

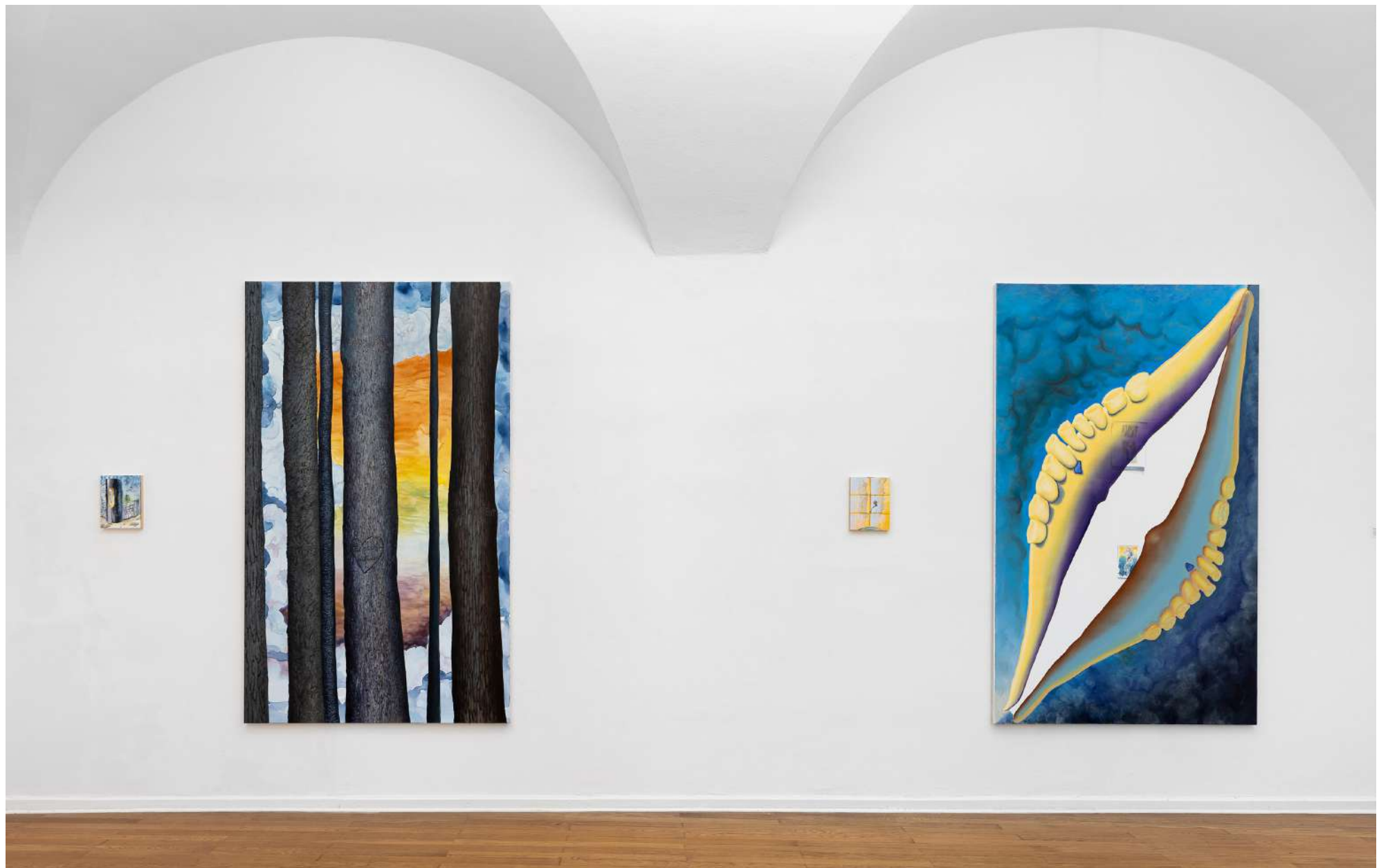
TITANIA SEIDL  
SELECTED WORKS

Titania Seidl makes paintings that shift between figuration and abstraction. The paintings each have both representational and non-representational elements within them, not so much as a struggle between these elements but rather as a harmony within the frame. That said, there is sometimes a discomfort at play in the composition and arrangement of form in her paintings.

From dripping paint in different colours, to recognizable objects and living forms, such as houseplants, to outlines of human faces, to household items, discarded gloves ... all elements collapse together, albeit without tension, into an ongoing state of becoming.

The paintings with their white under-surface of gessoed canvas are not even, in a way, complete, suggesting that this process of becoming is indeed on-going. But what is not present, it appears, are some of the emotive gestures found in other paintings. There is no mournfulness; there is no sense of astonishment or even giddiness. The form is presented as it is, but this is exactly the conundrum: form does not appear like this. Careful observation is clearly one element of her praxis as a painter, but another appears to be a certain kind of impartiality.

The compositions and images are entirely subjective in their invention and presentation, but neither ruefulness nor abandon accompany this subjectivity. The paintings come into being as if they had been in this process well before they were begun.



## ANTON FAISTAUER AWARD

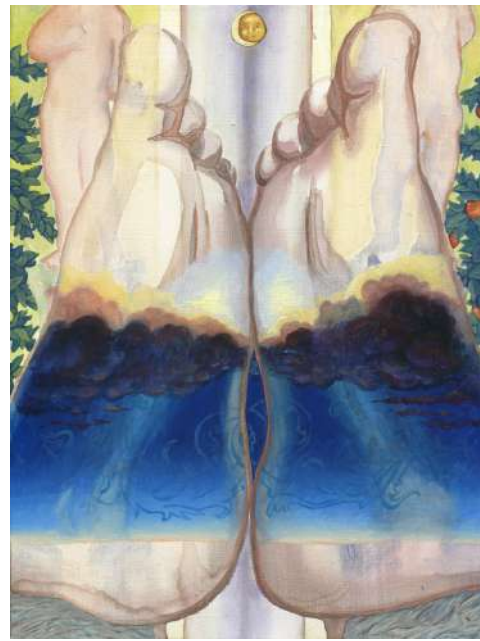
Galerie im Traklhaus  
Salzburg, 2023

two paintings, watercolor & oil on wood  
two paintings, watercolor & oil on canvas



maybe blinded against the light, the token all dried up

2022  
watercolor and oil on wood  
24x18 cm



The Lovers  
(how long can my skin hold me in)

2022  
watercolor and oil on wood  
24x18 cm



the apparition (inhabiting yourself as if you were inside a house)

2022  
Oil on wood  
24x18 cm



reading his cheat sheet on August 17th, reaching up on the U6 train

2022  
watercolor and oil on wood  
24x18 cm





the deep fold between your covers littered  
with my crumpled half-thoughts

2022  
Oil and Watercolor on Canvas  
200 x 120 cm



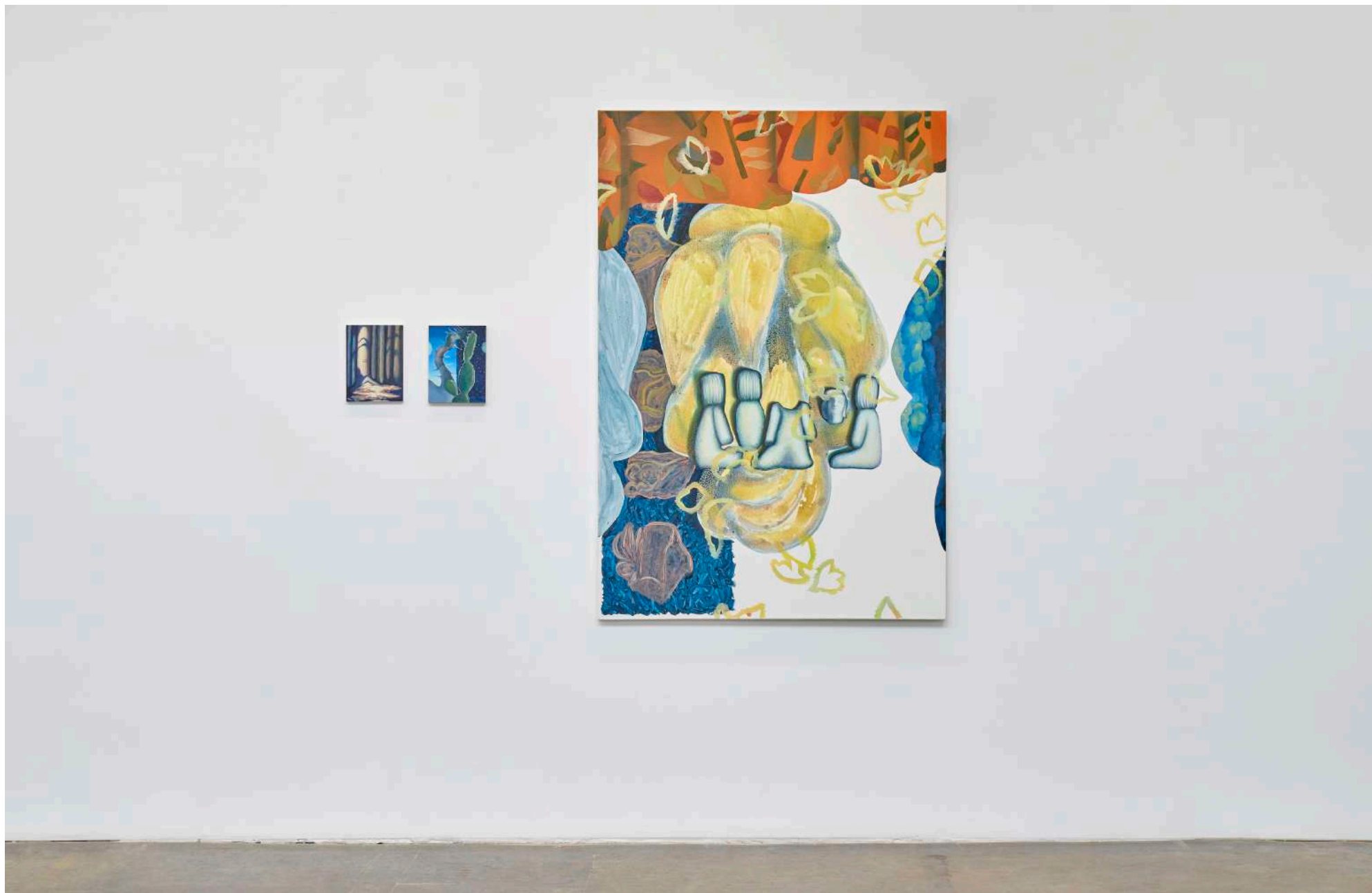
at all times both subject and object or  
the sister of the big skirt

2022  
Oil and Watercolor on Canvas  
200 x 120 cm



rushing, as if the hurried flow of words  
would keep me with her

2022  
Oil and Watercolor on Canvas  
200 x 120 cm



Nicodim, Los Angeles  
2022  
twenty paintings,  
short story text

## EYES NEVER QUITE CATCHING



I study your face on my screen. Not that I can actually see much. There's a window behind you, and you look more than a paper silhouette than a three dimensional person. As you shift your head, the light flickers, sometimes, and I can make out more - the pixellated bridge of your nose, your lips moving, I think I can even make out your teeth. Your eyes are cast in darkness, but their shade of deep brown, I don't need to see it to remember.

You ask me how I am and as I answer fine, you know I mean exhausted.

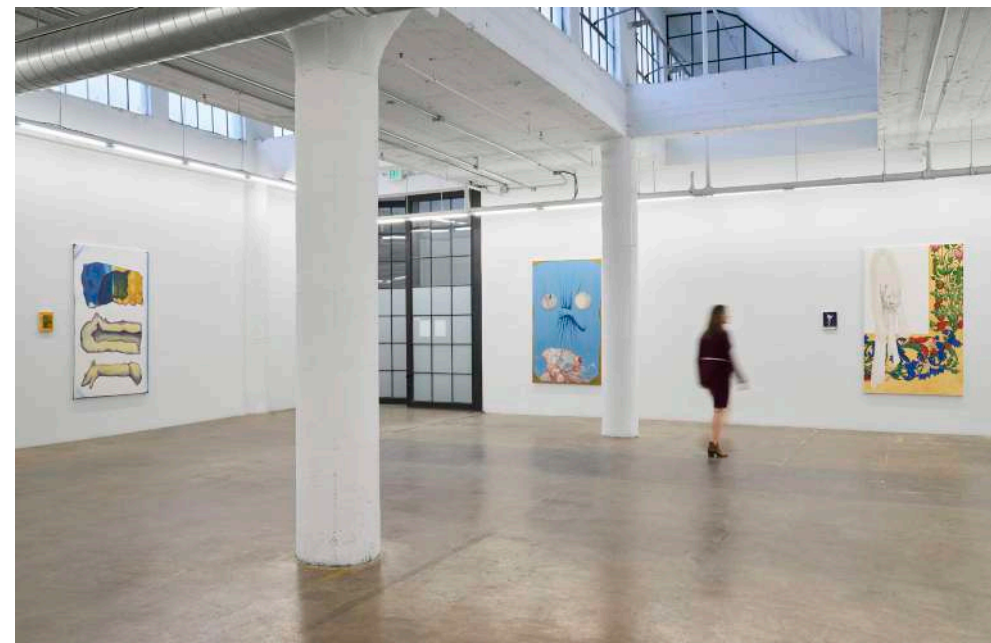
As you tell me about your last months, my eyes trail to your virtual surroundings - behind your video image, I can see the edge of a painting from a medieval manuscript, ornamental tendrils growing several types of flowers and fruit at once. I can also see, on your right, a blown up image of a hand held mirror, its handle lining up with the edge of the table in your frame, a strange coincidence.

There's a pause in the conversation and I feel the urge to fill the gap with words before it grows too large. I've developed close relationships to the objects populating my living room, I throw in. Can you imagine, the cactus is growing a paw. The vase looks out the window with its bird face. The orchid blooms three times a year and when the blossoms wither, I catch the petals with my hands, their skin as dry as mine from all the hand washing. The dark roots of my bleached hair provide me with a calendar to track the passage of time. You laugh, you might try that out, too.

You talk about a book you've read recently, about a nameless female narrator who finds herself completely alone on earth, the last woman standing, the most depressing combination of loneliness and empowerment, I carefully zoom into the image behind you, my fingers touching the trackpad surface as if it was your face I caress. After our conversation, I will remember your voice, deeper than I'd last heard it, linked to slowly enlarging the scanned page of a book about representational sculptures.

The recent past feels more distant than ancient history, you sigh, and I agree. My eyes refocus on your face that has become an abstract pattern in the changing light around you. The small image of myself next to you has also turned a dark shade of purple, and as I watch myself not looking at you I stammer about the column in the city center. I watch my mouth move and I can hear how I fail to make this story interesting, about the monument that has been erected over three hundred years ago, an object that looks like a pile of foam has been dumped down from the skies, until you get close enough to see long arms and legs protruding from the amorphous form.

It's not as soft as foam, of course, or as ephemeral as the clouds it's mimicking, the whole form is carved out of hard, lasting limestone. The permanence of the thing has drawn people back to it in this recent crisis, I tell your face, now flickering in and out of focus. After decades of being a landmark, a sight for tourists, devoid of all meaning, it has been redisco-



vered as a source of comfort. People laid down flowers at the base of this baroque colossus, lit candles, stuck letters in the netting protecting its surface from vandalism and pigeons. My sentence ends in nothingness and I'm not sure if I've made my point clear. I try to make out your expression, you remain an unmoving shadow. I open my mouth to say something else, to end my ramblings with a joke, if possible, but instantly your face is covered up by a turning dial and my screen tells me the connection is bad.

My screen turns black abruptly. I finally look myself in the eyes, surrounded by the blurry reflection of a tired face.

(Titania Seidl,  
eyes never quite catching)





## SEE IT AS A STRANGER MIGHT

Bildraum 07, Vienna  
2021  
fifteen paintings,  
lines of text printed on wall

*(middle)*  
The three looking glasses or The three  
magnifying glasses or The hour glass

2021  
Oil and Watercolor on Canvas  
200 x 120 cm





Titania Seidl's work concerns itself with the brittle informative value of images. In her show at Bildraum 07, the artist shows both her paintings, defined by diligent observation, and a text piece printed directly onto the gallery walls.

The paintings, both large and small in format, show fragments of motifs taken out of various narrative contexts. The subject matter, found in historical archives, recorded in contemporary everyday life or collected in the stream of digital imagery surrounding us, comes together on the picture plane to form a new whole. The artist thereby evokes a loose narrative, that is also reflected in the lines of texts seemingly floating across the exhibition space. Anecdotal moments intertwine with historically charged objects as the artist switches between different narratorial perspectives.

Esther Mlenek, 2021

reflection.



*(left)*  
last month's shedded skin hung out to dry

2021  
Oil and Watercolor on Canvas  
200 x 120 cm



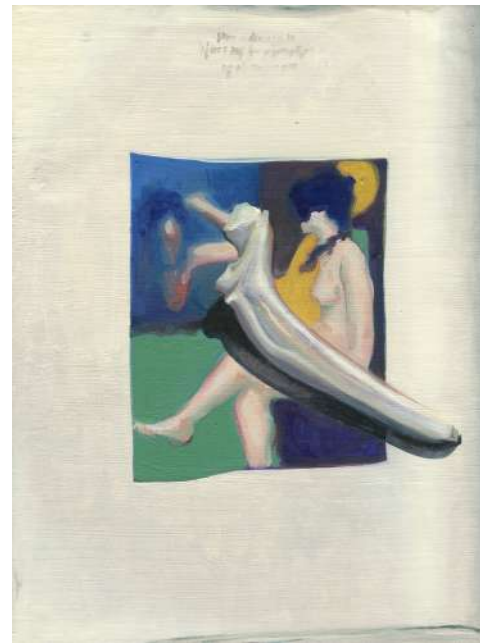
*(right)*  
withering thin parchmentlike skin cupped  
in the hollow of my palm

2021  
Oil on wood  
30x15 cm



longing to study your expression when  
you look at this from the movement of your  
pupils to the slight twitch in the curve of your  
lips but the blur in your video filter is heavy  
and so is mine

2021  
Oil on wood  
24x18 cm



page turner-after Helene Funke

2021  
Oil on wood  
24x18 cm



book of hours (no scale, no weight,  
no distance)

2021  
Oil on wood  
24x18 cm



the wait

2021  
Oil on wood  
24x18 cm





ences that escape the glitches. Your voice sounds slightly hollow, as if we'



*(left)*

The big skirt inflating before blowing up or  
The monumental pumpkin lantern igniting  
before glowing up

2021

Oil and Watercolor on Canvas  
200 x 120 cm

*(right)*

the demands of speech

2021

Oil and Watercolor on Canvas  
24x18 cm



two and a half fossilized gestures

2021  
Oil and Watercolor on Canvas  
200x120cm



songs of the early 20s

2021  
Watercolor on Wood  
24 x 18 cm



visualize your fingertips touching all the things you can see through other people's windows at night

2021  
Oil and Watercolor on Wood  
24x18 cm



Connection Cravings-after Paradise  
by Giovanni di Paolo

2021  
Oil and Watercolor on Wood  
24x18 cm





Three friends waiting in line

2020  
Oil on Wood  
24x18 cm

faces distorted into pixelated visual static,  
voices a delayed, alien sounding crackle

2021  
Oil and Watercolor on Canvas  
200 x 120 cm





MAUVE, Vienna  
2021  
seven paintings

## HERMIT'S HANDBAG

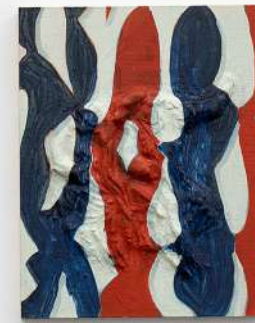
1

2

3

4

5



- 1 six coins or six compasses or six bubblewrap bubbles to combat speechlessness
- 2 trimmed down to the bare bones
- 3 evil eye, racerback
- 4 they warp, they bend, they buckle
- 5 they buckle, they bend, they warp

30 x 24 cm  
 30 x 24 cm  
 30 x 20 cm  
 30 x 24 cm  
 30 x 24 cm

(each)  
 Oil on Wood /  
 Oil on Clay Relief on Wood



# ANYTHING GOES (PHOENIX)

White and Weiss Gallery, Bratislava  
2021

curated by Michal Stolarik  
series of six wall pieces and one sculpture  
*in collaboration with Lukas Thaler*



accidental arch (embedded gesticulation)

2021  
watercolor, pigmented plaster,  
fibre-reinforced XPS, aluminium  
120 x 30 cm



container

2021  
Jesmonite, marble powder, plaster,  
fibre-reinforced XPS, pigmented  
gesso, watercolor, varnish  
75 x 85,5 x 124 cm

*collaboration with Lukas Thaler*



*(left)*  
accidental pillar (embedded gaze) III

2021  
watercolor, pigmented plaster,  
fibre-reinforced XPS, aluminium  
120 x 30 cm  
*collaboration with Lukas Thaler*



*(right)*  
accidental pillar (embedded gaze) II

2021  
watercolor, pigmented plaster,  
fibre-reinforced XPS, aluminium  
120 x 30 cm  
*collaboration with Lukas Thaler*





## DOMINO SERIES

How my bodiless eye travels

2020  
Watercolor on Canvas  
200 x 100 cm



I keep your name out of my mouth

2020  
Oil and Watercolor on Canvas  
200 x 100 cm



look of disinterested longing

2020  
Oil and Watercolor on Canvas  
200 x 100 cm



## ANTROPORARY

Jan Koniarek Gallery  
Trnava, 2020  
*collaboration with Lukas Thaler*

17 pieve installation, sculptures  
with oil paintings on canvas,  
light, sound, revolving sculptures



I know you (like the bottom of my toes),

2020  
Oil and Watercolor on Canvas  
120 x 60 cm



I know you (like the back of my hand)

2020  
Oil and Watercolor on Canvas  
120 x 60 cm



I know you (like the top of my forearm)

2019  
Oil and Watercolor on Canvas  
120 x 60 cm



# PRÊT-À-PORTER

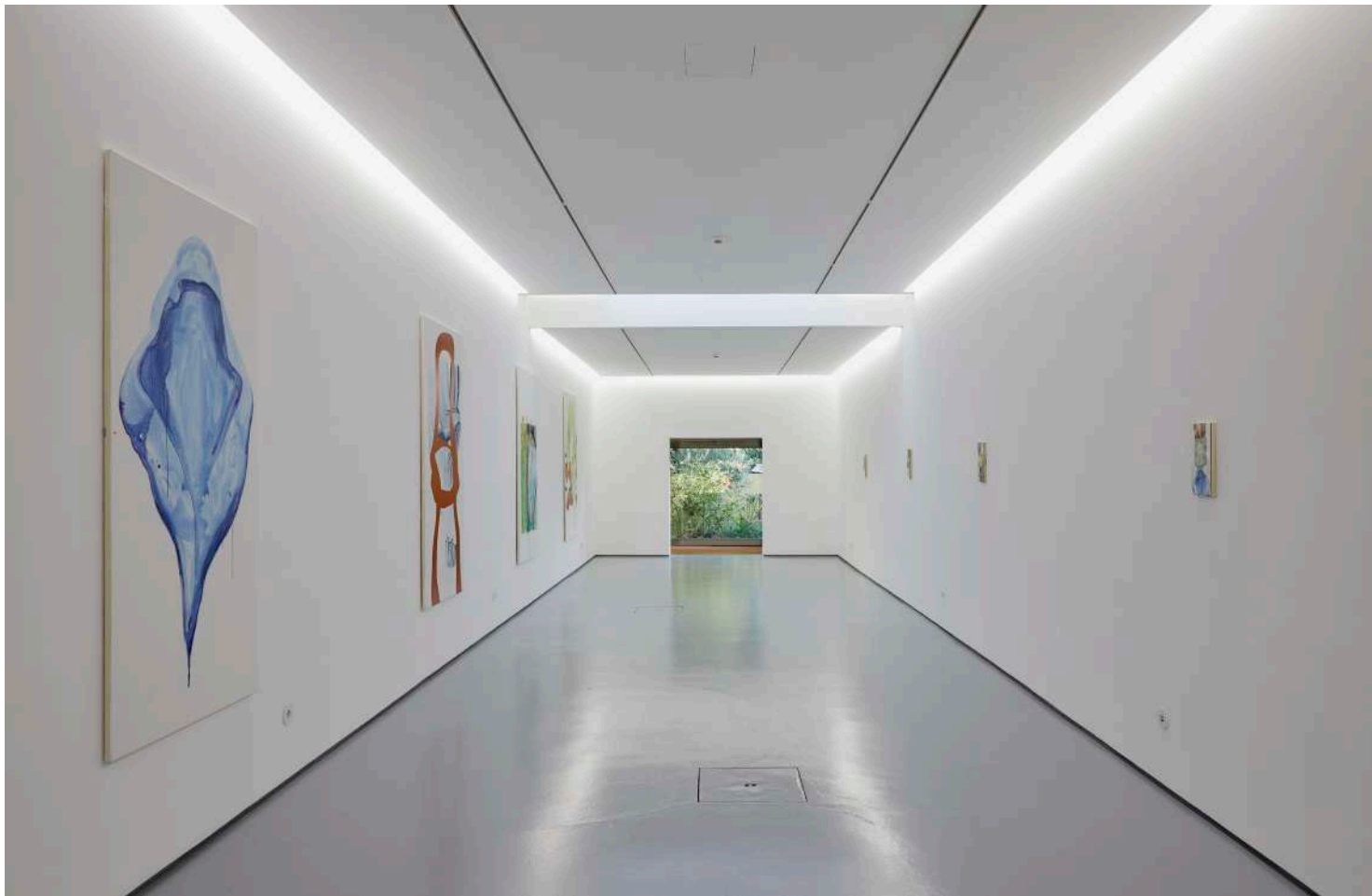


Daihatsu Rooftop Gallery  
Vienna, 2020

sculpture styrofoam, plaster and acrylics  
with inlaid paintings oil on board

*collaboration with Lukas Thaler*





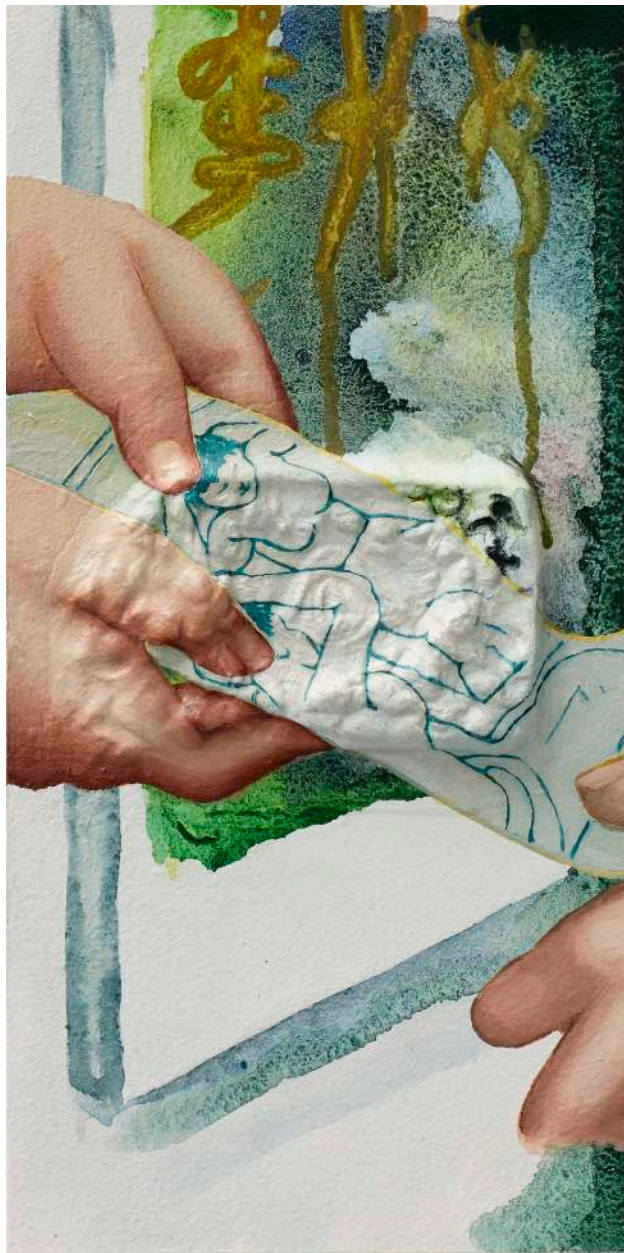
## MARY SUE (HER RAW GAZE)

Quadrado Azul, Porto  
2019

five paintings oil and watercolor on canvas,  
five mirrored paintings with clay relief

If you went up in smoke I would just open  
a window

2019  
Oil and Watercolor on Canvas  
200 x 100 cm



*(left)*

I could tell you a lot about what it's like to be an empty shape in an undefined space, but would you listen?

2019

Oil, Watercolor, Clay Relief on Wood  
30 x 15 cm

*(right)*

Tired of trying to tune his aching instrument of a self

2019

Oil, Watercolor, Clay Relief on Wood  
30 x 15 cm



# YOUR DELICIOUS DREAMING



Salon Goldschlag  
Vienna, 2019

*(sculpture: Jakob Kolb)*



## HANGING OF TRAITORS IN EFFIGIE (PART 1)

Über das Neue, Belvedere 21  
Vienna, 2019

*with Lukas Thaler & Laura Yuile*





## WIDDER II

white dwarf magazine  
Vienna, 2019

one painting, magazine with short  
story and images



## THE YIPS

Céline, Glasgow  
2018

four paintings hung as a frieze  
with Lukas Thaler & Céline Struger





## FISTS WITH YOUR TOES

Parallel Vienna

2018

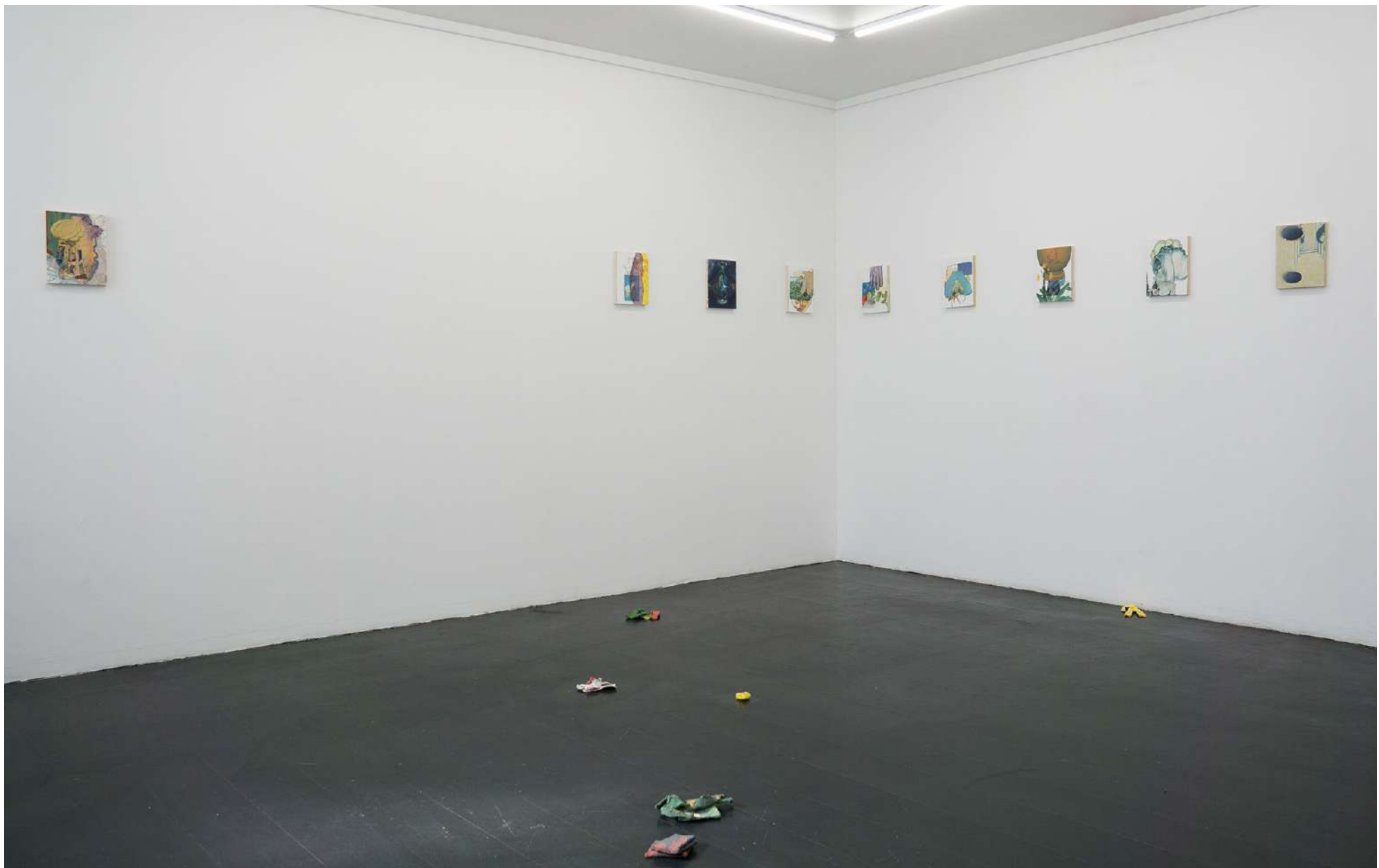
short story on seven posters, wall reliefs,  
painting oil on canvas, text print outs  
to take away

There was a bed in the room that had never been there before. It was small for a double bed but large for the room. She remembered the space as it had been, an office on the small side with two desks, one on each end of the rectangular floor plan. The long side not a wall, but a window front, the glass panes reaching almost from the ceiling to the floor. On the fourth wall, shelves to the left and right of a door, the one she had unlocked and whose frame she was now standing in. She couldn't remember the specific reason why she had dropped by, it wasn't one of her office days. Supposedly she had just wanted to pick up some small thing she had forgotten, a document, her diary, the charger for her phone. Or maybe she had wanted to look at something in her notes to make sure her memory wasn't playing any tricks on her. But everything had been curiously rearranged. Every piece of furniture pushed to the sides with a single movement outwards, one object filling the entirety of the room as if it had landed there from outer space. The bed was carefully made, covered with bedspreads of a simple geometric design, cream and an organic lobster-red, not printed but woven into the delicate cotton. The surface of the cotton shone in the dim light like the tender skin on the back of a person's neck slightly covered in transpiration.

When had this change come about? She felt like she had been here just yesterday, but that seemed impossible. Every piece of furniture in the office gave her the impression that it had earned its right to be in exactly the place it was. The furniture must have been moved around to test out the exact configuration, long ago, but ever since the specific arrangement of things in relation to each other and the space around them had been figured out, the objects had rested in their assigned places, give or take a couple of centimeters. The balance between furniture and negative space seemed considerate and very deliberate, arranged perhaps by a Feng Shui master or at least someone who knew how to set up a room in a pleasant but discreet way. Like a museum display, she thought.

There was nothing especially memorable about any piece of furniture in the room, even the exact pattern of the bedspread seemed to escape her as soon as she looked anywhere else. Nothing to register, specifics





LIKE A TIGHTLY KNOTTED BALL OF  
THREAD, REFUSING TO UNRAVEL

destiny's atelier  
Oslo, 2018

nine paintings, paper clay floor objects,  
text print out to take away





Ursula K. Le Guin knows, that what propelled civilisation was not the spear, nor the explosive bursts of energy, the adrenaline gushing through the bloodstream during the hunt. No, it was the container. If you have something, you're gonna need something to put it in. Could be a jean pocket for a shiny pebble. Could be a pair of jeans to hide your sex. Could very well be a standardized format, 24 x 18 centimeters to put stuff in. A painting, for example. A painting is a great container.

Perhaps the best there is. Mostly it contains itself, naturally. But undeniably it also carries the communal memory of the culture it's produced. In Titania's case, the paintings contain the emblems of civilised image cultures: classical ones, baroque ones, and the uncomfortably contemporary. The compositions resembling a user interface, showcasing the way which images appear to us on a daily basis. The ingratiating rhythm of line and delicacy of colour could have made them reductively chic, were it not for the keen move of keeping them in a trivial, nearly A4-scale. Motifs (Star of Bethlehem flowers, vases, running dogs and fashion items) commanding monumentality, are efficiently robbed of exactly that. Scattered, like in a student dorm or slob's dwelling, are clothing items, deliciously marbled and materially ambiguous. Are they deflated balloons, enameled porcelain, or something entirely else, we don't know. They are shaped for impossibly small human bodies. It's unclear whether the clothes have been shed before bed, or left behind after a rapture, an uncanny hunch helped into being by the painting's straight-faced historical referencing, the playful interaction with canon. An intricate text piece – that much like the paintings is almost obsessively ornate – styled like an intimate letter, spells out an unlikely and disturbing fantasy, one of achieving inhuman beauty. Titania plays a high-stakes game with desire images, presenting them in a double gesture of indulgence – and stern self-restraint.

Nora Joung, 2018

# THE PAINTER AND THE RECTANGLE *SERIES*



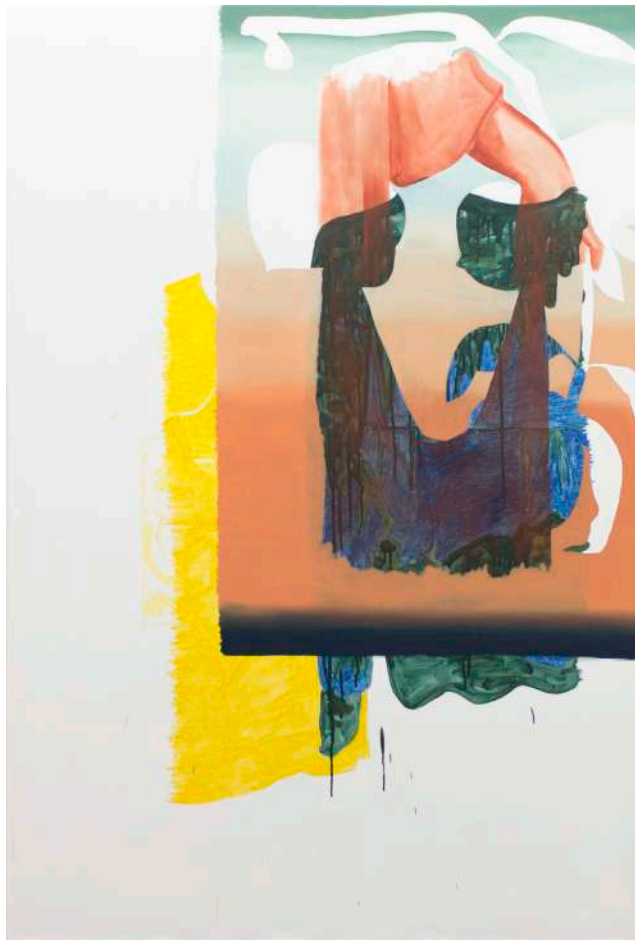
Of course I always dreamed about being more desirable, but I'd never actually transform my own body, it's all I own

2017  
Oil on Canvas  
160 x 110 cm



It will be good for you, they said,  
you will learn what the surface is  
and what it isn't

2017  
Oil on Canvas  
160 x 110 cm



They think she puts it on because she  
pretends it has a life of its own

2016  
Oil on Canvas  
160 x 110 cm



Can you hold still like this and imagine  
yourself to be part of the background?

2017  
Oil on Canvas  
160 x 110 cm



## VITA

1988 born in Vienna (AT)  
since 2012 co-director of MAUVE with Lukas Thaler (mauve-vienna.com)  
2015 - 2022 Senior Artist in the class of painting and animated film,  
University of Applied Arts, Vienna

## RESIDENCIES, GRANTS, AWARDS

2023 Staatsstipendium, Federal Ministry for Arts & Culture, Austria  
2019 Artist in Residence, a271, Düsseldorf  
2016 Mentoring Program for Artists,  
Arts and Culture Division of the Federal Chancellery of Austria  
2015 Start Stipendium, Arts and Culture Division of the Federal Chancellery of Austria  
2014 Artist in Residence, AIRY, Kofu-Shi (JP)  
2013/2014 Working Grant of the Austrian Ministry of Science and Research  
2012/2013 Artist in Residence at Sammlung Lenikus, Vienna  
2010 Winner of the Fred-Adlmüller Stipend

## COLLECTIONS

Collection of the Austrian State, Belvedere 21  
Collection of the federal state Tyrol  
Strabag Collection  
EVN Collection  
Private Collections (AT, DE, UK, US, JP)

Collection of the City of Vienna  
Lenikus Collection  
Mayr-Melnhof Collection  
University of Applied Arts Vienna Collection

## PUBLICATIONS

- Das phantomastische Malbuch, VfmK, 2022
- A00121 (Essay for Jonas Monka), catalogue, Distanz Verlag, 2021
- The Painter & the Rectangle, exhibition publication for Vienna Contemporary Zone 1, 2019
- white dwarf magazine #08 WIDDER, 2019
- The Kink in the Arc, paulbecker1.xhbtr.com/, 2019
- TITANIA, Black Pages #77, 2017
- a painter's doubt, Salzburger Kunstverein (with an Essay by Seamus Kealey), 2017
- Artist Lecture Series Vienna Transcript - Titania Seidl, 2017
- painting regarding the present, Naives and Visionaries (with an Essay by Anré Hemer), 2016
- MAUVE at Club Pro Vienna (Exhibition publication), 2016
- Melanie & Titania (Exhibition publication) (with texts by Sarah Thomas, Jakob Breit), 2015
- sei niemals krass zu deinen brüdern (a mauve publication), 2015
- FOUNDATIONS Magazine, The Vienna Issue, 2015



## SELECTED SOLO EXHIBITIONS

- 2023 – Berlinskej Model, Prague (collaboration with Lukas Thaler) (projected)
- 2022 – eyes never quite catching, Nicodim, Los Angeles
- 2021 – their disembodied gaze, Bildraum 07, Wien  
– hermit's handbag, MAUVE, Wien
- 2020 – Prêt-à-Porter, Daihatsu Rooftop Gallery, Wien (collaboration with Lukas Thaler)  
– for future finders, Bruch und Dallas, Köln (DE) (duo with Lukas Thaler)
- 2019 – Mary Sue (her raw gaze), Quadrado Azul, Porto (PT)  
– Mary Sue (her face reads like language), a271, Düsseldorf (DE)  
– W I D D E R II, white dwarf magazine, Vienna  
– Prêt-à-porter, Centrum, Berlin (duo with Lukas Thaler)
- 2018 – like a tightly knotted ball of thread, refusing to unravel, destiny's atelier, Oslo (NO)  
– fists with your toes, Parallel Vienna
- 2016 – why the long face, black sphinx, Drop City, Newcastle (UK) (with Daniel Ferstl, Lukas Thaler)
- 2015 – composition w. potted plants, vases, drapery, marble,... MUSA, Vienna  
– For Aliens When Humankind is Gone, mo.ë, Vienna (with Melanie Ebenhoch)
- 2014 – X. marks the spot, AIRY, Kofu City (JP)  
– a walk, a wall, some mountains, Showroom for Young Art, Vienna (with Laura Pöld)
- 2013 – Civility, the fine forms, the old paintings and so on, Galerie ART, Brno (CZ)  
– Redox, Sammlung Lenikus STUDIOS, Wien (with Katharina Monka)
- 2012 – Inversion (degree show), Reisnerstr. 9, Wien

# SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS 1/2

- 2023
  - Krixxi Kraxxi , Nosbaum Reding, Luxemburg (projected)
  - F M D, Steinhäuser Gallery; Bratislava (projected)
  - simplify x park, park, Wien (projected)
  - golden hour handshake, Kunstraum Konrad, Puchberg
  - Glanz und Glorie, AA Collections, Wien
  - Supermodels, Super, Wien
  - Anton Faistauer Award, Traklhaus, Salzburg
- 2022
  - Auf der Suche nach dem kulturellen Attraktor, MAUVE, Wien (curated by Off Image)
  - Drawings, Pina, Wien
  - Fragile Phantome. Malerische Berührungen, Galerie Zimmermann Kratochwill, Graz (curated by Barbara Horvath)
  - Angel Dust, Zeller Van Almsick, Wien
  - Arcanes Majeurs, Maestria Collection, Paris
- 2021
  - phoenix, White&Weiss Gallery, Bratislava (collaboration with Lukas Thaler, curated by Michal Stolarik)
  - Domino, Raum mit Licht, Wien; A brief affair, Galerie 5020, Salzburg
- 2020
  - Antroporary, Jan Koniarek Gallery, Trnava (collaboration with Lukas Thaler, curated by Michal Stolarik)
  - unchain #1, WAF, Wien (curated by Amer Abbas)
  - why not take all of me, Kunstraum Korb, Wien (curated by Anna Khordokovskaya)
- 2019
  - Anything Goes, White & Weiss Gallery, Bratislava (curated by Michal Stolarik)
  - Destiny's Gratinée, Kunstneres Hus, Oslo (NO)
  - The Hanging of Traitors in Effigie, Belvedere21, Vienna (as part of Über das Neue)
  - Wiener Salon, Brüssel (curated by Antje Prisker)
  - The Hanging of Traitors in Effigie (Part II), Pencil Factory, NYC
  - Breathless Dromedary, In Spite Of, Porto
  - Just a detail, Raum mit Licht, Vienna
  - Your delicious dreaming (curated by Nika Kupyrova), Salon Goldschlag, Wien

# SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS 2/2

- |      |  |
|------|--|
| 2018 | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>– The Yips, Gallery Céline, Glasgow (UK)</li><li>– Framed / Unframed, Raum mit Licht, Vienna</li><li>– Unter Bildern, Heiligenkreuzerhof, Vienna (curated by Anette Freudenberger)</li><li>– The Eventuality Dispenser, Fettes College, Edinburgh</li><li>– Ergonomics, Material Art Fair, Mexico City</li><li>– The Serious Fraud Office, Hotel Casa Blanca, Mexico City</li><li>– Carved and Shaped by Proximity, Pina, Vienna</li></ul> |
| 2017 | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>– A painter's doubt, Salzburger Kunstverein, Salzburg (curated by Seamus Kealey)</li><li>– stonewashed volume one (curated by Konstantin Lannert), Vienna</li><li>– Monsone, Suprainfinit Gallery, Bucharest (RO)(curated by Domenico de Chirico)</li><li>– Is she Iceman or is she Goose?, SORT, New York (US)</li><li>– Drop City, MUHKA, Antwerpen (BE)</li></ul>   |
| 2016 | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>– Tropical Punch, Galerie Nathalie Halgand, Vienna (curated by Sabrina Möller)</li><li>– MAUVE, Club Pro, Los Angeles; Instagram Now!, Belvedere, Vienna</li><li>– Summer in the City, Galerie Christine König, Vienna</li><li>– nonstreaming artifacts, easyupstream, Munich</li><li>– Die sonderbare Gegenwart zu zweit, _____Tim Nolas, Vienna</li><li>– XENA, we are hercules, Munich</li></ul>  |
| 2015 | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>– ...sharing space, Alte Post, Vienna (kuratiert von Victoria Dejaco)</li><li>– The Hour Blue, FormContent, Vienna</li><li>– dreaming dict cc, Skulpturinstut, Vienna</li><li>– Ezara Spangl &amp; Rainer Spangl, ve.sch, Vienna</li><li>– Leicht gegenüber, Fuggerstrasse 40, Berlin (with Melanie Ebenhoch)</li></ul>  |
| 2014 | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>– Joseph Helland/Titania Seidl/Franz Zar, wellwellwell, Vienna (curated by Melanie Ohnemus)</li><li>– one MAUVE gallery / work, Vienna (with Daniel Ferstl, Lukas Thaler, Salvatore Viviano)</li><li>– Wellenlänge I, mo.ë, Vienna</li><li>– Goofy, studios das weisse haus, Vienna</li><li>– First Emerald, then Sapphire, then Black, Semperdepot, Vienna</li></ul>  |