

Dom says it is about

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I once sat across from Dom and as we were talking he gestured his head back, it hit the corner of the mantle piece behind him. He then placed the injured part of his head gently & tenderly back on the corner of the mantle piece; a controlled revisiting; an attempt to master the surplus anxiety that the original incursion produced.

*Soll nieman mein Schwanz steif machen?!*

Otto Muehl cries during a performance of abject acts; of shit & piss & sex & violence & blood with aims to induce a self-consciousness of what a collective 'we' is finding difficult & disturbing to witness, violating we's repressed desire, human animalism, degenerateness.

brandishing his flaccid penis

*Will no one make my cock hard?!*

Tyler has a lifelike cock & ass and his cock is always hard. He looks like a Brillo Box on the floor in his haunting affectlessness; Tyler is an effacing disconnection from feeling, a simulacral deployment of himself that undermines his referential power as a body.

In the emptiness of the room there is more space for the body and, as with experiencing works of the Minimalists and slick Pop red and white wall paintings, our bodies are messy in comparison and the work is satisfying for this, in its containment to the walls and to the box, and the immaterial (the sound, the wall painting) that evades mess. But the walls are red and hot and full of feeling even in their containment. And the sound is similarly HOT and makes me feel sick when I hear your voice talking about sex

“I want you to show me your work, you don’t want to show me :( ”