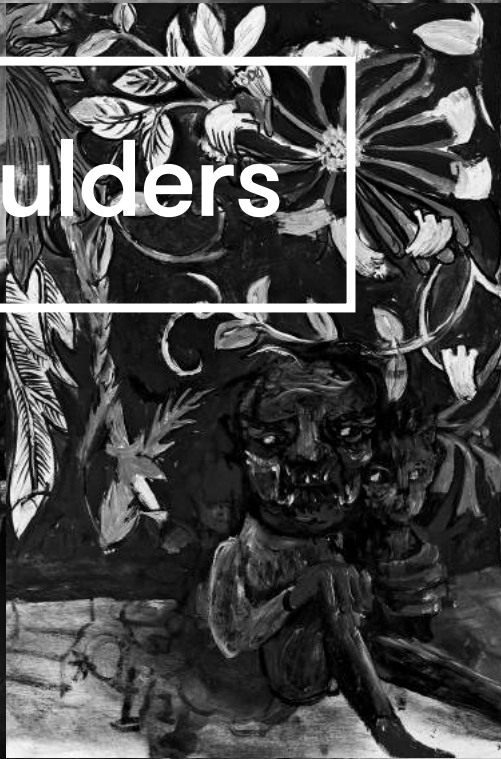




The Boulders



- 1 Toxic Cottage, 2017, Oil on Canvas, 100×120 cm
- 2 I Am a Global Citizen and a Bonvivant, 2018, Oil on Canvas, 170×140 cm
- 3 Pedigree, 2017, Oil on Canvas, 120×140 cm
- 4 Marientalhorst, 2017, Oil on Canvas, 140×160 cm
- 5 Some Churchy Types, 2018, Oil on Canvas, 110×100 cm
- 6 “Hey Damsels, do you Want Foxes?” 2017, Oil on Canvas, 100×80 cm
- 7 These Children Are Extremely Guilty, 2017, Oil on Canvas, 96×101 cm
- 8 The Shiny Escort, 2017, Oil on Canvas, 100×140 cm
- 9 Petting 1 and 2, 2017, Oil on Canvas, 62×77,5 cm
- 10 The Flight of the Hunter, 2017, Oil on Canvas, 85×120 cm
- 11 Please, Please Give us Some Juice, 2017, Oil on Canvas, 90×140 cm
- 12 Siblings with Benefits, 2017, Oil on Canvas, 100×100 cm

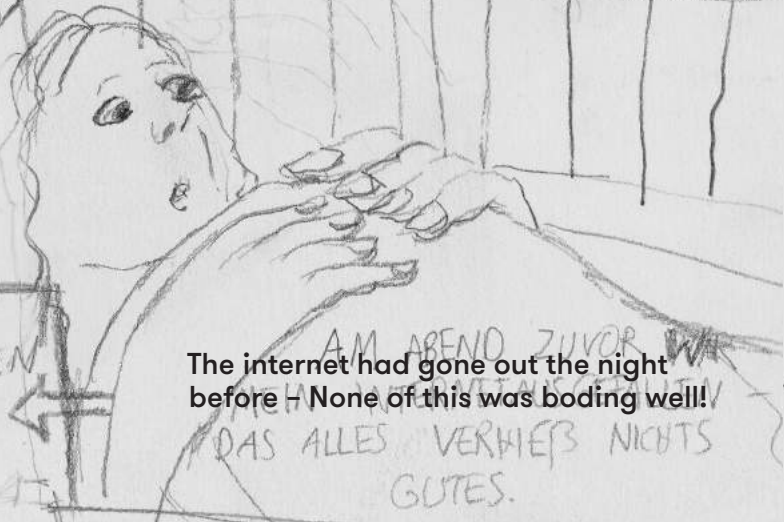
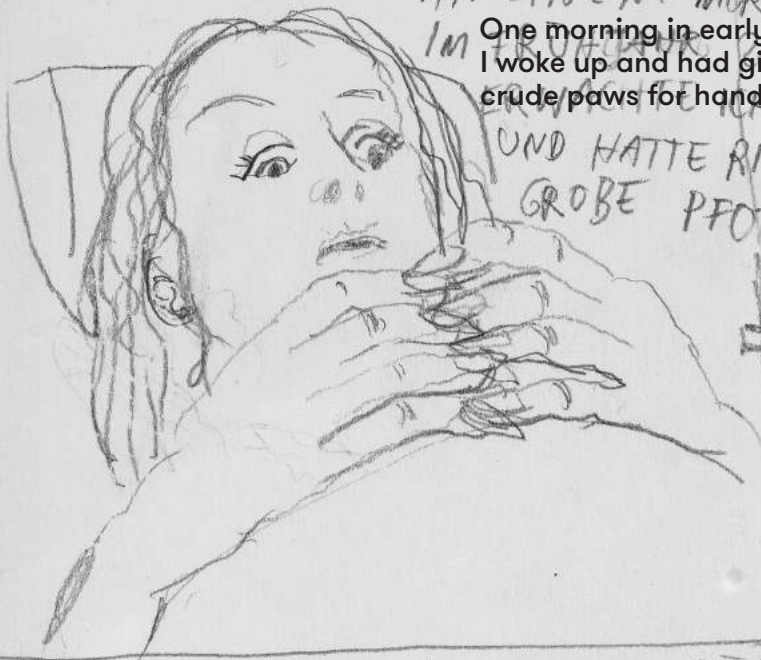
The Boulders

Amelie von Wulffen

AN EINEM MORGEN

One morning in early-2017,
I woke up and had giant,
crude paws for hands!

UND HATTE RIESIGE,
GROBE PFOTEN.



ICH LIEß MEINEN BLICK DURCH DEN
RAUM UND ERWURDE FEST STELLEN
DAS MEINER MEINUNG POTENZIELL AUS

I scanned the room and realized my
apartment was made of wooden planks
all of the sudden

And: I thought I wasn't seeing right:

UND: - ICH DACHTE, ICH SEH
NICHT RECHT:

The internet had gone out the night
before. None of this was boding well!

DAS ALLES VERWIEß NICHTS
GUTES.

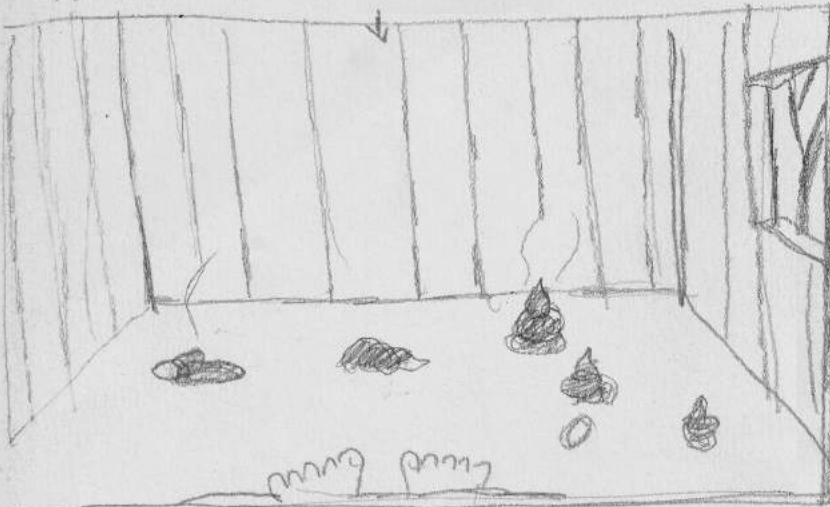
IM GANZEN RAUM

There were little piles of shit all over the
room; it was just disgusting. Nevertheless,
I was afflicted with a nagging hunger.

EINFACH EKELMACHEND!
NICHTS DESTOTROTZ PLAGTE
MICH EIN NAGEN DER HUNGER.

So I got up and went into the kitchen.

ICH STAND ALSO AUF UND BING
IN DIE KÜCHE.



DORT FAND
ICH NUR

There I found some
flour, salt and
yeast. It seemed
like I'd have to
bake some bread!

MUSSTE MIR AN-
SHEINEND EIN BROT
BACKEN!

DABEI KAMEN MIR
MEINE NEUEN, GROßEN
PFOTEN SEHR ZUGUTE.

My new, crude paws totally came
in handy in doing so indeed.



ICH MUß ZUGEBEN -

And I have to admit - the bread
didn't taste so bad at all!

SCHMECKTE DANN
AUCH GARNICHT
SO ÜBEL!

FRISCH GESTÄRKT MACHTE ICH MICH
AN DAS
HÄUFEN.

Newly invigorated, I got to cleaning up
the piles of shit.

Truly unsightly! When I looked
back up, there was a very big
stone, a boulder, right in
front of me.

ALS SICH
DAS KOPF WENIGER HOB,
WAR DA EIN
SEHR GROßER
STEIN -
EIN
SO
GENANNTER
FINDLING

And, as if that weren't unpleasant enough, I noticed that
my belly was sagging down and there was fold I'd never seen
before going right down the middle of it.

UND - WEIL DAS NICHT ANGENEHM GENUG
BEMERKTE ICH AB MEIN BELCH NEHMEN
UND SICH EINE NIE ZUVOR GEGEHENE LANGSTALTE
ZU IN DER GEMITTE BILDETE

Just so you know, a boulder of
this size is worth about € 200!

Es war
It was incredibly
heavy, but I was
still able to carry
it outside.
dem gelang es
mir ihn nach
draussen zu
tragen.

JETZT I was exhausted at this point from all the hard work,
WAR ICH

but the hardest
was still to come:

SCHWERSTE
STAND
VOR
BEVOR:

Cause I worked as an oil painter and
that's very difficult, but I'd taught
myself some skills and a few tricks over
the years.

ICH HATTE MIR ÜBER DIE
JAHRE EINE FERTIGKEITEN
UND TRICKS BEIGEBRACHT.



ICH KONNTE ZB SUPERPLASTISCHES OBST

ODER For example, I could do superplastic
fruit and vases and wonderful sunsets.

SONNE But also really good Parisian street

SEHR scenes. Freckled impressionistically or
dramatically speckled, so that it almost

IMPRESSIONISTISCH came across as abstract - It was all
pretty refined ...

DYNAMISCH Just: today everything seemed different -

FAST ABSTRAKT My new hands really didn't want to listen
to me

WAR EINE NUM: AN DIESEM TAG SCHIEN ALLER-

DINGS ALLES GANZ ANDERS -

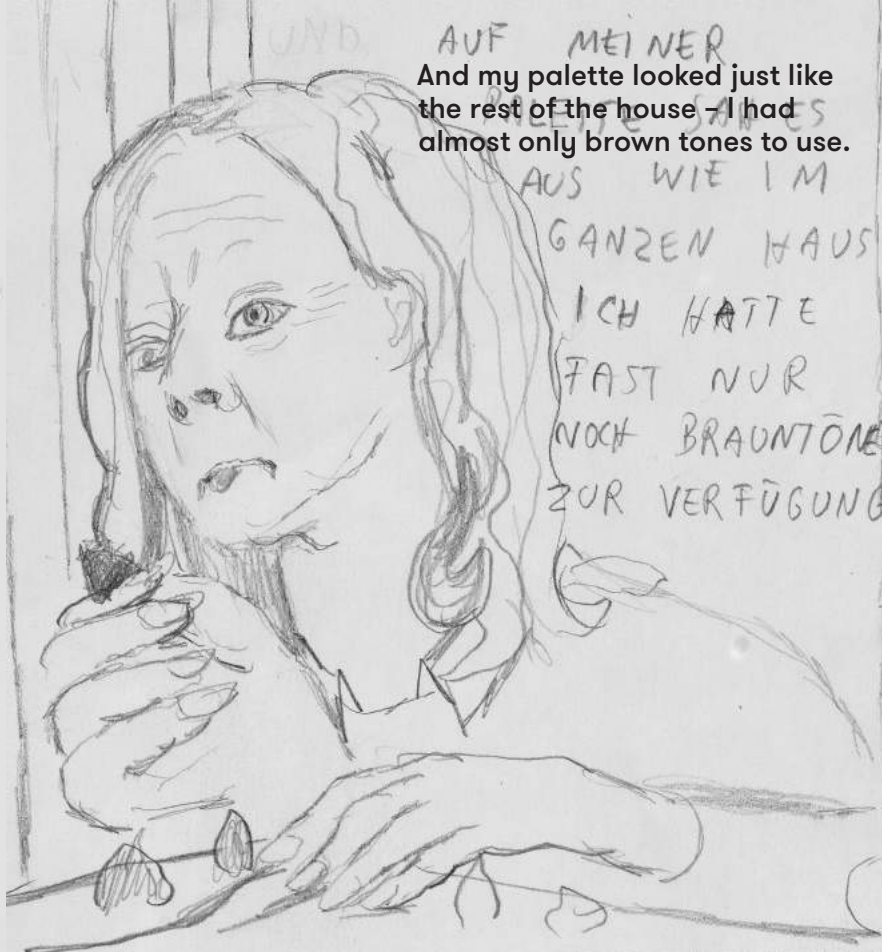
DIE NEUEN HÄNDE WOLLTEN MIR

NICHT RECHT GEHORCHEN, ICH

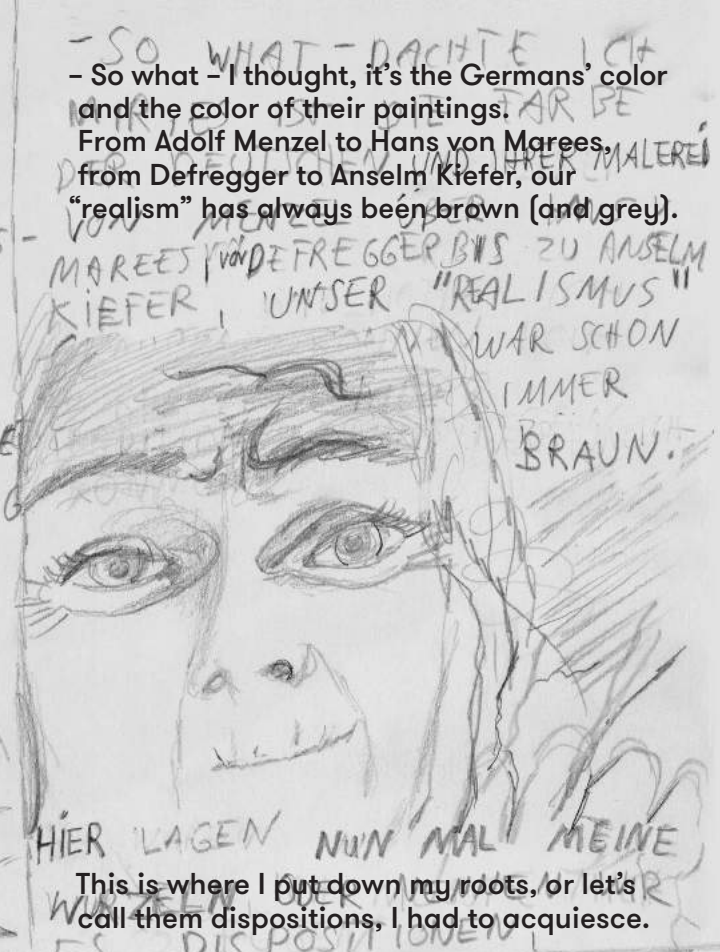
WOLLTE GEHORCHEN

EINE DER ARTISTEN

GALLERIE NEW YORK



AUF MEINER
And my palette looked just like
the rest of the house - I had
almost only brown tones to use.
AUS WIE IM
GANZEN HAUS -
ICH HATTE
FAST NUR
NOCH BRAUNTÖNE
ZUR VERFÜGUNG



- SO WHAT - DACHTE ICH
- So what - I thought, it's the Germans' color
and the color of their paintings.
From Adolf Menzel to Hans von Marees,
from Defregger to Anselm Kiefer, our
"realism" has always been brown (and grey).
VON DEFREGGER BIS ZU ANSELM
KIEFER, UNSER "REALISMUS"
WAR SCHON
IMMER
BRAUN.
HIER LAGEN NUN MAL MEINE
This is where I put down my roots, or let's
call them dispositions, I had to acquiesce.



ICH MUSSTE MICH FÜGEN!
MIT MEINEN
GROBEN PFOTEN
UND DER BRAUNEN
FARBE KREIERTE
ALSO
ICH EINEN GANZ NEUEM,
DUNKLEN UND EXPRESSIVEN
TROTZDEM RECHT ELEGANTEN STIL, EINE ART INNEREN REALISMUS.
VON ALLEN SEITEN BLICKTEN

MICH SCHRECKLICHE KREATUREN AN UND ICH REAGIERTE
DARAUF WIE EINE SEISMO GRAFIN, DIE DRAMEN MEINES LEBENS
ERZEUT VOR MIR AB ICH WAR ALS KÜNSTLERIN
I created my own dark and expressive, yet rather elegant style with my crude paws and the brown paint
a kind of inner realism. Terrible creatures were looking at me from all sides and I reacted to them like a
seismograph. My life's dramas played out for me before my eyes anew - As an artist, I became a kind of
medium. Being advanced in age, I touched on the really big and final questions. E. g. where do I come from
and where am I going? I also painted about love and death, sex and dreams etc. It was all quite edgy!
GANZ GROBEN UND LEISTEN TRAGEN. Z.B. WASSER KUMMEL UND
WOHIN GEHE ICH? ICH MALTE Z.B. AUCH ÜBER LIEBE + TOD,
TRÄUME ETC, ES WAR GANZ SCHÖN GRENZ WERTIG

And day after day I cleared the shit and the stones out of my apartment.

UND ICH RÄUMTE WEITER
DIE SCHEIßE
UND DIE STEINE AUS
MEINEM APARTMENT

PRO
€ 200 per boulder.
200€

In order to keep my immense doubts and feelings of guilt in check, given this questionable artistic approach, I got myself a little gaggle of yea-sayers and admirers, who I regularly invited over to my studio so they would flatter me.

Very truthful!

DANK! Nice to hear,
HÖR! thanks.

GERNE

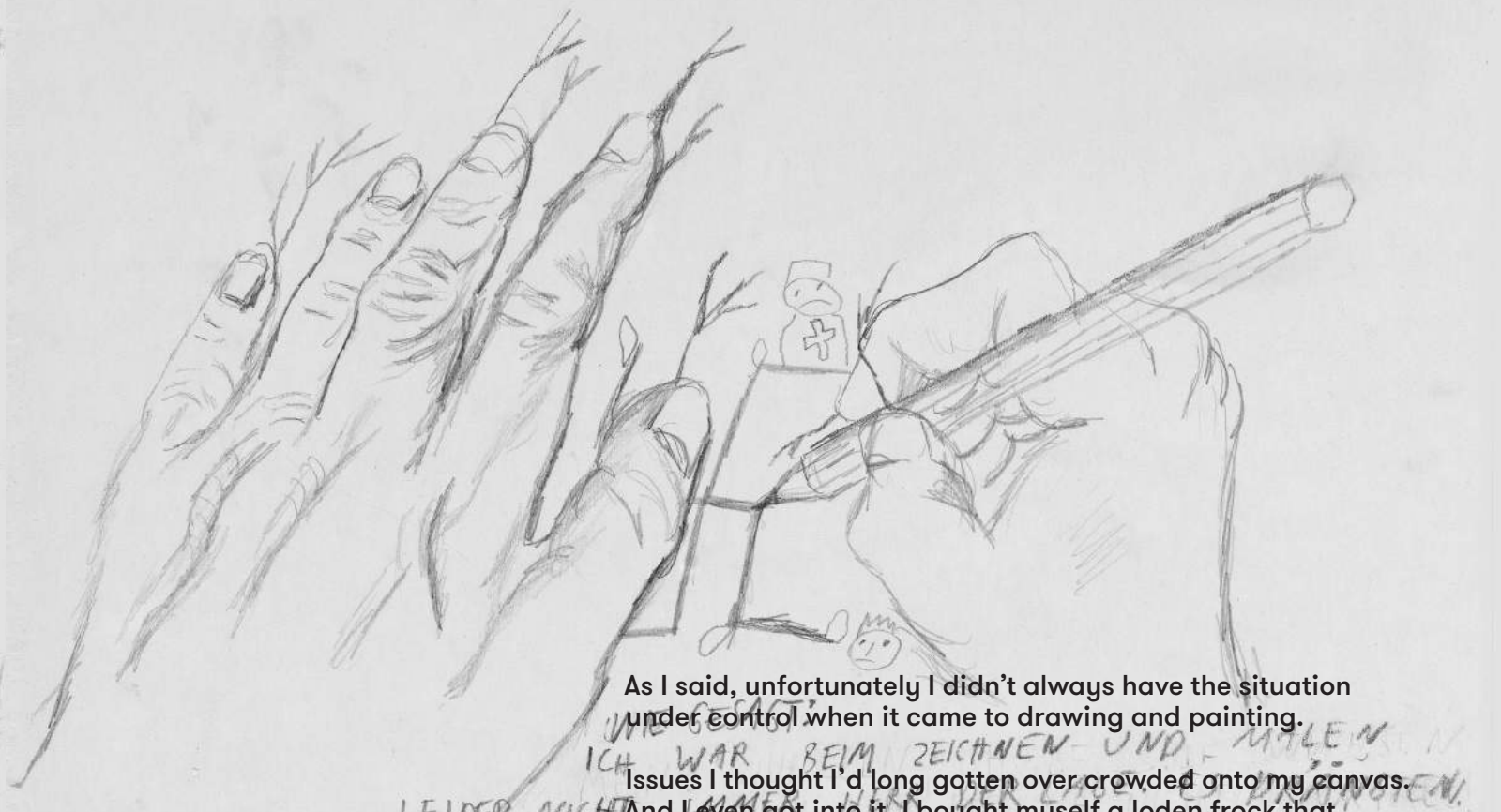
Deeply touching

MEINE NEUEN
VIEL

HÄNDE MACHTEN MIR LEIDER ZIEMLICH
ARBEIT

All the while my hands were creating a lot of work for me. I had to trim the roots daily, but they kept growing back so fast.

ABSCHNEIDEN, ABER SIE
WUCHSEN IMMER
SEHR SCHNELL
NACH.



As I said, unfortunately I didn't always have the situation under control when it came to drawing and painting.

Issues I thought I'd long gotten over crowded onto my canvas. And I even got into it. I bought myself a loden frock that matched my paintings, which I wore every day from then on.

I let my hair grow and planted a vegetable garden. I was finally independent - I could survive off of selling the boulders and from my home-grown vegetables ...

GARTEN, ICH WAR AUTARK VOM VERKAUF DER MEINEN FINDLINGS GEMÜSE MIT MEINEM EIGENEN LEBEN ...



NUN, JA - ALLMÄHLICH STellte ich mich DARAUF EIN, PASSENDE ZU MEINEN BILDERN KAUFTE ICH MIR EINE LODENKUTTE.

MIR WAR VOLLTÄGLICH WAS ANDEREN LEUTE VON MIR DACHTEN! ECHT JETZT!

Traum weiter

ES IST NICHT WAHRE

The End.

Amelie von Wulffen
The Boulders

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