray of sun and breath was the perfect gift, of course, but he couldn't always inhibit/accept that or he wasn't always given enough air and light, at least it arrived differently he knew no one wanted to see his face all the time, and he could therefore not give his face to anyone forever he did not want to have it himself since yesterday, for that he was thinly ashamed and he educated himself around hugged himself the little boy, it was still child, unasked and short, was Krieg with himself and the idea of what he can be, felt bad and behaved badly to himself, he knew that he was now what he is only alone hope fear and sadness,

love goes/comes. The love disappears The love

he could no longer remember spoken Bewusstseinsstrom was poignant and fleeting, again and again speaking the word love along with attributions, imitating it in and through a fog, he was now just like the great man when he met him, he was now just like the sage woman who talked to him again and again, he believed her even when she did things he himself did not like, whether for her or himself he could not even distinguish completely, usually a statement is enough and then take out the polarity.

It dawns. She wakes up in this dark room, with low ceiling, leather skins in front of the openings in the wall she turns around again, touches and pushes the bodies that lie in bed with her. Warm day, sun and in the evening they hope for rain... For 3 days God speaks to her, she should not do what she has always done. she should be different and do the same.

Entering the realm of the Lord, the space conservative. The cave and the lions are waiting for her, when she presses them very hard with her fingers in her eyes she sees lights that she does not understand but likes. A loud light travels through the night, fast. She stands alone, without shoes in the muddy earth. The glaring light, she wants to feed the goats and the sheep, she wants to take care of the animals.

The white, the fat... She calls for them with noises, bumps bucket and stick together, stomps in the earth, field.

She pours out the water and adds fresh one to the dirty bowl, brown. Quick hands, silent. The light gray, little wind.

Nico Ihlein

Pelzlaus, oder Nonne

Nico Ihlein

19.9. – 17.10.2021

opening: 19.9.2021, 2-7 pm

STATIONS

Adalbertstrasse 96

(1st floor, next to Café Kotti)

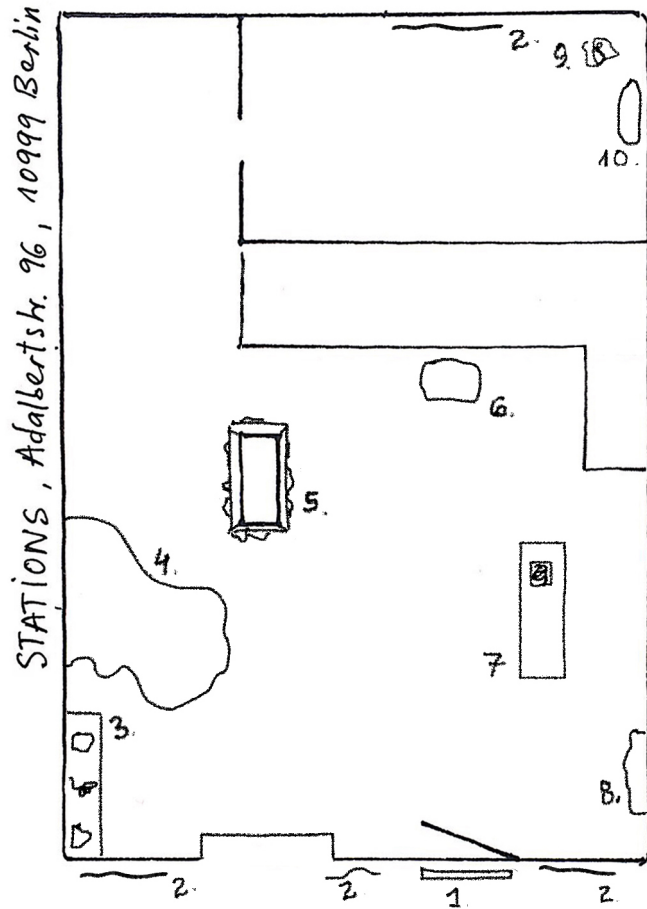
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Opening hours: Saturday and Sunday, 2 – 6 pm, and by appointment

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STATIONS, Adalbertstr. 96, 10999 Berlin

Nico Mehn, PELZLAUS, ODERNONNE, 19.9.-17.10.2021

Fassade / façade:

1. (Leuchtkasten / light box)
o.T. / untitled, 2021
mixed media

2. (Fenster / window)
Angst vor Motten, 2021
Acrylfarbe, Acrylharz
acrylic paint, acrylic resin

Innenraum / interior:

3.
Die verwachsene Schaufel, 2021
mixed media

4.
er schneidet und näht immer weiter für den inneren Saum, 2021
mixed media

5.
es gibt ein Parkplatz auf dem die Polizei nicht sehen kann wer dort parkt, 2021
mixed media

6.
Nico Ihlein & Ryan Siegan Smith
die Frauen finden einen toten Vogel, wer ist verantwortlich?, 2021
mixed media

7.
vorgebeugt über eine prächtige Abendrobe scheut er still auf mit dem wertvollen Tuch, 2021
mixed media

8.
seine rechte Hand ist eine Schere, seine Haare eine weiß Perücke, 2021
Bettlaken

9.
o.T., 2020
mixed media

10.
o.T. / untitled, 2016
glasierte Keramik / glazed ceramics