

André Mulzer
Portfolio



You are facing Crack Belly Crystal Death

Crypto, Crypto, Airwaves
Performance Costume
Silk on Cotton
2021



Crack Belly Crystal Death is facing a Mausoleum

Hyper Romantic
Performance Costume
Silk on Cotton
2021

The bench,

is in my immediate neighbourhood. A wealthier middle class, bourgeois-liberal neighbourhood in the very west of Berlin. There are a number of benches on a planted square, where they are installed in clusters around the square. Some in corners that are hard to see.

I pass by there almost daily on my everyday walks, to parks, to the stationery shop with printer, to the supermarket and to the nearby S-Bahn station. Also at night when I come home from my part-time job.

All kinds of people hang out there. Individually and in groups. Reading, eating, enjoying, resting, observing, thinking, vegetating. Older people, younger people in the course of the day. A daily group of alcoholics gathering. Also lonely ones lost in thought, staring ahead. Conspicuously overdressed in too-warm clothes, hoods or backpacks bursting at the seams. In their loneliness, yet to be among people. Later at night, people with sleeping mats looking for a quiet bench in a quiet corner to set up shop.

People with the lost look on their faces of those who have no key to go into something like a home at night. One advantage of the benches for people looking for a place to sleep is: they are designed like one can stretch out completely on them.

A range of people - outside of the groups - certainly not together, rather staying next to each other. On the square that from 1844 to 1889 initially served as a riding ground for the Garde du Corps from the barracks opposite Charlottenburg Palace. Later designed as an ornamental square. Linden trees were planted all around, and two diagonal paths made it traffic-friendly. A market square was left free on the west side, where a public toilet was also built. On the east side, a shelter - surrounded by benches - was built. Show plantings on the lawn served the need for representation.

I'm sitting there too. Trying to get a feel for the situation. Then the need to recreate one of the benches. As the centre of / for a performance. Sitting on it, lying on it, standing on it, walking around it, telling stories, singing. With enough space so that someone could even sit next to me. You never know who might sit next to you.

So, how to build that shit? Someone told me, well, you can find the beams at the hardware store. Yes, I guess. That's not how it works for me. Finally I found already used beams at another place, even more western, even more affluent. On the pebble-designed front garden of a house. Built up into a turret next to buckets of rubble, and piles of pallets.

I thought I'd just take some with me - undetected in the night. But it was too dramatic for me, and I didn't want to leave a bad impression because I still have regular business in the area. So I rang the doorbell and asked if the pile in the front garden was rubbish and if I could take some of it. When I was asked what exactly I wanted from it and said that it was about the beams, I was told that I could pick out a few nice ones.

So the stable feet of the bench are still missing. Yes, they come from the CAD programme, printed out from the 3D printer, just like some modern sculptures are made, cut the beams to size and cover all the individual parts with synthetic resin for the look and stability. Sand them down very finely and put them together

Why is the bench in the Portfolio then? It is not even finished! Don't you worry too much, André Mulzer - Since I am your Performance Creature and will perform with it, I have a common interest to make this precious artifact happen. Trust me! We will have it soon enough, sincerely yours, Crack Belly Crystal Death, 2021





One or three sentences to explain how Anike Joyce Sadiq and you personally responded to Jeremiah Day's invitation to reinterpret Gilles Vandaele's video "Citoyenne-Reprise"

When we watched Gilles Vandaele's video „Citoyenne-Reprise“, we were triggered by the yellow vests hanging in the trees, which were worn and written on by the activists in the forest.

Since the German yellow vest movement was – at least in our perception – quickly taken over by the political right, we went back to the beginning of the movement and found an early text by Edouard Louis. We decided to sample his words to formulate our question:

Who and where are the ones (...), the ones we cannot find in these very video images? Our cooperation for this art work itself – the question we both could identify with – mirrors the struggle to find a necessary agreement despite our different bodies and biographies.

Who are the ones.... / Where are the ones...

Silk letters on yellow polyester vests,
aluminum bars and tension belts
400cm x 173cm
Netwerk Aalst
Mulzer / Sadiq 2021



CRACK BELLY'S

LA

CHARLOTTENBURG / WESTEND

MAP

1. Anxiety Bridge
2. Bridge Over a Pond of Water Lilies
3. Mausoleum (Oh my Goth)
4. Baroque Garden (Feeling baroque. feeling like a fancy horse diving into Blumenbeet)
5. Von Spatz Clinic / Birkenhain
6. Disney Palace
7. Skid Row
8. Sunshower / Sunset Blvd.
9. Metro
10. Villa Aurora
11. Union Station
12. Police Station
13. X TIP Sports Betting (bet on yourself every day)
14. Grocery / Liquor Store
15. Gathering Meadow
16. Hollywood Freeway (Later on you can pull over to Mulholland Drive)
17. Greyhound Busstation
18. Eifel Tower
19. This must be Hollywood
20. Calabasas (I have to meet Kanye, or two)
21. In and Out Burger
22. LAX
23. Venice Beach
24. The Desert
25. Roundabout

Textile on Take Away Bags, collected from the streets 2020



Videostill

Crack Belly Crystal Death_All Prologue
Videoperformance
2019

Production: Carl-John Hoffmann, André Mulzer

Full Video: 09:08 min. <https://vimeo.com/562441550>
Sequence: 03:57 min. <https://vimeo.com/436711685>



O.T.

It is an absolutely ordinary day.
Crack Belly Crystal Death guide through situations
All of a sudden something unexpected happens...

Special appearance: Late Turner

Musicperformance, 2019, 60 min
Acud Galerie Berlin

With:
Daniel Hopp, Juno Meinecke, TinTin Patrone, Marja Marlene
Lechner, Raphaela Andrade Cordova, Carl-John Hoffmann,
André Mulzer



Rhythm et les fleurs,

tells about Crack Belly Crystal Death, who loses his job at the car factory - then starts his own business with the foiling of cars. At the same time, a few others wait for a twist of fate on a rooftop not far from the garage. A pen holds open a hatch to allow a way back.

Just before Crack Belly Crystal Dea...

Musicperformance, 2018, 30 min.
Jürgen Becker Galerie Hamburg

With:
Tom Otte, Carl-John Hoffmann, André Mulzer





A minha casa é a tua casa

...only the appearance of a second photographer with better equipment replaces the reign of terror. The only remaining antagonist is the passive cleaner, the guardian of the last private sphere. (Crack Belly Crystal Death).

Musicperformance, 2017, 30 min
Produzenten Galerie Hamburg

With:
Carl-John Hoffmann, André Mulzer



The crackling

We were a small group, at the North Sea in Westerhever Sand. We entered the tideland, respectively the thurm. We wanted to listen very carefully and be ultra sensitive. She asked me if I heard the crackling and what it might be, it was too beautiful. The crackling was the water sinking into the sand while the sea stepped back with low tide.

A little thought

Why do people like it when it crackles? Is it the case that when people are very fond of each other, they sink into one another? That the things you cherish and love, the language, the gestures, the thoughts - that it all sinks into the other, that you adapt to the other, automatically and subliminally. Crack Belly, that's me, Crystal Death is you. It is always an exchange.

Special Apperance: MYSA

Musicperformances, 2015 / 2016

With: André Horenburg, Carl-John Hoffmann, André Mulzer
Various Durations, Various Spaces, Various Situations





Artifact (Detail)

Pearl in glass bowl and clingfilm

The story is that I've gone to work. I worked in a restaurant. I ate something before, so I'm not hungry in the kitchen when I see all the food.

The sun went down, and the sky turned pink with gold and light blue. I was very happy, it was a nice moment.

The chef told me to try the shell soup. I was not hungry at all, but took a large mussel, ate its meat and thought I had sand between my teeth. There is always something between the teeth, that annoys, I thought by myself and took the presumptive sand grain with my tongue on my fingertip.

It was not a grain of sand, but a small pearl. I know it sounds absurd, but there was something else between the teeth and a second pearl appeared. In order not to lose it, I put the two pearls in a small glass bowl, put them on the window sill and continued my work. Continued my work kind of happy cause I never saw pearls in person in my hand before rather find them myself, and all that at work? In a mussel? Two pearls? Bit crazy.

After a while I wanted to look at the pearls again. I noticed that I must have pushed the glass bowl unintentionally with a careless movement from the window sill, because I saw it laid on the floor in a small crack between window sill and dishwasher.

I was very sad and angry about myself and my carelessness. I have still tried to find the pearl again, but it remained untraceable in the universe of the kitchen floor of glass fragments, dirt and food remains. I had to go out and cry.

But I did not want to be beaten by destiny, and I searched one more time, even with the help of a flashlight. In fact, I found a pearl after a long and elaborate search. The other was lost.

I took the pearl and put it back into the glass bowl and brought the bowl to a safe place. Before I went home I wrapped cling film around the bowl, because of transport reasons. I left it like that, thus it became a sculpture. Now and then I look at the pearl through the foil.

I do not see it often,
but I know the pearl there.





Water Water Warter Water Water
Cotton on Silk on Stretchers,
125cm to 180cm,
2016