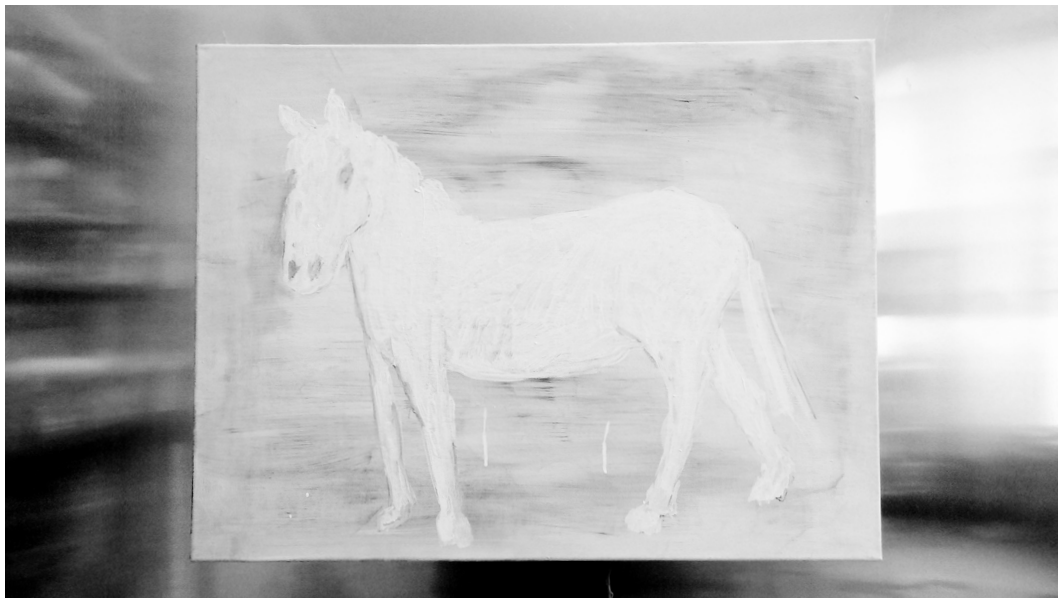


SASKIA TE NICKLIN

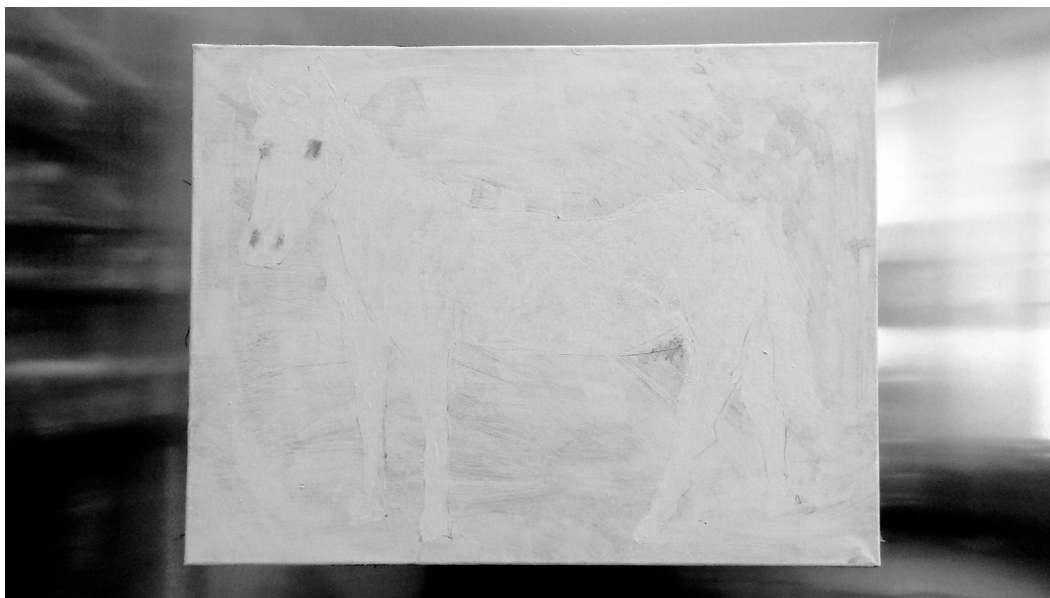


*Saskia Te Nicklin was born in 1979 in Copenhagen. She studied at both the Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts and the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna, where she now lives. In the presented issue she shows the progress of reproducing the same painted image of a horse. The magazine will be released in the context of her show **Light Caucasian** at Pinacoteca in Vienna in March 2016.*

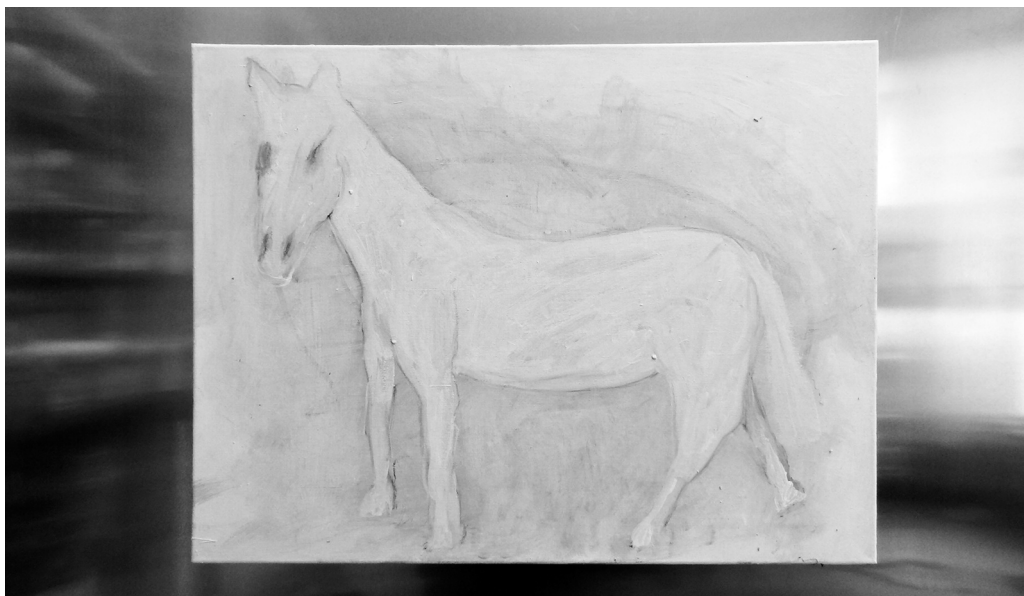
Saskia Te Nicklin showed her works, inter alia, at Gallery Nächst St. Stephan LOGIN, Vienna, Gallery Diana Lambert, Vienna, Rachel Uffner Gallery, New York, KIT (Kunst im Tunnel), Düsseldorf, Gallery Krets, Malmö, Gallery Christian Andersen, Copenhagen or Charlottenborg Kunsthall, Copenhagen. She is one of the curating members running the New Jörg in Vienna.



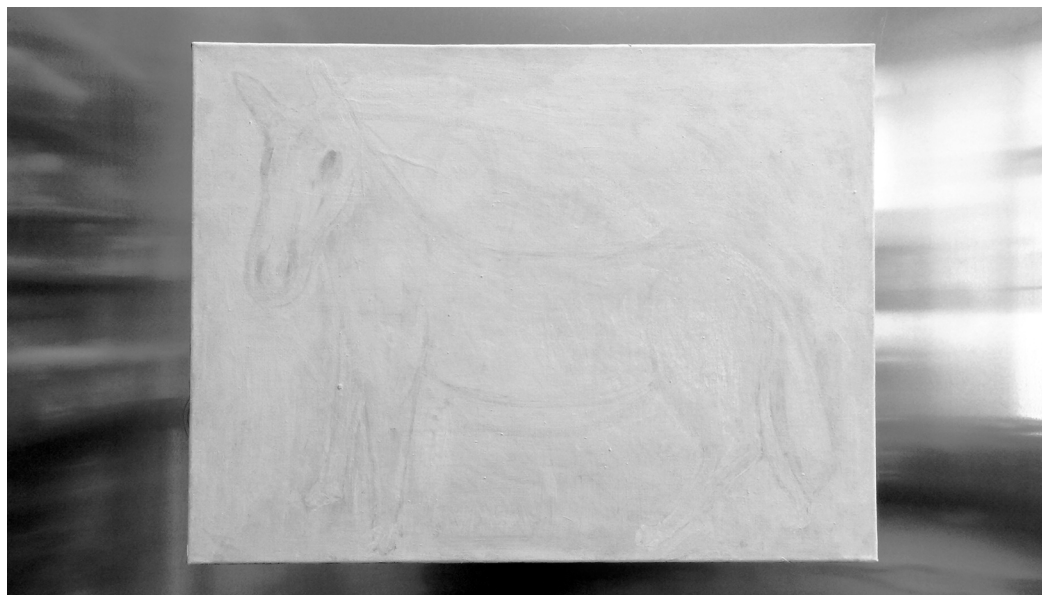
(untitled)#1, 2016, guache and charcoal on linen, 70x 53cm



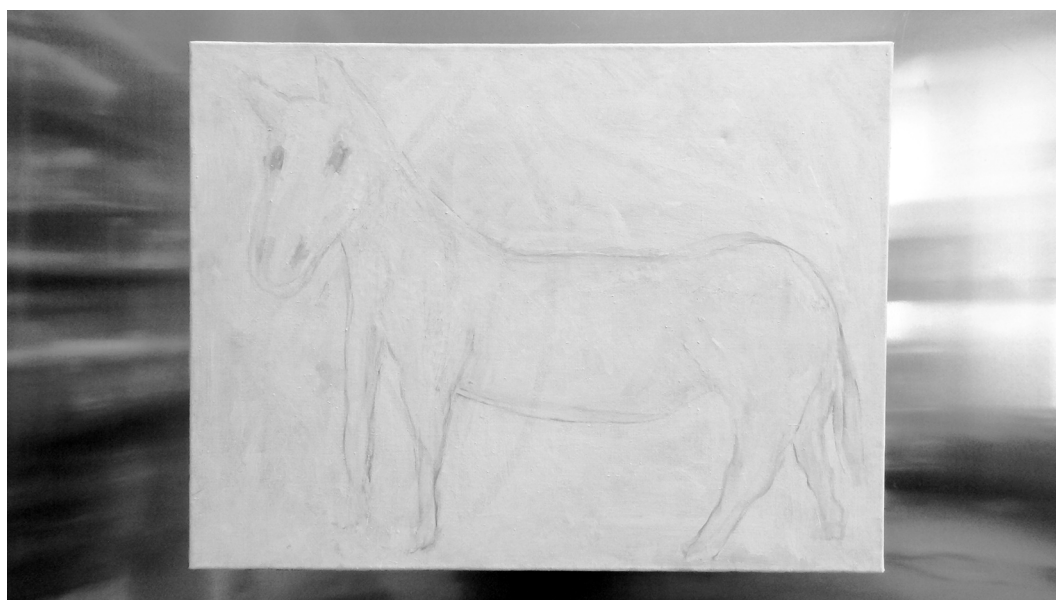
(untitled)#2, 2016, guache and charcoal on linen, 70x 53cm



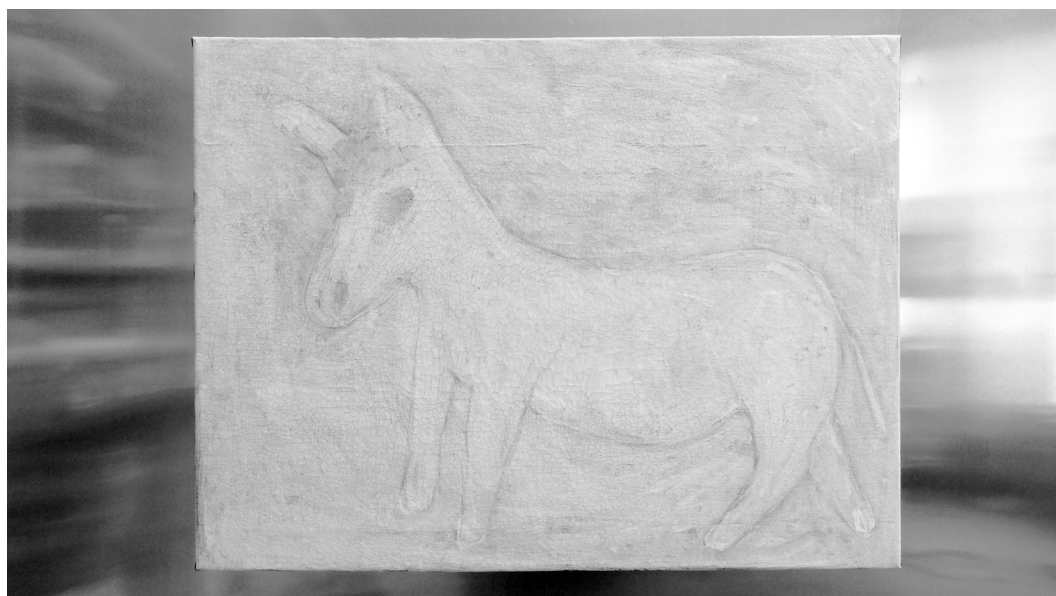
(untitled)#3, 2016, guache and charcoal on linen, 70x 53cm



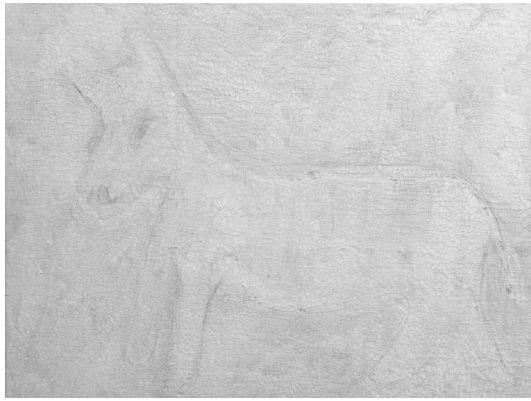
(untitled)#4, 2016, guache and charcoal on linen, 70x 53cm



(untitled)#5, 2016, guache and charcoal on linen, 70x 53cm



(untitled)#6, 2016, guache and charcoal on linen, 70x 53cm

*(untitled)#7*

2016

guache and charcoal on linen

70x 53cm

We take a walk, it's springtime
 Got my favourite track suit on
 Hormones awake and jittery
 Take a walk in the park
 packed with people having the same idea
 Met just some days ago
 I like the way you smell
 We hardly talk but
 you brought your two pit bulls along
 Marble & Iron casting
 long shadows fusing with the trees'
 I'm trying to chuck out something intelligent to say
 Something about infinity
 One of your dogs wants to take a shit
 Communicates the action
 I look at its lower back muscles convulsing
 undulating in quick then slow movements
 Brings me to the memory of waves
 on the shores of the Aegean Sea
 Antique horses proudly prancing along
 These divine horses
 in their dainty delight

The dog jerks its tail as if tapping a Morse code
 Thinking about how to spell infinity
 and what did I want to say?
 Shit comes out rather sliding out in parts
 I envision an aura of yellow green
 damping hot brown steam
 Is that corn?
 Dog looks at the world and at the other dogs
 Ignoring us
 Excitedly
 sniffing the pheromones lingering in the air
 Animal human insects alike
 we proceed
 An old horse trots by pulling an army green metal wagon
 kind of made for each other
 Old horse looses pace and seems to stumble under the heavy
 load
 Soon after another horse passes by in a slow trot
 Then another
 Repeatedly
 One after the other, all having the same slow gait
 What seems to be the difference?
 The dog's shitting image piles up in my mind
 n'Im left feeling dim
 I touch my old'n'wrinkled face and feel shame
 This infinity
 Like finding 5 faults in a diptych
 I wouldn't know what to say
 But at least you are nodding off

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