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gelatin

reborn as marlon brando lookalike
and ten examples of a romantic portable sculpture

June 10th – July 16th, 2016

Marlon Brando, Sauna

I am always cold so I need to sweat from heat. It feels different and safer than sweating from muscle movement to create excess heat from within. Steam Saunas and Finnish Saunas, sweat lodges and Russian saunas and Hamams. The first Sauna we built was made from a piece of cheap transparent plastic sheeting, you tape it to the floor and put a kettle inside and remove the lid so it won't switch off when the water is boiling, inside it gets steamy and jungely, and the bubble inflates through the heat generated. Condensation drops from everywhere and turn the microbe-thick plastic into another sweaty skin. The green came to us through paper recycling bins. Heating the material up with a big torch or small flame thrower, it starts oozing and becoming liquid, and you can hold sheets of it up while it's slowly reaching and steaming towards gravity, when you throw it over a form and it cools down it stays in that shape, the material is translucent when thin, so light flickers though it like thorough some gigantic cabbage. But you cannot really control the application process, so thickness and bending and over folding are permanently changing and irregular. It's like building a house out of burning hot semi-liquid bubble-gum. When the stove under the dumpling and with it the boiling water pot is rolled away, one can slide in like a dry sardine, pull oneself up and sit on a slim slime bench inside the dumpling. Reaching down to pull the water pot under the opening one is instantly steamed-in. The space inside is much bigger than it seems from the outside through space-perception bending. It gets darker when the hole is closed with the boiling water pot, leaving just some grey light fingering through the heavy evaporating steam. It's like sitting on an ultarainy cloud. Dim green light is flickering through the

dumping in some places and sometimes, though a tiny opening, light is blasting through the capsule like a laser beam projecting onto the moving steam, the capsule gets hot and condensed steam starts raining down. Hot rain. Finally. Everything rains down, condensed water and condensed sweat, arm grease, heat-tears, toxic deodorants, and is washed back into the pot, as the pot is bigger than the dumpling, sweat and water gets re-boiled and rebuilt leaving a salty crust in the pot some bodies later. Fresh oxygen bubbles up inside the vapour through broken up water molecules, after a while, when the flesh is ready, reaching down, one pulls away the pot and the stove on wheels, and slides down and back outside like a steamy wet sardine for a cold swim.

Nudes - a romantic portable sculpture

Tobias and me were in Los Angeles for half a year, and we missed Flo and Wolfgang a lot. We went to the desert in California and when you drive through there, you just get out sometimes and masturbated in front of a landscape. Tobias and me started taking some pictures and send them to Flo and Wolfgang. And they sent us pictures back, and so on – back and forth. Basically we were working on sculptures using our hard-ons and the landscape. I don’t know if it’s like this for most people but before my sexuality was directed human entities, my desire was more vegetarian. Trees and landscapes made hard through inner softness. The hardness is miniscule in contrast to the bending horizon and the vegetation that doesn’t care about you or the micro sculpture appendix. The outcome of this discrepancy is quite romantic.
gelatin with Meredith Danluck, in: index magazine

gelatin will perform on Friday, the 10th of June 2016 at 22:30 in the Cabaret Voltaire, Spiegelgasse 1, 8001 Zürich as part of Manifesta 11.

For further information and images please contact the gallery:
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