



Cyrilla Mozenter  
*the failed utopian XXVIII (fail / yellow)*, 2015  
Industrial wool felt hand stitched with silk  
thread  
48.25" x 72"

## THE FAILED UTOPIAN

BY CYRILLA MOZENTER

In the process of making this work, the notion of failing assumed increasing dimension.

I thought of Masaccio's fresco, *Expulsion from Paradise*, which led me to understand Adam and Eve as the first failed.

Is failure, then, not an integral aspect of our humanity?

And how do we cope with this innate problem on a moment-to-moment basis?

Rather than looking to official and impossible 'paradises' or rule books to take care of it for us.

Can failure sometimes be met with enthusiasm?

Here our adaptive bear has taken on an elongated dragon-like tail — an aid to navigate through changing conditions.

When we make work, when we do research, we want to encounter something unknown to us that also has a quality of inevitability – it couldn't have been any other way.

Resolution is a failure to be anything other than itself.

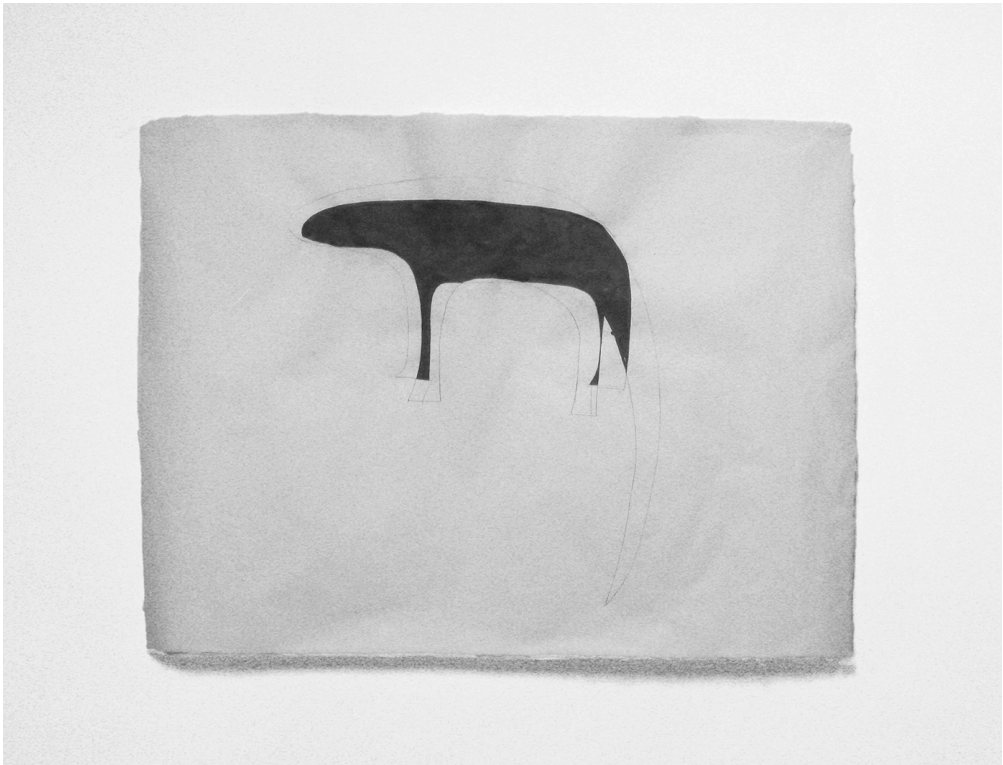
In order to evolve, it necessitates getting into trouble.

In fighting through messes, we make discoveries and our work develops.

These messes, these dangers cause fear.

To have fear is to be attentive.

Attentive is what we want to be.



Cyrilla Mozenter  
*creature image (red)*, 2014  
Pencil, gouache and silk thread on a double-  
layer of handmade paper  
45,72 x 60,95 cm

## ON PROCESS

These works hover in the space between two and three dimensions. Shapes are cut out and then inlaid (and stitched) into position not unlike marquetry, requiring exactness. The tension of the stitches causes subtle dimensional flare-ups that further animate the work.

Felt is a non-woven textile.

I only use wool felt; it is creature substance as is the silk thread with which I stitch it.

I think of the felt as compressed chaos.

This is not the fabric of rationality.

Hand stitching felt together, as I do, creates tensions in the felt, causing it to buckle, stretch, shrink and torque.

These topographical fluctuations cannot be predicted.

But also seem lawful in hindsight.

Which never ceases to amaze me.

I understand this as metaphor.

As I am stitching, I am observing what happens. With each stitch there can be a shift and that informs precisely how I make the next stitch. It is quite a suspenseful process. It necessitates a devotional stitch-by-stitch attentiveness. It is a doomed attempt at regularity.