



Why is Sissy Pink smiling, why?

In 1959¹ humanity was at its wit's end once again. People stopped having new ideas; since the second world war, more and more was happening, and it was happening faster and faster. Despite this, conditions in the sites of civilization were becoming increasingly duller. Everything had taken on the form of a commodity: art, politics, each new idea was measured according to its consumability, and everything was meant to function with ever greater ease.

Then the first creatures began to resist their growth, as we heard whispered from Günter's Gras; yet to really come into the world during this era, when everything was done out of boredom, you had to allow yourself to become visible. Boredom is senseless. And using the senses is something of which humans are incapable. "Sensible" means consumable; what cannot be consumed – or what is "senseless" – is pushed aside; and if it cannot be completely repressed, it is insensibly treated as ornamentation, as "art." Nonetheless, the friction that arises between what is known and familiar and what is unknown and unfamiliar cannot be ignored – and where it is not ideologically marketable, sensibility arises, from which some people draw power for their odd lives. But these are not people – they're magicians.

Once again, one such magician became the victim of her own wishes and desires. And she thought about how her powers could lead to their realization. She smiled for the first time. She was about to emerge from the depths of an ancient sea. The glimmer and glow of the light let her recognize the essence of sensual pleasure. At the bottom of the sea, she had already laid stone on stone, had braided plants, woven sea grass, but the magician Sissy did not want the little trinkets – sensual pleasure is not conditional; it's unconditional. She then emerged henceforth into the light and recognized how brightness and darkness had divided and called herself from then on Sissy Pink. The magician Pink went on her way. No existential question was a stranger to her. She knew every answer and found a solution for everything. She knew, that she would have to work and sacrifice for it – yes, her thoughts appeared to her clearly enough – to dare leave the fairy tale forest.² The first thing that she encountered were signs allowing or forbidding things. She liked them: they had amusing colors, and one could orientate on them. And she gathered up every kind of second-hand signal that could still be found and marked her own favorite places with the symbols of her ideas. Then she smiled and moved on.

The paths grew smoother and flatter and the roads ever more encroached by walls. She united with fire. It became smoky and steamy, and sparks flew. The shadows jumped around uncontrollably, and each of these beings that were cast onto the walls demanded of Sissy Pink a sacrifice.³ But the magician made just one attempt to serve the shadows and then she knew her own answers to the gray-beige swamp. Answers!?

¹ Elisabeth H., born 5 July 1959 in Vienna.

² Modeschule der Stadt Wien, Hetzendorf / Fashion school of Vienna, Hetzendorf.

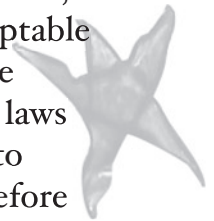
³ First (U-)Modeschauen / U-fashion shows





There were doors in the walls and shadows were creeping everywhere. Oh! Thought the magician Pink and tried to get to know the shadows: on the walls she painted colorful pictures from the magical world. “Oh!” said the shadows, speaking friendly words, making fences around the beautiful wall-pictures, and placing guards in front of them, before running off. Pink took the colorful pictures from the walls and dressed the guards with them. They, however, said: “Oh, we have already been paid and now we have something else to do. We are shadows and do not want to be touched.” With this, Pink’s values were devalued and she was alone with what had once been a beautiful freedom. Independent, unloved, and only allowed on a pedestal as an art gratuity. The colorful world is not colorful, but allowed. Everything else is forbidden; where would we be with too much freedom. Sissy Pink still had much to learn and thought, it must be smart to go, for once not to a school of lower, but instead to a school of higher education.⁴ There she received a note upon which was printed:

“The art school program: everyone who does not know what they want can come here. And if you do know what you want, don’t show it – you can do this by expressing the sensibility of your own perception exclusively in a form encoded beyond recognition. What is and remains important, is to present a falsity as truth, with a maximum amount of objectives. There are no direct paths. Pain is acceptable only as an ornament, joy only as intoxication. Destroy everything that you have created with your hands and present yourself as an ideological mediator of the laws of nature; disintegration is our truth of development. Those of you who want to build something of your own force others to commit to positions and are therefore unwelcome. As a matter of technical assistance, everyone will be occupied with themes having nothing to do with the subject. Art’s essential frictional value lies in incompetence, whose exaggerated state of boredom should heal humanity of their ability to sense things. Only a committed non-commitment need be practiced, so that people never aspire to relate to each other and construct their own counter-shadow worlds. Considering the aspects mentioned above, art is true and disturbs no one – or if it does, then only to a calculable extent.”



Sissy Pink quickly forgot the period of higher learning, as if it had never happened. Yet she did learn this much – one makes concessions only to defend oneself against attacks on one’s personal freedom. She hurried back to her magical realm, asked her spirit friends whether they could not have warned her earlier, yet did not grieve over the disappointment and asked an army of little beings to accompany her: the Syssypypys.

Pink allied herself once again with fire. It was now, as before, not conditional, but unconditional, as she wanted. And where it burned, sensibility could no longer be destroyed. She warded off signs and signals by simply rearranging them, which was still admissible as art; as such she was also still admissible. For this she also received a prize that offered written confirmation of her “creativity.”⁵ (Of course this kind of

⁴ Hochschule für Angewandte Kunst, Wien / University of Applied Arts, Vienna.

⁵ Creativity Prize, U-fashion / fashion art 1987, Vienna.





thing must always be stated clearly. After all, where would we be if all things were considered creation, if people had to find their own key for everything, by themselves!?) She could really fool the shadow-beings with her skills; soon they became not so shadowy, but rather, were wearing the wonderfully sensible vestments of the magician. But what is sensibility compared to economy? The economy warlocks wanted to channel, define, and divide up the wild brightness. Sissy Pink's clothes defended themselves; they were, after all, originals like each and every human individual. But today individuals appear to have forgotten their godliness and would rather be slaves to comfort. Sissy Pink was not afraid of disappointment. In the world of fantasy, it is not quantity that counts, but rather the intensity of an idea. The world today can only still recognize illusion (a bank note) and as answer, a new conservatism. But Sissy Pink was never the conservative kind; she was, after all, united with fire and as it burned, she continued on her direct path of creation – for thankful creatures – her little beings that no longer grew into people, but wanted instead to remain the pure fantasy of a free existence. One critic, clever and hungry for business, even wrote:

“The Syssyppypys fully and independently show Sissy Pink's existential position. The unconscious and the imagination shape self-willed figures, which have no danger of failing because they are difficult to wear (like her pictures waiting to be brought to life; her fashions). The Syssyppypys can be found in unexpected places, such as, private rooms, shops, stores, galleries, and films – like hobgoblins, wishing to save a cold world from emotional death.”



And the path to success was not yet over: “Oh, very interesting,”⁶ said a Mr. Shadow – when he saw some Syssyppypys and Pink fashions – and wrote “art” on a slip of paper and said: “Continue with your art.” With a gracious gesture he also revealed that he was a magician who understood all – and then went on his way.

Pink, however, took the note, crumpled it up, threw color on it and stuck it in a transparent sheet. This was her document. She had been declared free in concrete form and was now allowed something that others were not supposed to do – to sell nearly everything as artistically valuable – and everyone should know that they could continue to enjoy the fact that it was something original. “Ha, ha,” the shadows of the human world finally said, “how original,” and they loved the Syssyppypys and pressed them to their supposed hearts. With the Syssyppypys they could love everything that they commonly hated: nature, freedom, fantasy, difference, and sensuality. The little spirits laughed knowingly; they were clever. Once again, they had unmasked people. Yet the human shadow figures were also not stupid.

They continued to say “Ha, ha.” But when their voices became hoarse, they knew that they had come from the last stock and put the Syssyppypys in plastic bags and marked them with a low price, so that no one would realize the true value of the

⁶ Recognition as artist





little beings, in order to free them as soon as possible. Every rational person knows what comes next: Pink too, with all of her worldly experience in human rituals, already thought of her tragic end and awoke from the dream of dreams. She loaded all Syssypypys that she could find, that had once been so full of life, into a wheel barrel and threw them onto a magnificent fire. It didn't make any difference, that they had bonded with the sheer fire; in the shadow of humanity's cold hand, the little beings had turned to earth.

But the sooty smoke, the gasses of the fire, had now penetrated every crack and a new spirited spirit would sprout, ready to fight. And there's no telling what comes next.

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