

MARIANA HAHN

Performances
Installations
Videos

2019



Alte Eisengiesserei Haar

Berlin, Germany - 2019

"Unrehearsed and without having met the participating performer beforehand, led by intuition Mariana gently caressed and washed the woman's supine body—who lay as if injured or fallen—with her own hair. It was at once erotic and an act of healing. A ceremony that required trust, the performance was a symbolic fusion of the two women's bodies, of unity. But it also alluded to the power and potency of hair, and of transformation. Women's hair has been fetishized throughout history. A symbol of female sexuality, beauty and power it has been forcibly cut and hidden. 'Witches' had their head shaved to humiliate them and take away their power, and for the purposes of modesty many cultures today still require women to hide their hair. Throughout history certain hair colours were perceived to be dangerous or to have more power. According to Talmudic Jewish texts, Lilith—the first woman created at the same time as Adam, and not from his rib—was a redhead. Powerful, wild and dangerous. Her refusal to subordinate to Adam resulted in her banishment from paradise and her subsequent demonization in mythology."

Diana d'Arenberg





Alte Eisengiesserei - Haar



Mariana Hahn

PS120

The Way Things Run III

Group Show: Julieta Aranda, Anna-Sophie Berger, Lou Cantor, Peter Fischli and David Weiss, Claire Fontaine, Isabella Fürnkäs, Mariana Hahn, Alicja Kwade, Fred Lonidier, Philip-Lorca diCorcia, Mickael Marman, Ahmet Ogut, Gina Proenza, Thilo F. Reich, Analia Saban, Katharina Sieverding, Eric Winkler, He Xiangyu.

Berlin, Germany - 2018

The Way Things Run III sets out to examine how artists – in an attempt to discuss the essential political importance of work and its effect on bodies, places, institutions, and societies – insist on the work of art as a critical and viable space for such a discussion, expanding or subverting its function while acknowledging its inherent implication in value-generation.







The Mountain View Midwife of Fish

A collaboration with Shen Shaomin
2000 rechargeable breathing silicon fish on salt

Shenzhen, China - 2019



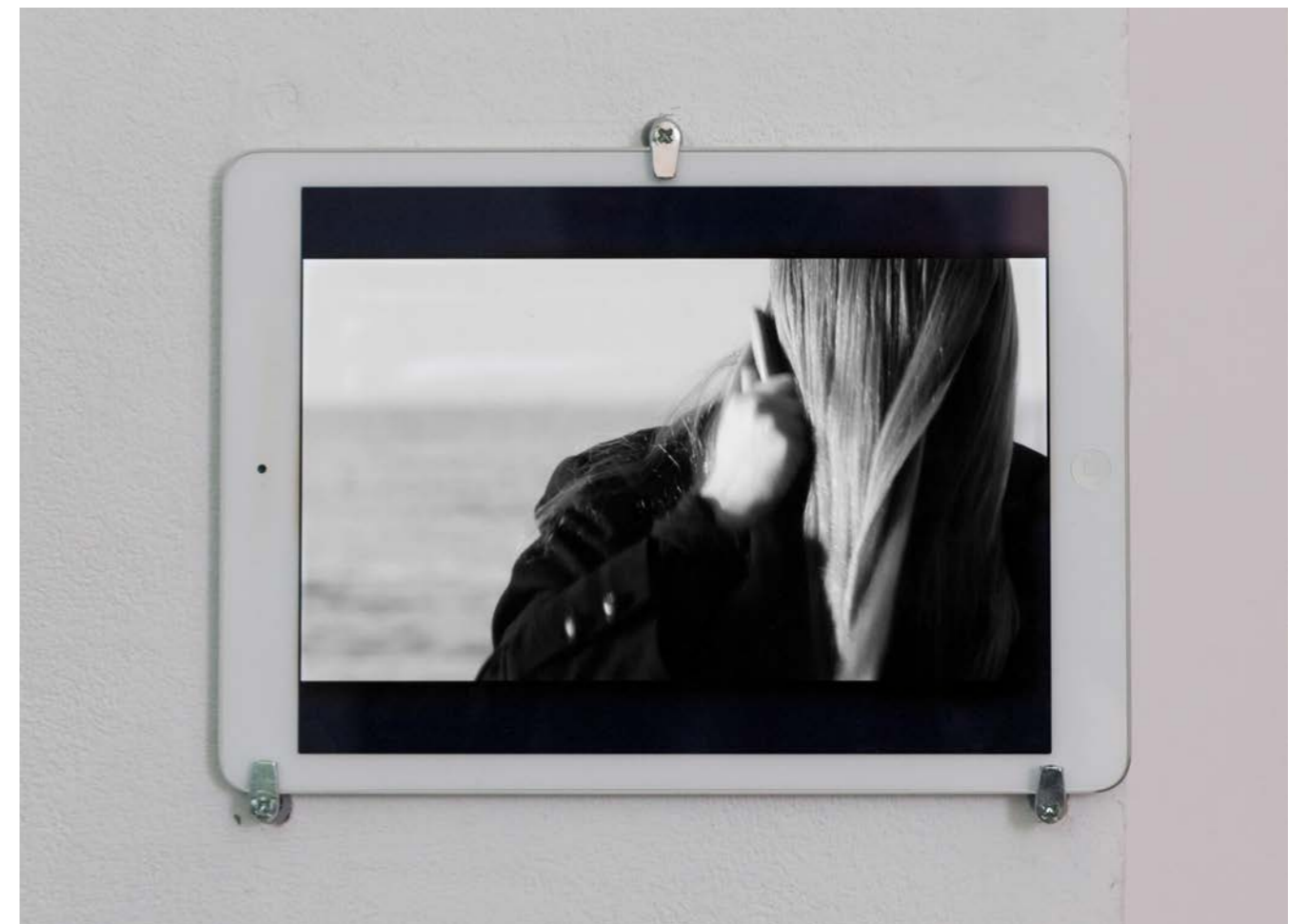


Diskurs Berlin

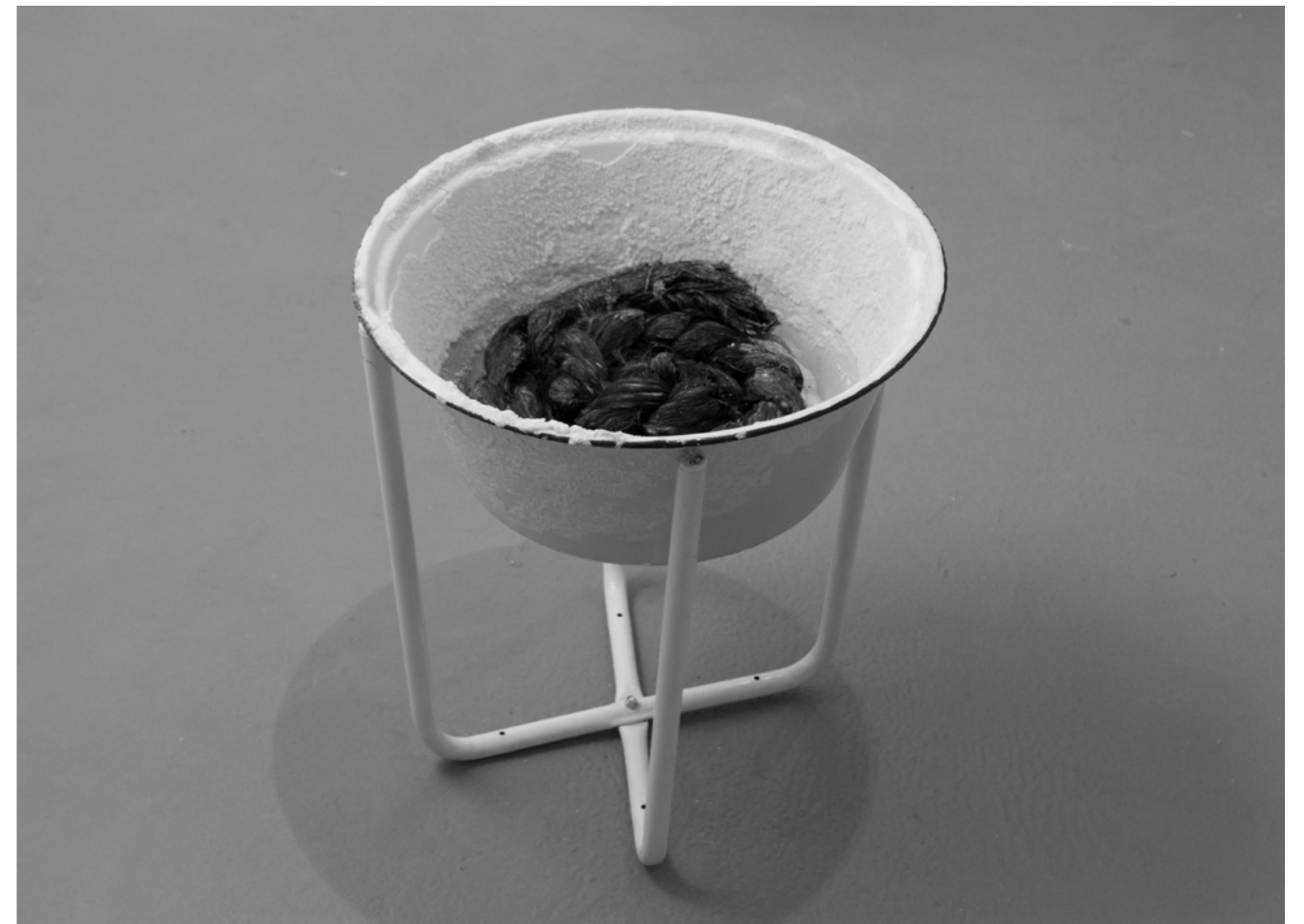
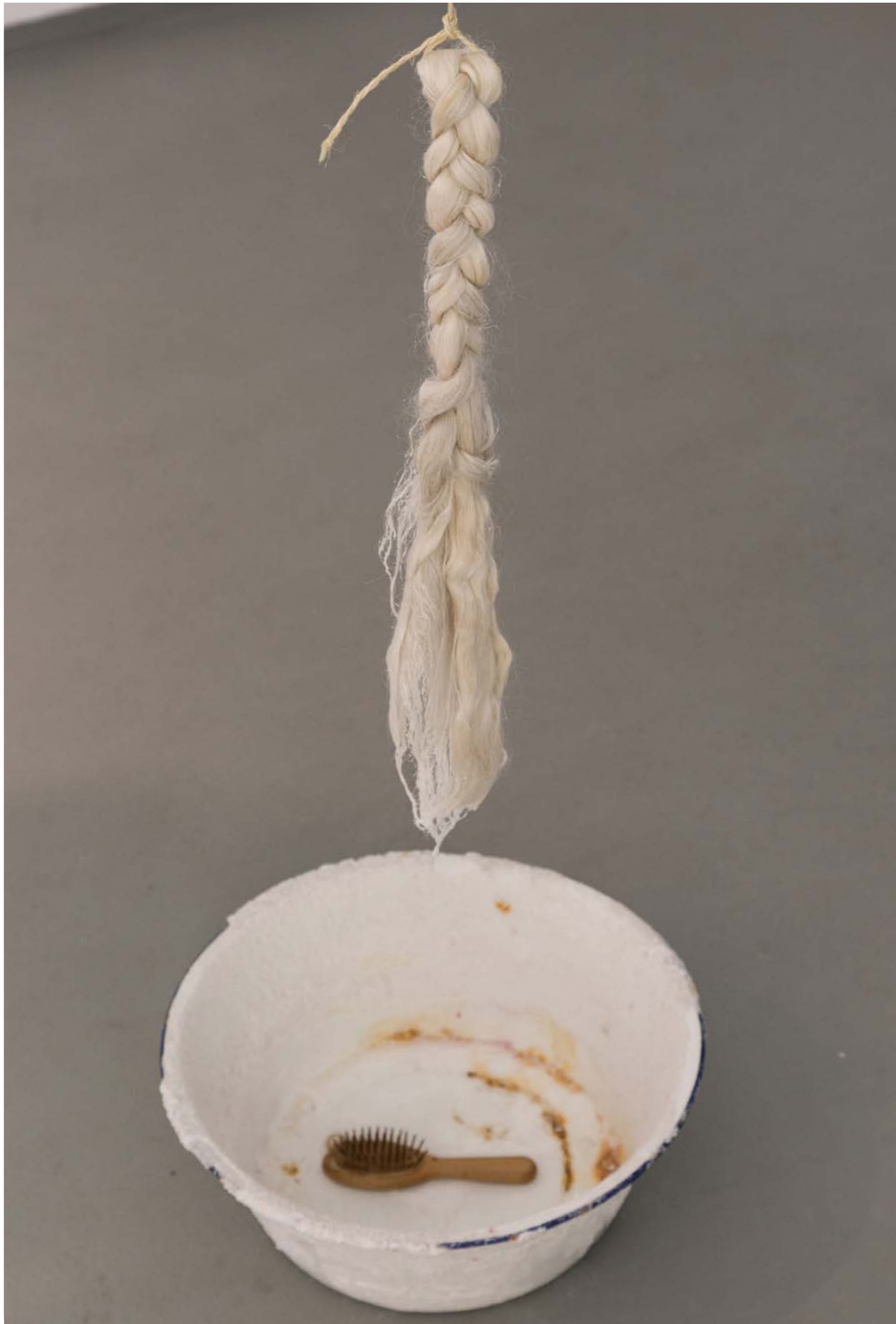
Something to Believe In

Berlin, Germany - 2018

Nesthaut: As a child I came upon a great naked human mountain, sitting on a chair. From this mountain hair flew down like a waterfall of snakes. I was scared of the snakes and I was scared of the sheer physicality of the mountain, it's greasy skin and it's hair felt violent and abject to me. The mountain wanted me to discipline those snakes with a brush.







Ding Shung Museum Fate Entwinden Brushing hair by the sea for 3 hours

Fujian, China - 2018

I see hair as a thread of fate that weaves the pattern of the story carried by the body it grows from. In this sense we are the ones weaving our own fate, our own story through our hair, autonomous beings. The braid in my work acts as a symbol of the act of making story; stories are bonds of coming and going.





Ding Shung Museum - Brushing hair by the sea for 3 hours



Mariana Hahn

Ding Shun Museum

Fate Entwinden

Fujian, China - 2018

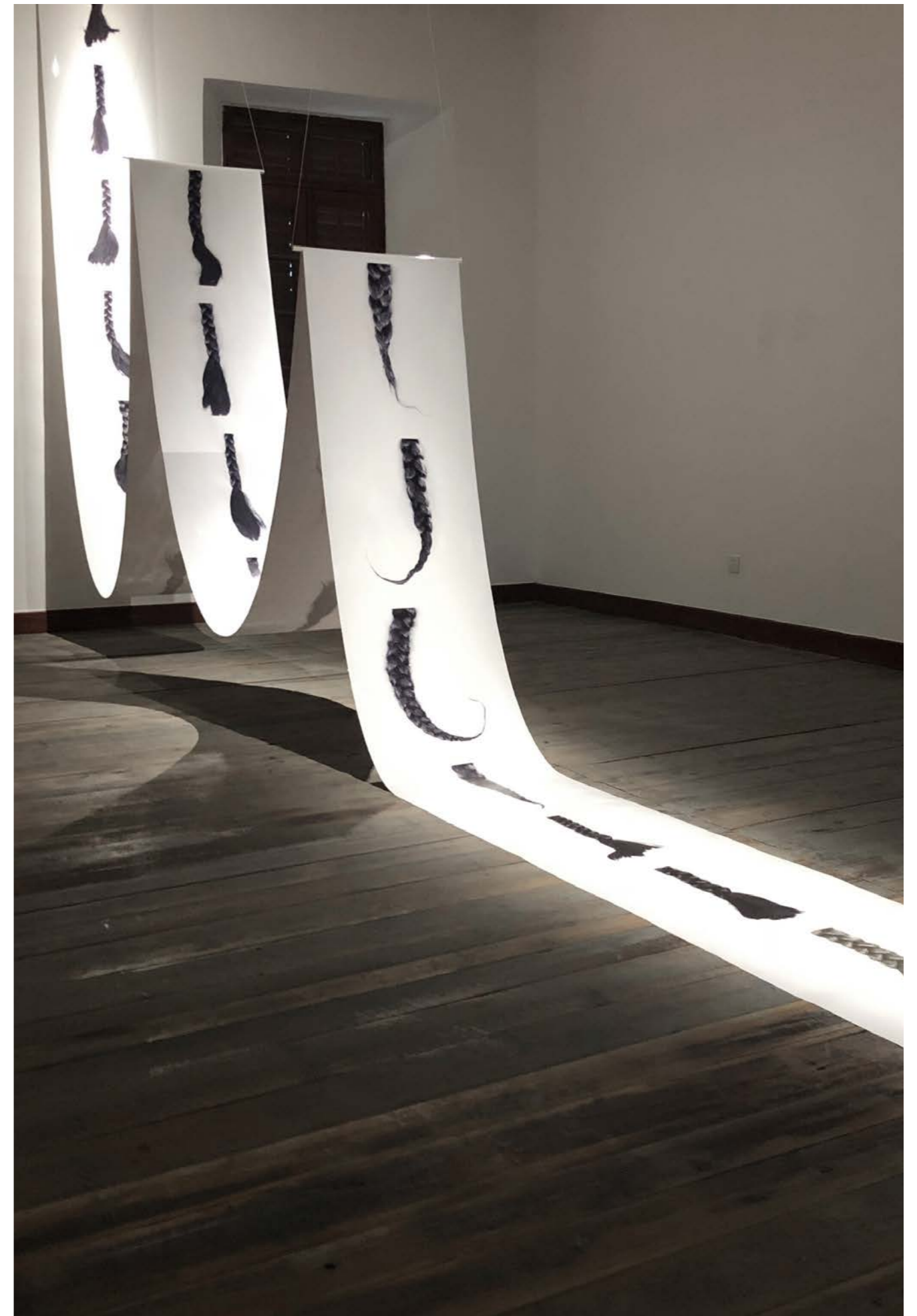
The hair industry is multi billion dollar industry

It's an unregulated industry built on exploitation of mostly young girls whose hair is only grown for the purpose of cutting it off once it has reached a sellable length. Its a slow process of labour but still a form of labour in which the body part of person is being used as a form of investment.

The hair industry is an industry with hundreds of thousands of kilometres of hair - enough to wrap around the world many times over - moving freely and silently across continents. Silently threads of fate move across the world, silent and mute.

Most of the hair is grown in China and during the manufacturing process it is disinfected, steamed, boiled, dyed and sewn. Each step further erases any traces of its original owner. And yet an echo of the person having lost her hair still remains, reverberating as a subtle hiss on the head of its new owner, somewhere in Europe or America, an owner of another person's fate. Human destinies are handled as accessories; they become beautifying objects of vanity.







Ding Shun Museum Slow Dance

Fujian, China - 2018





Kleiner Von Wiese Die Landschaft In Uns I too am a monk, I too am the sea

Berlin, Germany - 2017

On many days I went there wearing the Kimono, I tried to go to the furthest edge of the rocks, so as to lose the sensation of the demarcation line between sea and shore, sea and rocks, I wanted to stand right at the threshold of anatos and Eros. is is where I wanted to give my memory to her, so that she could weave it into the narrative of endless stories, all those stories, of that she keeps. I wanted to let go. Standing there, always standing. I tried to look out, to immerse myself into her rhythm. I tried so much to look out, I tried and I tried, and for some reason, I failed. It took practice to make her listen, and it was not the shout that made her listen, rather it was a subtle murmur passing through my lips, a subtle gesture of giving up, giving it away.
It felt good and just. And I felt good and calm.





DISKURS BERLIN

Nesthaut

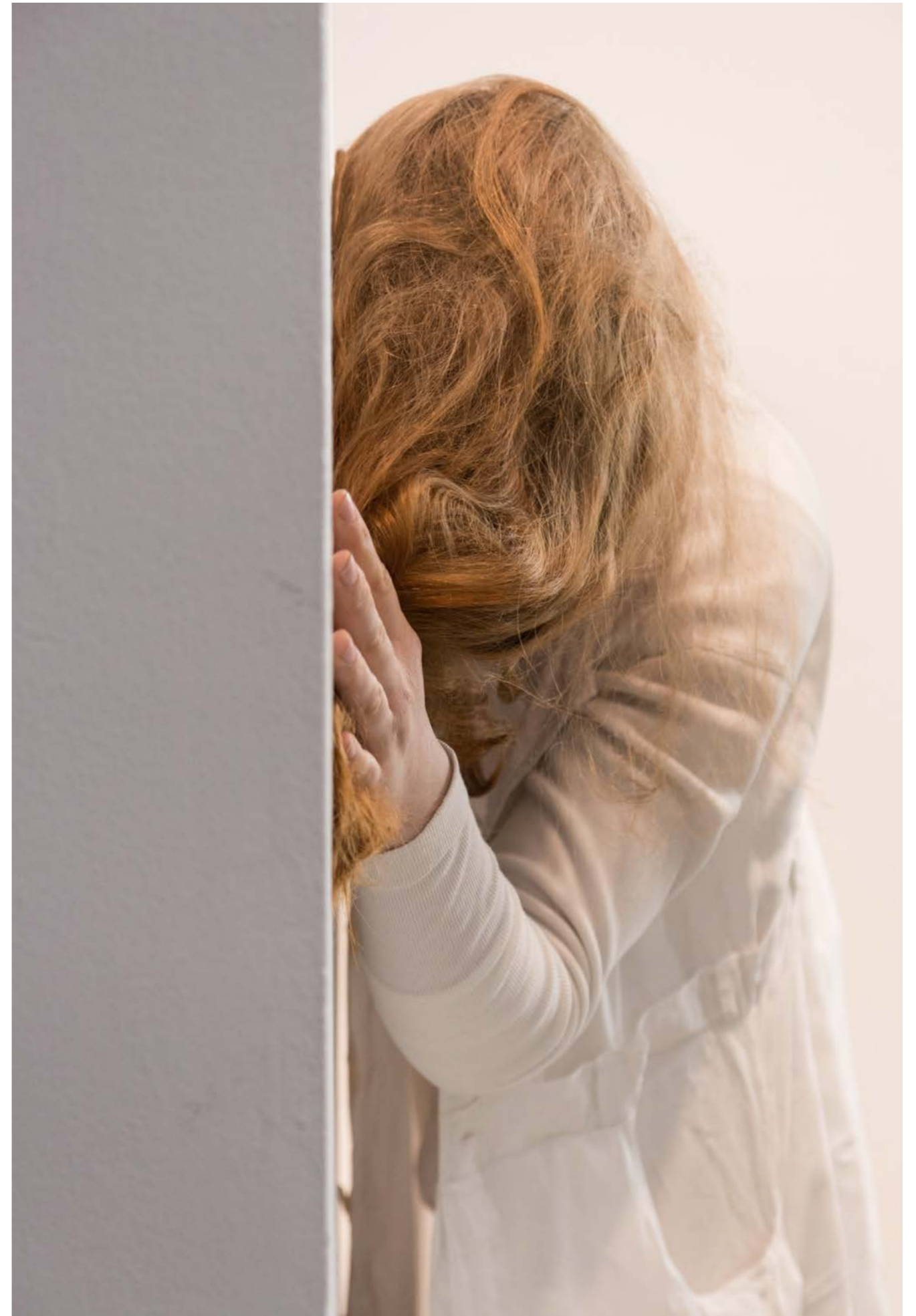
Berlin, Germany - 2018

Nesthaut

As a child I came upon a great naked human mountain, sitting on a chair. From this mountain hair flew down like a waterfall of snakes. I was scared of the snakes and I was scared of the sheer physicality of the mountain, it's greasy skin and it's hair felt violent and abject to me. The mountain wanted me to discipline those snakes with a brush. I was scared of doing so, nether the less I had to follow, and as I slowly brushed, hearing the snakes hissing and curving along the surface of the mountain, it felt as though I was being initiated into an old ritual and given secret knowledge. I felt to be the mountains high priestess. With the hair thread-snakes that fell to the ground I made myself a coat, a dress, and from those snake threads inside the dress I hear the mountain sing it's song.

The mountain is the grandmother. This hair is my skin, my nest, my Nesthaut.



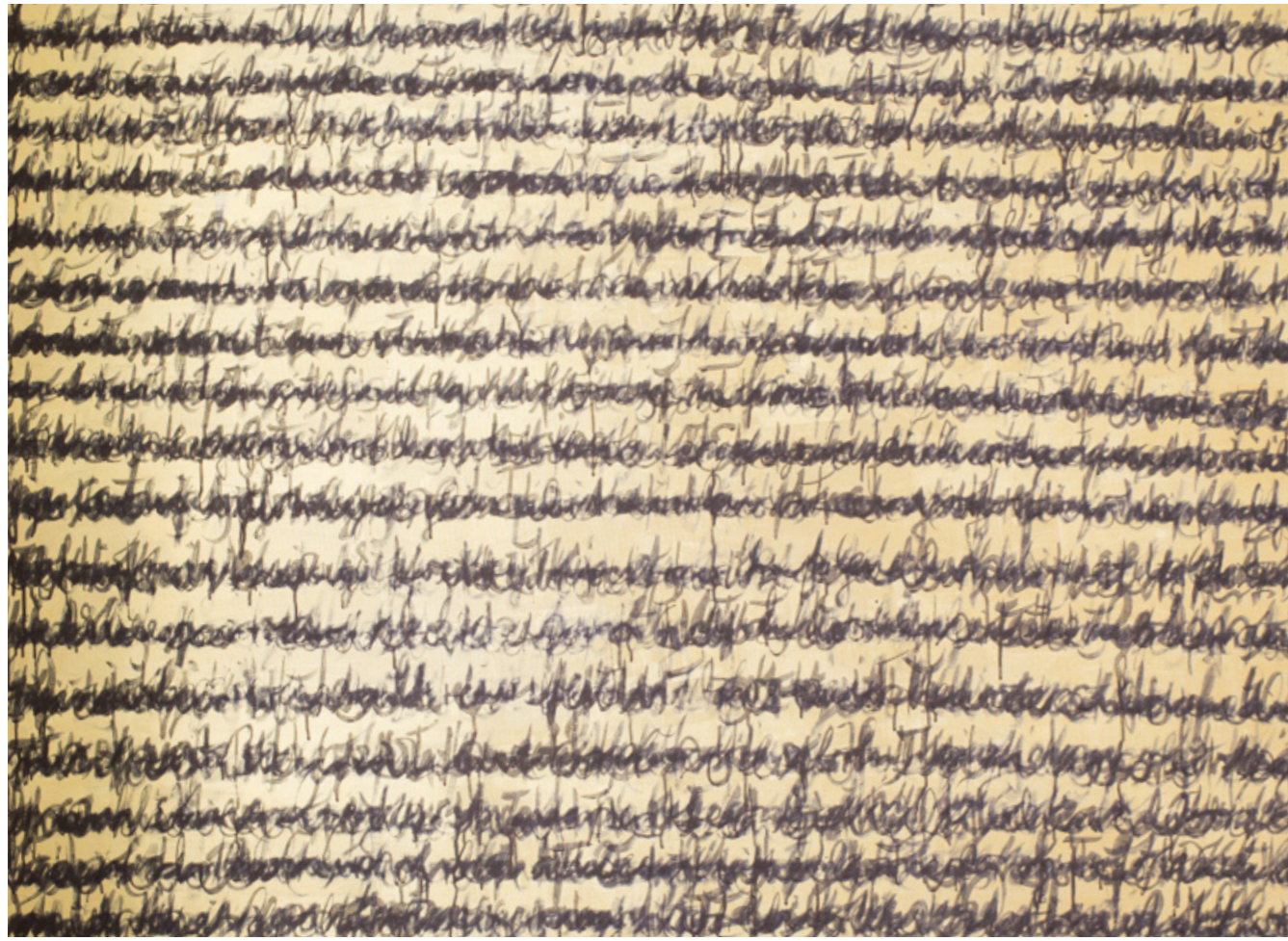


Die Ræume New Writings

Berlin, Germany - 2018

Silk canvases are burnt eyes are pools of the earth's body - fragile, blue, and suddenly spatial. We wander the island and lost seas, seeing iris and reflection. Is this dizzying, to land on the infinite edges of the torched river between the material and once-material? At the timeless shoreline a reflexive recall: memory reignites the absent and conjures it present once more here but without a body. Gestures commit to body as archive, a body as story, body as the original vessel of memory.







Die Raeume - New Writings



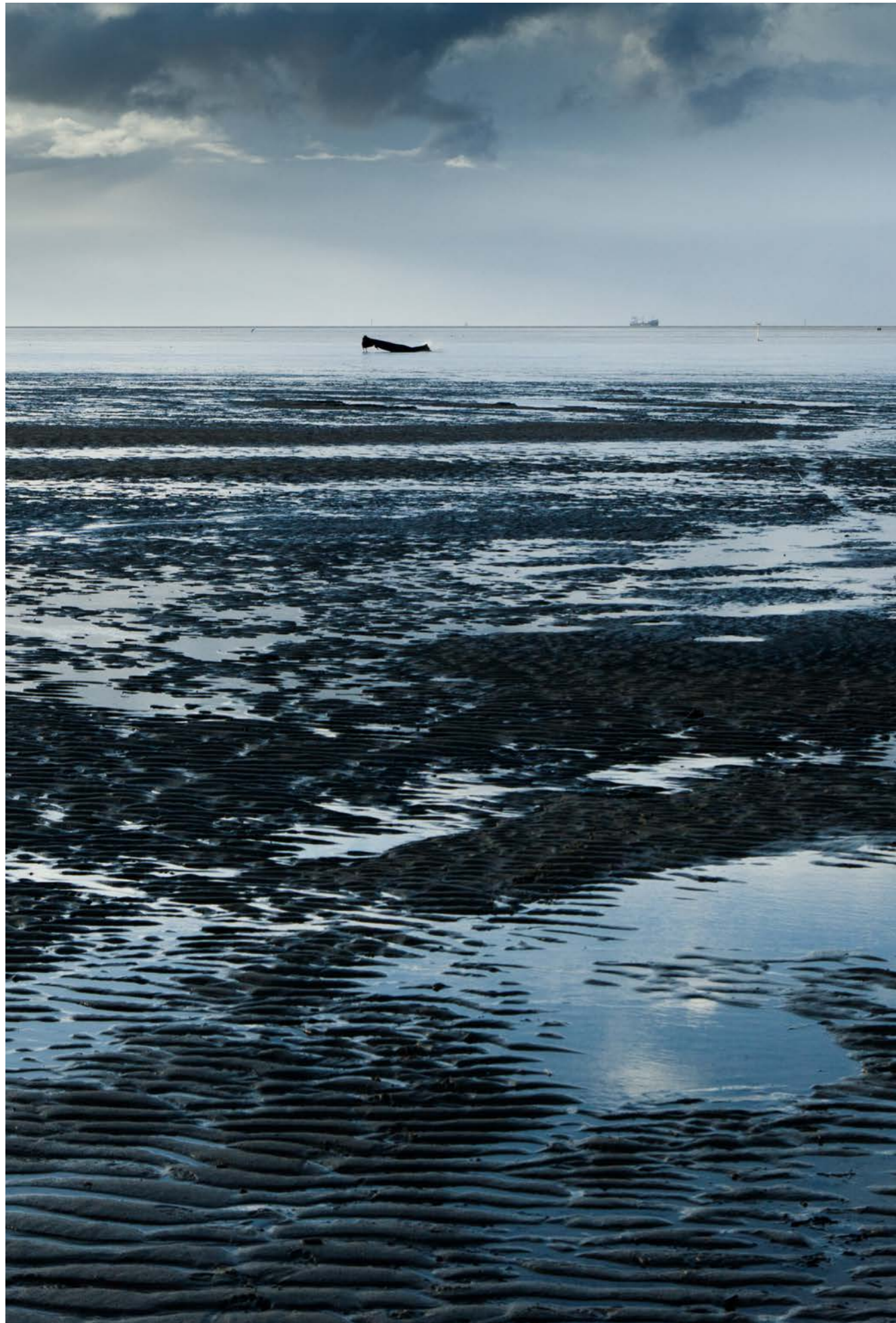
Mariana Hahn

Trafo Station Museum of Contemporary Art Kuehlhaus Berlin Walking into the sea

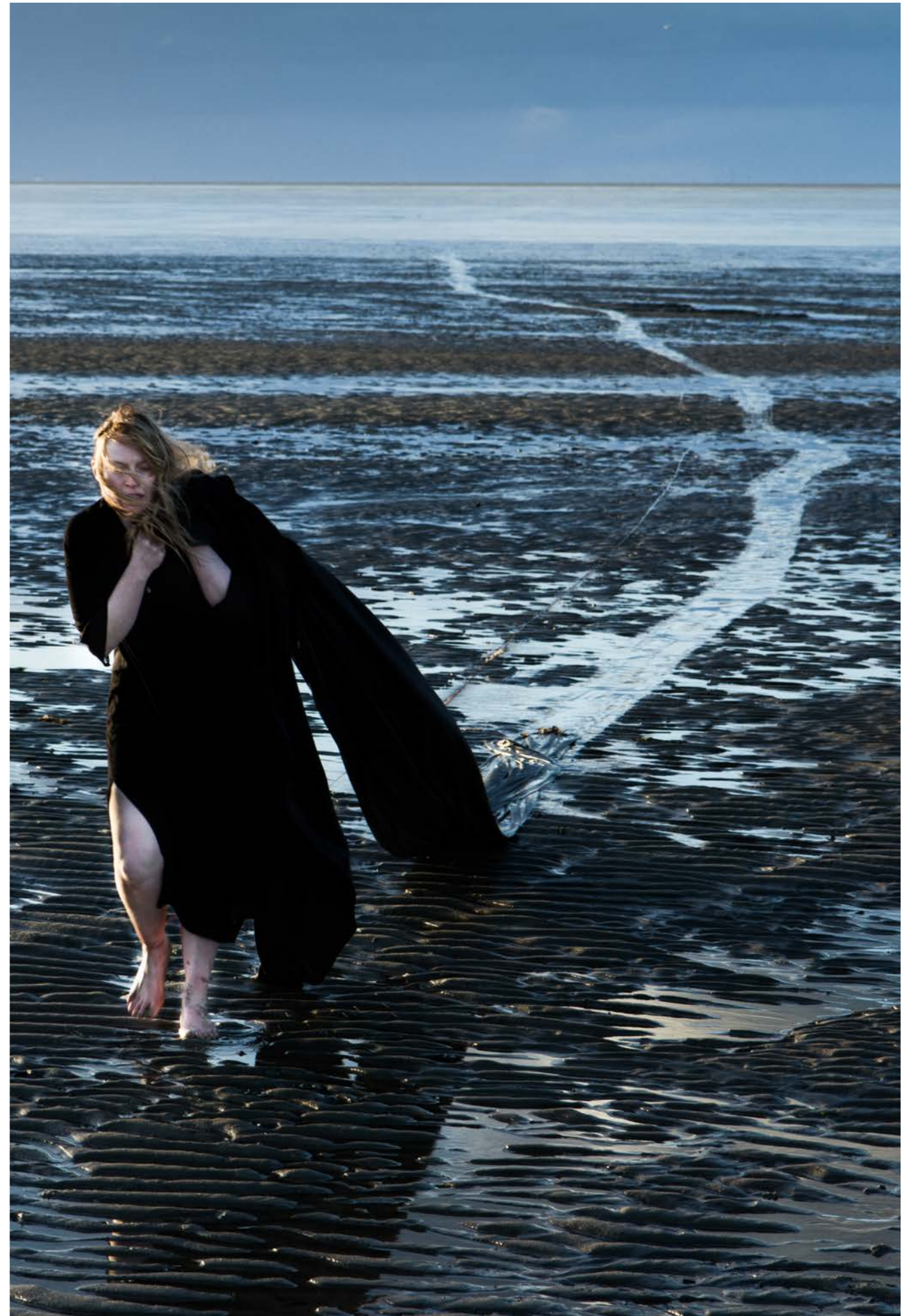
Stettin, Poland - 2013
Berlin, Germany - 2013







Trafo Station Museum of Contemporary Art - Kuehlhaus Berlin - Walking into the sea



Mariana Hahn

Redtory Museum of Contemporary Art It Isn't Easy, But It Is

Group Show: Aaajiao, Amir Fattal, Law Yuk-mui, Mariana Hahn, Miao Ying, Zijie

Guangzhou, China - 2017

"It isn't easy but it is" Two screen Video work

I went to the Pearl River Delta in China to look for the remains of women that found autonomy by creating a sister hood called Zishunu (meaning self combed women) starting in the 18th Century. I could not find them and thus went to trace their steps from when they fled the rise of the Chinese Republic. I wanted to find their stories inside the water they went upon on their way out. I found a 95-year-old fisherman who taught me how to make a fishnet, so that I could go and fish for the stories of the sisters. That man was the last one of his clan that knew the craft. And he also took me onto the sea to fish to find the stories.





Redtory Museum of Contemporary Art - It Isn't Easy, But It Is



Mariana Hahn

Die Ræume Milk for Snake

Collaborative performance: Ayumi Paul

Berlin, Germany - 2017

And when he swallowed the milk, that one gulp extinguished the dance of trust between snake and human, and became an end and a beginning and the man expelled himself in guilty fright down the mountain and there cowered, ever afraid to commune again with the earth of the queen of snakes...







Die Ræume - Milk for Snake



Mariana Hahn

Treeline Residency Program Down To Earth

Group Show: Matt Collishaw, Benedetto Pietromarchi, Cyril de Comarque

Capalbio, Italy - 2017

"Since medieval times humans have tried to discipline the forest, to bring order into a perceived chaos. Johann Gottfried Herder famously stated: 'in the history of mankind and its intellect, everything is a forest, chaotic'. But it is kind of interesting that then the same Herder choose for his writings on aesthetics in 1769 the name "Critical forests" where the chapters are called "little forests", and in the first of the little forests he says 'In more than one language the word forest evokes a collection of materials without any plan and order; I wish for my readers to move through the slightly dry and impenetrable paths of this first part to get beyond these to more liberated perspectives.

Forests, like books, deliver raw material, substance for thinking, and once you've been through them, the promise of a different view onto the open landscapes shaped by human labour. The root for this kind of interpretation lies in antique rhetorics, where silva, the Latin word for forest, hints to the richness of the material as well as its appearance as a chaotic mass. Also, in Latin the opposite of cultus is silvestris – the wild, unformed, rich wealth of the forest against the arranged and processed choices culture is making.

There is the forest as a metaphor, but there is also a more spiritual reading of the forest, that sees an idea dressed in an allegory. The original forest was not only wild but also raw in the sense that it was not touched by the hand of God (and humans) but ancient, a territory of pagan and thus dangerous beliefs. Tribes all over the world believed the trees to be our ancestors."

Mareike Dittmer

Being awake to the outside stirrings, the wind, water, leafs, insects, birds.
Looking for her - Mamma - her cunt - her Kolpus, she is Kolpus, sweet sister of the naves.

I need to go right into her, into her entrails, her blood stream, and come back out again with language hanging from my mouth like wet serpent hair from the sea
Eating language, the primitive word from her cunt, keeping it at my mouth like ink.
(hair is a being, a consciousness that communicates. Hair is a mouth itself carrying language).





Oktobarski Salon - Belgrade Art Biennale kandid (candid)

Belgrade, Serbia - 2016

I like to imagine hair as the last still active remnant of the thread that has woven the body into its form and shape, like the last threads on a carpet. It holds the essence and the history of its carrier in its purest and most fragile form. In kandid, hair becomes a metaphor of the thread used for weaving. And weaving, in turn, becomes a metaphor for storytelling.





Biennale For Young Art Moscow

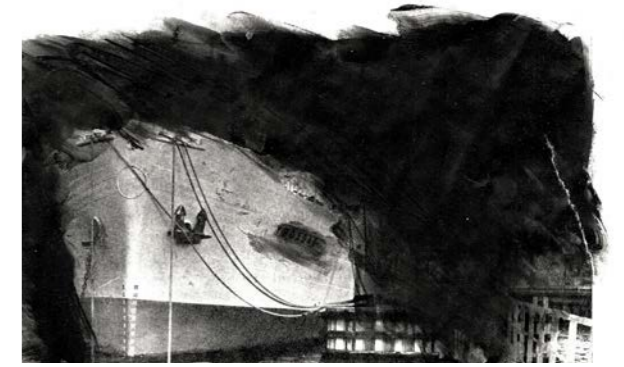
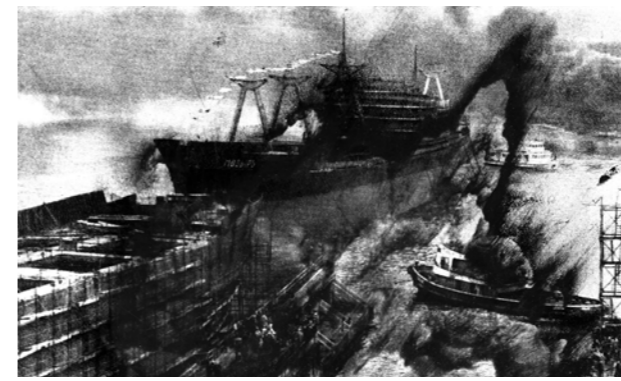
Torso no torso

Moscow, Russia - 2014

Culture and tragedy are entwined in an eternal embrace "oh come onto me, gorgon head!" speaks Perseus as he sends a kiss of death -These are my words borrowed from the book of memories, as I sing songs on a "weeping meadow".

I choose Stettin as the place for the realisation of "Torso no Torso" for its historic significance as a place that seems to well illustrate a human condition which I am focusing on in this piece, wherein I perceive the city with its building as body as well with its very own historic lacerations upon its figure.







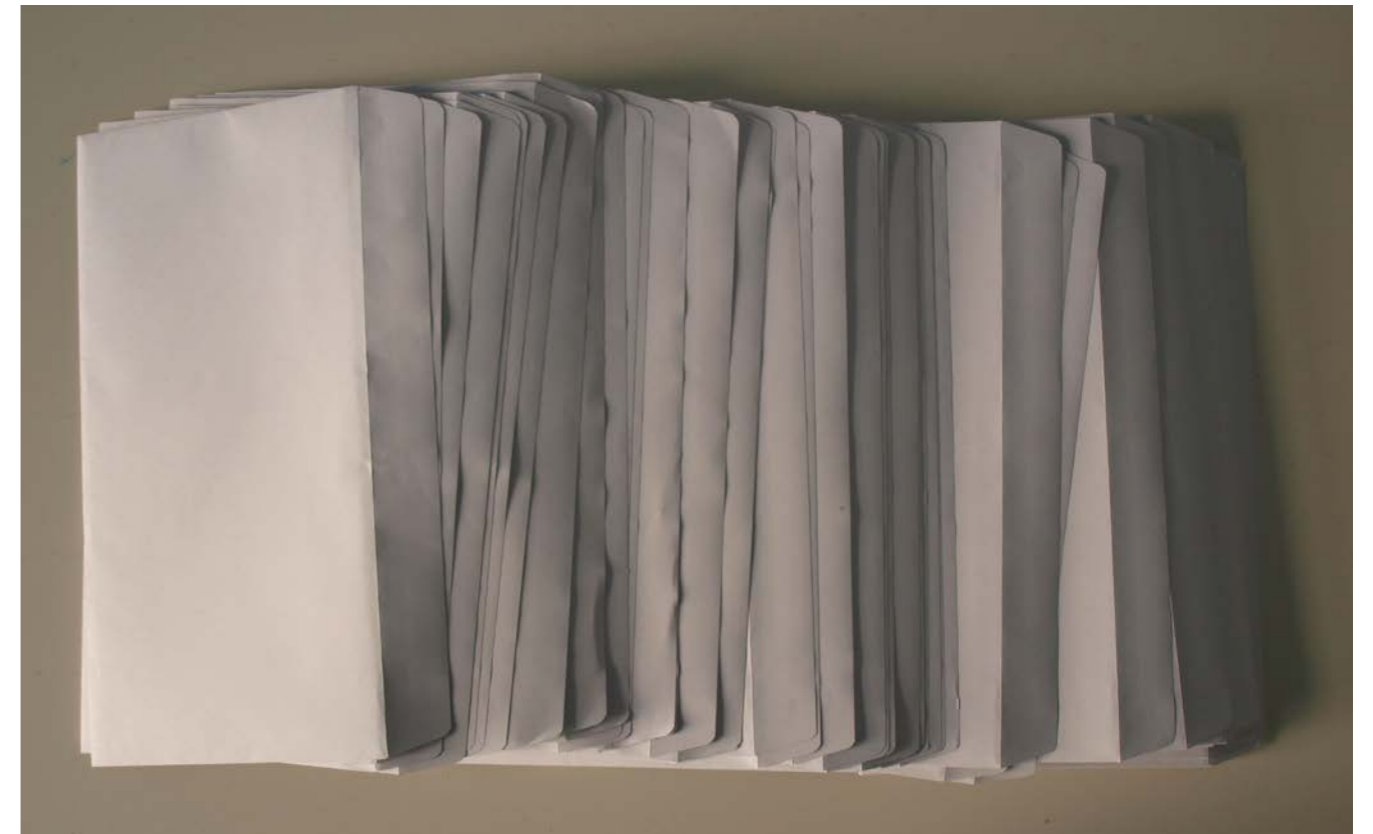
The Wand Momentum Worldwide Corpo Festival Del Arte Performative Distant Letter Present Now

Group Show: Otto Muehl, Hermann Nitsch, Sandra Cerrone

Berlin, Germany - 2013
Berlin, Germany - 2015
Venice, Italy - 2017

FEELING IS A FACT AND MY BODY IS A MONUMENT OF THAT FACT

Everything is body, the world is body I am body. Absolute body. the phrases found on the letters that the spectator(reader) receives are part of an internal instant dialogue between body and the inscriptions found on it and vice versa, they are a poem of my body, the poem acts as an externalization of the body, imprinted onto paper. the letter travels to the reader from a distance, a past and yet finds actuality in the instance of reading.





The Wand - Momentum Worldwide - Corpo Festival Del Arte Performative - Distant Letter Present Now



Mariana Hahn

Galleria Mario Iannelli You Are What You Are

Group Show: Julius von Bismarck, Julian Charrière, Peter Miller, Anna Virnich, Tyra Tingleff

Rome, Italy - 2016

Will it be possible to reconstruct our current state on the basis of leftover objects, similar to our usual practice to examine the earliest history of mankind through objects and geology? What is it that makes us the way we are and the way we act, and what separates us from nature? At the end, there will be the question of what is going to remain of us – and what will remain of nature.





German fields Sowing

Berlin, Germany - 2015





Berlin Studio kandid (candid)

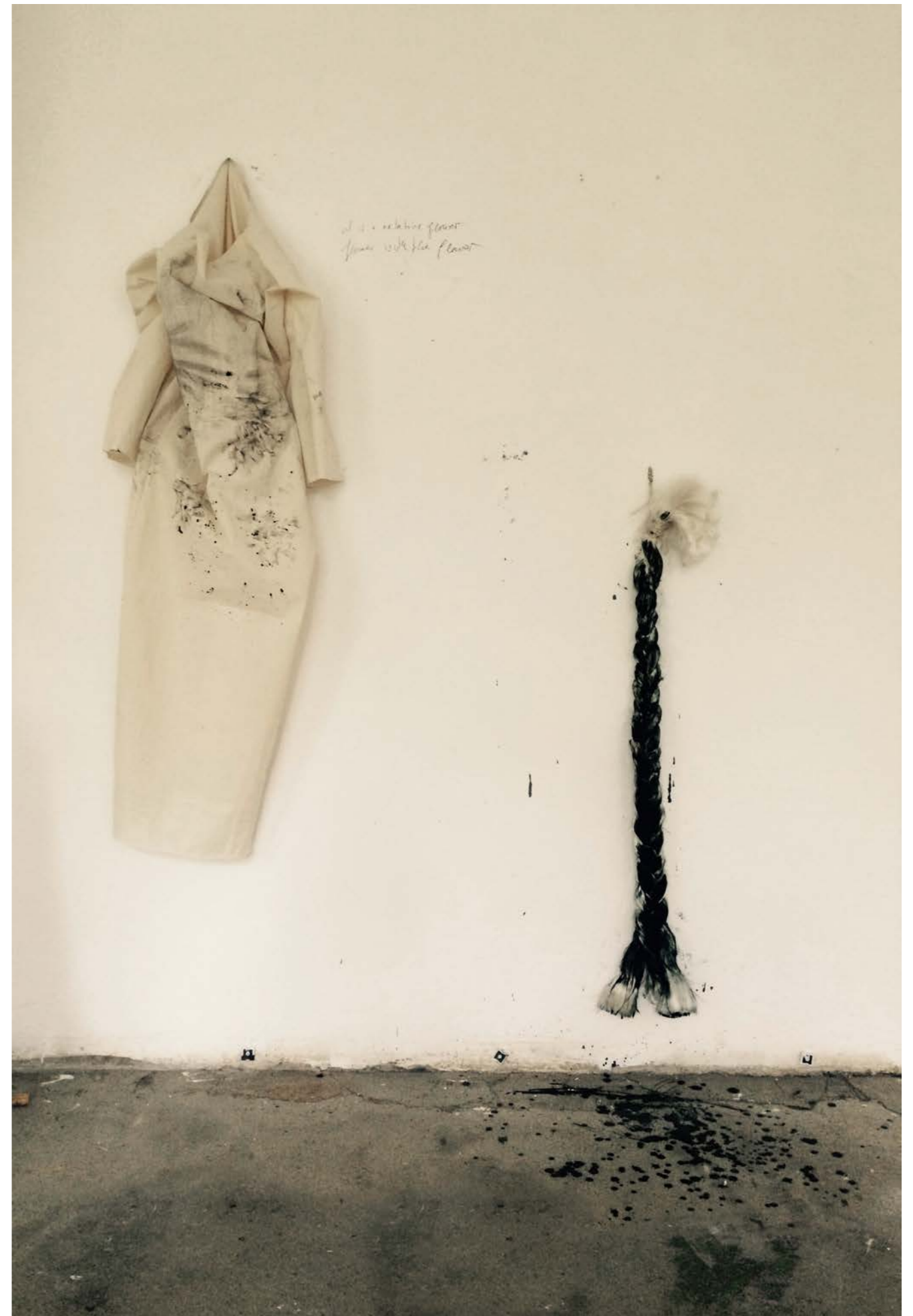
Berlin, Germany - 2016

I like to imagine hair as the last still active remnant of the thread that has woven the body into its form and shape, like the last threads on a carpet. It holds the essence and the history of its carrier in its purest and most fragile form. In *kandid*, hair becomes a metaphor of the thread used for weaving. And weaving, in turn, becomes a metaphor for storytelling.





Berlin - kandid (candid)



Mariana Hahn

CHAT by MILL6 Foundation Social Fabric

Duo Show: Kwan Sheung Chi

Hong-Kong - 2016

I went to China, to look for the last women of a sisterhood called Zushunu - or the silk sisters.

thee silk sisters or Zishunü women were women who lived together in a sisterhood. they became economically independent from men and their families by working with silk, which in China of the old days was something truly revolutionary. In fact, the tradition of the Zishunü sisterhoods already existed in the 17th century, it is believed it came about as a rebellion against misogyny, only that back then they did not work with silk.

I was told that there were two last remaining on Lantau Island. So I went there. here I searched up and down the hills. Speaking to the spirits of nature such as the trees and the water.

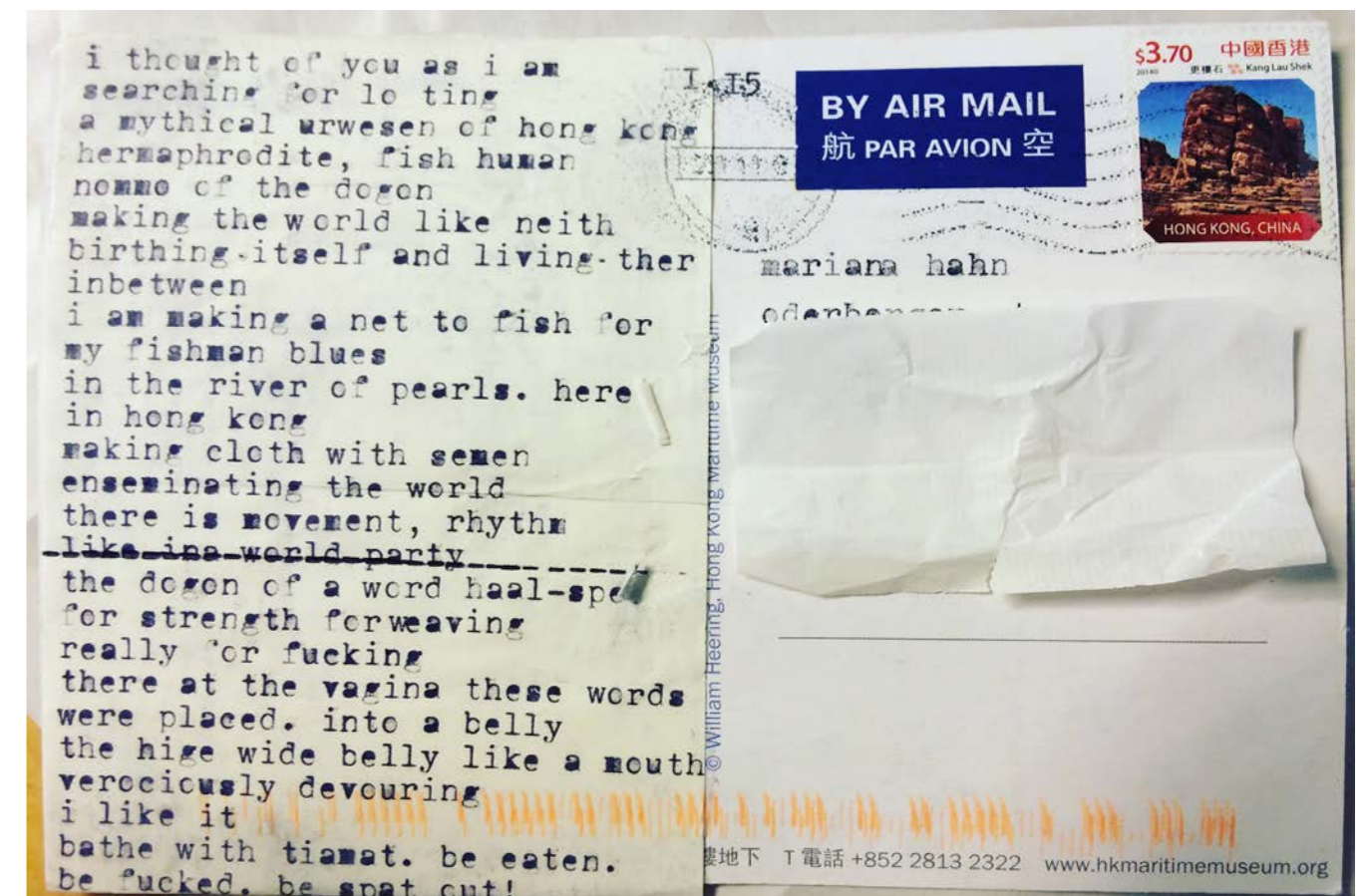
I could not find these women, but I found other things; many other things.

Amongst these, I found a strange foreign me in this strange foreign land. And I found that I, too, was these women, which was felt not that strange, rather it felt natural. I started weaving my own narrative within this situation, of myself being inside this very situation, creating the situation. Actively making a story consisting of my own references, which would become the narrative wherein the finished works were materialisations.

I understood the power that we embody as beings and for me weaving became metaphorical for making story and also for the possibility of finding autonomy, autonomy of having ones very own voice. Whilst searching for them I made dresses made of silk, that I would wear whilst looking for those women.

I would walk endlessly in the mountains, ask people, trees, earth and stones. those dresses with their story I conserved in shellac after. On my way I found a Tanka old master, who told me how to make a fishnet I tried to sh for the stories of the silk sisters (zishunü) in the south china sea as once they have passed through this sea too, when they ed from the mainland, and waters keep memory.

My search became a search to understand the possibility to create or make/weave my own story and thus finding autonomy.





CHAT by MILL6 Foundation - Social Fabric



Mariana Hahn



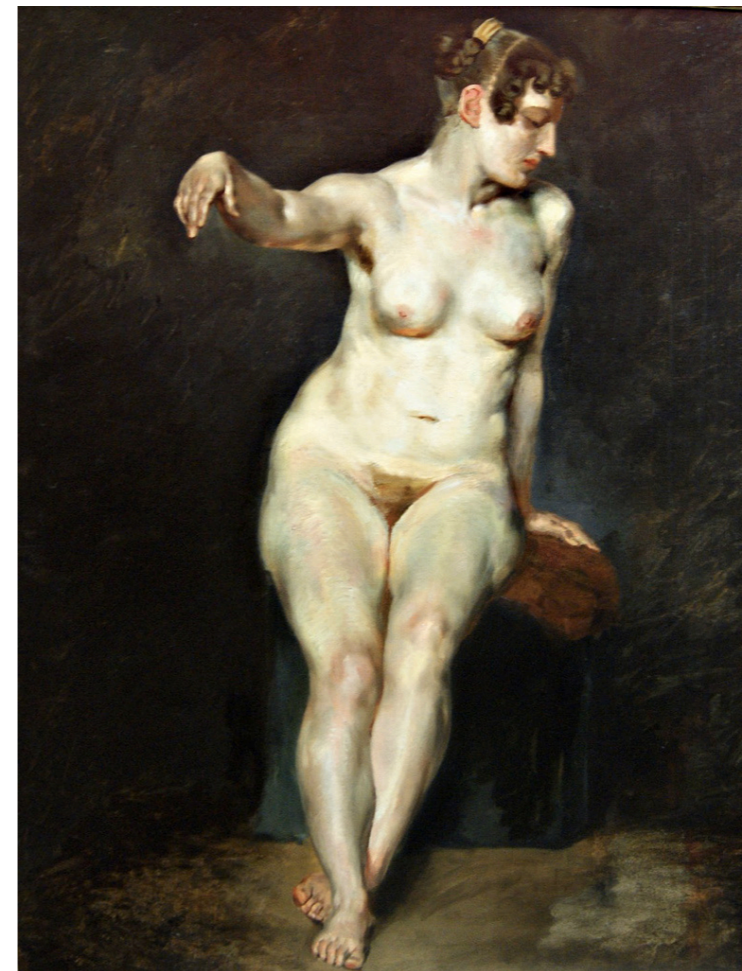
Berlin Mademoiselle Rose

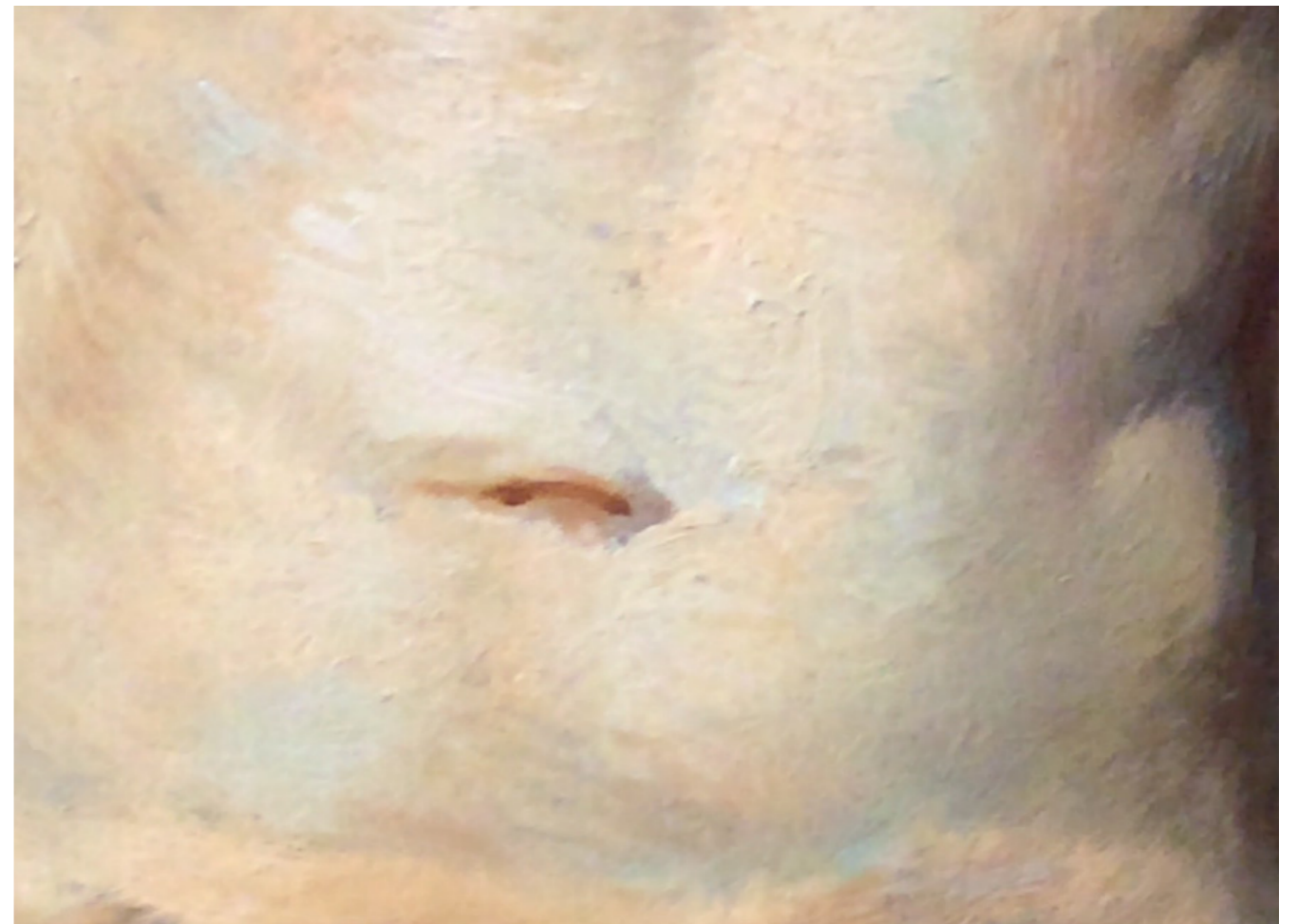
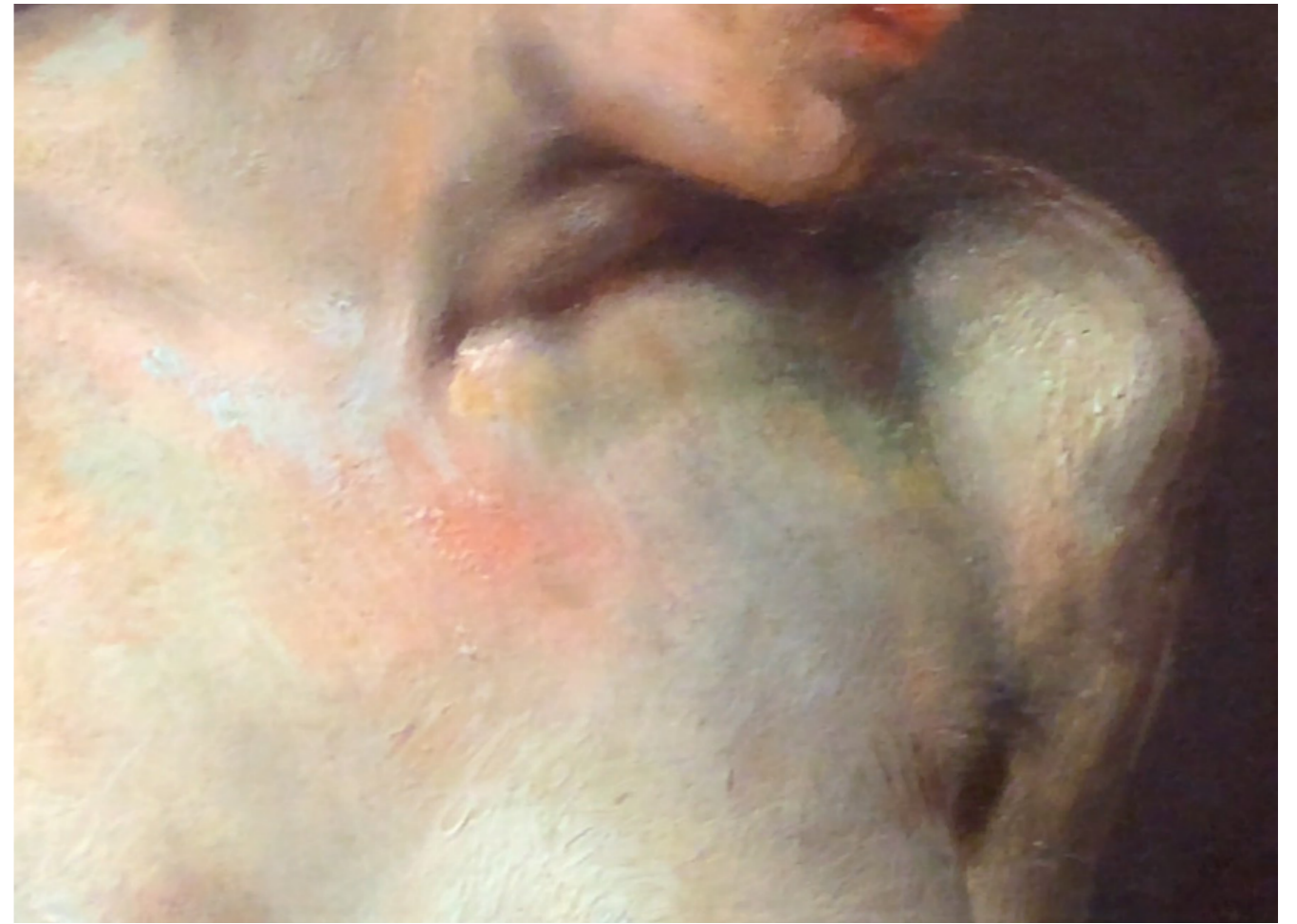
Berlin, Germany - 2014

a work made of printed out video still of a painting and a poem written by Mariana Hahn on the nature of the subject in the painting.
the piece is a performance in which the single sheets one by one are pinned to a wall whilst the poem is being recited.
Duration: 00:15 min Eugène Delacroix 1798 Charenton-Saint-Maurice - 1863 Paris
seated female nude

Poem:

körper
fliehend
tief im denken
da
nicht ich
ich nicht
hier und da begraben ...





Momentum Worldwide Trafo Station Museum of Contemporary Art Burn, My Love, Burn

Berlin, Germany - 2013
Stettin, Poland, 2013

The work "burn my love, burn" creates the body as the carrier of historical signature, the body does so by will, it inscribes, devours the story- becoming a container that vibrates and lives within a narrative. The shroud becomes the elementary signifier of such a historical narrative, it has been impregnated by the story, acts as the monument. Through the burning of it it can become part of an organic form in motion.





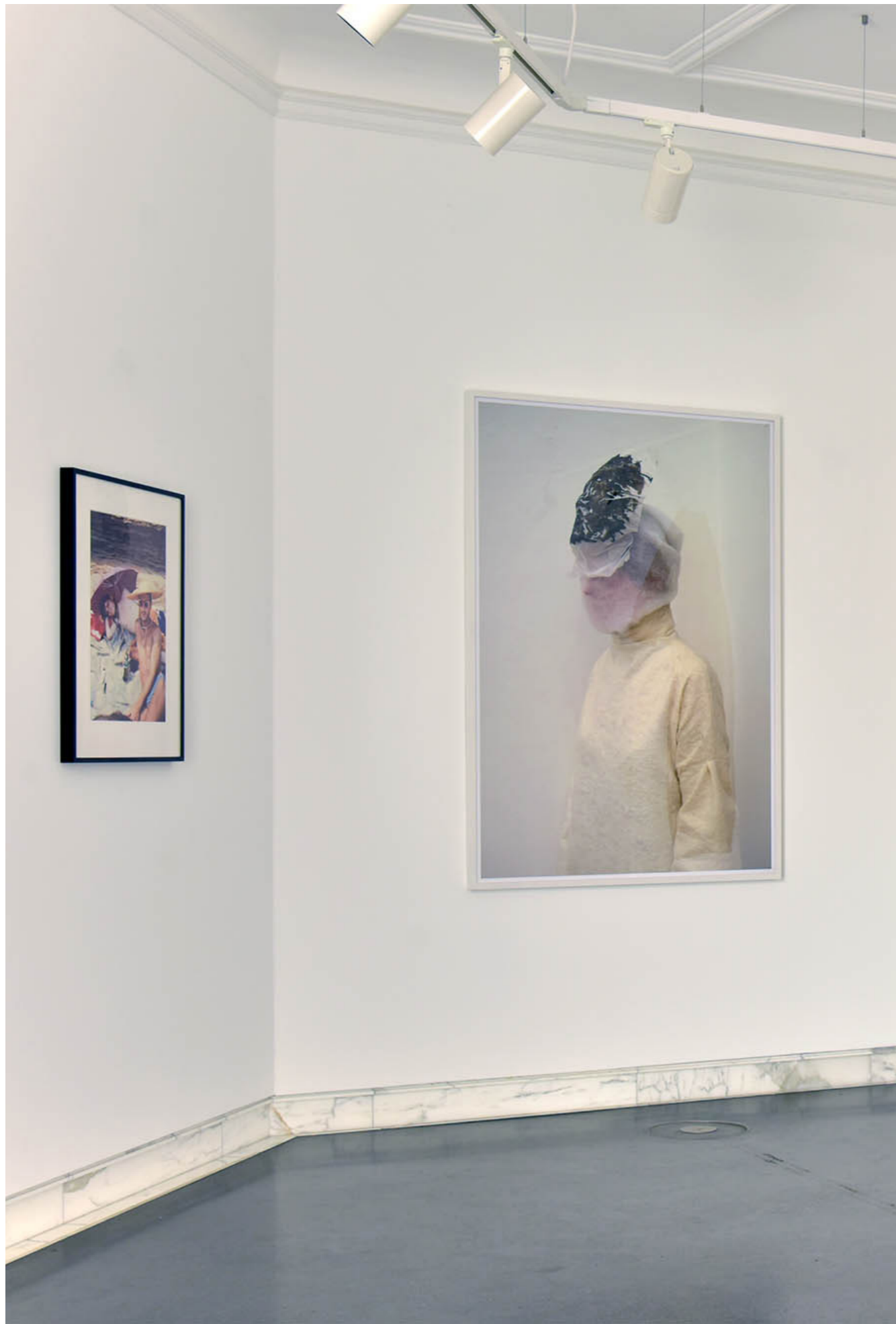
68 Projects me, myself and I

Group Show: Colette, Jürgen Klauke, Ming Wong, Nan Goldin

Berlin, Germany - 2016

... Equally groundbreaking is the work of Jürgen Klauke, who, in his photo series from the same era, appears as an extravagantly exaggerated, androgynous fictional character, challenging traditional social beliefs and gender roles. Language, gender and ethnicity are the centre of Ming Wong's work, who became famous with his re-interpretations of the classics of world cinema, in which he acts and speaks all of the roles, while Mariana Hahn explores and makes visible the power of the symbols of feminine identity and the stories that are inscribed within them, always using silk, shellac and ink as her materials.





Stettin Ezekiel

Stettin, Poland - 2014

In Ekeziel (2014), a series of black and white photographs of an action also made in Szczecin, Hahn pushes her pessimistic view of European history and culture almost to breaking point. In the Old Testament, God demands that the prophet Ekeziel should cut off his hair, split it into three parts and burn one, cut up another, and throw the last one to the winds. All this is to ensure that the people of Judah will be severely punished for not obeying his laws. She follows Ezekiel's ritual by cutting off her own hair and treating it in the same way as in the bible. These images appear shocking not only for their insolent appropriation of blind patriarchy, but also for their disfiguring transformation of a handsome young woman into a prisoner or camp inmate. But this tale of divine cruelty, vengefulness and infanticide becomes yet more lurid: 'fathers will eat their sons among you, and sons will eat their fathers. I will punish you and divide you and spread to every wind those of you who are left.' 'I will send hunger and wild animals to kill your children, and will send sickness, violence, and war to kill you. I, the LORD, have spoken.'

With a LORD like this, Hahn implicitly asks, then who needs a Devil?

David Elliott





Stettin - Ezekiel



Mariana Hahn

Temporary Art Space The Vacancy: 33 rooms / 33 artists

Group Show: Juliette Bonneviot, Emmanuel Bornstein, Emanuel Mauthe, Paula Doepfner, Peter Miller, Robert Muntean, Moritz Schleime, Pola Sieverding

Berlin, Germany - 2015

In old China fishing was seen as a political protest. when the Emperors ministers weren't agreeing with the Emperors politics they would go fishing with a fishing rod, mostly sitting inside a boat on a lake.





Berlin Outprints

Berlin, Germany - 2013





Berlin - Outprints



Mariana Hahn

Domek The Are No Angels Here

Stettin, Poland - 2013

Mariana Hahn and Katja... Ghosts! Look homeward

thee sun is setting what you see and what you are engulfed by is the light of the evening which like a veil lays itself over everything. In this light the ghosts start to wake, it's the hour of their language. It's the time of their wake. thee house of the undertaker becomes the place of a memory that has long been forgotten. A long time ago the Huguenots came to Prussia to escape prosecution in France, they settled in Stettin amongst other places, the house of the undertaker stands on Huguenot grounds. What they took with them was their symbol of sacrifice—the Huguenot cross, the symbol which symbolized their believe, it also designated them from the another populous and made them reconcilable. the performance is describing the presence and re-minding of such a heritage, of people that have once lived in this area, the performance happens in a seemingly beautiful fashion, there is a girl bathing in blue liquid, holding a dove to her breast whilst reciting a poem in French, though the blue liquid in the bath tub will slowly, over the hours consume the skin and inscribe itself into it, the blue liquid is a reference to a state of suffering and sacrifice, the blood which holds memory. e liquid slowly washes into the white fabric of the night gown she is wearing, not leaving the chance of forgetfulness toward the memory.

thee dove, the holy spirit is held to the breast, as if needing its sympathy. e dove suffers too. We speak of an aesthetic of suffering. e beauty in the ecstasy. e state of trance through repeating words like a mantra.

Slowly the body will extract itself from the notion if the individual it holds and becomes "it", a neutral thing. rough that it com-municates through all and everything. It now can address a condition under- lining a human reality, access a meta eld. And move beyond itself. It will be investigated if such a state of becoming "it" will enable the observer to be able to access certain parts of himself that are yet to be found. On the other side of the room there is the mother the woman that works very physically on the perception and revealing of memory, she peels potatoes, she is the mother earth, the action thus becomes quite sexual. It also is an act of peeling o skin, brutally to release what is beneath it.

In the area of Pomerania the potatoes since the 18. Century become a life spending crop, it saved the population from starvation, as the wars devastated the lands. It had always been an area where wars reigned, thus the population of the country side suffered greatly, the potatoes thus became a god given present. Its shape is female, it comes from the earth and the women prepare it to feed their families, yet it is quite ugly and has a dark obscurity to it by growing in darkness, there used to be a shared fear of the country folks toward the potatoes for that same reason. It's a reminder of the suffering that is shared by all that have lived in Pomerania. e act of peeling becomes an invocation to allow the voices of the past come forth, it the woman peeling then also disappears, she is ghost like with her white dress and strange apartness.

There is no good day for angels here
Because they have all gone
They have left
I sense the sweat of their wings
Resting on my eyes
I close the window
And wind still shines
Where I lose my mind
It rests and laughs
Because we are all there is





Domek - The Are No Angels Here



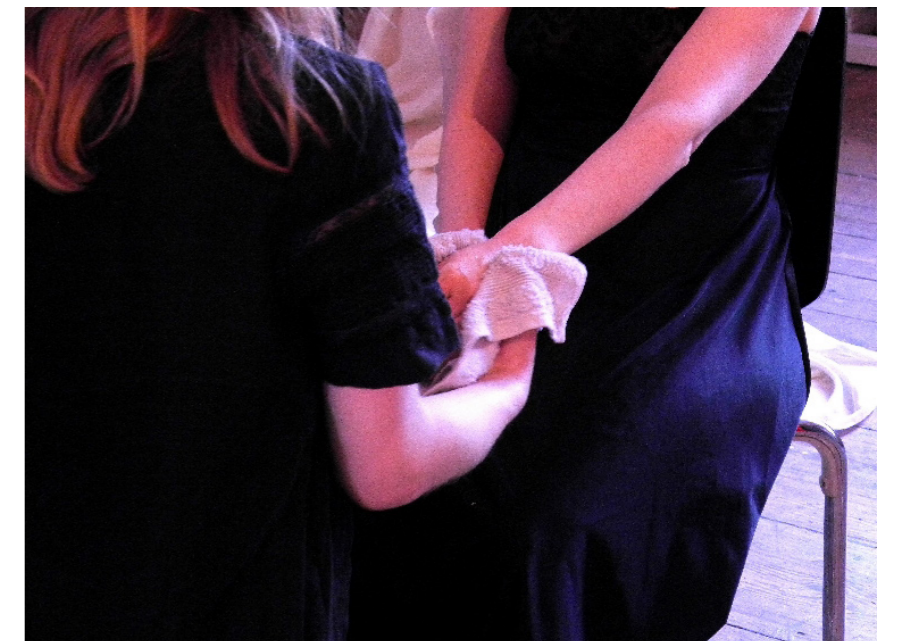
Mariana Hahn

Momentum Worldwide Empress Of Sorrow

Berlin, Germany - 2013

"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.





Momentum Worldwide

I am here

Paris, France - 2011
Berlin, Germany - 2012

"Implications of Figure Distortion in Performance Art The artist must distort the figure "so as to return it to reality with greater force." When Francis Bacon first made this declaration in reference to painting, he implied that such a treatment of the figure has the potential for a much greater range of aesthetic tensions than any "faithful" illustration that entirely depends on its subject for its realization. But what are the implications of Bacon's dictum if we were to speak of the distortion of a living figure such as the performance artist, Mariana Hahn? In her series, I Am Here, Hahn covers her whole body in a plastic drape that is sufficiently translucent to allow greater evidence of the figure than its mere outline, but also sufficiently opaque to preclude discernment of a specific identity. At the outset, such a distortion of the figure posits two related aesthetic tensions regarding the issue of presence and absence of the performing artist. On the one hand, since the plastic reveals a figure but conceals identity, in what sense is the artist present to the spectator? On the other hand, does the encapsulation of the artist in such a membrane generate a space distinct from its surrounding so as to allow the claim that the artist inhabits thereby a discrete space—concrete or abstract—and therefore is not present to the spectator at all? These questions are much more central in performance than in the plastic arts because presence of the artist, whether literal or virtual in recorded video, properly is a sine qua non of the definition of performance art since its contemporary iteration dating from the sixties that witnessed a dialectical progression of artist presence ranging from pure video art without a depicted artist presence (Bill Viola); video art with performance elements by the artist (Bruce Nauman); and live performance by the artist (Marina Abramovic). In its totality, I Am Here, both documents and synthesizes this progression.

Hahn's series also comprises ancillary acts such as using the same plastic drapery of her performances to cover life-sized academic figurative bronzes in public spaces, as well as people other than herself. Due to the distortion of the semi-opaque plastic, the spectator is in doubt at first as to whether this is a bronze of two figures, or simply Hahn nestled in the arms of a bronze. Alternatively, we might wonder whether it is Hahn herself beneath the plastic, or someone else. Since performance requires the presence of the artist in order to allow it a degree of determinism sufficient to distinguish it from other activities, ambiguity or doubt as to the artist's presence generates a theoretical tension as to whether the performance medium itself is present or absent.

Ironically, this possibility itself is intrinsic to the performance medium that relies by its nature on the fact of comprising the artist's body. We may doubt the merits of a painting or sculpture, but we can hardly imagine a condition where the work asserts itself as such, but also actively casts doubt as to its own existence. In Hahn's work, the selection of performance medium therefore is not an arbitrary preference, but a necessary precondition for the work's theoretical intention. But I Am Here poses further questions. Even if the artist were not present, since the work we see nonetheless is the result of the artist's intervention, then does it not presuppose her presence whether or not it is literally vis-ible at the moment we witness it? Suppose we only imagine the presence of the artist when in fact what we see through the plastic drape is could be a bronze or another person. Is our mental construction of the artist's presence less in our experience than the literal presence of the artist who has created such conditions? Since the plastic drapery distorts her factual presence to a degree that it effaces her distinct physical identity, then, for the spectator how is her factual presence sufficiently distinct from that of a possible surrogate to be discernible apart from our imagination of it? By calling into question through a variety of means both the nature and validity of artist's presence as a criterion of the performance medium, the artist (1) shifts the locus of the performative aesthetic act from performance itself to the spectator's perception of it. In this way the perception is no longer entirely distinct from the act, but becomes its aesthetic constitutor. And (2) by redefining the limits of what constitutes artist's presence in performance art, Hahn reconfigures its most specific criterion. For conceiving works that fundamentally advance the possibilities of the medium, Hahn's work merits every support."

Drew Hammond
2012, Senior International Correspondent, "The Art Economist"





London

Blahblahbblahb hurray, burn em all!

London, UK - 2009

"In *Blahblahbblahb hurray, burn em all!* (2010) Hahn expands this humanitarian ideal ironically by re-cording the primitive Bonfire Night celebrations held each 5th November in the UK to give thanks for the foiling of the 'Gunpowder Plot,' an assassination attempt against King James I by provincial Catholics at the 1605 Opening of Parliament. Eight of the plotters were hung, drawn and quartered, but Guy Fawkes, in charge of enough gunpowder to blow the House of Lords to smithereens, is still ritually incinerated on domestic bonfires each year, with much drink, jollity and fireworks. As previously, her point is about how violence is made acceptable and fetishised as well as the ways in which, unquestioned, it is woven into both the texture and texts of culture."

David Elliott





London - Blahblablahb hurray, burn em all!



Mariana Hahn

Momentum Worldwide Goat Head Soup

Group Show: Nezaket Ekici, Ian Haig, Sarah Lüdemann, and Li Zhenhua

London, UK - 2008
Berlin, Germany - 2018

imagination is the womb of the mind
the excitement must go even further until a swi death be reached from which we
may arise again the oracle speaks
from her lips ink drips onto her merciless land
...





Untitled

Brandenburg, Germany - 2012





Untitled - Brandenburg



Mariana Hahn



Mariana Hahn
Berlin - Paris

mail@marianahahn.com