



TRACK

Little Bull sit on my lap
I tell you what we gonna have
A better World with laughing trees
And happy dolphins in the sea

But you my love

Eat up your thread, last supper track,

In deepest red

You won't survive this maze

Little Bull don't start to cry

We can't support your little breath

The empty shelves are counted yet

Donations won't reach all of us

Slurp up

Your little thread, last supper track, in deepest red

For worried man should stop

To fret

In deepest red

Little Bull give me a kiss

Your spittle means no harm to me

The numbered ventilators sing

Their song in someone elses dream

A bat made her shit

On a thread, last supper track

Your spit lets it shine

In deepest red

SUPPER

LAST

Little Bull give me a kiss
Your spittle means no harm to me
The numbered ventilators sing
Their song in someone elses dream
A bat made her shit
On a thread, last supper track
Your spit lets it shine
In deepest red

W O R K S E L E C T I O N

2 0 1 0 - 2 0 2 0

LILITH BECKER



TATSÄCHLICH

INDEED

Exhibition »Tatsächlich« (»Indeed«) at AKKU, project room of the Künstlerbund BW, Stuttgart (GER).
Truthfulness, perception and measurability in relation to Rainer Maria Rilke's »Primal Sound«
and the launch of the Saturn-V-rocket stage to the moon.



Exhibition view through the display window.
The pickup needle of a record player rests on the crown seam of a cat's skull. The cat's purring is transmitted to the glass-window by structure-borne sound transducer.



URRILLE (PRIMAL RILL), 2020 (Detail)
cat skull, record player, structure-borne sound transducer
variable dimensions



WAHRNEHMUNSRÄUSCHEN (PERCEPTUAL NOISE), 2020
Posidonia slate, vitreous powder etching
47 x 55 x 3 cm



DER ERSTE BLICK AUF DIE RÜCKSEITE 1959 (THE FIRST LOOK AT THE FAR SIDE 1959), 2020
Posidonia slate, vitreous powder etching, watercolor
47 x 65 x 3 cm



BLITZSATORI

BLITZSATORI

Lilith Becker and Florian Wolf
Performative concerts, readings, videos and manufacturing of devotional objects

since 2012



R O S A T I L B I T Z



Blitzsatori is a word created from the deep throat of the Spiri-Eso groups of our parents' generation and describes a „something“ that can be „enjoyed“ and thereby leads to rapid enlightenment. Growing up in the turmoil of sectarian communities, today we are concerned with the deep questions of the individual, the collective, the dissolution and the light, in order to be able to dissect them lying defenseless on the ground.

Now that social media has been on trial for a few years and the ground has not been visible at the edge of the abyss for a long time, we have decided to jump. For this we created the INTERfluencer, „Rosa Tilbitz“, who will observe in free fall the Accept-Follow-Like abyss and offer the world a path of mutual self-healing.

Launch: Fall 2020

Blitzsatori (Lilith Becker and Florian Wolf), sound neurotic sessions since 2012.

<http://blitzsatori.com/>
<https://www.facebook.com/rosa.tilbitz.5>

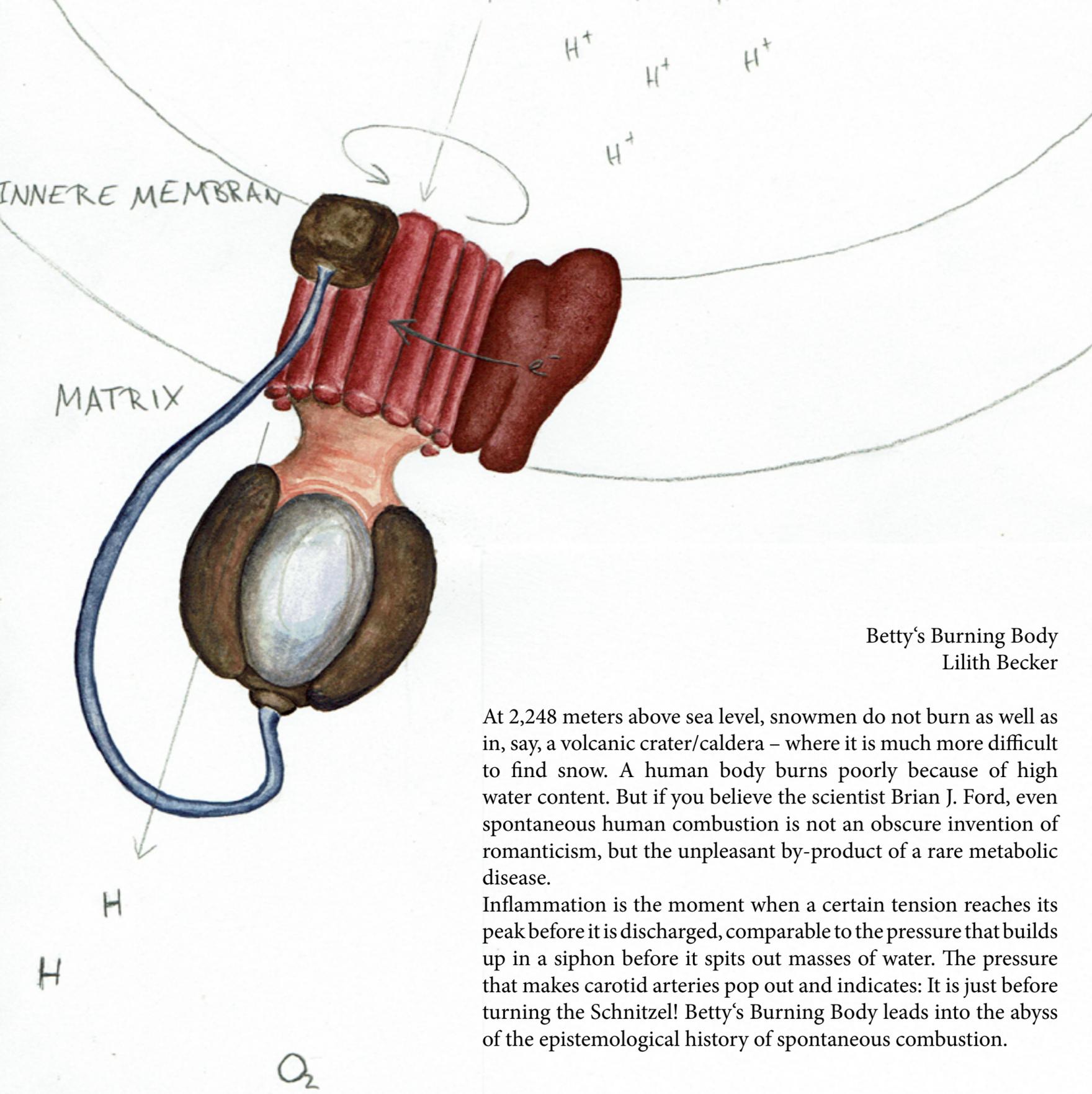


BETTY'S BURNING BODY

BETTY'S BURNING BODY

A manual dictionary on spontaneous combustion
Verlag für Handbücher (Publisher for manuals)

2019

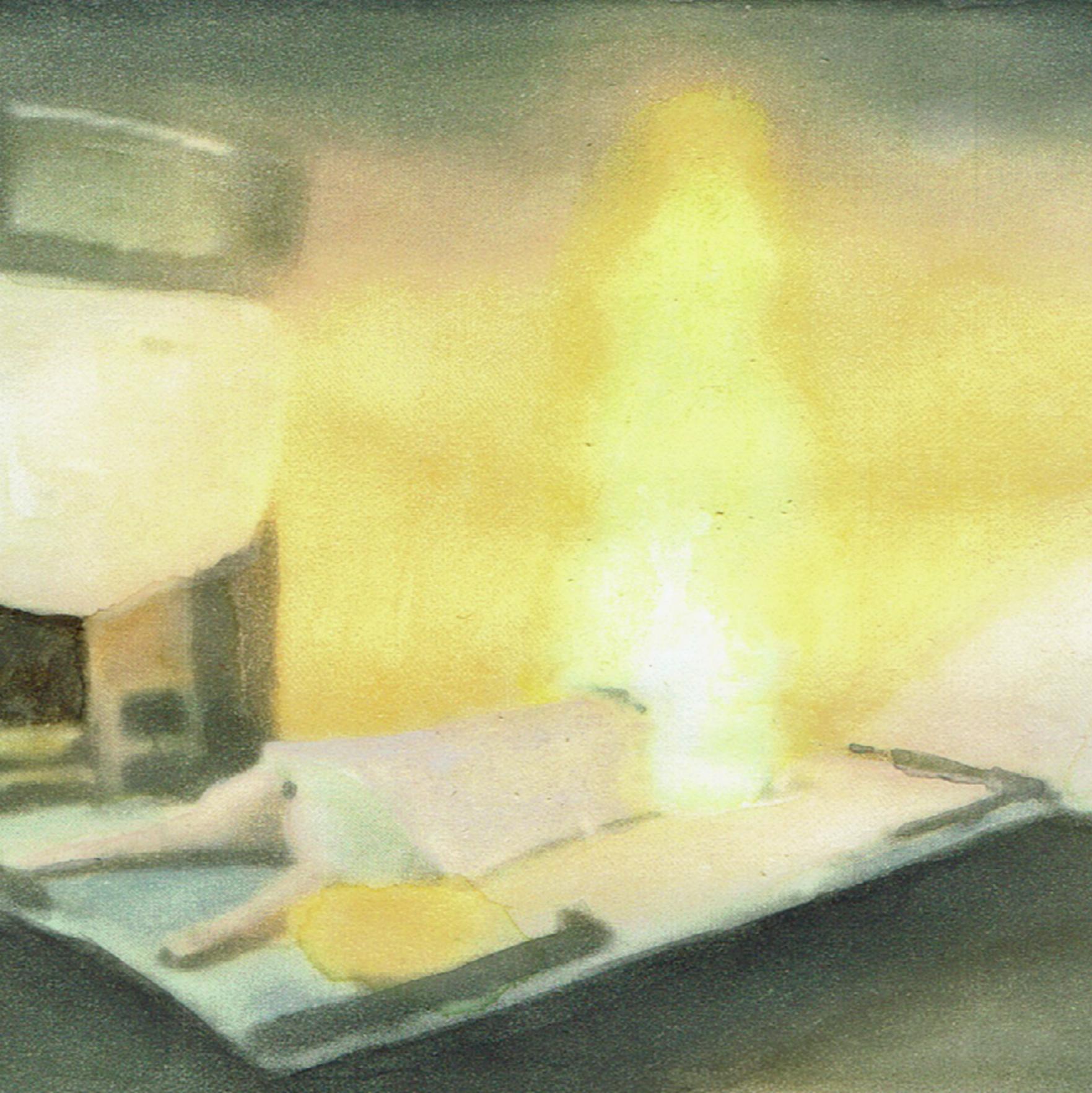


Betty's Burning Body
Lilith Becker

At 2,248 meters above sea level, snowmen do not burn as well as in, say, a volcanic crater/caldera – where it is much more difficult to find snow. A human body burns poorly because of high water content. But if you believe the scientist Brian J. Ford, even spontaneous human combustion is not an obscure invention of romanticism, but the unpleasant by-product of a rare metabolic disease.

Inflammation is the moment when a certain tension reaches its peak before it is discharged, comparable to the pressure that builds up in a siphon before it spits out masses of water. The pressure that makes carotid arteries pop out and indicates: It is just before turning the Schnitzel! Betty's Burning Body leads into the abyss of the epistemological history of spontaneous combustion.





einer Drehtür ähnelt, nennt man es auch Drehtürmolekül.
→ Atmungskette → Diffundieren
→ Wasserstoff → Zellatmung
→ Zündbereitschaft

D_____ruck

Die senkrechte Krafteinwirkung auf eine Fläche wird als Druck bezeichnet. Die Stärke des Drucks ist abhängig von der Größe der auf die Fläche wirkenden Kraft und der Größe der Fläche. Ein negativer Druck entspricht einem Zug.
→ Explodierende Insekten
→ Grenzspaltweite → Leichengeburt
→ Siphon → Tyson, Mike
→ Walexpllosion → Wasserdampf

D_____ruckwelle (Abb.)

Durch die Druckwelle des Sprengkopfes „Stokes“ am 7. August 1957 stürzte ein 8km entferntes unbemanntes Luftschiff ab. „Stokes“ war eine von 30 Testbomben die vom US-amerikanischen Militär in der Wüste in New Mexico gezündet wurden.

66



Druck

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<https://www.verlagfuerhandbuecher.de/handbooks/betty/betty.php>



PEETZIG
PEETZIG

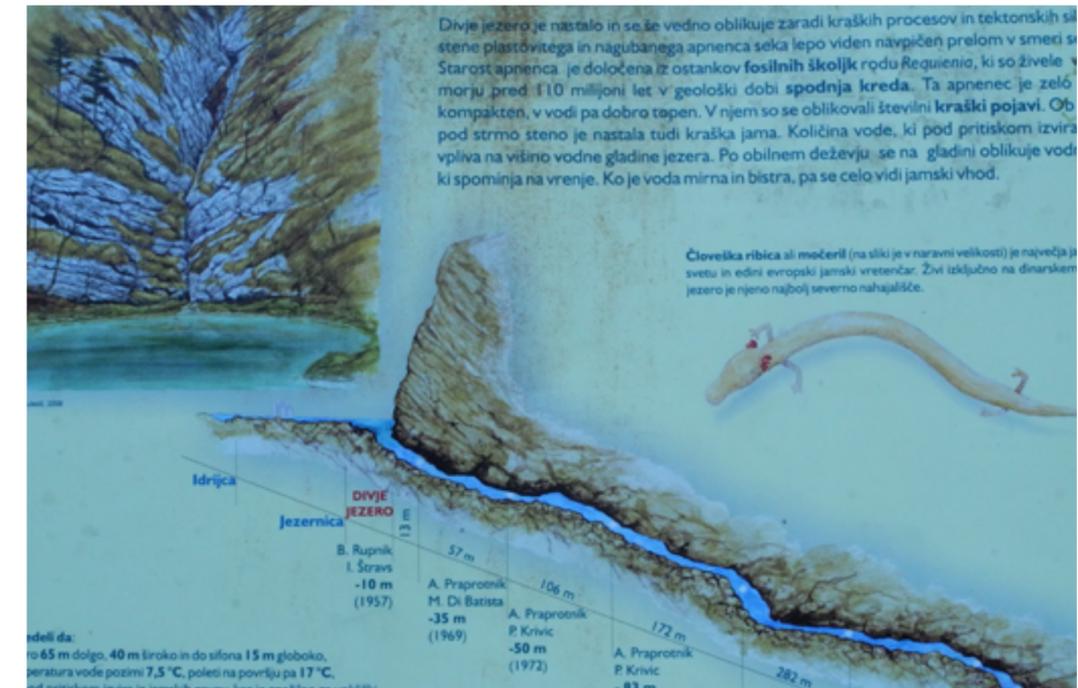
Collier

2019



Found a dying raven with missing right foot.
He can now hold on to my neck, I carry him home.

PEETZIG (PEETZIG), 2019
raven skeleton, bone glue, linen, gold chain from the mother
ca. 300 x 250 x 90 mm

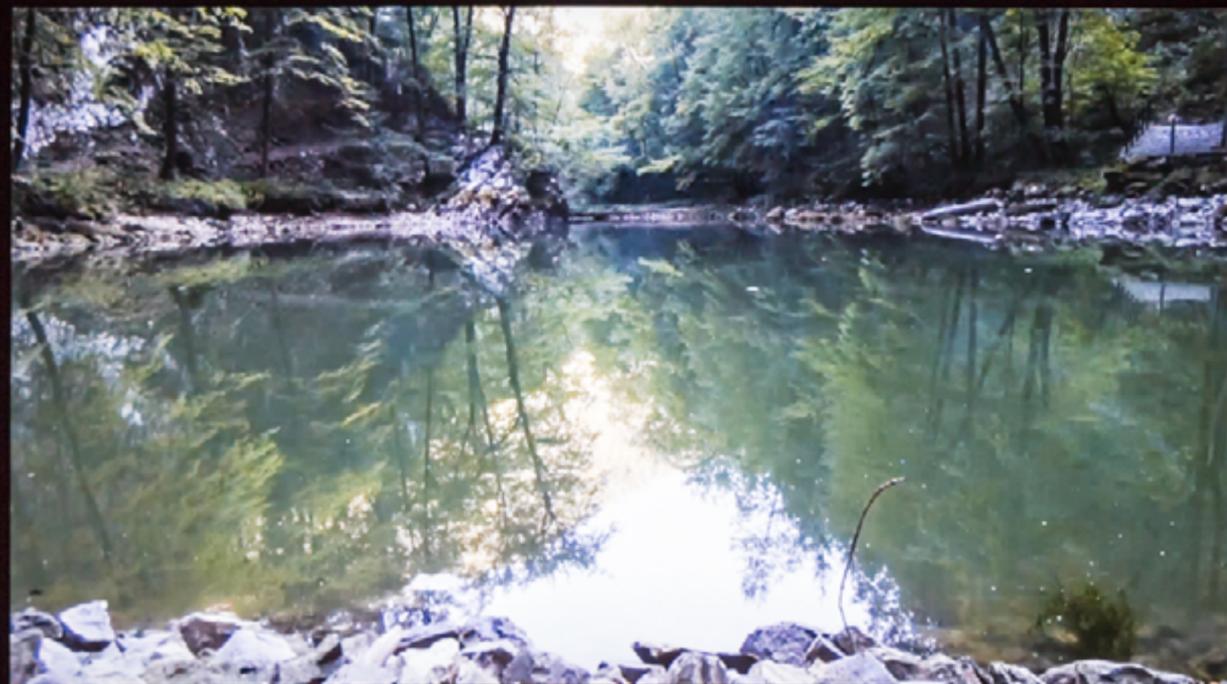


DIVJE JEZERO

WILD LAKE

In the Julian Alps, to the west of Ljubljana (SLO), there is a small lake from the depths of which a karst spring gushes when the water level is high enough. Prohibition signs tell visitors not to swim here, residents shake their heads in horror, gravestones on the shore bear witness to accidents and in fairy tale books you can find horror stories about this lake.

In the summer of 2017 I conducted interviews with local residents and afterwards swam across the lake with a harmonica in my mouth.



I:
Maybe..... ÄÄh. Ne! ne ne Maybe its fact! ta sifon ne..

Interpreter:
Maybe its a fact....

B:
I can start?... and I guess start driving. Well, I talked to my mother today and she told me that no-one swims in Divje Jezero because it can swallow you in... and you die. And she also told me that during her lifetime a lot of people committed suicide in that lake... so for locals this is really like a... I dont know.. cursed lake.... I dont know.. but she told me even the names that she remembered of the people who died in that lake when they...äh.. where they committed suicide..... but she didn't tell me were they swallowed in or what they did. so thats the only new thing I heard.. That I didn't know.

Z:
But we dont know, because no-one came back. Or maybe it is so great down there that nobody came back for that reason..... Nevertheless, the swimming is forbidden....

I:
Maybe.....Maybe yes, maybe no, maybe baby I don't know.

M:
Zakaj se sploh na govori ane? De sm se tut sam sprašwou...

Interpreter:
He says that he is often wondering why there is no talking about this wild lake.

I:
Ne it is dangerous! Not maybe! *Mislem ne mislem.* It is dangerous.

Z:
I can only imagine that something must suck you in.

M:
Nu se tu je tu

Z:
Kwa?

M:
Ampak bedn tega na reče direktno ne, al pa nabeđn na pazna nbene zgodbe u zvezi s tem ne, še jest sn se...

Interpreter:
He says that 's it. The weirdest thing about it is that everybody says that but no-one knows a directly connected story to that lake. Everybody has a bit of a different story and mostly like not even a story. Nobody really knows the answer in that sense.

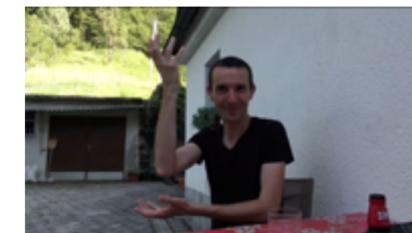
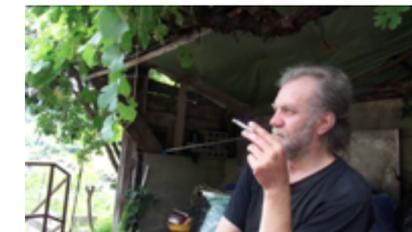
M:
Yes, pa tut ta zodka ne, o tej ka nej bi pobegnila s tem ciganom se m' zdi de je edina ka sn jo slišal sploh, mislem oziroma za kateo domnevam da sn jo slišal nik

Interpreter:
He says that the only story he knows is the story of that woman who fell into that lake with that carriage. ...Or he thinks he heard it somewhere. He is not really sure... even about that.

Interviews (EXCERPT):
Idrija, Slovenia 2017

with
Zoran Zelenović
Bruno Vehar
Matjaž Lazar
Ivo Koblar

left side:
Exhibition view Villa Merkel, Esslingen (GER), 2017



Clamping a harmonica between my lips, I approach the lake. My breathing produces regular alternating tones. When my feet dive into the water, the cold shock immediately runs through my whole body. The tones now leave their tongues shakily. I walk as purposefully as possible towards the middle of the lake. Sharp stones drill into the soles of my feet. The water surface reaches my thighs. One more step and there will be no more ground for my feet. I let myself slide into the water and immediately lose control over my breathing. The alternating tones shoot out of my harmonica involuntarily, quickly and disorderly. The cold is joined by panic.





VEHIKEL

VEHICLE

The skeleton of a dalmatian in a ship-like pose, is gently rocked by the rotation of a turntable. The rough surface of the manipulated record is transformed into acoustic noise by the pickup needle.



VEHIKEL (VEHICLE), 2017
dog skeleton, record player, text
Exhibition view, Villa Merkel, Esslingen (GER), 2017

My dog drowned. He jumped after a ball into a raging river and was pulled under water by the current. Currents are treacherous, omnipresent creations. They pull, push, swallow, spit and they carry us to places we cannot escape. Our bodies are mere instruments on this path. My dog has gone ahead. He shows me the way. The panic has passed. The lungs filled with water have passed. The framework of the being that still claims to be my dog has remained with me. It sways and roars gently in the current of time.



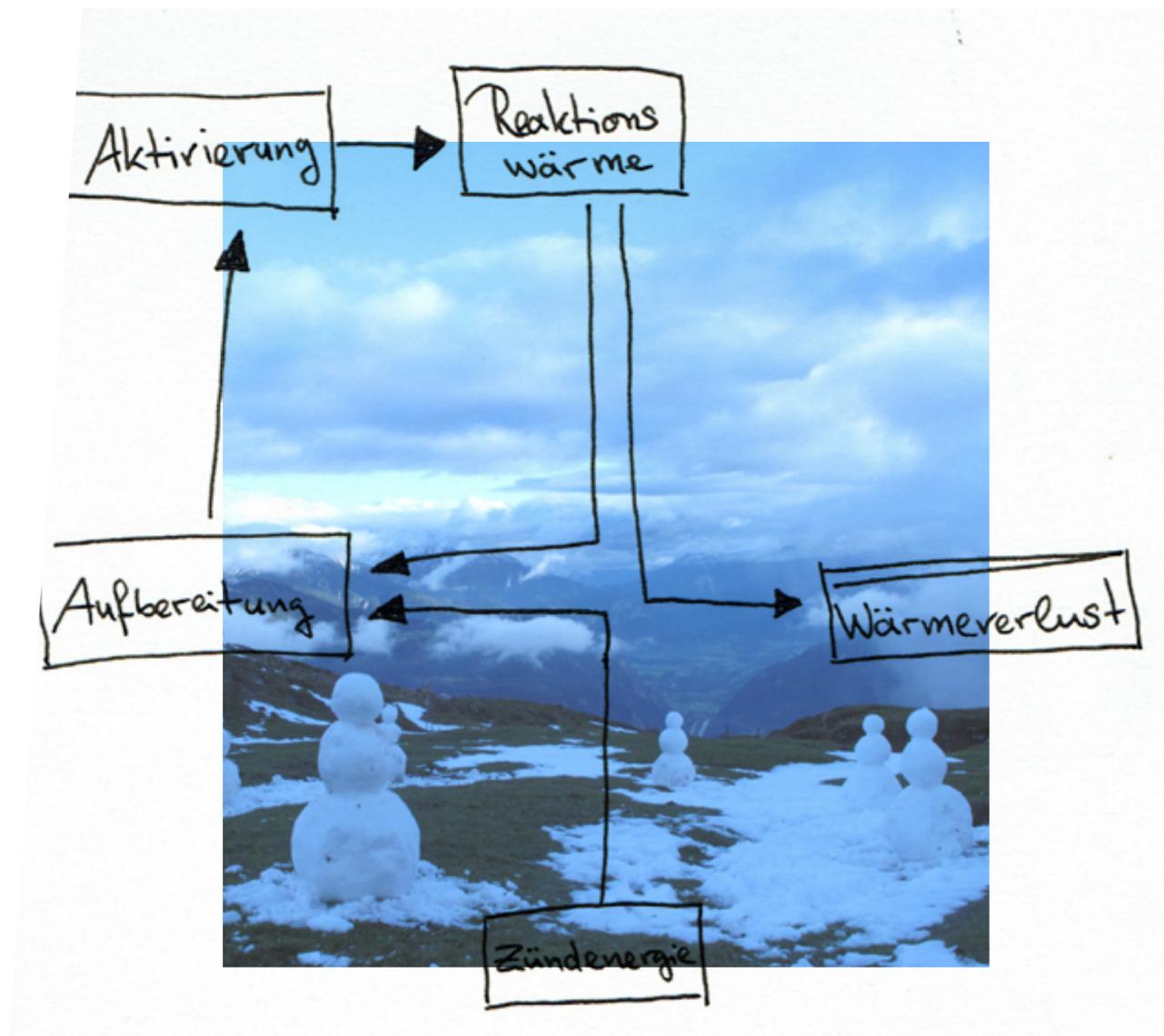


ALPMORA

ALPMORA

Seven snowmen burn in the dusk,
at Alp Mora (CH) 2.248 m above sea level

2011



Sirius

The star closest to our solar system. It is almost twice as big and almost twice as hot as the sun. On December 23rd, 1995 I saw a group of members of the Order of the Solar Temple burning on the opposite mountain from a small Swiss mountain village. They assumed to travel to Sirius as light beings and called this kind of travel transit. When I made this experience the subject of a video work 20 years later, I suddenly realized a mistake. The members of the Order of the Solar Temple were burning near Grenoble, while on December 23, 1995, in Anzère, I saw a random fire on the opposite mountain. Grenoble and Anzère are 300km to 400km apart, depending on the route. Mont Blanc is precisely in the middle .

→Ignite →Burning Snowmen →Pressure →Burning in →Heat →Light →suddenly
 →Self-ignition →Self-heating →oneself →Sun →Order of the Solar Temple

from: BETTY'S BURNING BODY, Verlag für Handbücher, 2019



ALPMORA (ALPMORA), 2011
Videoloop



NERO FRIKTSCHN FEUERHERDT

NERO FRIKTSCHN FEUERHERDT

1-Human-All-Life-Sounds-Show, specialization in aerophilic instruments
Cooperation with Driftwood Garland, Marius Alsleben and BJ Morriszonkle

since 2016



Nero Frikschn Feuerherdt sings, and murmurs, and cries, whispers, roars, and beats, and knocks, and stomps, and calls it love songs.

To this she plays a suction wind harmonium from the 19th century, which she rescued from the raging floods of swiss mountain river on a clinking cold January morning, amplified by a Leslie rotary cabinet, which not only sends the sounds of the harmonium reeds in all directions, but also the puffing of the brats, the groaning of the hinges and the pedaling of the pedals.

With accordion, nut-shell shoes and crackling cymbals she completes the instrumentation. Of course, she plays everything herself and - her double life as a sculptress is evident - she usually builds or rebuilds her little NOISE!-producers herself.

NFF sounds as if Kurt Weill and Abner Jay had fallen in love and secretly raised their daughter to find musical remedies against death. Yes, her lyrics come from the abyss, but no matter how much it begs or protests, in her songs NFF puts it into her headlock and lovingly rubs its brain.

Video still off: MÄRZHUHN UND MÄRZHASE (MARCH CHICKEN AND MARCH HARE)
by Nomi Villiger, Martina Maurer, Lilith Becker

<https://youtu.be/3ZjvB90hxqU>

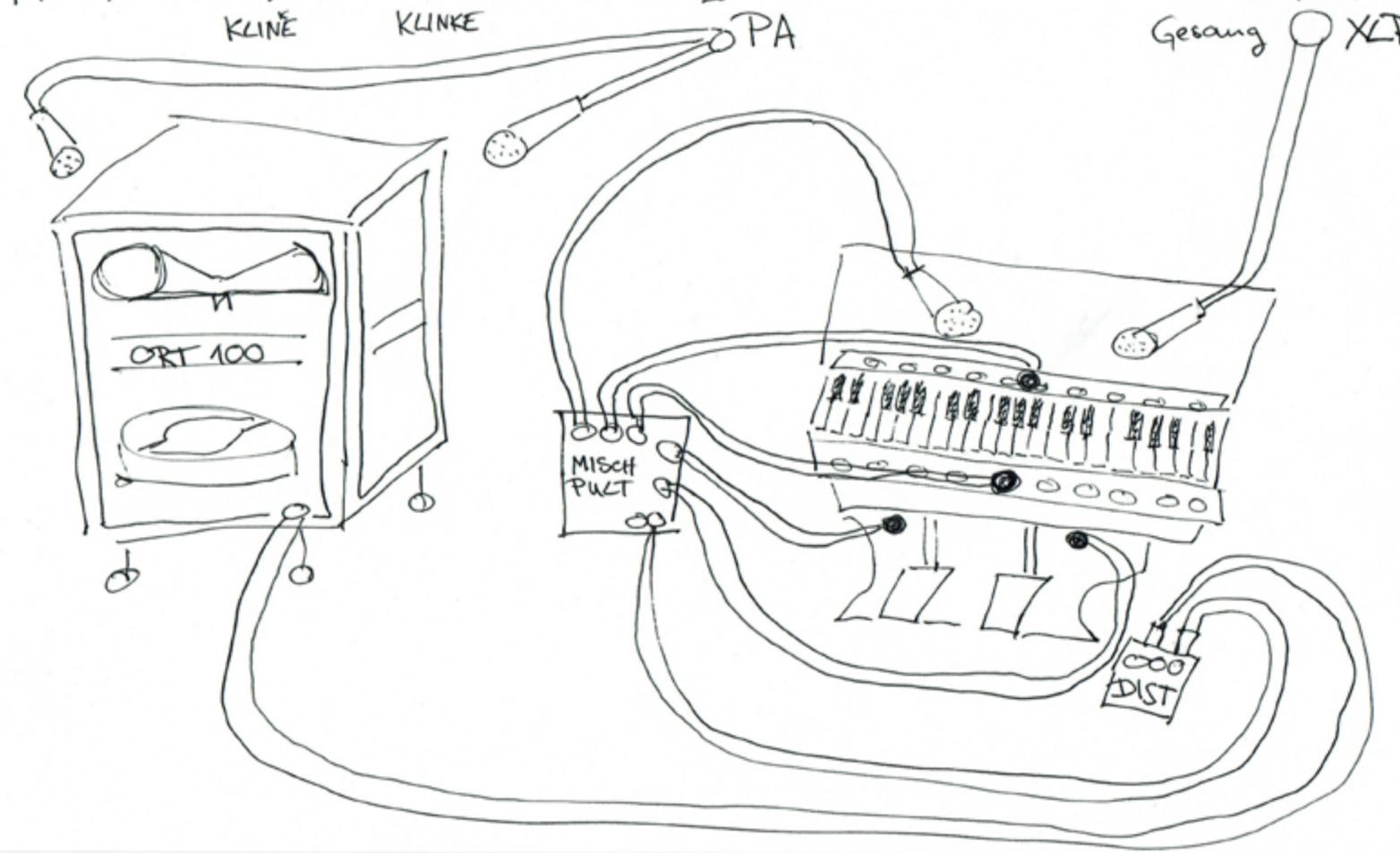
STAGE PLOT · NERO FRIKTSCHN FEUERHERDT.

HARMONIUM → MISCHPULT
1 x Gesang XLR
4 x Piezo/Transducer KLINKE

MINIMUM STAGGSIZE x TEPPICH
1,5 x 2 Meter

MISCHPULT → DIST → LESLIE → PA
KLINKE KLINKE

PA
DIREKT
Gesang XLR

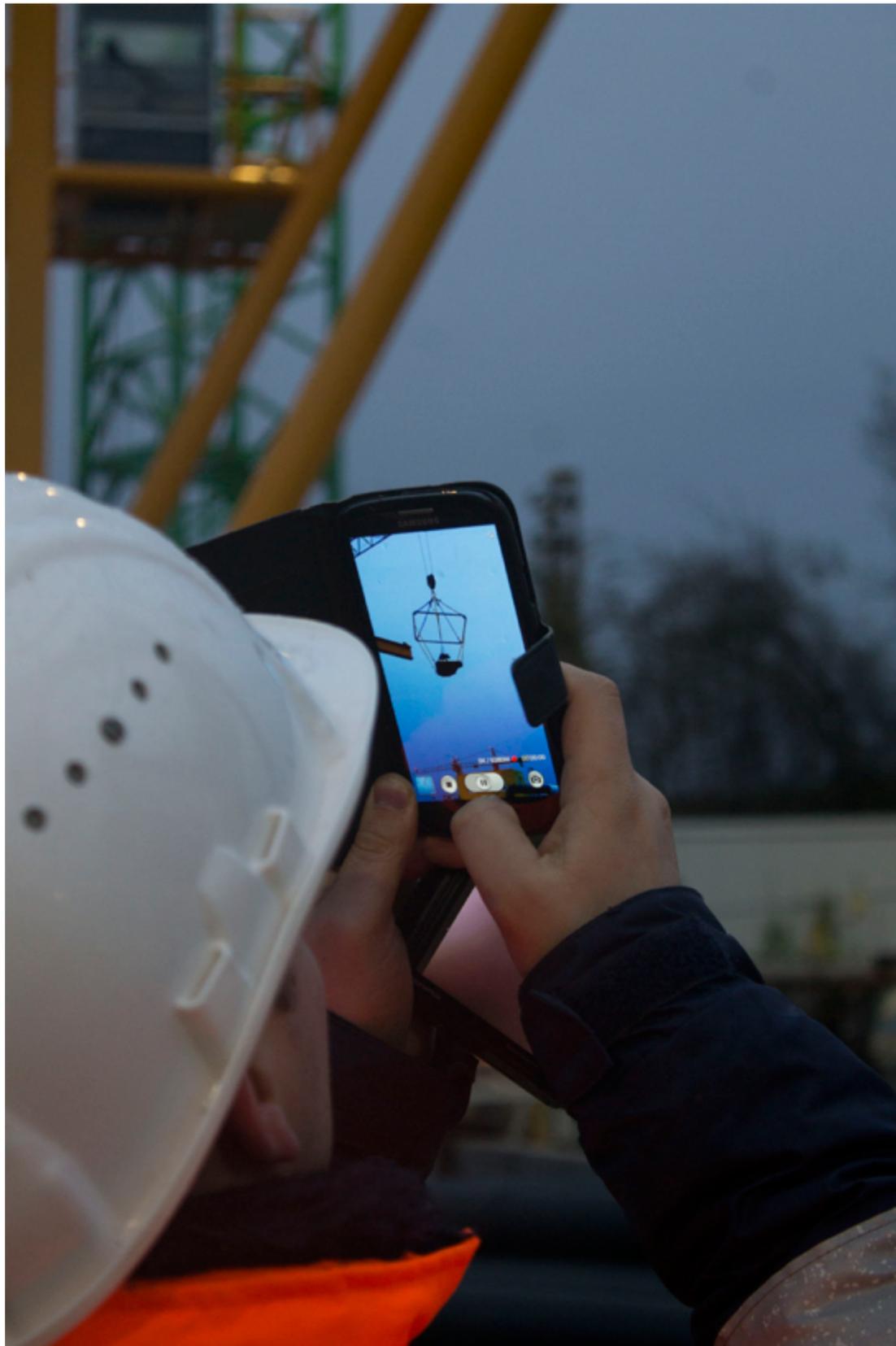




FLÜGELSENKUNG

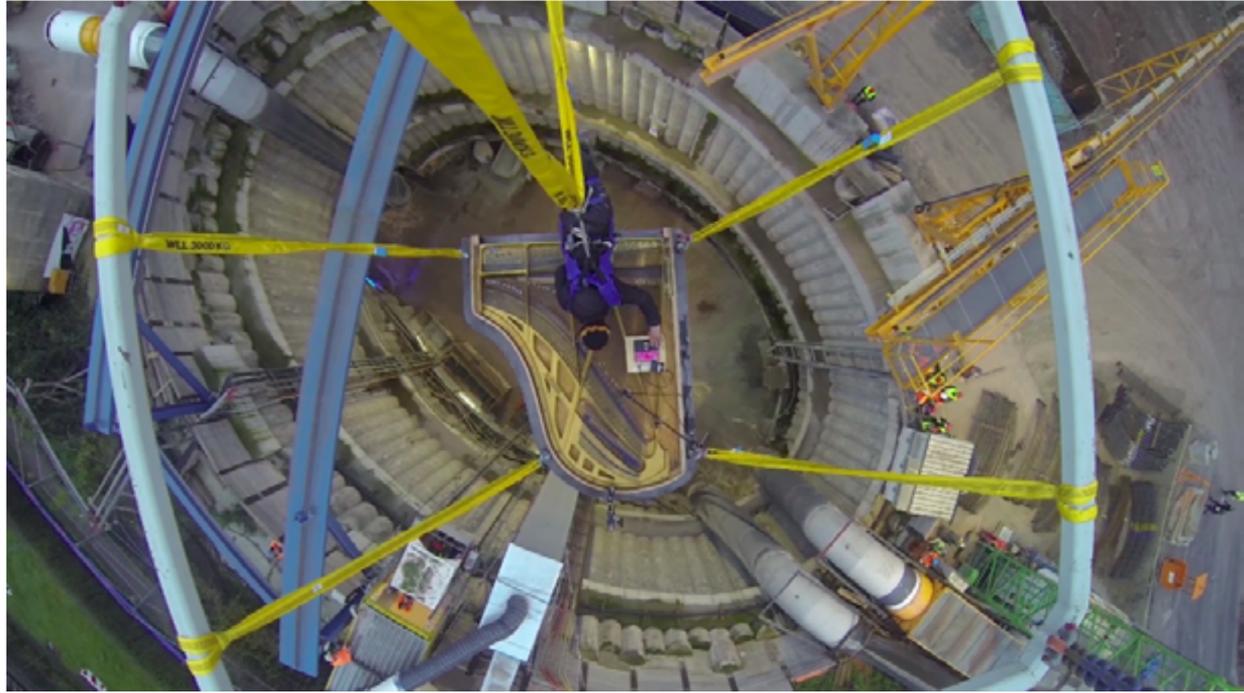
LOWERING OF THE WING

Suspended from a crane, I was lowered 70 meters into a hole in the Stuttgart 21 construction site, suspended in a dragon belt above the cast-iron harp of a concert grand piano. Additional microphones and a loop station were attached to the piano. During the 15 minutes of lowering, I played a self-composed song, which was transmitted by radio to street level.



At what point does something become deep? When is something deep enough? But this was not so deep! Nevertheless a lot of blood flows out of your head. I heard about a man who fell several hundred meters deep. Since he struck plant-covered ledges every few meters on the way down, he had only broken a few bones when he reached the bottom. No blood came out of his head at all. The blood coming out of your head, your spastically distorted facial muscles and the rattle coming out of your throat tell me that it was too deep.

FLÜGELSENKUNG (LOWERING OF THE WING), Intermediate Attack North, Stuttgart (GER), 2015
Lilith Becker, concert grand remains, crane, kite strap, microphones, loop station, radio, PA at ground level
Documentation



FLÜGELSENKUNG (LOWERING OF THE WING), 2015
Video 22'00



ALCIAN BLUE
ALCIAN BLUE

earrings

2010



This is used to color cartilage. And the thing with the cartilage is so crazy... it's not bone yet, but it will become bone... it will be inflated... like, well, so you know those ideas you had about ready little people in men's semen? The womb is just a vessel and the little man is just inflated in it. But it's much more thrilling! These embryos are all the same, whether it will be a mouse or an elephant or a human, that will be decided later... so no, of course it is already clear, anchored in the genome and so on, but purely externally there is no chance.

Interview with a prospective biologist

ALCIAN BLUE (ALCIAN BLUE), 2010
Dyed mouse embryos, synthetic resin, silver
each ca. 30 x 15 x 15 mm



DAS LETZTE REGISTER

THE LAST REGISTER

On a cold January morning, Konrad Gruber and Lilith Becker floated down the flooded Aare with a harmonium on a raft. While Lilith Becker played an adaptation of the St. James Infirmary Blues on the harmonium, Konrad Gruber tried in vain to head for the last emergency exit before the onslaught.

I went down to old Joe's barroom
at the corner down by the stairs
and the drinks were served as usual
and the usual crowd was there

on my left foot stood big Joe McKinney
and his eyes were bloodshot red
and he turned to the crowd around him
and these were the words that he said

I went down to the ST. James Infirmary
to see my baby there
she was stretched out on that long white table
so cold, so sweet so fair

Let her go let her go God bless her
or where ever she might be
she can search this whole world and never
never fiend a sweet man like me

Oh Lord wont you burry me
burry me deep in the ground
just make sure I wont ever
wont ever be around no more

St. James Infirmary Blues, Adaption



DAS LETZTE REGISTER (THE LAST REGISTER), 2012

Video 7:01 min

with Konrad Gruber



DAS LETZTE REGISTER (THE LAST REGISTER), Bern (CH) 2012
Lilith Becker, Konrad Gruber, harmonium, raft, flood
Documentation



DIE GRÄFIN

THE COUNTESS

Gräfin: Stefanie Oberhoff - Goldige Lilith: Lilith Becker
Spanish fuse, Frau von der Leyen, Sex, Multi-chamber blastings,
Railgrinding, NOISE!, Lambada, Implant Scrap, Scandalous!, G-Spot Courses,
Crossing the border with black powder

as Band with: Johannes Werner und Florian Wolf

Realityshow since 2015

L I F E I S A B R O K E N H O R S E





<http://die-graefin.info/>

https://youtu.be/qh_fF3lhm08
<https://youtu.be/5yqw7Hlqf10>
<https://youtu.be/Gq7LqB2IF18>
<https://youtu.be/EEBCdsNTCw4>
<https://youtu.be/d3BvTDBPtUs>
<https://youtu.be/PsJWeXUIYYo>



SPONTANE SELBSTENTZÜNDUNG

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

Diptam Albus (5 month), projection

2015



Spontaneous combustion

A young Diptam Albus plant observes the projection of a burning adult Diptam Albus plant on the opposite wall. The projection comes from its roots.

→Essential oil →Betty →Bertholi →Don Gio Maria →Fire propagation
→Diptam Albus →Thornbush →Clues, Mary →Burning in →Appearance
→Madame Millet →Pitt, Grace →Pyrophilie →Self-ignition →Root

from: BETTY'S BURNING BODY, Verlag für Handbücher, 2019



»HUI!«
»AHA!«

Two rabbit-skeletons sit hand-in-hand on a table. The left one holds with his free hand the swivel arm of a record player on a rotating turntable. Noise can be heard from the integrated boxes. The right skeleton hits a crash cymbal at regular intervals with the help of a windshield wiper.



HIOB The first speech of the Lord out of the storm wind

39¹⁹Do you give strength to the horse? is it by your hand that his neck is clothed with power? **20**Is it through you that he is shaking like a locust, in the pride of his loud-sounding breath? **21**He is stamping with joy in the valley; he makes sport of fear. **22**In his strength he goes out against the arms of war, turning not away from the sword. **23**The bow is sounding against him; he sees the shining point of spear and arrow. **24**Shaking with passion, he is biting the earth, he is not able to keep quiet at the sound of the horn. **25**When it comes to his ears he says »AHA!« (»HUI!«) He is smelling the fight from far off, and hearing the thunder of the captains, and the war-cries.

»HUI!«, 2015
hare skeletons, record player, windscreen wiper, crash cymbal
ca 120 x 70 x 160 cm





DER FERNEN FREIHEIT GLÜCK

HAPPINESS OF DISTANT FREEDOM

Expedition to the Govic cave, which turns into a karst spring in special weather conditions. From the mountain lake Bohin you climb 100 meters up the mountain to reach the cave entrance. From there, you go through the narrow winding corridors and a few spacious halls, 100 meters downhill until you reach a small cave lake. There I played the sailor song „La Paloma“ on the accordion.



DER FERNEN FREIHEIT GLÜCK (HAPPINESS OF DISTANT FREEDOM), Bohin (SLO), 2017
Video 4' 37", Video 5'10", Video 4'22", plastic, pump, blue color
Dimensions variable

Exhibition view Villa Merkel, Esslingen, 2017





The entrance to the Govic Cave is located on a mountain slope at about 100m above sea level. There is a lake at the foot of the mountain. The cave is not a round hole in the mountain, but rather a hose that goes deep into the mountain. From time to time a mighty waterfall shoots out of the cave. This happens suddenly because the waterfall is shock fed by an opaque network of underground lakes and rivers. It then thunders into the lake for several hours and then dries up again.

Robert Sievert, travel report.
from: The Abyss Has Begun, catalog for the exhibition „GRÖKAZ“, Villa Merkel, Esslingen

ABOUT MY WORK

When I was 5 years old I asked my mother if I could have her skeleton when she died. I wanted to see how the breasts were attached.

As if the most unconditional object of desire, the mother's breast, had a natural relationship with this strange scaffolding of life that holds us upright and that outlasts the decomposition process of the flesh. Today I like to imagine the little child sitting in front of the mother's skeleton, searching in vain for the place of attachment. This grotesque connection holds a secret that fascinates and alienates me. In my work I trace this secret. I climb up a high mountain and set fire to snowmen, ride down a flooded river with a self-made raft playing music or let myself be lowered into a 70-meter-deep hole together with the cast-iron harp of a concert grand piano suspended from a construction site crane. Heavily loaded with climbing equipment and an accordion, I climb into a cave system which, in favorable weather conditions, turns into a karst spring. Through the narrow, winding corridors, water masses push their way through and pour into a huge waterfall in the valley. Deeper and deeper I penetrate, slide down the wet rock and with every turn, with every meter of altitude I lose, I recalculate the time for the way back, for the escape at the sound of the raging water. The image of the dazzling cave exit floats before my inner eye and whispers: I am there. After I have let myself float free in the 20-meter deep hall, the fantasy of getting away is defeated and the tense darkness is my touching audience. For it I play a song of longing. In the evening, when the excitement of the borderline experience has subsided, my attention turns back to the bones. They remain the bearers of my most tender thoughts. In them I search for an otherworldly sound that fills existence and can comfort it.

My works deal with the relationship between nature and culture, they revolve around questions of transience. I work with pressure and friction, with lightning, construction cranes, skeletons and black powder. I forge, climb, sing, blast, dive and saw towards a potential that is on the verge of collapse.

PICTURE and TEXT PROOF

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