

AUDIO

ingo & annette

2000-01

Text by Myron Helfgott

Voices: Ingo Porschein, Inga Sassnick
(not in exhibition)

Ingo:

Sometimes I feel like Oscar Wilde: being a part of everything and being a part of nowhere at the same time. Last Sunday my father celebrated his 70th birthday and invited all members of the family and friends to a big dinner at restaurant near by. It was snowing, the restaurant had its Christmas decoration, it was a very German party. The generation of my parents is a very German generation completed by the grandparents who are even more locals than their children. People were very organized, sitting on a long table and every once in a while the neighbors of my parents serenaded to my father who stood up at the front of the table and bowed down before his friends. The food was heavy, wild boar, deer, duck and cow and the red wine was from Baden-Wurttemberg. Later that night my father got drunken, started to change into politics and wasn't able to listen, just kept talking and talking and...Suddenly he feels that he became an old man, especially after he saw the video of his event the next day which I presented to him as a present for Christmas.





Annette:

Myron, you're such a strange fellow. You act as if you're out to break all the rules, to make an art that is fresh, that adds to the vocabulary of this new century. But what you've done is a tired rehashing of old ideas. It doesn't have the vitality of painting, the intimacy of photography, or the depth of literature. There is something too sentimental about this piece. Ingo and I are in two different worlds. He's lamenting the conservative nature of his parents...(pause) everyone's parents are conservative. I wish he would speak about me or the awkward position you've put him in. He's selling his patrimony, he's a shill for your ego. Is this some sort of psychodrama? Are you claiming no responsibility yet willing to accept all the acclaim? Where are you in this piece?...lurking behind the scenes, pulling Ingo's strings...taking his lovely story and holding it up to ridicule? Are you hiding behind the two of us afraid to show your face? If it weren't for us, you'd have nothing.