

Guilty Pleasures

Part 2: Fall



Editor's Note

This second issue of Guilty Pleasures closes the gate of hope opened by the first edition. With the undertitle 'Fall', it drops the reader back on their back, on the floor. If the first edition was a party, this is both: the secret afterparty, and the mess to clean up the next morning. Except there is no one there to do the cleaning, so the mess stays, on display. I invite you, yes you personally, to become a flauer, a wanderer, a greedy tourist, and other times a scavanger. If you are still wondering: why am I here? Why am I reading (seeing) this? I have a simple answer ready for you: because you can.

‘And after all these words... mind you...
Guillotine – what a word!’

We're on the Move!

We're writing to share some big news with you.

In 2024, we celebrated our 702nd anniversary. We hope you had a chance to see our survey exhibition Big 300, featuring works by more than 300 international artists from throughout our history, as well as our Good Buy Concert, a week long series of performances based on recently discovered scores of Bas Jan Ader. At the end of April 2024, we shut down our gallery space at Rue GY 498, Dakar and are currently in the market for a new permanent home, which will host our public exhibitions, educational programming, advocacy and philanthropic work, library and archives, book and editions, inventory storage, and so much more. We are also planning to make our new venue completely green and sustainable, especially in response to the acceleration of climate change. We will announce complete details about our new location as soon as we have them.

In the meantime, we are open for business here on our website and by private appointment. We also plan to enrich the content available through on our website, share meaningful information by email and social media, host online conversations, and possibly organize an in-person curatorial project or two in the near term.

But most of all, we would like to THANK ALL OF YOU -- the artists, curators, writers, editors, publishers, gallerists, collectors, advisors, architects, art historians, administrators, donors, and of course our landlady Fatou Diop, and our audience worldwide for your extraordinary, unwavering support of our programming over these many years. We are grateful to you.

Onward!
Guillotine Collective

* Our email address remains the same as always:
info@guillotinedcollective.com



gallery view, New Year 2001
curtecy of Repa Builder

THE DEEPPAKE MANIFESTO

*“Unfortunately my sickness was only a nightmare, and I, with great sorrow,
come back to life”
~ Songs of Maldoror*

Everyone agrees. It's about to explode.
Already has? That's it, that's the question:
what remains now of that donut hole of
meaning?
Emperor's Robe, yes. The Deepfake woke us up
from the long overdue fever dream of reason.
Facts, truth with the capital ,T'.
And, however nightmarish the dream might be,
it's the waking up part that we most fear.
For now, we ask:
What does the Deepfake really do?
What does it do to that primal undercurrent
that glues all things together?
even us, even us
What does it do to that cultivated rational thing
that soberly proclaims: 'this is that', or
'that is true and here are the facts'? [*]

[*] - Nostalgically, we long for the time before Time; The 'then and there' where signs were still trusted the impossible task of standing in for real things, just starting to fall apart... But we can no longer stay tucked in the cradle of Baudrillard's panic. Standing on the edge of the whole other abyss, we look back at the 'sign-referent' — and feel our faces warmed with a tender smile, a wind of romantic longing for the good old days...

The 'real thing' becomes nothing more than a possibility— a rumor, an effect.

A distant echo of al-Ghaib, the unseen world beyond sense, whose veil cannot be lifted, only circled around [the Absence] of ever deceptive signs.

The big reveal, the clouds we've been walking on with such delusional confidence — as in early animations where the character strolls carelessly over the gap between two cliffs, until the moment he looks down, and realises there was no ground in the first place — looks into the camera, screams and falls.

And so we too scream. Erratically searching for the camera's eye to break the fourth wall: we over-document our every trace, overfeed the algorithm, overstimulate our own senses, bathe in the culture of infinite self-referentiality. Now, its time to find our own leg in this fall.



Say, Onijah,
say Ossian,
say Koen Brams,
and Pable Katchadjan.
Say, Anna Delvey,
say, Princess Caraboo,
Han Van Meegeren,
Tom Keating and Richard Pettibone.

Say Walter Serner,
Elmyr de Hory,
say Eva Mattes,
of course Carol and Andew Dunchen (i.e. Cheryl Bernstein),
and their good friend Gregory Battock.
Say Tiqqun,
say Bernadette Collective,
and what the hell, say Vaginal Davis!
Perhaps Henry Dagger,
Hildegard von Bingen
and definitely Isabelle Eberhart.
And — allegedly — many, many others.
Say it, say it, say it.

Yes, we are not alone in this terrain.
We are ready.
Ready to release our anxious grips on Truth,
that pious little project — always moral, which is to say
racial and classist — of transparency, representation, clarity.
We release: no longer out of a forced sense of solidarity,
nor in our will to power.

Here we are, ready to traffic in the forged coin.
Our counterfeit desire. In the roulette of signs, we go all in:
with our own sense of coherence as playing chips.

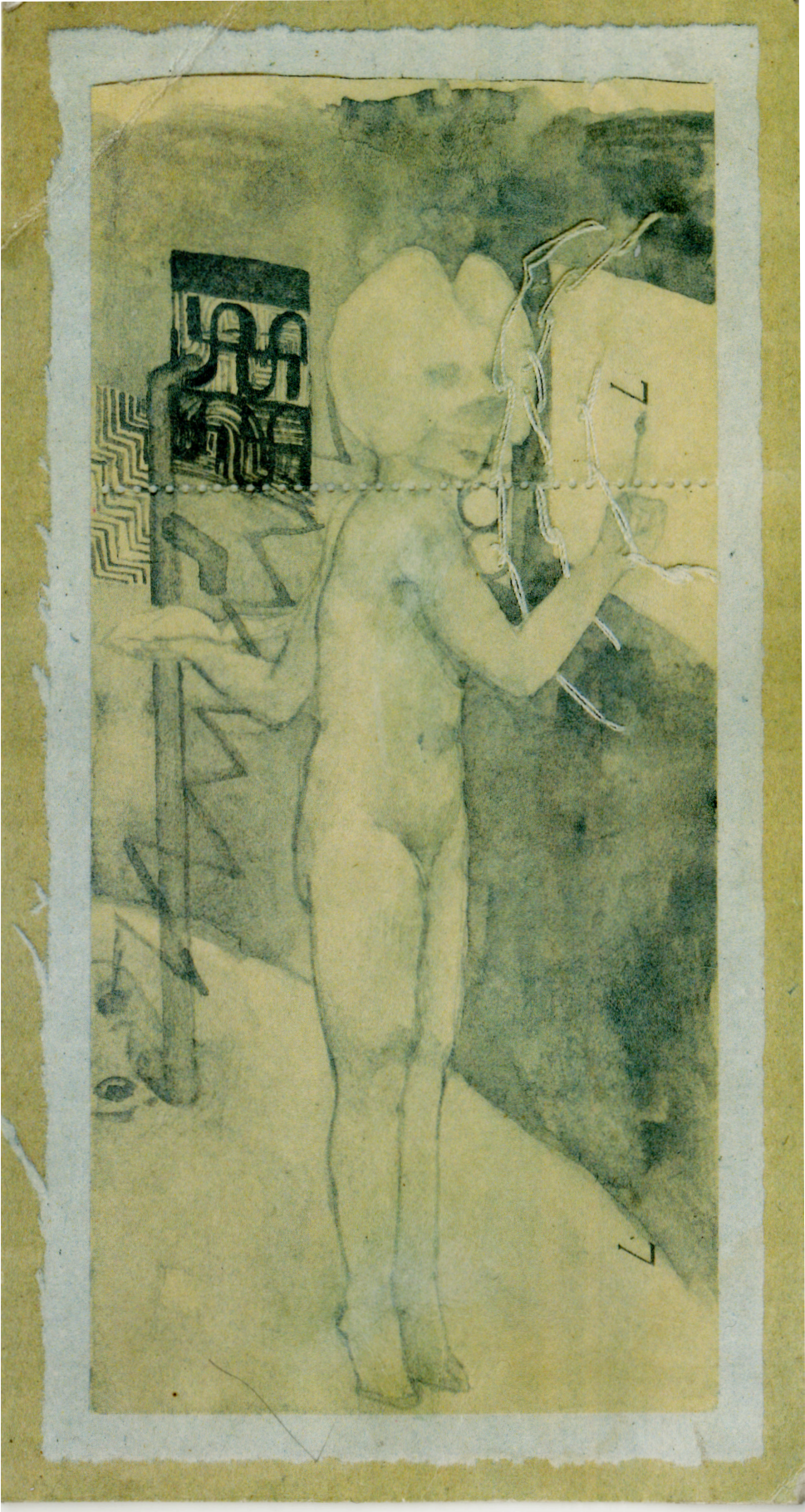
So come, my timid animal of Truth. And have no fear.
Shut your eyes and follow us back into the potent darkness of
that cave. We have been waiting for you there all along.

Sincerely Yours,
Guillotine Collective



SEHR GEEHRTER

HERR



PLEASURES OF REPETITION

**WHY IS REPEATING THE SAME THING,
HEARING IT REPEATED, ESPECIALLY IF SLIGHTLY
ALTERED BRINGS PLEASURE?**

**WHY RE-WATCH, RE-LISTEN TO THE SAME THING
OVER AND OVER AGAIN?**

**IN POETRY, THE REPETITIVE RHYTHM,
SIMILAR ENDINGS OF DIFFERENT WORDS
(SAME SOUND, ANOTHER MEANING) REPEAT,
PRODUCING PLEASURE OF A POEM.**

**AND WHY IS THE PLEASURE OF RHYME SO MUCH
GREATER – MORE DIRECT, IRRESISTIBLE,
VISCERAL, SEDUCTIVE – THEN PLEASURE OF
REASON?**

**IS THERE EVEN SUCH A THING AS THE
PLEASURE OF REASON?**

**SOMEONE ONCE TOLD ME, FACTS ARE THE MOST
EFFECTIVE MANIPULATION. WHAT DID IT MEAN?
WHAT DO I WANT IT TO MEAN?**

**I IMAGINE, IT MEANS: FACTS
CARRY A KIND OF QUALITY TAG, TESTIFYING
TRUTH. A SIMPLE, HONEST REPETITION:
REPRODUCTION -- AN ACT OF FORGETTING.**

WE PRESS

WE RELEASE

ON THE COUNT OF 3-2-1.

WHO IS IT CALLING?

HELLO?

Goya`s Dutchess: A Question To Ask When Visiting Prado

scattered notes by Luzio Lucheo

Luzio Lucheo has visited Prado Museum not once but two times: first time as it often happens with an agitated hungry visitor on a tight scedule, it was more an endurance marathon then a cultural expirience. Greedy, he took all in: the terryfying sculpturall nipples of old sluts in Bosch`s Temptations of St Anthony, the grassroots of motion picture in Velazques, the numerous unicorns and rainbows of medieval christian symbolism, the dumb eternal longing of Joanna la Loca, grappling against her husband`s death: it`s not happening it`s not happening... But a dark little thing in Goya`s section made him return. Once again: here it is. A strange riddle of history.



The Duchess of Alba and La Beata,
Francisco de Goya, c.1795
Museo Del Prado

In the hall dedicated to the works of Francisco de Goya in the National Museum Prado there is a small painting hidden in the dark corner of plywood walls. Was it its discreet placement that drew me in? Was it that, in a way, the inconspicuous positioning of the work has already prompted what I am about to see?

This tiny, dark little thing -- `The Duchess of Alba And La Beata` (c. 1795). Here it is: a portrait, no, a scene...

First, with her back turned against us, the Dutchess appears faceless: the features of her face escape our sight. We can not see, know what horrible things it might project. It is only via the mortified expression of her nanny, her maternal object, the target of her unrestrained anger, her infinite joy, that we might guess what terrible things nest on her pale face. The nanny`s pale face stays still and clearly visible as the Dutchess turns her face away from us becoming that feverish shape of hair, sitting as a beast growing out of her gown. Far from honour and beauty, she is the thing that claws beneath it. The shine of something unspeakable in her face, something which can not be depicted, portrayed, sealed. This terrible shine is rendered unknown to us -- it is a revelation meant for its one chosen witness -- the dear old nanny -- and can be only guessed through the light of terror reflected on her face.

Against the grain of convention typical for commissioned portraiture, this work turns its back-- literally, on the viewer, yes, and also on the rituals of display, power, and decorum that brought it into being, on this particular section of the Prado Museum, on me, the viewer...

Now, picture this: it's 1794, Madrid. The Duchess storms Goya's studio, ordering him to paint her face as canvas. He writes to Zapater: "The Alba woman, who yesterday came to the studio to make me paint her face, and she got her way; I certainly enjoy it more than painting on canvas, and I still have to do a full-length portrait of her."

This anecdotal example offers us a peak into what is most likely a much larger body of work, produced in collaboration between Goya and the Duchess during his residency at her estate around 1794–1797 -- spanning from sketches and portraits to what we would today call happenings and performance -- yet to receive the critical, archival and public ... it's long overdue. As we speak, there are piles of documents and works buried under layers of dust -- from well-known portraits to dozens of lesser-known intimate Sanlúcar album sheets to their contemporary newspaper articles, to who knows what else -- kept private for their personal, and potentially scandalous nature. But even simply following the traces of exhibited pieces, their compositions clearly position themselves as self-aware responses to their context—a feature conventionally prescribed to early 20th-century avant-garde male genius, arising from nowhere, against history... as if for the first time. And this makes one wonder, makes me wonder: COULD WE SPELL OUT AN AVANT-GARDE LINEAGE FROM ENLIGHTENMENT TO 20TH-CENTURY AS ITS PEAK— AN ENDING, NOT ORIGIN?

Keeping in mind that the Duchess was the one who has both commissioned and posed for the work, I suggest to reassess her role in the authorship of this particular painting as well as her other portraits and her general influence on Goya's practice, which has been otherwise reduced to a rather trivial role of a muse;



The Duchess of Alba with María de la Luz On Her Arms
F. De Goya, 1794 - 1795
Wash, Indian ink on laid paper
Museo Del Prado (not on display)

But first we must take a return, aside, to the facts (gossip): this painting was made by Francisco de Goya on commission of Doña María del Pilar Teresa Cayetana de Silva Álvarez de Toledo y Silva Bazán, the 13th Duchess of Alba in her own right. These couple words, this afterthought of a phrase, `in her own right` are meant to signify that she has inherited her title directly through her family, not married into it. What seems like a mere formality offers us a peak into that era's freedoms which allowed for all the impossibilities and speculations I am about to drag you into. In fact, eighteenth century Spain was, perhaps, the place to be an unruly, that is not to say ambitious (God forbid) woman with an aristocratic title. Eighteenth-century Enlightenment Spain granted titled women social and legal rights unimaginable elsewhere. And Cayetana has certainly taken advantage of them in the most scandalous and gay manner. Sporradically resistant to the rationalist(racist) ideologies, yet triumphantly indulgent in the exact same power systems, which provided her with the freedom to oppose them... She bore no heir of her own, adopting an abandoned child born of an emancipated Cuban slave, caused scenes at bull fights, crossdressed, `preferred the company of women`, and left fortunes to poor students and mentally unstable monks...

But I can not go much further without addressing the elephant in the room: as she is most known for her frequent and politically impactful roleplay with the figure of maja – a mainstream and polarised symbol of her time, draped with messy class, nation and gender implications... A noblewoman publicly taking on the role of an unruly lower class woman, appropriating the hungry sexual force associated with poverty; a hysteric, a madwoman, a whore and a witch... All from the distant safety of her social standing, and even till this day, safeguarded by the national museum's security system, cosy secrecy of private collections...

So yes, my question is... The question i want to drill in your heads, so that you cant help but ask it the next time you visit the museum, or any other museum, or join a borred conversation where someone braisingly throws `Goya`s Dutchess`... I want you to think: what if, just for a moment, we would be to extend Cayetana the critical lens otherwise reserved for modern and contemporary artists? What if we would be so bold to recognise her as the conceptual mind behind her own portraits? Would it really be so bold, considering she was the one commissioning the work, giving him direct instructions, performing (posing), and otherwise `inspiring` the artist – acting as both the subject of the work and an active force of its creation (situating the gaze, orchestrating the situation); the actor and director of the event, working with Goya, sometimes even using his brush/ him as a brush quite literally?

Yes, it would be bold indeed. For it would require us to rethink the workings of authorship in historical paintings, the role of a `sitter`, a parton, a muse... it would also be undoubtfully rewarding as it would give us a peep-hole through which an entirely different story of gender, sex, class, social codes and cultural life of that time and place could emerge. A story lead by one `cheerful, extroverted woman, lacking in all discretion[*]`, who `has burst into Goya`s Madrid studio and got her own way`.

[*]Goya: Images of Women



Scene from the palace of the Duchess of Alba:
La Beata with the children Luis Berganza and
María de la Luz
Francisco de Goya, c. 1795
Museo Del Prado

Painting Fish is an action painting performance accompanied by a live recitation of J.S. Bach's Cantata BWV 54, *Wiedersehe doch der Sünde*.

[fish] – is a colloquial term used to refer to cis women or as a term of endearment for cis passing dolls.

Painting Fish uses portariture as a stage to reimagine Lutheran “sin of visual representation” as the ontological impossibility of depicting an ideal.



Painting Fish

Performance by Vera Varlamova and Hannah Endrulat

ft:
Sugar Rush
cigarette
Lathe
schneewittchen
Sonntagxinkxink

Sunday, 10.08.2025

21:00-open ended

Lichthalle, Dürerstraße 10, 60596 Frankfurt





Painting Fish
painting, performance
scale/duration: variable
Vera Varlamova
siHannah Endrulat
documentation: Salome Postakashvilli
Overture, Staedelmuseum,





Painting Fish
painting, performance
scale/duration: variable
Vera Varlamova and Hannah Endrulat
documentation: Salome Postakashvilli
Overture, Staedelmuseum,
Frankfurt, 2025



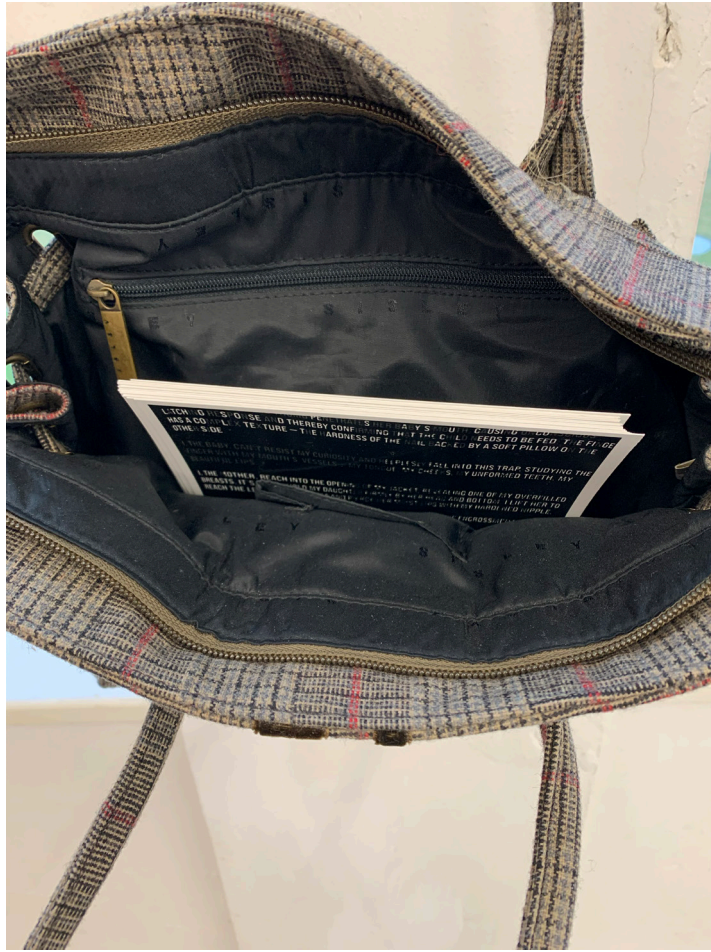


Painting Fish
painting, performance
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Vera Varlamova and Hannah Endrulat
documentation: Salome Postakashvili
Overture, Staedelmuseum,
Frankfurt, 2025





Painting Fish
painting, performance
scale/duration: variable
Vera Varlamova and Hannah Endrulat
documentation: Salome Postakashvilli
Overture, Städelmuseum,
Frankfurt, 2025



Babyproof,
Lara Tollche,
Chilli, London 2025

FIRST THE MOTHER'S THUMB PENETRATES HER BABY'S MOUTH, CAUSING UNCONSCIOUS LATCHING RESPONSE AND THEREBY CONFIRMING THAT THE CHILD NEEDS TO BE FED. THE FINGER HAS A COMPLEX TEXTURE — THE HARDNESS OF THE NAIL BACKED BY A SOFT PILLOW ON THE OTHER SIDE.

I, THE BABY, CAN'T RESIST MY CURIOSITY AND HELPLESSLY FALL INTO THIS TRAP, STUDYING THE FINGER WITH MY MOUTH'S VESSELS — MY TONGUE, MY CHEEKS, MY UNFORMED TEETH, MY BEAUTIFUL LIPS.

I, THE MOTHER, REACH INTO THE OPENING OF MY JACKET, REVEALING ONE OF MY OVERFILLED BREASTS. IT'S TIME. I HOLD MY DAUGHTER FIRMLY BY HER HEAD AND BOTTOM. I LIFT HER TO REACH THE LEVEL OF MY BREAST AND PIERCE HER MOIST LIPS WITH MY HARDENED NIPPLE.

THE SOUND OF A LULLABY UTTERED BY A MACHINE BREAKS OUT THE ENGROSSMENT OF HOPE/ FEAR AND THE BABY BURSTS OUT IN TEARS.

EACH CORNER OF THE ROOM — BABY PROOFED, EACH WINDOW — SHIELDED, COLOURFUL TOYS SCATTERED AROUND EVERY POSSIBLE SURFACE.

I WATCH HER BREASTS GRINDING ON EACH OTHER, PRODUCING ALL TOO WELL KNOWN A SMELL. I FEEL SALIVA FEELING MY MOUTH. I FEEL HORROR PARALYSING MY BODY. I CAN'T CRY — I AM EN- TCHANTED.

I SEE MY MOTHER EJECTING ME FROM THE CRIB, THE HEAVENLY PRISON GUARDING MY INCA- PABLE BODY, AS I LATCH ON HER FINGER INQUISITIVELY. I ALREADY SEE WHAT SHE IS UP TO, WITH HER FREE HAND SHE PUSHES ONE OF HER STRONG BREASTS OUT OF ITS OWN PRISON, THE SCRATCHY GREY FABRIC THAT IS HER SUIT, THE SYMBOL OF HER OTHER EXISTENCE, THE ONE I DON'T BELONG TO, THE ONE I AM FREE FROM BELONGING TO.

WITHIN SECONDS, AS IN A TRANCE, HER GIANT NIPPLE IS INSERTED INTO MY MOUTH. DID IT CIR- CLE AROUND IN FRONT OF MY FACE, POKING MY NOSE, DRIPPING WARM LIQUID OVER WHAT I CONSIDER TO BE MY FOREHEAD?

SALTY RED BLOOD FILLS MY MOUTH INSTEAD OF THE EXPECTED WHITE SWEET JUICE. THE MOTH- ER DROPS ME AND SCREAMS LIKE A WILD ANIMAL. SHE ABANDONS ME ON THE FLOOR AND ES- CAPES. I LOOK AROUND MY ROOM (NOW I CAN TRULY CALL IT MINE) AND GASP FROM THE OVER- NIGHT, FOLLOWING THE FADING

AS IMAGE DEPICTS HORROR
HER MOTHER'S CAPABLE
MAKES IT'S WAY INS

ON A BABY'S FACE WHEN
BREAST FORCEFULLY
SIDE HER MOUTH.



weee-weee!

weee-weee!

wee






Baby:
I see my mother ejecting me from the crib,
the heavenly prison guarding my incapable
body, as I latch on her finger inquisitively.





A photograph of a white wooden crib. The crib has vertical slats and a decorative front panel with small colorful figures. A baby is lying in the crib, mostly covered by a light-colored blanket. The background is a plain white wall.

Baby:
I already see what she is up to!
With her free hand she pushes one of her
strong breasts out of its own prison -- the
scratchy grey fabric of her suit, a piece of her
other life, the one I don't belong to,
the one I am free from belonging to...

Baby:
I watch her breasts grinding on each other,
producing all too well known a smell. I feel saliva
filling my mouth. I feel horror paralysing my body.
I can't cry —
I am engrossed.







Mother:

I reach into the opening of my jacket, revealing
one of my overfilled breasts.

It's time.

I hold my daughter firmly by her head and
bottom. I lift her to reach the level of my chest
and pierce her moist lips with my hardened nip-
ple.

Baby:

Did it circle around in front of my face,
poking my nose, dripping warm liquid over
what I consider to be my forehead?

Baby:

Salty red fills my mouth instead of the
expected sweet white juice. Mother drops
me and screams like a wild
animal and escapes.



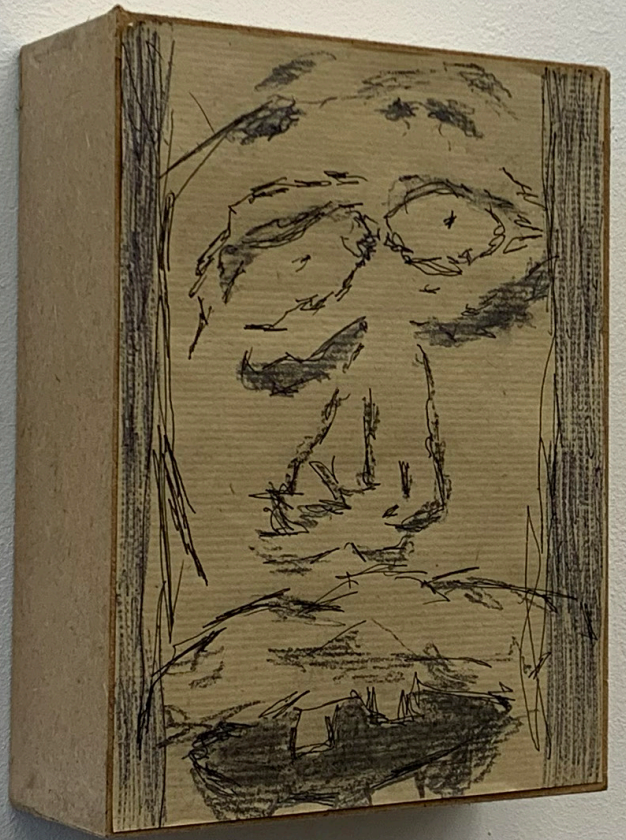


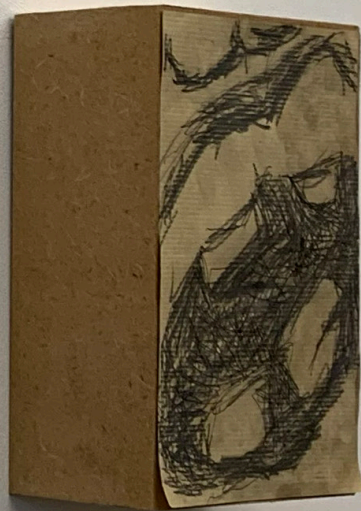
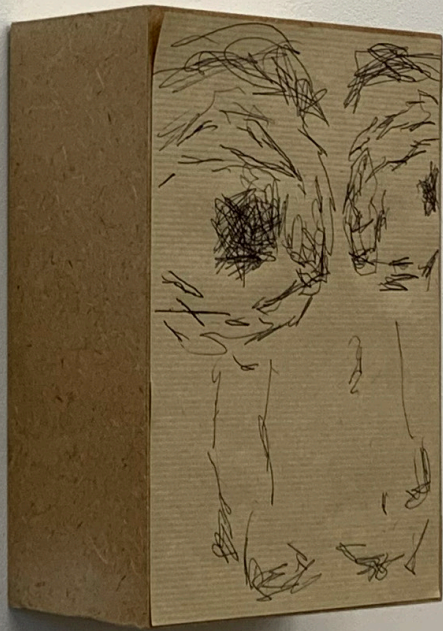


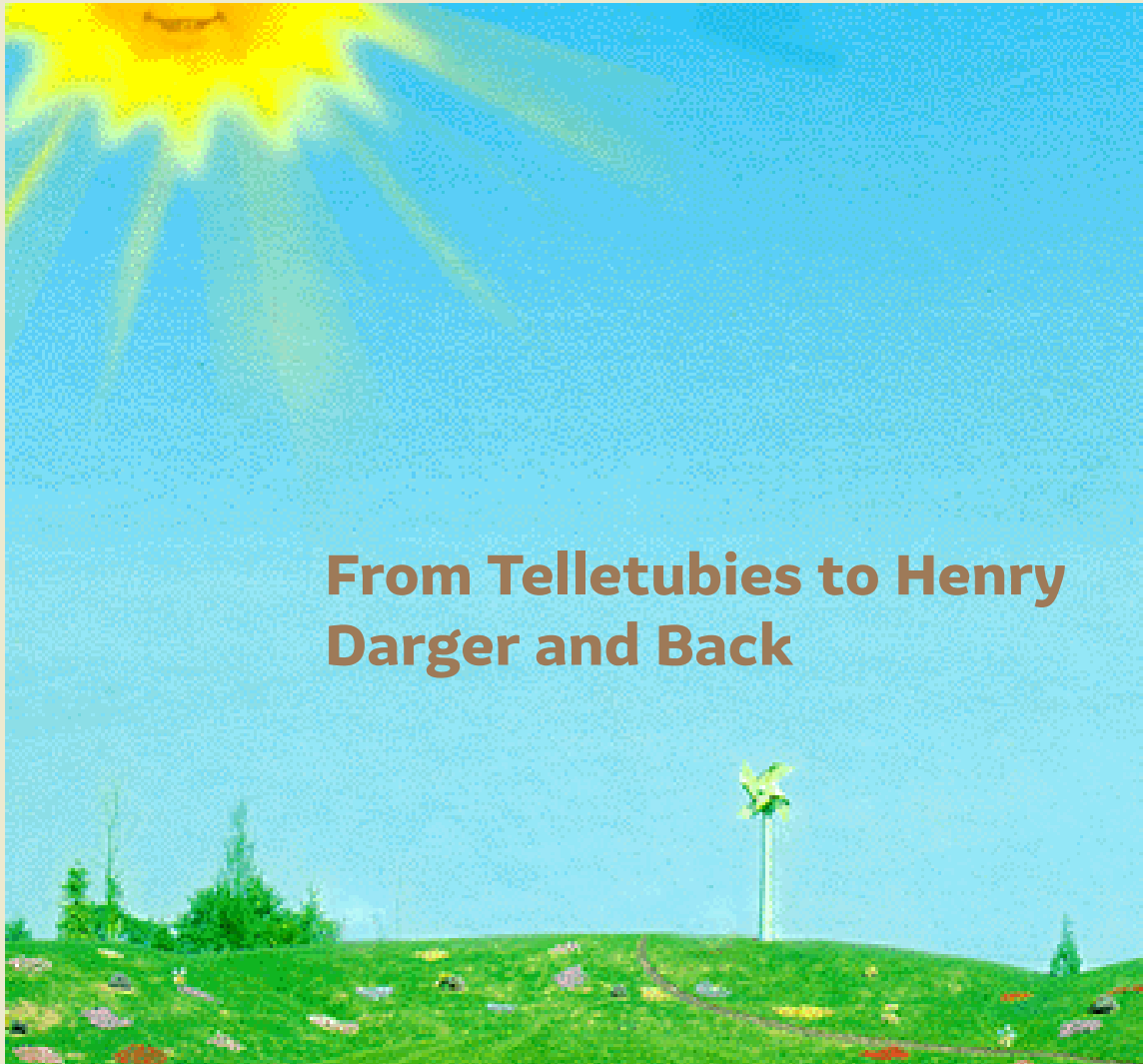
BABY

I look around my room
(now I can truly call it mine)
and with the fading sounds of
a lullaby, I choke.









From Telletubies to Henry Darger and Back

From Telletubies To Henry Darger and Back

A collection of illustrated essays covering the body of Henry Darger's work, it's connection to pop culture and labour liberation movements. Starting from this unlikely connection, Sivsive touches on gender fluidity, money as cursed infinity and liberatory unconsioss of monotheism.

The book could be organized somewhere between conspiracy theory and dream sequence, as it ultimately brings us to the edge of reason, adressing limitations of critical theory and contemporary cricism more broadly, with its claustrophobic addiction to factuality.

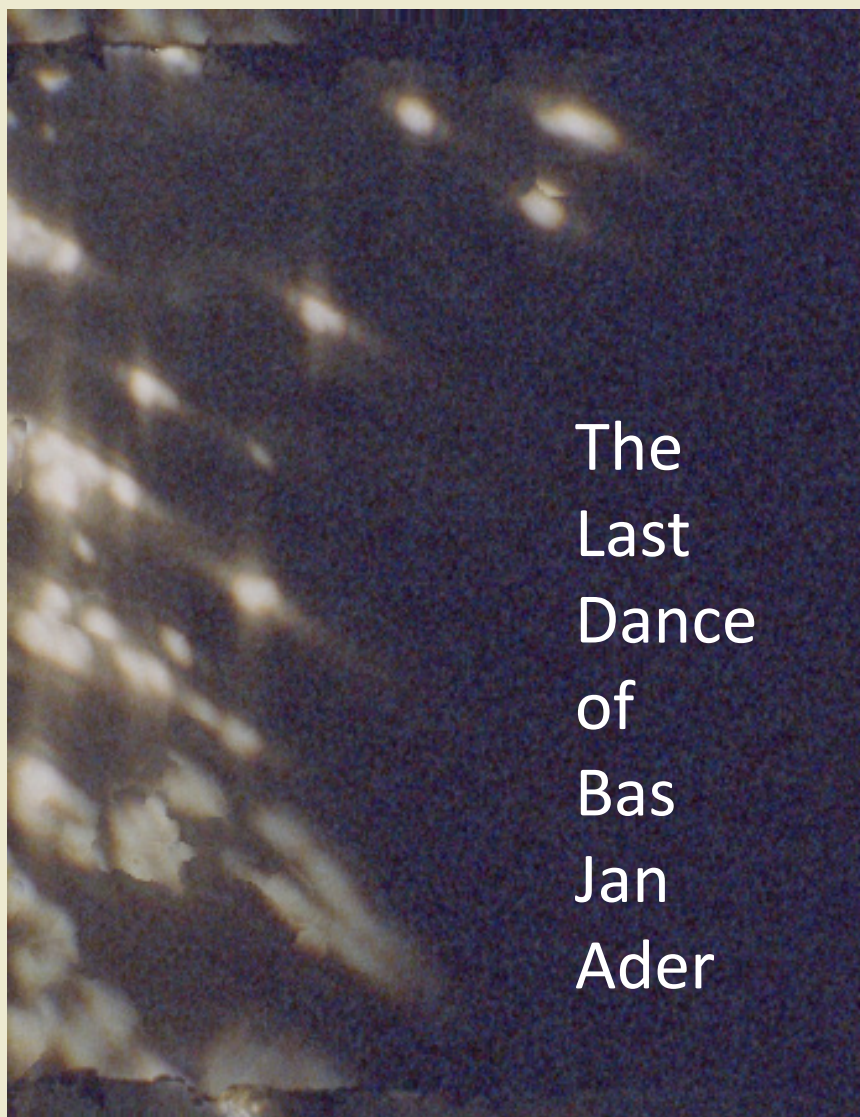
Produced with generous support of Villa Medici, abcd collection, Centre Pompidou and Ragdoll Productions, it bridges marginalised chique of art brute with promiscuous potentiality of commerce.



Untill She Became Heself And Herself Was Such A Horrible Thing

More then a photobook, it is it is a collection traces of life, found objects and performance stills: a witness to the deeply intertwined life and work of Helena Kravinskiy from begining of her practice in 1978 till her trageic death in 2006.

The material found here has been gathered over the span of 17 years, in close colaboration with her friends, family, colleagues, lovers, enemies and stalkers.



The Last Dance of Bas Jan Ader

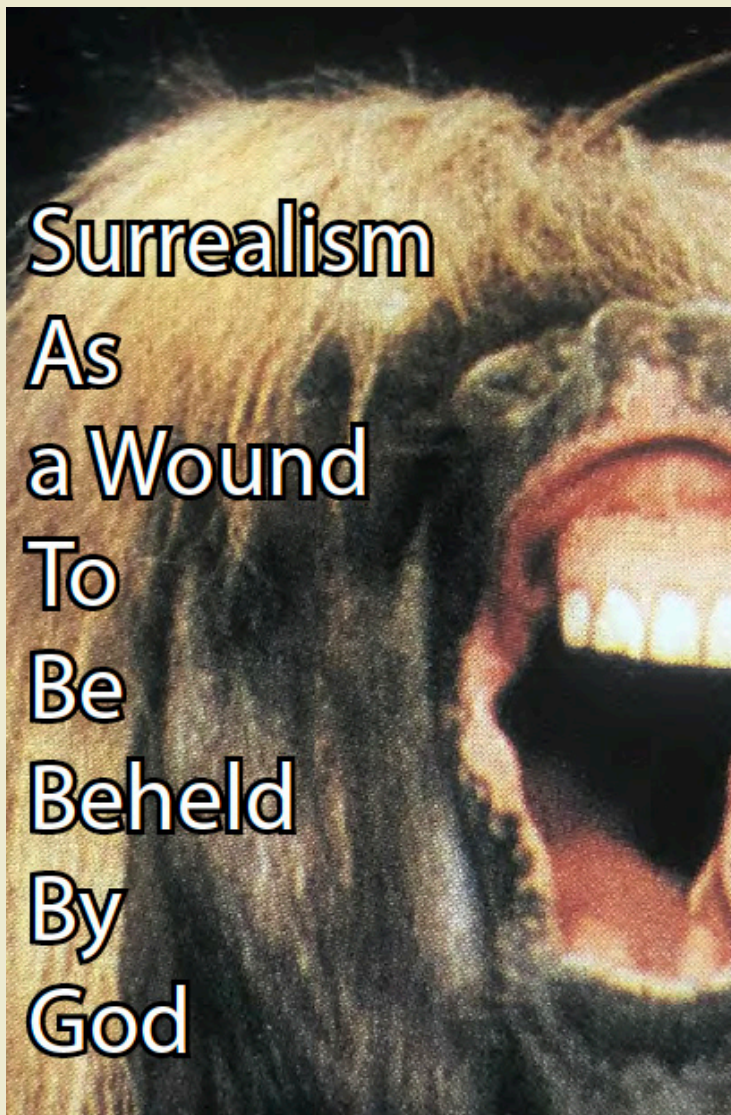
First edition of newly discovered drawings, photographs and notes by Bas Jan Ader, including adolescent diaries, numerous letters to the Dutch scientific community, NASA, performance scores and poems that could be interpreted as suicide letters, or perhaps excerpts of his psychic experiences.

‘This book reveals a whole other world of Bas Jan Ader previously unknown.’

- Artforum

‘It is both unsettling and sweet.’

- Sleek



Surrealism As a Wound To Be Beheld By God

for
being
beheld
by
love
which
is
always
resistance

Surrealism As A Wound To Be Beheld By God

An illustrated zine, it explores decreation as a generative act — a peeling away of surfaces, a site of emergence. At its core is the slit: a threshold, an opening, a wound. The slit is neither absence nor void, but a dynamic site where offerings are made — gestures of appeasement, desire, and control (inserting offerings through the slits of sacred enclosures or slipping bills into the garments of dancers). The work reframes these acts as metaphysical transactions with the unknowable — attempts to touch and be held by something beyond form and vision. A slit is also the parting of eyelids, and the dilation of the camera's aperture, a sudden flash of vision. In this double function: offering (holding) and seeing (beholding), fissure moves beyond sacrifice, and towards a site of becoming. A space where vision and wound coalesce, where power and passivity collapse into one another. Where images are peeled back, skin-like, and reality begins to flicker.



UNDERCOVERERS

Buenos Aires, 1998

A group of high school students conduct a series of unsavory experiments with sex, money, and faith.

/currently unavailable/



BUGAKOV AND HIS FRIENDS

São Paulo, 1997

Tarantino-style thriller performed by drag kings. Absurd spectacle of excessive violence frames a contemplative drama of longing for a personal “promised land.”

The script weaves misappropriated quotes from Russian classics.



VIPS

Hurgada, 2009

This Marxist horror story follows a pair of aimlessly wandering vampires haunting abandoned luxury resorts. Humourously nostalgic and endearingly self-referential, it wrestles with the inevitable question: what is there left to haunt?



Chuchelo

Torzhok, 1984

Witch-hunt, orthodox iconography and humiliation. This Soviet coming of age drama exposes the psychic underbelly of collectivism through the microcosm of seventh graders navigating power, conformism, and sacrifice in uncanny detail.

/in cooperation with Soyuz-Mosfilm/



MOMMY, COME

Tel-Aviv, 2000

An 8-minute videoloop of distorted freeze frames, assembling an archive of maternal tropes in visual pornography from 1924-2000.



I Spy With My Little Eye

Frankfurt, 2001

A pseudo-documentary study of urban life, shot entirely through peepholes on Super8 film.

False Accusations

Yazuaki Toller

JSK

Mell Thirst

Baby Feet

Cristina Stachowski

Fred Pallok

February 2-19, 2000

Seine-Saint-Denis, Rue de Versailles, 6

A man with short brown hair, wearing a dark suit jacket, a light-colored shirt, and a red tie, is shown from the chest up. He is speaking into a black gooseneck microphone. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting an indoor setting like a lecture hall or stage.

On Modes of Leisure and Recreation

lecture performance

June,5 2001

time and location on request.

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33 Items

(group show)



November 6-17, 2001 Rue Dumaine, Bordeaux



On falling, sailing and filming

press-conference with Richard Serra

Monetochka.

on tour

December 2-14,

2001

Rue Gy 498,

Dakar



November,

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2002

Serrano Ave,

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FESTIVAL

Lil Hot

AngeliKka

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Why Now

Andrea F.

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Tamar Wei

Lydia C.

Jung-Chu

C. Jung

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Jenny Bas

ft. Brazil

Andrea S.

Cashcan



Reading Hard

Hotel Nizza,
Elbestraße 10, 60329 Frankfurt am Main
Saturday 1. April 7pm

Reading Hard 2

Bookfair interrupted by readings and performances
hosted by Jean-Claude Maier
Münchenerstraße 38, 60329 Frankfurt am Main

19th July 2024 19h

Bookfair 20th -26th
daily 17 - 19h



Sam Cottington, Emily Dietrich, Dan Kwon, Nina Nadig,
Emmilou Roessling, Evelyn Roh, Sarah Schneider,
Timon Sioulvegas, Mahmoud Tarek, Alex Thake,
Vera Varlamova, Punch Viratmalee
and more

