

## MARIANA HAHN

Mariana Hahn was born in Schwaebisch Hall in the south of Germany. She studied theatre at ETI in Berlin and has a degree in Fine Art from Central St. Martins in London. Her work has been described as an itch under the skin. The itch of something that is there but cannot be caught, be laid finger on. Subtle movements of what lies beneath the surface that carries us, moves us back and fro. Transparent and yet hidden, isolated and yet profoundly prominent, like the voices of an oracle. Voice becomes a palpable medium in Hahn's performance. The poetry-inflected cadence becomes the action, the performance of the body's stillness, draped in plastic, like a defunct statue.

### ARTIST STATEMENT

Every one of my performances is a visualized poem. This poem speaks of the Empress of Sorrow and her body. She is the fountain and herald of our doings. She is captivated by history. History is her mother. The words of the poem are inscriptions on the body. For this performance there will be a rehearsal in the form of a conversation about the piece. This rehearsal will be filmed and be part of the documentation. The women of the performance will meet up for this and enjoy some food and wine and talk.

"my dog, an avatar of Job, lacerates my foot with his desperate teeth and forever prints his message of indignation in the flesh of my memory." This is one of the first sentences of Cixou's foreword to her Stigmatexts.

The body as paper onto which memory is written, wherein an augmentation of memory by a mnesic growth can be perceived, a scar has found its voice, it has been born like a dark star, orbiting the plane of our perception.

The stigmatized person shows traits of a saint and an outlaw at the same time. Martyr at the same time as being condemned, elected and excluded, this is what the stigma conveys, a paradoxical message, it lives in between the worlds, as a interlocutor of the underlining message of humankind's ill figure.

"Empress of Sorrow" is a work that contemplates a body of a being enchained by pattern; like onto paper the fate of that family writes itself into that body as if it was a blank

sheet of paper, the body of the woman becomes host of the family's pattern desire to be.

The white fabric used in the performance acts as the herald of such a pattern. It tells the story and spins it at the same time. As it seems to be made of some mystical liquid it is able to access places which otherwise would be inaccessible. The bodies drink up the message inherent within the fabric. This fabric is the very fabric of their perception, beyond these muted shells one finds only absence. The fabric entwines with their lost hopes; in this funeral mass of self symbolism it acts as the shroud, the remainder of their story. The bodies are instruments that the fabric uses in order to realize the desire of the pattern to live on. The white knitted fabric is draped around the Empress. The empress is the passive realization of the pattern. The cherubs around her are the heralds of the pattern that the lady of history has spun into the white fabric.

The cherubs perform an unholy mass, cannibalistic heritage.

There certainly is something sexual about the act of devouring, and of seduction something profoundly animalistic and yet it emits deepest sensuality, the sensuality of the totality within an experienced ecstasy which the empress is silently.

Swollen history, ready to be drunk up.

The performance shows a struggle, a very silent retreaded struggle, a horrendous physical exaltation of trying to rid itself of the inscriptions upon her body, yearning to birth herself, to find an existence outside of linguistic definitions.

And yet she cannot get away from that pattern upon her body. It's inside.

## **Empress of Sorrow**

Each trop of labor another death  
Each labor disappears from her  
Stand now in the mists of yourself  
With elements that drape your contours into being  
Fluidity becomes disturbed as faces suck upon  
Her beauty in which she is yet unborn  
unConcluded dynasties are hers  
Traces aborted holding yet  
On slow hands clenched desperately keeping her masked  
She retires gently  
Hold on!

Are you not illustrated in solid lines that hold your stakes  
Unborn yet your body shelters her particularities  
Marked like a shadow upon a river  
Neither do I say you are  
I mean that you are  
I abhor that which is your ignorance  
A am not a part of this  
I am not apart from this  
Hear those trifles sound almost tender  
As I slap your cheeks into  
Redness soft  
Oh yes  
I now belong to you  
you betray my territory  
which as yet is a gentle mask of fibres  
Tasting tenderly those human proportions of your pose  
Transparency marks the gaze of your  
searing haste  
become as you are  
mine  
who could we be  
as we are draped around those movements  
your hands are wet  
sweat finds its way slowly dropping into her  
she is marked by deed  
turned into pulsating scars  
along her body  
translocating her limbs  
they travel,  
her child seated next to her  
in muted perplexion it glances at the bright liquids  
collecting at the forehead of those with greedy gazes  
the wind fumbles upon her hair recreates  
what yet a child's hand cannot touch  
her last begrudging thoughts  
smeared upon the fabric that now embodies her  
feasting their eyes  
her child sings

sings searingly in muted awe  
weep for me  
she says  
i am here

## **ARTIST'S CV**

### **EDUCATION**

- 2012**      **BA of the Fine-Art**  
Central St. Martin's, London
- 2009**      **Diploma in Art and Design**  
Central St. Martin's, London
- 2004-05**    **Theatre studies**  
ETI Schauspielschule, Berlin (unfinished)

### **EXHIBITIONS**

- 2012**    **About face**  
Group Show at Momentum Gallery, Berlin
- Alumni Exhibition**  
Group Show at Central St.Martins, London

### **PERFORMANCES**

- 2012**    **I am here**  
Momentum Gallery, Berlin  
(Part of "about Face" show)
- Wenn Ich Nicht Hier Bin, Dann bin Ich auf Dem Sonnendeck.**



**Import Export.**

Group Performance with "Schuldenberg Foundation goes Documenta 13",  
Documenta, Kassel, Germany

**My arm my moiraes**

Schuldenberg Foundation, London

**I am here. Draft 1**

Père Lachaise, Garden Rivoli, Les Tuileries, Paris

**2011 Rendition XXI**

St. Clemens Danes and St. Paul Church, London  
(Cooperation with Ignacio La Ianne for Golgotha, London)

**Aggression**

Group Show at St. Paul Church Covent Garden, London