

DR

MM



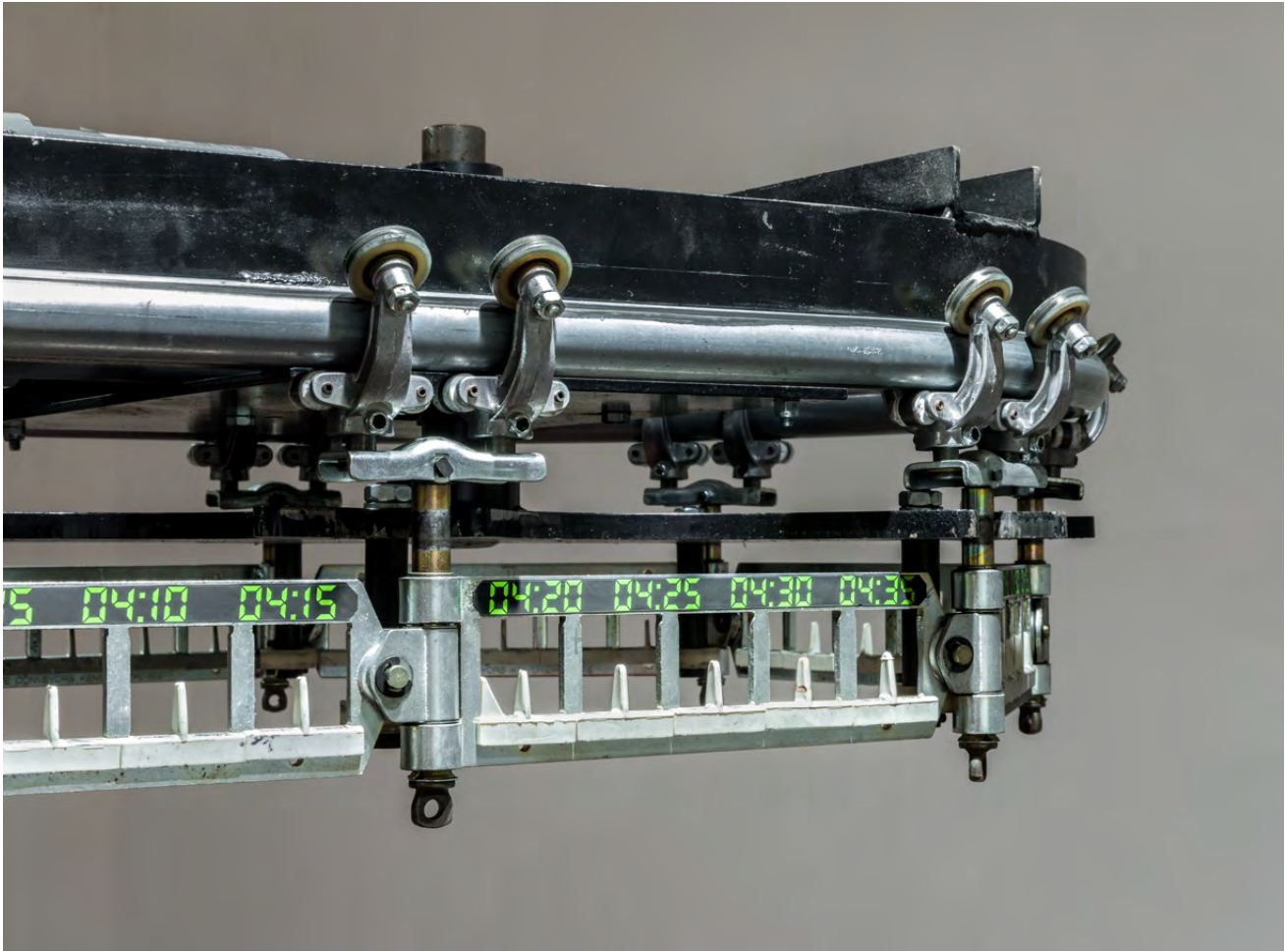
RM (formerly Real Madrid) was founded in 2015

RM deals with the mechanics of revelation in reaction to the secrecy of sexually transmitted diseases (STDs) and with their impact on the experience of pariahs in disguise. STDs contributed to the gathering of subcultures around their struggles, while carrying a shame that historically contributed to the othering of communities. Alluding to irony and the use of gruesome humour, RM works around the linguistic detours employed to protect the unspoken, turning it into a tool to reclaim one’s own story.

Regional products, including fruits and territorial diseases, have been and are ways to indirectly refer to sexual struggles. Instead of excluding them, they root the person to their geographical provenance. Allegorically dressing a medical status with the extra-virginity of olive oil, spilled on the white and red blood cells of a caprese salad.

YOURS/MINE





BLOODSUCKERS

A swirl a vortex a coil. "don't you like fleas? Well, I think they are the prettiest little merry things in the world."

RM had bed bugs recently, so did Burberry and Victoria's Secret. Once you confess it people will often share their own stories about parasites. At first I suspected it was syphilis, called in the past the great imitator because of its resemblance to several other pathologies, but its rash shouldn't itch. It took two more enigmatic weeks to realise what was happening at night on planet me. Unable to decipher your bodily messages, you start focusing on small things, the tactic of the minutest details in your life that are possibly responsible of this reaction, so you start excluding certain food, avoiding sun, water, AC...

Eyes revolve searching for whatever is tiny and tend to avoid the bigger picture: larger than life like a Dali's canvas to get lost in a swirl trop mignon as tigers stomp on your back and a point of view is melting as a chocolate bar at the sauna. Is the benefit of seeing everything under a microscope, the benefit of scientific gaze that gives a chance to the ugly, the scary and the unknown to become fascinatingly abstract and even avant-garde. And these smallest things (minuciosas) feed of your sleep.

The bugs walk a nightly scenery at its highest vulnerability, head to toe across the happy trail pass, pumping blood out and injecting a thinner for up to five min/meal, several times a night. They inhabit their food world like in a kids' tales with ravioli walls and tortilla carpets. Every sleep is a midnight banquet at yours, and your valuable and cultivated self gets scandalously recessed to a nutrient for another, a colony, a class taking over sugary high-rises.

Who is a bloodsucker? The lazy profiteer, the one who benefits from the work of the other, a boss. The pied piper of Hamelin it's a popular tale about parasites and mistrust that ended with a theft of progeny, an enchanted generation carried away boogieing. The one who steals progeny

becomes proletarian?

The professional who took care of our bugs had a pied piper logo on the white van (couldn't help imagining children in it).

At dinner, the host demands good table manners to their guests who must entertain with good jokes and stories.

I remember at school once a small insect dropped on my paper. Then another one and another one until I realised that lice had no more space between my hair so they fell among the numbers of my maths assignment. If I were a monkey someone would have searched through my hair as a way of bonding, "be my guest...". After realising you're infested it starts a descent into madness, spinning head, loads of laundry, plastic wraps, getting rid of dear things. Parasites are always an itchy reset.

A brain on parasite has a willpower that doesn't belong to a single self anymore but it's shared with its guests': rabies makes the infected dog oversensitive and aggressive to facilitate its spreading before the host's death, Toxo makes rats and humans more benevolent towards cats (their final host), and it seems like HIV terminal patients go through an end phase of intense craving for sex. This childish parasite parabola weights on the stomach, a paranoid parkour turns the brain into a carousel where secrets circulate like lice, blurry rats, an obliged Totentanz. An eye spying on the scene from a small hole, are they gone? In the morning always prefer long sleeves to cover-up.

Next Page Text by Eileen Myles
<https://www.swissinstitute.net/exhibition/real-madrid-bloodsuckers/>
"Puppet, Poet, Bloodsucker," by Eileen Myles: https://www.swissinstitute.net/wp-content/uploads/2021/11/Myles_PuppetPoetBloodsucker-1.pdf

PUPPET, POET, BLOODSUCKER Text by Eileen Myles, 2022

EILEEN: I asked my puppets to help me generate this text. They are variously a body-less woman (Bedelia), a cool young guy (Montgomery) Dad (Oscar), a ghost (Casper), and a crocodile (Crocky) who in fact speaks for all creatures.

With this team I am tasked, as poet, to evaluate the labors and the enchantments and deviations of RM. What are they, a corporate logo, a gang of sucks.

MONTGOMERY: Nah I like where they are at. The floors are the color of blood. Brownish dried blood. That's hot, like a spooky nightclub and we are inside that body, chomping away. I would like to lose consciousness in this mess. I would like to wake up on a giant pillow in a bloody town, getting blown.

BEDELIA: Son that is gross. You have no genitals and yet you lie down in a dream of them. I who have no body, no cunt and no hands can only sing. I will happily roll around in the fine crocheted bedspread with articulated sores, the tri-partite bites of the little baby demon whose insides I will be subsumed in once I surrender myself to being wrapped in this circulatory dream of tiny penetrations, extraction of my puppet juice, the voluptuous entrada to the dream...

OSCAR: Hey Sor Juana don't embarrass us by trying to charm these folks with your bathroom Spanish. You exactly know the words for "trash", (Basura) "entrance" (Entrada) and "exit" (Salida), Look Out! (Cuidado) "men" (Hombres) and "women" (Damas).

BEDELIA: (sings)

Basural Entradal Salidal Cuidado! Hombres! Damas!

Are you even listening? Here's what else I want. I want the finger of RM to poke the dirty bedspread of their own art and with that covered finger fill the cardboard hole of my head so that their body will become my body, their arm will be my mount and I will go to the opening on their arm greeting people, singing how are you, how are you...how do you like my art?

CROCKY (arising) I can hardly bring myself away from the greater consequences of my threatened environment, I can hardly pull myself from the waters of the east river my current symbolic abode where I share habitat with eels and blackfish, bluefish, carp and catfish, shad, goldfish, porgy, smelt, striped bass, flounder, oyster toadfish and of course white perch. Dolphins too. Do you understand about fish and marine life in general in water that we are always in bed? We don't dream about waking up getting blown. We are getting blown all day long. It feels good to be a fish, or a crock. It used to be real dirty down there. Only eels could do it. Screw around in it. Down in those dirty desecrated waters of New York. And there used to be a big ass pond in the middle of Chinatown and Little Italy. Did you know that. But people threw their poop, their animal carcasses, their trash till the thing was packed - too filthy for a filthy world. Today we of the marine zone of Manahatta Island thrive on the flapping dead leaves that make their way, slithering, urged on by breezes and rainstorms into the water to give us radiant salt and minerals but now they are chopping down the trees, listen I can hear them now...

CASPER: Isn't that Chekhov?

BEDELIA: I am so impressed by your education.

CASPER: I got a MA in continental philosophy at Sul Ross, in Alpine, Texas. All of you, Eileen too, c'mon, just come in close cause I have an idea. We've been pretty obsessed, let's be frank with the confiscation of public lands in New York. But we want to be respectful - in a disrespectful libidinous way with our cohorts here, RM. So how can we bring our issues to interface with this . . . ambitious infinitesimal constructivist blood bath of their art. I think the answer is clear. Who are the bloodsuckers right now at this moment in 2022 in New York?

I think we all know the answer.

PUPPETS IN UNISON: POLITICIANS!

OSCAR: Righteo. Politicians. So we got a circulatory device in this show...

OSCAR: Reminds me of a train set I once had as a kid.

CASPER: Spare us the melancholy, Father. I think what we need to do is attach some stakes to this what do they call it garment conveyer and jam some bloodied politicians' heads right onto those stakes and let those babies roll.

MONTGOMERY: Will there be music in the show cause that would be very powerful. I suggest ELO. Right? Can you imagine "Evil Woman" cascading through the blood red halls of the Swiss institute and the mask-like face of Carlina Rivera, our betraying city councilor, in utter shock as her head festoons the uh garment conveyer. And I think we should get an actual DeBlasio (corpse) and a dummy DeBlasio and put them on two of the bed bug rocking toys and make them face each other for eternity...

BEDELIA: I think RM is only up for the month. I'll check. But it's definitely not like Dante's inferno, as in forever.

OSCAR: I have some bedbug stories.

MONTGOMERY: of course you do, Dad.

BEDELIA: Let him talk Honey. I feel a little bad for the guy. Don't you feel that the father's reign of terror of over. He doesn't know what to do. He's only looking back.

CASPER: That's cause there's no future. We believe in an ecstatic present.

MONTGOMERY: (dancing) We certainly do!

BEDELIA: Listen I am not hitched to this man. I never was. I think we just don't really need to grind the patriarchy down into a fine salt and then crush it with the soles of our boots into the ground wherever and whenever. It's easier just to let him blather. Tell us Honey.

OSCAR: Eileen can help. Eileen doesn't seem to mind telling the same stories over and over.

EILEEN: Thanks Oscar. I'm taking that from you because I made you. You're like my shabby fucked-up paper mache 63-year-old son. The one thing I want to say about bedbugs is there is always an underlining objection. I don't know if I've ever truly "had" bedbugs. But I feel like there was very often an ulterior overwhelming urge to purge that in fact preceded the infestation.

OSCAR: Are you saying that bedbugs aren't real? RM for example seems to be offering at least one very certifiable...

EILEEN: I know bedbugs are real. Maybe I'm lying. But I know there is this other part, sort of a "thank god they have bedbugs cause now I can throw them out, or their stuff..."

OSCAR: I think you are really undermining my story. I am nothing but your witness. You made me but I absorbed you. A puppet is holding your memory. Doesn't everyone use puppets as just another kind of telling. Let me do my work! I will confine the account to the bedbug you saw in 2010 climbing across your pillow in Butte, Montana. And you were travelling with her who really had them bad as a kid so for her nothing could be worse.

EILEEN: We washed everything.

OSCAR: Yes you did. And then you got to the rental in Missoula. It was very particular. You were living in the house of a woman, that lawyer, who had rented it out to you for the semester and now she was living in the basement.

EILEEN: Of her own house! It had to be horrible.

OSCAR: Yes she hated your guts. And how much more horrible to see those little plastic bags out on the porch of frozen clothes strangely sitting out there in the very cold air.

EILEEN: What could she have thought we were doing? We were waiting out the bedbugs. She must have known.

OSCAR: How was the trip she asked. And then before you left she offered to do your wills.

EILEEN: She wanted us dead!

CASPER: I want to get back to the politicians' heads on the uh garment conveyer. Who else do we want?

CROCKY: All of them. I am not a violent creature but the constant horse trading of the political class in New York City and globally and the strategic looking away and the complete absence of fellow feeling all the while posing...

BEDELIA: Smiling. Always smiling. So this is fantastic. A red and green revolution. Blood. I think we are activating this show, by repurposing the soft beautiful bedspread into become my opening night gown, and the sweet fuckery of it, establishing a literal connection between the very hand of RM and my own New York and international coming out into the art world...

MONTGOMERY: (excitedly) and that invocation of blood becoming so all-encompassing when Harvey, the do-nothing neighborhood assemblyman, Corey Johnson, the snarky sell-out, much touted gay son of a union man, former speaker of the city council, and Carol Maloney, the obsolescent state Senator, her blonde hair stiff with blood, Jamie Torres Springer, human vampire, real estate developer embedded in public service, blood dripping off his fangs, yes, yay!

BEDELIA: I think the governor, Kathy Hochul, she's such a fraud..

CASPER: and Brannan! The punk rock city councilor. He would be gritting his teeth, but blood would be brown and thick and dried in the cervices of his perpetual grimace...

MONTGOMERY: And the music. Puddles of blood on the floor. And at the opening, as soon as the uh garment conveyor starts to churn and everyone sees the heads coming around smiling, I want to blast:

It's a tivin' thing
It's a terrible thing to lose
It's a givin' thing
What a terrible thing to lose

BEDELIA: Right! Fucking blood suckers.

CROCKY: Enemies of all creatures

BEDELIA: And Oscar! At the opening I think you should tell ALL your bed bug stories to DeBlasio. He'll be a captive audience.

MONTGOMERY: (chuckling) Cause he'll be strapped into his bed bug chair.

CASPER: That was actually a play by Vladimir Mayakovsky.

BEDELIA: Genius! Bed Bug Chair?

CASPER: No "The Bed Bug". It was about an irrelevant man.

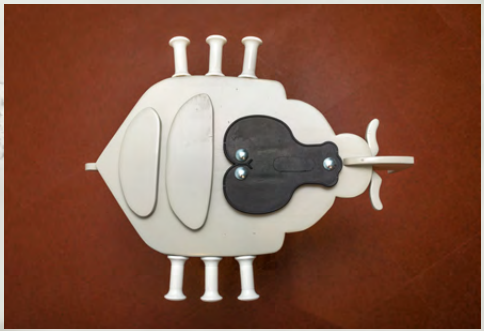
OSCAR: How will I know which is the real DeBlasio and which is the dummy.

BEDELIA: You won't! The dummy might have better posture.

MONTGOMERY: The dummy might have more people talking to him.

OSCAR: Good I hate a crowd.

MONTGOMERY: (sings) higher and higher, baby...!





Guest, 2022. Wood, metal, rubber, plastic. 78,7 x 64,7 x 54,6 cm.



Clock tower, 2022. Garment conveyor, vinyl stickers. 542 x 200 x 73,6 cm



Table manners, midnight banquet, 2022. Bedsheet with crochet. 190 x 208 x 5,8 in.



Ravioli walls, tortilla carpets, 2022. Pillowcases with crochet. 152 x 43,2 x 5,8 cm.

POSTORISTORO

Postoristoro is dedicated to the little clusters of syringes left by a bench or on construction sites, behind dark bushes and bins: beings we weren't allowed to see, until we did. Cousins of the fairy-tale gnomes usually only children can spot, or more like mini spiky ogres ready to abduct them. Legend has it "they inhabit the grass, invisible until you feel that little pinch that wakes viruses and bacteria asleep on their needle, otherwise left alone in their own absurdity like microscopical stray pets. If you stare, they will jump on you". Addicts too were allowed to visit those fantastic creatures. Hidden high societies of syringes living in lemon skin tiny huts feeding on the remainders of highs – superspreaders coercing the weakest spirits to their no future will, first ride is free. At each treasure spotted on the ground: "is that it, am I in danger? Don't be careful, be afraid of things!" An addiction isn't necessarily from something you put in your body: we depend on coexistence. Postoristoro is not about youth getting wasted; it evokes a place for the marginalized to rest, a sleepy break from the future and a shelter for chillers, their sharp and hurtful priority radically opposed to a productive need. Parasites, erm ... Parasols may protect you from UVs and ODs. Parasols of liberalism, of brands and welfare, under which the validity of your life experience is safe. Postoristoro is a diner at a transfer station where some got stuck, its walls encrusted by the 70s class movements marked by mutual accusations of parasitism (sound of burning tinfoil to the rhythm of Emilia Paranoica). Several outskirts, whole provinces, laying soaked after a hailstorm of pharmaceuticals (sound of opioids falling). Protective parasols are given to "good people" in the 80s: another epidemic thriving in the background (not a sound). Working class families have received so far unaffordable branded coats and expensive goodies and are offered to settle for a certain wellbeing.

The spike this Cupid threw has definitely led me on a bizarre tour.



Bizarre Tour, metal, paint, silkscreen, 2021.



Moon, mirror, silkscreen, 2021.



A shack of wealth, metal, textiles, cotton, lights, 2021.



High society, polieester, cement, paper, glue, 2021.

I THINK I GAVE YOU...

*Voyez l'Hiver: ce champignon entre les lèvres semble un organe hypertrophié, cancéreux, hideux: je vois le visage d'un homme qui vient de mourir, une poire d'angoisse enfoncée jusqu'à l'asphyxie dans la bouche.**

*R. Barthes "Arcimboldo ou Rhétoricien et magicien" 1982

A fleshy allegory of decay has fallen from mannerism. It has been used so often over the centuries that has lost its plumpness, aged poorly and lays now drained and ailing (sfruttata, neither the fruit nor the parable are left).

You might want to check on this, a pear of anguish, a cherry of anxiety. Some fruit pits are so small they can accidentally be swallowed; the instrument must be proportional to the player.

Look at Summer: Memories of a scene that got stuck on the lenses and crystalized right before the eyeballs. The red-dened eyes turn out to be small cherry-peaches in a flyer of Pacha.

You might wanna get checked, postcard, 2020



Bounty of the Mutineers, detail. Cardboard box, 1.39" round screens, videos on loop (2'34" and 2'58").





Cherries 2020 Inflated PVC, ropes, pendants



IT'S MY PARTY AND I'LL DIE IF I WANT TO



Every Kiosk or newsstand is a cluster of daily journals and magazines graphically screaming for attention, looking like a packed collage with a baroque horror-vacui aesthetic.

Kiosks are interfaces for printed communication, since the pre-internet they were diffusors of pornography and mainstream personal investigation of sexual desire. Which adolescent never stood in front of that corner where the erotic magazines are? Staring at the covers with a crooked gaze, their head pointing in another direction, but their eyes uncomfortably turned to look towards framed breasts 'n bulges. Frequently the persons working inside are familiar characters from the neighbourhood. They wouldn't mind if you'd buy some gay or lesbian erotic magazine together with a bigger issue of Whatever-Today to wrap it inside. Neither would they remember if you spent too much time looking discretely at the covers of sexy magazines; they'd instead erase the browser history once you paid your suspicious papers, minding nothing else except for what is to be seen from that window - most of the time half covered by a customer's fuckface or by the inexpensive souvenirs hanging from above.

Occasionally spots for gambling or betting, aside from magazines and newspapers they mysteriously trade all sorts of superfluous things. Birthday cards, stickers, key-rings, little collectable items that change with a generation but that uses the Kiosk to spread. We got assigned in the 90s with Garbage-Pail Kids, "Pogs", and as issues for thematic collections (like minerals, or dinosaurs) that would last a season at their best. Kiosks seem often like functional places poor of intimacy, therefore so trust-worthy you'd let them the keys of your house to be picked up later by someone else.





BACCO MALATO



If this was about metaphors we'd depict global warming as an STD and call it "you do look like i feel". **The critics: It has this up/down formal movement, dynamic!** *Splashing over and under the frozen water. Bags and glass, are those manufactures? colors and transparencies: fallen and rapidly lifted up towards the surface.*

Baby g., pick up the empties – get this pond clean and suitable for bathing again. We enjoyed light-hearted drinking as we thought we'd get rid of them in a sec; eventually is not the case. Eh. They now are burnt Amazon's leaves, slimy fishes we can't catch, and we not comfy fishing wet nor naked. We are no more the seductive teens in that August Blue painting (Tuke, Henry Scott 1893-94 122 by 183 fuckin' centimeters, Tate Britain) but oldish and living rheumatisms.

Real Madrid has a very very melancholic work isn't it so? Our look is pale and sickish indeed, and these tbh stands for Tuberculosis-hot.

Regarde, all far-right is on the coast inspecting what we collected, while Open Arms would def have a solo in a bigger gallery.





SCAPE



"Sexual deception, imprisonment, and killing aren't but a few of the techniques devised by the inhabitants of the plant kingdom, where dissimulation and metamorphosis are commonplace and seduction is of the essence. Enchantment and deception are key to the quiet and lethal sexual allure of forests and swamps and meadows in bloom. In times of plenty, these places vibrate softly with happenings and affairs, eventful yet concealed beneath apparent silence and stillness. Drifting across clusters of herbs and flowers, one realizes fixity is mere illusion: a matter of shifting space and time scales. At the right speed, tendrils, like tentacles, stretch out and gently fondle and grope and feel their surroundings. Creepers coil around tree trunks in search of sunlight, in a deadly embrace. Thousand-petaled sexual organs blossom in myriads of structures and shapes and colors, then morph into juicy fruits."

This is an extract from the text «TREACHEROUS AND DECEIVING, VEGETABLE LOVE GROWS. ON THE WORK OF REAL MADRID » by Camilla Paolino for the catalogue of It almost felt like the voice of a close friend Geneva, 2021.



THE SWAMP

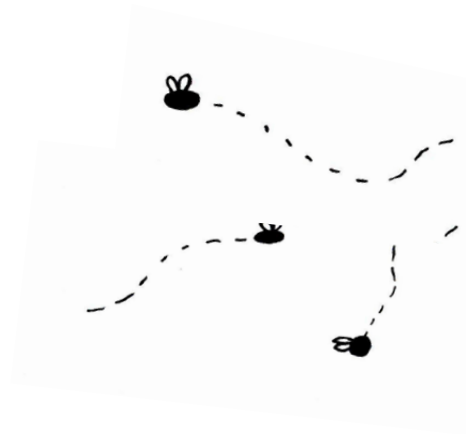


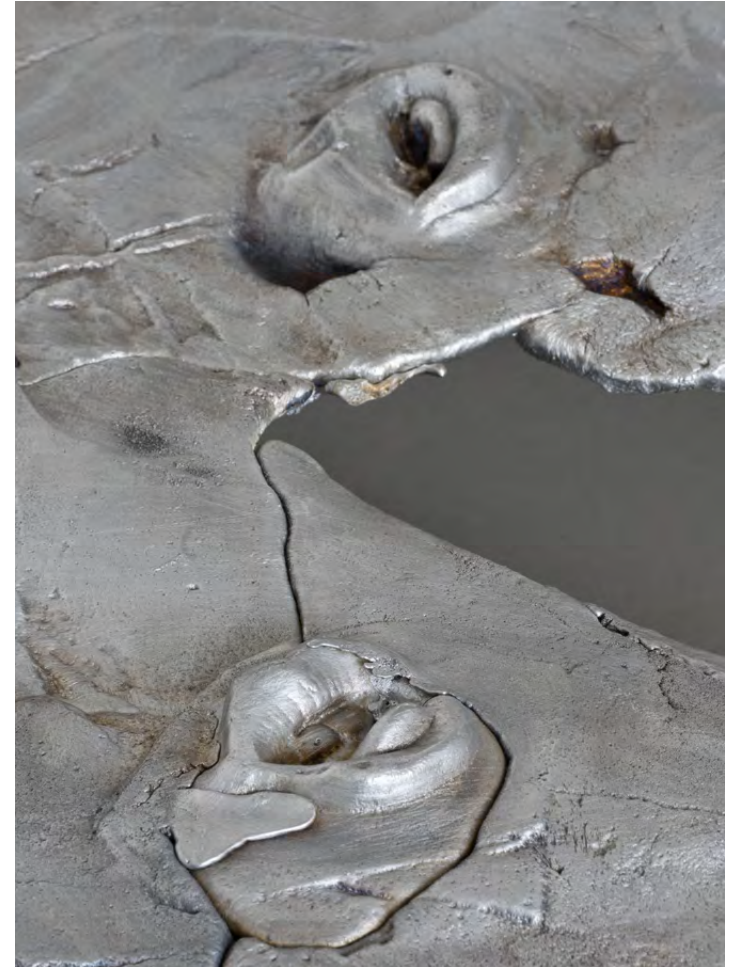
Narcissus' fist sinks in the muddy bottom of the pond whose surface still mirrors a reversed image of youth.

Swamps are places of slow fertility, whose shapes develop slowly and per accumulation, sediments depositing on each other and characters evolving through sickly modular structures repeating themselves. The sexual allure is calm and deadly, embedded within a bionetwork of flowers showing off their open buttholes and with them the genetic estate of their species. In the swamp, horniness doesn't occur in horny uncontrollable rushes. A quiet sex appeal pervades the entire biosystem and rests under the water surface. When the wind blows or the rain falls one can listen everything moaning. The water is turbid, but not dirty, so full of life and organisms that makes it dark and slimy, just a step from being solid. On some parts of the surface a variety of water grass grows, creating the best trap ever for you to fall in it.

Flowers are a very expensive energy investment for the plant, therefore their existence is usually segregated to times of plenty called springs, or to one full moon night a year. Those are times for sexting, hairdos, tempting bees. But also, you never know if the bee that's coming will kill you or pollinate you (lolz, maybe you are one of those insect-killer plants). Tongues pop out of floating leaves licking the surrounding air, capturing and swallowing little mosquitos, also seducing all other beings around.

This continuous tension of waiting for somebody to come and de-flower me sounds like the sexual silence of adolescence: "But everybody got laid already. Why haven't I?". Let's spend hours eating chips in bed taking images of flourished décolletés using mobile swamps in which youth reflects and falls and drowns.





Catching flies not feelings, alluminum, Ø 105 x 10 cm, 2018.



You never know if the bee that's coming will pollinate you or kill you, C-print, frame, 102 x 50 cm, 2019.



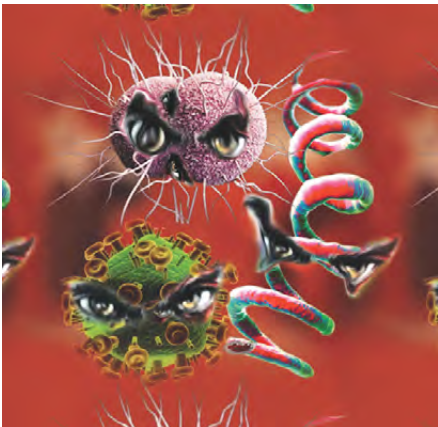
Old people, glass. 35 x 17 x 17 cm, 2019

MYDOOM

Antiviral drugs against STIs can make dreams more vivid. Instead of the virus circulating in your body, your childhood traumas, exes, and professional apprehensions haunt your nights. The concern of infection is not jailed or executed, but transformed and shifted towards a lonelier time.

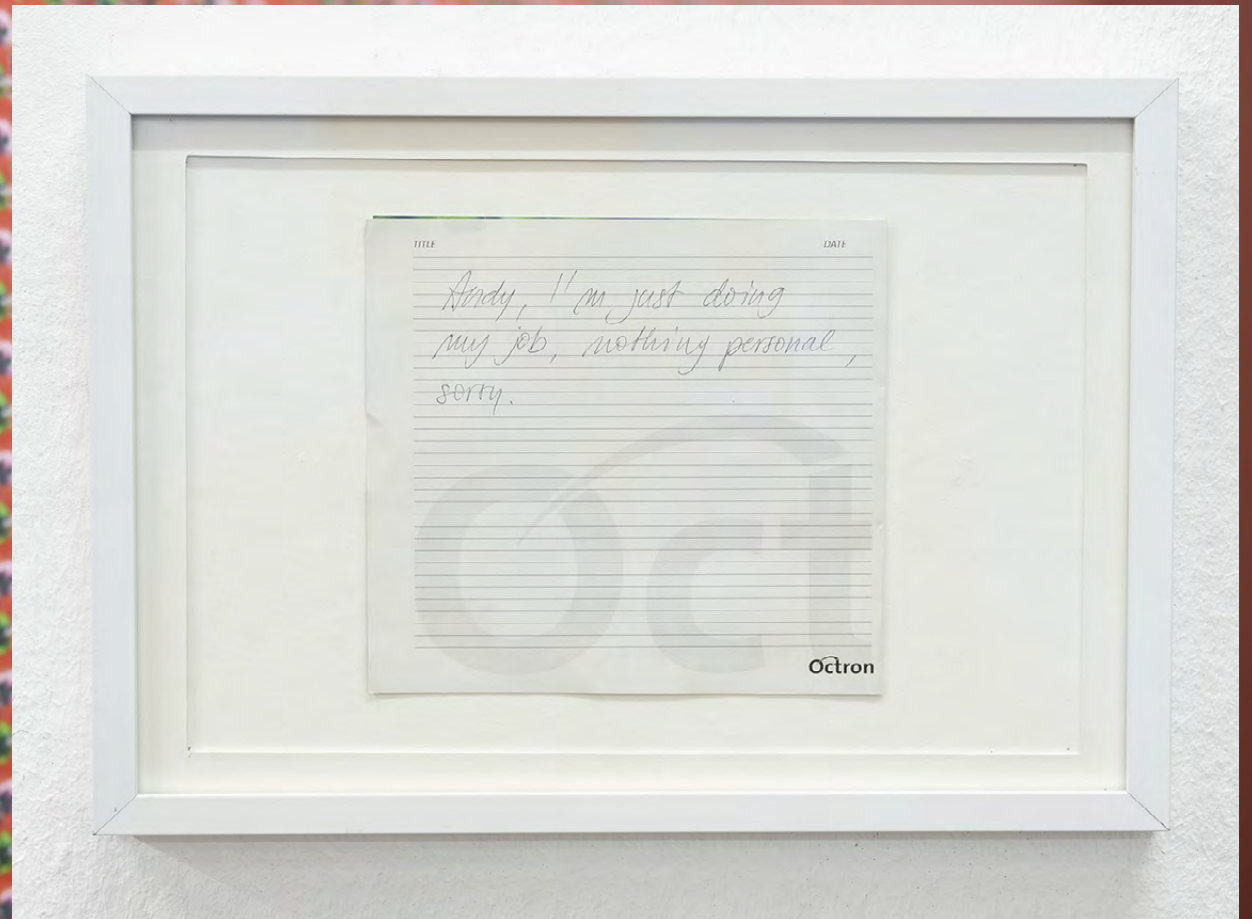
In advanced status, sexually transmitted diseases blur the vision and permanently reveal the hidden stereogram in the pattern. Viruses make apologetic, as fuck.

– *'mmsorry Andy, just doin ma job* – was the message coded within Mydoom (2004), a malware faster than the infamous ILOVEYOU (2000). Fortunately, private antibodies Securitas patrols REM sleep as a network firewall in a dreamlike RAM.





My Doom, printed PVC, cotton friendship bracelets, 2018.



Global True Positives, 2018 Printed wallpaper with autostereogram
Andy, I'm just doing my job, nothing personal. Sorry. Framed paper CD cover

**SOME DAYS ARE
DIAMONDS,
SOME DAYS ARE
STONED**



Regional genetical diseases symbolically certify the provenance of individuals, rooting them to a territory. Fearing isolation, some southern European infected with AIDS hid their syndrome claiming to have Mediterranean Anemia, dressing a medical status with the extra virginity of local olive oil.

Venereal diseases also used to identify certain social groups, drawing them like in a territorial identity, closer to each other.

White and red blood cells orchestrate a caprese salad carrying little backpacks of oxygen, like stoned teenagers hiding bags of weed, swearing it is oregano.





Some Days are Diamonds, Some Days are Stoned, Hand blown glass, about 75x 110x115cm, 2018

Love, but leave room for disappointment, iron, steel, figs, 255x 63x 63cm, 2018



The G.r.i.d., Print on aluminum, 27x 20,5cm



The Fig, C-Print, 27x 20,5cm

RUSH

A locker room with sport garments in silverish wool, abandoned on the floor as in an horny rush. Two lockers with glass horns, one is a totem and the other is turned into a battering-ram, opened a portal for people to flew.

Hello tumbleweed, you were motionless living plants that started rolling through the desert after their death.

The perfect .gif for this embarrassing silence.



I was sweaty and tired and ugly when I arrived in the village. I'd lost the habit of such long walks. Nobody recognized me, maybe because it was a long time since I'd left, but I guess it was more to do with the fact that they were so absorbed with what they were doing, they didn't pay attention at all. It was exactly the same routine as in my childhood, the same manners, gestures, the exact same ritual, only the people were a new generation and apart from a few old faces that seemed reminiscent of something, I didn't know anyone.

Tables and chairs upside down, people walking and dancing barefoot, naked bodies shinning in the dark, with myriads of little drops of viscous liquid onto their skin, dripping along their shoulders, breast, legs. They were holding hands, touching each other, rubbing each other, talking to one another with such excitement, putting fingers into one another's body holes.

At the center of all this, placed in exactly the same area it was when I was a kid, was the same big transparent jar full of the product. They kept coming back to it, pouring their hands into it, massaging their bodies and the surrounding objects with it, offering it to the sky, the concrete ground, the metal chairs and tables, the table ware.

In my memories, people didn't look so ferociously happy and exhilarated. It was incredible to see these expressions on people's faces, distorted by joy. I sat and smoked a cigarette, contemplating the scene as nobody cared about my presence. And I felt the rush.

There was no way I could resist it, although I'd promised myself I would not perform the ritual this time. But in seconds my childhood and teenage years invaded my body's memory, like a flash. I pictured myself, age twelve, covering myself with the transparent product as if it were liquid gold, shouting at the stars, crying in the night, dancing for hours and hours, until daylight and later.

I stood up, walked to the jar, took off my clothes and covered the sweat of my body with another type of shiny looking one. Chemical. Beautiful. Strong. I decided it would just be for tonight. Tomorrow I would return where I had come from. I would not do it again. Just this one time.

15.01.16

Lili Reynaud Dewar





Rush, silver lurex hand knitted sport garments, 60x20cm, framed, 2017.

BRIGHT FUTURES

Poster A0 with quote from:

[http://www.wikihow.com/
Make-a-Fictional-LGBT-Char-
acter](http://www.wikihow.com/Make-a-Fictional-LGBT-Character)

Ed. 80 pieces

If your Story

absolutely requires

killing an

LGBT character

,

make sure that there

are other

LGBT characters

who survive and have

Bright Futures

Bright Futures

ahead of them

**YOU MAKE THE PROGRAM FOR LIFE,
YOU MAKE THE PROGRAM**

*Weeping sets a body in liquid expansion:
to comfort someone who is about to burst into tears
during an emotional wreck.*



To
me
eyes
are
bottles to
drink from,
that adapt their
shape to their
contents, the recip-
ient of my tears is
not always the same:
I adjust.

*Someone else's suffering is a mutual
dictatorship between crier
and soother.*



Can
I lick
your
salty cheeks
again? Let me
see your curled
lips and stay in
the loop.

The
am-
orous
body flows
as a proof it is
a connoisseur of
love. If fluid, emo-
tions can circulate as a
unique object, as dec-
orative tears are jewels
for sadness.



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