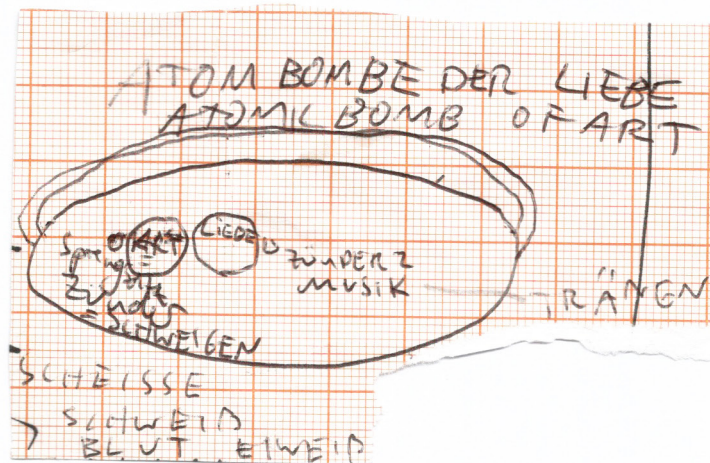


white male black soul

non-prophet



Weltfrieden

hat 972.000 Treffer auf Google.

Krieg 66.600.000.

Donald Trump 737.000.000

Gott 163.000.000

Es gibt ein Wort mit 745.000.000 Treffern.



the time of the clever art work is over
the time of canapees and carreer boosts

liebe is fool art is tuel

katalysator-umbruch-nachvorne-selbstreflexion-touch



LIEBE ART
REAL BITE

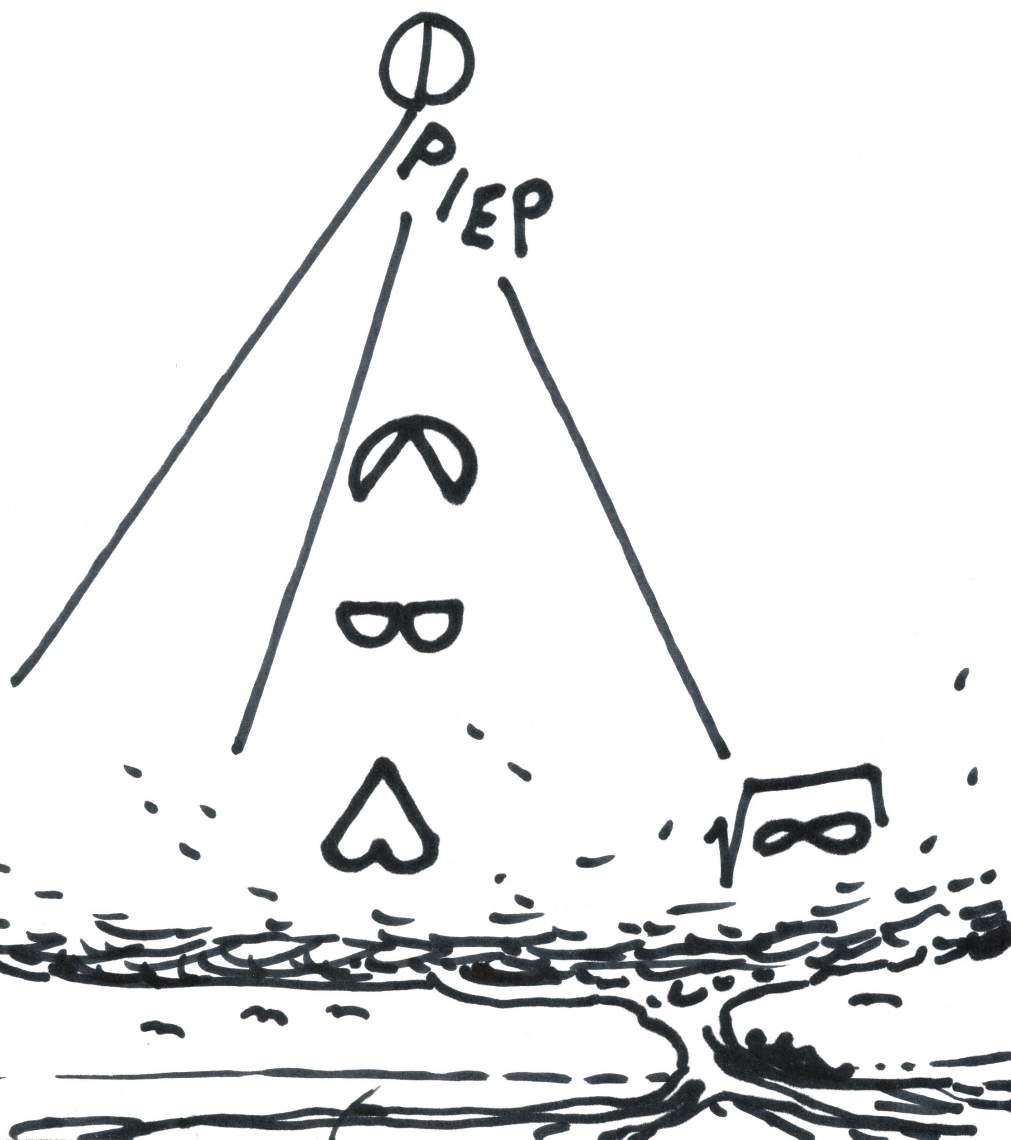
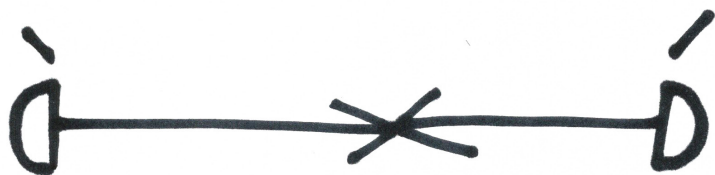
god does not exist.

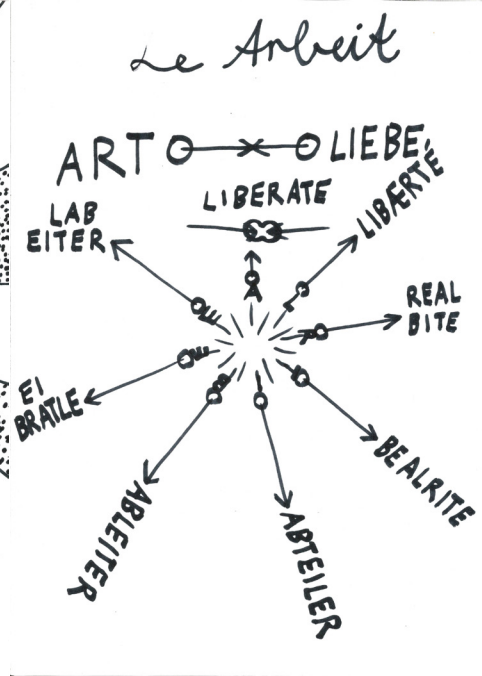
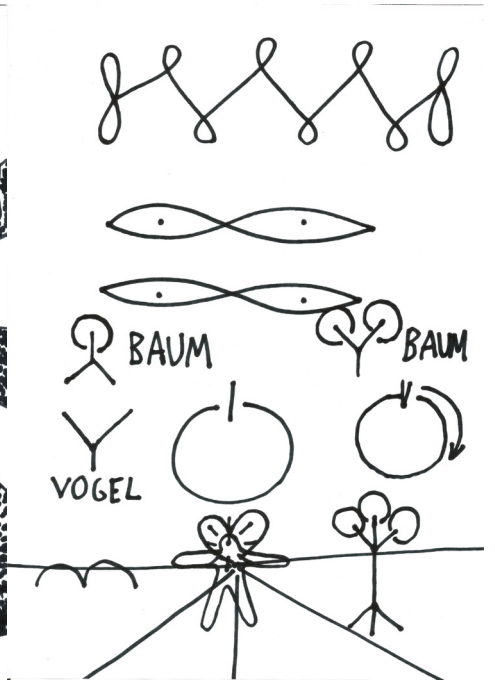
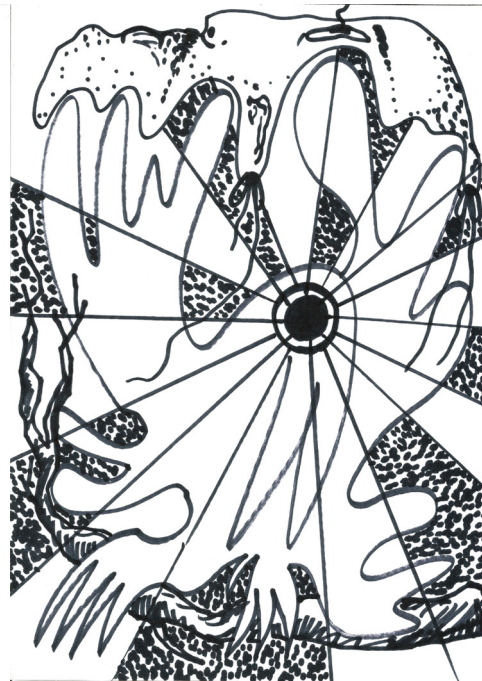
-how do you know?

she told me personally.



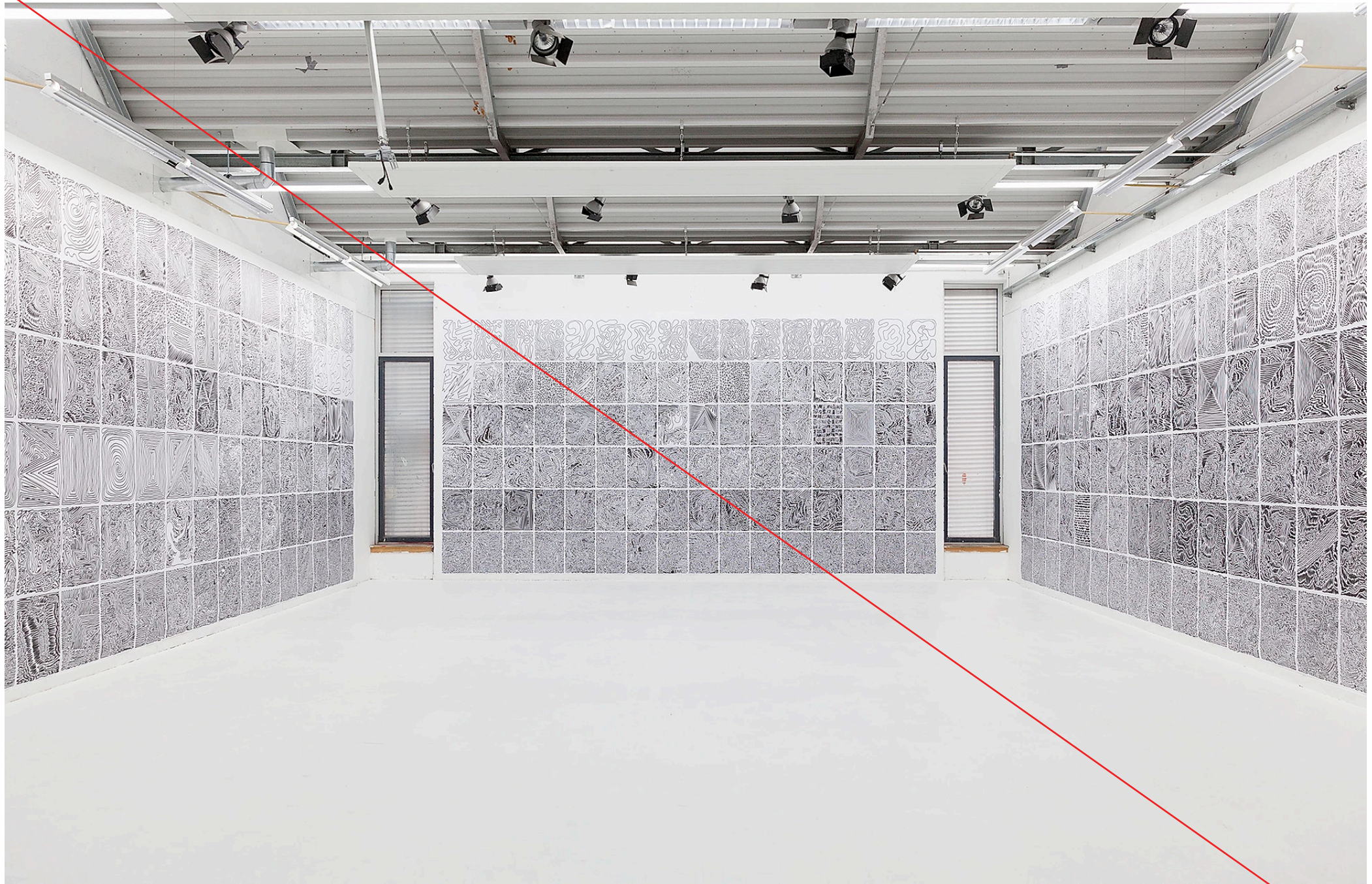
~~LIEBE~~ ~~ART~~
BE ALRITE!





- Der Ruf, der Ruf, der Ruf
ist im Eimer...

no idea no artwork
no work
no ideology



In January 2019 I showed this work in Academy of Fine Arts Münster. Before the show I dreamed that a Romanesco should be part of it but I did not know how and why exactly. The drawings were clear from the start. So when the room was finished I went out and bought a Romanesco, carried it through the city into the exhibition room. I played around with it, putting it in the center of the room like an energycore but it didn't work. The floor had to be clear to walk around. So I picked it up and carried it around like it was my baby. Talking to it, rocking it in my arms, walking around, letting the play guide me. I asked it what I should do with it. There was this sink in the room that had yet to be activated somehow, so I started letting water in to bath my sweet green child (maybe I was just going to eat it anyways after all so washing was a good idea). I put the Romanesco into the water and watched the sink fill up. I learned that it floated nicely halfway in the water. My baby could swim on its own! It relieved me. I felt calm. The water gave it a nice lense effect. It clicked and exhibitionwise I liked it for the moment. I was quite happy with it. The opening was the next day I was very curious and excited but still something was missing. I said to myself "take it easy maybe just take a break" So i started cleaning the room. When passing I noticed a small brown something attached to the romanesco of which i was sure had not been there before. I first assumed it was a dead leaf, but did I really miss it earlier? I went looking. Coming closer my brain fired all sorts of chemicals: The snail had somehow been munching on the inside of the romanesco probably from where it grew through the supermarked through me carrying it in my hands through the city unnoticed. It lived in paradise. I realised that I had been talking to the snail the whole time not the romanesco. It was fascinating. I was in magical shock, synchronicity. realising I just flooded this little foodparadise and created a heaven/hell model island for this creature. It became a self portrait. With infinite supply but no escape, basically like our planet. I observed the snail like a god. It was crawling all the way around the surface of the entire romanesco, even the parts underwater (almost dropping to the bottom of the sink which would have meant death (I would have saved it but I didnt want to interact at all. the snail knew it) It was checking out possible ways of escape, stretching its body. even stretching out upwards towards my face at one point. as to scream for help. I was screaming on the inside. After checking everything out and finding there is no escape really it rested. It was trapped in a lonely infinte food paradise in the middle of nowhere. I imagined how the snail saw its surroundings and the drawings, the whole room. In that moment the scale of the room changed towards a universe for the tiny thing. A playground consisting of maps. all to discover once it might find an escape from the sink. I knew I had created something truely beautiful by coincidence/serendipity/lawsoftheuniverse/faith/luck/whatever the drawings didn't even matter so much anymore and all the work i had put in those, which I loved even more. Life is amazing horrifying endless and beautiful and this reminded me of that.

René Haustein alias Goodstuff Mahler

Weltfrieden 2030

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