

Open Call

The Sicc.zine collective is seeking works of all media for the exhibition Rebound & Reflection. The exhibition will be taking place at Arbeitergasse 14 and will be presented in two acts.

ACT I: 5. - 8. May 2022

ACT II: 19. - 22. May 2022

The topic of the exhibition is based on the mythology of Echo & Narcissus. Echo and Narcissus is a story from the third book of Metamorphoses by Ovid, about a young man named Narcissus and Echo, the mountain nymph. A story about an unfulfilled love, that transforms two bodies into eternal symbols of their respective shortcomings: the one who could not speak, known as sound rebounding across lonely clearings, and the one who reluctantly fell in love with his reflection, known as the embodiment of self-obsession.

DEADLINE: 19 April 2022

We are looking forward to receiving your submissions, as well as a short text about the work and your CV per e-mail. sicc.zine@gmail.com

The story of Echo and Narcissus

A mountain nymph named Echo, known for her charm and chatter, was tasked with entertaining Hera with an intriguing story, distracting her while her husband, Zeus, slipped away with the other nymphs. Hera quickly realized what was going on. She cast a spell on the unfortunate nymph, silencing her from this day forth. From then on, Echo could no longer entertain with her stories, she would only be able to repeat the last words addressed to her. No longer able to be her charming self, Echo grew dispirited. One day, while Echo was drifting through the woods, she spotted a young man hunting deer. It was Narcissus, the stunningly handsome son of a river god and a water nymph. Narcissus' good looks had attracted many admirers, but as he preferred to live in solitude, he left a trail of broken hearts in his wake. Echo was stricken by his beauty and fell in love with him. As she was unable to initiate the conversation, she followed him. As he heard a rustle in the bushes, he called out to her. A confusing and repetitive exchange ensued, ending with Narcissus shouting to his companions that they should come together. Mistaking this for an invitation, Echo repeated his words and leapt towards Narcissus. Freeing himself from her embrace, Narcissus snapped: "I'd rather die than have you love me!" To which Echo could only reply: "Love me...! Love me...!" Heartbroken, she ran away and hid in a cave, not eating or sleeping, until her body withered away entirely into dust, leaving nothing but her voice, which the wind carried to vast, empty places. To this day Echo's voice still calls back from caves and labyrinths, rebounding across lonely clearings.

Nemesis, the goddess of revenge, punished Narcissus for Echo's broken heart. He too, should one day know the pain of love in vain. Nemesis lured him to a clear, glassy pool near the cave where Echo had died. As he bent towards the water to drink, he fell madly in love with his own reflection. Never before had he seen himself with such clarity. Narcissus refused to leave his own reflection and, as days wore on, he never parted from his one true love. Like Echo, starvation was weakening him and his legs became rooted to the grass. Finally, knowing the agony of unrequited love, Narcissus died by the bank of the pool. All that was left of him was a white and yellow flower, bending towards its reflection. A flower, from then on, known as narcissus.