

Lisa Holzer 2016 for *Fever*, Galerie Emanuel Layr, Seilerstätte 2/26, 1010 Vienna

I sweat. I guess Puppies Puppies said, *actions can be readymades too*. It's hot. You didn't eat me. The heating's on. It's September and sunny. Now the garage is next door. Drives drive. I write. They writhe. Mine do. I try to touch something. I have a fever. I am fascinated by the shapes of Morris Louis *Veils*. I did pictures of puréed lentils inspired by his 1950s series. Something between shit and concrete in the shapes of Morris Louis *Veils*. (Apparently Louis was a loner, they say he had few friends and rarely discussed his art with anyone, not even his wife.) This process, sounds and all, of cooking and puréeing, spreading and smearing and photographing these carefully overcooked lumpy lentils evoking shit and concrete is very satisfying. And I tried the same with sticky sweet white icing. I want to park.

The pictures capture a false movement. They are captivating because they are inoperative. They sweat. The gallery moved next door. There is no garage. Drives drive. Some taste dead like cheap chicken meat when it rains. I become unreadable. Porous. I am not there. Morris Louis is dead. Others die too.

There's not much movement to expect. I cry. I wanted to write a kind of sequel to my text on drives. It was for *The Garage Picture* that I did two years ago, for a part of the gallery which used to be a garage. I still find it hilarious. This one, I feel, fails already as a drives-text sequel, what I quite like. Lena Henke(!)'s here. She drives her cars. She enjoys driving. Others drive too. How come Trevor Shimizu and Puppies Puppies make baby-works or much rather how come I don't. Babies puke a lot. Sometimes they also shit. A late baby makes you young. My baby had sweaty feet. How regressive is concrete and shit? How regressive do I need it to be? What makes up a picture? How regressive are things? I crawl. I don't crawl. What would be my baby-works? I am young here here bursting with life and am happy happy when I drive. I am not there. I enjoy driving. I wanted to be a funny mom. Drive sentences are funnier when read in a garage.

I like Nina Cristante's self-composed child-like piano accompaniment for her workout videos. And how in her videos her personal need of well-being and being an artist melts and questions today's bodies, their independence, and touches on food, music and art. Am I well? Is this my body? Or pure instinct? **Sometimes I feel dead and/or exhausted like fruitless, tropical bird shit to chew around on.** How are the margins of my work? Or I am sexy and somehow rawer and naked and fit like in my dreams. I have a tan. Where do I end and/or start? You? Will I work out? Next time I'm blonde.

It's hot. Someone is playing with my hair. I enjoy my drives. We enjoy Bloody Mary's. Huge tongues of dead wan yellow and bloody orange, drenched in blood and blue-black and purple and cut out. Or sublime green Appletinis(!)? (I recently wrote a press release for Quintessa Matranga(!): *For a moment there was the idea of also inserting a painting of the cast of Sex and the City, but Quintessa decided against it. As far as I observe things, at least within the art community (probably community isn't always the right word, though) there seems to not be a lot of sex happening at the moment (let alone love, which involves pain and a lot of time, or even Boyfriends (what a great name by the way)), or money at least for most of us. But more and more drugs and heartbreakingly lonely young zombies at parties. There is fear. And people are sad. All seems sadder than in the late-nineties.*) All is sadder than in the late-nineties. I currently tend to remove the

colours. Shall I drive faster or far more slow like? I think Austrians (like myself) can fly when they drink enough Red Bull and concentrate. I love to eat. I sing like mothers do. I love my mom's Marillenknödel. But I remove the Marille, so there's just this faint idea of it left, which is perfect. I don't put on make-up to go to the supermarket. I like that they have pretty flattering lights at Rewe. Sometimes I paint my nails. We cook with sand too. Lena Henke's red fake horse tattoo(!). I love her ways of questioning bodies/cities of today. Her use of clay, bottles, detergent, coins and presence, horse-feet or sand. And how she examines sculpture. I am a fan. Why do I need a certain setting to talk to you, to anyone? Hold your bloody tongue! Although I obviously have no problem, that is love to speak my mind, or drone, or exaggerate (and less and less in footnotes, at most brackets) in texts like this. Or sweat publicly. I'm hot, you drive. I eat you. *Eat me*. Or dance.

Now the gallery moved. The garage is gone. No way to hide. Something dies. No. We drive drive drive drive. This is not me. I feel cheesy. Porous like a door. And food again. Put the body on the table. Appetite always has something to do with destruction. As food does desire. Dishes get dirty. Is it hot? Do you sweat? Bodies are so vulnerable. Love eats trust and time and laughs. *Fuck you!* A hug away it's mild. And all is full of love. He plays guitars. I want us to have all time. We will dance enough.

Sportswear, like puréed lentils and pure white sugar icing is reductive, sexy, but on its own probably rather vanilla in the mouth. Am I comfortable? The shapes of Morris Louis *Veils*. What is obscured? What is going on? And Why? How regressive are things? Does this text, despite literally accompanying these pictures, lead towards or away from them/you? They picture what the body needs: slow carbohydrate, sugar and water. This would make for a bitter and sweet and somehow abstract breakfast. Less abstract in Berlin, maybe. They are open pictures. They sweat. Will they puke? Will some? Would vomit be the better word? More visceral? Imagine an embrace by soft-sticky icing or chilled pureed lentils. The pictures look rather naked. They feel right. The lentils and icing linger helplessly as thick spreads on neutral dirty-white backdrops. I still don't know where they came from. And as I write they still don't have titles. Maybe they are more like a weak noise band. Some remind me of shoulder-padded torsos. I'm glad that shoulder pads are back. Shoulder pads had to come back. Why fashion? Now? Wouldn't questions concerning class be more appropriate? Less arrogant? Or is it arrogant to assume some things are arrogant? Am I ignorant? Who takes whom seriously? Who gets recognition? And for what? Am I comfortable? Is there enough empathy to soothe all nerve-frying insecurity? It is bad. These stairs descend. We participate. Artists are arrogant. I wear shoulder pads.

Sometimes I feel dead and/or exhausted like fruitless, tropical bird shit to chew around on. Do I deliver? And who pays? All is more complicated. There is so much to be improved. Like all my other pictures, these are portraits too. Drives drive. Some taste dead like cheap chicken meat when it rains. I become unreadable. Porous. I am not there. This summer was hot. Breakfast in bed and and no end. We didn't have piles of pancakes. I like happy ends when they are triumphant. I am young, I know. I love you. I'll have absolutely nothing to add.