



Laura Langer

Homesick

Preview

Laura Langer
Homesick
12.05.–12.06.2021

...Exterior. Night. Absolute silence. Every night the guards walk non-stop through the neighbourhood, their only task to be a never-ending presence. Everything the guards say is spoken while walking...

Guard 1 Look up. Full moon tonight.

Guard 2 Look down. Those signs are like the moon. Or the batman signal, a hieroglyph. They are all there like an army of Mothers ready to answer the call in the middle of the night. But it's funny, you have to find the moon mother that is open that night. You are in desperation, in pain, scared of dying and you have to look for that one mother that is open that night to give you the relief for the pain.

Guard 1 Mothers take turns.

Guard 2 I dreamed that my mother died. Never felt a death so real. A grief so real.

Guard 1 You have to dare to dream something like that.

Guard 1 You have to be ready to dream it, they say.

Guard 2 Ah well...are you ready? to go?

Guard 1 and 2 *-singing together:-*

*...I don't care, I don't care, care if it's old
I don't mind, mind, don't have a mind
Get away, away, away from your home
I'm afraid, afraid, ghost!
Even if you have, even if you need
I don't mean to stare, we don't have to breed
We could plant a house, we could build a tree
I don't even care, we could have all three...*

Guard 2 Has this thing appeared again tonight?

Guard 1 I have seen nothing. Guard 3 says it's only our fantasy, and won't believe us. I have asked him to come along with us, to watch the minutes of this night, so that if again this apparition comes he may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Guard 2 Ach so! Here he comes...

...Guard 3 meets them, as pre-arranged by Guard 1. They walk for some time in silence. They don't name what they're looking for, not looking for as guards, but looking for more as a game to save them from the nightly ennui that comes from being present all the time without a point...

Guard 2 She had a tumor in her colon that was the size of a grapefruit. She had been having pain, terrible pain for weeks, but the doctors just thought she was constipated. It had been growing there inside her for 15 years, there all the time and she didn't even know it. 15 years they spent together, her and her tumor.

Guard 1 Did you hear that?

Guard 2 No, I said it...

Guard 3 Heard? What?

Guard 1 Oh nothing, go on...

Guard 2 Then one night she was in so much pain she couldn't stand it. She went to the hospital and they said, "you have less than 24 hours to live if we don't take this out right now." She was lying on the surgery table waiting to be injected with drugs; she was awake, but so close to death, and suddenly...

Guard 1 I heard it again...

Guard 3 Now you're being rude.

Guard 1 No, I mean it...from over...

Guard 3 Just listen to the story.

Guard 2 Suddenly the corners of the room started peeling away at the edges, like reality was made of foil, it was thin, really thin, and behind it was this welcoming light that was like love, total love, total connection. She looked down and could see her own body from above, like she was separate from her body, and then she had a choice either to join the inviting love, or to continue to be herself, to continue to be her name.

Guard 3 And? What did she choose?

Guard 2 She thought, "I must continue to be me, to be my name." And she wasn't thinking about her family at that point, but she just knew that there were things she still had to do in this form, as a subject.

Guard 3 Choose to live—it's not a decision you get to make every day.

Guard 1 No, you usually don't get to choose it, you just are what you are.

...They walk for a while in silence, and the three pairs of feet make echoes between the buildings...

Guard 1 When I was a kid, in the age of asking questions and in the age of learning concepts such as the infinite and all that, I was watching tv, one of these classic soap operas for kids. And there was this very well known actor there on the screen. One that will always play the good handsome man, a Charles Ingals type. Suddenly...

Guard 2 Who?

Guard 3 Charles Ingals...Father of little house on the prairie.

Guard 2 Oh I know those books, that's his daughter?

Guard 3 Yes, and her father was...

Guard 1 Hey! Listen to *me* now...Suddenly he started

to feel really strange to me, like uncanny. I knew what I was watching but he started to feel like some semiotic problem to me, his image and...and then I went to the bathroom, and looked at myself in the mirror and the same thing happened to my own image, my own reflection. It's like I started to fold out of myself, as if my body didn't match with my *self*.

Guard 2 I had that! I had that! But it was just last year. I had a parasite, a terrible parasite was living inside me. I was really sick. And it changed the way things looked and smelled and felt, but not all bad. I was washing my hands, and it felt so pleasurable the feeling of the water and soap running over my hands. I thought to myself "Washing your hands feels so good in this...*human* form." And it was as if I was a spirit appreciating being human for the first time. I was inhabiting my body, but I was not my body. I was living in my body, as the parasite was living in my body. It was the first time I ever felt that way, and I wondered if it was because of the parasite.

Guard 1 I started to repeat to myself, "why am I me why am I me why am I me why am I me why am I me why am I me why am I me why am I me why am I me why am I me why am I me why am I me why am I me why am I me why am I me why am I me why am I me why am I me..." I was not at home any more in my body. And the feeling of not recognising my body, or not feeling it any longer as mine was increasing to the point that looking at my reflection was really like looking at a stranger. Then I went back to the room and I fainted... And when I woke up and I felt extreme awakensness and clarity, like ok I am alive in this body now.

Guard 3 Gosh...

Guard 2 Is it hard to die?

Guard 3 A long life is a slow death!

Guard 1 I am dying all the time, I know I am dying, I know I am dying because I am getting tired. Always the

same, you talk, I sleep.

Guard 3 There is nothing the matter, you are tired, that's all. I have been tired a lot of times in my life. You stay up all night and you get tired! That's it.

Guard 2 Could be very easy to die or very hard.

Guard 1 I have stayed up lots of nights and not been tired...Staying awake is not the only way to...

Guard 2 ...so many ways you could die
Dead by surprise
Death by innaction
Death by sickness
Death by sadness
Death by neglect
Death by reverence
Death by ubiquity
Death by humiliation
Death by choice
And I am only the lowly doorkeeper.

... 2am - Guard 1 narrowly misses a gaping hole that had some days ago opened up on the edge of the street. They have passed it before, but they have never seen it because it is always too dark. Guard 1 always walks on the left side of the group or pair, so it is always him who almost steps in the hole...and now it is behind him again...he has safely passed it one more time...

Guard 1 I was 7 and he, my brother, was 25. He came into the living room with a square shaped thing, like a box covered with a towel. I couldn't hide my extreme excitement, and when I uncovered it, it was a fish tank. With two fishes, cold water ones, like the classic goldfish and the other was black with the eyes popping out. I was happy as fuck to say the least. The fishes were sleeping with me, in my room. The little bubbles making noise all the time, and the little light turned on till late.

Guard 3 Oh I can't stand noises like that...constant mechanical noises like the fridge or the heating or...

Guard 2 Oh really? I love those noises...

Guard 1 Every Saturday after going to the supermarket with my dad, I went to the aquarium shop with my brother. I enjoyed just watching the multicolored fishes there. All the tanks so clean and luminous, the fishes alert and perfectly curated in their species combinations, like shop windows. My brother started to get more and more into it, and everytime we went to the aquarium he would bring back a new something for the tank— a new plant, a new fish, a new light, then why not another tank with warmer water, with different species of fish— and then whoops! one is pregnant and “oh oh we need another new tank.” In a very short time we had about 10 tanks in my room, as if my present had reproduced. I didn't have a desk anymore, my bed was surrounded by tanks, the room was tangled in cables intertwined under tables, many cables, and also sockets with this little red light.

Guard 3 Yes I really hate when there is a cable mess under a nice table.

Guard 1 Because of the noise of the respirator tubes, and of the 10 bubble makers, and the very little space left for me, I had to start sleeping in the living room.

Guard 2 Oh no!

Guard 1 Yes! But I loved it in the living room. I loved to sleep on the couch. I could watch TV until I fell asleep... It was fun. But what I didn't realise was that I was actually being pushed out of the only space that was truly mine, I was being displaced from my own room by my older brother's passion. I never realised till now. My siblings and my dad found it funny, found it cute, like “oh he likes it a lot”. But I was a kid...I never learned to claim my space and protect what is mine. It was taken from me so easily and so naturally...maybe it wasn't mine from the very beginning?

Guard 3 Did this thing displace you? Or did you have a choice?

Guard 2 No, you were just a kid and the adults didn't

protect you.

Guard 1 And now? Who's gonna protect us now?

... 4am - The guards make their rounds, not to protect the neighbourhood, but because no one understands the plague, and yet something must be done...

Guard 3 The acceleration...you know before I was a guard I was a fighter pilot and a test pilot but I've never felt anything so powerful as a rocketship. Minute after minute squeezing you pushing you into your chair. That scene in 2001 where all this kaleidoscope of colors and they are going somewhere and it lasts longer than you think it should.

Guard 1 Yes.

Guard 3 Launch is like that. it is a physical process and then at the end you are weightless, and you are in space. As if someone slammed the door and opened another one. Oddly enough you notice that everything starts to float around you, the checklist that you are holding in your hands floats, and everybody laughs.

Guard 2 Laughs?!

Guard 3 Laughs. There are a million things to do but no one can help it. Everybody laughs. Part of it is relief but part of it is delight at the fact that suddenly things are way different. And there is a little bit of dirt, and washers that the technicians didn't quite clean up well off the floor, they come up floating next to you.

Guard 1 All the dirt it's revealed in a change of state.

Guard 3 And you are strapped. And when you strap out of your chair, you fly.

Guard 1 Oh wowwww....

Guard 3 It is as if you are sitting here, and suddenly gravity is gone. And both of us will laugh because it is so bizarre and so fun that both of us will laugh. It's a magical transformation.

Guard 2 I guess I would laugh too.

Guard 1 I want to know that feeling.

Guard 2 I want to go to bed...is taking a nap like a rehearsal for dying?

Guard 1 Oh bed, I looove bed.

Guard 3 I love bed! I don't think anything is as good as being in bed...not even space— You can stay if you want, but I am going home.

Guard 1 Hey...what's that over there?

Guard 3 Where? I don't see anything.

Guard 1 Right there...

Guard 2 Oh, in the grass?

Guard 3 It's a log,

Guard 1 No, it's alive.

Guard 2 Is it? Go, go speak to it ...

Guard 3 Me?

Text by Rosa Aiello and Laura Langer

If you have any further questions, please contact the gallery at info@weissfalk.com

Prices excl. VAT and Shipping.
Photos: Ellie der Verdier
Courtesy of Weiss Falk and the artist

27

Weiss Park

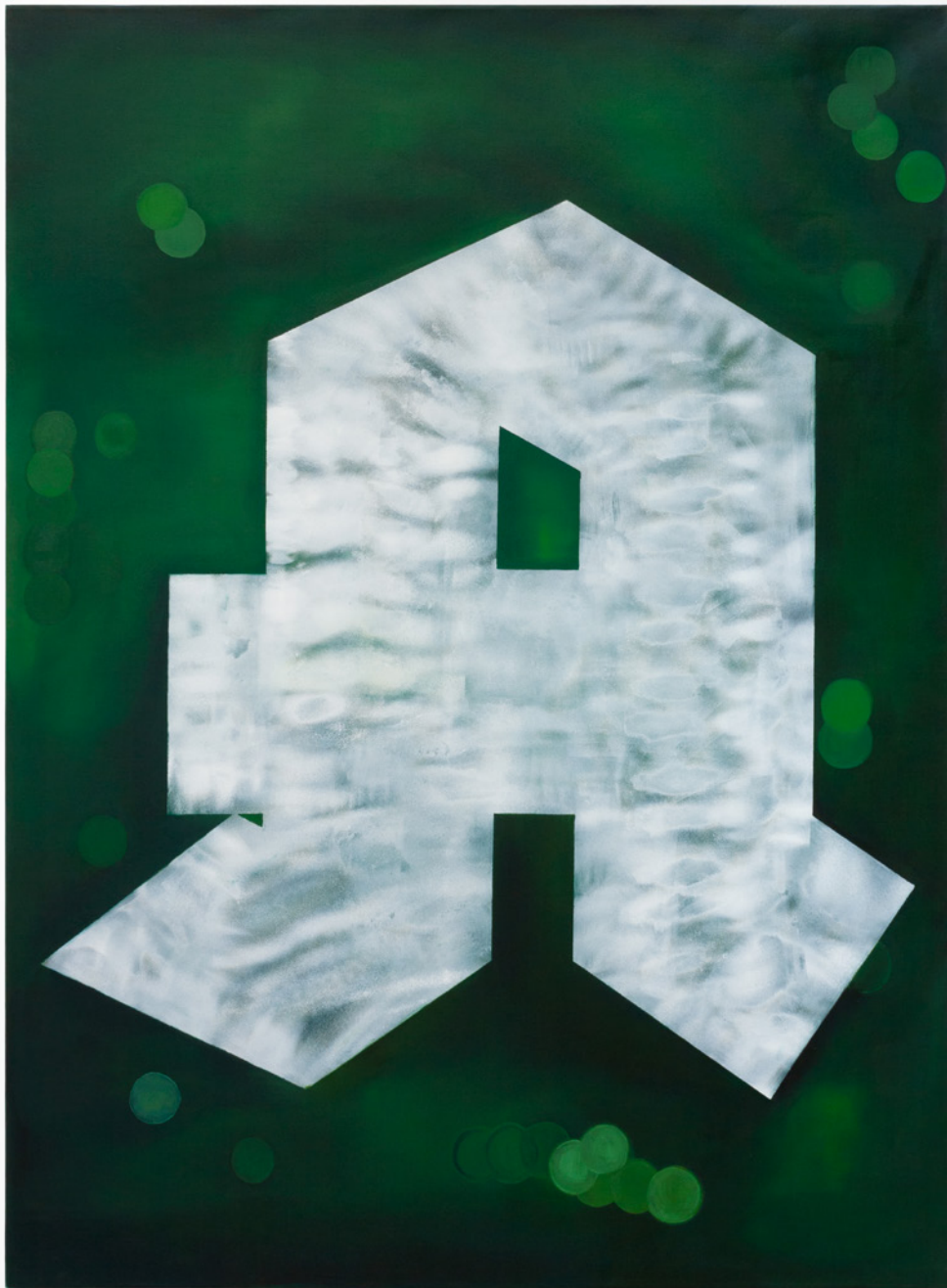




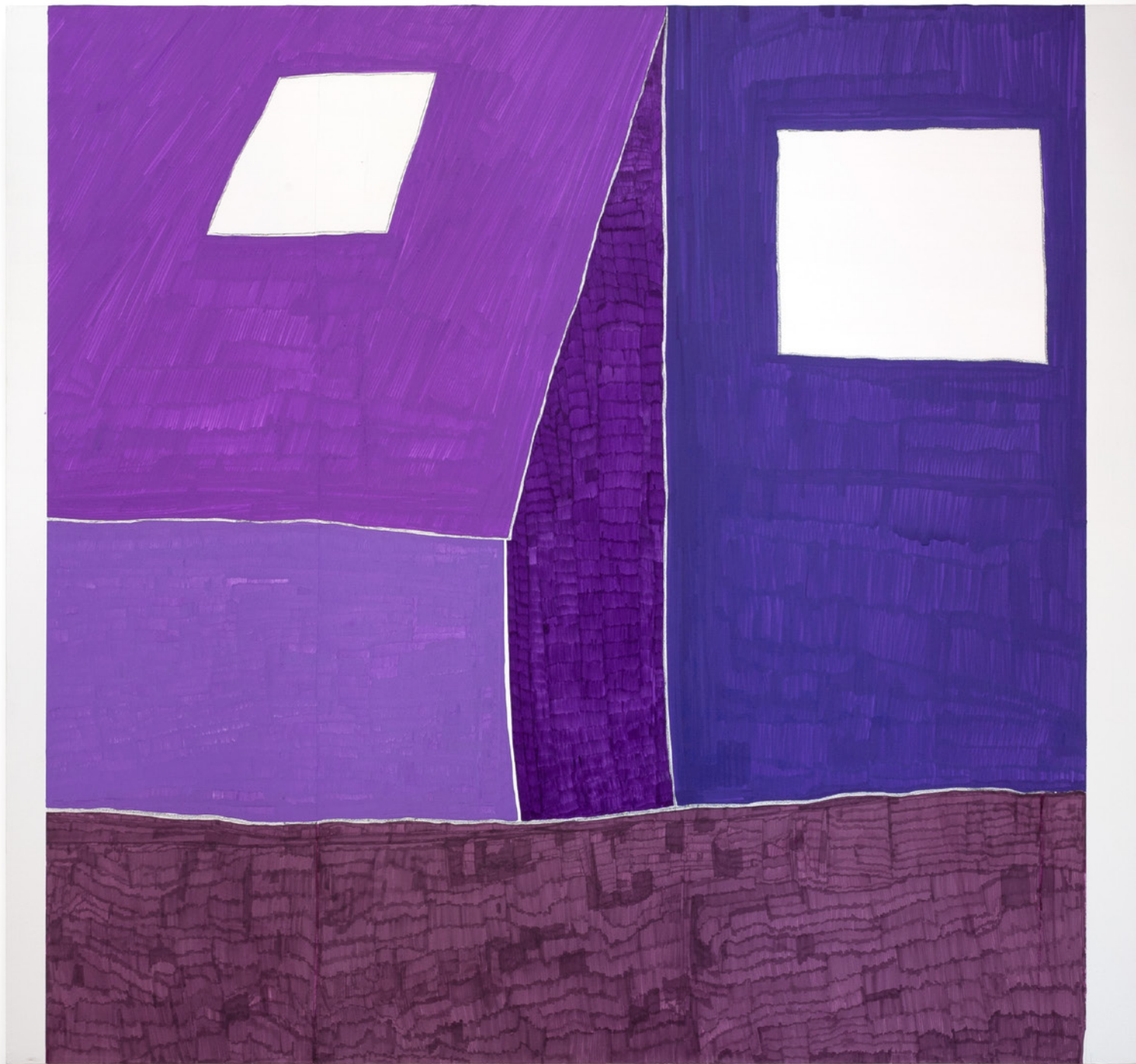
Homesick I, 2021, Marker, pastel, ink and paper on canvas, 190 × 210 × 5 cm, EUR 8'800.00







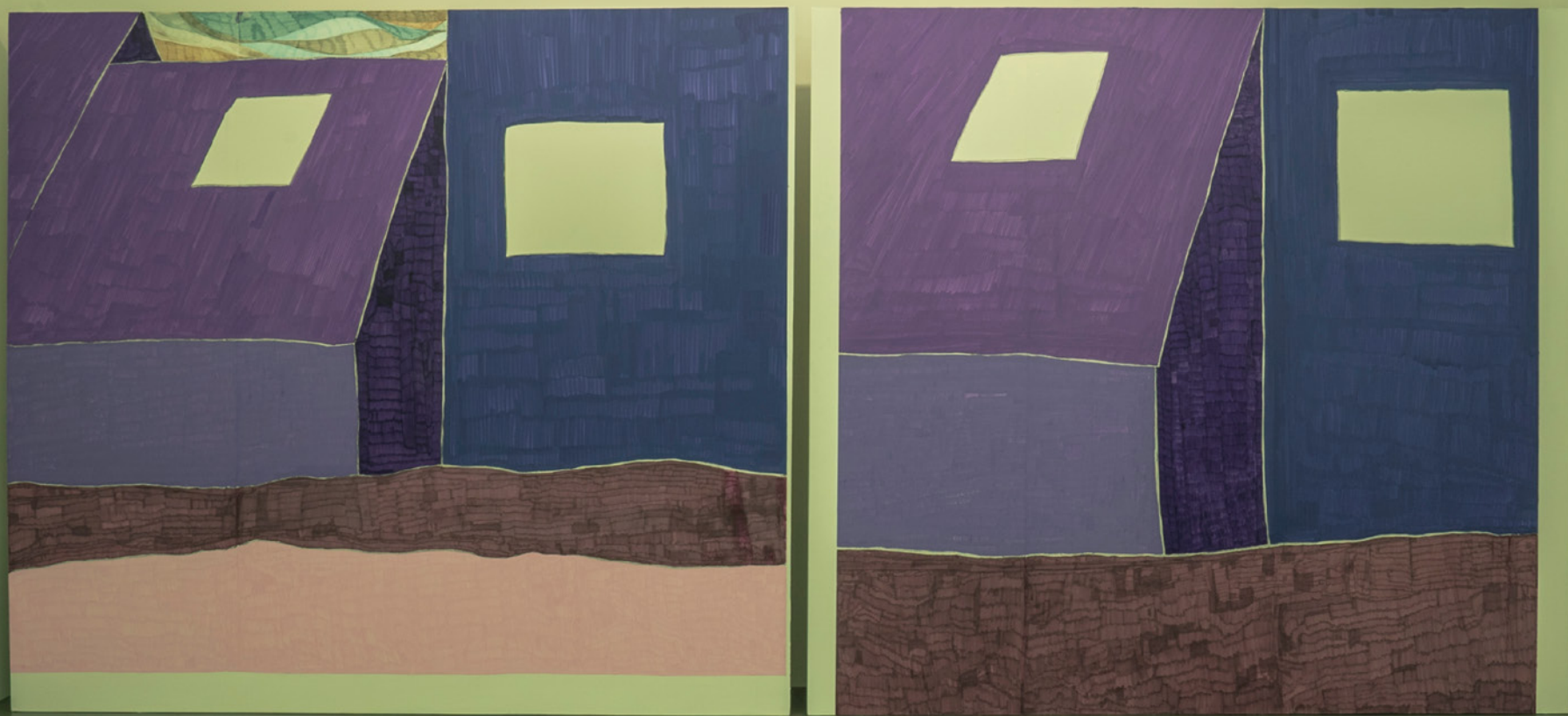
Moon Skull I, 2021
Oil and acrylic on canvas
150 × 110 × 2.5 cm
EUR 5'800.00



Homesick II, 2021, Marker, pastel, ink and paper on canvas, 220 × 215 × 5 cm, EUR 9'200.00



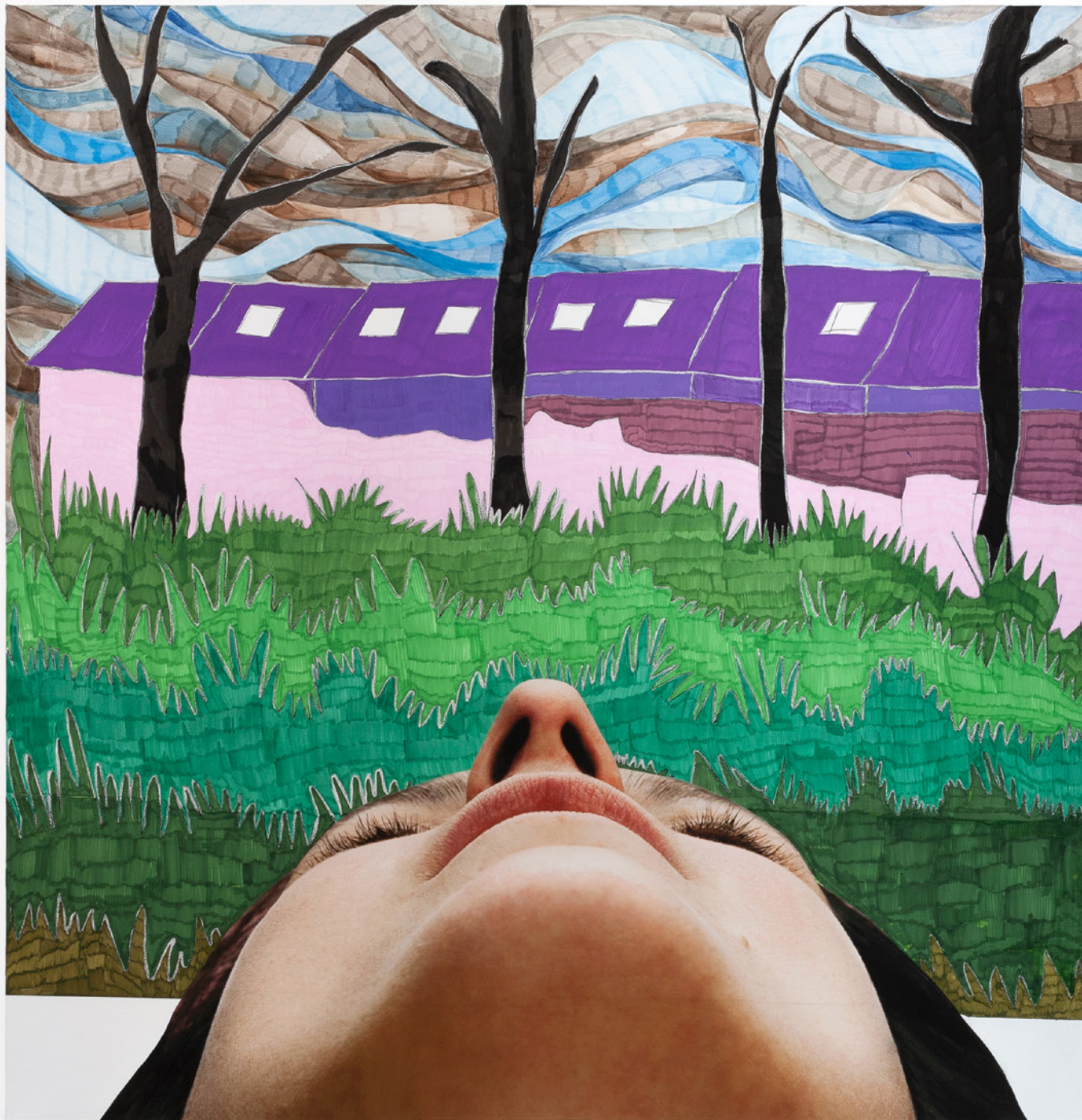
Homesick III, 2021, Marker, pastel, ink and paper on canvas, 220 × 215 × 5 cm, EUR 9'200.00







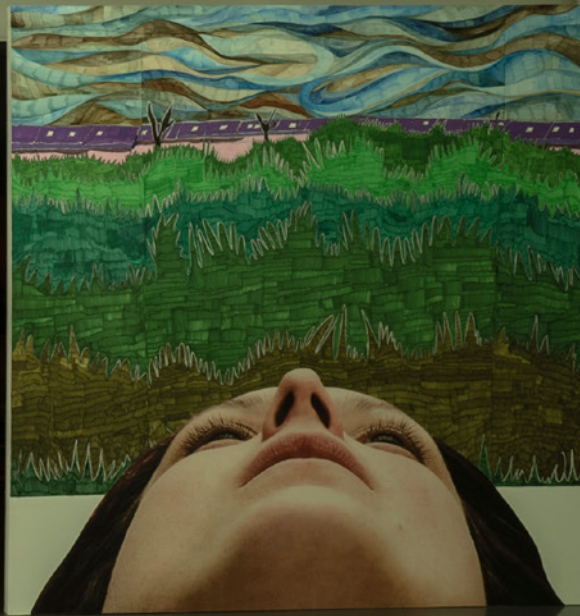
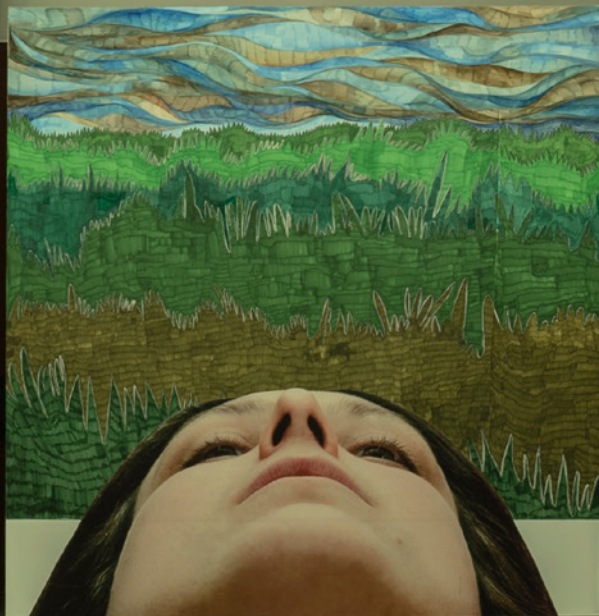
Homesick IV, 2021, Marker, pastel, ink and paper on canvas, 170 × 165 × 5 cm, EUR 7'400.00

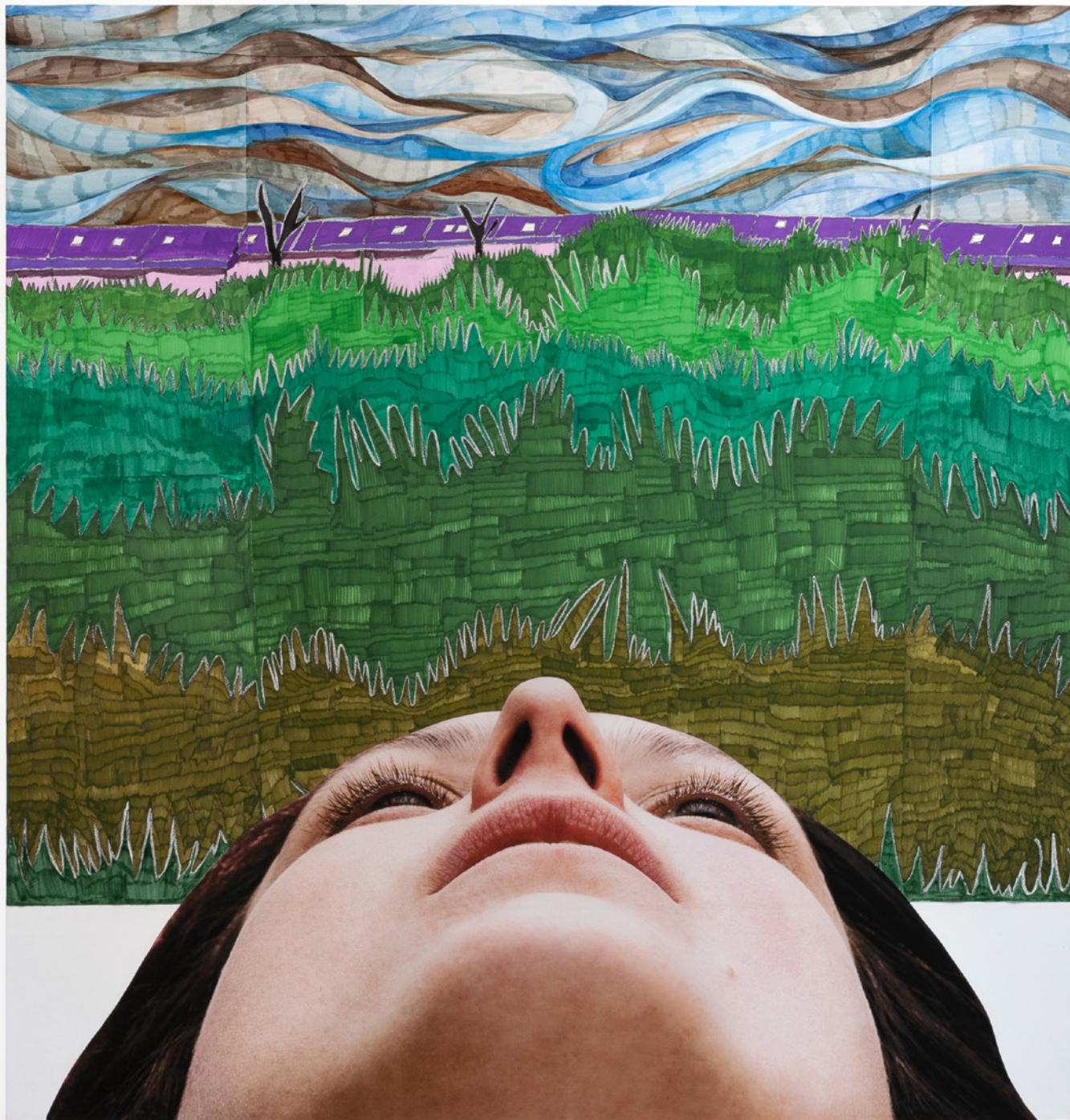


Homesick V, 2021, Marker, pastel, ink and paper on canvas, 170 × 165 × 5 cm, EUR 7'400.00

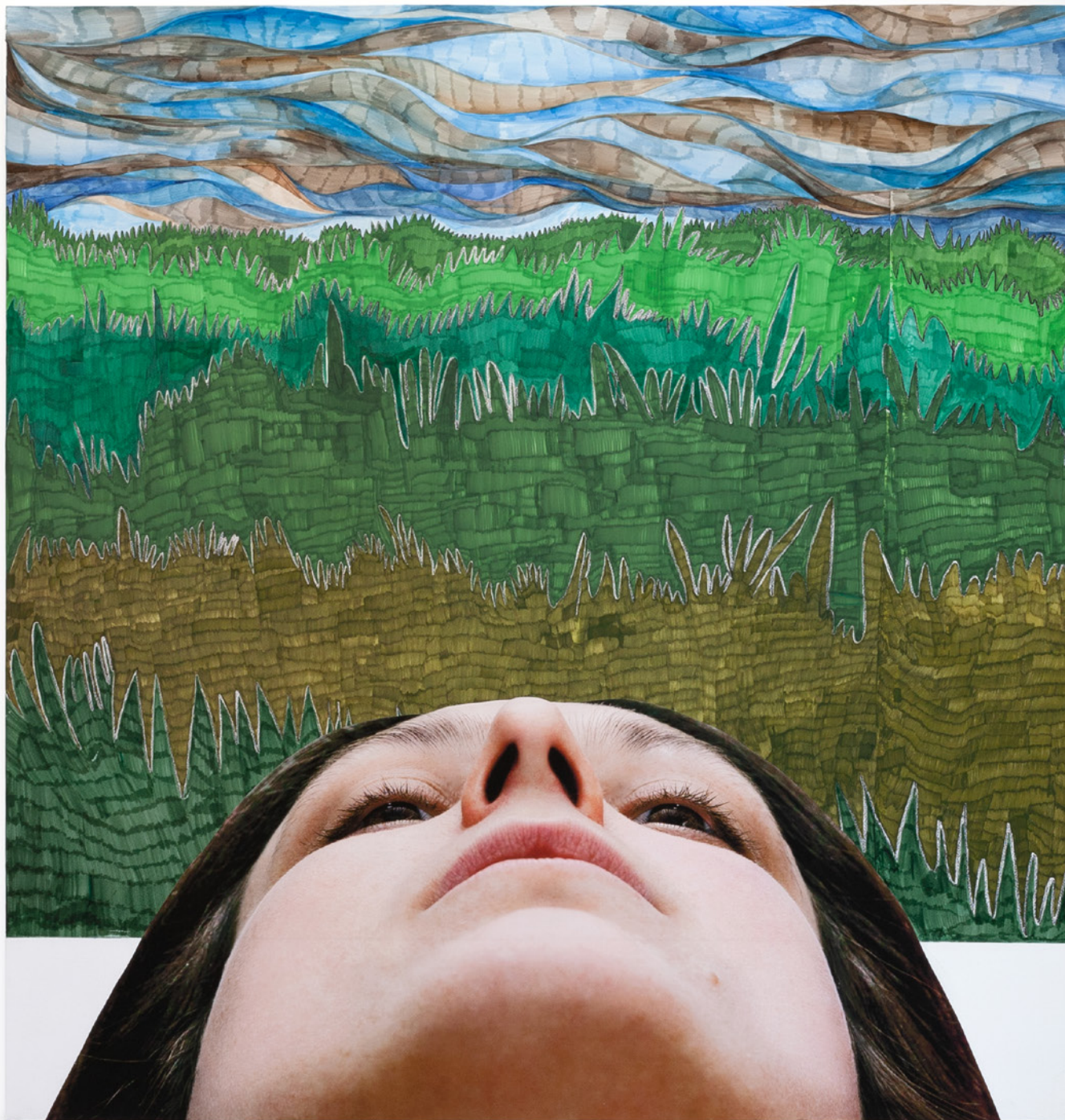


Homesick VI, 2021, Marker, pastel, ink and paper on canvas, 170 × 165 × 5 cm, EUR 7'400.00

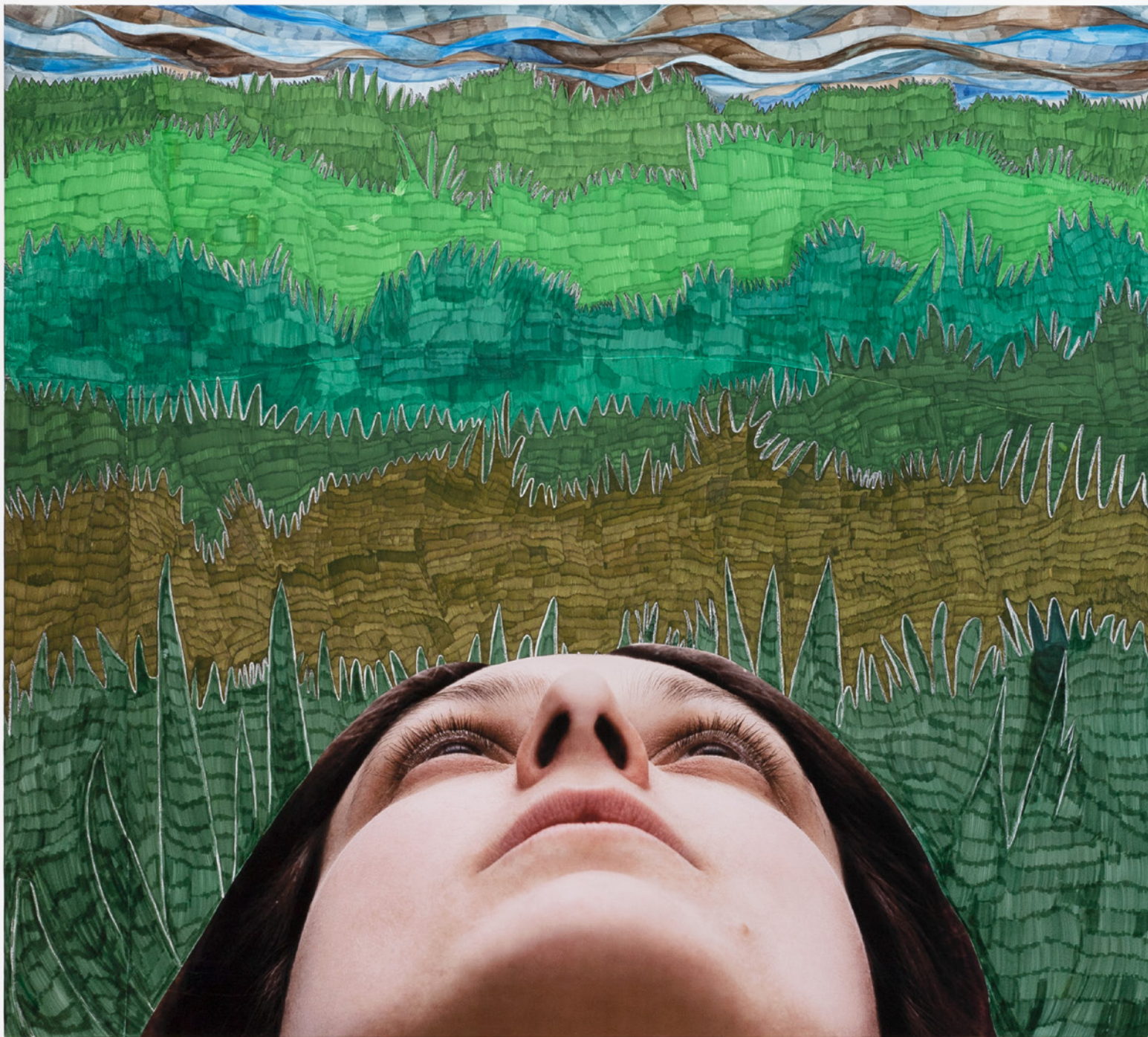




Homesick VII, 2021, Marker, pastel, ink and paper on canvas, 170 × 165 × 5 cm, EUR 7'400.00



Homesick VIII, 2021, Marker, pastel, ink and paper on canvas, 170 × 163 × 5 cm, EUR 7'400.00



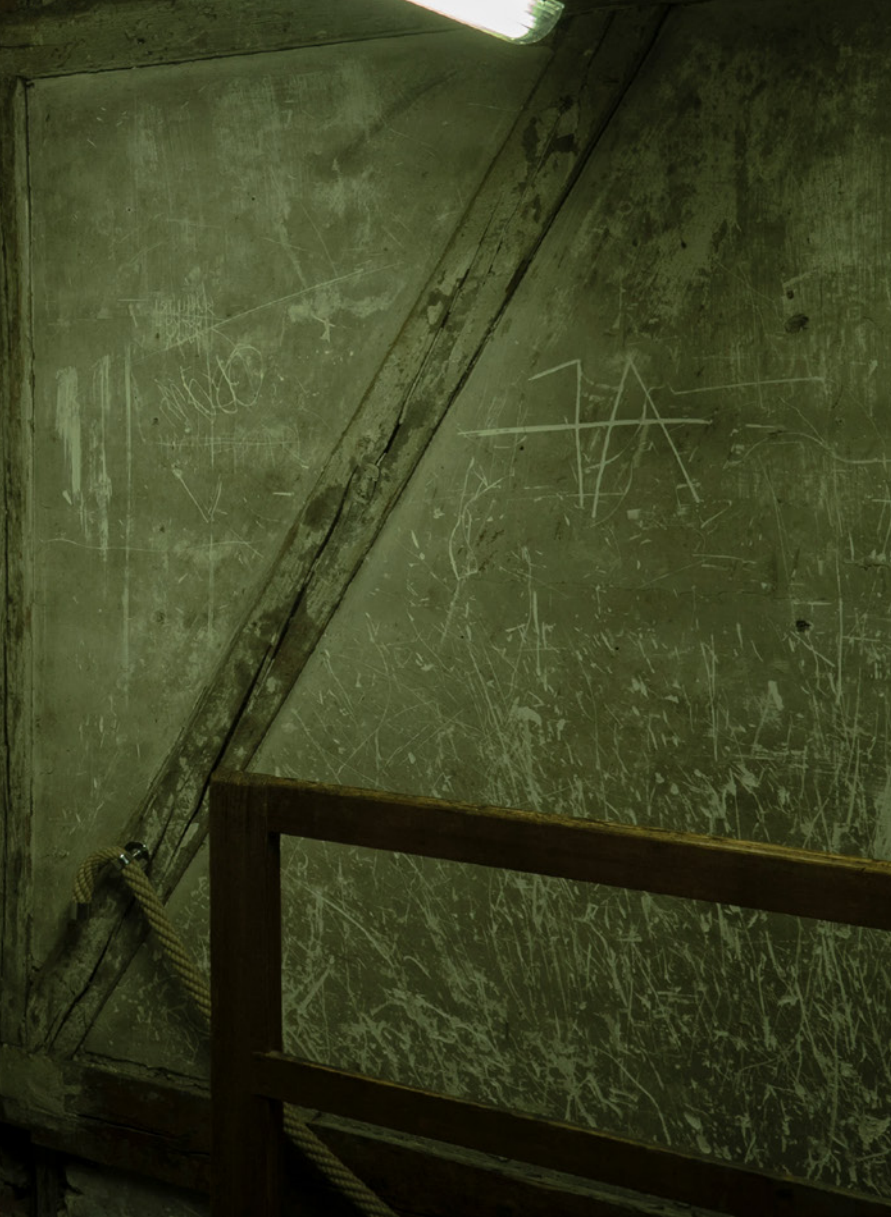
Homesick IX, 2021, Marker, pastel, ink and paper on canvas, 170 × 190 × 5 cm, EUR 8'000.00

Moon Skull II, 2021
Oil and acrylic on canvas
150 × 110 × 5 cm
EUR 5'800.00













What Decomposes Is Nature I, 2021, Oil, marker, pastel and paper on canvas, 100 × 140 × 2.5 cm, EUR 5'400.00



What Decomposes Is Nature II, 2021, Oil, marker, pastel and paper on canvas, 100 × 140 × 2.5 cm, EUR 5'400.00



What Decomposes Is Nature III, 2021, Oil, marker, pastel and paper on canvas, 100 × 140 × 2.5 cm, EUR 5'400.00

Weiss Falk Gallery



www.weissfalk.com