

Thomas Hitchcock

Text by Céline Mathieu

Bellies

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T spoke about wanting the body in it more, said “perfect” when he found that the belly-like shape was indeed called the belly on the shape it was taken from, he had traced it on tracing paper and we talked about tracing an image and its relation to drawing, I mentioned my teacher telling us drawing is like if you’d hold a glass sheet in front of the object of your study and you’d trace all that you see through the glass. I’ll have to ask which one but the flower traced, T said, looked like something of desire, and he moved his body back or forward I don’t remember, it was atypical but exuded momentum and comfort. I liked seeing the image of the traced image atop the photograph it was tracing, it softened it, a layer of milk, and then his hard lines on top, simple graphic both essence and void. And T showed me the leftover glass plates too, they looked like the inside of a body, I kept pointing at the top of my hand as if that’d help him understand that I meant tendon veins muscles the whole complicated thing all in the same cold glass slab. With the same hand, I told T these metal fence beams reminded me of the broom my grandmother had by the fireplace, with the metal a squared tube, twisted in one part of the stem of the broom sort of. In the cold cold hard unshakable in the cold architectural outside, he seeks a visceral a body an inside.

Referencing backward these shapes swirl to where they indeed came from and become again a shape that finds its origin, bowel-blossom-belly-growing pomegranate.

A man stands next to us while we talk and when he hums, we listen to his odd beautiful humming. Then he finds an entry point and tells us about the Matrix, about hacking, about the moment we thought the world would crash for misaligned ones and zeros, this stranger kept talking at us, rambling with good vocabulary. T said “you don’t want to dry the wet you want to burn the dry”— and now I think of the temperature of bone marrow in the structure of you, your bones. Of passing your heat to a stone in your hands. Of architecture being a shape to keep us from external dangers, like a four-season coat.

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