

Maria Petschnig, *Thanks*
October 27 – December 8, 2017
Opening Reception October 27, 6-8 PM

yours mine & ours is delighted to host *Thanks*, an exclusive show by Maria Petschnig.

K. R., who is in her 60s, lives in a housing complex in New Jersey. Her neighbors only refer to her as “the smell”. Every other Thursday night she invites all the tenants into her apartment. Usually K. sits alone in the dark and lets the residents have a look around.

Fred M.B. is from a small town in the American South and grew up with screened doors, window air conditioners and horny toads. He learned to value faith, family and a strong work ethic. Growing up, Fred would eat a lot, but only “white” food. His family never went on a vacation, and he was thirty-two before visiting another state.

Z. E. has been sending improper matter to people through the mail. Some of it, all handmade, is highly original. Letters have been received by federal authorities in Connecticut for the past five years, all of which were of an offensive nature.

C. and S. are twins. When they were little and being naughty, they got tied to the bed by their mother. When they got older, because of the inherent twin codependency, C. had been forcing S. to wear the same identical clothing every single day, mainly frumpy dresses, now for over a decade already. Besides all this, C. and S. are lovely women. As soon as you meet them, you feel you have known them forever & that you’re already friends.

H., a butcher from Queens, died from nosebleed. His nose had been bleeding for two weeks. He was 37 years of age, had been a great meat eater and usually attended big Bachata parties on the weekend.

Bo was born in Switzerland in 1959 and went to business school in Bern. Playing with his skin in all kinds of ways had been his favorite hobby since childhood. He got a job and subsequently got married and his wife bore him four sons. He went to jail once. Since he was released from mental hospital over twenty-three years ago, Bo has enjoyed eating a little piece of his skin every day.

Mrs. F. had a picture taken of her little baby in its coffin. An estranged cousin of hers, a photographer, offered to make an enlarged print of it for her. But since the baby’s eyes were closed, Mrs. F. had an artist paint them open so she could hang it in the living room.