

**1. Ronnie Danaher**

*Mirror Me* (2026)

Video with sound, 3 minutes.

**2. Laura Chalabi**

*Self-portrait as Dinosaur* (2026)

Gel pen on paper, performance.

**3. Mauritius Itzinger**

*Covered* (2026)

Industrial ventilator, plastic, plastic foil.

**4. Mehrta Shirzadian**

*Rangarang: man in the mirror* (2026)

Mixed media.

**5. Majedeh Shahvelayati**

*Sugar-coated* (2026)

Acrylic on canvas.

**6. Hanna Hofmann**

*Usobuki\_01* (2026)

*Usoboki\_Ryuu* (2026)

Ceramic, iron glaze, electronics.

**7. Phin Anibal**

*But I Didn't Think The Frog Would*

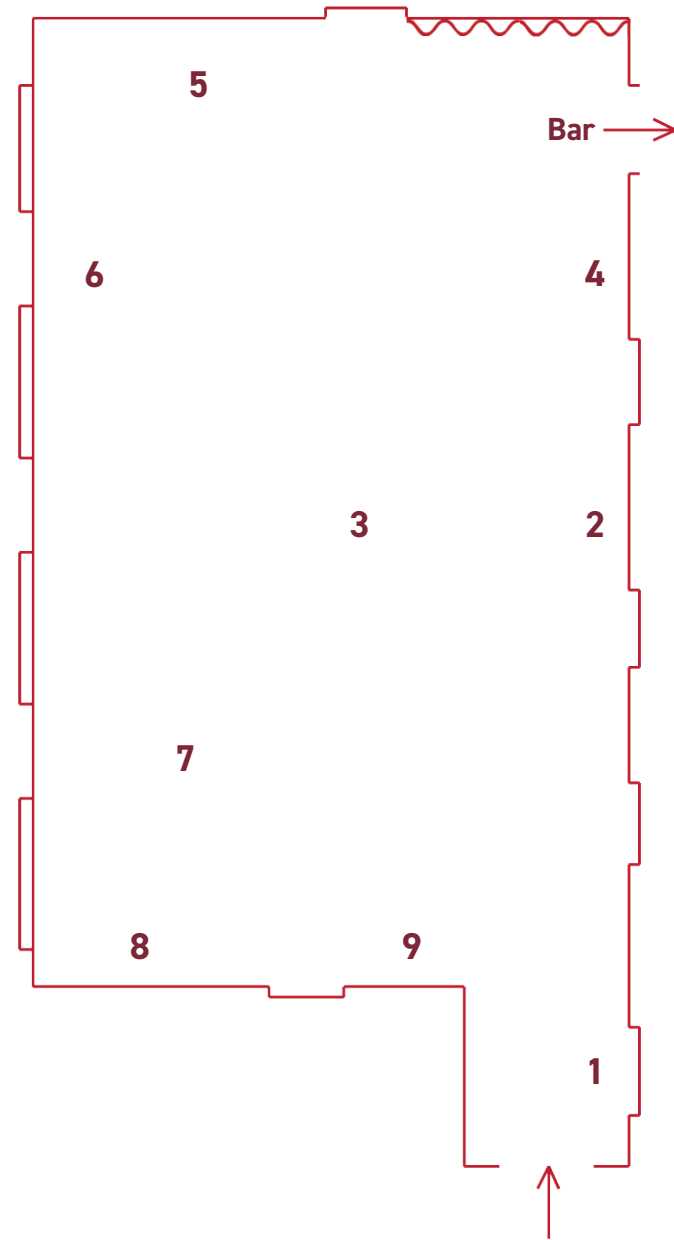
*Actually Drown For Real* (2026)

Polymer clay, acrylic paint, glass jar.

**8. David Ristic**

*Planinarenje* (2026)

Screenprint on canvas.



**9. Laura Isselhorst**

*never odd or even* (2026)

Raku fired ceramics, aluminum hands, smoked glass, metal frame.

# Days of Wine and Roses

**24-26.04.26**

**NeverAtHome Funkhaus Vienna**

There are ways in which the past begins to circulate not as history, but as a sensation – returning in fragments and intensities that feel at once familiar and strangely ungrounded. Continuously reconstructed, it shifts, accumulates, and reorganizes itself through a persisting, seductive desire for the “good old days”. What remains is a curated illusion, one that risks distorting the present through comparison.

Nostalgia appears as a comfort, yet is wielded as a powerful tool for the maintenance of a status quo which only benefits those commanding it. Days of Wine and Roses examines the nuance, cultural hold, and dangerous pitfalls of nostalgia. The displayed art compels us to ask ourselves what we choose to remember, and if we should perhaps reconsider its gilded temptation.

## Phin Anibal

Don't you remember how much easier it was back then, when you lived in the water and only had to swim. You didn't have to worry about air or legs. Don't you want to go back to when you were young? Everybody loved you when you were in the water. You were such a beautiful tadpole, you looked so beautiful with your gills. Why did you cover them up and replace them with lungs? You don't need lungs. Come back in the water. This was your home, remember? Why did you leave your home? Remember? Remember how much everybody loved you? Why don't you stay back here. Stay a little longer.

## Laura Chalabi

Self-portrait as Dinosaur is a drawing of a dinosaur in which the lines are made up of the artist's handwriting. The text is her artist statement (in German), in which she reflects on her art and connects her current artistic practice to a story she wrote when she was six years old. The story is titled "God and the Dinosaur."

Part of the work is a performative reading of the text from the dinosaur drawing.

## Ronnie Danaher

Mirror Me ruminates on link rot, when hyperlinks no longer work, leaving internet users with an error 404 and a feeling of loss. This uncanny sensation becomes a daily experience with the pocket mirror we all carry around with us. When the mirror is not watched, does it become a window, a portal to another dimension? As memories are outsourced to platforms and cloud services, digital amnesia creeps in, and the root cause of the sense of loss cannot even be pinpointed. How can lost memories be mourned? The tendency to hoard memories leads to a storage problem. My mother once said that in a house fire she wouldn't even bother taking the photo albums. You can't take it with you.

## Hanna Hofmann

The work combines ceramic mask-making with embedded mini displays for eyes. Usobuki is a Kyōgen mask known for its exaggerated crossed eyes and puckered mouth, representing humour and the absurdity of the human condition. Actors wearing Usobuki masks can portray

human characters, as well as the spirits of animals and fragile insects, such as moths, mosquitoes, and cicadas. The work reflects on how craft practices increasingly coexist and change with digital media. Rather than replacing tradition, the piece imagines a cyborgian future of craftsmanship, where analogue material knowledge and algorithmic processes become entangled.

## Laura Isselhorst

Two watches run backwards. One with a dial, the other without. Between them, a half-transparent glass; inside it, their motions overlap and reverse. This is where romanticising the past and regression meet. *früher war alles besser*, everything used to be better, feels intuitive, comforting. And yet, the past it invokes was often narrower, harsher, and less free. The remembered and the omitted begin to blur. The work stays with that tension, showing that while we may slip toward selective histories, we are always moving forward. Once we adjust our perception, the backward clocks still show time passing forward. Time itself is never odd or even, it simply is.

## Mauritius Itzinger

We dream of past days most when we are not doing well. Yet this dream is deceptive: it adapts to our condition, whispering of simplicity and sweetness, promising that everything was better. It hovers over us as a feeling, never resolving into a clear image. When we try to grasp it, it slips away and lures us further on. In doing so, we overlook that the origin of our present lies in that very past we idealize. The desire to return springs not only from longing, but also from the burden of what it has become. Perhaps the past seems better because we are living with its consequences today.

## David Ristic

Combining both photographic prints and drawings, mud from a hike is transferred, repeated and abstracted on one single surface. These two mediums interact to create a unique memory, leaving traces stamped on to the canvas. Wool and mud, the starting point in the print-making process, leave irregular textures. These traces point back

to the physical act of making, where contact, movement, and layering shape the final image. Distinct materials are fused into one plane, shifting towards a two-dimensional space. Photography and drawing enter into a dialogue, not as separate elements, but as parts of a single surface, forming a more coherent yet still open image.

## Majedeh Shahvelayati

There are places that return not as they were, but as light does — altered by distance, softened by time. In these landscapes, colour drifts away from fidelity and moves toward intensity, as if the image has been steeped too long in warmth. What remains is not a view, but a residue: of heat, of silence, of something once touched and no longer reachable. The familiar begins to shimmer at its own edges, carrying the strange beauty of things that survive by changing. *Sugar-Coated* is a series of paintings that draws from real landscapes in the northwestern regions of Iran, from the Rainbow Mountains, yet it does not seek to represent them as they exist, nor as they can be found in images. Instead, they emerge as they are remembered through presence—through the quiet imprint of having once stood within them.

## Mehrta Shirzadian

Nostalgia attaches us to the past, but distorts it. Childhood becomes a constructed image of sweetness and safety. In this work, that image begins with Rangarang (colourful), a candy I used to eat, alongside toys and fragments of early memory. The projector casts a documentary photograph: anti-immigrant writing on a wall in Germany, in the Black Forest, a place that was once a war zone. The image links past ideas of national greatness to present forms of exclusion. The projection is split. One part falls onto the floor. A broken mirror placed on the floor reflects the rest around. The image is divided across surfaces and cannot be seen as a whole. The broken mirror is inspired by Golestan Palace in Tehran, where mirror structures have been damaged in the current war. A constructed past physically supports a fractured present. The image is there, but never fully graspable.