

# **PORTFOLIO**

SARAH  
RINDERER  
2023



## ODE TO ...

2023

Collaboration with Ingi Kim

Composition for four voices, tuba, percussion,  
piano, violoncello und double bass

Premiere at *Mahler Forum 2023*,

performed by the ensemble of the *Alma Mahler  
Musikvereins* led by Alja Klemenc

[www.mahler-forum.org](http://www.mahler-forum.org)



Our collaboration between literature and contemporary music is based on the finale of Ludwig van Beethoven's *Symphony No. 9* and Friedrich Schiller's *Ode to Joy*. A piece, that with its ›grand‹ message of communality has been rendered in various (political) contexts to reflect everything from reverence to exploitation, depending on the desired reading.

*Ode to ...* interweaves various voices and sentiments from this variegated reception history – from the grand and sublime down to the tiniest details, from the forte fortissimo of all the ensemble's voices to air noise.

My arranged (con)texts are published in the Forum's programme as a starry canopy of footnotes.

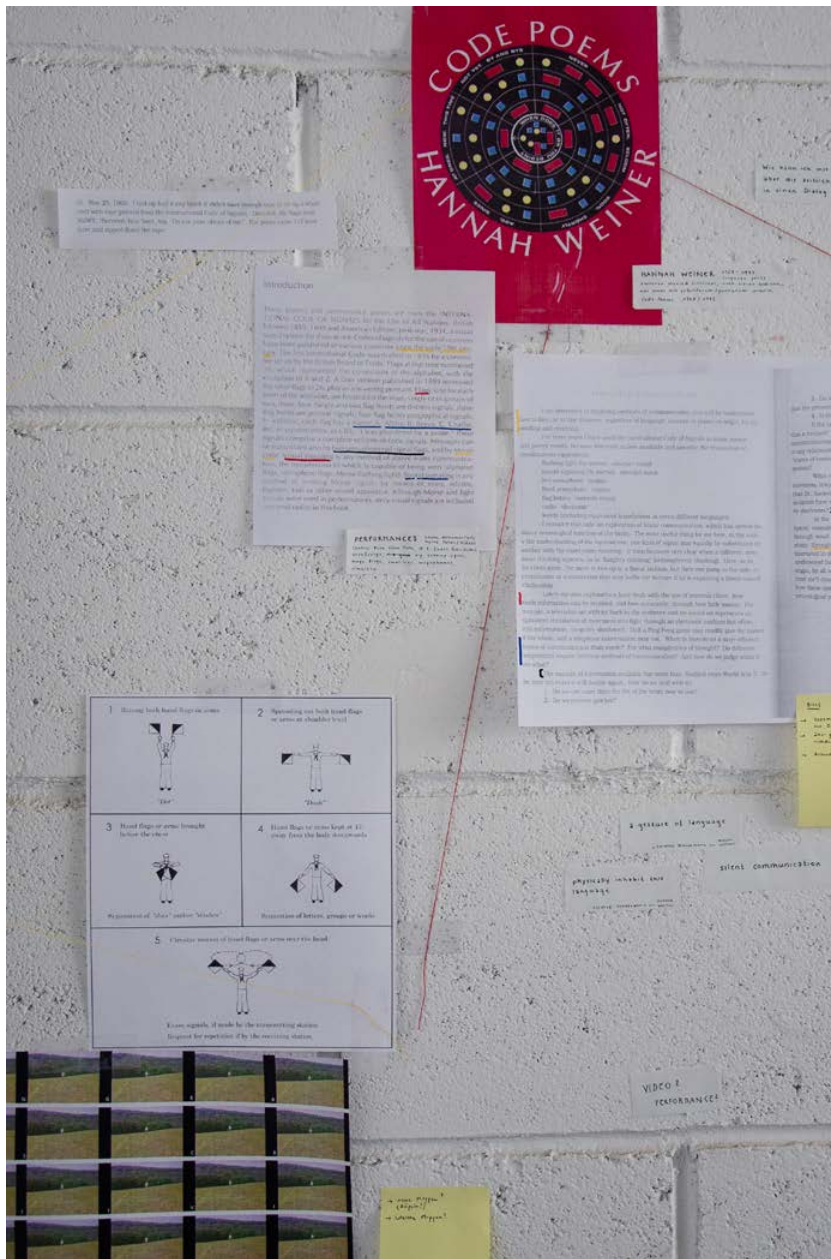
Premiere, *Mahler Forum – The Power of Wonder*, klagenfurter ensemble, 2023;  
Ingi Kim and I reimagined the finale of Beethoven's *Symphony No. 9* and  
Schiller's *Ode to Joy*. | Photo (bottom): Philipp Schulz – boxquadrat



Premiere, *Mahler Forum – The Power of Wonder*, ensemble of the Alma Mahler Musikverein led by Alja Klemenc, klagenfurter ensemble, 2023; the piece textually and visually interweaves voices and sentiments from the variegated reception history of the *Ode to Joy*. | Photo: Philipp Schulz – boxquadrat







During her artist residency in Barcelona, a young artist comes across a video of Hannah Weiner's *Semaphore Poems* in her research.

## GANZ NAH SIND WIR UNS IN FERNSIGNALLEN

### WE ARE VERY CLOSE IN LONG-DISTANCE SIGNALS

2022  
Prose

Part of *Kunstgeschichten* by broadcasting station 01,  
read by Sabine Lorenz

<https://oe1.orf.at/Ein-Flaggensignal-fuer-Hannah-Weiner>

A young artist moves into a temporary studio in Barcelona to pursue her artistic research on maritime communication systems. But the second summer of the pandemic means neighbouring studios with closed doors, no tango, a deserted city, she all by herself in glimmering places.

Just like in the video of Hannah Weiner (1928 – 1997) she finds online. In it, the poet|artist stands in the back of a field, waving semaphore flags to signal a message.

My text tells of the attempt to make a connection – from 3326 nautical miles away, across 34 years and two continents.

*Geschätzte Hannah,  
erst den Antwortwimpel, dann das Einflaggensignal  
hissen: K – I wish to communicate with you.*

*Ich habe den Anfang verpasst. Kurz, nachdem ich  
auf Vollbild, Play geklickt habe, hektisches Flügel-  
schlagen. Eine Taube, die auf der Trennwand zum  
nächsten Atelier landet. Ihre Füße auf weiß gestri-  
chenem Spanholz. Meine nackten Fußsohlen auf dem  
staubigen Boden der ehemaligen Fabrikshalle, als  
ich ihr das raumhohe Fenster öffne. Geräusche der  
Hafenstadt, die sich von draußen ins Summen des  
Ventilators mischen. Aber die Taube hat mich nur  
angesehen mit ihren roten Augen, Kopfrucken vor  
und – zurück auf dem Drehstuhl vor dem Laptop,  
warst du schon mitten in der Performance deiner  
Semaphore Poems. [...]*

*Wir sehen uns das erste Mal hinter einer  
Trennwand aus Bildschirmglas. Ich kann dein Gesicht  
nicht erkennen, nur, dass du in meine Richtung  
siehst. Weit hinten auf einem Feld vor Wald, in  
Shorts und T-Shirt – beides hell und weit –, in  
jeder Hand eine quadratische Flagge. Zu Beginn  
hältst du beide unten vor deinem Körper überein-  
ander. Dann Heben und Senken deiner nach beiden  
Seiten ausgestreckten Arme: Achtung. Hektisches  
Flügel schlagen, als die Taube auffliegt – am  
geöffneten Fenster vorbei, weiter ins  
nächste Atelier.*

*Vielleicht muss ich anders anfangen. Wir sind uns  
schon begegnet. Vor – hinter einer Trennwand aus  
Papier. Ich tendiere dazu, wir zu sagen, dabei  
befinden wir uns von mir aus gesehen in Peilung  
269,33° West 3326 Seemeilen voneinander entfernt.  
34 Jahre liegen zwischen dem Sommer auf dem flim-  
mernden Feld im Video und dem Sommer, indem ich  
hier dein Buch aufschlage. Die Sammelausgabe deiner  
Texte als ein offenes Haus, in dem ich wie in  
der Hafenstadt für eine Zeit wohnen, ein Atelier  
beziehen kann.*

*Respected Hannah,  
hoist the answering pennant first, then the one-  
flag signal: K – I wish to communicate with you.*

*I missed the beginning. Shortly after I clicked on  
full screen, play, the frantic flapping of wings.  
A pigeon landing on the partition wall to the next  
studio. Its feet on white-painted chipwood. The  
soles of my bare feet on the dusty floor of the  
former factory hall as I open the floor-to-ceiling  
window. City sounds from outside mingling with the  
humming of the fan. But the pigeon just looked at  
me with its red eyes, head jerking forward and –  
back on the swivel chair in front of the laptop,  
you were already in the middle of performing your  
Semaphore Poems. [...]*

*We see each other for the first time be-  
hind the glass partition of the screen. I can't  
make out your face, only that you're looking in  
my direction. In the back of a field close to a  
forest, wearing shorts and a T-shirt – both light  
and wide – with a square flag in each hand. At  
the beginning you hold both down in front of your  
body, one above the other. Then you raise and  
lower your arms stretched out to both sides: Atten-  
tion. Frantic flapping of wings as the pigeon  
flies past the open window, on to the next studio.*

*Maybe I need to start differently. We have already  
met. In front of – behind a paper partition. I  
tend to say we, although as seen from my bearing  
269.33° West we are 3326 nautical miles apart.  
34 years lie between the summer on the flickering  
field in the video and the summer when I open  
your book here. The collected edition of your  
texts as an open house, where I – as in this city  
– can move into a studio.*

*Text extract from the beginning of We are very close in  
long distance signals; published in the Kunstgeschichten  
series of the Austrian broadcasting station Ö1.*



## YES O DO PLEASE STOP

2021

Visual and acoustic intervention  
at the James-Joyce-Passage, Feldkirch  
Vocals: Christa Wall

<https://vimeo.com/651704938/5071a1cfd>

In the 18<sup>th</sup> and final chapter of James Joyce's *Ulysses* singer Molly Bloom, lying awake at night, has to be all *pianissimo* to avoid waking her sleeping husband. Her stream of consciousness is almost entirely free of punctuation marks – except for the final full stop.

My intervention brings this full stop visually and acoustically into the public James-Joyce-Passage. Sung by a singer, it breaks out of the silence, inviting passers-by to stop and pause for a moment.

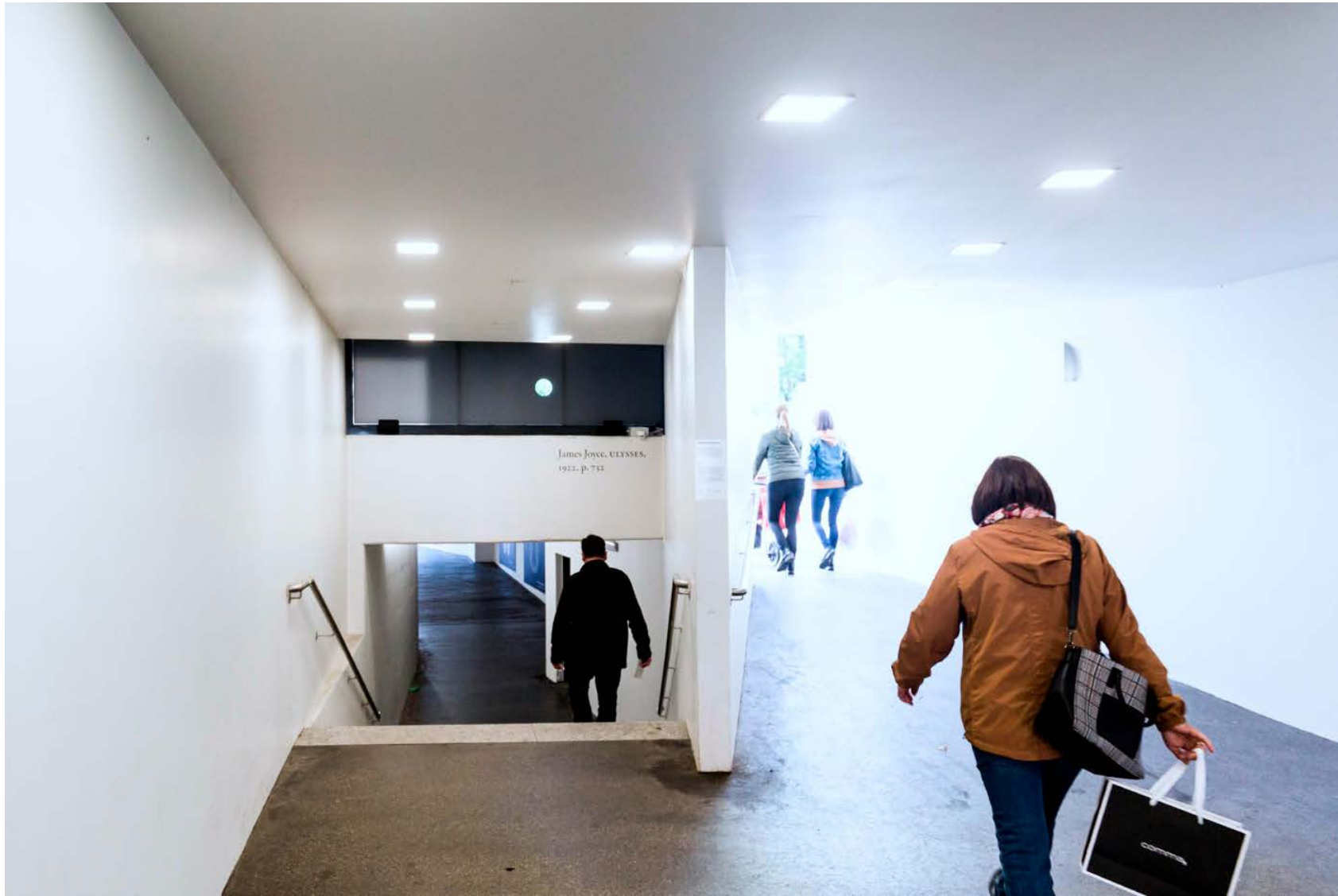
The title combines Molly's concluding Yes with a quote from *Finnegan's Wake*, in which Joyce himself reflects on punctuation marks: »[...] four in type, [...] and correctly understood to mean stop, please stop, do please stop, o do please stop«.

The final full stop on page 732 of *Ulysses* is visually left out on the passage's window, allowing different perspectives into, out of and through the James-Joyce-Passage, Feldkirch.



Installation view *Yes O do please stop*, James-Joyce-Passage, Feldkirch, 2021; the lettering above the passage entrance combines Molly Bloom's concluding Yes with a quotation on punctuation from *Finnegan's Wake*.





Installation view *Yes O do please stop*, James-Joyce-Passage, Feldkirch, 2021;  
sung by a singer, the final full stop of *Ulysses* punctuates the passage visually and acoustically.



## PUNKT 0 (0 | 0) POINT 0 (0 | 0)

2022

Collaboration with Christa Wall

Recital in two voices, 20min

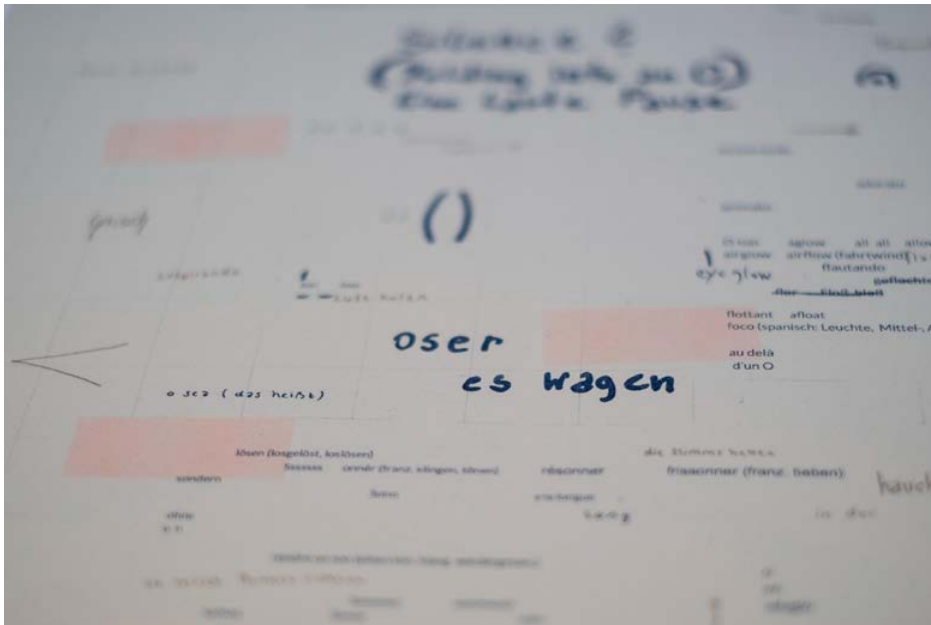
Score, 3-colored riso prints, 297 x 420mm, Edition of 50

<https://youtu.be/1XwWj0MPK0?t=3779>

For more than a year, Molly Bloom from James Joyce's *Ulysses* has not performed as a professional singer. Moreover, during the whole last chapter of the book she has to lie awake – all *pianissimo* – besides her sleeping husband.

In our live recital, the final full stop of her stream of consciousness becomes the point of origin 0 (0 | 0), the origo of a vocal breakout from silence and back onto the stage: A very low *let go* – between multilingual sound poetry and vocal warm-up exercises, from the bedroom's musty smell to the airglow of the *aérospatiaux*.

The riso printed score shows the joint writing process.



Performance *räume für notizen*, Kunsttankstelle Ottakring, Vienna, 2022;  
in our live recital we dare to break out of the silence  
together with Molly Bloom.

Punkt O (0 | 0)

zero zero

o

o

o (Spanisch ausgesprochen)

ô

oh

ou

où

wo sich die Achsen des Koordinatensystems berühren

origo (Ursprungs)

origine (Anfangs)

(Ausgangs-) Punkt O horchen

ganz piano pianissimo

origliare

o oscitatio

soso

Oft( deutsch und alt englisch)

Of(t)en of

M n

Mon

glór (irish stimme,klang). flor

(ganz Ohr)

oler a moho

Moder

origliere

all'orlo of morrow

mormorendo

Ombre/penombra

(gefiedersaum, fiebertraum; vielleicht reingesprochen in sombra..)

sombra, somber, sombre, asombro, sombrío (somnambul?)

piumino plumón (span.) pumon plume

(staub (ge)webe)

Pnoi

daunen (dehnen)  
dispersible dust  
sdraiato

bett georgette  
(letto, stretto, strecken)

Brume des plumes its

vaho vowel

Mhh

einriechen

ausblühen, ausschwitzen

to bloom

Crescendo----- halblaut werden

con anima (konzentrisch konzertierend)  
(Andiam! – ev. aus Mollys Don Giovanni-Stück)

adorato

O ton

go

on

aglow all all allow

airflow (fahrt aufnehmen)

flottant afloat

and their gawking gone

Anflug (bloom)

airglow

Überstrahlung

crossbow

eyeglow

(Leuchte, Mittel-, Ausgangs-) Punkt O (0/0/0)

foco

allegro con fuoco

o

espaciar

(expectorar, auswerfen, speien, spucken, husten)

en

adagio

(ausdehnen, aus

schweifen)

o aequo

un o accoter en fond aérospatiaux

vacío (Vakuum)

voix

osciller

ximerono(dawn)

briller

Glottis O

fluo

r

es zieren/re scent

(eos)

(oru)

mete o r

strike a chord with someone

scaphandre

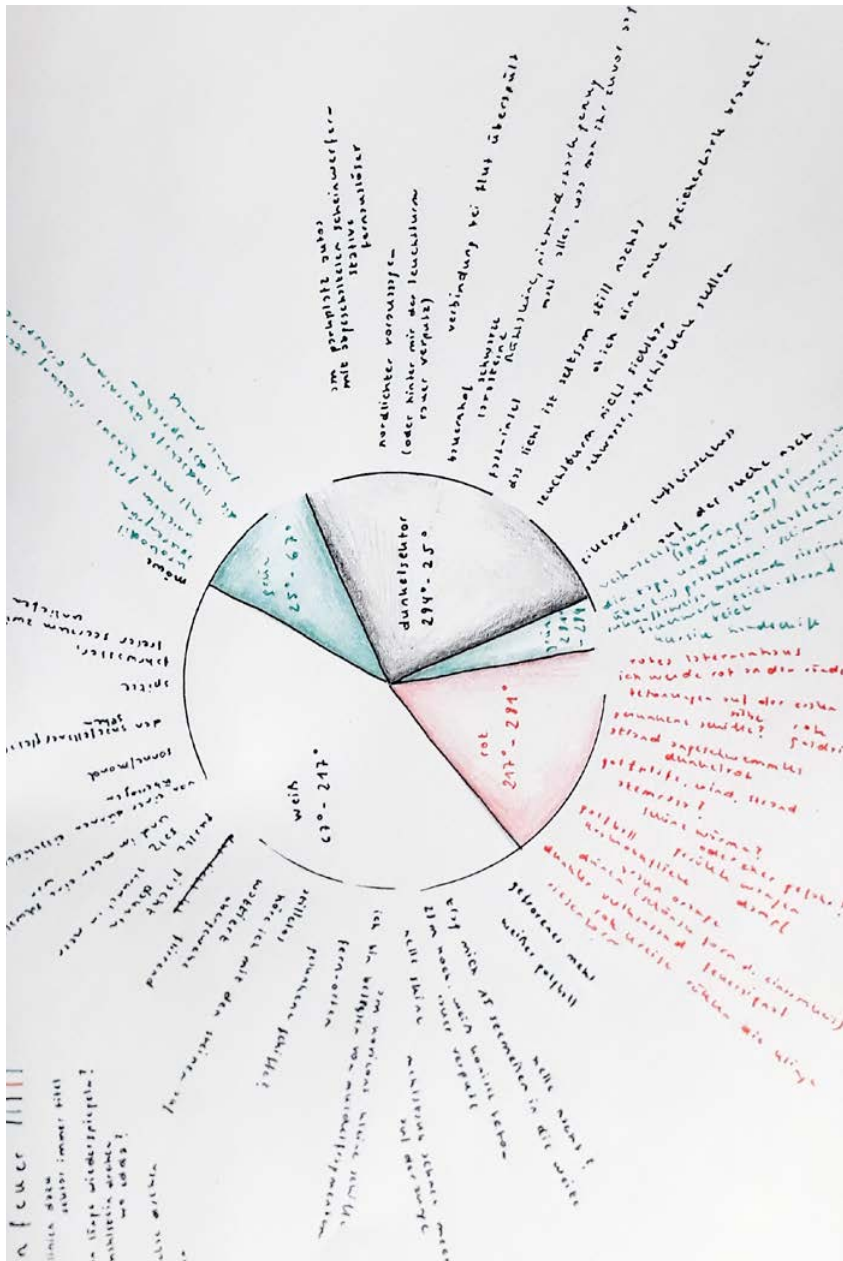
or bit(s)

floraison (mission, sobrepresión)

bóldo

big O Dimension

Text quotes from the recital in two voices *Punkt O* (0 | 0); playfully using different languages related to *Ulysses*, the text transfers its listeners from the Blooms' dusty bedroom into the airglow of the *aérospatiaux*.



Note book page from the process of writing *sektorenfeuer*, a cycle of poems structured according to the colour sectors of the Gróttá Lighthouse.

## SEKTORENFEUER SECTOR LIGHT

2021

Poetry

Feldkircher Lyrikpreis 2021, 1<sup>st</sup> prize

<https://vimeo.com/650354243>

Sector lights display horizontal angle light beams in different colours to provide information for safe passage through shallow or dangerous water to mariners.

Arranged according to the colour sectors of the Gróttá Lighthouse, my poems illuminate the seascape at the tip of the Seltjarnarnes peninsula (Iceland) – once remote farmland with a mill, now a tourist lookout point for Northern Lights.

The lyrical self is constantly concerned with its own localisation, trying to (re)establish a (broken) connection: to oneself, to a you, to the place, the land, its history, language, and to a namesake story from the *Edda*.

**fern-orten**

(weiß | 67° - 217°)

          schläfst du?  
frage ich nachts  
das displayleuchten

tagsüber  
stillelos  
schuh an fastinselspitze  
höre ich  
mit den steinen auf

fern-orte  
fingernagelgroße schiffe  
im horizontbereich

gefrorener mehl  
          schnee staub  
meersalzschuppen  
auf der haut

auf dem gischtrauen verputz  
des leuchtturms  
von kindern gemalte tiere

eine möwe  
trägt ein krokodil  
fünfzehn seeemeilen in die weite

**far-placing**

(white | 67° - 217°)

          are you asleep?  
I ask the phone screen light  
at nighttime

during the day  
silentless  
shoe on presque-isle tip  
I cease  
with the stones

far-placing  
fingernail sized ships  
in the horizon area

frozen flour  
          powder snow dust  
sea salt scales  
on skin

on the spray grey plaster  
of the lighthouse  
children's painted animals

a seagull  
carries a crocodile  
fifteen sea miles into the distance

Poem from the white colour sector of my cycle sektorenfeuer,  
illuminating the seascape at the tip of the Seltjarnarnes  
peninsula (Iceland).





## **CANNOT MAKE OUT YOUR FLAGS, COME NEARER.**

Since 2019 (ongoing)  
Interventions in public space  
Two-flag and three-flag signals  
Various sizes



The *International Code of Signals. For the Use of all Nations* has been introduced in shipping in 1872 for visual communication over long distances, especially when language difficulties arise. One or more flags form simple and arbitrary signs, representing words and sentences of the same signification in all languages.

To make statements supporting communication over distances and other barriers, as well as (ex)changes of perspective(s), two- or three-flag signals are hoisted in various places – such as at the FLUC at Vienna's Praterstern, at the toll tower of Sarmingstein and, most recently, at the Creative Cluster, Vienna.

Installation views *Ich kann nicht mehr*, FLUC, Vienna, 2019 |  
Festival of Regions – Social Warmth, toll tower, Sarmingstein, 2019;  
two-flag signal *QF* »Cannot make out your *Flags*, come nearer«.



Installation views *Wechselnde Sicht*, Creative Cluster, Vienna, 2022;  
 three-flag signals *X02* »*Visibility is expected to be variable*« and  
*MY1* »*It is dangerous to remain in present position.*«





*Ein Zimmer* is set in a former spa, that over time has accommodated a shelter for refugees and later an inpatient hospice.

## **EIN ZIMMER**

### **A ROOM**

2021

Prose

FM4 Wortlaut 2021, 2<sup>nd</sup> prize

<https://fm4.orf.at/stories/3019555/>

A room at the end of the corridor on the second floor of a former spa. Once the building has been used as a shelter for refugees, now it accommodates an inpatient hospice. Two guests – a male and a female – enter into a dialogue across the temporal distance – without speaking directly.

Instead, the two parallel text strands of *Ein Zimmer* invite readers to observe both protagonists' life situations in an in-between state. Fragments of the present – impressions, smells, conversation snippets, sounds, feelings – emerge and disappear again, overlapping in the long wait between arriving and leaving.

Ein Park.

Ein Kastanienbaum. Metallene Stühle auf dem Rasen, jeder in eine andere Richtung gedreht.

Ein Gebäude aus gerade geführten Linien. Walmdach. Darunter vorspringende Seitenflügel. Balkone mit dunklen Sonnenschirmen.

Früher: ein Kurbad mit eigener Quelle. Schwefelwasser. Trüb, mit einem leichten Stich ins Gelbliche. Ein Geschmack auf den Zungen der damaligen Feriengäste: fremd. Rostfarben, leicht salzig, mit einem Hauch von feuchtem Moos. Jetzt ist sie hier Gast.

Eine asphaltierte Zufahrt führt durch den Park bis vor die ebenerdige Schiebetür, der Lift bis in den zweiten Stock, den Gang entlang, bis ganz ans Ende des Seitenflügels.

Eine breite Tür.

Ein Zimmer.

An den Tag, an dem er hier eingezogen ist, kann er sich nicht mehr genau erinnern. Blick gerade, nach vorn.

Der Teppich ausgerollt zwischen Bett und Fenster.

Rau unter seinen Fußsohlen. Er trainiert.

Nach links. Vorwärts. Schnapptritt. Knie hoch, Zehen anziehen. Rückwärtsschritt.

Abwehr. Schulter leicht nach vorne. Aufwärtsskick. Rechts einen halben Schritt vor – Richtungswechsel – links zurück. Blocken. Rundkick, zu weit links. Hand an Tischkante.

A park.

A chestnut tree. Metal chairs on the lawn, each facing a different direction.

A building of straight lines. Hipped roof. Projecting side wings below. Balconies with dark parasols.

Once: a spa with its own spring. Sulphur water. Cloudy, with a slight tinge of yellow. A taste on the tongues of the guests of the time: foreign. Rust-coloured, slightly salty, with a hint of damp moss. Now she is a guest here.

An asphalt driveway leads through the park to the ground-level sliding door, the lift to the second floor, along the corridor, to the very end of the side wing.

A wide door.

A room.

He can't remember exactly the day he moved here. Look straight ahead.

The carpet rolled out between the bed and the window. Rough under the soles of his feet. He is exercising. To the left. Forward. Snap-kick. Knee up, tighten toes. Step backwards. Defence. Shoulder slightly forward. Upward kick. Right half a step forward – change direction – back left. Block. Round kick, too far left. Hand on table edge.

Sie liegt im Bett.  
Auf. Ab. Hin. Her.  
Sieht der Wackelblume auf der  
Fensterbank zu. Den Blüten-  
blättern aus glänzendem Plastik.  
Flip-Flap.  
Wenn Sonnenlicht darauffällt.

[...]

Lederknarren, wenn die Tochter  
auf der Sitzfläche das Gewicht  
verlagert. Hin. Her. Aufsteht,  
das Fenster kippt, sich wieder  
setzt, ab.

[...]

Sie stellt sich vor: Jemand hat  
Eindickungspulver in die Stille  
gemischt, damit sie und ihre Tochter  
sich nicht daran verschlucken.

Nachts zusammengerollt kann er  
nicht schlafen. Von Stille kann  
hier keine Rede sein.

Laute Stimmen unten im Park:  
Paschto, Dari, Farsi. Pfeifen.  
Dumpfe Bässe. Zigarettenrauch.  
Er schließt das Fenster.

Sein Mitbewohner schnarcht.  
Gleichmäßig. Flattrig. Wie der  
Wind später am See, zwischen  
schlaffen Segeln.

[...]

She lies in bed.  
Up. Down. There. Back.  
Watching the solar dancing flower  
on the windowsill. The shiny  
plastic petals. Flip-Flap.  
When the sunlight is on them.

[...]

Leather creaking, when the daughter  
shifts her weight on the seat.  
There. Back. Stands up, tilts the window,  
sits down.

[...]

She imagines: Someone has put  
thickening powder into the silence  
so that she and her daughter don't  
choke on it.

Curled up at night, he cannot  
sleep. There is no question of  
silence here.

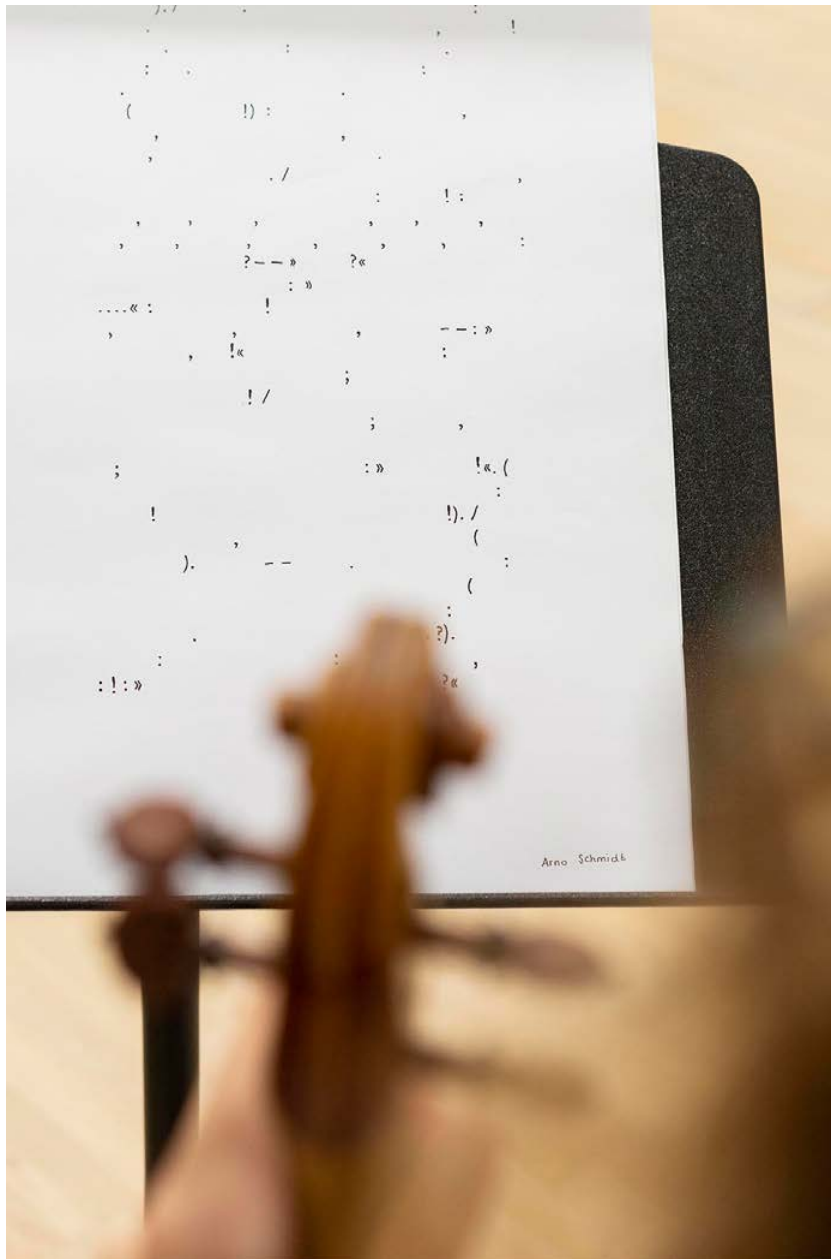
Loud voices down in the park:  
Paschto, Dari, Farsi. Whistling.  
Muffled basses. Cigarette smoke.  
He closes the window.

His roommate snores. Evenly.  
Fluttering. Like the wind later  
at the lake, between limp sails.

[...]

Text extract from the beginning of *A room*; in parallel text  
strands two inhabitants of the same room at different times  
enter into a dialogue without speaking directly.





» - . ! :

2019

Punctuation mark composition for mixed quartet

Collaboration with musicians from the  
Anton Bruckner Private University Linz

<https://vimeo.com/343619304>

Influencing a text's rhythm, tune, volume and pauses, punctuation marks have a great impact on the musical quality of prose writings. However, they are the only characters on a book page without a specific sound.

To make the author specific punctuations of texts by Marlene Streeruwitz, Elfriede Jelinek, Arno Schmidt and an own short story audible, these seemingly unimpressive marks are recomposed to a musical piece for mixed quartet. The classical musicians from the Anton Bruckner Private University only perform the punctuation marks, while the sentences inbetween are turned into pauses, thus reversing the relation between language and punctuation.

The punctuation marks of Arno Schmidt's writing are made audible by the concert performance of a mixed quartet. | Photo: L. Bachmann



Concert performance at Cafe Central, Linz, 2019; musicians from the Anton Bruckner Private University perform author-specific punctuation marks from handdrawn scores. | Photo: L. Bachmann

### Auf einen Blick.

Interpunktionen sind die einzigen Schriftzeichen auf einer Buchseite, die keinen eigenen Klang besitzen, jedoch Rhythmus, Lautstärke, Satzmelodie und Pausengestaltung eines Textes wesentlich beeinflussen.

In »-...!« werden die literarischen Interpunktionszeichen vier deutschsprachiger Autor\_innen in einem Musikstück für gemischtes Quartett hörbar gemacht.

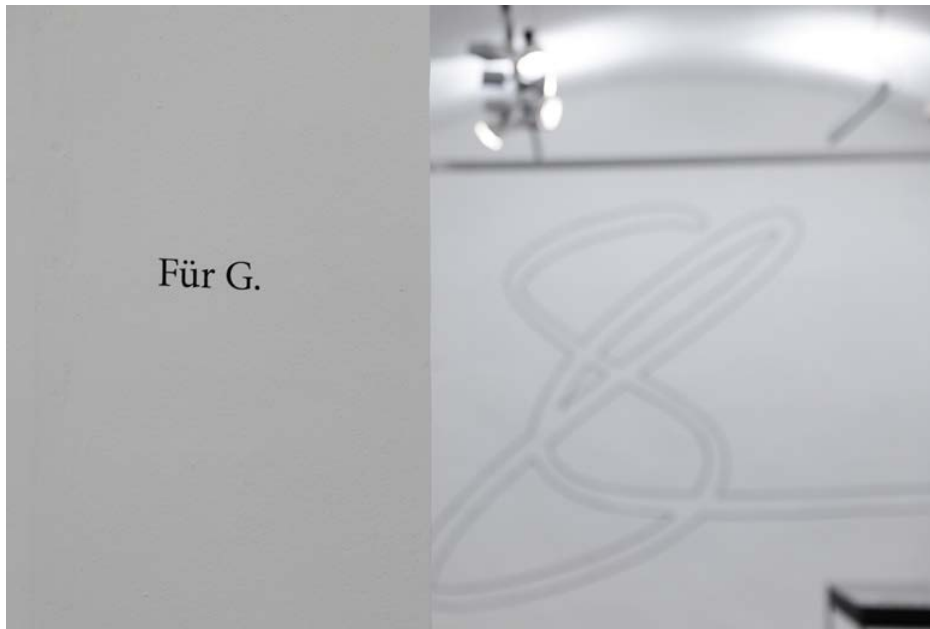
### Interpunktionszeichen.

#### Zwischen die Worte hineinhören.

Atempausen, Grenzsteine, Ton-, Sinn-, Unterscheidungszeichen, Stimmführer – in den unterschiedlichen Ausdrücken für Interpunktionszeichen spiegeln sich ihre vielfältigen Funktionen. Zwischen den Worten strukturieren sie Sinnzusammenhänge, gliedern den Textfluss visuell, vermitteln zwischen Stimme und Schrift, Leser\_in und Autor\_in. Sie transportieren Affekte, trennen und verbinden zugleich, zeigen Zwischenraum an. Als Spielarten des Leerzeichens bieten sie Schreibenden die Möglichkeit, Pausen auf dem Papier unterschiedlich zu gestalten, verschiedene Weißtöne zu erzeugen.

Obwohl sie als einzige Schriftzeichen auf der Buchseite keinen eigenen Klang besitzen, beeinflussen die Interpunktionszeichen die Atemführung, Satzmelodie, Rhythmisierung, Tonlage, Lautstärke, Pausengestaltung und somit die Musikalität eines Textes wesentlich. Seit ihrer Einführung in der Antike als Atemmarkierungen für den rhetorischen Vortrag gibt es zahlreiche Verbindungen zwischen Interpunktion und Musik. Die Neumenschriften, die als mittelalterliche Vorläufer der abendländischen Standardnotation gelten, weisen beispielsweise mit *punctum* und *virga* dieselben Grundzeichen wie die heutige Interpunktion auf. Auch in der barocken Figurenlehre werden die Satzzeichen als Figuren wie *exclamatio* oder *interrogatio*, als Einschnitte in der Klangrede musikalisch gestaltet. Theodor W. Adorno bringt diesen Zusammenhang treffend auf den Punkt: »In keinem ihrer Elemente ist die Sprache so musikähnlich wie in den Satzzeichen.«

Concert programme appropriating the different page layouts and fonts of the books used for the composition. | Photo: L. Bachmann



## **FÜR S. FOR S.**

2019

Textual intervention

Part of *Handapparate*, Atelierhaus Salzamt, Linz

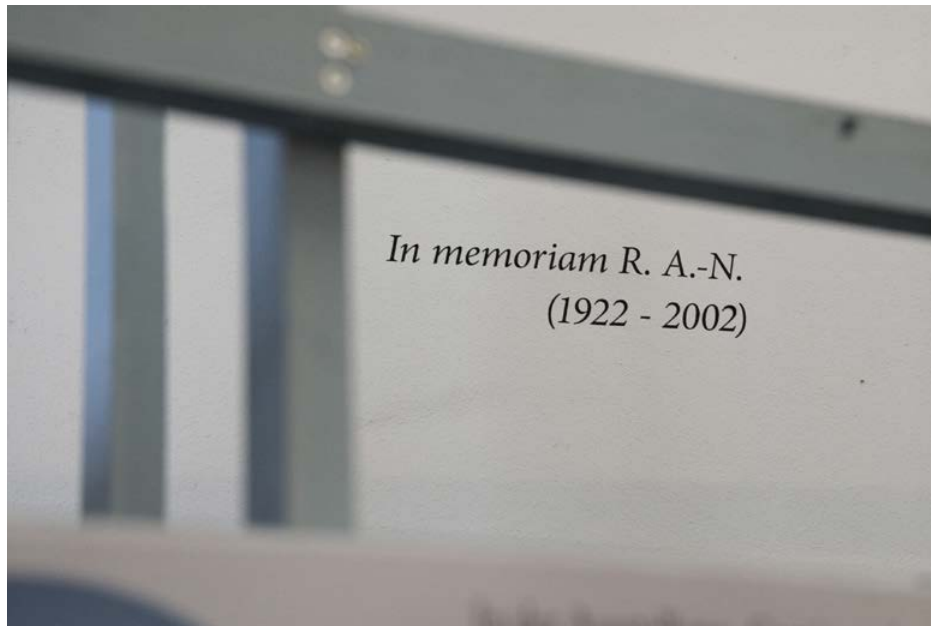
Eight book dedications

Book dedications reflect the relation between the private and the public life of an author. For my project I selected dedications from my digital, still growing archive, referring to the human life cycle.

Transferred from the intimacy of the bookpage to the walls of the exhibition space, the viewer can discover various of these private moments throughout the show. Starting with childish nicknames and coming to an end with dedications written in remembrance of a person, the most personal within a work of fiction becomes itself a fictive and onomato-poetic construction.

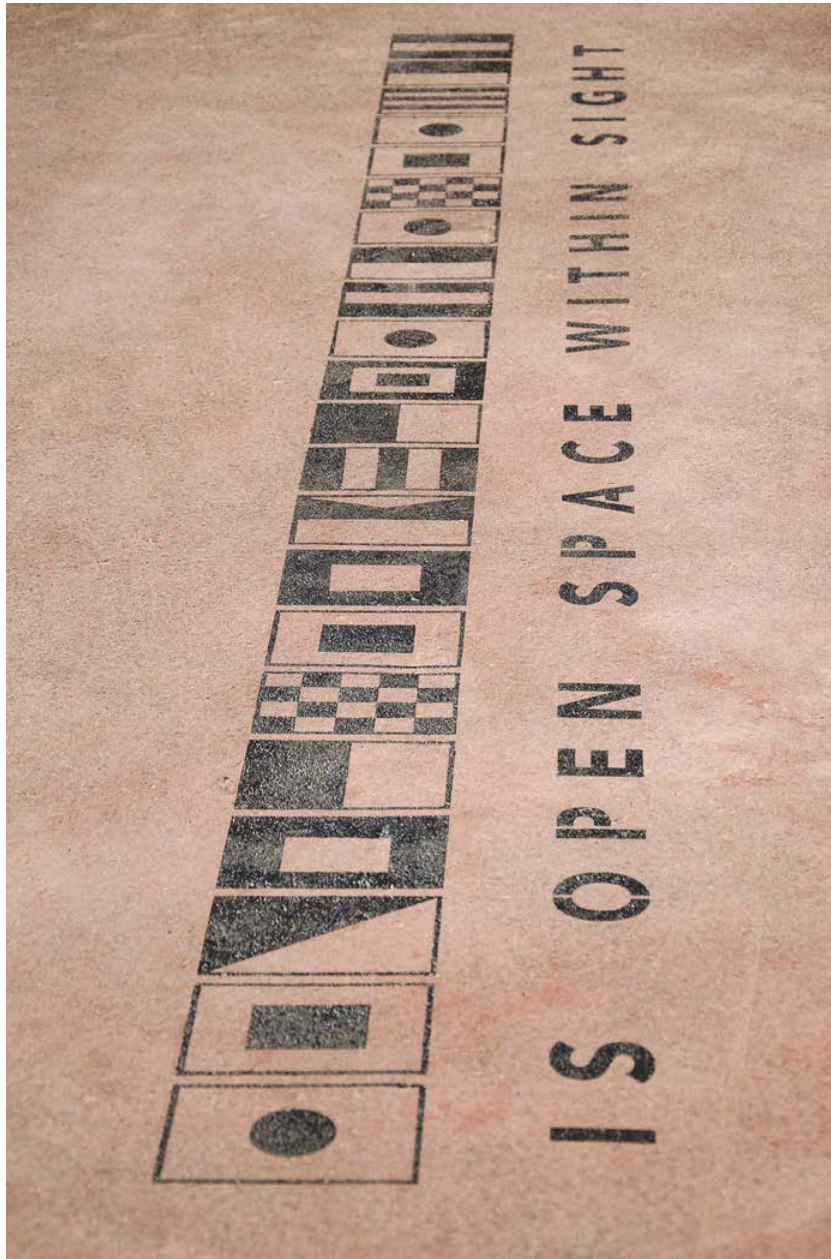


Installation views *Handapparate*, Atelierhaus Salzamt, Linz 2019; personal book dedications spread throughout the exhibiton space. | Photos: Florian Voggeneder



Installation views *Handapparate*; book dedications are transferred from book pages to the walls of the exhibition space. | Photos: Florian Voggeneder





Installation view *Höhenrausch – Das andere Ufer*, OK Offenes Kulturhaus Linz, 2018; floor lettering, decoding the message spelled out, using the international flag alphabet.



**THE WORDS WHICH FOLLOW ARE  
IN PLAIN LANGUAGE**

2018

Intervention at *voestalpine open space*

Part of *Höhenrausch – Das andere Ufer*,

Offenes Kulturhaus 00, Linz

Lettering from 22 flags

Each 56 x 82 cm

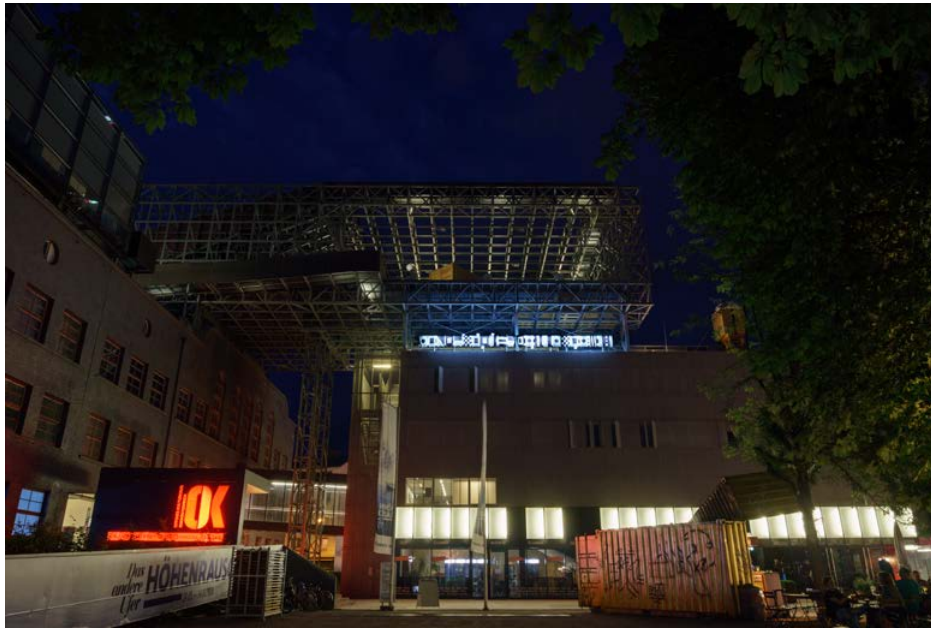
The international flag alphabet has been used in shipping since the late 19th century for visual communication over long distances.

The spelled message »IS OPEN SPACE WITHIN SIGHT« gets into a dialogue with the viewer. It asks based on expressions from the sailor language after the »open space« of the original lettering and plays at the same time with its (in)visibility. The eponymous short signal YZ is hoisted in the sea to indicate that the spelling is subsequently spelled out using the flag alphabet.

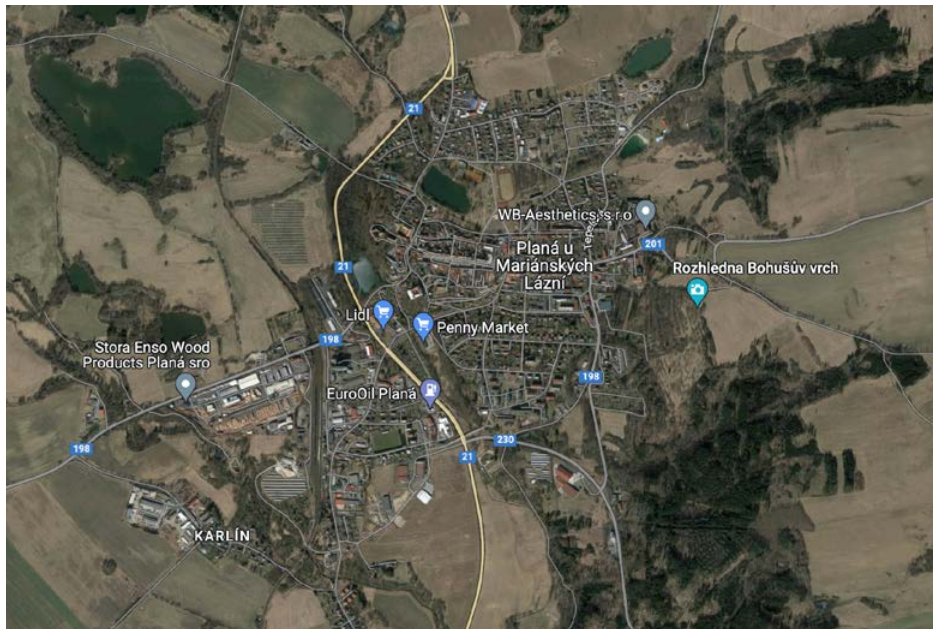


Installation view *Höhenrausch – Das andere Ufer*, OK Offenes Kulturhaus Linz, 2018;  
intervention at *voestapline open space*, lettering from 22 flags of the international flag alphabet.





Installation views *Höhenrausch – Das andere Ufer*, OK Offenes Kulturhaus Linz, 2018; illuminated lettering at night.



## MUTTERSCHRAUBEN A VIRTUAL JOURNEY

2017 | 2020

Prose | Virtual reading

ACF Virtual, Austrian Cultural Forum, London

<https://vimeo.com/428424308>

Award of literature, province of Vorarlberg 2017

Published in *LICHTUNGEN* 149/2017 and *miromente* 48



*Mutterschrauben* tells the story of an encounter between a grandmother and her granddaughter who set off on a digital journey down memory lane visiting the grandmother's birthplace. By using Google Maps at the kitchen table, they virtually head to the Czech (formerly Sudeten-German) town Planá, where the grandmother was driven away from in 1946.

In current times, when travel has become only possible via Street View, the audience is taken on a unique voyage: A specially designed video reading, combining past and present, incomplete childhood memories and pixel errors, to create an engaging dialogue.

Stills from the digital journey, exploring my short story *Mutterschrauben*, combining a virtual reading with unique visual elements.





Aber es fehlten noch Mutterschrauben.  
Wir haben es später nicht mehr geschafft,  
die ruhenden Teile wieder zusammenzusetzen.  
Ist dir warm?, fragt Lena. Soll ich ein  
Fenster aufmachen? Christel winkt ab. Auf  
der linken Straßenseite ein verwilder-  
tes Grundstück. Objekt na prodej, steht  
auf einem hölzernen Schild. Weiter,  
sagt sie.

[...]

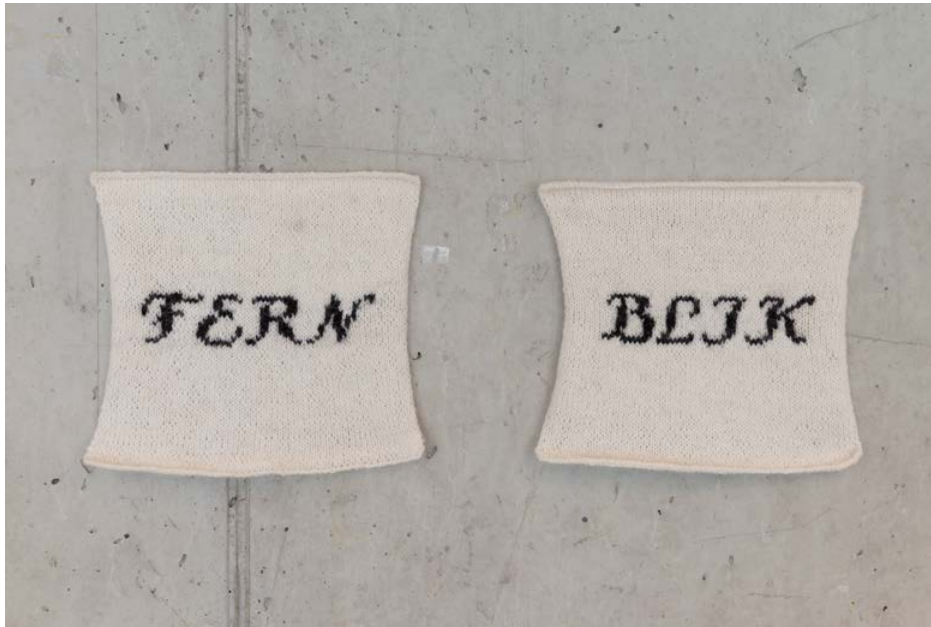


The screw nuts were still missing.  
We never managed to reassemble the resting  
parts afterwards. Are you warm?, asks Lena.  
Should I open a window? Christel shakes  
her head. An overgrown plot of land on the left  
side of the road. Objekt na prodej, is written  
on the wooden sign. Onwards, she says.

[...]

Stills and quote from *Mutterschrauben*; Christel and  
her granddaughter Lena set off on a virtual journey via Street View,  
visiting the former's birth place Planá.





## GERMAN KNITTING

2017 | 2022

Nine knitting patterns from Icelandic wool

Each 32 x 32 cm

The installation reflects on knitting and language as important means of the Icelandic national identity construction and the tensions that arise from the exchange with foreign influences. The traditional knitting technique used in Iceland, for example, was originally introduced by German and Dutch merchants and is therefore referred to as »German Knitting«.

Playing with my own entanglement between Icelandic and my mother tongue German, I create poetry by knitting Icelandic words that – written – look like German ones but with which they don't share meaning. Interpreting them as German they spell the sentence »ein fern blik kann mál ein án fang sein«.

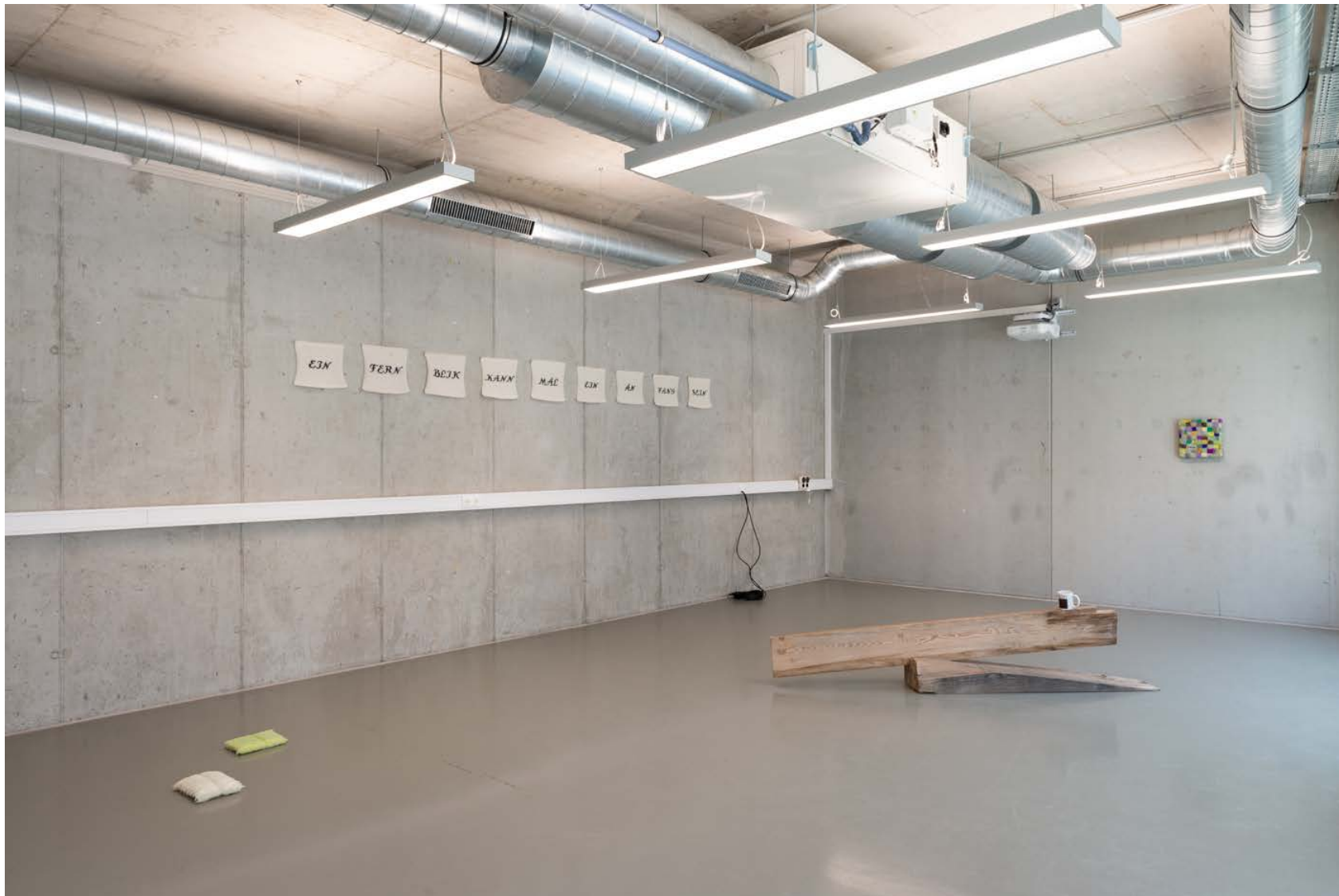
See: Contemporary Matters, *On Community #1*, exhibition booklet, p. 8.



Knitting patterns of Icelandic words, that can also be read in German; 32 x 32 cm. | Photo (top): Sophie Pölzl



Installation view *On Community #1*, curated by *Contemporary Matters*, Vienna, 2022;  
series of knitting patterns that form a German sentence out of Icelandic words. | Photo: Sophie Pölzl



Installation view *On Community #1*, curated by *Contemporary Matters*,  
w. Un-Zu Ha-Nul Lee and Johanna Charlotte Trede, Vienna, 2022. | Photo: Sophie Pölzl

»Fengi eg ærlegt íslenskt mál,  
eins tilreitt og súpukál,  
vösk eg mundi verða í stað,  
væri eg ekki dauð um það.«

*»If I were to have an honest Icelandic language,  
served in a bowl of soup  
I would cheer up instantly,  
if I won't be dead by then already.«*

Quote taken from the poem *Sótt og dauði íslenskunnar*  
(»Sickness and Death of the Icelandic Language«)  
by Eggert Ólafsson (1726–1768).

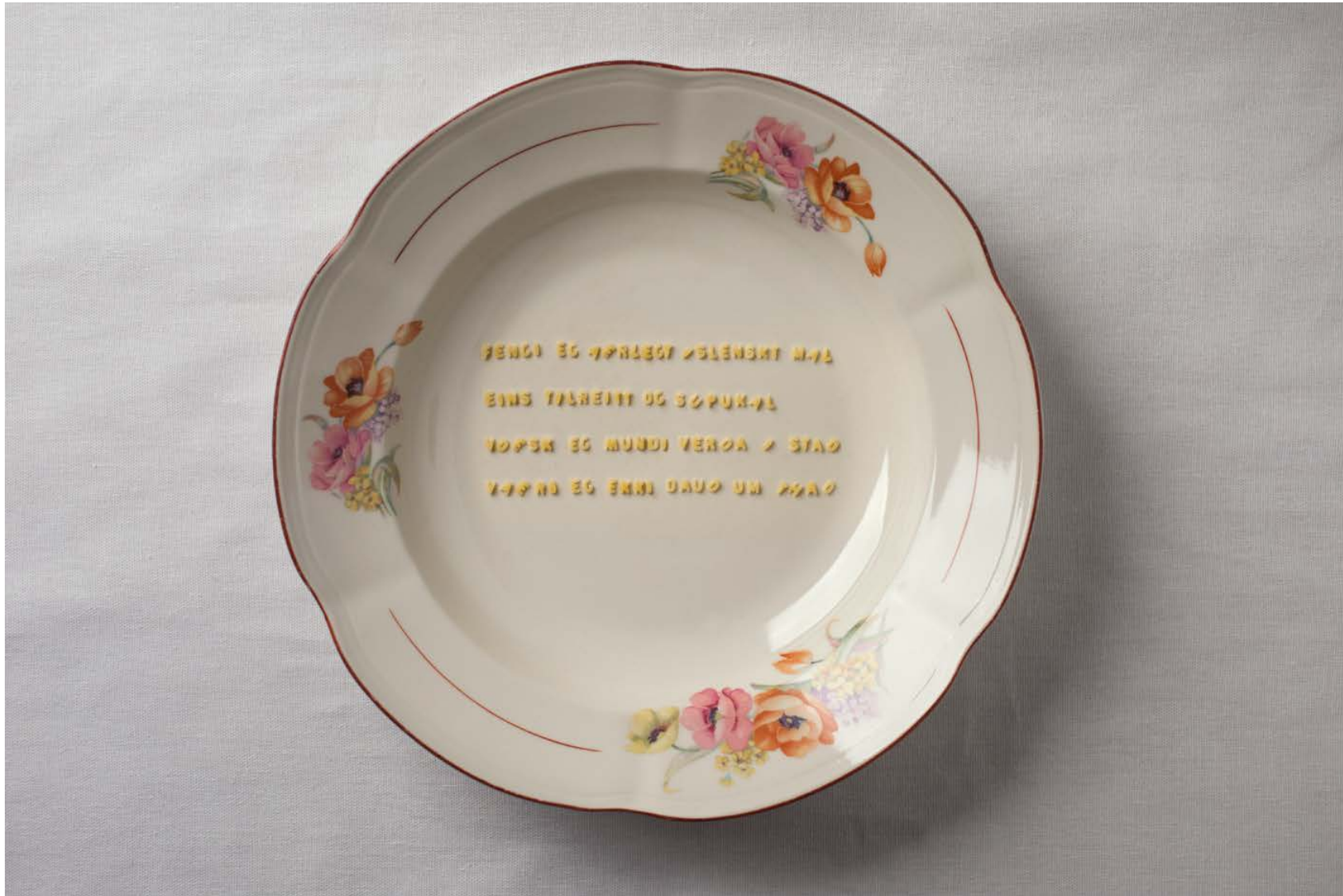
## ICELANDIC SOUP

2017  
Digital C-Print, Wooden frame  
42 x 29,7 cm

The poem *Sickness and Death of the Icelandic Language* by Eggert Ólafsson (1726–1768) is one of the first evidences of linguistic purism in Icelandic literature. The poem portrays Icelandic as a woman, suffering from a terminal disease caused by too many foreign words. In one verse she even dreams of »an honest Icelandic soup«.

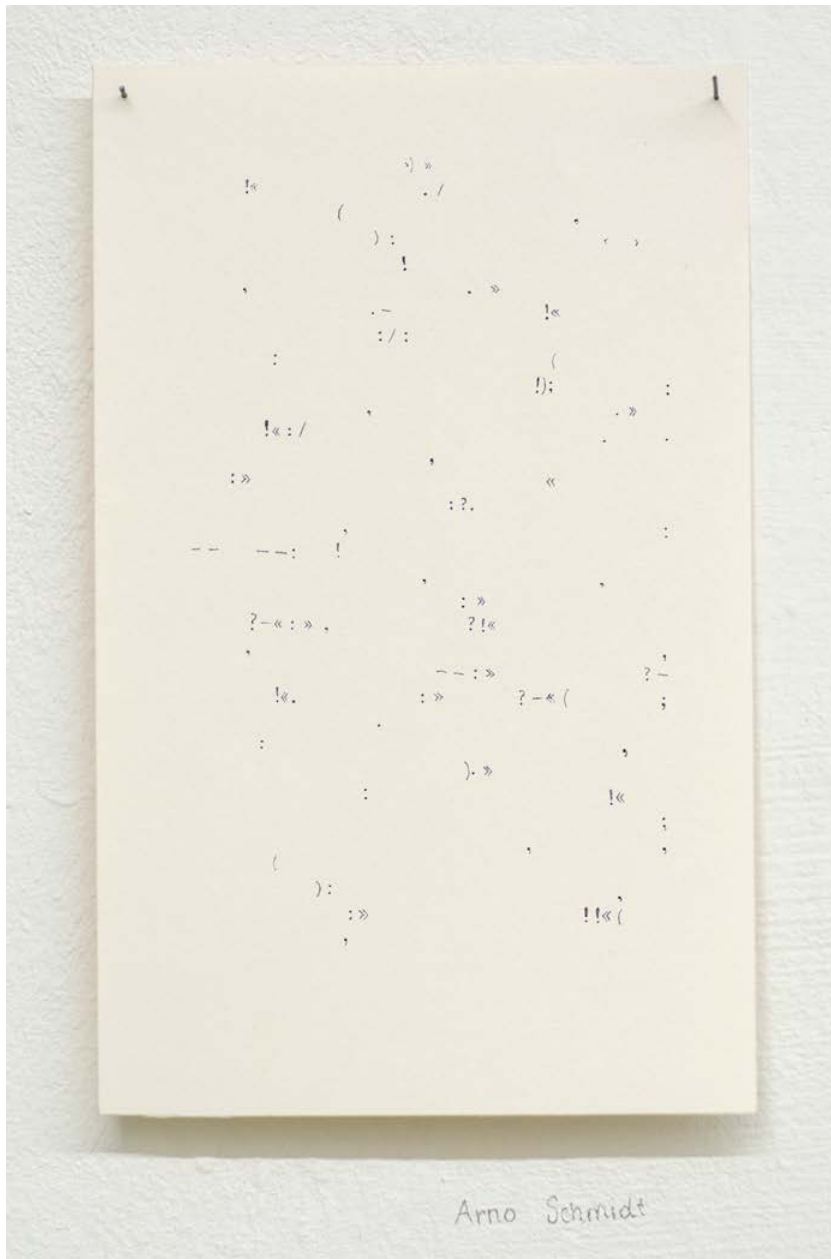
By re-writing this verse with letters of a standard alphabet soup package from the supermarket, the existence of such a »pure« *Icelandic soup* is put into question, as the soup is lacking the particular Icelandic letters.





Verse by Eggert Olafsson, rewritten from alphabet soup,  
lacking the particular Icelandic letters; 42 x 29,7 cm.





## SATZZEICHNUNGEN

### BETWEEN THE WORDS

2016 | 2017

Pencil drawings on paper

Various sizes

The perception of punctuation marks is commonly limited to their syntactic function. Rarely, people read between the words.

By drawing only the punctuation marks of pages from pieces of German literature on otherwise empty sheets, the musical, emotional and aesthetic marks of the text's composition become visible. All the dots, commas, semicolons and question marks together form an individual, author-specific score.

Pencil drawing, punctuation marks taken from  
a book page written by Arno Schmidt; 120 x 190 mm.



Installation view »-!.: Die Küche, University of Arts Linz, 2016; series of pencil drawings with punctuation marks taken from book pages by German-writing authors.



## VON BLAUGRAU BIS ROSA FROM BLUE-GRAY TO PINK

2016  
Collaboration with Christa Wall  
Performance, artists' book  
148 × 210 mm, 32 Pages



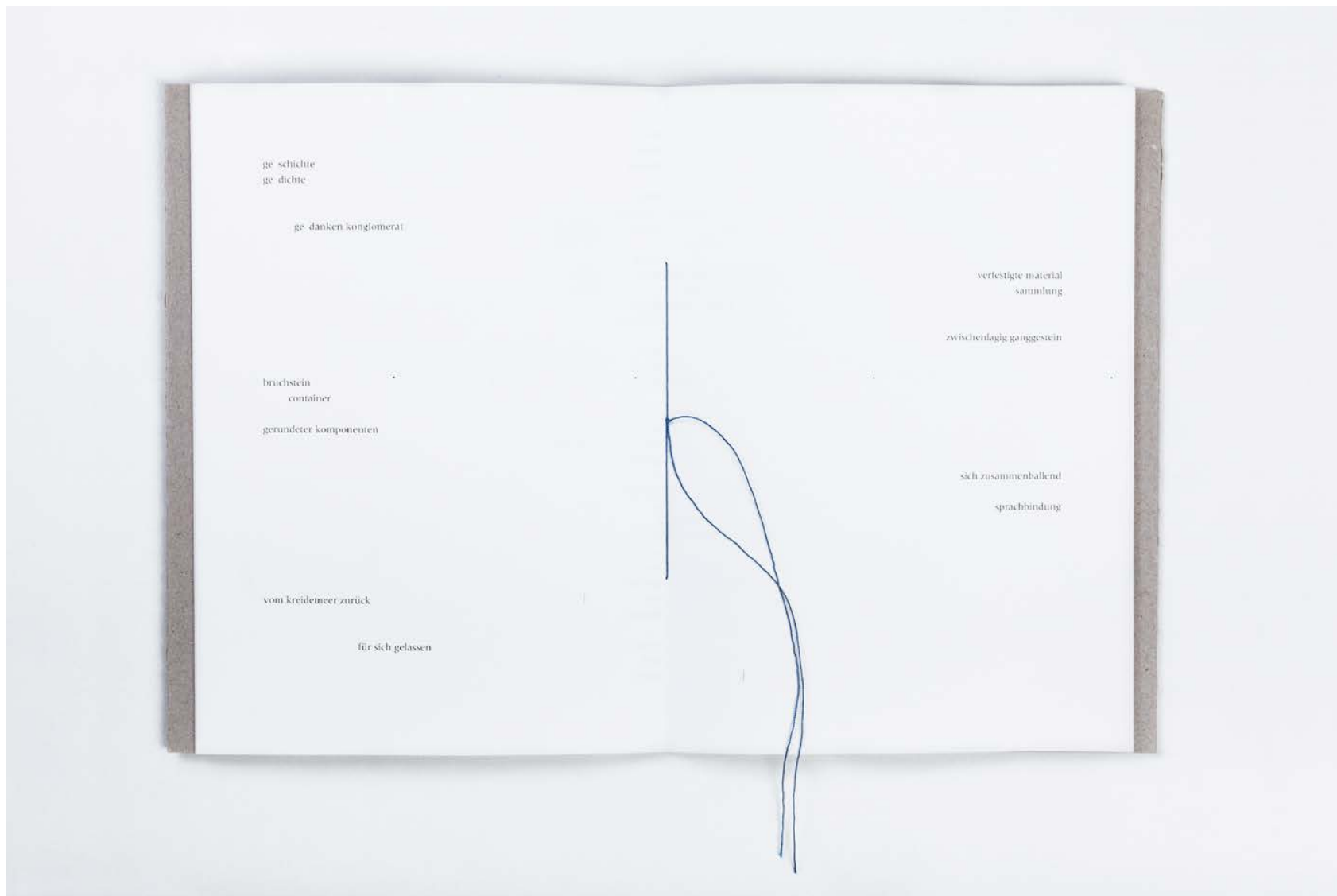
The artists' book *von blaugrau bis rosa* emerged from a workshop in the area around the former stone quarry of Lindabrunn, situated in Lower Austria. The characteristics of Lindabrunn's conglomerate rock inspired a text collage about stone as a material. The book's experimental layout connects the poetical fragments to typographic formations.

The whole production process becomes visible through the set-up of a book-binding workshop, where visitors are invited to participate in the book-binding and create their own unique copy.

Installation view *Somewhere to disappear*, Lindabrunn, 2016; set-up of a book-binding workshop at the exhibition opening | Photos: Leo Schatzl



*von blaugrau bis rosa; text fragments combined with copied nature materials from the stone quarry, printed on pink transparent paper.*



von blaugrau bis rosa; poetical constellations inspired by the  
characteristics of conglomerate rocks.



## CV

### SARAH RINDERER

Born in Bregenz,  
lives and works in Vienna.

## EDUCATION    TEACHING

- 2020 – University assistant  
2023 Art history | Art theory department, University of Arts Linz  
2020 Diploma, Cultural studies | Art theory  
University of Arts Linz  
2019 Diploma, Fine Arts – Experimental art  
University of Arts Linz  
2019 Erasmus Internship, Austrian Cultural Forum London  
2017 Erasmus Semester, Listaháskóli Íslands, Reykjavík  
2014 Graduation, Graphic and Communication Design,  
Higher Technical Institute, Innsbruck

## GRANTS    AWARDS    [Selection]

- 2023 AiR Yellow Brick – Athens, BMK OES  
2022 AiR Klaustrið, Skrifuklaustur, Iceland  
2021 Feldkircher Lyrikpreis (1<sup>st</sup> prize)  
2021 FM4 Wortlaut, short story competition (2<sup>nd</sup> prize)  
2021 Bank Austria Studios, Studio program  
2021 Kunst am Bau, Raiffeisenbank Bodensee-Leiblachtal (nominated)  
2021 AiR Barcelona, Province of Vorarlberg | Hangar.org  
2020 Vorarlberger Kulturpreis (promotional prize)  
2019 Scholarship for literature | cultural publishing, City of Linz  
2018 Emanuel and Sofie Fohn stipend for fine arts  
2018 Ö1 Talent scholarship for fine arts (finalist)  
2017 Award for Literature, Province of Vorarlberg  
2015 STARTstipend for Literature, BMK OES  
2015 LitArena VII for young German-writing authors (1<sup>st</sup> prize)  
2015 Graniti Murales, Writer in Residence, Sicily

## EXHIBITIONS    PUBLICATIONS    [Selection]

- 2023 *Ode to ...\**, libretto for a contemporary composition. The Power of Wonder.  
Mahler Forum for Music and Society, Klagenfurt.  
*Schieflage*, duo show with David Kapl. Kunsthalle Grein.
- 2022 *Ganz nah sind wir uns in Fernsignalen*, prose. Ö1 Kunstgeschichten.  
*Geiraliós*, residency and solo show. Gallerí Klaustur, Egilsstaðir (IS).  
*zusammen( )schreiben*, collective artist book, edited with  
Anne von der Heiden. University of Arts Linz | Potato Publishing, Linz.  
*German Knitting*, group show. On Community #1, curated by Contemporary Matters, Vienna.  
Numerous small frames, poetic essay. Point of View,  
Laurien Bachmann, artist book, Linz.  
*Punkt 0 (0|0)*, performance. room for notes, Kunsttankstelle Ottakring, Vienna.  
*Wechselnde Sicht*, flag intervention. Creative Cluster, Vienna.
- 2021 *sektorenfeuer*, poetry. 19. Feldkircher Lyrikpreis 2021, Erika Kronabitter (Ed.),  
Edition AS, St. Wolfgang.  
*ein zimmer*, prose. FM4 Wortlaut 21. Aussicht, Zita Bereuter and  
Claudia Czesch (Eds.), luftschacht, Vienna.  
*It's not always necessary to finish the sentence*, group show. Die Veränderung  
ereignete sich mit der Heftigkeit des Übergangs vom Tag zur Nacht, QuadrART,  
Dornbirn; Paratext N°55, Hangar.org, Barcelona.  
*Yes 0 do please stop*, intervention in public space. James-Joyce-Passage, Feldkirch.  
*RaumBildGeschichten*, graphic novel short stories. Schlossplatz, Hohenems.
- 2020 *Mutterschrauben: Revisited*, prose, virtual reading. ACF London.  
*Grand Opening*, text accompanying the exhibition Unsought Goods by Sebastian Six.
- 2019 *Für S.*, group show. Handapparate, Atelierhaus Salzamt, Linz.  
*aale bis intimgold*, anagrammatic city portrait. B wie Kunst, Bürger\_innenmagazin, Bregenz.  
*» – . ! :*, concert performance. Opening of Rundgang, Kunstuniversität Linz.  
*Cannot make out your Flags, come nearer*, group show. Social Warmth, Festival of  
Regions Perg | Strudengau; Ich kann nicht mehr, FLUC, Vienna.  
*hinter dem letzten stand*, poetry. Wo warn wir? ach ja: Junge österreichische  
Gegenwartslyrik, Robert Prosser and Christoph Szalay (Eds.), Limbus, Innsbruck.
- 2018 *The words which follow are in plain language*, group show. Loose Harbour #2,  
Höhenrausch – Das andere Ufer, OK Offenes Kulturhaus, Linz.  
*Sprechen mit geschlossenem Mund*, interviews. Geschichte wiederholt sich nicht,  
aber sie reimt sich, Andrea van der Straeten (Ed.), Schlebrügge Editor, Vienna.
- 2017 *German Knitting*, group show. Mother's Garage, RÝMD Gallery, Reykjavík;  
Best Off 17, University of Arts Linz | OK Offenes Kulturhaus.  
*Mutterschrauben*, prose. LICHTUNGEN 149/2017, Graz; miromente 48, Bregenz.

...

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