

REVIVED CRUSH
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Maya Hottarek, Orson Egloff,
Emma Pidré, Gaspard Emma Hers

Curated by Nemo Bleuer

it's dripping, you said.
while i felt the warmth cringing in.
while i float away between the edges.
finding myself in between what i couldn't tell you.
not because i didn't want to because the language of words didn't give
me the right ones.
an empty frame but still erupting lava.
instead the lips formed, do you know that we would burn at the tempera-
ture clay hardens? do you know we would be dust in minutes when not
seconds? disappear when one stays forever?

in der sprache, die mir entwischt, möchte ich dich umschliessen. dich
einfangen, dich umrunden. umzingeln – festhalten für immer und ewig.
entwischt steht dazwischen das verlangen, das dich sucht um aufzuleben,
was zu verschwinden droht. ewige flammen die lodern.

metall melts at temperatures my body would burn into dust in minutes
when not seconds, i said to you.
a heat so hot my heart feels in the longing for you. it drops. it melts. flows.
and you said, it's dripping again.

crush
crush and
crushes for it, when we
crush in it.
forms willing to form what we're longing. hearts burn up while clay beco-
mes its shape. it hardens as it's trying to hold what's only felt in seconds.

für immer und ewig dem ewigen entgegen.
kanten umzingelnd öffnet sich eine landschaft. sie verbinden sich, wo ich
mich in eine vergangene ferne wiege. für das immer suchend, dir nach.
knirscht das laub unter meinen füssen, der wind flüstert und die sonnen-
strahlen warm auf meiner haut die kälte lügen. ich schwinde zwischen
dem hier dahin, verblasst in dem damals das mich in dem verlangen der
ewigkeit halten will. doch der fluss links neben mir fließt.

it was dripping, you said.
(while i felt the cold cringing in.)
now you push it. squeeze it through my skin in my flesh. pointy edges.
hard and cold.
yes, you smile, not that smile when our fluids exchanged. different. schä-
misch oder schelmisch. hidden in the frame or hold by it.
feel the coldness, icy. while some droplets fly away. .

ich wirble durch die strömung. erfrischt, kleines kitzeln mich erweckt.
nähre ich das wasser mit der sehnsucht die mich durchfließt? knirscht
das feuer im wald, wo wasser in dampf verschwindet. mein herz aufflammt,
pocht. immer wieder, immer wieder, immer wieder. wartest du auf mich?

clay hardens while my heart would burn as it burns for you in search to
speak to find what once was (or never?).

für immer in ewigem. in fires. in rivers, in clouds, in wood, in metall, in clay, in
wait, i'm thirsty so lets have a lick at the melting edge. clinging into the
freshness.

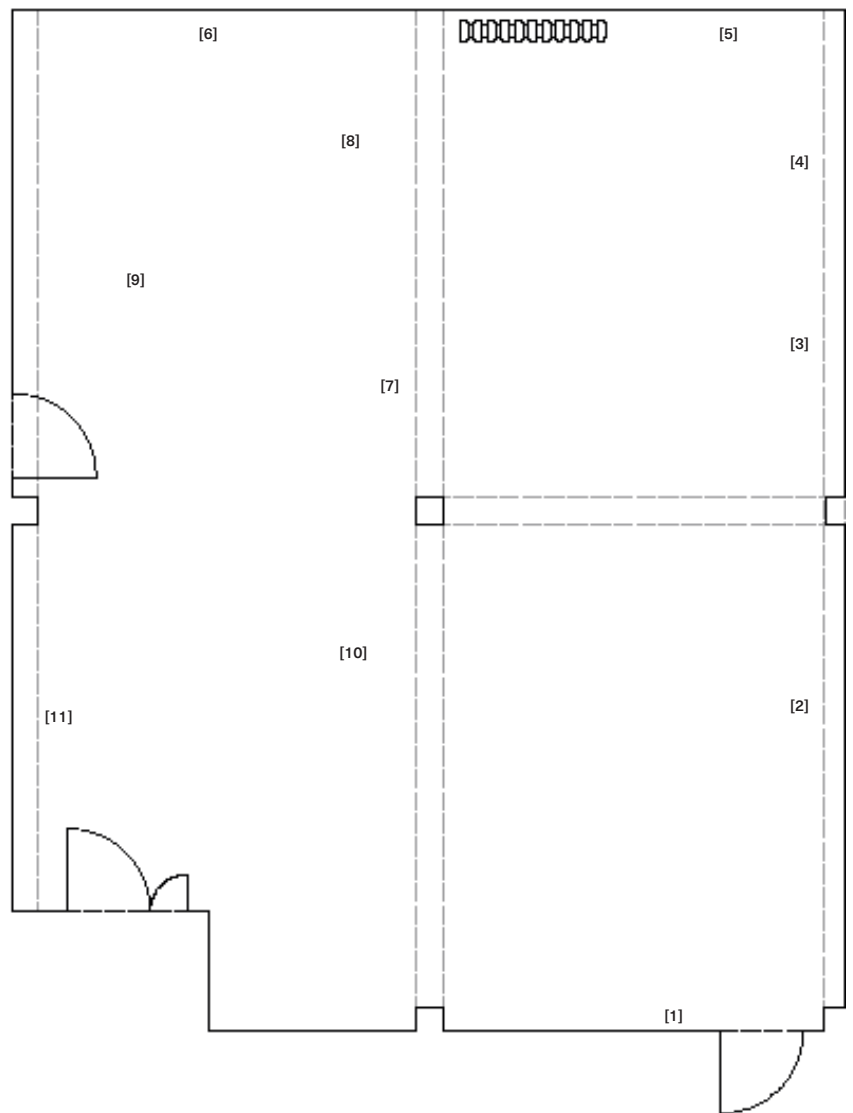
small hats kept forever.

yes, you smile but i don't see it. lost in ways opening a landscape i'm lon-
ging for too long.

dust liquefied and i'm oscillating between what your smile shows and
showed.

let me have a sip by the fountain. transparent young blood. drop. drop. drops.
and flows. drown in history by what so called nature.

Text by Margaretha Jüngling



^[1] Maya Hottarek, *Heavy drip*, 2021
glazed ceramic, water pump, water, beewax
40 x 45 x 30 cm

^[2] Orson Egloff, *Lover's Lament / Fleshscape III*, 2022
acrylics, oil on canvas
160x 160 cm

^[3] Orson Egloff, *A Place for Lost Songs*, 2022
oil on canvas
160x 160 cm

^[4] Orson Egloff, *Behind the Veil of Mist*, 2022
oil on canvas
160x 160 cm

^[5] Maya Hottarek, *Gangnam Style*, 2019
ceramic, glaze
30 x 45 x 4cm

^[6] Maya Hottarek, *5G*, 2019
ceramic, glaze, artificial hair
45 x 30 x 4cm

^[7] Maya Hottarek, *Sextoy for alien*, 2019
ceramics, sand, gelatine, meister proper
dimension variable

^{[8] [9] [10]} Emma Pidré, *For an instant your body and mine got into a dance with the forces of two galaxies colliding*, 2022
PLA, zink paint, graphite paint, copper electroplate, varnish, steel chain
dimension variable

^[11] Gaspard Emma Hers, *Untitled*, 2022
graphite on paper, wood
20 x 25 cm