Halmet *presents:*

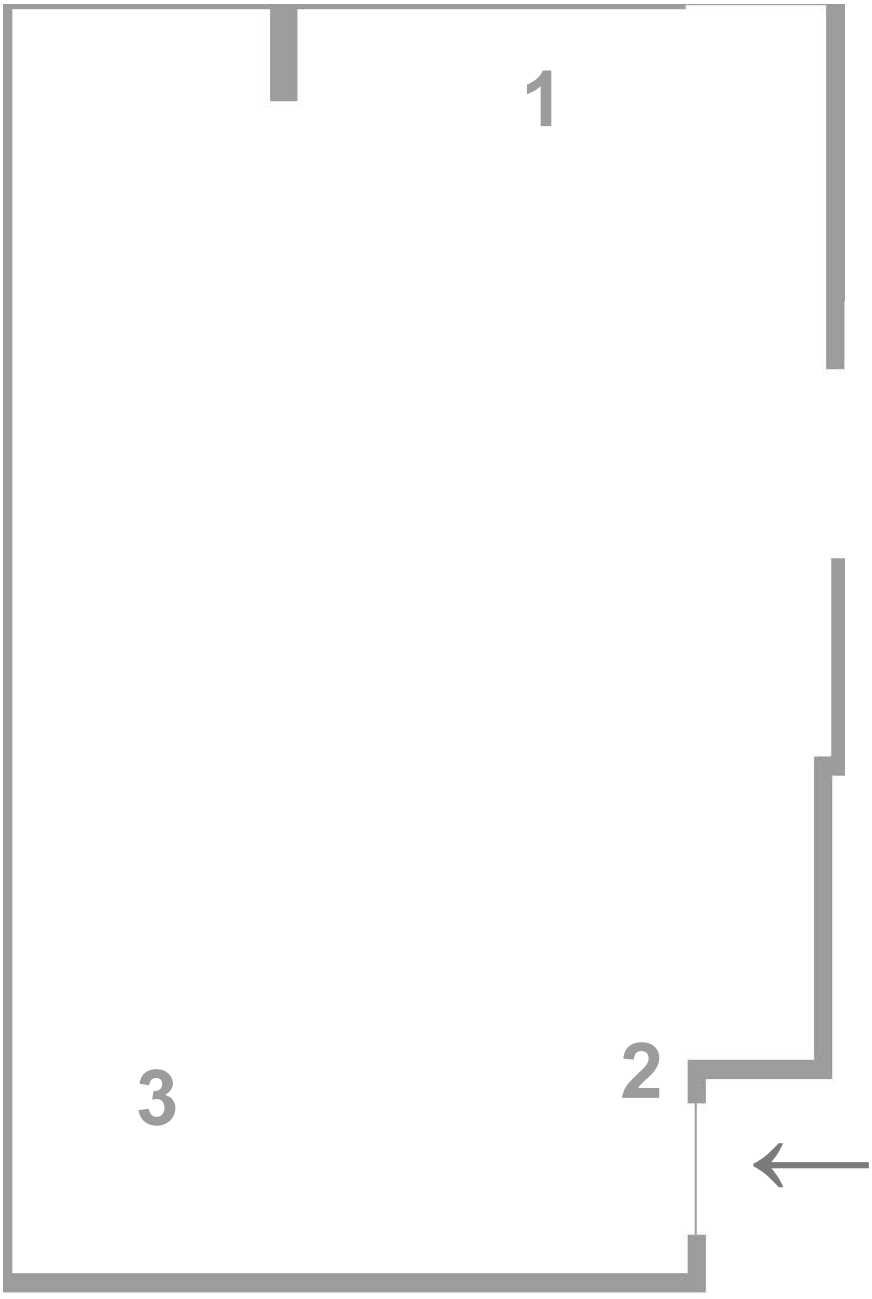
EN

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

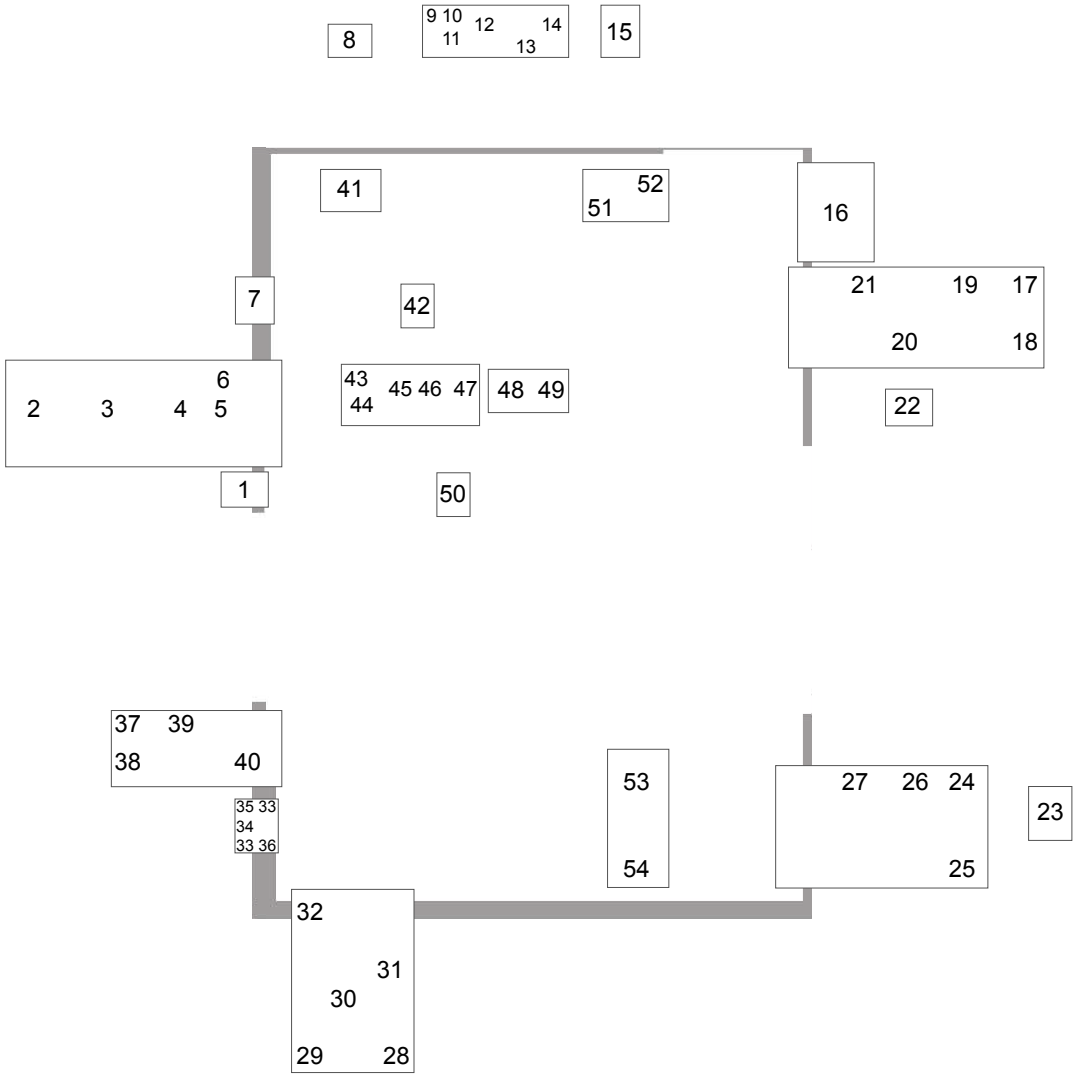
Halmet *presents:*

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

2 frat boy (peak abercrombie era) characters
3 apprentices, early career, early success characters
4 some years into the job characters
5 dishwasher character
6 sexy farmer calender model (october) character

7 maid-of-all-work character

8 job fair fashion show (college graduate, package delivery person) characters

9 stepmom character
10 on the way to prom character
11 blushing at prom character
12 night out on vaction characters
13 bachelorette party 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, Zaïd

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)

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