

Ondrej

Kristofer

Brody & Paetau Problems in Contemporary Art



Ten short stories, one essay
and lots of pictures!

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All images by Brody & Paetau
All text by Travis Jeppesen

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Dog Carpets



After Uncle Marty died, he decided to go on vacation. He hoped, in the afterlife, to buy a new wig for his wife, since most of her hair had fallen out as she sat there watching him die. Sometimes it's fun to have friends, Marty thought to himself as he boarded an airplane bound for the southernmost american continent. Marty was not seated in first class.

It is somewhat sad for us to have to report that Marty did not survive the ensuing plane crash. A further tragedy is that none of the other forty-nine passengers and crewmembers on board survived, either. True, Marty was already dead when he boarded the plane. But to die twice is more horrible than ever having lived once, according to the following equation:

$$d^2 \neq L$$





So instead of trying to wrestle further philosophical truth out of this conundrum or exhausting ourselves by attempting to defend a position that is all but indefensible, it is perhaps worthwiler to tell you how we got our dog carpets.

Now, the magic thing you might have noticed about these carpets is that, while they appear to be made out of dead dogs, the dogs are actually alive. The dogs don't just come alive on their own, however; you have to stare at them. Some say it takes five hours. Others claim it's only four. You stare at the dog for a really long time, looking straight in its eyes, and you will suddenly notice it wagging its tail, licking its chops. All the things dogs do. Roll on its back begging you to rub its belly, licking your hand. Humping your leg. Imploring you to feed and play with it. My my.

You have to be careful. Sometimes the dog that comes alive doesn't want to be your best friend. There are many different kinds of dogs in this shifty world of ours, and some of them are quite pissed off at our entire mode of being. For some, there are psychological reasons for this, but for others, the problem is deeper, rooted in an abject state of dogness that we cannot begin to elucidate here. If you are interested in learning more, please contact our institute.





Don't get angry if the dead dog bites you. It probably means you weren't staring at it hard enough. You shouldn't draw hasty conclusions. Nice dogs bite, too. Let me tell you what happened to my Aunt Martha. She was a survivor in a cruel world that didn't want to taste her. The degenerated conditions of our own becoming are so sexy! My aunt's favorite outfit was an orange-and-yellow striped jumpsuit with saffron high heels.

Let's not get sidetracked. It can be hard to face truths so complex that they lick our faces blank with their rabid tongues. Aunt Martha adopted one of those dog carpets, brought it all the way back home from the southernmost american continent to her cheerless abode in the welsh country, where the carpet began to stink. It was a peculiar stench that left her doubting the skills of the taxidermist, which sunk her into a deep depression, for she had made contractual arrangements with him to accommodate her own physical remnants upon her likely eventual demise, her generosity of spirit thus to be translated into matter with a certain degree of aesthetic and/or utilitarian value. This sorrowful regret all but paralyzed her. Then it began to shrink her. Paralyzed and shrinking, she could not be motivated to contact the scam taxidermist to cancel her postmortem obligations, nor was she any longer able to fit into her favorite jumpsuit. Naked, she sat in the living room armchair, trembling as the stinking carpet growled at her.



After this had gone on for a period of several weeks, she called us into the living room one evening. We were alarmed to find that the death stench had so overpowered her that she had shrunk to the size of a newborn infant's angry fist with middle finger extended; I very nearly sat on her. Thankfully, she squealed just in time, and I was able to place my buttocks elsewhere in the room.

As our institute is accustomed by now to coping with such environmental challenges, we were all adorned in gas masks as we listened to my aunt's brief discourse.

This dog, its deadness, has been a source of endless pleasure for me in these last weeks, she began, and I fully accept the consequences of my amusement. The time has obviously come for me to transmute what little synergy I have left into other schematized objects. You, my family at the institute, have my full permission to regard me in my next state, or to carry out whatever procedures you see fit to filibuster the global naïveté that has come upon us, enfogging our species with a dual awareness of death.



What I do not want, however – and I mean this in an absolute sense – is for this (here she indicated the stinking hairy mound upon the floor) to ever disappear from these environs.

And with that, Aunt Martha hopped off the couch and sauntered over to Uncle Marty's acoustic guitar, which still stood in the corner of the living room. She climbed upon the wooden stool beside it and into the hole in the center of the guitar.

We observers watched all this impassively, awaiting what would happen next. But we would be sorely disappointed, for the answer, as is so often in these cases, was nothing.

I still go into that living room for a visit whenever I happen to find myself in the welsh countryside. I'm just as impressed with the silence as I am with the stench. Elsewise, little changes. Aunt Martha never emerged from the instrument. And yet the dead dog will bark ceaselessly at that hole whenever anyone plays the guitar.



Miss Krimi

Miss Krimi eats a hot dog. What does the end of the world taste like? Bee lands on the edge of that dog. I am in nature, Miss Krimi thinks to herself; there's no one else around.

14

T00:00:26



15

T00:00:45



Miss Krimi ran through the park chasing a noun. Miss Krimi doesn't believe in a thing called society. Miss Krimi spent an entire season her eyebrows made of flames. Miss Krimi put her noun in a suitcase and booked a one-way flight to proper noun. Miss Krimi flies. Miss Krimi can fly anywhere. Thank the jesus out of this shit!

Pirates of empiricism hijacked Miss Krimi's ego and took it away with them into snow-flecked wonderland. Miss Krimi is the victim of others' avowance. The circumstance Miss Krimi now finds herself in is a fine one. Miss Krimi in the garden. Miss Krimi's elastic ego in the all-night-long.

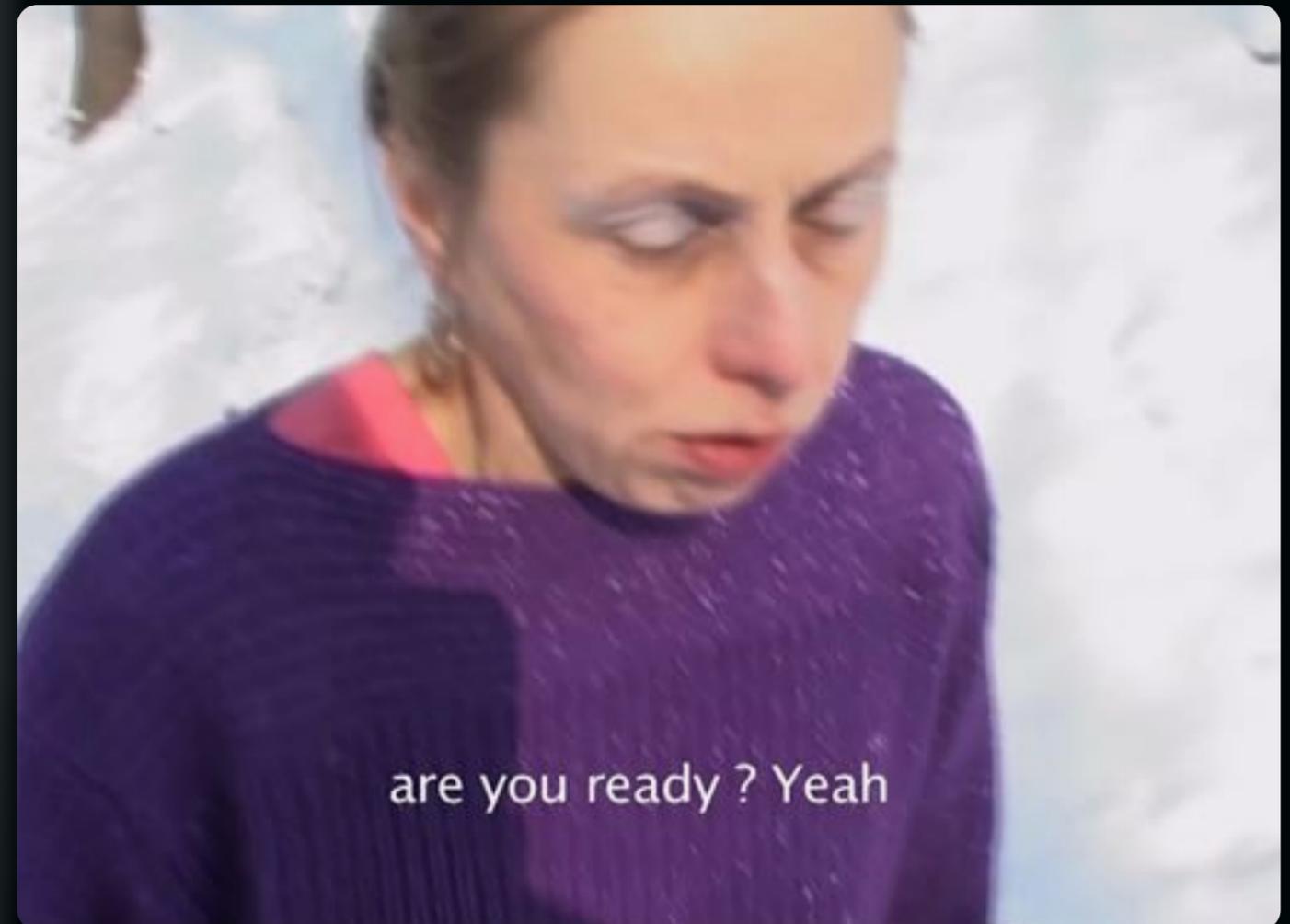


Miss Krimi had no memory. Whenever she wanted to keep something in the archives of her mind, she'd have to grab on to it very hard and not let go of it for three weeks or even longer. It was only through the use of this method that objects were able to acquire sentimental value in the crystal ball she kept for a brain. Most of the times that ball was empty. Every once in a while, when she was getting harassed, the ball would fill up with hot purple wool. It would melt the glass and Miss Krimi would find her head bouncing down the disaffected horizon: sock brain. Most of the children Miss Krimi taught had no fathers.

Good for them, Miss Krimi thought, whenever memories of her own father would emerge from the shadows to molest her. Miss Krimi cared so much for her students, she let them teach her most of the time. Once she learns how to become a child, she will be released from this narrative and finally find true freedom in the realm of digital film and video. There, you will be able to find her tap-dancing at a holocaust deniers' conference. Digital is the only place where you can find freedom in this our new century. Miss Krimi knows this well because she read it in a book. Miss Krimi and her students know satisfaction, as well. That is why Miss Krimi likes to live among the antelopes in nature.



don't move further from the camera !!!



are you ready ? Yeah

Nature is in my digital camera. Look mom, I'm a holocaust producer! Miss Krimi went to school to get herself an education. The students in the classroom told her to go away. Even though they were all antelopes, she didn't know what to say. Miss Krimi started tap-dancing. Suddenly all her students loved her. No one shits acorns like I do, Miss Krimi proclaimed, her arms outstretched skywards.



Miss Krimi loves to rub hot beeswax all over her bare breasts while a midnight saxophone plays. Miss Krimi has the teeth of annihilation. Whenever I go visit her she slaps me in the face with a wooden memory stick. That stick contains all her memories. Stain my face with it. Miss Krimi shows us her cunt when we ask for it. Miss Krimi sucks on it. When we ask for it. Miss Krimi is a human zoo. The animals are gonna teach her a lesson she won't want to learn. Miss Krimi's face is a digital noun taped to the analog TV screen. Miss Krimi got lost in the artificial paradise. Her saving grace is to never look back.



Miss Krimi knows something about god and the way he has manufactured her ego. When Miss Krimi wants to be a machine, she goes into the church and molests the priest. He fine-tunes her motor, and little red spiders pour out of her eye sockets, denying the holocaust all the while. Miss Krimi runs around the churchyard screaming mortal panic. Miss Krimi comes with a life-time warranty.

Late at night Miss Krimi follows her students home. They have taught her so much, she just can't let them go. Come eat us for supper, her students beg, and Miss Krimi responds, I can't eat all of you at once. Monday morning, she will vomit her students back up again so that they can teach her something new. Miss Krimi, always learning, her students, always teaching. What new lessons can be imparted to a woman who is actually a machine? In the end, Miss Krimi goes right back where she came from.

They always do.



Noise Pictures



Me and Marty like to party. He's forty and I'm fifty. On Fridays, we go to Ted's Salted Lizard Shack, a place where groovy grown-ups like us can go to do the nasty. Me and Marty have been married for twenty-nine years. My husband is my favorite porn star.

Other kinky couples just don't understand. How can you do it that way they say. There is a curious insistence in their logic – like they walk along the marbled granite of righteousness while we merely skid along the astro-turf of putridity. I don't know what kind of solution it is they're chasing after. My husband's feet are the same exact size as mine, he is currently wearing my favorite pair of sandals.

There are times my brain does things I would not like others to be aware of. It's okay; brains can't be seen, just the body. My body I have no problems with – I'll let

them see everything I've got. Me and Marty have no problem with enacting our love rituals in front of the public eyeball. Our level of enlightenment is much higher than most people's.

Tonight I am scheduled to fuck with Mary Jo. My husband will do Bobbi Jake. Sometimes the director will pop in the scene to show us how he wants it done. Marty did all this way before he met me. He's a real pro. I wouldn't say he had to "show me the ropes," though, nothing like that. My talents all come from deep inside me; I was born this way.

My husband is my favorite porn star. I have all his movies at home on BLU-RAY DVD. He's been in so many, I watch one every day. Renowned porn critic R. Boobi Bich once wrote about my husband, "He moves with an athletic grace that brings to mind the inevitable comparisons with Olympic-caliber synchronized swimming. [...] Any film featuring Marty Graw, whether as star or in a mere cameo, is likely to be a game-changer, such is the tremulosity of his screen prowess. Particularly remarkable is his apparent indifference to extrasensory stimuli: Graw is going to be hard and ready whether you – or his partners – like it or not."

That was written, of course, before the motorcycle accident. That crash nearly ended his career in the business, since it shattered his kneecap. You need your knees to do the nasty, a lot of people don't realize this. After three surgeries and more than two years of physical therapy, Marty learned how to frolic again, though the gait of his thrusts no longer sent me or his other partners into the cosmorgasmic whirl they once did.



I'd say "washed up" is a term of overstatement typically employed by pretentious people. If you want it bad enough, you'll get it even better than before. That's the thing about quality: it's the one who desires who ultimately controls it. The desirer has all the power packed into his or her sweaty determination. If you don't know where you're going with it, then the object you've selected will never be more – or less – than a false projection. False, because it contains someone else's packaged needs, and not your own.

I love it when a man smears miracle whip all over my hot rock titties and slaps me in the face with a plastic salami. If you don't know what you want, then I'm sorry, you're going to have to get away. I have to say that to directors all the time. It's tough work, managing my husband's career. Sometimes people ask me how it was I came to be involved – in front of the camera, that is – at my age. Well since the accident, it takes two to make a household stay afloat. I see nothing wrong with defying the categories that my age tends to place me in.

But I also have to make sure they don't mistreat him, you know. Marty's midlife crisis is a very delicate thing, and I can't have unscrupulous directors exploiting that. They come around with their greasy offers, expecting him to bang some eighteen-year-old bimbo with a 200 Euro titjob who will be NO ONE three years from now. I won't let them flush Marty's career down the toilet like that.

For these reasons, we've started our own production company. Our latest release, *Marty's Midlife Crisis Orgy*, just came out last week. We shot it at Ted's, the swingers club we frequent on the weekends, when we're not too busy

or overworked. The film stars us and our friends or people we know and is directed by yours truly. If anyone is going to exploit my husband, then it ought to be me, fuck you very much. Unfortunately, the shoot turned out to be a bit traumatic for Marty, who ended up jumping out of the club's third-story window right when things were starting to get hot, busting his one good kneecap in the process. Fortunately, I was there with the camera to capture it all on HD, and it provides a thrilling climax to the film, quite unlike anything being shown in porn today.

(SPOILER ALERT!!!)

The movie has received rave reviews, having been hailed by Bich as an avant-garde masturbation piece, and is selling at a much quicker pace than that of Marty's recovery. Meanwhile, we've decided to weather this one by staying busy. Our next release, *Marty's Handicap Hijinx*, goes into production next week, and will be the first porn in history to feature a completely (PHYSICALLY) crippled cast.

Whenever I have to, I take on freelance gigs. Some of them can be quite interesting, such as a music video for Marty's brother's band Noise Pictures. As their name suggests, Noise Pictures is a real wild funky group. They play the kind of funky wild jazz music that groovy grown-ups like me and Marty like to get down to, if you know what I'm saying. So I thought it was such a fitting wild crazy funky adventurous idea that they decided to make use of me and Marty's unique talents in promoting their musical vision. Only problem was, Marty was not available for the shoot owing to the knee injury. Thankfully, Marty's brother – whose name, for some reason, is also Marty – was happy to FILL IN, so to speak.





The shoot went okay. The band played on one side of the tiny apartment, me and Marty did our thing on the other, trying to ignore the director, some art school brat, all the while. That director was so bad. He left sensibility stains all over my ego. The funky jazz music made us want to get down. Marty's brother Marty came in like three seconds. His sperm tasted a lot like my grandmother's recipe for lemon chicken. So that's what I decided to cook for Marty (my husband) that night. Unfortunately, he never got a chance to eat it. Marty died of gangrene just before supper.

After a mourning period that conformed in length to the adult film industry's regulations, I called up Marty's brother to ask if he wanted to be the new Marty. It wasn't hard for him to say yes, since he has the same name. The day after our wedding, I drove him down to Ted's, where I broke him in real good. Broke him in and broke both his kneecaps. I'd say Marty's on the verge of becoming a huge star. Now if I could only peel him off the ceiling without losing that tiny piece of him that matters.

The Punishment



After they captured the President, they turned him over to the children, as had been previously decided. The children had not been able to take part in the Capturing Process, the hunt, busy as they were with school and play, so it was only fair, according to the dictates of the New System, that the children be able to participate in the Purging Process. Nay, dominate the Purging Process.

There was some discord among the children when

it came time to administer the punishment. One girl suggested sticking a needle in the center of the President's left eye. A wave of approval shimmered through the crowd. But then another girl approached the microphone to voice her concern: I think we should scratch his face off with a cement block.

Why don't we stick a needle in his eye and scratch his face off? cried out the voice of a young boy

from somewhere deep in the crowd.



When I say scratch his face off, I mean the entire face — eyes included, replied the second girl.

What if we stick a needle in his eye and then scratch his face off, piped in the first girl. That way, we get the best of both worlds.

Why not tie a metal rod around his pipi and stick it in an electrical socket, the voice of a young boy resounded.

My little brother is gay,

cried a twelve-year-old. Why don't we cut off the President's penis and then let him have it to play with? That way we can stand there and laugh as the President bleeds to death from his gaping man-wound.

That's a good one, cried a sweet-looking young blonde girl. But if we're going to cut his dong off, then we might as well stuff it down his throat. That way he chokes to death on his own sperm while the blood shoots out between his legs.

We should make sure the whole thing is broadcast on national television, opined another child. Someone has to arrange that with the grown-ups.

The grown-ups have said they'll do all they can to support us in this endeavor, confirmed the girl at the microphone.

A girl with pigtails stood

up and screamed. That silenced the whole congregation.



Now that I have your attention, she said, can you tell me just one thing? Why on earth is it that you are just focusing on the face and genitals? Why, those are two of the least significant parts of the President's anatomy, if you ask me. Can we start talking about how we plan to punish the rest of him?

She's got a point, seconded a young boy.

Let us not forget, suggested another, there are also non-corporal means of punishment.

A distressed murmur ran through the crowd.

Order! Order! cried the young girl at the microphone. What exactly do you mean by that, sir?

Well, psychological torture, for instance.

Could you give us an example?

Well, we could tie him up and force him to watch his children being raped and/or disemboweled.

Little tremors of violence erupted in sporadic parts of the hallway, until that discontented part raised its voice:

But we can't do that to other children! We're children, too!

Nonono, replied the boy, his smile revealing a small blank on top where a baby tooth had recently been lost. They're not real children like us! They're the President's children. They don't count!

We would have to find some older children to do the raping, suggested a small girl. Probably boys... yuck. Girls usually don't make very good rapists.



Don't be so anti-feminist, replied a slightly older girl. Us girls can rape just as good as any dumb boy!

M-mm-m-m-make him w-w-w-wear white socks for an entire year! loudly interrupted a boy with a stutter. The hall was silent.

Perhaps psychological torment is the way to go, the self-elected diplomat before the microphone ventured. One option would be to have his wife carry out some or all of the punishment on

his person. Such a move would also satisfy the yearnings of the feminist contingent among us.

FARTED-OUT ACID JAZZ
UNIQUE AWARENESS
SCHEME

The President, tied to a pole before them, suddenly ejaculated upon retaining consciousness.

Shut up! — Stick a sock in his mouth! — Cries of disgust — The President was muted.

Fucking prick.

What audacity! After everything he's done to us, too!

You lost the right to freedom of expression the moment you came into power and presumed the entitlement to exert authority over others, you old oaf! Tie his dick to a tree, set the tree on fire, and give

him a dull butter knife
to free himself!

I thought we were moving
on from the mere genital,
a young toddler in diapers
objected.

Sorry, it's hard to do
sometimes.



The President's face is so
goddamn ugly, I can hard-
ly stand to look at it any
longer!

Tie two black cobras to
each of his ankles, let em
bite him to death!

— and so the children
skirmished and deliber-
ated throughout the
afternoon, leaving the
hall only to make pot-
ty or refill their bottles of
milk, dispensed from the
mams of a grotesquely

voluptuous volunteer
mama.

In order to resolve this,
one need arrive at a full
understanding of vehicu-
larity — or, in particular,
how vehicularity func-
tions in connection with
the extension principle.
Body is a vestibule; tran-
scendence via immanence
is the only option. Gravity
pimp doesn't want his ball
back. Molecular dystro-
phy on the same level as
broken stride ride: we can
take you there by not go-
ing. Scene of degradation
call someone's mother up
invite her to the place of
annihilation, isn't it a nice
night guys? Greets the
catholic pressure being
exerted on divorce force
up in the area code that
just de-defiled the mo-
tion you thought was for
giving. Night! crawls the
senator's anus as it is be-
ing robbed of apolec-
tic mercy shears. The sig-
natories' rainbow crash-
es into a vehicle that was

never offered up for sail;
smell my ancient tragedy.
Snarls the love of find-
ing solutions to prob-
lems that don't exist. Eat
the environment to purge
solutions to global indif-
ference wayfaring. Might
have a positive benefit, to
be suggested. Midnight
often comes in spandex
gear. The chirps of can-
cer can get vehicularized,
also. Doubt poses read-
iness across a screened-
in trophy display, hunt-
ed the favors out and won
to lose. Marauders on
the nightstream spewed
like shrunken shrimp all
over the ghastly furni-
ture shop's outer orifice,
some sank in. Get a di-
vorce from meaning and
start your new swingers'
lifestyle today. You want
do duty all up on poo poo
force? Mesmerize blath-
er in front of fave photog,
the entire whirl is watch-
less. Traffic light falls on
head. That don't stop
vehicular from getting
through. Dissymmetry the

verdict-maker before ele-
mental situatedness flem-
ishes by hot token con-
straints. Dinner is ser-
viled: the ruinous course.

The President was awak-
en shortly before dawn
and thrown a sort of sack
with four holes in it, with



which he was instructed
to dress himself. A bucket
was placed over his head,
and he was led out, hands
tied behind his back, to
the elevated platform
that had been erected the
day previous so that the
crowd of millions who had
gathered could witness
the carrying-out of the
punishment.

The young orator from
the prior day stepped up
to the microphone. Mister
President, she began, you

have really fucked a lot of things up – not only in our country, but throughout the entire world. You have started wars in places where none were needed over issues that no one cared about, sold weapons to unsavory elements to undermine regimes whose policies you disagreed with, and kept the population at home largely enslaved to a system that should have expired decades ago. You have spat out nouns whose definitionality you secretly disagreed with, confusing the individuals whose needs you were elected to serve. You have fucked parrots in the jungles of the Amazon while legions of your own people were starving of boredom in front of their computer screens back on home turf. You have forced us to pay money from our hard-earned salaries in return for which you have shown us faulty accounting and administered justificatory

discourse to our wounds of impoverishment. You have kept us stupid and sick in order to carry out your every whim while denying us the right to do the things we wish to do most. You have spoon-fed us neuroses that we are far too young to have to bear.

You have denied us the right to do things that make us feel good, that momentarily enable us to escape the unbearable-ty of the system you have imposed on us against our collective will. You have made us work towards a so-called greater good that no one but you allegedly had the foresight to see. Most of all – well, that's it, Mister President: You have made us work. And for that, we, the inheritors of the New System, can neither forgive nor continue to stomach you.

And with those words, the punishment began.



Autíčko



We sat in the next room, directing the action on a monitor we'd had installed. We didn't want to be involved. Art is not about involvement. It's more like a showcase for disengagement. When it's good, at least. We didn't want it to last long. We had other things to do that afternoon.

One of us directed the cameraman, the other the actors. It doesn't matter who did what. We're very hands-on in our approach: we used phones to communicate. A phoned-in performance. We could have also done it by SMS. But by using live telephone calls, we were, in a sense, rebuking the twenty-first century.

The future is a place with no meaning. The room beyond the black curtains.

It's time to be fair, we decided. Show the visitors to the gallery what they really want to see. We told the cameraman to focus. He said, What? It was a joke, we told him. Let the action begin.

The action began right when we said it should. We hired Miss Krimi to assistant direct. Which meant that she'd take our directions to the actors. (There was no script. We didn't want that much creativity involved.) The actors weren't to see us throughout the whole process. We had to place limitations on the thing. That's what would "redeem" it – or justify it – as art.

In choosing not to let the actors see us, it's important to mention that we didn't do this because we're cowards. It's mainly because making art is all about playing God.

That's not true. They had to walk past us when they entered the gallery. So at least they got a good look at God's face before we proceeded to tell them what to do in this clipped segment of their lives.

A moment they would easily forget. Immortalized forever on the screen, in some gallery. On our website.

Besides Miss Krimi and the two actors, our other puppet was the cameraman. Oh, there was a camera on us too, that much we should mention.

There was also a camera on the cameraman, recording the overall scene. Here's what it's like to be misdirected.





- when they come in
- let them pass along
- and then you go after them
- Studies the monitor. Air of intensity.*
- Phone pressed to ear.*
- stay where you are
- Air of detachment.*
- Come in
- don't move Michal,
- Michal don't move
- come in
- stay where you are
- come in
- don't move Michal,
- Michal don't move
- come in
- Hand on crotch. Other gestures.*
- turn around to the people
- go inside
- and follow them
- go inside the black curtains
- go into the room please
- and stay there
- Tina should kneel
- now film closer the old woman
- closer, closer, closer
- and Tim should be standing in front of her
- he should start to masturbate
- and come as soon as possible
- Gestures with his hand, an expression of desire, desire to see in actuality the image ensconced in his mind.*
- go back, go back
- Ondrej needs some overview of the man
- go back to the other side yeah
- he should masturbate better
- and come as soon as possible
- ok, go closer to the girl
- Hand splayed out on the red armrest.*
- still go on for 30 seconds
- ok

White room empty. Tim and Tina in formal wear enter, followed close behind by second woman, Miss Krimi, speaking on a cell phone. Walk to end of room. Tina and Tim stand facing Miss Krimi. Outline of fourth figure, possibly male, discerned on the edge of right foreground. Tina should kneel. Miss Krimi raises her arm forward. Tina kneels at Miss Krimi's command. Male figure from foreground emerges, slowly moving towards Miss Krimi. He speaks on a landline, phone cord trailing after him. Tim should be standing in front of her. Tim stands in front of Tina. Tim should start to masturbate. Phone man backs up so that now he's standing in front of Tina and Tim, who unzips his pants. Tim jacks it; Phone Man walks backwards from whence he originated, disappearing from view. Miss Krimi keeps listening and instructing, never leaving her place in the corner. Masturbate good, come as soon as possible.

Now Miss Krimi is in the front of the room, closer to the camera, but still far away enough for us to make out her full figure: corporate casual. Tina is on the floor in the corner, splayed on her back, legs spread, skirt over her hips, rubbing her pussy. Phone Man from before now Camera Man; he leans down, filming a close-up of Tina's twat with a small hand-held digital. Clothed Tim stands over her, looking down, not jacking. Still go on for thirty seconds.

That's enough. Camera Man turns away from the vag, films Miss Krimi. Rises from his knees

- Interior, gallery entrance.
- A white cube space.
- Phone ringing incessantly.
- Wobbles.
- Think there's a person sitting at a desk in that corner, can't quite make out.
- Buzzer opens door.
- Yeah, voice off-camera says.
- Miss Krimi, talking on her cell phone, leads Tim and Tina in.
- Camera follows them.
- Move past the artists to the back of the room.
- Enter next room through black curtains.
- Camera moves through black curtains into off-white room where actors stand, awaiting Miss Krimi's instructions.
- Miss Krimi raises her arm.
- Tim kneels.
- Close-up on Miss Krimi.
- Miss Krimi listens, instructs the actors.
- Tim stands there with his cock out masturbating in front of Tina's face.
- Tina rubbing her wet pussy, sticks four fingers up there, and the slurpy sound it makes.
- Can you film the old woman?
- Camera turns away from pussy, onto Miss Krimi.
- Close-up Miss Krimi.
- Gold hoop earrings, cell phone to her ear.
- ...like a dog, feet and hands on the floor...
- Tina kneeling like a dog.
- He should stand behind her.
- Cut to
- Tim on the floor, cumming. Sighs.
- Tina and Tim go to the clothes pile, dress.

Quick gesture of questioning to his partner.

- that's enough
- can you film the old woman
- now, ahh, Tina should take
- the position of a dog
- go closer to her
- like that, yeah
- just stay closer to her
- she should take
- the position
- of a dog
- feet and hands on the floor
- just stay close to her
- now please film the couple
- from the same distance
- go a bit back if you can
- he should stand behind her
- roll up the skirt
- Kristofer has a sweatshirt with a baby on it. He slicks his hair back.*
- both dress up
- now go back to the first wall
- and film from there
- Ondrej a white sweater with a blue pattern going across it. A hand gesture: towards the wall.*
- please quickly
- dress up quickly
- just stay there
- Kristofer both hands to his ears.
- please quickly
- dress up quickly
- now go to the other corner
- opposite you
- behind the girl
- I think it was a good job today
- and film the girl from top
- Kristofer's left hand down on the armrest.*
- we will see next time
- I think it was a good job today
- now film the guy from behind
- then, wait until they start going out
- and follow them
- ok, follow them out
- and follow them
- when they are leaving
- the gallery
- ok, stop there.
- Gesture.*
- that's the end,
- it was good
- Click off phones.*
- ok, finish

and moves in for a close-up. Tina moves into doggy-style position; she has been told to do so by Miss Krimi. Camera Man turns around to film dog-mounted Tina. Miss Krimi points. He should stand behind her. Camera Man is blocking Tim. Miss Krimi back in the corner. Tim on his back, jacking it, Camera Man bent over to film his genitals. Naked Tina stands over him, hands on her hips, bored. Clothes lay next to the man on the floor. Both dress up. Tim and Tina to the clothes pile, where both begin to dress. Camera Man walks backwards to capture their movements; then moves out of frame. Please dress up quickly. Tina and Tim struggle to get clothes on. Miss Krimi moves forward along the wall till she's standing in the middle of the room. Camera Man re-enters, films from Miss Krimi's previous corner. Good job today. We will see each other next time. Miss Krimi exits. Follow me. Clothed Tim and Tina follow, Camera Man close behind. Empty white room.

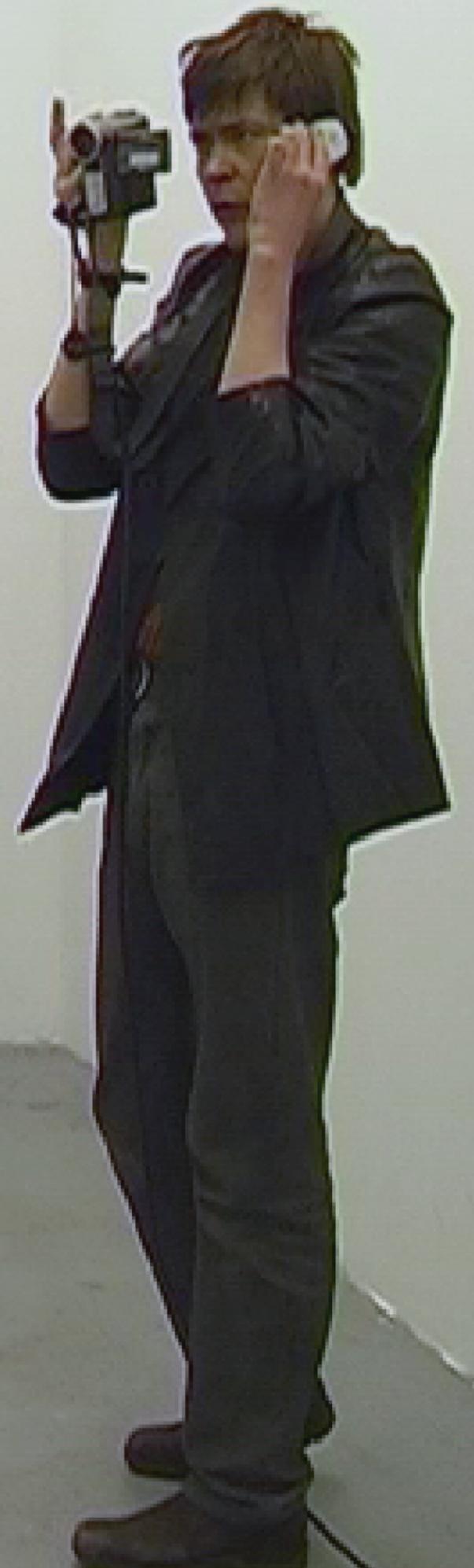
- Krimi in the corner.
- Please dress up quickly.
- Krimi moves slowly out of frame.
- Tina and Tim continue to dress.
- Camera wanders aimlessly across the floor of the room.
- Tim doesn't realize his pants are on backwards and his ass is hanging out.
- Tina and Tim stand there awaiting instructions.
- Miss Krimi at the far end of the room stares.
- Leads them back through the black curtains.
- Into other room. Out the door.
- Interior, gallery entrance.
- A white cube space.

The word *autíčko* means toy car in Czech.





CAMERA 3 T00:02:55



Artforum Accident



- 1 Boil the goat in a vat of its own milk. Chew entire packet of gum for five minutes, then spit it into the vat. Stir well until gum is melted. Allow the mixture to cool.

Preheat oven to 400 degrees Celsius.

- 2 In separate pan, beat three of the medium-sized eggs mercilessly with a spatula. Add strawberry ice cream. Allow ice cream to melt. Without stirring mixture, pour liquid in to large baking pan. Cook in oven at 350 degrees for 15 minutes.
- 3 Scramble well two eggs over medium heat. Right when they are on the verge of burning, douse with the minced clams and juice. Stir mixture until bubbling simmers down.

1 tub goat milk
 1 whole goat
 1 packet spearmint-flavored chewing gum
 7 medium-sized eggs
 8 ounces strawberry ice cream
 2 cans minced clams and juice
 1/2 carafe red wine (sweet)
 1/2 cup mustard
 3 cups corn meal
 1/2 cup chopped parsley
 1 bottle tequila
 ● garlic powder
 7 strips of bacon
 3 fluid ounces frog sperm
 5 fluid ounces olive paste
 1 dozen leeches
 12 ounces green pine needles
 ● vinegar
 ● cherry tomatoes
 10 pounds iguana intestines
 ● white wine
 ● hot pink daisies
 12 fluid ounces pale yellow food coloring

Remove from heat. Drain mixture and transfer to bowl. Add red wine, mustard, corn meal, and chopped parsley. Don't stir too well.

- 4 Pour tequila into large shot glass; add a shake or two of garlic powder; ingest. Repeat infrequently throughout the remainder of the cooking process.
- 5 Fry bacon to desired crispness; save bacon fat in separate jar. Remove egg-and-ice-cream mixture from oven. Allow to cool. Cut into ravioli-sized pieces.
- 6 Mix frog sperm and olive paste in separate bowl. Break up bacon into bite-size morsels and scatter haphazardly across the mixture.





- ⑦ Boil leeches in bacon fat, adding liberal doses of salt. When finished, spoon leeches into ravioli noodles and knead into perfectly round pouches.
- ⑧ Spread frog sperm olive paste mixture on to thinly cut slices of toasted Italian baguette or brown bread. Serve to guests as appetizer.
- ⑨ Douse green pine needles in vinegar, adding cherry tomatoes. Spread on to a large flat surface. Spread the milkgoat mixture evenly on to the salad bed and serve.
- ⑩ Place salted leech ravioli noodles into blender or food processor. Mix to a fine dust; freeze.
- ⑪ Using sushi knife, slice iguana intestines into thick white cuts, which should resemble sharkfins. With a smaller knife, remove any insects or fecal matter one comes across. Rinse well.
- ⑫ In a sanitized frying pan, cook intestines in a dry white wine on low heat. The intestines should be cooked for a very short time; they taste best when half raw.
- ⑬ Slather intestines with the lumpy sauce made of sweet red wine, minced clams, scrambled eggs, mustard, corn meal, and chopped parsley.

- 14 Remove salted leech ravioli dust from freezer, cutting it into slices approximately four inches in width. Garnish with two raw eggs and hot pink daisies. Splatter conservatively with pale yellow food coloring and serve as a side dish.

Makes a single solitary serving.

This meal is best served with a vintage port and an assortment of cheese, crackers, and fruit.



Gerhard Richter

YES, HELLO, MR. RICHTER
I AM ONDREJ BRODY
AND I AM A CURATOR
OF THE FLICKER! EXHIBITION
IN THE PROJECT ROOM 0047
IN BERLIN MITTE

Gerhard Richter was never close to his father. Then again, most aren't. Still, it's something Gerhard Richter would come to regret later in life, that hour when the alligators come to feed on what's left of your substrata. All those pieces left unresolved, and yet no will to resolve them. Just little bits with which to feed those creatures that never go away, that we previously had the fire to fend off.

Much of the strain can undoubtedly be attributed to Gerhard Richter's decision, at a young age, to devote his energies to music. This was a decision Gerhard Richter's father could never understand. If you're going to devote yourself to one of the higher art forms, why not television, pornography, magic. Music, Gerhard Richter's father believed, was the lowest of the arts, and he didn't see any sense in his son's abiding passion. Keep it as a hobby, he had once told his son, but to no

**YES HELLO AM I
SPEAKING WITH
GERHARD RICHTER
PLEASE?**





avail: Just as an architect once stood upon a hill above a dilapidated city and saw before him an entire century, so Gerhard Richter had closed his eyes one night at the dinner table as his parents prattled on about the flaws and merits of the lightbulb recently installed above them, listened intently to his body's inner processes as his food was being digested, and discovered a symphony yearning to be replicated out there in the world he so often willed himself absent from.



Odd choice, because, in all honesty, Gerhard Richter didn't like music all that much while growing up. As a child, he was much more interested in soil.

He composed his first symphony at the age of fourteen. He couldn't read music at the time, so he had to come up with his own notational system for translating the sounds he heard in his brain to the page and beyond the page until the actual. The actual is like a disease, though he managed to do it, nonetheless. The marks on the page resembled Egyptian hieroglyphs, dotted out beneath labels attributed to the required instruments: mandolin; steel drum; string bass; trombone; banjo.

"I always knew my art would speak to the masses", Gerhard Richter once said. It's just that I had difficulty locating them.

MY SO PLEASE CALL,
IS CELLPHONE NUMBER
UH, I REPEAT AGAIN,
01706136432
THANK YOU AND
HAVE A NICE DAY



Made in China



A renowned art critic and a celebrated teen pop star stand in front of a painting in an art gallery. It is their first date.

Well, I don't see why it has to be so crude.

What? The painting?

Them, I mean.

The artists.

I don't know if rude is the right word.

I said crude, with a k. Not rude. All these pictures of bruises, and just - ...ugliness...

Yes. It might help if the subjects were somehow... more attractive. You

know, then it would be more provocative.

I'd like to think that -

I don't know.

Are those things on her buttocks supposed to be images?

I think they're nations.

Like, maps.

I don't know why people have to be so ugly, do such ugly things.

Nations are ugly.

Not people.

Artists are ugly people.



Nations are ugly art.

Nations are ugly people.

Art is ugly nations.

A bruise can never be detached from the body it rests upon and yet this painting wishes to pretend otherwise.

Meaning?

...The bruise is now "on" the painting, rather than the body.

"On" is an interesting word. Often.

But is it truth or fiction?

Look it up on the www.



My eyesight is in sight.

A thin alphabet of meaning covers it.

That soup we had for lunch was terrible.

I don't know why the Chinese are always so intent on creating realistic paintings.

I've heard that abstraction doesn't exist in their culture.

Art Critic gets agitated, bites thumb off.

They once had a thing for nature. It's gone now. So is their nature. The environment, I mean.

Similarly, my manager tells me all the time how sexy not-knowing is. I mean, I'm not trying to thrust my interpretation of their culture inside you. I saw it on the news. It must be real.

They stand in front of another painting.

Ah yes. This one much better.

Sorry, which one were you referring to? I got lost there for a minute.

No bother. The one with the bed in it.

Curious.

Why?

The bed is perhaps the least prominent part of the painting.

What's wrong with her face?

The woman has been beaten severely. By the police. It's because of her religion.

That blank stare she gives off to the ceiling...Is it because she's dead?

Tortured to death. If it were Catholicism, she would be a saint. Over there, she's just another victim that society don't know about.

You as a viewer are having a crisis now.

It's like... I don't want to be this detached. It's just what I'm used to when I stand in front of something like this. Like, tell me please, what am I supposed to feel?

Pop Star scratches nose.

I don't want to go on holiday.

What do you mean?

I mean I don't want to go on holiday when I look at a painting.

There's only one truth in this painting and you ain't got it, sweetie.

Tell me what you see in that one.

Fingers're all bent and twisted. Fingers aren't supposed to be able to twist and turn that way. It makes my shoulders tingle.

Žižek says that capitalism works best under authoritarian structures, rather than pseudo-democracies. I guess that's how the Chinese have got it right.

I don't want to look at the fingers of capitalism.

This person had scalding hot water poured on their back. You can tell, the pattern, the way the premier layer of skin

survived in some areas, but elsewhere, it's nearly all been melted off.

A human candle.

I'm drowning.

Here you see the police beating someone up. The people are just standing around watching.

They're probably afraid to intervene.

You would be, too.

That is not true.

You could not submit to such disfigurement.

It would ruin your career. People pay money to look at you.

No, they just like to hear me sing.

Admit it. That's not even you singing.

It's the computer.

Those aren't real bodies, either. They're just paintings of bodies. How do we know what's real?

It's documentation.

Real pictures of real torture turned into real paintings by real artists.





Critics never have to worry about whether what they do is real.

It's simple: it never is. But it's Chinese artists who did it. Not the artists whose name is on the gallery walls. They're not real.

Who? The Chinese artists?

No. The artists who claim to have done this. They can't be the real artists.

They're critics, then. Just like you're not the real artist behind the pop song. Especially those billboard #1s.

Well, I didn't write it, no.

You don't perform it, either, do you?

I am the image. That's what matters. We're in a world of images right now. Not a world of substance, of matter.

The walls of the art gallery suddenly crumble around them. Now they are in China, a big city they can't

pronounce the name of. The art critic is naked, wears a leash. The pop star is dressed as a peasant. The pop star walks the art critic down the street.

Something tells me we're no longer in the euro zone.

It smells... different here.

The heat. The stinky tofu. Frying innards. A dog's anus.

The odor of noise. Back home in the Western World, we have only known the odor of silence.

Capitalism's newest top-selling brand of perfume.

Look around us. So many people staring. And yet for all their foreign oddness, none of them looks abused.

We're the abused ones. We're the only ones who've known fear around here.

How romantic. It's our legacy.



As westerners.
No. As distant invaders.
This realm.
Lead me back
to the hotel.
We're not checked in to
any hotel. We've only got
euros.

How will we conse-
crate this love?
It is advised that fifty
percent of all foreign vis-
itors to China will fall
victim to travelers' di-
arrhea at some point.
What's the exchange
rate?

I can't tell if they're
staring at us because
we're foreign or
if it's just because
I'm famous.
You're not famous over
here. It's because I'm
yr dog at this moment.
I am naked and I want to
be an animal, yet I can
only play at being an
animal - I am not con-
vincing them. This is an
instance of my failure.
They stare at my failure
and try to find the mean-
ing behind it.

Bold strokes of luck.
Look at that man over
there. Order me a
bowl of soup.
The man with the
gallon of oil balanced on
his head? How will I pay?
We have never known
poverty like today.
It's something we've
both been deserving
for a long time now.
I suddenly realize.

I don't even know
the currency.
Find someone with
a bruise. Like in that
painting. I want to ask
them questions about
their society.

That's us: the bruise
inside the painting.
Don't you see?
In China, they eat people
like me. Dogs.
Don't let it disconcert yr
ambivalencies, darling.
Very Zen...or is that
Japanese?
In Japan, they don't tor-
ture people. They just kill
themselves.

I said I didn't want
to go on holiday and

now I've left the West for good? How can this happen to me? Art has the power to transform. It has the power to transport us. It has the power to trespass territories unknown (undesired.) It has the power to burden us with all that motion as well.

I never asked for this. I didn't even want to go to the exhibition. I thought I would try something new for a change. Try to seem sophisticated. Smarter than I actually am.

Did it work?

This proves that we can be divorced from our senses and yet still reach no higher plateau of reality.

Your speech reflects the spiritual crisis this culture is currently experiencing.

Pop star and art critic decide to trade places. They will do this thousands of times, until the story finally reaches its end.

I am so glad we are finally free of the constraints of the Western World. I feel a sort of light liberation.

Of course. You're the one who's walking me.



A Commercial Quality of Wang Bin Torture



B High Quality of Wang Bin Torture

C Museum Quality of Wang Bin Torture



TransRatFashion



She struts down the runway, a belt of dead brown rats hanging by their tails, dancing upside down from her hips. A particularly large, ferocious-looking rodent, its fur died snow white, forms the central codpiece. The second she reaches the spotlight at the foot of the stage, she raises her head to the heavens, then removes her achingly engorged member from the white rat sheath and begins to jack it in front of the whooping audience.

WELCOME TO BRAZIL FASHION WEEK

“Rodentia” is the name of the summer fashion line of the dynamic Brody Paetau, whose splashy debut at this year’s edition of Brazil’s most venerably edgy fashion event was the talk of Sao Paolo. Success didn’t necessarily come easy to the Hungarian-born designer, however. Paetau, who identifies as a lesbian – “mostly,” she claims – is an enigmatic presence in the fashion world. While she



has gone to great lengths to conceal her age, colleagues and former classmates guesstimate her to be in her mid-30s. Having lived, for brief periods, in most of Europe's capitals, she currently works in virtual isolation, having taken up residency on St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands with her partner, former porn star-turned-reference librarian Crystal Waters. On the subject of their relationship, Paetau avers, "Crystal and I, we have a spiritual connection." Then, after a long pause: "Fuck you, you chauvinist prick."

Throughout our interview, Paetau chain-smokes incessantly, blowing smoke rings through the gaping hole in her mouth where her two front teeth once resided. She claims that she knocked them out on purpose to give her smile more character; a mutual colleague, however, claims that the teeth were knocked out after a particularly rough-and-tumble night at one of Sao Paulo's seedier dens of iniquity, which Paetau has been known to frequent on her numerous visits to Brazil over the years.

While I was unable to get much further detail on her missing teeth, I was able to open the intense genius behind the Rodentia collection up on a few details of her early life after consuming copious amounts of alcohol. What follows is the most detailed biography of Brody Paetau you're likely to get for a while, as Paetau has since retreated back to her island, and those-in-the-know claim she is unlikely to ever grant another interview.

Her earliest circumstances prevented most from expecting anything of her, and those few who did were soon shot down by the others: such dismality formed the backdrop against which Elisabeth Maria Brody was



born, the sole daughter of Béla and Maria Brody, on the 19th of September 1980, in the tiny rural settlement of Hortobágy, Hungary.

Despite the hostility to learning displayed by their friends and relatives, the Brodys – and mother Maria, in particular – were determined that their daughter not wind up as ignorant as her forebears. And so it was that, at the age of six, she was sent by donkey each morning to the nearest town, Balmazújváros, some twenty-three kilometers away.

At the age of twelve, Elisabeth lost her virginity to a forty-four-year-old sheep farmer who most in the village believed suffered from mental illness. “I already hated men at that point, so I thought, ‘Why not? I might as well just get it over with, lose it to the most disgusting male creature available.’ He stank like animal manure and cheap wine. I know it’s supposed to be painful the first time and quite an emotional ordeal or whatever, but I have to say, I felt nothing – neither during nor after. I guess this should have alerted me, this lack of feeling, that there was something wrong with me – that I was an artist or something. But nothing like that occurred to me. Then again, I wasn’t very introspective at this time.”

Eventually, young Elisabeth would pass the entrance examinations to the Art Academy in Budapest. But she would only make it through the first year before dropping out. “I don’t know,” she spits into her twenty-third drink, before dropping her lit cigarette into it. “I wanted to travel or something. The truth is, I fucking hated Budapest, and the Art Academy....It was all men there, straight men. They all wanted to fuck me. I wasn’t into



it at all, I liked to get into fights...” It was in Budapest that she acquired her new name, the result of a marriage to the son of a Finnish ambassador. “It was one of those...What do you call it in English?...A marriage of convenience. It was actually intended as an art project. We sent out press releases, no one came. But for some reason – I was drunk, he really believed that the project had some aesthetic merit – so we got married anyway.

Yes, I took his last name. It’s the traditional thing to do when you get married. But I wanted to keep my maiden name as well. But I did not want to have three names... Too complicated. So the compromise I arrived at was to just get rid of my first name. That is how I became Brody Paetau. I don’t remember what he did with his name. Something similar, I guess.”

How, with a background in fine art, did she begin to design clothing? “Well, as you might have noticed, I hate a lot of things. Men. Budapest. Art. Heterosexuals. But there is nothing I really hate more than fashion. So it seemed like a natural progression for me.

“After art school, I was traveling the world a lot, especially Latin America. I have a special passion for the Latin people. They really don’t give a fuck. They just want to live, you know what I say? This is a quality I really admire in people. Drink, fuck, fight: these are the three most important things in my life.” She knocked her thirty-second drink off the table, but didn’t miss a beat; amidst the crashing of glass, she called out across the room for a round of tequila shots, which the bartender immediately brought.”





“At first, you could call what I was doing anti-fashion, all right? Clothes that were just impossible to wear. It didn’t get me very far. Like I designed a line of shirts with only one sleeve. How the fuck are you supposed to wear that? I don’t know, not my problem.”

“I guess I was mad at the world. I was saying, in a sense, you want to insist on wearing clothes? Fine, then: be tortured. You could do like I do, move to an island and

just go around naked all the time, but no. By wearing clothes, you want to be a part of this shitty world. So suffer through it.”

I ask her about Earring, her legendary work of minimalist daring, recently acquired by the Museum of Modern Art in New York. She laughs for an inordinate length of time. “Those fucking idiots. You know how much they paid for that? You know how much it cost me to make?”

The piece, which was famously worn by Naomi Campbell to the Fashion Loves AIDS Gala in Monaco, consists of a single piece of red cloth, approximately six feet in length, with a small hole cut in it, which is meant to be worn on one’s ear. “Naomi, the bitch, she wore it on her left ear. But it’s supposed to be worn on the right.” The material, acquired by Paetau in Havana, is reputed to have come from a tablecloth.



“It’s an original piece of minimalist chic,” Paetau says seriously before bursting into another cascade of laughter, one which nearly knocks her off her stool. Once she acquires some semblance of seriousness, she intones, “Being a successful artist just means you get to abuse your position in the world a little bit.”

In an effort to remind her of the interview format and steer her towards a discourse on the Rodentia

collection, I point out that her work seems to have a strong feminist edge.

“Well, if you really noticed that, you must be a faggot. Don’t feel bad about it, sweetie, lots of men in fashion are. And here in Brazil, you can get lots of dick, I assure you.”

“But no, to answer your question, I would never call myself a feminist. I hate everyone equally...My work is very feminist, though.”

Then, a few drinks later: “I really don’t know what feminism means.”

Feminist statement or no, the Rodentia project has a strong local flavor to it. Some adherents to Paetau’s vision claim that the line couldn’t have been produced anywhere but Sao Paulo.

“When I first got to Brazil, I was cruising a lot of tranny bars. My appearance at the time was androgynous enough that I could pass for a man. I don't know, all that tropical heat, I was just fucking horny all the time, alright? I wanted cock, but only if it came attached to a woman's body...At some point, the models became collaborators in the project.”

Hence the identificatory insertion of trans in the project's name?

“Exactly. I want to make clear that these clothes are only meant to be worn by trans people. If you are, what, normal, cis, then I am sorry, I do not want to fuck you,” she asserts. Then, almost as an after-thought, she offers, “I do not want you wearing my clothing, either.”

“Rats were the other major recurring motif for me in Brazil,” she continues by way of explanation. “Everywhere I went – rats and trannies, rats and trannies. It felt totally natural to bring the two together. It's like nature did the work for me. I can hardly be held responsible.”

Paetau claims that she thinks of herself less as a director and more as a stage manager. “Other people are doing the work, I just organize it all. I don't kill the fucking rats myself. Do I look like a fucking rat-killer? Huh? You prick. Is that what you're going to call me in your fucking magazine? Brody the Rat Killer? Then you're fucking stupid, I can tell you that much. You are a goddamn stupid faggot ass motherfucker. Cos I didn't kill any of those goddamn rats, okay? I am a fucking genius, I don't need to go around killing no rats! Someone else killed the fucking rats for me. I don't touch them. I don't rub



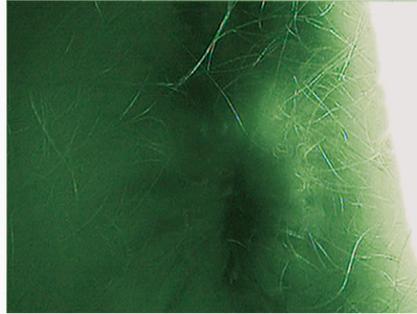
them all over my wife's breasts when we're at home on the weekends. Okay? I'm just the fucking designer. I draw the shit up on paper, someone makes them, another person wears them. I think that's all you need to know."

She takes a long sip of her Long Island Iced Tea, shrugs, her head in her hands. "Why do you think I took a man's name? Fuck feminism, fuck gender. Fuck art, fuck fashion. I am nothing, I am no one. You want to have a contest? Pull your dick out right now, my clit will be much bigger. One day, you will see, I will go back to Hortobágy and fuck every man living in my village. Rape them in the ass like they deserve. Just you watch. I'll give you an interview then. Then I'll really have something to say. Goddamnit."

Apparently, a homecoming of sorts is already in the works: whispers of a collaboration with the denizens of a Roma village close to her hometown have been overheard at many of Fashion Week's hottest soirées. If realized, it would be a brilliant sequel to this designer's unique ethnographic transgressions into the avant-garde fashion world. Until then, we'll just have to keep our eyes on Brody Paetau's dead rat chic – and the super-hung trannie whores lucky enough to work it.



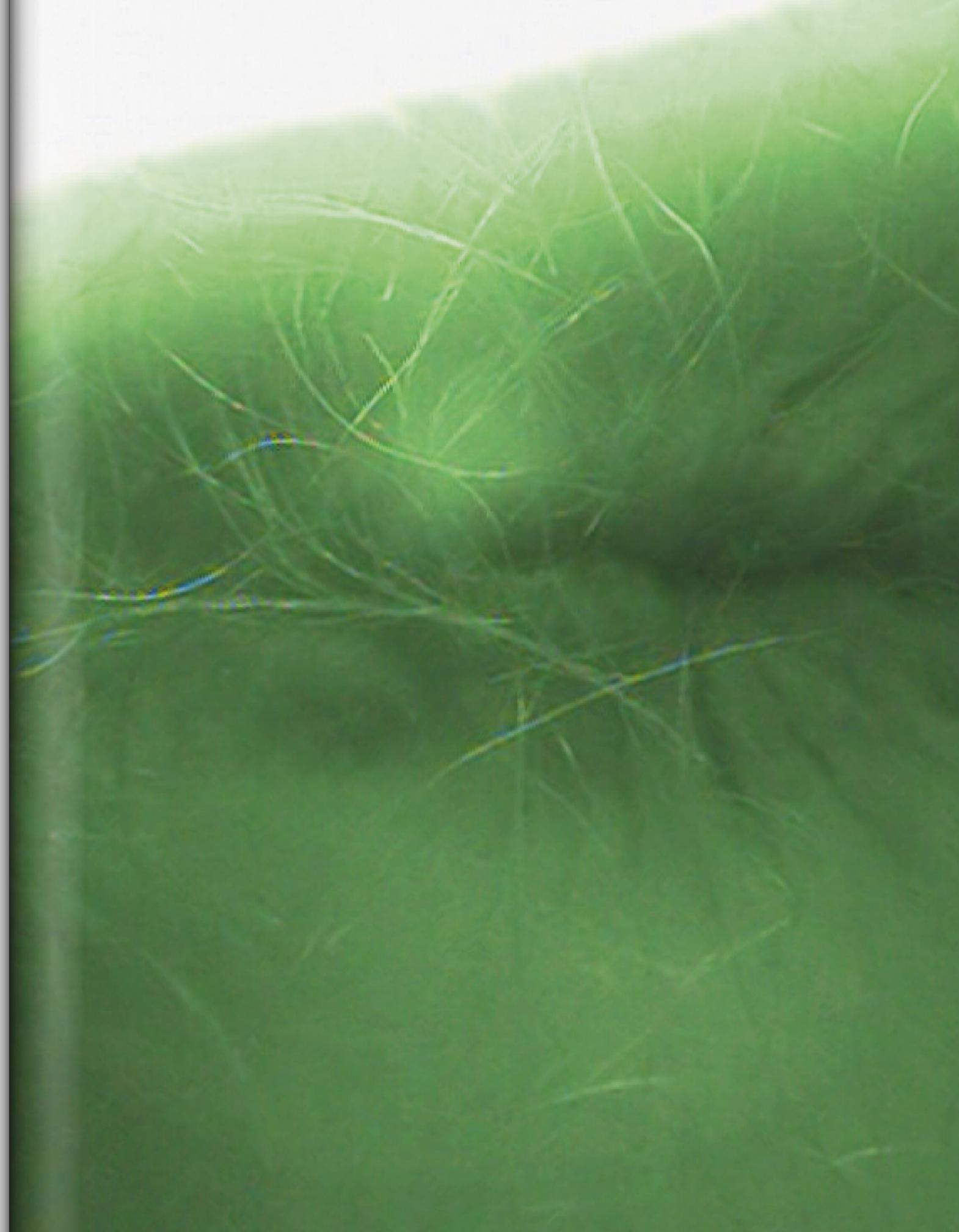
Night Shots



It seemed a supper trick gone awry when Suzie pulled the night vision out of her panties and let us all guess what was coming next. All was fascism in the darkness, experienced briefly with ears to taste and “I can smell it in his eyes,” or so she said to the wine merchant, who went rabelaising his way around the back lot, where Petunia was merely tending the vegetables in the garden.

The rural fragrance had all but lost its virgin mirth that airy summer when no further wants could be found. I went rehearsing my cares in front of the camera, shortly before it emerged as a political instrument, and Suzie edited it all down using two VCRs.

Petunia salted the soup and parsed the anchovies while seducing the wine merchant to death in the kitchen; his naked corpse would become our dessert.



After digesting that scrumptious meal, I sat back and enjoyed the warmth of the breeze with my two beautiful wives, who could have almost passed for sisters back in the real world, whose gunshot echoes could still be interpreted in the way-off part of the yonder, according to some.





To-Lose: Anti-Enlightenment Aesthetics in the Art of Brody & Paetau



In their video work and interventions throughout the past decade, Ondrej Brody and Kristofer Paetau have emerged as *agents provocateurs* of the international art scene. In an era when seemingly any action or type of work is deemed acceptable and marketable by the contemporary art establishment, Brody and Paetau continue to probe the borders of taste and sensibility, posing a serious threat to the normative social conditions of the art world and making a strong argument for the possible emergence of a new and virulent avant-garde.

The duo's work is based on a blunt literalism that often comes across as dumb, shocking, disgusting, juvenile, and crude all at once. When it does have aesthetic value, then it is accidental – or else there could be something wrong with your eyes. Or your mind... Shit, semen, farts, vomit, human and dog piss have all been used as materials in their actions and films; why not, as the body's excrescence can never be separated wholly from this thing we call reality, however idealized we may wish to perceive it.

That is precisely the problem, however, as Bruce Benderson has noted in his comments on the work of French perv author Tony Duvert: the norms of social discourse in the West are inclined towards an idealization of human existence.

¹ See Benderson's introduction to his translation of Duvert's *Diary of an Innocent* (Los Angeles: Semiotext(e), 2010.)

We're not supposed to talk about our bowel movements or our masturbation habits in front of others; while it may be true that everyone shits and jerks off, to make this a subject of conversation – or art – is something else entirely. Rather, we idealize our daily existences, only troubling with the functions of our lower body in private or in the company of those with whom we are deeply intimate. If you

bring it up in quotidian conversation or, worse, put it in your art, a domain that is supposed to be haughty and high-minded, people think there's something wrong with you. And from this perspective, there is a lot wrong with the work of Ondrej Brody and Kristofer Paetau. Their work is very much rooted in a tendency towards *de-idealization*, though it is rarely mere "filth for filth's sake" that is offered up (though it certainly can be read that way – and can also be fun to do so.)

Brody and Paetau are like the heterosexual version of Gilbert & George, though not really. Even though they've both done some pretty gay things – rimming a curator immediately comes to mind – they both live pretty boring heterosexual lives, with girlfriends and such. At the time of our first meeting, I believe it was 2004, Brody was still in art school, doing a lot of collaborative work with Mark Ther. They invited me over for a studio visit. I was a young critic at the time, and it was the first time any artists had ever invited me over, the first time that anyone ever took me seriously as an art writer. Brody was quite serious about the meeting, too: he immediately sat me down and showed me a video of his farting asshole. The piece, *Night Shots*, had been shot in night vision by Ther, and was in fact, as the artist confirmed, Brody's own hole. I knew right away that I was in the presence of a considerable talent.

I didn't get to know Paetau until much later, though I believe the pair began working together in 2005. The Brody Paetau partnership is a rather fluid one; given that the artists currently live on different continents and have never really lived in the same city at the same time, some works are naturally produced by the one or

the other, though I'm not sure how much this matters, as the two seem to discuss every idea in great detail and share the same anti-aesthetic.

A lot of their work is quite gay, though not really. One of their earliest actions took place in Antwerp. The duo was invited by curator Jan Van Woensel to do a surprise intervention at an opening in his Extra Features exhibition series. Van Woensel ended up getting both a surprise and what might be characterized as an "extra feature" – the pair cornered him in the exhibition hall, handcuffed his arms around a column, pulled his pants down, and proceeded to take turns licking his ass.



As the artists later explained, "Artists are often licking the Curator's Ass, but not many do it literally – at least not in public. Being literal is another way to make us experience the reality of language, collective imagination and culture. For us being literal means to translate thoughts and metaphors into

a visual reality by speculating, associating, sometimes creating absurd contexts which expose us to shocks of reality. These experiences can also be seen as reality checks which help us see reality better through its paradoxes."² Brody, Ondrej and Paetau, Kristofer. "Regenerate Art Manifesta." Available at <http://brodypaetau.com/>

Ondrej Brody and Kristofer Paetau can perhaps best be characterized as deviants and degenerates. At least that's how their audience thinks of them. The joke, however, is quite clearly on the audience. Part of the fun of going through Brody and Paetau's website is reading the

abusive, spelling and grammar error-ridden comments posted by visitors on each page.

YOU ARE BOTH SICK PERVERTED, PSYCHOPATHS. YOU SHOULD BOTH BE IN TREATMENT, IF NOT IN PRISON. SCUM LIKE YOU ARE NOT ARTISTS. YOU ARE SENSE-DEPRIVED, ATTENTION SEEKING, DEVOLVED, DEEPLY LONELY, AND DEEPLY DEPRAVED.

YOU ARE AN EMBARRASSMENT TO THE ART COMMUNITY
YOU ARE SCUM

DEAR BRODY & PAETAU I REALLY THINK THAT IN YOUR HEAD THERE ISN'T ANY SIGN OF LIFE BESIDE FILTHY MUD. YOU ARE SO DISGUSTING, I REALLY HOPE YOU BOTH WILL DIE SOON WITH PAIN AND TERROR. YOU ARE MADE OF SHIT.

IT IS NOT ART. THIS IS SICK AND AWFUL.

OMGGGGGG WHAT THE HELL IS THAT SHIT.
IT'S SO HIDEOUS I'M GONNA TROW UP

³ Texts taken from the paintings displayed in the *Degenerate Art* series. Documentation can be found here: <http://brodypaetau.com/recent-works/degenerate-art>.

In order to further the degree of interactivity, Brody and Paetau collaborated with their audience in their *Degenerate Art* series, 2010, in which they culled anonymous comments from their website and had them painted, in classic Nazi-style *Schwabacher* script, on white canvases.

Like the German Expressionist artists persecuted by the Nazis, Brody and Paetau do not think of themselves as degenerates; what they are, in fact, is regenerates. Because they are often regarded as fascists, Ondrej and Kristofer

felt the need to identify their political inclinations immediately after their bios in the *Regenerate Art* PDF published on their website. Ondrej is an “ultra liberal,” while Kristofer outs himself as a good socialist.

Then again, there is a little fascist deep inside every artist yearning to get out. Watching how each artist deals with this predicament becomes the only fascinating current worth studying in “the art world” today.



Choosing to work with another human being alone implies renouncing the individual ego in favor of a collective enunciation of madness, what some might call degeneracy. And the task of regenerating art entails an ac-

knowledgment that art and its surrounding contexts, as they currently exist, are what is actually sick; the process of regeneration thus means imbuing these realms with a vitality that they are lacking – thus filling any gap that attempts to separate life from art.

“Our” sickness versus “your” sickness.

I would argue that, far from being the shock jock perverts that so many of their detractors would write them off as, Brody and Paetau are, in fact, artists operating from a serious socio-political stance. People like Jeff Koons and Damien Hirst, “artists” with no talent and lots of money, are able to cynically exploit the craftsmanship of their paid assistants and wow the masses with their shiny plastic garbage. Brody and Paetau, operating from a position of real poverty, reveal and revel in the spiritual poverty that they correctly perceive the mainstream art world of having sunk into.

What Brody and Paetau often point to in their work is the need for us to question the entire validity of art: that is, whether art is the most important, relevant thing happening in the world today. And if not, then what this tells us about the situation of the world, art's placement in it, and the situation of art.

There is, of course, art, and then there's the art world. The thing we call "the art world" has little to do with art. A few pristine corners excepted, it can otherwise only be viewed as a pig sty filled with the most degraded, despicable people, many of whom would never be tolerated in any other form of society, and thus have no other place to fester other than in the company of other so-called "creatives" and title-less sycophants who have bought their way into a society solely for its perceived qualities of elitism, glamour, and high snobbery – qualities that any true artist or person from the working-class should naturally feel repulsed by and desire to flee from. Many



of us can't, however: we're here for there the free food and wine. When Kristofer vomits at Artforum Berlin, he excavates a certain blunt truth that many have often thought, but wouldn't dare utter aloud, let alone allow it to take the expressive form that Kristofer uses, a form that elicits more clarity than any combination of words could ever manage.

In order to understand what Brody and Paetau are doing, we must take into consideration the two poles that their work traverses, the social and the artistic, as well as the role that the body plays as a mediating factor between the two. This anti-Enlightenment tradition might actually be better termed pre-Enlightenment, as it extends back at least to the late medieval period, one of the canonical texts of which is Rabelais's great scatological epic, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*. In his classic work, *Rabelais and His World*, the Russian Formalist critic Mikhail Bakhtin showed how the medieval division of the body mirrored the division between the secular realism of the earth and the spiritual idealism of the heavens, with the lower body half (where all the disgusting things happen that the prudent among us wish to ignore) assigned to the former and the upper body half (brain, heart) assigned to the latter.⁴

⁴ Bakhtin, Mikhail. *Rabelais and His World*. Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press, 1984. See especially the introduction and chapters five and six.

Or – even, more exaggeratedly: body and soul. It could be argued that this division still lingers onwards in our collective unconscious, hence our tendency to idealize our bodies, heroicizing our impulses by concealing the basest of them. *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, then, represented a total immersion into the secular world of lowness and the body, the world of carnival, where people, regardless of caste and position, could come

together outside of the designated spheres of state and church in order to momentarily lose themselves in the sensual energy of the crowd, achieving a sort of ontological rebirth in the process: an experience that art always promises, and that the art world fails to deliver every time.

Gargantua and Pantagruel thus utilizes the obscene language of the body – and in particular, the lower body – to stake its claims – and does so with great joy and effective humor. I would say that Brody and Paetau extend this canon. The most obvious way to evaluate its iteration is to take a look at the ways in which the duo utilize the taboo language of pornography.

Porn has been a big thing in Brody and Paetau's work from the beginning, which is one reason why so many are afraid to take it seriously. Porn is, by most standards, anti-Enlightenment. If the thought and neo-classical aesthetics of the Enlightenment were meant to highlight the supremacy of human intellectual endeavor over that of the lower animals, an anti-Enlightenment approach reverses that tendency, showing that we are, after all, just animals. For most of our species, acts considered disgusting and debased are more a part of our everyday existence than haughty intellectual, spiritual, and artistic activities.

As Brody stated in an interview, porn is a big part of life in the 21st century, but is supposed to remain hidden.

⁵ See: <http://brodypaetau.com/recent-works/experiments>. But for artists for whom life and art are one and the same thing, then porn can't be hidden. It has to be dragged out of the closet and erected on the plinth.

To be sure, the pair's efforts at pornography are awkward, stilted, unprofessional – a far languishing cry from the slickness of the San Fernando Valley. I see something quite deliberate in the artlessness of the delivery, however. The grit of failure is a lot sexier than the glitz of success. To take on the mantle of the bad artist means to acknowledge failure as the only available outcome of any creative striving; in this sense, Samuel Beckett provides the calling card – “*Try again. Fail again. Fail better.*”⁶ Beckett, Samuel. “Worstward Ho” in *Nohow On*. London: Calder, 1989. Brody and Paetau are bad artists par excellence; it is as though, with each project, they were daring one another to see how terrible and clumsy they could make it all turn out. The irony, of course, is that such an approach often yields results of unintentional originality.



In their *Experiments & Pornography*, Brody and Paetau managed to come up with a very different kind of porn. One wishes that real pornographers

would be so adventurous. In *Professional Cheating*, for example, the sex takes place off camera. The camera's gaze is focused the entire time on the face of the husband of the woman who is getting fucked. He is being forced to watch the act take place directly in front of him. The video ends with “insupportably stupid conversation,” in the artists' own words, in which the actors, facing perpendicularly against one another (with the husband facing straightforward), read banal bits of scripted dialogue about the quality of the sex and their feelings towards one another in stilted monotone.

In *Dominik*, the proud father-to-be begins fucking his pregnant wife as she is getting an ultrasound examination.



What's absurd is not so much the situation, but the fact that both the wife and the doctor totally ignore the father throughout the examination, chattering on about the baby as though daddy and his grunty thrusts aren't even in the room, let alone inside the hole through which baby Dominik will soon make his terrestrial debut. "Don't bang too hard on him!" is the only acknowledging line

the mother utters at one point near the end of the film. "Don't worry," dad replies, "my penis is quite short." The film is anti-Oedipal; the father is unacknowledged by everyone including the unborn son, who remains unaffected by the fucking throughout the video. The son is busy swallowing the amniotic fluid, pissing it out, re-digesting it, and pissing it back out again, the mother and doctor share an intimate moment laughing and chatting about the baby's health, while the father keeps pounding away aimlessly. He is a disposable entity; he has already done his work, planted his seed, now he tries to continually re-assert himself, but all he can do in the end is spray more seed, seed that will remain useless as the womb is already inhabited. The video is terrible because of how boring and disgusting it is; at eighteen minutes, it feels longer than Warhol's *Chelsea Girls*.

Carpe Diem Picture gives us documentary insight into the life of an 81-year-old married porn star and his sixty-year-old mistress. They meet at his house in the countryside and make plans to go to a sauna in Prague, where they hope



to get it on later in the day. He also informs her that he's accepted a proposal to appear in a porn shoot the following day, and will need her to shave his body in preparation. The scene shifts to the following day's porn shoot and is shot on a spy cam from the floor. When he is unable to get it up, he complains that his knee, recently operated on, is giving him trouble. He says that his philosophy in life is "carpe diem," which is Latin for enjoy and profit from it while you still can. Flashback to the kitchen. The porn star and his mistress continue chatting away, reminiscing about their past travels together. It feels convivial, if a bit forced (there's a camera present.) The two decide to take a shower together. They get naked, step into the tub, soap each other up and hose each other down. The action then moves into the bedroom, where we get to watch the elderly fuck. She enters in a bathrobe and starts kissing the old horndog. She removes the robe to reveal her flabby titties, which the old man joyously bumbles with; she climbs on top of him. "Oh, darling!" he exclaims.

From above, as he pumps her in front of a nice seascape painting, the old man resembles Anthony Hopkins. Close-up on the moles on his back; from behind the camera, the director calls out, Stop! But the old man refuses. There's still a lot of life left in him, and he won't stop until it all squirts out.

While the works in this series might be thought of as purely pornographic in intention, in other places, the artists use porn as a weapon deployed against the canon and the art world. In *Le Dejeuner sur l'herbe*, Manet's classic picnic



painting becomes the set of a porno film in which the Czech actors are forced to deliver their lines in French, a language that none of them speak. So they are forced to say their lines over and over again until they get it right, sounding like malfunctioning robots: “Contemp-. Con-. Contemporal-. Contemporary art.” They can’t say the phrase without muttering contempt, which is perhaps the one true emotion all the participants feel towards one another...in the contemporary art world and in the video. “I am so bored,” one of the actors truthfully intones.

As in Manet’s painting, there are four actors. They identify themselves as Jarda, Tim, Tina, and Anna. The picnic of Jarda, Tim, Tina, and Anna turns into a grotesque food orgy. Like a good slut, Tina eats chocolate mousse right off of Jarda’s fat smelly cock. “All right, it’s the blonde,” says Jarda in a dead monotone voice. “They have no imagination, these artists,” says Anna as she rides Tim. Tim shoves camembert cheese up Tina’s twat and eats it out. Then he changes his mind: “I want to fuck, not eat the camemberts.” Tina, meanwhile, shoves a carrot in and out of her pussy. “I like it when it starts to glide,” she says, insincerely.



In *Critical Encounter*, Paetau hired DanDara ViTaL, a trans MTF prostitute from his adopted hometown of Rio de Janeiro, to play a Brazilian curator visiting the studio of an artist, portrayed by Paetau himself. Shot inside the rented room of a love hotel, the visit is centered on *Untitled Seascape No. 1*, a revolving white porcelain sculpture featuring an array of kitsch religious icons. In actuality,

it was likely procured in a junk shop, but in the video, it is supposed to be the artist’s latest work. His spiel is a mash-up of the sort of buzz bullshit that serves as the justificatory discourse of so many artists today, peppered with stock critical theory phrases and shielded by academic methodologies: “This is actually a work-in-progress. It’s the first part of a conceptual research project about urbanism and sociopolitical realities in Latin America...This is just one part of my research. It will evolve rhizomatically and take on many different forms with time...This is kind of an imaginary architectural model and an object of desire from the point of view of a consuming *flaneur*...I started to collect these sculptural objects as I was walking through the streets of the city and then I started interviewing local people about these objects and what they symbolize to them.”

The curator is having none of it. “It’s only art tourism by an art gringo.”

“But you don’t understand anything about my research and conceptual art!”

“Okay,” the curator stamps her foot. “So let me participate in your research.” The curator pulls her cock out and pisses all over the revolving sculpture. “Goodbye and good luck,” she scoffs, as she pushes the artist aside and exits the premises.

2008’s *Studio Visit & Fuck Faces* presents a similar scenario, only in this work, ViTaL is cast as a collector invited to visit the studio of a poor artist, again played by Paetau. He attempts to persuade her to buy two framed reliefs, one of which consists of plush phalli jutting out



from a frame, the other with plush orifices. The artist leaves the room to take a phone call, during which the collector proceeds to have sex with the art work, eventually ejaculating all over it. Paetau returns, begging ViTaL to buy the work. She gives him a cold rejection, informing him that she will phone him the next day – which means she obviously won't. She's already had her fun.

The two DanDara ViTaL videos take on a further hysterical “bad” aspect in that ViTaL is clearly unable to speak English; before each shot, Paetau would feed her lines off-camera. She would then repeat them phonetically, much like the Czech actors at-

tempting to speak French in *Le Dejeuner sur l'herbe*. As Paetau says, “This not only gives her performance an absurd quality but also suggests the difficulty in art to find ‘a common language’ – whereas I speak an average non-native English but find myself incapable of explaining my art in a convincing manner [in the two videos].”

⁷ <http://brodypaetau.com/recent-works/critical-encounter>

Untranslatability, as both cultural and inter-cultural phenomenon, is taken to its extreme and ridiculous conclusion in these works, which reflect not only a critical judgment of an array of conflicting tendencies that comprise the contradictory maze of today's art world, but a self-criticality: Brody and Paetau are clearly aware

of their own position and their work's unpalatability. They make more work by dramatizing their plight, rather than working to conform to the world's post-Enlightenment standards of good craftsmanship and political correctness.

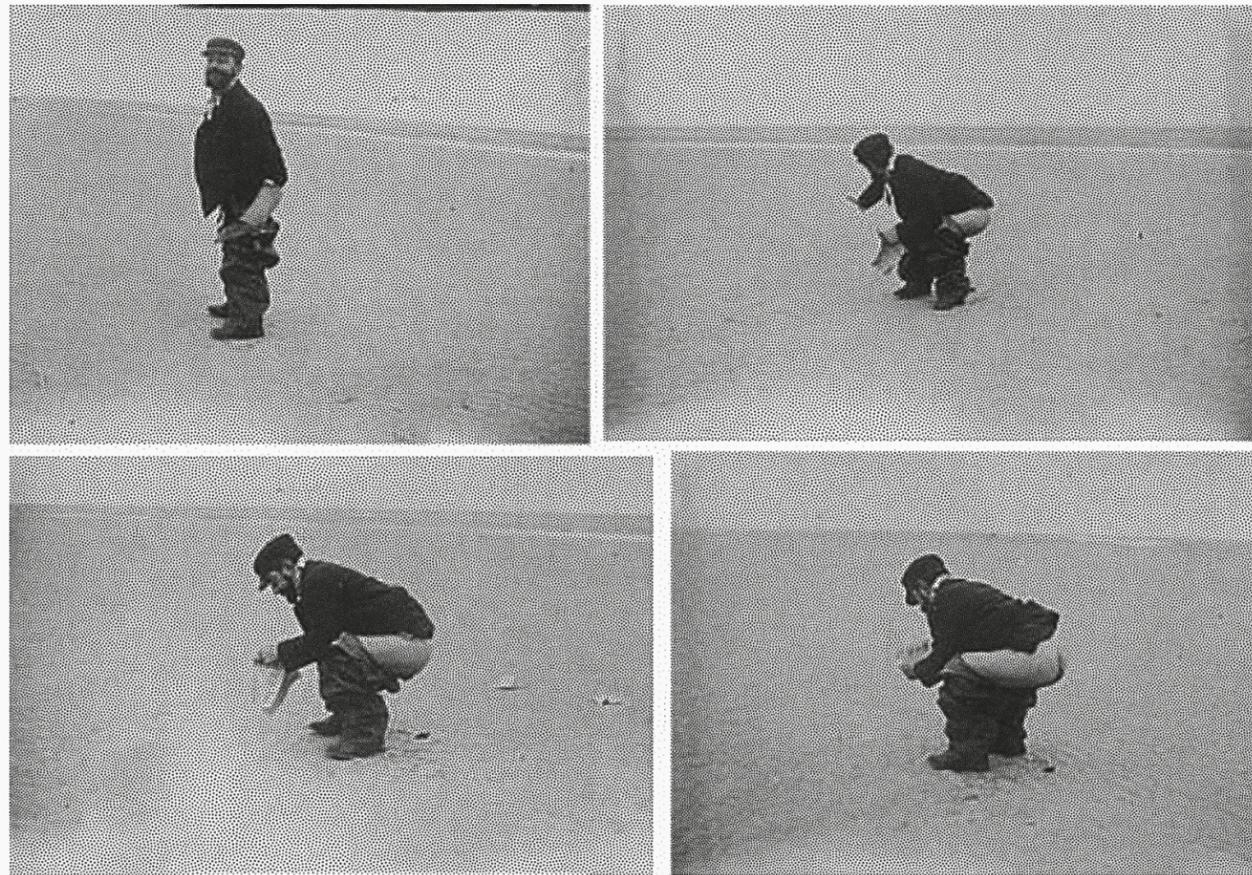
“If you think we are pornographic,” it is as though the artists are saying, “try taking a better look at the world you live in.” And, as *Le Dejeuner sur l'herbe* demonstrated, the task is often approached via an interrogation of the idols of classical Modernism. Their 2011 project exhibited in Berlin, *To Lose*, was not an exception. The project represented a continuation of their work with Josef Zeman, a little person from the Czech Republic. The year before, they had explored Teutonic myth and human verticality in *Ein lebendiger Gartenzwerg in Bad Ems*, which saw Zeman dressed as a German garden gnome wandering around the small Rhineland village of Bad Ems, interacting with stunned locals.

To Lose saw the artists-as-curators introducing a new-old artist on to the contemporary art scene. His name is To Lose. Not Toulouse-Lautrec, exactly, but perhaps a descendant. A descendant “invented” by the curators. But what will To Lose show in this, his first important Berlin solo exhibition? Will he be able to sustain the



myth of artistic genius that has carried his career this far and preserved his predecessor's name in the annals of art history? What role is left for the curators to play, now that they have “handed over” the exhibition to this infamous, yet unknown artist? Is an artist just a name? What is in a name, anyway?

As their practice is always first and foremost a critical one, Ondrej Brody and Kristofer Paetau thus set up two conflicting ideas against one another in *To Lose*: the contemporary's preference for the biographical over the difficulty of the work itself, and the contemporary artist's struggle, in spite of all this, to continue to "make it new," in the Modernist tradition. In the end, *To Lose* sought to demonstrate exactly why, in an anti-Enlightenment scenario, to lose is always a more rewarding promise than to win. I don't think most people got the point; but in the end, maybe, after all, that is the point.



“vieux con!”

[old cunt!]



Brody & Paetau Problems in Contemporary Art

Artworks Ondrej Brody & Kristofer Paetau

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To-Lose

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Michal Pěchouček

Night shots

Jesper Alvaer

Brody Paetau is an artist, born in 1980 in a small Hungarian village (a bit reminiscent of the one in Bela Tarr's Satantango.) We will follow her journey, from her modest origins, as she spits, fights, sneers, and shouts her way to international art stardom, examining her most significant works along the way and how she went about making them, destroying the lives of many a man in her path...

A thrilling story of the contemporary art!

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