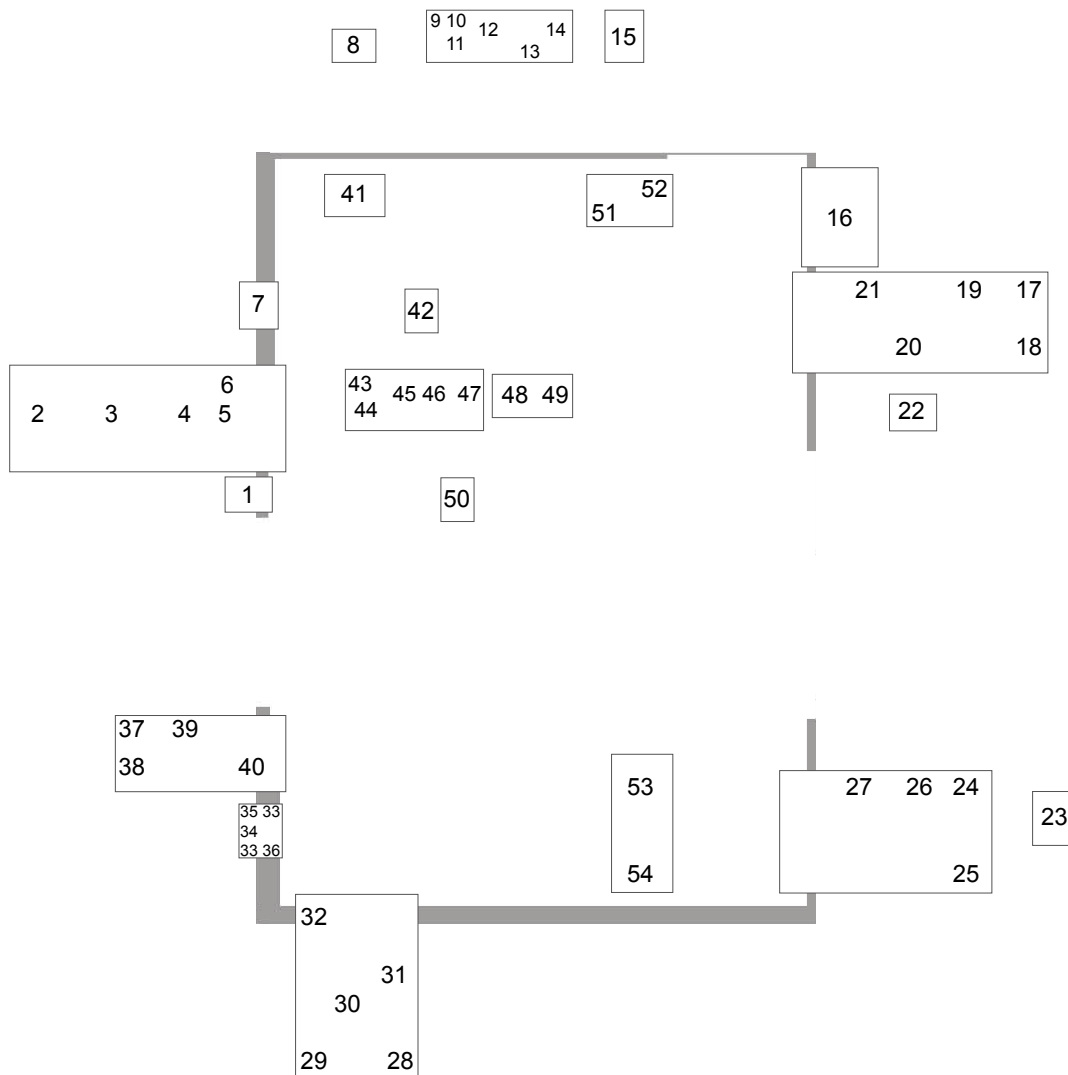


celebratory

Room 2

Sven Gex

Opening on Sunday 19. October / Exhibition until 16. November 2025



celebratory, 2025

gift wrapping paper, nails, glass, printed images from the 'character fitting' series 2021-ongoing

shown here:

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 swim coach (fall and spring) character | 8 job fair fashion show (college graduate, package delivery person) characters |
| 2 frat boy (peak abercrombie era) characters | 9 stepmom character |
| 3 apprentices, early career, early success characters | 10 on the way to prom character |
| 4 some years into the job characters | 11 blushing at prom character |
| 5 dishwasher character | 12 night out on vacation characters |
| 6 sexy farmer calendar model (october) character | 13 bachelorette party character |
| 7 maid-of-all-work character | 14 stepdad characters |

- 15 roadmovie characters
- 16 beach day characters
- 17 newspaper go-go-dancer character
- 18 hercules at omphale (ca. 1967) character
- 19 contemporary caveman character
- 20 jackass (maid and heidi) character
- 21 holbein jesus screen test character
- 22 sauna goer character
- 23 anna karenina boudoir character
- 24 beach clean-up characters
- 25 snowflake costume (ca. 1973) character
- 26 hangman character
- 27 field researcher character
- 28 circuit party dancer character
- 29 adult entertainment website merch-seller character
- 30 adult entertainer between takes characters
- 31 gym guidebook writer/gymfluencer character
- 32 shoe model (1980s) character
- 33 happy couture client character
- 34 annoyed couture client character
- 35 out of funds couture client character
- 36 euphoric couture client character
- 37 late check-out celebrity character
- 38 rodeo drive shopper characters
- 39 finance bro with a taste for lingerie character
- 40 cold bourgeoisie characters
- 41 caught in the rain (côte d'azur native, surfer and line cooks) characters
- 42 biblical epic actor character
- 43 butchers assistant characters
- 44 master butcher character
- 45 widow (1950s) (marketplace) character
- 46 widow (1950s) (at home) character
- 47 drunk scout character
- 48 sleepover characters
- 49 final boy character
- 50 sedated couture client character
- 51 late baroque/rococo widow character
- 52 late baroque/rococo bride character
- 53 maria theresia at the tailor character
- 54 seven year itch go-go-dancer character

starring

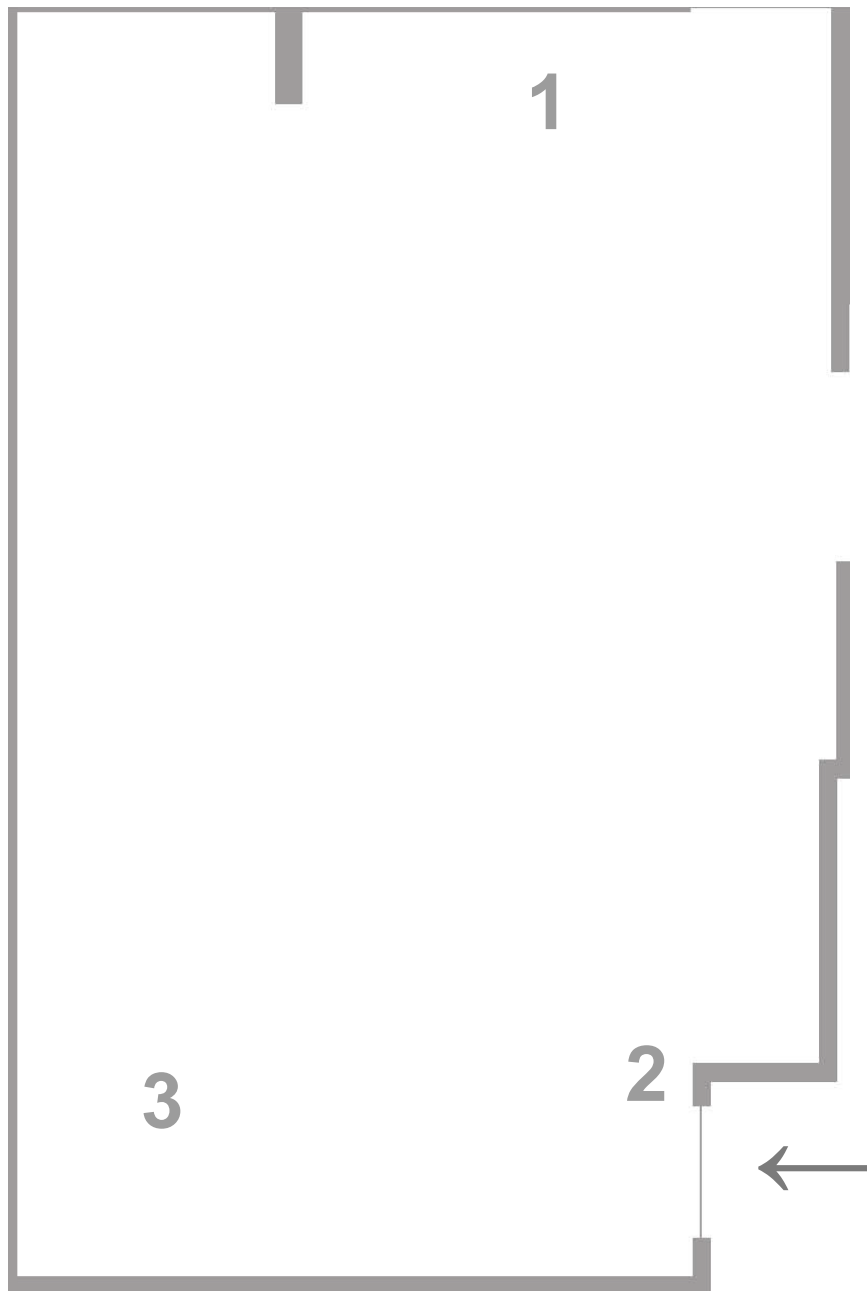
Alex, Beni, Basile, Felix, Fretz, Frank, German, Gregor, Jaro, Jasper, Josef, Kairan, Matthias, Max, Noah, Patrik, Roberto, Romeo, Scott, Yannis, Yvi, Zaid

Ronnie's World

Room 1

Sophie Becker

Performance on Sunday 19. October 2025 at 8pm



1 | Sophie Becker
Ronnie's World
Performance

2 | Sven Gex
garland for ,celebratory' (maid-of-all-work character), 2025
hand cut printed pictures, staples

3 | Sven Gex
garland for ,celebratory' (holbein/mcqueen), 2025
and cut printed pictures, staples, velvet ribbon

Mouthful

When she came home, he would often lean casually in the corner and greet her with a nonchalant remark that made the blood rise into her downy cheeks. Slim but strong, he stood there, his young, supple body resting against the wall. Gradually, she got used to this sight, to the naturalness with which he seemed to be waiting for her there. When she eventually fell for his charm, she began taking him along more often – on weekends and dinners with friends, later even sometimes to work. She introduced him to everyone, but he was very reserved in groups and her friends didn't seem to have much interest in him; they hardly ever spoke to him and never asked whether it was he who had reawakened the glow within her.

Although this fact did not succeed in clouding her rose-tinted glasses for long, it did make her angry. At first, she tried not to show it, but she answered fewer and fewer invitations to joint activities, found more and more excuses not to pick up the phone, and so the invitations were gradually replaced by worried messages – until those, too, slowly ceased.

When they walked together, he held her hand firmly or, if she wished, wrapped his strong arms protectively around her narrow shoulders. *He was always there, silent, reliable, like a shadow accompanying her.* Whenever, during one of their walks, they threatened to run into someone she still knew from her former life, he stepped in front of her, shielding her from any potential, unpleasant encounter.

His arms were thin but supple and strong from all the work. His skin was smooth, her sweat beaded upon it and ran down his body to his shaft, which nestled hard and warm into her hand – as if the hollows and ridges on it had been made for her fingers.

At night she showed him her favorite films: *Naked Lunch*, *Beauty and the Beast* and *Cast Away with Wilson*, whom she – she admitted to him, giggling and blushing – found quite attractive. She meant it jokingly, but he understood differently. That was the first time he snapped, straightened up and loomed over her. Startled, she backed away and fled, crying, into the bedroom, while he spent the night on the couch.

Something changed after that incident. Sometimes she imagined herself yelling at the lamp until it yelled back: “Why are you screaming like that?!”

She hung the hat on the rack, and at night, on her way to the bathroom, she whispered to it. Her coat draped over the chair was visibly cold. Everything around her began to move, as though the silence itself was breathing.

Who are you, who are all of you?

This unspeakable silence around her. Perhaps the world of things surrounding her couldn't bear it any longer either. And when she finally closes the front door behind her... her gathered objects spend the whole day in silence, waiting for her to return – to maybe lift the fork or the black roll, to stick it into rice or press it against her back? That seemed almost unbearably lonely to her. More and more, she began to care not only about the usefulness of her belongings, but also – above all – about their character and well-being, letting them speak all the more when she was there.

She felt slightly guilty about shoving the toothbrush into her mouth twice a day without knowing who this little stick with bristles actually was. The hairs stood stiff and forward, and sometimes she left behind tiny green spinach bits. How rude, she had thought, and took the brush with her to the shower the next time. Gratefully, the swollen toothbrush chest snuggled against her fingers.

It took a few days after that before he spoke for the first time. At first, it still felt to her as if she was imagining it – or as if she was lending him her own voice – but that feeling faded quickly, and with it, the silence.

Text by Kurt Cassady
(Translated using Chat GPT)

Curated by Divided Studios



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