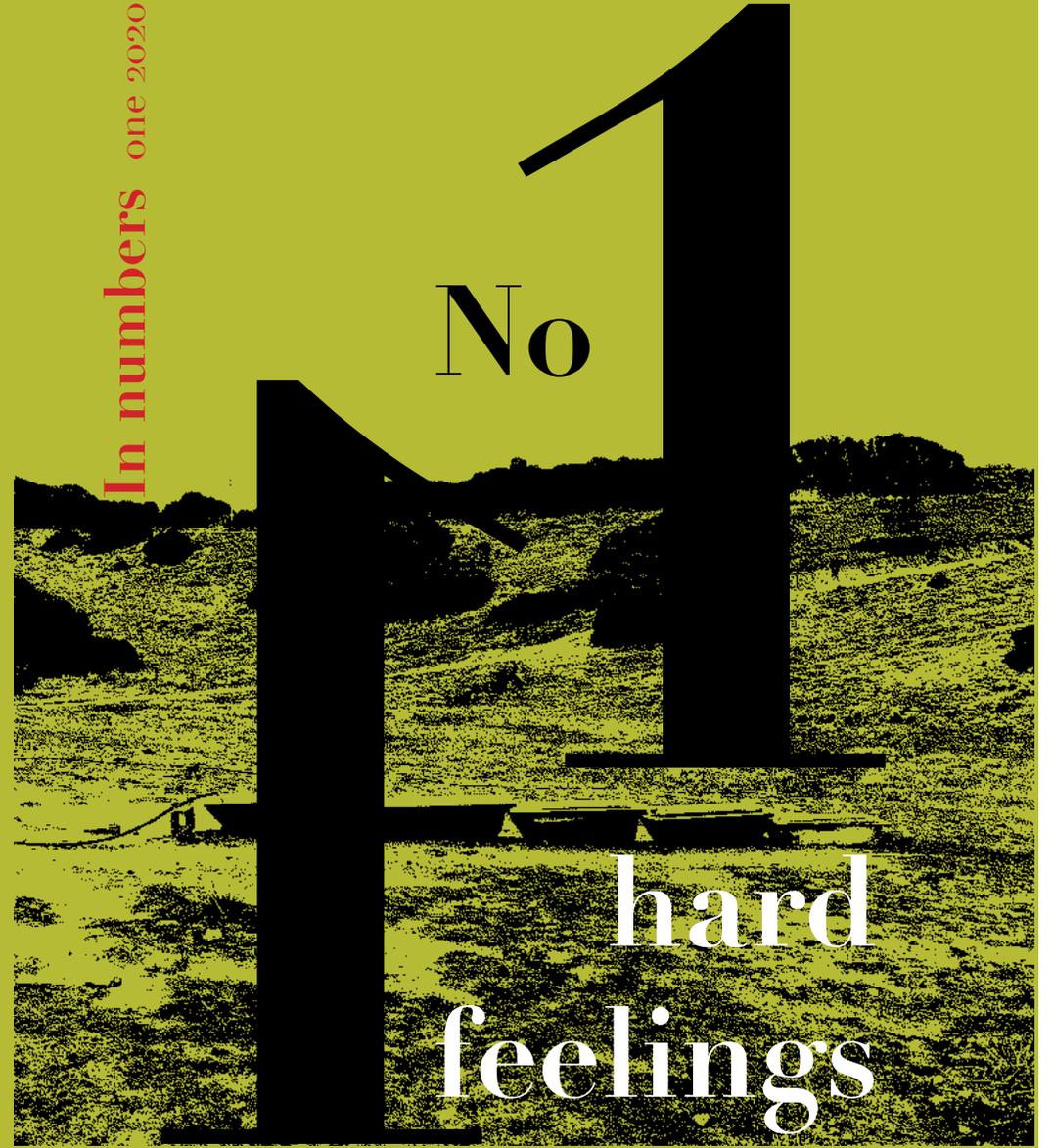


In numbers one 2020

No

hard
feelings



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No hard feelings
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To be female was a weakness not to show. Born and raised by a Twen-Mother who did not refuse to raise, because it was her wish - or a plea bargain of her gentle man, whom she'd married wearing a suit. The strong belief in the honesty of that gesture wasn't foul but misguided by her own strong belief in it. The most tender gesture can be the outcome of suppression.

Never questioning her rock-like posture, being the corner stone of all wellbeing. Always emphasizing the time and freedom she had had. There is no blame or shame in what you agree to willingly. Her beauty had made her this lucky. So it was told to the offspring, who was - though loved tremendously, in general an end to her life and true-self. So the goal to aim for, must be another.

Still to become anything in this world, a well shaped appearance was an inevitable necessity. Doors open to what's nice to look at. Truly it was about feeling good with yourself. "Five eggs a day can be the key to happiness". And if one is not blessed with a nice face, (as most - according to Twen-Mother) there is surely a way to make the best of it. You are free now to use the power, that is given to you by oral contraceptives.

All that which is not openly propagated, is still demonstrated and therefor subconsciously repeated.

Control is what matters, but it only goes that far, for the control of another.

Of course that was never discussed openly. There was no need for the mentioning of any of this. Twen-Mothers Daughter felt as free as a bird - being a soccer player in a princess costume.

Disadvantage never crossed her mind. Wasn't it a compliment after all to be called deer-eyed by her history teacher? So why feel intimidated by it. Couldn't it just as well have happened to the masturbating young heir of the tool-empire, who sat across from her in class? Probably not, but thankfully him masturbating had nothing to with her, but just with his out of control hormones. The male sex (according to Twen-Mother) is not to blame for this error, just as bursting into tears is a burden women have to bear - or if Twen-Mother really thinks about it, it is a burden to bear for *both* sexes equally - for all the confusion that it causes. It is best to cry alone anyway. With that said, it must be mentioned that most of Twen-Mothers decisions were choices. A right she fought for. Not necessarily herself, but her kind. So the Twen-Mothers made their decisions their choices. And if they chose

not to make any decisions or to give in to the decisions made for them, it was from now on voluntarily. So nothing ever really happened to them involuntarily. If one agrees with whatever done to them, it was their choice after all. So Twen-Mothers Daughter is completely and utterly in control of her own life. Her decisions are hers and hers alone. Nothing and nobody is forced on to her. “Thanks” she thought vacuum cleaning her partners apartment, alongside other choices she had made.

The home, had been Twen-Mothers domain. With full reign over the territory. It was her choice and it was fully accepted. Being a Mother was her choice, so she took full responsibility for that decision. Still, it was a decision not to be recommended.

“Independence is the highest value”, it echoed out of the laundry room.

Twen-Mothers Daughter took this advice

seriously, leaving aside all ambivalence. Actually not questioning it at all, while stepping into a nicely furnished cage, as there are so many to be found at any place or corner.

Independence, whether one likes it or not, mostly comes with money. Or money makes one independent. Telling one thing and living another, Twen-Mother unknowingly but still obviously willingly demonstrated that partnership or companionship in life comes in handy. Never mentioning why she wasn't the one providing for her smallish clan. Twen-Mothers Daughter of course would have all the possibilities of living in a partnership (a priori goal in life) of mutual independence. Therefore Twen-Mothers Daughter never in the slightest questioned the fact, that she was always a little poorer than her fellow companions in life. She just wasn't as ambitious as they were, or did not

care enough, to make more money than she needed to survive at the time. She let herself being invited to little luxuries instead, was thankful for presents and other small gestures, like buying her clothes. Even if they did not fit her taste, what harm does it cause to wear them anyway as a little thank you note to the provider? And wasn't it a sign of appreciation, wanting her to be as beautiful as possible? A gesture of deep affection, like she had seen it in so many movies? Actually Twen-Mothers Daughter never reflected on that. She felt strong and independent and her partner surely liked her for speaking her mind, and challenging his opinions in little discussions. At least when they were alone. And of course it was true at the time, that Twen-Mothers Daughter had not only (theoretically) the freedom to speak her mind, but also the freedom of choosing what to do with her life. She

could earn her own money, and could choose whatever profession seems the most fulfilling. She was able to go to University and could become a doctor, an airplane pilot, she could join the military, be a professional soccer player, become a writer or artist (under her own name) etc.etc. She could choose whether to become a mother or not. All of this, thanks to Twen-Mother. Twen-Mother herself had chosen to learn a profession, that she then never really executed.

Wanting to be a stewardess or a model (had she been taller and skinnier), she learned at an office, but instead of doing what she was trained to do there, she became the “Fräulein” at the front desk. A little do to of everything, meeting new people everyday, taking care of everything and everyone. She enjoyed it, earned her respect by flirting a little here and there and was paid enough to financially support her fiancé, while he

was going to university. They had met each other at a costume party, where he was a pirate and she was a Spanish princess. It wasn't love at first sight, as told by her, but after convincing him to grow a moustache and receiving his letters everyday when she was sick, she knew this was her partner of choice.

Early in their relationship they began to travel a lot. He owned a car, which came in handy, and anytime possible they just drove as far away as possible. They wanted something new, something different, something that was as far away from their parents life as possible. Something truly exiting, something foreign. They felt the need to show the world, that they were not responsible, nor did they ever approve their parents decisions in life.

When Twen-Mother visited her boyfriend in Berlin during the hot summer of 68 they decided to travel further away or even better to move to another coun-

try entirely. To be able to do so and to be allowed to stay in the same hotel room, or renting an apartment together, they got married. Just an act of convenience, of course.

Twen-Mother chose to have children late in life (early to mid thirties) after she had seen the world, lived in foreign countries, have had houses with pools, cocktail parties, had a maid, owned her own car, tasted the most exotic food, and owned a dog - suddenly one day she got bored. During this whole time of travel, she did not work anymore or make her own money. Why would she have? Her husband made enough for both of them now, and the little she would have earned would not have made any difference to their generally privileged overall lifestyle. Also she had provided for both of them previously. Thankfully, she had married an extraordinarily nice man. And because he was

so good (beyond what she'd ever expected to find) she agreed to his request not to work ever again (which was an agreement to stick to, even when they needed money, it was an agreement to stick to by law at the time). At this time in their lives, when this request was made, they were not planning to have children at all.

Though reflected upon as questionable, by some people now, this story is neither about suppression nor about privilege.

Twen-Mother told all of this to

Twen-Mothers Daughter proudly, with a little nostalgia attached to it. Always under the promiscuous "what-a-life"-. And it had been, one can say - it must

have been in retrospect, underscoring the impact that their generation caused. A life by which Twen-Mothers Daughter was always slightly intimidated.

Twen-Mothers Mother, who is to be

mentioned at this point, had a generally different story to tell. Being born in a small village in what is now Poland, she gave birth to Twen-Mother at home after her water broke while she was making dinner for her husband. Twen-Mother being her second child, after having lost her first born daughter due to hunger during the war. Which was probably the most horrible of many only partly or hardly ever mentioned strokes of fate in her early life (it must not be mentioned here, in her respect, that she experienced severe sexual violence during the war).

As a young girl, she made her own clothes, which was of course nothing unusual at the time. She did it specifically though, so she could make herself a pair of pants. A story she proudly told Twen-Mothers Daughter. Her husband who had married her, even though she was a little chubby (or maybe because,

he had no thing for skinny girls), was a clever and overall modern man.

Who unfortunately, as told by Twen-Mother, was an occasional drinker who had slightly violent episodes. But that was absolutely understandable, for he had been through traumatic events, fighting in Normandy and Russia, being hit several times himself during the war. Besides his little outbreaks though, he was a good man, taking care of his family, making reasonable money early after the war, when all his slightly mafia-esque qualities came in handy.

Twen-Mothers Mothers' life might be reviewed now as a sad story, but it was never called that. It was never reflected upon at any occasion. Life before or during the war, became some sort of legend, better not to be mentioned at all. And wasn't she lucky after all? They were alive, they lived in their own house, her family wasn't starving anymore, she

even saw a bit of the world in her later life, visiting her daughter in exotic countries.

As a grandmother she took good care of Twen-Mothers Daughters (making up for what she had missed with her own).

She was an overall strong woman, renovating their house, working in the garden, always keeping herself busy, complains about her life were never on her mind. At least not openly. There was nothing really to complain about.

Twen-Mothers Mother died telling her daughter, in the very end, that if she would have had the chance, she would have had become an electrician. That would have been her deepest wish, what would have had made her happy. Those were her last words. She could either have said “ I wish I could have lived as a man in this world”.

How many female electricians are there

now? Twen-Mothers Daughter asked herself, finding herself in Twen-Mothers other Daughtes kitchen, when she visited her right after her sister had given birth to her first child. Remembering that even Twen-Mother was truly touched when she recalled this memory of her Mother.

Twen-Mothers other Daughter who obviously is, Twen-Mothers Daughters Sister, so born and raised by the same Twen-Mother, chose after all, a very different lifestyle than Twen-Mothers Daughter. She chose the life of Twen-Mother, maybe even in a way of Twen-Mothers Mother (in a different time and under different circumstances, of course). This decision was the hardest to make under the reign of Twen-Mother, of whom we know by now, that though she chose to be a housewife (a word avoided so far), she had other things in mind for her two little girls.

Throughout her life Twen-Mother had always been attracted to anything exotic, or to anything that she would ascribe that term to anyway. This was, unknowingly, the way she'd looked at everything different from herself. Though of course Twen-Mother was, in her understanding, living an extraordinary life, because she was an extraordinary person, because she was unlike her Mother, or her Mothers-Mother in control of her own decisions.

Twen-Mothers Daughters Sister was a late bloomer, as it was termed. She already knew she was not exotic enough for Twen-Mother, which made her insecure on many levels. Meanwhile Twen-Mother communicated that there was no need to be afraid of anything, because she could of course do and love, what and who ever she wanted. Simultaneously speaking the subtext of, as long as you choose to be with someone at some

point in your life. No matter the sex or heritage of that person. A message of course that is hard to be understood negatively. Twen-Mothers Daughters' Sister could not give her Mother this gift of being different. She tried to make up for it though for quite some time in her early life, by living in foreign countries, moving to different cities and finally (to not be a complete disappointment) going to university after she had learned a "simple" job already. Sometimes in brave moments, when she was asked what she wanted the most in life, she found the strength to say, that all she wanted was a family, she wanted to be a Mother, that was her goal in life. What an affront to her kind! How could she? She could be anything, had all the possibilities, and that's what she chose. Twen-Mother was deeply disappointed. Being a mother, was the hardest job, and it was not for everyone. And certainly

not for her Daughters, who finally had all options in life. Like no daughters ever before. It is understandable that, Twen-Mothers Daughters Sister has no good word to say about her own childhood or Twen-Mother as a mother. It took Twen-Mothers Daughter years to understand the conflict she was in. But how hard must it be, if someone you love and respect, whose life you learned to consider a good one, tells you, to not under any circumstances live your life equally. A person that you by nature look up to, who lets say always wears green, tells you to do anything but never ever wear green in your life. You are free to wear all the colors in the world, so how hard can it be to choose a different one? And how hard must it be to choose green then anyway?

She chose green. She chose green with everything attached to it. Her goal in life still comes with a price. She married a

man who chose her, he is the provider of the family which bears his name. She married him wearing a white dress. Twen-Mother without ever engaging with the question why, said she never regretted any decisions in her life. Regret in general was nothing more than a bad habit and an unnecessary burden of self-pity, which was unacceptable.

Though family was highly valued, only a small part of hers was known to Twen-Mothers Daughter. She had distant relatives she only knew from stories or pictures. One of them was Twen-Mothers Daughters Great Cousin. Only once did she meet her in person at her Grandfathers funeral. Her existence though was present through a photograph sitting at the bedside of Twen-Mothers Mother in law. It was a picture of her great cousin's first communion, showing her in a white dress with flowers in her

hair. Twen-Mothers Daughter always thought she was really pretty. She also knew that she was talked about with admiration, because she did become a doctor, a surgeon to be more precise, just like the man she did marry. When they divorced Twen-Mothers Mother in law was truly outraged. She told everyone how disappointed she was in her, leaving such a handsome and successful man, if he had mistreated her, as she said, she surely had given him reason to. Twen-Mothers Daughter later found out that he had beaten the shit out of her. Twen-Mother had been stunned by Twen-Mothers Mother in laws statement. Mentioning her disbelief in the fact that those people were actually relatives. But of course it wasn't a surprise to her, that her Mother in law would state such nonsense. She was named a bad person and bad mother and an incredibly phlegmatic person with no

feelings. It was never talked about again, but of course Twen-Mother still invited her parents in law for Christmas and other occasions.

Twen-Mothers Mother in law got married out of love. The couple still held hands when they went for a walk, even at old age. Due to complications giving birth to her only son, she lost her uterus and ovaries to the so called total surgery. So her son remained her only child.

She did not stay at home with him, but worked, unpaid of course, as a book-keeper in her husbands company. As it was her duty by law at the time. Her husband was a successful man, running his own business, making reasonable money a few years after the war. He did build their own house, they had a motorcycle and a car.

As it was said though, he had a bad temper, as it was also said, she jerked him off under the kitchen table to calm him

when she felt he was about to go berserk. A story told by more than one involuntary spectator of this spectacle. As it was also said he screamed her name through the whole house, when he was in the mood to take her. They were married for 56 years. He died by falling down the stairs. Stairs he had built with his own hands, like the house they were in. She did not cry at his funeral. They are now buried in the same grave.

So much for sad stories and lives in nutshells. None of the above mentioned figures would ever reduce their own biography to such lines. But none of the information was specifically asked for either. It was presented and told by one person or another, who did eventually see for a brief moment, that those facts needed to be stated at some point. It needed to be told because it was unknown. If anyone has the chance to tell their own story it mostly does not come

down singularly to the things no one really wants to hear. Especially not the person telling their own story.

Twen Mothers Daughter is not married, nor does she have kids. Professionally she had made her own decisions. She went to university and was from that day forth, financially independent, working two jobs on the side while studying.

Though not committed to it by any contract, she did find herself more than once in relationships that were pretty close to a wedded state. They mostly lasted a few years. Her partners, again men, also in this case, in retrospect seem to have had a lot in common. A few month into the relationship they became obsessed with their career and a strong need to be acknowledged by the outside world, especially through financial success. Their work was so important that she was not allowed to disturb them or distract them from it under any

circumstances. Nevertheless she found herself helping them a lot, with this important work, mostly by taking care of everything else, like buying groceries, doing laundry, cleaning their apartments, but also helping them with their work itself. She even wrote some papers for them, made doctors appointment, did their taxes. In spite of all this they seemed to know better all the time, telling her how to behave in the world, how to dress and how to talk and when, and to whom and for how long. They also knew better in all terms of the household, telling her how to clean better, where to get the best groceries, how to put the laundry onto to the drying rack. Where and when to eat or to how to cook, how to make coffee and of course how to be successful in this world in general. Astonishingly, she left - missing out on the great chance to be turned into a vacuum robot, that is so dynam-

ically designed that it can also be used as a sex toy, after sucking the floor for 8 hours. Leaving them to an unsolved “why?”. After which one threatened to *destroy* her and the other claimed he’d rather know her dead, than facing his broken ego.

Or, to throw in a more profound statement, into this kitchen psychology, as Freud wrote about his wife Martha: “The loved one is not to become some toy doll, but a good comrade who still has a sensible word left when the strict master has come to the end of wisdom. I have been trying to smash her frankness so that she should reserve opinion until she is sure of mine.”

As it is said, Martha took refuge in silence. So did Twen-Mothers Daughter, what else was there to do, in the end it was her choice to be with these men, to be in a relationship in general and of course it was her choice to mop the floor or clean the toilette with a tooth-

brush. It was her choice to forgive the threats and of course there was no way of sharing any of this with the outside world, in which she had to be an independent, strong and emancipated individual.

Relationships miraculously intertwine the lives of the ones involved. The longer they last, the harder it becomes to see those lives separately from each other. They turn into an interconnected mass. A chain of action and reaction.

In an experiment made with dogs in the late 1970s, a dog is put onto a metal plate, the plate is heated and after a while it gets uncomfortable for the dog, and it tries to leave, but it realizes it has been put on a leash. It tries to get out of the situation for quite some time anyway, after a while though it gives up, or gives in to its new state of being. Apart from being confined to the plate, the

dog is treated well, it is fed, it gets water and is generally taken care of. When it is unleashed, it stays on the plate anyway. What is stated before, as laconically as possible, is this counter reaction of two (or more) parties whose behavior with each other has festered in them through all possible influences. It has festered for more than a few thousand years. The dog is on the plate - still and all its puppies will feel the most salvaged on a hot plate, and will probably raise their puppies on a hot plate or create a place similar to it. So how to unlearn what is not even learned anymore? The dog was put onto the plate a very long time ago (metaphorically speaking, not in the late 1970s). No one can go back and unleash the dog before the future events take their course. But the dog was wronged and all its descendants with it. But this event can not even be recalled anymore, none of the dogs now are aware that it

happened. The way they live now is due to some weird experiment, in which the power of suppression was used to force it into this behavioral conformity. Unfortunately there is also no one left to blame, for the initiators of the experiment are no longer here to be held accountable either. And it's not only their descendants who keep the mystery alive.

for those who find themselves in... this story is told this way
to make a point