

# Les Gardiennes



Leonor Fini,  
undatiert, Ausschnitt aus einer Lithografie,  
Sammlung Kunstmuseum Bochum

Die Publikation *Les Gardiennes* entstand im Zuge der gleichnamigen Ausstellung, die am 3. Dezember 2022 im Kunstmuseum Bochum eröffnete. Sie versammelt Arbeiten der Gegenwartskünstler\*innen Paulina Nolte & Rosanna Graf, Frederik Vium und Mayara Yamada, Texte der Kuratorinnen Lisa Klosterkötter und Alicia Reymond sowie Reproduktionen von Werken der Künstlerin Leonor Fini (1907-1996), die Teil der Sammlung des Kunstmuseums Bochum sind.

Fühlen Sie sich eingeladen, eine Publikation zu nehmen, es sich auf den Liegeflächen in der Ausstellung bequem zu machen, zu blättern, zu lesen, nachzudenken oder zu ruhen.

Lisa Klosterkötter

This publication was born out a desire to expand on our intentions at the heart of the exhibition *Les Gardiennes* which opened on December 3, 2022 at Kunstmuseum Bochum – be it its intertwining of the work of historical artist Leonor Fini (1907-1996) with contemporary practitioners Paulina Nolte & Rosanna Graf, Frederik Vium and Mayara Yamada, or its journey into both physical and imaginary architectures.

It brings together texts and works by Paulina Nolte & Rosanna Graf, Frederik Vium and Mayara Yamada, the curators Lisa Klosterkötter and Alicia Reymond, as well as reproductions of works by Leonor Fini that are part of Kunstmuseum Bochum's collection.

Grab a copy, lie down in the exhibition space and have a read!

Alicia Reymond

# PARKHOTEL

Aus Mailand, über München und Mannheim kam sie um 18:21 Uhr am Bochumer Hauptbahnhof an. Es war unerwartet feucht und kalt. Die überheizten Zugabteile hatten sie über die Stunden hinweg vergessen lassen, dass es draußen beinahe Dezember war. Auf ihrem Handy suchte sie nach der Fotografie der Visitenkarte des Hotels, die ihr zugeschickt worden war. Das war einige Wochen her, sie konnte sich nicht erinnern, über welchen Kanal sie das Foto empfangen hatte.

»Parkhotel« — es sollte ganz in der Nähe, nur ein paar hundert Meter entfernt vom Bahnhof liegen. Sie rollte ihren Koffer über den nassen Asphalt, durch niedrige Pfützen, in denen sich vereinzelt Kiosk-Reklamen und rote Ampeln spiegelten und die Straßen breiter und die Stadt größer erscheinen ließen.

*Verlassen auch das Hotel, in dem ich abgestiegen war. Ein Ort, der einst prächtig ausgesehen haben muss: es blieb ein wenig Goldschmuck, verschmutzte Deckenleuchten, aus denen viele Lamellen ausgefallen waren, einige brennende Lampen und ausgefranzte, gebrauchte Teppiche.<sup>1</sup>*



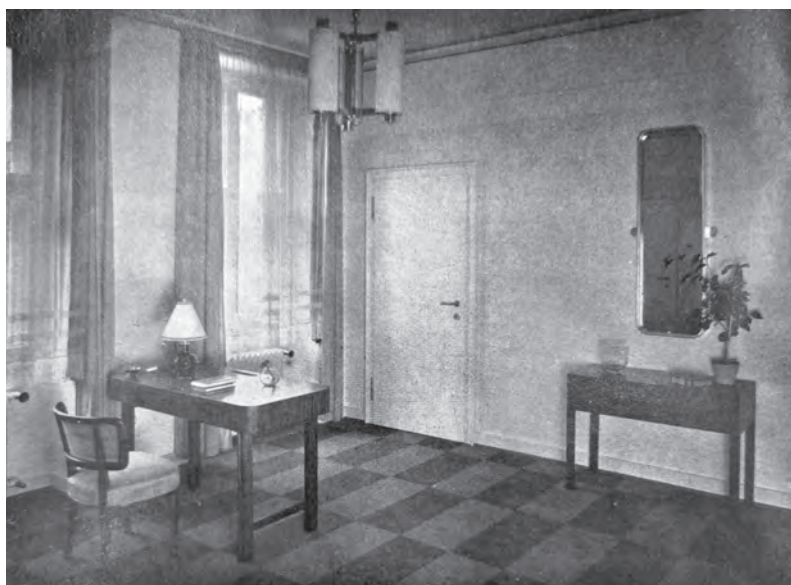
Die Eingangshalle war weitläufig. Große quadratische Marmorfliessen in verschiedenen Farben wurden in der Mitte des Korridors von einem ausladenden Teppich bedeckt. Sie musste dringend auf die Toilette, irgendwo zwischen Augsburg und Stuttgart hatte ihre Menstruation eingesetzt. Zwar noch mit unmerklichen Schmerzen, jedoch bereits umgreifend blutete sie in das zusammengeknüllte Toilettenpapier der Deutschen Bahn, das sie sich notdürftig in die Hose geschoben hatte. Da sie auf den ersten Blick weder eine Rezeption noch ein WC-Symbol sehen konnte, ließ sie sich in eine Sitznische fallen und streifte gedankenverloren über ihr Smartphone. Erschöpfung machte sich breit, das Gefühl angekommen zu sein – und zugleich zu schmutzig, dass ein kleiner Aufwand alleine nicht genügen würde, um sich in einen gemütlichen Selbstzustand begeben zu können.



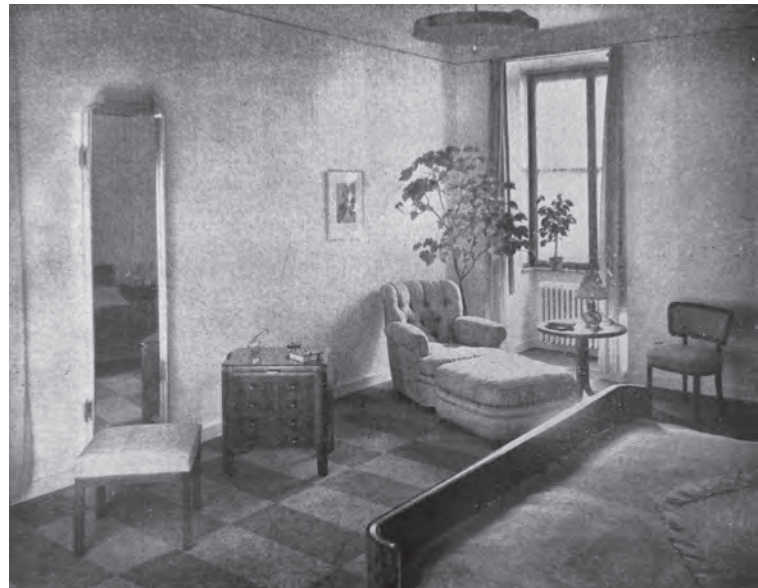
*Das Zimmer war groß, Möbel im Stil Louis XV, um 1900, der weinrote Fußbodenbelag war abgetreten, fast durchsichtig, genauso wie der Bettvorleger. Am Verfall der Dinge finde ich Gefallen. Durch den Vorhang drang gräulich schimmerndes Licht. Einen Augenblick lang schien es mir, es gäbe hier ein diskretes Nachtlokal, das auf den Hof hinausgelegen sei. Aber ich hörte keine Musik.<sup>2</sup>*

Im Hotelzimmer angekommen, fiel es ihr leichter, die bedingungslose Anonymität und ihre Potenziale anzunehmen, die die sauberen Möbel, glänzenden Fußböden, fleckenlosen Teppiche und der spiegelblanke Wasserhahn des türkis-blau gekachelten Badezimmers mit sich brachten. Erst nach einer ausführlichen Dusche und Versorgung ihrer Blutungen bemerkte sie die ungewöhnliche Größe des in der Zimmermitte stehenden Doppelbettes. Mindestens 3,20 Meter breit. Die Tagesdecke aus steifem Satin, die faltenlos und straff über die Plümos gezogen war, changierte dunkel bläulich, violett bis schwarz. Was war das für ein verwunderlicher Ort?

Sie gab »Parkhotel Bochum« in ihr Smartphone ein und fand: *Es gibt heute eine Art von Stil-Modernität, die im Äußeren an eine Fabrik und im Inneren an eine Mischung zwischen antiseptischem Lazarett und großzügigem Untersuchungsgefängnis erinnert. Bei aller Kostspieligkeit dieser neuen »Raumkunst« sind die Räume solcher Art scheinbar nur für einen Durchgangsverkehr zwischen Geschäft, Lunch, Sport, Theater und sonstigem Zeitvertreib eingerichtet. Kultur bedeutet das Gegenteil davon, bedeutet Sesshaftigkeit, Luft zum Verweilen, Freunde an der Beharrlichkeit der inneren Sammlung.<sup>3</sup>*





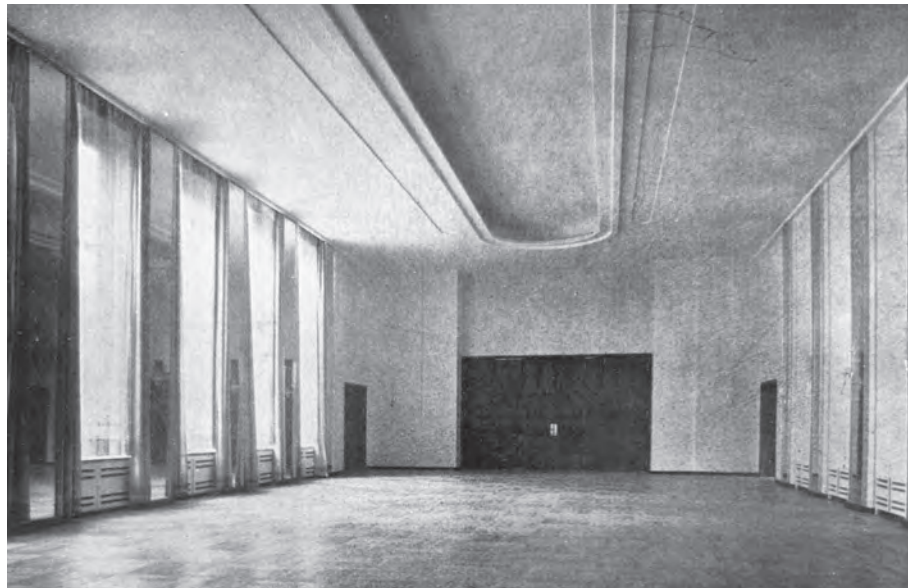


Sie ließ sich in die Mitte des Bettes fallen. Es ächzte und quietschte nicht, wie sie es erwartet hätte. Die Federbetten mitsamt dem edlen Überwurf stoben an beiden Seiten ihres Körpers empor, glitten sachte wieder neben ihr nieder und legten sich beinahe so faltenlos wie zuvor auf dem Bett ab. Sie hatte etwas vergessen! Seitdem sie das Hotel betreten hatte, war ihr keine Person begegnet. Der Schlüssel steckte in der Zimmertür, dessen Nummer sie glücklicherweise noch in der E-Mail gefunden hatte, die ihr mit allen weiteren Informationen in Bezug auf ihren Aufenthalt in Bochum zugeschickt worden waren.

Sie hievte sich hoch, das musste jetzt sein, sonst würde sie morgen in einer Blutlache aufwachen. Sie zog ihre Daunenjacke über den gestreiften Schlafanzug, glitt in die mintgrünen Frotteepantoffeln mit dem aufgestickten Schriftzug »Parkhotel« und spähte auf den menschenleeren Flur. Sie drehte einige Runden durch die angrenzenden Korridore, die Eingangshalle, fand einen Lesesaal, eine Ladestation. Niemand, außer ihr, schien hier zu sein. Auch keine Hygieneartikel auf den Toiletten in der Eingangshalle, die sie bei ihrer Ankunft übersehen hatte. Durch die gedämpfte, dichte Stille der Hotelanlage vernahm sie ein entferntes Rascheln, das plötzlich einsetzte, eine Weile anhielt und dem sie gerne nachgegangen wäre. Es ließ sich schwer ausmachen – war es über ihr, entfernte es sich, war es ein Tier? Vielleicht eine Maus, die sich im Spiel mit einigen hineingewehten Laubblättern verloren hatte? Sie lief den Gang auf und ab, gab nach einigen Minuten die Suche auf und kehrte in ihr Zimmer zurück.

*In meinem Zimmer brannten noch drei Lampen, die Vorhänge waren geschlossen. Auf meinem Bett lag eingerollt, mit halb geöffneten Augen, der große, schwarz-gelb gestreifte Kater. Ich war über die Maßen erstaunt, die Erregung schnürte mir den Hals zu. Ich brachte nur heraus: »Du bist's« und kniete neben dem Bett nieder. Ich bog den Lampenschirm herunter. Welchen Namen könnte ich ihm geben? Ohne dass ich ihn angefasst hätte, begann er kräftig zu schnurren.*

*Mechanisch legte ich meine Jacke, meine Socken, meine Hose ab. Ich wollte mich in die Betttücher einhüllen und ihn auffordern, es mir gleichzutun. Sein Schnurren zeigte mehr und mehr eine Tendenz zum Bariton und ich glaubte, eine Art von stillem Einverständnis zu spüren.<sup>4</sup>*



*Um acht Uhr wachte ich pünktlich zum Frühstück auf – die Brötchen waren ranzig, man wagte zu sagen, dass dieses Hotel einen Architektur-Stil habe, der alles einbegreifen und in dem alles zueinander »passen« würde.<sup>5</sup>*

Auch wenn Leonor Fini Zeit ihres Lebens nie in Bochum war, hatte sie vielleicht doch eine ganz eigene Vorstellung von der Stadt, deren Kunstmuseum sie einen Teil ihres druckgraphischen und zeichnerischen Werkes kurz vor ihrem Tod 1996 großzügig überlassen hat.

Abbildungen des ehemaligen Parkhotels Haus Rechen in Bochum Ehrenfeld, aus dem Erbauungsjahr 1929, nach Plänen des Architekten Professor Emil Fahrenkamp, (1885–1966), Lehrer an der Kunstgewerbeschule Düsseldorf und seit 1919 Professor an der dortigen Kunstakademie. (Fotografen: H. Schmölz, Köln; J. Söhn, Düsseldorf)

- 1 Leonor Fini, *Der Traumträger*, Suhrkamp Verlag, Frankfurt am Main, 1987, (Übersetzung von Gerhard Weber der frz. Ausgabe: Leonor Fini, *L'onei ropompe*, Éditions de la Différence, Paris 1978), S. 7, Z 9ff.
- 2 Ebd., S. 8, Z. 14 ff.
- 3 Dr. Paul Joseph Cremers: *Parkhotel Haus Rechen Bochum, Neue Bauten im Westen, erbaut von Professor E. Fahrenkamp, Düsseldorf*, in: *Schacht, Westdeutsche Wochenschrift für Kunst, Wissenschaft und Volksbildung*, Heft 7, Schacht VI, 1929, Band 1
- 4 Leonor Fini: *Der Traumträger*, 1987, Suhrkamp Verlag, Frankfurt am Main, 1987, S. 28-29, Z. 22 ff.
- 5 Ebd., S. 9, Z. 24 ff.



Frederik Vium, *Ich verstopfte das Schlüsselloch, damit sie nie wieder verschwinden könnte* (Für: Mare, Alp, Succubus und Voyeur), Tableau Vivant Still, 2022





Das Tableau Vivant nimmt Bezug auf Leonor Finis Lithographie *Voyeur*, 1982,  
Sammlung des Kunstmuseums Bochum





Paulina Nolte, *Persimone's Castle*  
pencil & charcoal on paper, 70 × 50 cm  
2022

ACT I

# THE OFFICE

R & P walk along the windows and whistle the melody of "Heimkehr" onto the glass window. Their breath creates a dotted line on the glass as they move from one window to the next.

P walks into the museum, directly to the window and sits on the ledge.

R mimics P's movements.

(P)

Act I, The Office

(R)

It's night at the tax office. It's always night at the tax office. The sound of a running coffee machine gurgles, almost drowning itself in its own product. MISS NOLTE, a tax consultant, is buried underneath her paperwork. Numbers, symbols, equations racing through her brain. The long hours seem to be messing with her circadian rhythms.

It's been years since she had her last meeting at the top floor. All business tactics she'd learned came crumbling down in the moment of her ultimate defeat – a humiliating negotiation at human resources. Forlorn and mistreated, she stood at the elevator door. Watching the electric doors slowly closing and MISS GRAF's triumphant face disappearing behind them. Invincibility is defense; the ability to conquer is attack. She defends when her strength is inadequate; she attacks when it is abundant. She trembled from the unspoken rage in her belly. A lipstick stain on her coffee cup in the color "Darkened Rose". The perfect match for her complexion: an ashy gray without any shimmer, any reflections. A stack of work that needs to be done.

P sits like a sphinx, then R mimics P and sits like a sphinx.

(P)

Is it even possible to move up as a tax official? She wasn't even sure... All these papers. They contain receipts of clients. She puts their lives together like puzzles. From receipt to receipt life paths form before her. Restaurants, hardware stores and travel expenses. Clay, staples, wigs and beans. She traces their commute from the city to the suburbs. Smells their Italian dinner and their Sushi for lunch. They're like helpless insects pinned to her desk. How beautiful their exoskeletons are. In the end, before she moves on to the



next, she lets them know their tax amount by sending out a machine generated letter.

R looks at P from outside the window.

R

MISS NOLTE has digressed, her gaze is hovering between approximate and exact. It is as if she no longer knows why she's doing what she's doing. She's shaken by a small stone hitting the window.

R mimics the sound of a stone hitting the window with her finger against the glass.

R

It's eerily quiet. Another stone hits. The sound reminds her of a tiny little cog in a gearbox that comes loose without having any effect on the system. She tries to make out something in the darkness by squinting her eyes. With the impact of the third stone a woman appears on the other side of the window. It's MISS GRAF from human resources! Her outlines merge with MISS NOLTE's reaction. Her hand is placed on the window pane. MISS NOLTE goes up to it and rests her hand on the same spot.

P moves to the window. P rests her hand on the same spot as R on the other side of the window pane.

P

*They are now interconnected. Elements in a vast system of electrical connections and human services.*<sup>1</sup> Multiplying, subtracting, dividing. They are mechanical brides of the future (Marshall McLuhan). And interconnected they ride the horses of disobedience. With their bare bottoms buckled up and settled in. Watching the internet horizon, cracking, glitching, breaking down.

<sup>1</sup> p. 30, Lupton, Ellen. *Mechanical Brides*. Princeton Architectural Press, 1993.

P repeats the text until she sees the curtains move as R enters the museum. P moves to the ground and gets on her hands and knees.

P

MISS NOLTE has been summoned. She opens the door and MISS GRAF enters the office.

R climbs onto P's back and sits down as if she were riding a pony. R gently pushes P's head down.

P

But something's off. The seamless web of electric decision making seems to be disrupted, an error has occurred.



MISS NOLTE inspects MISS GRAF a little closer. There seems to be something wrong with her power circuit. There's this spot in MISS GRAF'S head ... the plugs are unplugged. There's this spot in her head, where the soul touches the body. The plugs are unplugged.

R gently touches the back of P's head.

R

Plug her in! So that she can enter this deepest of the secret gardens. The one that's hidden behind a massive mock-up power plant in the desert. The one where the girls are running naked through the woods, to meet at the re, to y in the sky, to corporate, to copulate with ideas.

R dismounts. She walks over to one of the earthly veins.

MISS NOLTE removes the internet cable from her PC and puts it into the little hole in the back of MISS GRAF's head.

R sticks her nger into the soil.

For the female tax consultant, the ber optic cable is a maternal bond allied with the earth. As MISS GRAF is plugged in, the Earth is carving itself into her body. Slowly etching its symbols onto her organs. Cracks in the gray o ice carpet convulse with mud and earth and unusual plants grow out of these thin crevices. MISS GRAF and MISS NOLTE feel something changing inside themselves, something very old, ancestral, erupting for the rst time.

P

MISS NOLTE now feels this speci c weight has lifted off her body. She is afraid of blowing away. The winds are getting stronger. Maybe she should have secured the documents with a paper weight? MISS NOLTE and MISS GRAF are blown outside the tax o ice by an intense gust of wind. They're sucked into the spiraling body of the storm and forever rotating they disappear into the night sky.

R and P scream. The scream decreases in volume.

# THE TOWER

R & P stand up and stare at one specific point on the ceiling.

(P)

Act 2, The Tower

R turns on the water kettles and stands on bed. She uses a telescope mirror to observe members of the audience as well as P. She then looks at herself in the mirror.

(R)

The bird eye view of a super tall skyscraper building. The camera zooms in on one of the large windows on the top floor. It pans over the turquoise water of a pool mimicking an ancient Roman thermal bath. The camera focuses on two men sitting with their feet in the water: MR. GRAF and MR. NOLTE, two billionaires wearing luxurious bathrobes, draped with silver jewels.

P crawls up to bed and kneels next to R, then looks up at her obediently.

In the middle of the knee deep water a youngish boy in a toga is trying to catch a small fish with a landing net. The fish seems to be a sparkling gourami, with scales made of tin and a fin made of silk. Supposedly, it predicts the future, but it hasn't spoken yet. It was a gift given to the men by a foreign power.

P takes the metal objects out of R's costume.

MR. GRAF now realizes something odd about the fish: It seems to be getting larger by the minute. The boy, mesmerized by its beauty, gently touches the creature's cool surface and "poof" disappears into a cloud of silver smoke. The men are stunned. The fish increases in size, soaking up the chlorine water. The two men look at each other. Their asshole tendencies seem to be getting in the way of a smart reaction. Instead of running, they rip their silver jewels off of their bodies, throwing it onto the fish. Wrestling with it, slitting it open with the sharp edges of the silver.

P gets off bed and kneels in front of the little volcano made of salt. She takes her objects out, arranges them in a circle around the salt volcano. She takes a look at the invisible tower in the distance. She lights the candle that rages from the volcano's middle and uses a torch to mimic a sundial.

The shadow of the candle touches the metal objects like the hour hand of a clock.

While MR. NOLTE sends out curses, MR. GRAF tries to locate the tiny shiny door at the rear side of the pool area. This door leads to a top secret emergency shaft. MR. GRAF tries to make his way towards the shaft, but the sh's body is now as big as the room. He sees his friend Mr. Nolte being pierced by the trident of a golden Poseidon statue. He won't make it. Survival of the fittest! MR. GRAF must reach the shaft! It's the doorway to his high-tech emergency capsule, ready to catapult the billionaire to a top secret location, high in the New Zealand Alps. Designed by the world's most advanced aerospace technicians, it can hold the capacity of 2 people in total: MR. GRAF, his mistress and her two very large breasts. The new Adam and Eve. Producing a new population to inhabit Mars, after all of Earth is gnawed down to the bone.

R takes 3 steps forward and 2 steps back over and over again, mimicking the Renaissance dance "Pavane".

The sh's body, now at its fullest potential, glittering, shimmering in the noblest shades of orange and white, presses MR. GRAF against the marble tiled wall. Tick Tock Tick Tock. He cannot move. Tick Tock. How to impose control? How to maintain power? And then: he giggles. The more his body is squeezed, the harder his giggle. The eyes of the billionaire fill with madness. The truth has revealed itself. There never was power! No one can control the bubbling, fluid, sogging reality of Earth. Tick Tock Tick Tock. From the depths of the sh's belly now the angel-like voice of the young boy resounds, reaching the bleeding ears of the billionaire. The mute-like voice intones a mass-like chant: "I'm being digested by the sh and together with the sh I'm about to digest you. I've never felt more one with the world! Can you feel it?" But MR. GRAF can't. Ever since he became a billionaire his frontal lobe is broken. Empathy for him is a feeling from the past. He gives off a last giggle and then a loud, deep, cut-off gurgle.

R & P look at that spot on the ceiling again: The invisible tower. The water in the kettles now begins to boil.

The camera zooms out of the building, showing it in front of a dark gray, thunderstorm sky. A twitch runs through the skyscraper enthroned above the metropolis, and it collapses.

R & P watch the collapsing tower.  
R takes off her jacket and then goes to P to take off her jacket.

# INTO THE GARDEN

R takes her cellphone and flashlight.

(P)

ACT III, The Garden

P kneels towards one of the boiling water kettles, steaming herself and starts reading.

R starts planting the silver objects from the clock into the earthy veins.

A perfectly symmetrical formal french garden is bathed in the delicate light of the early hour. Dew shines on the buds of the perennials. Not far from a fountain, the shadows of two gardeners kneel secretly amongst the plants. Ferns entwine their ankles.

They are in the midst of bowing towards a tiny germinating seed. "Thou shalt be loved and cared for." Truly participatory in the life of the seed, they stand and wait patiently. Their silver gardening tools are stuck in the soil, waiting to be used. Something is throbbing underneath the soil. Little worms are pulsating out into thin air, seedlings begin to sprout and blossom. Something's transforming. The roots of the Jerusalem artichoke jirate like little psychedelic dancers. The mycelium transports good vibrations through the earth, squirting bits of energy into root bodies, making them sing.

The gardeners continue their work. Their hands are deep inside the soil now, gesticulating – a form of communication perhaps. Roots are slowly growing from their ngertips. It's painful. They are being ingrained without consent by a lower power, deep inside the belly of the earth. They cry. Soon it will be night.

R and P water the planted objects with the water from the steaming kettles.  
R leaves the room with the live cam.  
She lms her way into the garden. Films her hand touching plants and the soil.  
The images are projected onto the window.

P changes reading position and stands up.

In the distance a boy is pushing his face into the freshly fallen snow, leaving behind the perfect imprint, looking right back at him. His face is frozen until it's melted by the sun.

P turns on candles scattered along the earthy veins.



*There is not a place in the world that does not reveal the touch and bear the consequences of human hands and minds. Not Antarctica, not the deepest equatorial jungle, and certainly not Tokyo or New York City. At the same time, there are no people who have not been shaped by the effects of landscape and water, the climate and natural features of the area in which they live.*<sup>2</sup> They wear it on their faces.

<sup>2</sup> p.62, Cuomo, Chris J., and Stephanie Lahar. *Feminism and Ecological Communities: An Ethic of Flourishing*. Routledge, 1998.

P looks at the circle on a window, with the webcam projection, mimicking the moon. R finds a corn cob in the garden, lms it as she peels it tenderly and then breaks it off the plant.

We want to hear plants speak. They're eavesdropping on us! better be quick, information is power! We're in need of a cross-kingdoms translator. A wise woman. An animal headed person. A plant whisperer.

*The eroticism that belongs to whatever is living is scattered in the air, in the sea, in the plants, in us, scattered in the vehemence of my voice.*<sup>3</sup> Can you imagine a breath lasting a whole day long? I'm breathing, I'm breathing! While plants bind energy and animals bind space, humans bind time. We pass down information, experiences and tales to next generations. Language is the root of our community. Over the decades the interpretations change.

<sup>3</sup> p.33, Lispector, Clarice. *Água Viva*. translated by Stefan Tobler, Penguin Classics, 2014.

What does nature sing? (Lispector) The gardener's remains lay still on the fecund ground. Decay, a thoughtful process. Oh, Osmosis my darling. Preserve the being by natural fault. Suck that water from their body, since it's easier to live without.

P starts walking towards the garden. R climbs up to the higher level of the garden and lms herself arranging tools in the tall grass.

*The rabbits eat everything to the ground – poppies are particular favorites. The wild g has been torn to shreds: large branches have been felled and stripped a ghostly white. The remains of the bush lie around half-chewed like cane and by the end of the winter there will be little left. It'll sprout again from the bole.*<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> p.363, Jarman, Derek. *Modern Nature*. London, VINTAGE, Penguin Random House UK, 1992.

*The liturgy of the dissonant swarms of the insects that emerge from the foggy and pestilential swamps. Insects, frogs, lice, ies, eas and bedbugs – all born of the corrupted diseased germination of larvae. And my hunger is fed by these putrefying beings in decomposition. My rite is a purifier of forces. But malignancy exists in the jungle. I swallow a mouthful of blood that lls me. Entirely.*<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> p.35, Lispector, Clarice. *Água Viva*. translated by Stefan Tobler, Penguin Classics, 2014.

Rosanna Graf & Paulina Nolte, *Renaissance Re ux*,  
performance, 35 min., 2022  
(Photos: Rosanna Graf, Goscha Steinhauer)



## LADY MYSTIC

R lms the corn cob with the live cam.  
 P turns on a candle and R starts reading.

R

Act IV – Lady Mystic. The camera is oating over a rocky yet fertile landscape. The hills are covered in lush green ferns, vibrating ever so gently. The sun settles on the horizon. Deep down inside the lowest part of Earth’s belly, lies the outer core – wide awake – constantly working – like a machine. It’s a uid layer, composed mostly of iron and nickel. Its blob-like, low-viscosity uid convects turbulently. The Moon and Sun cause tides in the liquid outer core, just as they do in oceans. Pauline and Rose, two scientists in cargo shorts stand at the top of a high volcano raise their hands towards each other and say “Resistance” simultaneously.

The neon lights start flickering, little cracks in the ground appear like ne veins, a sudden stillness hovers over the heads, like dense fog. Like two polar opposite magnets, the women conjoin “pow” into one big blob of female-flud-metal.

P breaks offpieces of her pewter pendant and lms herself melting it in a spoon that she holds over the candle flme.

The unstoppable lava bubbles beneath the Earth’s crust, waiting to make its grand entrance. Like a gaping wound, it pulsates and rages, wanting attention. It rises without questions, without whys and without answers. It simply rises, without fear. Bodies melt into it, bodies of plants, animals, people. Stones pass into it. Molecules, ideas, questions. Tax o icials melt into it; particles of billionaires and the perfectly trimmed hedge of a french garden. All the details, individual parts, one-brained, separate units, they melt into this one big whole. Ugly, but the word ugly no longer exists. It has been united with the word beautiful and they now form a new anti-word. An ok. Something smaller, something lighter than a thought, it’s a knowing. The gashing red becomes a gashing ‘it’. It’s the anti-computer-thought. It’s the ultimate inbetween state, in which nothing has an outline – nothing needs an outline anymore, to be able to be categorized. And it’s gross and warm and ugly and soft.

The female- uid-metal-blob makes its way down the mountain. It rolls over the land, through forests and valleys, through cities and oceans and down the rabbit hole it goes.

P pours the now uid metal into a tiny hole in the corn cob.

*All shall be well, all shall be well, all manner of  
things shall be well.*<sup>6</sup>

R takes the corn cob and buries it in  
a pile of earth.  
P reads.

(P)

*Derek Jarman in Modern Nature: Sunday November 26, 1989:*

*Excruciating and sleepless night, woke parched and  
drained of energy. Putting the kettle on was like climb-  
ing a mountain. Pulled my clothes on very slowly and  
could not face shaving.*

*There has been a very hard frost – the borage plants  
look as if they have been boiled, and the g has lost all  
its leaves. Threw out scraps – starlings appeared  
out of the blue and squabbled until chased away by two  
magpies.*

*Walked around the house picking up props to take back to  
London for the shoot: a water jug, palms, a folding  
chair, gold jar and mirror glasses. I have done this so  
many times before.*

*It's a strange feeling to put in the roses and wonder  
if you will see them bloom. My aches and pains hurt. This  
is all too melodramatic, I've just got a bout of u."*<sup>7</sup>

R & P start singing "Heimkehr" as they  
are leaving the garden:

Sommer ist nun schon zu Ende  
Alle Arbeit ist vollbracht.  
Pferdchen wird nun bald gesattelt.  
Stall und Hütte zugemacht.  
Niemand ndet mehr zu Essen.  
Auf der Alm ist alles kahl.  
Wir sind froh hinabzusteigen,  
Mit den Küh'n hinab ins Tal.

Lebe wohl du grüne Wiese,  
Meiner Tiere Aufenthalt.  
Lebet wohl ihr dunklen Wälder,  
Wo mein Lied so oft erschallt.  
Lebet wohl ihr guten Geister,  
Mit euch lebt' ich lange Zeit.  
Kommt mit mir in meine Hütte,  
Wenn es draußen stürmt und schneit.

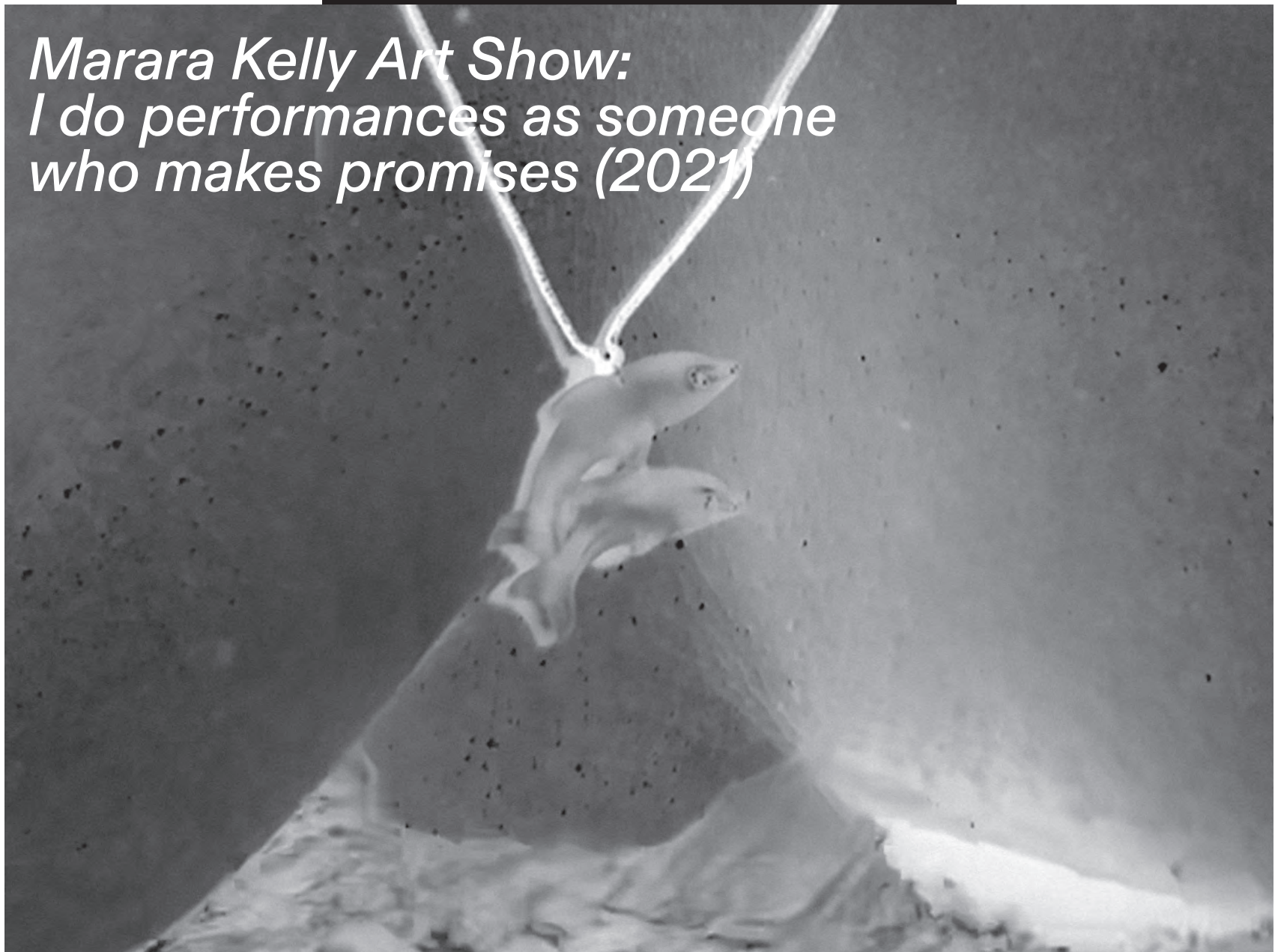
<sup>8</sup>





Leonor Fini, aus: *Regards*,  
aus einer Folge von 10 Kupferstichen, 1989,  
Sammlung Kunstmuseum Bochum

# *Marara Kelly Art Show: I do performances as someone who makes promises (2021)*



## Performance by Mayara Yamada, english version

I sit at the edge of an Igarapé. Igarapé is a water formation in the middle of the forest. I sit at the edge of an Igarapé, it's night, I know the risks I'm taking doing what I'm doing. And I'm doing it anyway, ... The risk is something I'm looking for. The risk is that I'll get out of here Mundiada. To be Mundiada is to be possessed, confused, numb. At night, it's the moment of the entities' bath. During the night, all waters are reserved to the entities, to the enchanted beings; it's for them, not for someone like me.

But someone like me is someone who takes the risk. I take the risk because between all these enchanted beings that could be here. And are. There is one that I'm looking for.

The one that I lost view of is the only one that I could see. I'm looking for you, I'm talking to you. I'm looking for you, I'm talking to you. At the edge of this Igarapé, the cold water touches me intimately, in contradiction with the warmth that goes out of my body, the warmth that surrounds me. At the edge of the Igarapé, I'm someone who overflows. I touch myself, I touch myself, the water comes into me, the water exits from me. I'm a femme fontaine. I overflow the Igarapé. The Igarapé floods and at that moment I see a pink silhouette.

Is that you, Marara?

No. It's a Boto. Boto is an Amazonian animal. Known for transforming itself into a man, getting out of the water, and flirting with girls at parties. This one speaks to me from the water in his animal form. What's happening exactly? Boto is an almost blind animal that guides itself by sound. And this one speaks to me.

One Boto doesn't live in one Igarapé. This water formation is not enough for a Boto's life, which needs rivers and more rivers. But, I overflowed the Igarapé and now the Boto wants to help me.

Ok Boto, I'm looking for Marara, my personal pleasure entity, my personal party entity, the enchanted being that holds my childhood dreams. Can you help me find her?

Sitting on the back of the Boto, I rub myself.  
This is something else, Boto. We dive.







Boto is an animal amazonico. Je suis une femme fontaine.  
And Marara is my entity.

Before going to a party there are people who take a nap,  
who take a bath, who dance alone in their room, doing makeup,  
changing clothes. There are people who take drugs, people  
who arrange their house, people who don't go to their houses.  
Each person has their own rituals.

Me, I need to be calm. To calm myself down. Because I know  
how excited I can get in a party, and how this excitement  
can be dangerous for me and the people around me. But also  
I make myself a coffee because I have to stand all night.  
Some parties can take a lifetime.

And tonight is going to be a long night.



*A painting is something like a spectacle,  
a theater piece in which each figure lives out her part.*  
Leonor Fini

L and A are sitting across from each other on the train. They can glimpse an agitated water outside, despite the darkness. Their bodies are becoming heavy with the rocking of the train, and they slowly close their eyes.

Suddenly propelled on the shore, they are now facing the sea. Waves are spitting dark shadows, grounding at their feet. Scared, they take a few steps back. On their right, a heteroclite group of beings seems to have congregated in a hurry. L and A move closer to this nocturnal assembly.

I don't know what these are, nor where they come from, warns an asphodel plant. Besides, they're obviously dead. Let's just leave them here.

Just because they aren't moving doesn't mean that they are dead, notes a female sphinx standing next to the asphodel, her voice echoing against the surrounding rocks.

Well, there's only one way to be sure, shouts a very flamboyant cat wearing a tiara and a gown. Let's kill them!

Please come to your senses my friends, interrupts a fairy witch in a powerful whisper. And come with me.

The little group passes in front of L and A without noticing them in the slightest and draws near the four aground shadows. Hastening towards where L and A had been standing a minute ago, the fairy witch bends to touch one of them. At her contact, the shadow straightens and metamorphoses into a figure whose shape the four protagonists had never seen before. In the meantime, the cat, the asphodel and the female sphinx had approached the three other shadows and they were now all standing next to each other.

Welcome to Η άκρη, says the fairy witch. We are *Les Gardiennes*, the mothers of this land populated by *finian* beings. Where are you coming from and what is your name?

Dear mother, replies one of the newcomers, we are M, F, P and R. What led us here is as much a mystery to us as it must be to you. But, be assured that we mean you no harm and that we wish not to disturb you. We will leave as soon as we can if you tell us how.

The four mothers step away for a moment, whispering softly. After a while, the female sphinx steps forward and announces:

Dear newcomers, you've landed upon a realm situated at the edge of all worlds. Half in, half out, this particular situation allows us *finians* to queer modes of perception. For this reason, it is not unusual for us to be visited by various beings in quest of stepping out of their own lived realities. In your case, however, you have come to us in a manner we were not accustomed to, as your appearance first led us to believe that you were dead.

Listening to her, M, F, P and R are already regaining strength. They look at each other, with a newfound excitement.

Actually, says F, we come from a place where dreaming of alternate conventions and choreographies is becoming scarce. We, however, were attempting something and maybe this is what led us here.

Yeah, add P and R in unison. What can we do here? What are the rules?

Well, says the asphodel who had decided to be helpful after all while keeping it short. This place allows many things. In your case, it seems that our role will consist in helping you build a temporary stage that will allow you to become co-creators of identities and narratives in a new frame of reality. But you must remember that it is only temporary. As the four mothers of this land, we share governance of what is *at play* in this communal arena where bits of everything can come together. Our duty consists in regulating what finds its way on this overall play, in assuring that it finds its way back when its role is over, in order to make way for new interventions. This play has the exact number of actors it needs to have at all times. As it evolves, some new ones join, some leave. It has no beginning nor end. Like a tide turning, it shifts. The equilibrium of *H áκρη* depends on our capacity to facilitate the participants' willingness and capacity to embody as many characters as one must. Once you will know what is to be kept from the play and brought back to your lived realities, you will have to go back.

Now, adds the fairy witch in a more considerate tone, a framework to set the boundaries of this temporary world you will inhabit here must be established. This is what we call the magic circle. When building this temporary stage, you must think about the porous border between the self and the performed identity, between reality and fiction. You must acknowledge the fact that these different realms can never be considered in isolation from one

another. What happens here occurs within the pores of the fictional and the real. Keeping this in mind will allow you to embody alternative social identities while drawing from and speaking to your own experience. As our identities are in a constant state of mutation, informed by the structures that surround us. Therefore, you will use symbols and dialogues to fabricate facts, constructing frames of reference for your realities, as a 'world' does not simply exist; rather it is constructed through different modes of perception.

In this respect, interrupts the cat. Come with us. We'll now show you where we store costumes, make-up, accessories or masks you will be able to dispose of. As dressing up is an important instrument in this process.

As L & A, still completely invisible to the eyes of the now extended group, are watching them moving towards the inland, a voice, first soft but becoming louder and louder, abruptly brings them back to the train coach. Tickets, please. Someone had closed the curtains while they were asleep but there was still a little opening through which they could see the horizon. Outside, the always changing spectacle of the scenery. Inside, the reduced spectacle of the theatre in the theatre, the dressing room.

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*Night guest* is a tale by Alicia Reymond drawing on the work of Leonor Fini in connection to contributions by Paulina Nolte & Rosanna Graf, Frederik Vium and Mayara Yamada to the exhibition *Les Gardiennes* at Kunstmuseum Bochum.



Leonor Fini, aus: *Regards*,  
aus einer Folge von 10 Kupferstichen, 1989,  
Sammlung Kunstmuseum Bochum





Leonor Fini, *Les Chats*,  
undatiert,  
Sammlung Kunstmuseum Bochum





Paulina Nolte, *L'Opéra*  
pencil & charcoal on paper, 70 × 50 cm  
2022



*Les Gardiennes*

3. Dezember 2022 – 19. Februar 2023  
Kunstmuseum Bochum  
Kortumstraße 147, 44787 Bochum

Ein Projekt mit Arbeiten von Leonor Fini, Rosanna Graf, Paulina Nolte, Frederik Vium und Mayara Yamada und einer Ausstellungsszenografie von Jakob Engel.

Kuratiert von Lisa Klosterkötter und Alicia Reymond.

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[www.residencenrw.de](http://www.residencenrw.de)

*Les Gardiennes*

3 December 2022 – 19 February 2023  
Kunstmuseum Bochum  
Kortumstraße 147, 44787 Bochum

A project with works by Leonor Fini, Rosanna Graf, Paulina Nolte, Frederik Vium and Mayara Yamada and an exhibition scenography by Jakob Engel.

Curated by Lisa Klosterkötter and Alicia Reymond

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