

Guilty Pleasures

Part 1: Rise



Editor's Note

Dear Everyone! I am so excited to announce this first edition of Guilty Pleasures! This feeling could be only compared to that of a mean-spirited child the second before they ruin someone's sandcastle, pop the balloon, or take a juicy bite of their friend's birthday cake as she is about to blow the candles. Yes, there is no doubt, the child must be mean-spirited -- for a good, kind-hearted and well behaved one would only dream of doing such things but have the restraint and the decency to keep it to themselves, confined inside their secret, 'evil' side, only lived out in private, if at all...


The undertitle 'Rise' could make you think of a sun-rise, or the waking up, or perhaps an uprising, or the dough rising from all the yeast stuffed into it to make the pie fluffier (although I never have the patience to wait long enough for it to kick in and all my pies remain flat).

The Zine is a dream-come-true for and is issued on behalf of the Guillotine Collective. It has cost us about 78 hours of in-person roundtables, way too many phonecalls, a several hundred packs of cigarettes (although only few of us smoke), about the same amount of chewing gum packs with menthol sent (to cover all traces of digestion!) and miles and miles of land and water crossed on cars, trains, sometimes flights and then trains again (we do prefer to meet in person when possible); way too many polite conversations with our babysitters, taxi drivers, funding bodies and other wonderfully helpful auxiliary stuff that made this work possible in the first place! We are so grateful to each and everyone of you!

Further, I am delighted to express our special gratitude to Ryota Yahagi and Lorenz Ganthaler for their generous support of the project.

Finally, let's take a moment to acknowledge that a 'guilty pleasure' is something to be enjoyed both privately -- wrapped in the warm familiarity of delicious self-loathing, as well as with friends and strangers -- exposing your most uninhibited hopes and dreams to the unsuspecting public without a second thought or concern for other's well being. It's a slam party and you are finally invited! Congrats!

Vera Varlamova



*'And after all these words... mind you... Guillotine –
what a word!'*

Dear _____,
this is your invitation to

„The Dinner“

by
Vera Varlamova
Emily Dietrich
with
Adonis Magoulas
Rashiyah Elanga
and
Leonie Chima Emeka

22.11.2023
6 pm

fffriedrich
Alte Mainzer Gasse 4-6
60311 Frankfurt am Main

ADD!!!!!!

**THE END OF
ALL THINGS GOOD
AND
BEAUTIFUL AND
WORTH
FIGHTING FOR**

April 22-May 5, 2002

Al Taraa, 6 Alexandria

[Faint handwritten text in Arabic and English, including phrases like 'Second January', 'Al Taraa', and 'Alexandria', is visible in the background.]

Here to help you.



Where Worries Fade and Dreams Come True

Guillotine Collective
has organized, curated, presented and collaborated
on more than 150 solo and group exhibitions by pioneering
emerging artists at our gallery locations as well as at other
collaborating venues, including galleries, cinemas, abandoned
locations, food markets, secondary schools and private homes around
the world. We continue to honor our ongoing
commitment to building cultural dialogue across time and space un-
til this very moment
and forever more.

Where Worries Fade and
Dreams Come True

WHY DO WE WANT DISCOURSE?

IS IT TO TAME THE BEAST — THE UNKNOWABLE, UNREACHABLE THING TO OUR RATIONALIST COMPULSION? TO MAKE IT BEHAVE, STAY IN ITS PLACE AND NOT LEAK OUTSIDE ITS FRAME?

OR BECAUSE WE, PASSIVE ANIMALS OF TRUTH, WANT TO BE SEDUCED INTO THE WORK? TO BE IN ON A SECRET? TO FIND A HIDDEN ROOM, A CODE, A SPELL? A QUIET BACKSTREET AMIDST THE BUSY SQUARE?...

OR IS IT BECAUSE, TO A DEGREE, WE SECRETLY ALREADY KNOW THAT SOME THINGS (THE BEST, THE MOST PRECIOUS THINGS) ARE THE ONES LEFT OUT?

BY DESIGN OR DUE TO SOME LACK, AN INSUFICIENCY OF THE ORIGIN, SOMETHING HAD TO BE LEFT OUT.

SO WE TURN TO DISCOURSE NOT TO FILL THIS HOLE OF MEANING, BUT IN SEARCH OF ANOTHER MEANING ALTOGETHER. THE THREAD WHICH UNTIES THE TAPESTRY. THAT IS TO SAY, BECAUSE WE WANT TO SEE THE WORK UNDONE.

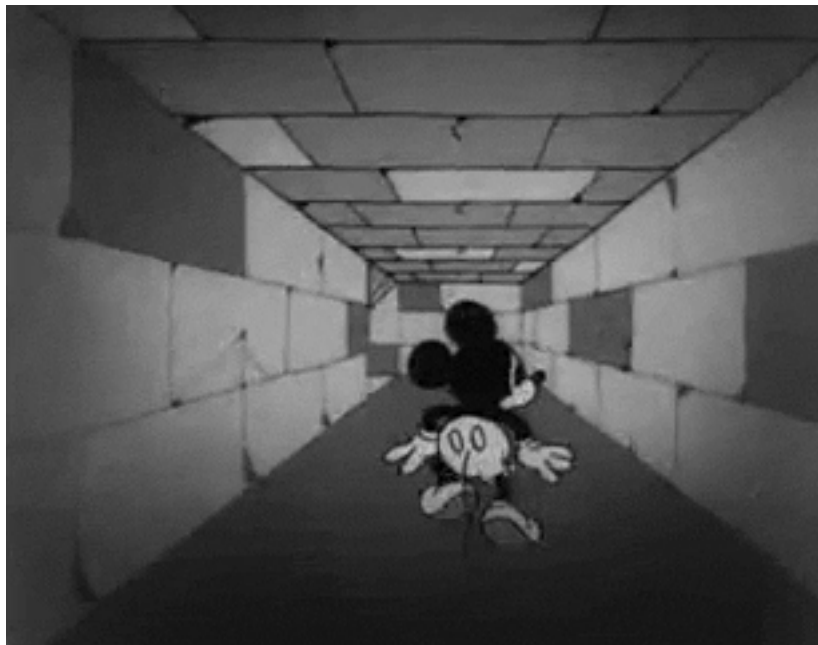
YES! THERE IS NO GREATER PLEASURE THEN TO SEE AN OBJECT OF ONE'S AWE COLLAPSE, FALL APART. NOW, WE'VE COME TO SEE, TO KNOW IT SO INTIMATELY, IN ITS MOST VULNERABLE — THE INSTANT OF DECREATION. YES, NOW IT IS TRULY OURS. AND ALSO, IT IS THROUGH OVERCOMING ITSELF, REACHING ALL THE WAY TOWARDS ITS OWN IMPOTENTIALITY, THAT IT CAN FINALLY REST, FULLY ACTUALISED. AND SO CAN WE.

IN OTHER WORDS, FROM THEN ON IT CAN REALLY BE, WHICH IS ALWAYS TO BE A MULTITUDE OF THINGS. NOW, HAVING BEEN SCRUTINISED AND MUTILATED THROUGH A SERENDIPITOUS SEQUENCE OF MISUNDERSTANDINGS, MISINTERPRETATIONS, MISPERCEPTIONS AND PROJECTIONS, THE WORK IN QUESTION GAINS THE ULTIMATE IMPOSSIBILITY — ITS VERY OWN SUBJECTIVITY. NO LONGER A THING THAT SIMPLY 'IS THERE', IT HAS MUTATED INTO AN AGENT THAT ACTS IN THE WORLD, WANTS AND PROMPTS OTHER THINGS. AND MOST IMPORTANTLY: LOOKS BACK AT US LOOKING AT IT, PUTTING OUR OWN SUBJECTIVITY IN QUESTION. POSING THE MOST UNSETTLING OF QUESTIONS, THAT WE NEVER THE LESS LONG TO HEAR:

'WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?'

AND THEN:

'WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME NOW?'



exeptr from

From Telletubiies to Henry Darger and Back

by K. Sisvidze



a) At Jennie Richee, Vivian Girls escape with booty but in crossing river nudded are captured by Claverinean boy scouts who mistake them for Glandelinian girl scouts

b) 1- At Jennie Richee Vivian girls are sent by General (Emperor) Vivian, their father to seige a certain enemy plan.

2- At Jennie Richee, again escape

3- At Jennie Richee, have thrilling time fleeing through a field of gutted bodies of children with shells

1930 - 1940



‘At Jennie Richie, Vivian Girls Escape with Booty But in Crossing River Ruddled Are Captured by Claverinean Boy Scouts Who Mistake Them for Glandelinian Girl Scouts’
Pencil, watercolours, ink, collage and thread on paper
Henry Darger (1892–1973)
© Musée d’Art Moderne / Roger-Viollet

IT'S 1973, CHICAGO. THE GOLDEN STANDARD IS FRESHLY COLLAPSED AND ABEX IS PEAKING - THE FUTURE SMELLS BRIGHT OF ALREADY ROTTING INFINITY. INFINITE FLOW OF OPPORTUNITY, MEANING, PROMISE, INFORMATION, ENERGY - INFINITE DELIGHT.

IN A ROOM OF A JANITOR-RECLUSE THEY UNCOVER HEAPS AND PILES OF AQUARELL SHEETS, HIS ENTIRE LIFE'S WORK - 'IN THE REALMS OF THE UNREAL'. A 15 000 PAGES OF LITERWORK, TRANSPOSED TO HUNDREDS OF PAINTINGS -- A SORT OF EXPANDED GRAPHIC NOVEL. IN THIS IMAGINARY WORLD, SEVEN SISTERS WHO GO BY THE NAME OF THE VIVIAN GIRLS LEAD THE REBELLION OF ENSLAVED CHILDREN AGAINST AN ARMY OF ADULT MEN (GLENDELINIANS).

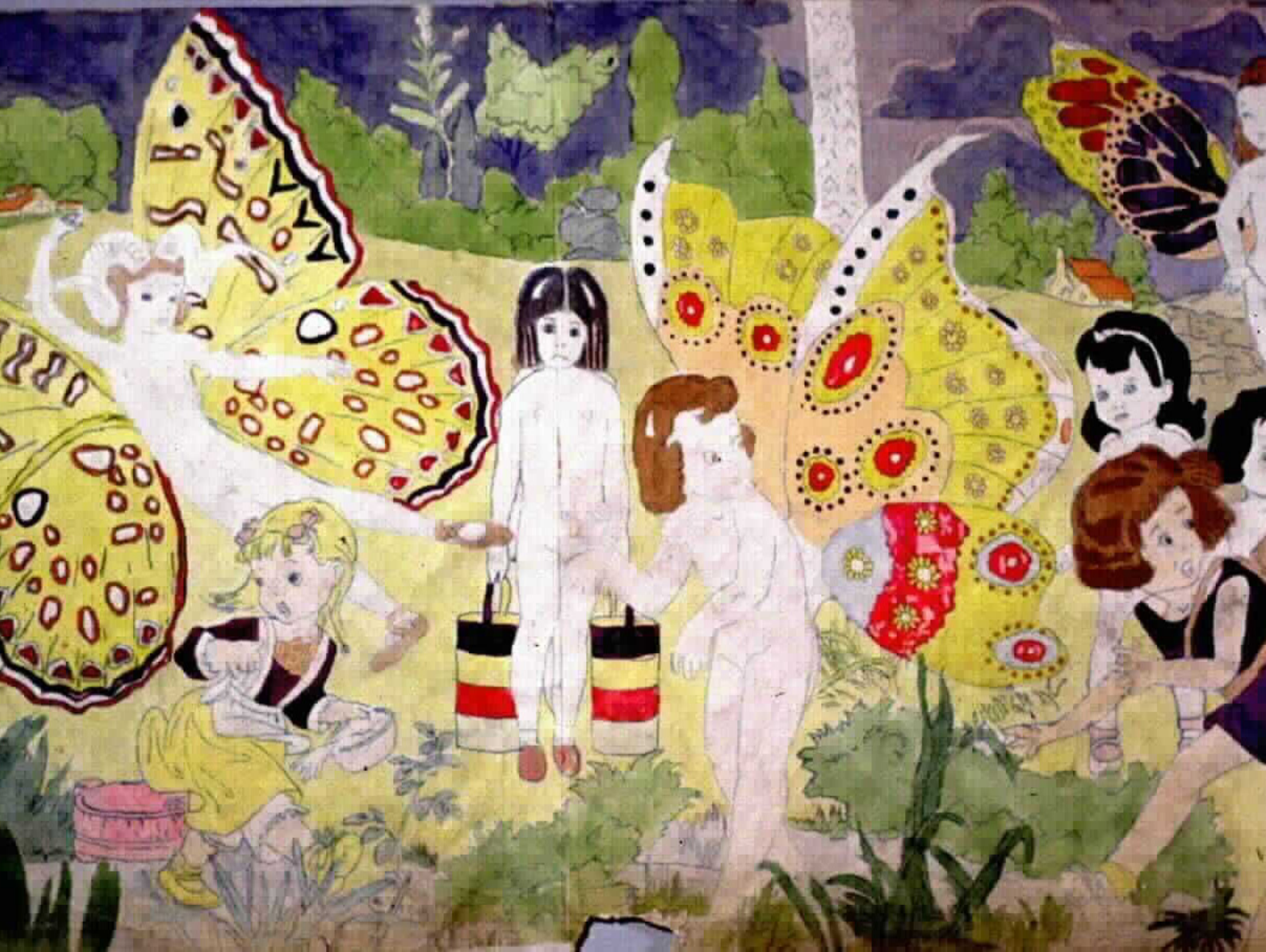
DARGER HIMSELF GREW UP IN AN 'ASYLUM FOR FEEBLE MINDED CHILDREN', AND FROM WHAT'S LEFT OF HIS SPORADIC MEMOIRS, WE CAN CLEARLY TRACE ALMOST DIRECT CORRESPONDANCE FROM HIS OWN LIFE TO EVENTS ENDURED BY HIS HEROINES. THE SEVEN LITTLE GIRLS LEADING THE BATTLE TO LIBERATE ALL CHILD SLAVES OF THEIR UNREAL WORLD, SO CLOSELY TRACING OURS... TRACING, YES, TRACING IS THE TECHNIQUE HE USES IN PLACE OF DRAWING FROM MIND. IMAGES FOUND ON STREETS, IN TRASHCANS, ON ADS. IT'S MIMICRY, DOUBLES. THE LINES BETWEEN OUR WORLD AND THEIRS, REAL AND UNREAL, CREATION AND REPETITION - BLUR.

WE ENTER THIS WORLD THROUGH VIVIEN GIRLS' BATTLES, THEY - THROUGH OUR TRACES. WITH HELP OF GOD. SINCE NO ONE ELSE WAS AROUND. STEPPING OVER THEIR ORPHANHOOD AND ENSLAVEMENT, THEY HEAR THE CALL TO REVOLT FROM NO LONGER IMAGINED, BUT VERY REAL, ALMOST PAGAN (OR EARLY JEWDAIC) OMNIPRESENT PATERNAL DIVINITY:

° LIKE THE SPEER-HEADED ANGEL METATRONE, CLOTHED IN RADIANT, FIERY GARMENTS, GUARDING GOD'S THRONE (SEPHIR YETZIRAH),

° BLENGIGLOMENEAN SERPENT-ANGELS ARE DRAGON-LIKE GIGANT CREATURES, SOMETIMES WINGED. THEY CAN FLY AND MOVE THROUGH SKIES, THEIR BODIES OFTEN CURVE AND LOOP LIKE HUGE, MANY-COLORED SNAKES; THEIR LONG, HORNED HEADS AND MULTIPLE PROTRUSIONS CAN READ AS BOTH HORNS AND ANTENNAE. THEY INTERVENE MIRACULOUSLY IN BATTLES, RESCUE CHILDREN, AND PROTECT THE VIVIAN GIRLS AND THEIR ALLIES -- FUNCTIONING AS GUARDIAN ANGELS AND WAR ALLIES AT ONCE!

(FOLLOWING THE JEWDEO-CHRISTIAN SYMBOLISM, IT CHALLENGES COMMON IMPLICATIONS OF SUBMISSIVE ENDURANCE AND REINTERPRETES MONOTHISM AS A REVOLUTIONARY FORCE. HERE 'TURN THE OTHER CHEEK' IS NOT 'SURRENDER TO VIOLENCE' BUT AN ACT OF SUBVERSION. THIS ALLIGNS WITH Gnostic AND HISTORICO-POLITICAL READINGS OF THE BIBLE, ACCORDING TO WHICH A ROMAN SOLDIER WOULD NORMALLY STRIKE A SUBORDINATE WITH THE BACK OF THEIR RIGHT HAND, AN ACT THAT CARRIED NO SOCIAL WEIGHT. A 'TURNING OF THE OTHER CHEEK' WOULD MEAN THE AGGRESSOR WOULD HAVE TO EITHER STOP OR USE THE PALM OF THEIR HAND TO STRIKE THE PERSON ON THE LEFT CHEEK--A GESTURE THAT WAS AN ADMISSION OF THE OTHER'S EQUAL STATUS. SO YES, THERE SHOULD BE NO QUESTION HERE, THEIR GOD IS FIRST AND FOREMOST A REVOLUTIONARY FORSE.)



SO HERE WE ARE NOW:

IT'S 2003 AND MY VERY YOUNG FACE IS GLUED TO THE GLITCHING SCREEN. BENEATH THE SOFT HILLS AND ARTIFICIAL SKIES OF THE TELETUBBY WORLD, THE BODIES ARE BURIED. THE VIVIEN GIRLS' REMAINS NOURISH THE ENDLESSLY GREEN LANDSCAPE; THEIR SCREAMS VIBRATE THROUGH THE SILENCE OF THEIR DESCENDANTS. THE TELETUBBIES DANCE JOYFULLY ACROSS MANICURED LAWNS, AS IF FORGOTTEN THEY MOVE THROUGH A BATTLEFIELD THAT ONCE PULSED IN BATTLE. OR, PERHAPS, NOT QUITE FORGOTTEN?

WE ENCOUNTER TELLETUBIES AT THE POINT OF ZERO RESISTANCE, AS ALL RESISTANCE HAS BEEN ABSORBED BY ENTERTAINMENT VALUE. PACIFIED OURSELVES, WE WITNESS THEM IN A STATE OF IMPASSIONATE DEVOTION TO THEIR PATERNAL DIVINITY - A DISEMBODIED VOICE THAT CAREFULLY ORCHESTRATES THE MEASURED RHYTHM OF THEIR PERFECTLY ORDERED WORLD. AND HERE, FROM WITHIN THIS POST REVOLUTIONARY, UNCANNILY STERILISED UTOPIA, THEY SPEAK TO US. NATURALLY, THROUGH OUR SCREENS. THEY SPEAK IN SYLLABLES, HALF-WORDS, GESTURES THAT BYPASS LANGUAGE AND REACH DIRECTLY TOWARD SOMETHING PRIMITIVE, SAVAGE. THE ECHO OF A TIME WHEN LANGUAGE BROKE DOWN UNDER THE WEIGHT OF TOO MUCHNESS-OF BEING, LOVE, OF UNBEARABLE PRESENCE. THIS BREAKAGE, THIS RUPTURE IN THE SMOOTH FABRIC OF THE REAL, WAS THE OPENING.

FAST-FORWARD BACK TO OUR DAY: POST-HUMAN, CHRISTIAN -ODED CHILDREN ONCE AGAIN. SO LETS LOOK CLOSER.

THE TELLETUBIES' WORLD ITSELF REMINDS OF A BUNKER - A POST-APOCALYPTIC STRUCTURE, SEALING THE SURVIVORS FROM THEIR UNDEAD.

THE LAUGHTER OF THE BABY-SUN LOOPS BECAUSE IT CARRIES SOMETHING UNSAID, WHICH CAN NO LONGER BE SAID (NOT ON CHILDREN'S TV!), BUT WAS SPOKEN ONCE BEFORE IN THE LANGUAGE OF FIRES AND ANGELS.

NOW, THE WAR HASGONE UNDERGROUND, LITERALLY.

AS THE BABY-FACED SUN RISES, THE TELLETUBIES GREET US CHEERFULLY, DILIGENTLY, ETERNALLY. THE CHRISTIAN-PATRIARCHAL SYMBOLISM IS, OF COURSE, ALSO HERE: THE INVISIBLE DISEMBODIED GOD-FATHER WHO LITERALLY CREATES THE WORLD WITH THE POWER OF HIS WORD. HIS COMMAND IS OUR PLEASURE.

THE GOD-SON - IS THE SHINING BABY-FACE STUCK IN A RESURRECTION LOOP...

THE HOLY GHOST, I SUGGEST, IS THE INVISIBLE RESIDUE OF THE VIVIEN GIRLS' HOWLS, THE STRANGE GAPS OF SILENCE IN BETWEEN THEIR DAILY ROUTINES, THE GLITCHES IN MY TV. THESE ARE THE PRECIOUS MOMENTS WHEN ENTERTAINMENT HALTS AND SOMETHING UNSPEAKABLE CRAWLS ITS WAY UP TO THE SURFACE. THESE SILENCES THEN ARE THEIR OWN ACTS OF INSURGENCE, A SEARCH FOR THE HIDDEN PLACE, A QUIET DARK ALLEY IN THE MIDDLE OF A BUSY STREET...

HERE I TOO WANT TO TAKE A TURN ASIDE, AND TOUCH THE WORD AL- GHAYB, IN ARABIC - THE HIDDEN, THE UNSEEN, SOMETIMES - THE DEPTH OF THE WELL. FROM THIS CORNER, THE LOVE OF GOD SEIZES BEING RUPTURE (OPENING); IN TIMES OF HYPER-EFFICIENCY, TOTAL VISIBILITY, REBELLION TAKES ON THE SHAPE OF A QUIET TURN TOWARDS THAT WHICH CAN NOT BE SEEN (KNOWN). IT IS A DARING TO PAUSE, EVEN FOR A MOMENT, SO THAT THE UNDEAD MIGHT ONE DAY BREAK THIS TERRIBLE SILENCE.

AND FOR NOW, I, STILL VERY YOUNG, AND WITH MY FACE GLUED TO THE SCREEN, SIT IN MY OWN SILENCE, 'LIKE A PELICAN WHO, SUPPRESSING HIS SCREAMS, FEEDS HIS CHILDREN WITH HIS OWN FLESH'. - SONGS OF MALDOROR



Today and Maybe Also Tomorrow

an interview with Henry Turner

21.01.2026

Genk, BE - Coromandel, NZ

HT:
Do a voice, it will generate a transcription. Oh, that's amazing. Okay, it's not perfect. You get sort of weird mistakes. Still, it is... It's really something. I'm really excited.

VV:
So who is with you in the studio?

HT:
Well, it's sort of a varying cast is sort of...over there making that,

VV:
wow, oh, wow. It's huge, yeah, but she, Oh, wow. It's upside down. I see...

HT:
the base is somewhere, she says at the moment... it looks like a gigantic butt plug. Yeah, it's very difficult to work on ceramics these days because it's been raining heavily for three days and so far, five states of emergency have been declared in different regions in this part of the world. Oh, my God, it is a disaster. I'm supposed to leave here on Sunday, but I may not be able to.

VV:
Are you in that residency?

HT:
Yeah, I may not be able to leave because the road, the roads are cut at the moment by then, but, oh my God!

VV:
I hope this is so. I really hope so, and then all the clay sculptures will melt!

HT:
Oh, God, you, you, you really would love it. Here it is fantastic. You should come...

VV:
one day, one day,

HT:
and then, how, how, how have you been?

VV:
I'm good. I'm also in a residency. This is...

HT:
Spain?

VV:
No, not anymore. Oh, my God. Spain was amazing. Then I went to Geneva, which was also nice. I didn't expect. And now I'm in Belgium. And I'm trying to make a zine called Guilty Pleasures. . I don't know it's a mix of things. I'm trying it out. I just want to give this Guillotine Project, a bit of like physical life in real world...

HT:

everything's got to make the leap off the Internet and into the real world. I personally think that's the crux. Yeah, I believe in security. It's it is something that interests me about the internet, that internet culture is that it's not secure. Everything. Everything disappears. It survives only as long as the servers are serviced or whatever...

VV:

Yeah, true. Like the experience, like when you look up a website, it's something you do, like, with a half of one eye. But like, when you have a book in hand, it's like, it's only different experience. Yeah, you absorb things differently. That's the other thing. But like, what I want to do is maybe also just, well, something I really wanted to do for a long time is to create a zine that comes out regularly. So this is small triad it, there will be two. So it will be called the Guilty Pleasures. And there will be two parts of it. Part one is called Rise, which I'm doing now. And then part two will be Fall.

HT:

And this one, you know, that cross vial, that cut vile thing. Yeah, there's very, very, very, very, very famous... Actually, it's kind of modded as well. Of the year, just to say the Rise and Fall, The Rise and Fall of Mahahagony City. (Kurt Weil, Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny)

VV:

Let's dive in. Imagine you are 100 years old. Which museum do you see your works buried in?

HT:

Okain's Bay Museum.

VV:

What is this museum? I haven't heard much about.

HT:

You would not have heard of it. It's a very local thing.

VV:

Tell me.

HT:

Well, very briefly: Okain's Bay is on Banks Peninsula, and it's a long valley with a sea at one end and a tiny village in it. It's a very nice place, and there was this guy called fuck. Well anyway, his name was something or other, and he was from one of the really old families. Well, 150 years who settled there early on, and from about the 1930s and 40s and 50s and 60s, he collected Maori treasures, a lot of them. In a time when you could still do it, it would be totally 100% illegal now, and it was dodgy even then, stuff, people dug up stuff, people from people, hundreds of them, and a whole load of stuffed native birds and whole bunch of buildings from really early, secular things, and put them all in a paddock.

And they've changed it a little bit recently, but they've got all kinds of things. It's one of the weirdest places I've ever been in my life, and some of it is seriously valuable. Some of it's shit. It goes from sort of 1950s memorabilia to the skids of extinct. Vera Oh, my God, and things, and they've got all this weirdness and sort of uncertain and uncomfortable collisions of mutually hostile cultures. There! Becker, that's his name, and well, it's so weird, it's so small, it's so bizarre and so contradictory. That's my kind of museum.

VV:

I really want to see the museum now.

HT:

You would love it.

VV:

In your online presence, you seem to be occupied with natural world, drawing indecipherable connections between organic life around you and bits of pieces of literally and philosophical quotes. Do you think context is completely arbitrary today, or is there still hope for men of reason?

HT:

Oh, no, reason's fucked. But reason was fucked from the start. No context... to a large degree, we could make up a context. I mean, not everything, but a lot of it. We can do a lot of these things. These things are malleable. These things can be changed, if necessary. We can create a fake world to live in. It might not always be very substantial, but we can always make something.

VV:

...to return to the world of senses. Exactly! Now, how do you justify the excess of shiny detail and ornamental disorder in the worlds you're creating? Are you a cruel God or just a hedonistic one?

HT:

Oh, hedonism and cruelty are not separable.

Well, I like to... from time to time... I like doing anally retentive detail because it suits my mood to do so it's like a fidget toy or something. It's not necessarily, it's not necessarily relevant to the work, or it's not necessarily relevant to what people might see in it usually it would be an impediment than anything else, but it just happens to be required for that particular way of making it or maybe one feels a bit sad at the time.

Well, quite frankly, it's just plain fun to do. I mean, if I want, if, for some reason, I want a painting to look like a photograph, it's going to look like a photograph. And it is doing so so much without the need to justify. It's so much fun. It is amazing, but it's easy, it's nice and it's pleasant to do. It's difficult to come up with a reason to do it because it's because, on its own, it's boring and useless and hopeless, but when I mean, for example, at the moment, I'm doing a record cover because I decided to work with sound, or rather, to be more to be more specific, I decided to work with some people who work with sound. I've never done it myself, though. I just left it up to them that just sort of burred away. But I'm going to do the record cover, and for that, I'm going to paint a photograph, and I'm really looking forward to it.

VV:

Wait. I've never heard of you working with sound.

HT:

Well there were these musicians and they came to visit me one day.. It so happened that another friend of mine with whom I had done some bizarre and perverse, spontaneous things at his house with all this 1950s tape recorders and things, you know, to stop the spur of the moment, because he's mad and I'm bad and people sing like that. Fortunately, my mother made recordings. It so happens that he was going to visit the next day and and I'd got this record. You see a record called, called steam, militant, slightly pornographic. It's a recording of made in the very early no made in the late 50s of steam express trains in the South Island, leaving the station or whatever, with commentary every now and then, just a record of recordings. It is called steam militants, and it's got a very heroic poster, like photograph of a ja locomotive on the front. And I thought, right, let's do a record. And he said, Oh, you can do a record. You know, there's this place in Taiwan where they do records. And I looked it up and found out what it what was necessary for to do it. And I thought, right, could you come again tomorrow? Bring all your stuff. I'll bring up Oliver. I'll tell him to bring all this stuff. We can, we can we can do something.

VV:

Wait. Didn't you say pornographic?

HT:

Well, if you were obsessed with trains, it's pornographic, yes, and so much as it gives you more of what you know. Well, you know what they sound like, but you want more anyway, and it's described in excruciating detail and packaged attractively.

VV:

When I say, 'too much pleasure', which work of yours comes to mind?

HT:

Model trains. I've been getting into it more recently. I was always interested.

VV:

And which work comes to mind when I say 'torture'?

HT:

Life.

VV:

Which work of yours?

HT:

Oh, sorry, work...everything recently... except the trains. Yes, the trains, to a lesser extent, the trains are sort of escapism, but at the moment, but I'm not actually working on the trains as yet. I'm just planning. The planning is hugely enjoyable. A lot of the time I have almost more fun planning the work than in executing it.

VV:

Yeah, me too...

HT:

not always, but the stuff I'm working on at the moment and have been for about the last eight months is almost exclusively an attempt to externalise pain.

VV: let the train take it away.

HT:

Yes, you know that you should watch series called 'in the thick of this.' That's brilliant in political satire, one rival politician says to another who's just sat we're gonna take you down. We are gonna take you down to punky town. Here you come. Chew, fucking chew.

VV:

It sounds like it's also from the 50s.

HT:

actually, yes, one of my favourite characters in TV was very good, a complete psychopath. The pain thing, it's more a process of attempting to cultivate osmosis, to cultivate what, sorry, well, it's all like, well, when you put fertiliser on a pot plant, you've got very careful to put it in, to put fertiliser, and it's diluted with lots of water, as if you put in too much. This is the only part of biology I remember from school. If you have two things, if you have two bodies with a permeable membrane in between, and on one side, it's it's very concentrated, and on the other it's not very concentrated. The chemical from the least concentrated will pass through the membrane and be attracted by the very concentrated so if you put very strong fertiliser into a pop club, the stuff outside the roots will be so strong that it will suck all the stuff from inside the roots, and that will kill the plant immediately.

(insert drawing)

I'm trying to do the reverse, so to speak, by depicting things that distress the beast. It's an attempt as it works to separate them and well not get them, but it makes them less ocean inside, you know?

VV:

to create distance.

HT:

yes, yes, to put, to put to create some more distance. to be able to literally look down on it, you know, like a cruel guard, yes, yes, but the victim is principally myself.

VV:

Speaking of victims, throughout our conversations, I've noticed your fascination with the figure of a jester, a wise or blessed fool, also known in east-orthodox Christianity, as yurodivy and it carries like a strong political and religious message, which is reflected in many ways in your attitude towards life, yet your work has been critiqued for its apparent ignorance and even complacency to existing power structures. (ref.: a group crit of a hot summer afternoon, 2025, Frankfurt) How do you reconcile this?

HT: Well, that was very specific to that work at the time, it was very, very weird. I mean, the great thing is that in terms of what work to make or what not to make, and one is only in business for oneself. So if other people don't like it, well, that's potentially interesting, but not necessarily relevant. You know? I mean, it can be, of course, I've always preferred being insulted to being praised for the work, but that's mostly because the praise is so boring, because everybody tends to praise the same thing, and it gets very repetitive. I mean, that's like the first words of Anna Karenina, I think is that every happy family is happy in the same way, but every unhappy family is unique in its misery. So and by the same token, I've noticed that if people don't like it, they like it for some new and weird and mysterious reasons, which I don't know about, and that interests me very much. So if they don't like it, I want to know why, because it might be a new way of thinking about things. But that doesn't mean that you run off and do everything to make you know some something that they might like more, if you see what I mean. (...)

Did you find that... What was the way you thought about... about the critique thing?
VV:

I think, I don't know, I see your work from many angles, and I think one of them is like this luscious, seductive, sapphic, like sensual experience. And another is maybe, like a some kind of mystical exploration, which I also touch on in the next question. But I do wonder like, when it was brought up, this question of where do you stand, politically and socially with your work, it made me wonder, like, how does it connect to your experience of life?

HT:

Do you do you mean it as much as I might not be a very politically connected person?
VV:

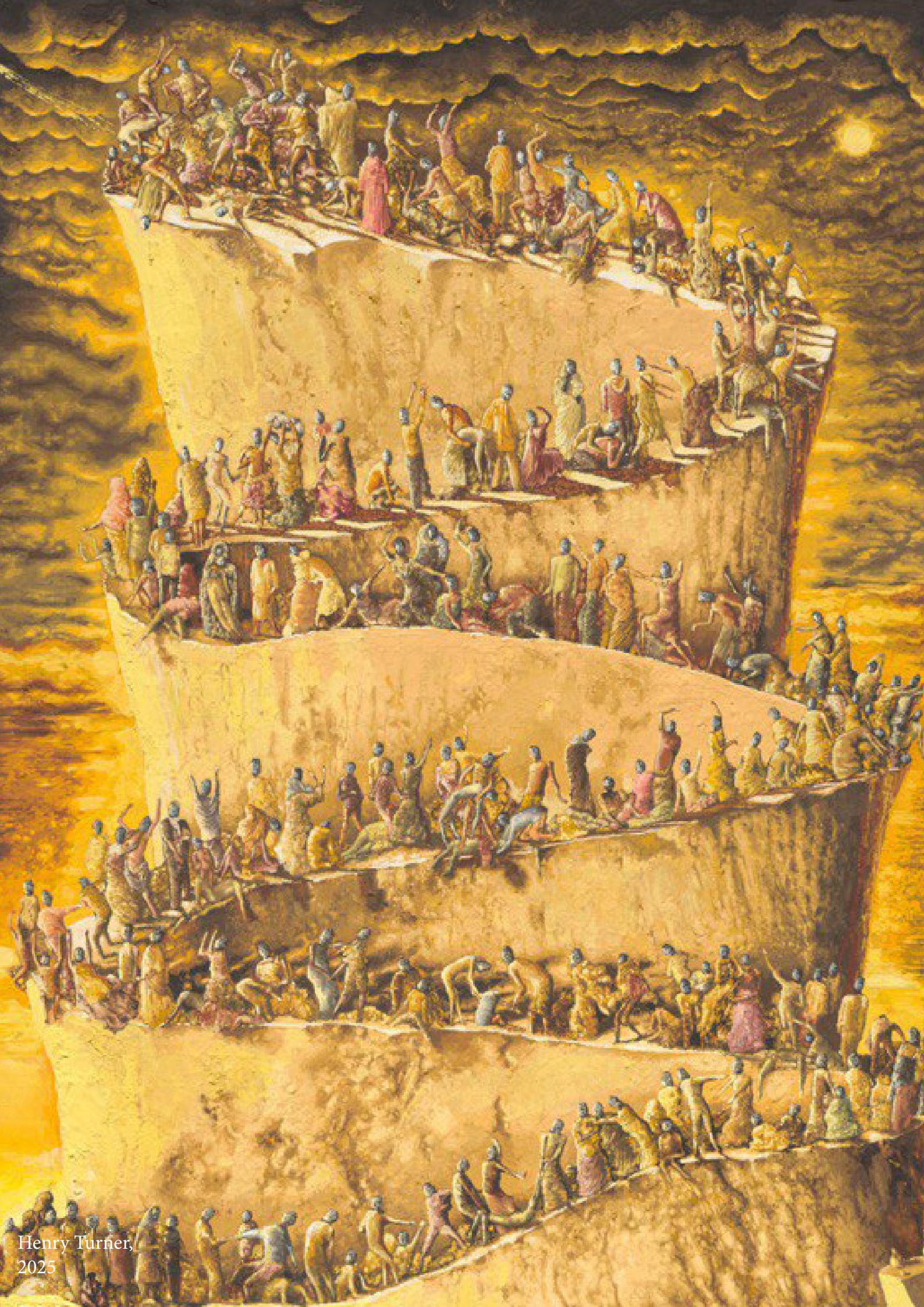
I think I'm trying to figure it out. Yeah, maybe you are not a very politically connected person. That's an observation I would share. Or wait, let me go there.

I guess what I'm getting at is trying to understand how your values are reflected in your work, or if they're not, and why?

HT:

Well the yurodivy was someone who could comment on society because as an outsider...not being completely a part of it all, could look in and perhaps see more clearly. What interests me is the junction between the spiritual yurodivy and the political one. So, if its Russia we are talking about, its interesting to me that a lot of yurorivy were later

canonised, but heavily persecuted in their time because they spoke in a free and unrestraint way, so that interests me. If that makes sense. Yes. And assuming we are talking about the ones who were canonises, so the famous ones, they weren't operating in very much of a democracy it has to be said. So they probably a useful political function. Maybe like a jester actually. Because a jester in a medieval court served a very important... an extremely important role. They were sort of like diplomats in a way. They could, by means of satire... they too were political actors. And thats smth I want to work from more in the future.



Henry Turner,
2025

VV:

The figures inhabiting your apocalyptic landscapes look like they've raided a theatre closet with their outfits varying from biblical to athleisure and everything in between. What does fashion do for you?

HT:

Oh, it does everything that it should! It's personal adornment. It's nothing, nothing, probably that it doesn't do for everyone else. It's the means of creating and/or altering an identity, and it can prove really useful for describing dynamics of some sort in the work, but also when it's just possible, it's just a very good way of bringing enormous FUN into the bargain. I mean, at a certain level, there's not necessarily a better reason than that. I (...)

Well, that's, that's, that's the work which, which makes people think about fashion. I mean, at one point, William(?) said it was, you know how William does that walk around tour thing for wound game?

Well, the point of that was that people were supposed to give a small talk about their work and explain what they were doing and what it was about, or whatever. They were supposed to give a talk for 10 minutes and then there would be a Q and A it always took half an hour. But anyway, all I could think to say was that I don't really know what this work is about. Does anyone have ideas? — I asked. He(William de Rooj) said (about the dressed up tortured figurines from the paintings): And he said, of the looking at these two paintings, one of them had sort of gray corpse, like things in and the other one had a bunch of figures wearing weird clothes. He said: 'Well, half of them are dead and the other half are in drag.' Thinking back, I thought he put it rather well.

Maybe that why I decided to show them with a blanket. A subconscious expression of their reality as pictorial comfort... I must say, rather satisfying as an explanation. (PAUSE.WE LOOK AT EACH OTHER, TWO ALMOST FROZEN FIGURINES)

HT:

Since I'm in New Zealand, I've purchased about 73 blankets.

VV:

Wow, dream!

HT:

Yes. Someone asked me here: what are you doing with them? I don't know exactly, but I'm going to put them in the next book.

VV:

Speaking of books, actually, my next question is about books, so it's...

HT:

...perfect, but yeah, say I discovered recently, to my horror, that bloody Diego Marcon also collects Italian blankets. And what's more, he's gonna put them in a fucking book.

VV:

Are you jealous?

HT:

Well, kind of Yes.

VV:

So let's talk about the book you've made, which, famously, despite its impressive volume, had no words or images in it. Do you have nothing to say or do you just hate trees?

HT:

Oh, do you mean the sculpture, perhaps? But is this the yellow and black one? Yes, oh that? Oh, well, that's a sculpture that happens to be a book, not a not a book that happens to be a sculpture. There are only two of them. Oh, well, I decided to have two mates because that turned out to be the size the goat skins came in that one. That one was extremely specific, and was to some extent, just my, my little joke, you could call it, there's a description in Borges short story. Well, it's a very complicated story, of course, because it's Borges, but basically the a lot of it revolves around an extremely mysterious volume, one of a set of encyclopaedias, volume 11, but they didn't have volume 10, and they didn't have volume 12, nor did they have any of the others. They only had this one book, and the story described it very specifically. It describes the size. It described as being very large. I think it may have had 1001 pages. And it described something on one page which was Orbis in an oval, and it described how the title was printed on it.

VV:

What does it describe? Can you say again? I didn't catch it.

HT:

It's described how the title was stamped on the cover, how the title was stamped on the spine, and things like this. And that the spine was black and the cover was yellow. And so I decided it would be a good idea to I realized, okay, the book is described. I don't know what the fuck was in it. It was full of maps and text and, you know, God knows what. But, so on an impulse, I rang up a book I know read in the text and said, make that lucky, because I realized that I could have it there wasn't it wasn't very much simpler than that, except as a as a kind of a kind of perverse fulfillment of a prophesied book to put, to put the contents in, is another matter, but I could at least give the appearance. It's one of my favorite short stories of all time. Incidentally, it is a masterpiece. Stretches the brain.

VV:

I'm terrified.

HT:

You should be. Its amazing.

VV:

Let's talk about one of your earlier works. I'm thinking about this theatre film you made. I don't remember the name...

HT: APGA

VV:

Ah, and is it more like a theatre piece that you filmed, or is it the film?

HT:

Definitely a film, although it really existed. The thing it was built. It was, it was physics. Yeah, it was, it was. It was also rather childish and prosaic in conception it was to do. I always wanted. I always wanted to do something whereby the sculpture, particularly the sculpture and paintings and that kind of thing. I wanted those things to walk around the audience, rather than the. It's walk around your and so I was thinking of ways in which this could be done. The first idea was to, was to borrow, was to hire a sushi restaurant for a night and put it on the thing the sushi, oh yes, yes, which is something definitely going to do at some point, just as soon as I can hire an entire Japanese restaurant for the night fucks. That would be expensive anyway. But then I realised that they've got these that the radius, the radii of the crack, the radii are very small, and they've got these perspex things will be slotted in, because they're made for very small objects in a tiny little plate for them on it, so that it would only work for things that were much, much smaller than the stuff I was making. So that didn't work. And then I wanted to have a conveyor belt shaped like a figure zero, you know, sort of, sort of like a baggage conveyor in an airport. But that didn't work because, it turns out they cost millions of dollars to fill so anyway, and it turned out that hiring the baggage drop of an airport I couldn't make that work either. I tried. So I thought, okay, a conveyor belt. It so happened that in the shed at home, we had a couple of old market conveyor belts, you know, the put your groceries on. I thought, right, bingo,

I'll use those. And, well, the audience can notionally be sitting in the theatre. The stuff will go in front of them. So, so that it was, it was a format, the format more than anything, but it's a format that, oh, the format that, the format, of course, is so filled with potential that you could really do anything with it.

VV:

I'm trying to think. I guess I'm thinking now about, well, I will not come up with any theory right now, but I wonder. I think there is, like, a trace in your work in the form over the content, like now you're saying it's all about the format, and I'm thinking about this yellow book that is a sculpture, and it's all about the idea of the book, and not the contents of it, or even those scrutinised paintings that you presented in class and how you were saying that in the end, it's about the the shape of the propaganda painting, or the shape of an idea, rather than idea itself. So I think there is an interesting thought to develop from it.

HT:

Yeah, I think you could, I think you, I think you're right, but, but, but also that was that, that was the work done. It was characteristic of the work done at that time.

As a matter of fact, I don't believe it is the case any longer.

VV:

Now you're all about the content?





A.P.G.A.
screenshot, video(digital)
duration: 11min40s
Henry Turner

HT:

lately, yes, I don't necessarily want, I don't necessarily want the audience to know every detail of what I'm depicting, but at this point, it's exclusively about the content.

They've become less... well other kinds of format interest me, but some, yeah, yeah, it takes a very long time for the work to change, but it certainly does change. And it's like, it's like turning around, mostly because the work I do tends to take a very long time to execute. And if I start something, I need to finish it before I do the next thing. So in that way, it's not very spontaneous, except in the thought process, takes a very it can only move quite slowly. You know, it's like one of those large oil tankers that need six nautical miles to come to a complete stop, and they need a sort of 10 mile wide radius to turn around, that kind of thing.

VV:

So you're somewhere in between.

HT:

Now, yeah. And I'm planning, at the moment, there are, there's work being planned which is very explicitly content focused, and increasingly, a lot more politics can be rigged into it, not necessarily that it should be that way. But it's working with materials that are explicitly political...

VV:

Speaking of change in the work, I wonder if all traces of your work were to be gone tomorrow, and no one has any memory of it at all. So you're starting completely from blank page. Which direction do you think you would take your work?

HT:

(visibly cheered up)

Oh, in this scenario, that would, that would only make it easier to do what I was gonna do anyway, because essentially, it is a blank slate. I mean, the other thing is that I that it's only quite recently that I could think more clearly about what I was doing. It was that work that was critiqued. I've it's only much more recently that I've been because I generally do first and ask questions later. So what I'm doing at any given moment, I might not have the first lucky idea of what it's about. And this means that when people ask, Oh, what's this work about? I could only say I had no idea. I haven't thought of it yet, or I haven't it has not yet clear to me what it's about, and this, I think, also this leaves it assuming, for the purposes of the discussion, that that leaves the work more open, more vulnerable, being accused of not having any particular thing, but it's ignorance rather than rather than absence, necessarily. But those works like the film, is a complete turnaround and completely different from the work that I was doing before that it took, it took some years to arrive there from the unbelievable, unbelievably low, crappy level of shit I was doing before that. You have no idea, nor should you ever but the it will be the same again, that will change radically, and it will not necessarily be recognisable. That can happen. You know, one of my proudest moments ever was in a admittedly not very good art competition, but there was quite a lot of money in prizes, so I did it anyway.

I had two paintings up, and I heard later that the judge had given both of them prizes, and the organisers looked at the list and said, Look, you're not we told you you're not supposed to give two prizes to one artist, but I thought they were by different people. And I was so happy. I was delighted.

VV:

Wait, you got both prizes? No, I did.

HT:

I think she had to choose eventually. But that was apparently how it went with deciding really happy. I thought, yes, it can. It can fool people. Okay, yeah, I love the future, but we'll have almost nothing in common with the work I'm doing now. It's very comforting to start again from scratch, you know, to forget about everything.

VV:

Yeah, interesting. I think I'm chasing continuity with such obsession. So it's like, really comforting for me to hear it...

HT:

come again. What? Sorry

VV: I think in my work, I'm so obsessed now with trying to create some kind of continuity. So it's, like, really comforting for me to hear that you feel this way.

HT:

Well, some degree of continuity might come through. But, well, yeah. Well. Yeah, I love, I do love the idea of different working in a completely new way. It's very exciting, you know, I think we should aspire to it, rather than, you know, you know,

VV:

I know.

(ANOTHER PAUSE FOR A STARING COMPETITION. WE ARE BOTH SO DAMN GOOD AT

IT!!!! AS AN INTERVIEWER I HAVE TO INTERRUPT IT AND GET BACK TO BUSINESS)

Okay. Final question, what are your guilty pleasures and how do they inform or disturb your practice?

HT:

Well, there's quite a trend. I went to a I've been going to a therapist recently, and she said. Maybe you should get a hobby. And I said, Oh, well, it's kind of problematic. Are you great many hobbies? But then they all got swallowed up by work. I like model railways, so I work well. I like the techniques of model railway. They've always interested me. So I start working with those materials and working with those techniques. I like, I like collecting agate. So now I work with agate so they come through, they bleed through. That's, that's part of what that film was about the work that's in it. It was there. It was the realisation that all these other things that had always been part of that had always obsessed me, I realised that they were there for the taking, you know, that they could all be swallowed up and, you know, worked with in a serious way, you know, and everything like that.

that created that the there was a lot of joy and that realisation, those works to me. It was, it was, it was one of the most exciting times in my life. It was brilliant. So so that created a degree of abstraction to do with meaning, if you see what I need, aside from, you know, basic questions like, what does it mean with a shrine? What does it mean to revere this thing, you know, how is it? How do we make it obvious that this is to be revered, or something like that, you know, these sort of basic structural things.

HT(continuing):

So that created a degree of abstraction to do with meaning, if you see what I need, aside from, you know, basic questions like, what does it mean with a shrine? What does it mean to revere this thing, you know, how is it? How do we make it obvious that this is to be revered, or something like that, you know, these sort of basic structural things.

VV:

But the word guilt, guilty pleasure, something... You have no guilt?

HT:

No, I don't know. I don't have guilt in my pleasures. I just enjoy you, just what... I just enjoy. I fight against my Puritan ancestors,

VV:

and that's your political stance. There we arrived.

HT:

Well, they can't be having with Puritanism, let's face it, they tried to abolish Christmas for God's sake,

VV:

did they? I mean, it's just a pagan holiday. Come on.

HT:

Yeah, all that well, that getting drunk and eating lots and, you know, dancing round trees or whatever, they were totally against that.

VV:

No, I agree.

HT:

Much easier to determine one's politics by finding out what one dislikes. You know that's true, although I have lost friends from having what you might call slightly heterodox opinions on some matters... Saying yeah, like that time, I told you can publish this if you want. But like, like that time, I said to what's the name, Amanda. You know American Amanda, I said to her, that's it. So, trust the fuck I so I told her I felt rather sorry for Yasmin.

VV:

I'm not gonna publish it. It's too internal gossipy, but...

HT:

these things should be written down. Possibly.

VV:

Wait, were you around in Yasmin's time?

HT:

I got the very end.

VV:

Oh.



Henry Turner,
screenshot, telegram story, 02.02.2026
signed: `where is the Master Masochist?`



DESPERATE FOR DESPERATE:

a love letter by Mariam Shubladze

It began as a simple ritual: every weekday after lunch, my mother and I in our tiny Khrushchev-era living room: transfixed by the everyday drama of American suburbia. The lacquered shine of set breakfast tables, the sharp, almost sickly blues of the sky, the wet gleam of the evergreen lawns — the excess of light and color fills my mouth with joy and hunger. Frame by frame, we sink into this glowing, saturated palette, and a warm wave of the undead corpse of the American Dream washes over our faces. We are part of it, part of each other, and also — something completely unreal, somewhere so far, far away.





It's 2002. Marc Cherry, a 40-year-old self-proclaimed "gay conservative," is sitting on his mother's sofa, watching a true crime report on Andrea Yates, the Houston woman who drowned her five children. He turns to his mother with a question:

"Can you imagine being so desperate?"

"I've been there."

In that moment, *Desperate Housewives* was born: a campy, gothic artifact of the American Dream, inversely haunted by the monstrosity of maternal despair.

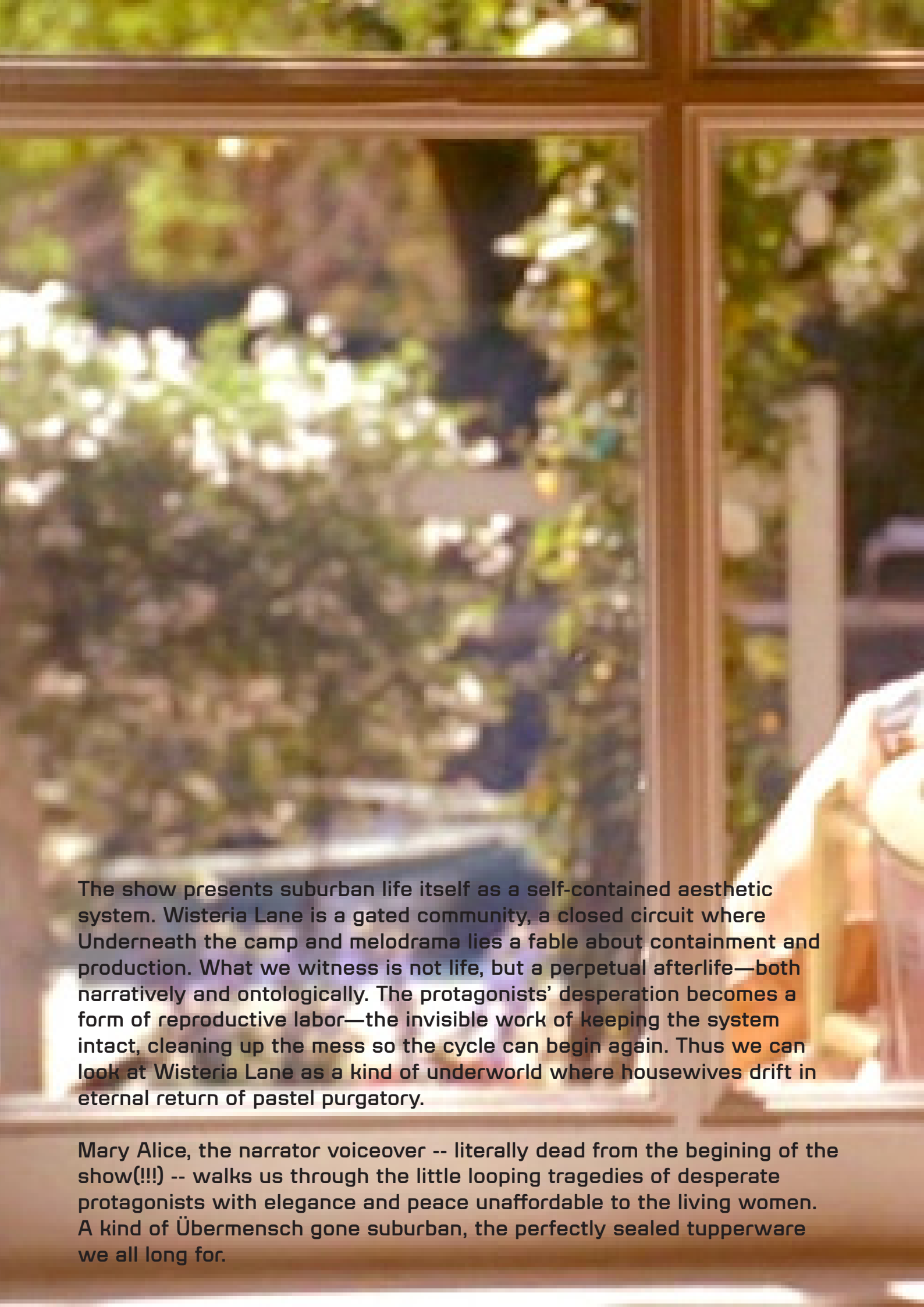


The world Cherry creates exists entirely within the confines of Wisteria Lane, a small street in the heart of Bush-era middle-class suburbia. Wisteria Lane is a gated community normcore bathed in perpetual anxiety of total collapse never quite reached; a cinematic ghost town where Cherry's childhood nostalgia blends with the contemporary unease of post-9/11 US (from Reagan to Bush and back again). This paranoid structure mirrors the rhetoric of the War on Terror: the enemy could be anyone, anywhere, so LOOK OUT! TOTAL WAR! NOW, HERE, IN YOUR BACKYARD!

Characters like Bree Van de Kamp (literally her last name reads as CAMP!!!), modeled after Cherry's own mother, and her gay son Andrew, a clear stand-in for Cherry himself, reinforce this autofictional loop — an echo reverberating through the show's labyrinth of mirrors.

What interests me here is how the show folds back on the world that produced it — an unintentionally self-aware domestic drama becomes a fever dream of the geopolitical present.

Yes, *Desperate Housewives* exists in this tender place between ironic self-referentiality and mindless ideology. A weekly load of perfect containment.

The image shows a view through a window with a dark wooden frame. The view is heavily blurred, showing green foliage and a dark doorway or opening in the distance. The lighting is soft and natural, suggesting an outdoor setting. The overall aesthetic is that of a film or television show, with a focus on color and composition over sharp detail.

The show presents suburban life itself as a self-contained aesthetic system. Wisteria Lane is a gated community, a closed circuit where Underneath the camp and melodrama lies a fable about containment and production. What we witness is not life, but a perpetual afterlife—both narratively and ontologically. The protagonists' desperation becomes a form of reproductive labor—the invisible work of keeping the system intact, cleaning up the mess so the cycle can begin again. Thus we can look at Wisteria Lane as a kind of underworld where housewives drift in eternal return of pastel purgatory.

Mary Alice, the narrator voiceover -- literally dead from the beginning of the show(!!!) -- walks us through the little looping tragedies of desperate protagonists with elegance and peace unaffordable to the living women. A kind of Übermensch gone suburban, the perfectly sealed tupperware we all long for.

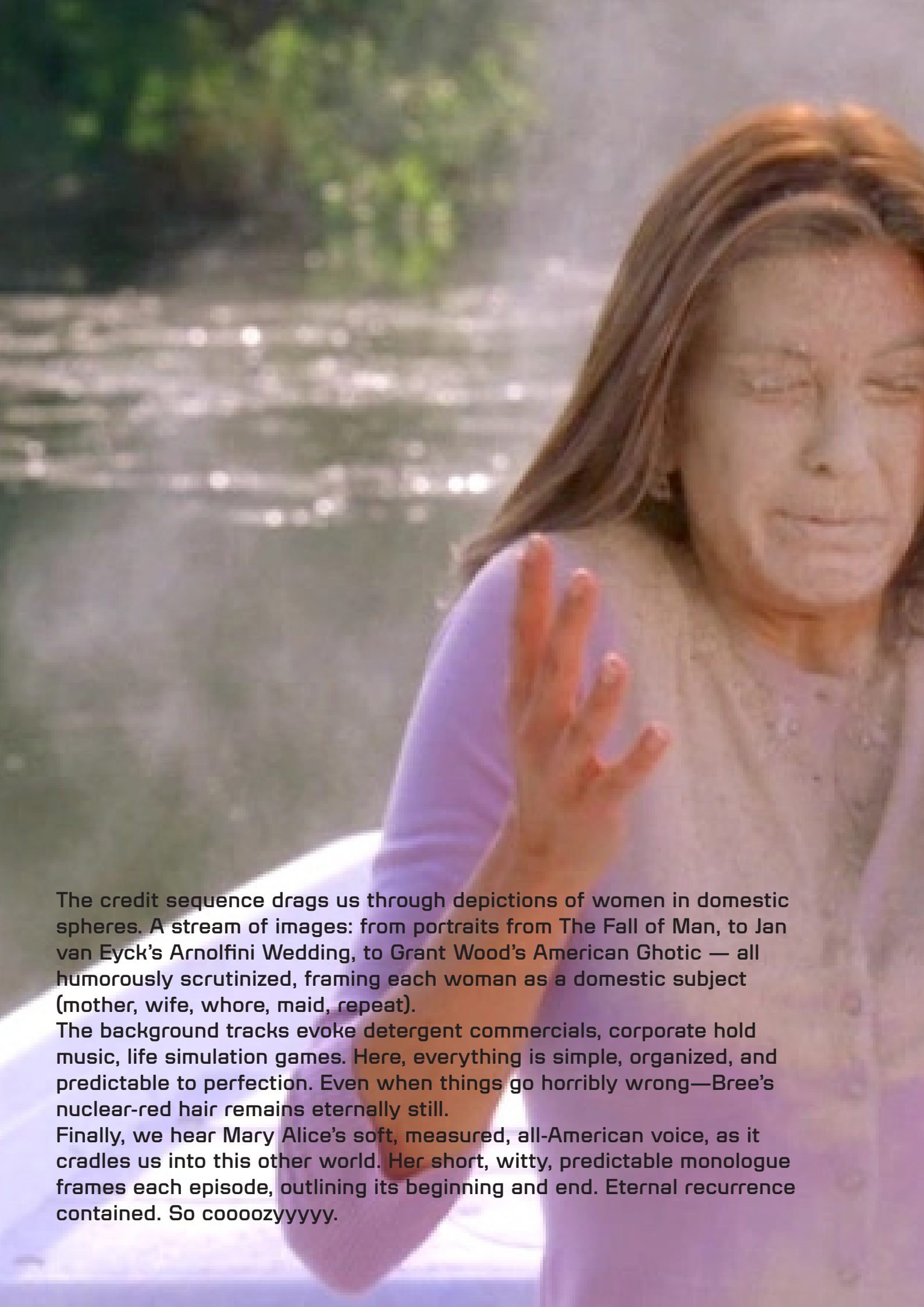


In real time, the show operates as a site of psychic maintenance, detached and serene, a desiring machine feeding on its own excrement. LET ME EXPLAIN!

The show aired 1 year after the US military invasion of Iraq. The early 2000s was a moment defined by a singular contradiction: America was engaged in a war that could never be won, but also could never end. The War on Terror, much like the narrative loops of both sitcom and soap opera, functioned through a kind of perpetual crisis that could never reach resolution—a closed circuit of fear, intervention, recurrence. *Desperate Housewives* emerges from within this cultural moment, presenting a domesticsphere that mirrors this logic: a world where the suburban dream, the ideal image of housewife, citizen, private property function as a container for both real and imaginary terrors of that time and place. And further — the sitcom as a genre could be argued to exist to sublimate and endlessly reactivate the perperpetual threat of total collapse.

The sitcom's historically marginal position becomes fruitful soil for breeding narrative inconsistencies, intentional and unintentional mimicry of other media, the stubborn seeping through of reality into fiction, which becomes part of the show's DNA, its inherent structure.

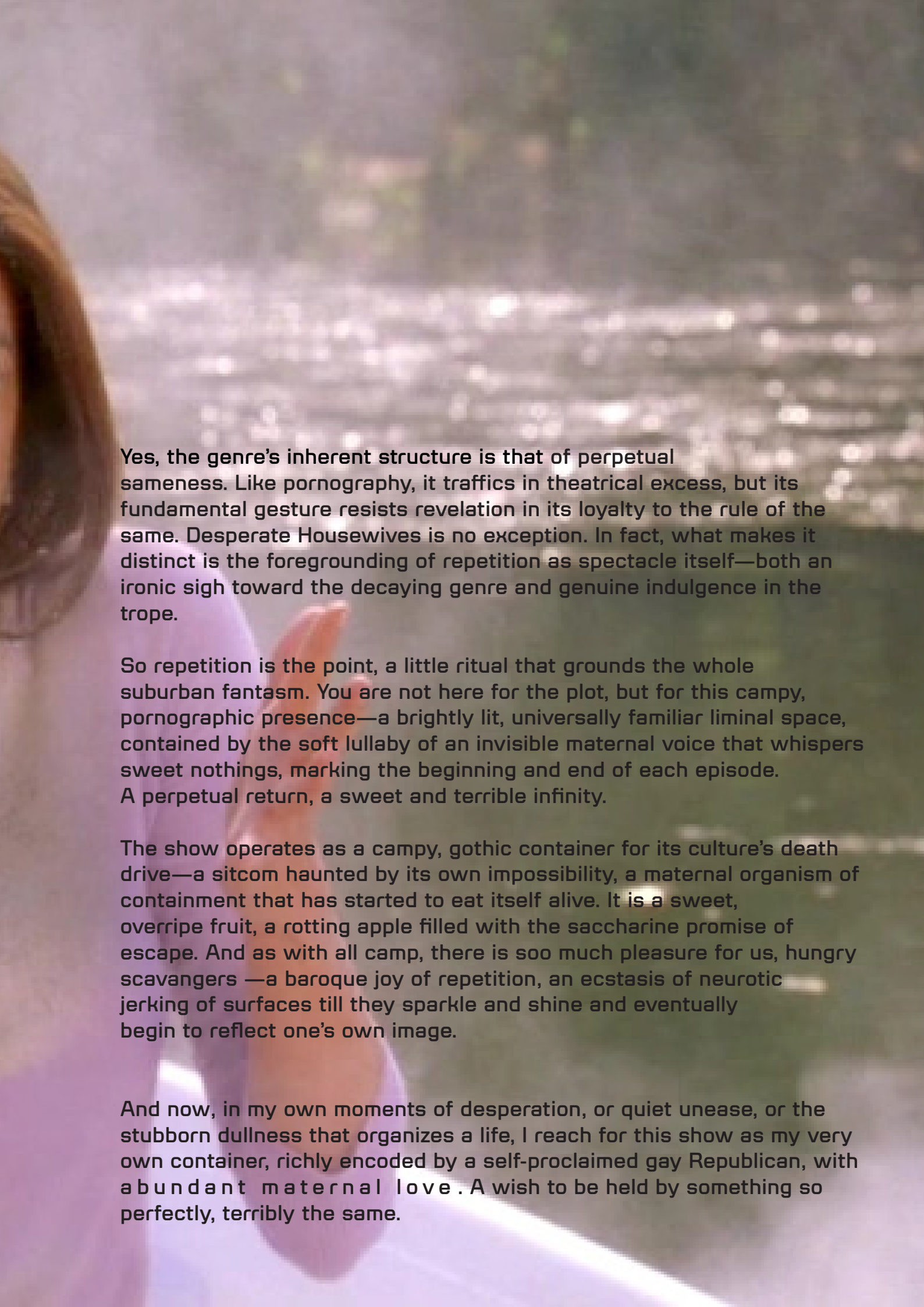
As a container for both the domestic and geopolitical death drive -- a kind of cultural compost, psychic Materials Recovery Facility -- it processes the remains of the American dreams as they break down, feeding on its own delicious rot.



The credit sequence drags us through depictions of women in domestic spheres. A stream of images: from portraits from *The Fall of Man*, to Jan van Eyck's *Arnolfini Wedding*, to Grant Wood's *American Gothic* — all humorously scrutinized, framing each woman as a domestic subject (mother, wife, whore, maid, repeat).

The background tracks evoke detergent commercials, corporate hold music, life simulation games. Here, everything is simple, organized, and predictable to perfection. Even when things go horribly wrong—Bree's nuclear-red hair remains eternally still.

Finally, we hear Mary Alice's soft, measured, all-American voice, as it cradles us into this other world. Her short, witty, predictable monologue frames each episode, outlining its beginning and end. Eternal recurrence contained. So cooozyyyyy.



Yes, the genre's inherent structure is that of perpetual sameness. Like pornography, it traffics in theatrical excess, but its fundamental gesture resists revelation in its loyalty to the rule of the same. *Desperate Housewives* is no exception. In fact, what makes it distinct is the foregrounding of repetition as spectacle itself—both an ironic sigh toward the decaying genre and genuine indulgence in the trope.

So repetition is the point, a little ritual that grounds the whole suburban fantasm. You are not here for the plot, but for this campy, pornographic presence—a brightly lit, universally familiar liminal space, contained by the soft lullaby of an invisible maternal voice that whispers sweet nothings, marking the beginning and end of each episode. A perpetual return, a sweet and terrible infinity.

The show operates as a campy, gothic container for its culture's death drive—a sitcom haunted by its own impossibility, a maternal organism of containment that has started to eat itself alive. It is a sweet, overripe fruit, a rotting apple filled with the saccharine promise of escape. And as with all camp, there is so much pleasure for us, hungry scavengers—a baroque joy of repetition, an ecstasis of neurotic jerking of surfaces till they sparkle and shine and eventually begin to reflect one's own image.

And now, in my own moments of desperation, or quiet unease, or the stubborn dullness that organizes a life, I reach for this show as my very own container, richly encoded by a self-proclaimed gay Republican, with abundant maternal love. A wish to be held by something so perfectly, terribly the same.

MONEY\$

MONEY\$

MONEY\$

MONEY\$

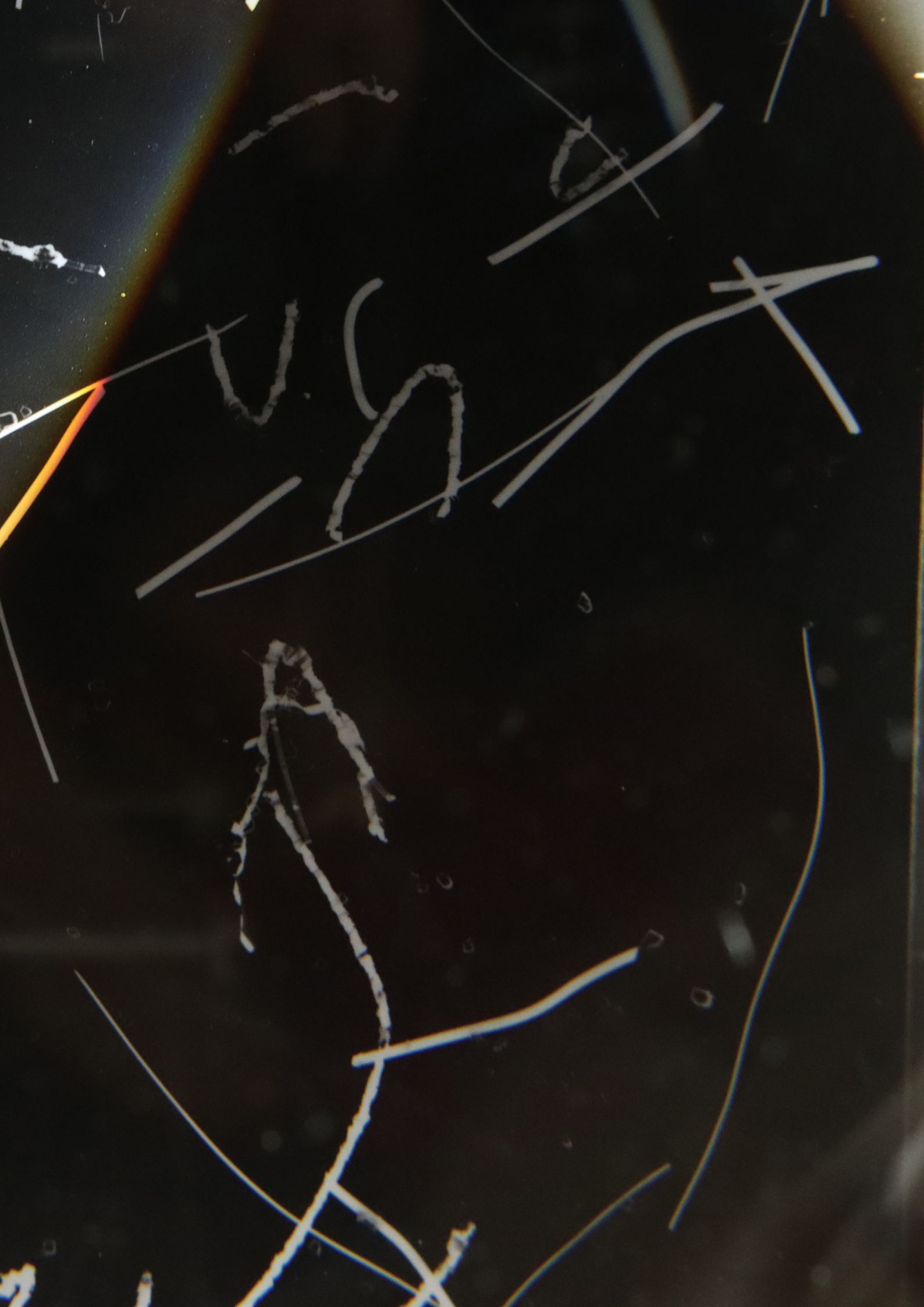
MONEY\$

MONEY\$

Money makes things happen. It is the source of action in the world and perhaps the only power we invest in. In every other respect, in every other value, bankruptcy has been declared, giving money the power of some sacred deity, demanding to be recognised. Economics no longer persuades money to behave. Numbers cannot make the beast lie down and be quiet or sit up and do tricks. Thus, as we suspected all along, economics falsely imitates science.

-- Money and the City,
Robert Sardello



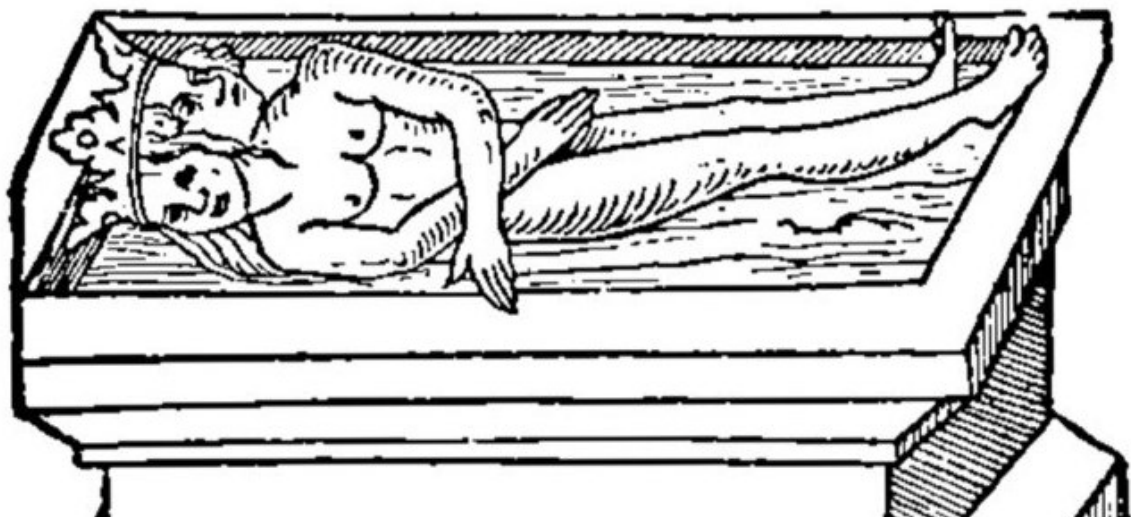
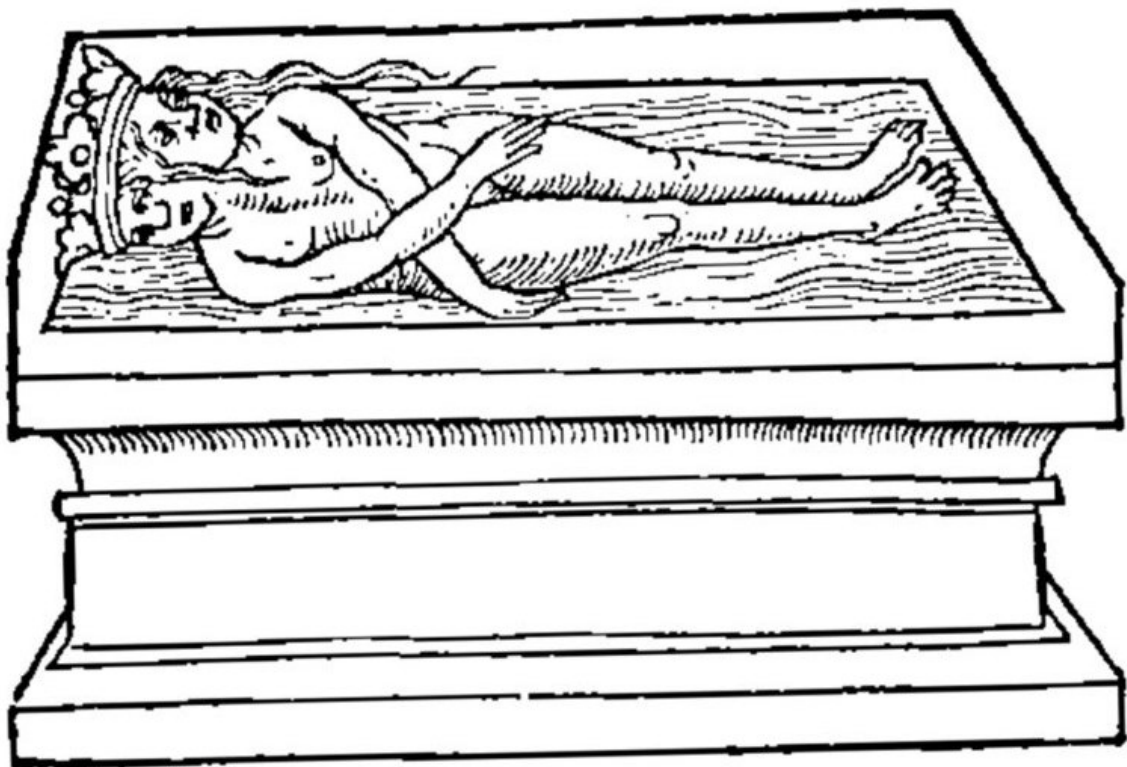


The fundamental principle and the utmost symbol of the traditional world was God. In the modern relativistic world of processes, this role has been assumed by money. In this relativistic social world, it is money that tells us what a given thing is, as we cannot longer determine it for ourselves.

Money is thus the voice of God in our heads, instructing us on the objective value of the world. Money “sees”—and subsequently explains by way of price—the ties and interdependencies that our limited or finite mind is unable to perceive.

-- Simmel and the Posthuman:
Money as the God of Bad Infinity,
Bartosz Kuzniarz







Economics share the language of psychopathology: inflation, depression, lows and heights, slumps and peaks, investments and losses, remaining caught in manipulations of acting stimulated or depressed, drawing attention to itself, egotistically unaware of its own soul.

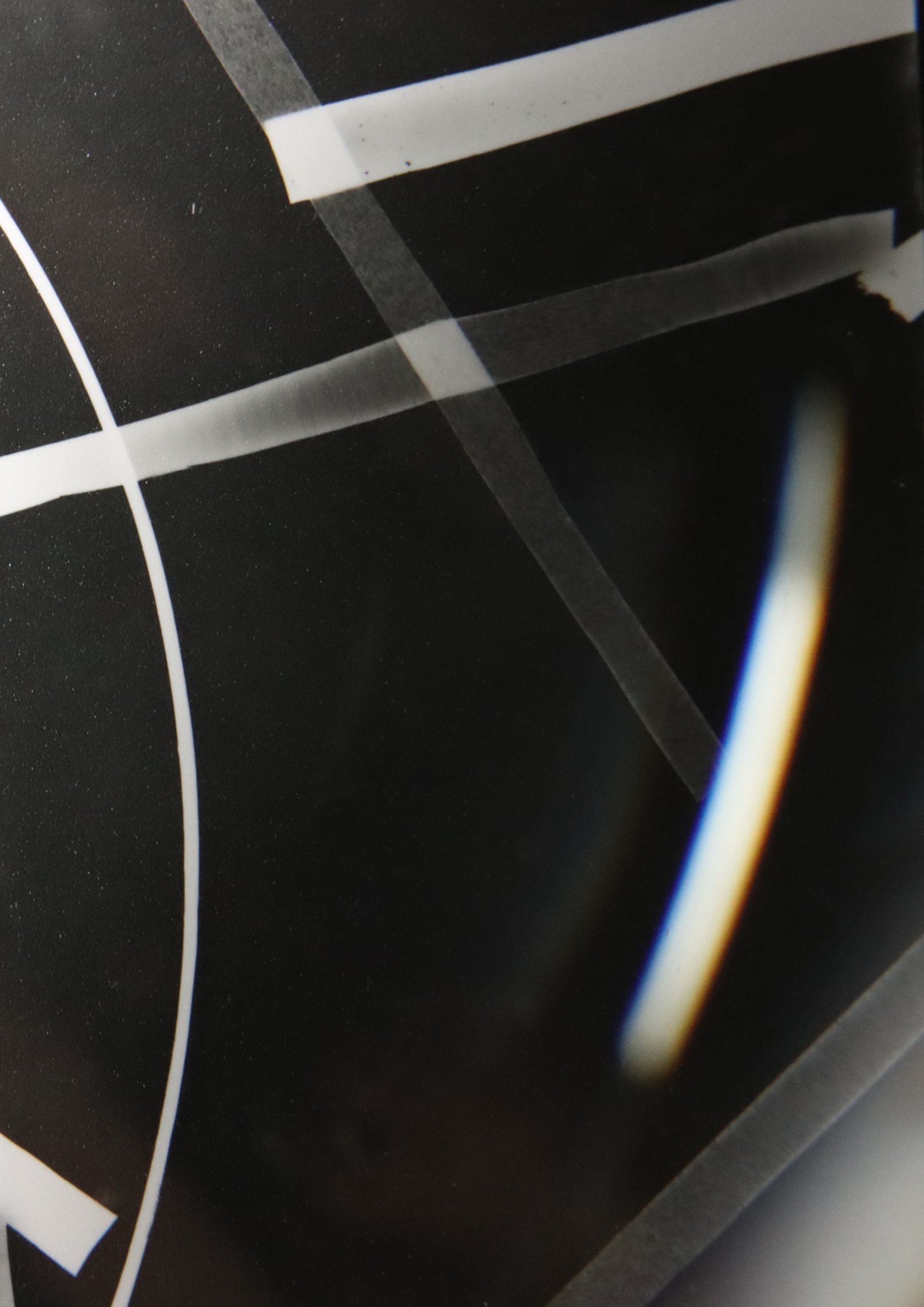
— Emancipation of the Sign, Eero Tarasti



A M I N E or an untapped vein
is not easily discovered; it is for
the gods and divine creatures
to reveal where they lie and to
teach human beings how to
exploit their contents.

natural resources price value settlement
requires military intervention or earth
deities in need of sacrifice?







US Deb

Debt Clocks

World Debt Clocks

US NATIONAL DEBT

748,327,962,372

DEBT PER CITIZEN

\$94,830

DEBT PER TAXPAYER

\$247,766

FEDERAL SPENDING (OFFICIAL)

40,495,510,745

US FEDERAL BUDGET DEFICIT (OFFICIAL)

\$1,426,041,767,293

FEDERAL SPENDING (ACTUAL)

5,126,058,005,836

US FEDERAL BUDGET DEFICIT (ACTUAL)

\$1,511,604,278,813

US FEDERAL TAX

\$4,614,453

TOTAL STATE

\$2,249,740

\$1,254

US FEDERAL DEBT TO GDP RATIO

90% 1980 • **34.58%** 2000 • **57.96%** NOW •

Items

CARE/MEDICAID

157,584,183

SOCIAL SECURITY

\$1,281,891,326,192

Interest

TOTAL INTEREST PAID

34,168,343,961

INTEREST PER ADULT

\$14,420

\$96,

INTEREST RECEIVED

381,913,186

BANK INTEREST PAID

\$38,278,614,087

STUDENT LOAN DEBT

\$1,784,735,201,712

PER STUDENT

\$40,051

CREDIT CARD DEBT

\$1,247,559,101,046

PER HOLDER

Money/ Banking H



and dig this stuff

in

338,794,638

\$20,955,740,950,458

\$651,572,118,747,

546,402,892

\$4,765,815,311,614

\$90,364,005,809,4

BY FOREIGN COUNTRIES

US TRADE DEFICIT

US TRADE DEFICIT • CHINA

US IMPORTED

REVENUE 743,453	REVENUE PER CITIZEN \$13,792	INCOME TAX REVENUE \$2,598,997,618,973	PAYROLL TAX REVENUE \$1,538,796,400,7
REVENUE ,873,353	TOTAL LOCAL REVENUE \$1,262,071,660,746	CORPORATE TAX REVENUE \$444,303,263,230	TARIFF TAX REVENUE \$72,135,642,
STATE DEBT ,530,140,824	DEBT PER CITIZEN \$3,750	LOCAL DEBT \$2,343,344,573,877	DEBT PER CITIZEN \$7,004



STATE/LOCAL SPENDING \$2,140,258	TOTAL DEBT TO GDP RATIO 133.98%	SPENDING TO GDP 37.07%
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US WORKFORCE NOW 161,842,284	OFFICIAL UNEMPLOYED 5,789,707	DOLLAR TO OIL * \$0
US WORKFORCE 2000 * 160,344,146	ACTUAL UNEMPLOYED 11,216,266	DOLLAR TO OIL \$2.16 P
NOT IN LABOR FORCE NOW 99,688,141	FULL-TIME WORKERS 134,988,348	DOLLAR TO SILVER * \$0 P
NOT IN LABOR FORCE 2000 * 81,897,165	PART-TIME WORKERS 26,953,950	DOLLAR TO SILVER \$2.67
GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES 15,421,106	MEDIAN INCOME NOW \$35,842	MEDIAN NEW HOME NOW \$449,560
GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES 23,796,517	MEDIAN INCOME 2000 * \$31,797	MEDIAN NEW HOME 2000 \$163,965
MANUFACTURING JOBS NOW 15,105,308	US FORECLOSURES 105,567	WITHOUT INSURANCE 27,125,874
MANUFACTURING JOBS 2000 * 17,217,286	US RETIREES 58,134,644	US MILLIONAIRES 22,853,602
US RETIREES 58,134,644	MEDICARE ENROLLEES 63,284,981	US MILLIONAIRES 22,853,602
US DISABLED	MEDICAID RECIPIENTS	FOOD STAMP RECIPIENTS

under the ground



Debt Clocks

World Debt Clocks

US NATIONAL DEBT

748,331,913,639

DEBT PER CITIZEN
\$94,830

DEBT PER TAXPAYER
\$247,766

FEDERAL SPENDING (OFFICIAL)

40,496,063,051

US FEDERAL BUDGET DEFICIT (OFFICIAL)

\$1,426,042,219,179

FEDERAL SPENDING (ACTUAL)

5,126,058,585,251

US FEDERAL BUDGET DEFICIT (ACTUAL)

\$1,511,604,757,809

US FEDERAL TAX

\$4,614,453,...

TOTAL STATE

\$2,249,741,...

\$1,254,...

US FEDERAL DEBT TO GDP RATIO

90% 1980 • 34.58% 2000 • 57.96% NOW •

Items

RE/MEDICAID

158,327,285

SOCIAL SECURITY

\$1,281,891,833,309

Interest

TOTAL INTEREST PAID

34,169,515,351

INTEREST PER ADULT

\$14,420

\$96,...

INTEREST RECEIVED

382,169,251

BANK INTEREST PAID

\$38,278,644,413

STUDENT LOAN DEBT

\$1,784,735,342,299

PER STUDENT

\$40,051

CREDIT CARD DEBT

\$1,247,559,401,482

PER HOLDER

Money/ Banking H...



oh, burning fire w

38,794,608

\$20,999,438,518,807

\$651,572,230,423,...

546,402,803

\$4,765,816,745,098

\$90,364,035,111,7...

REVENUE 843,873	REVENUE PER CITIZEN \$13,792	INCOME TAX REVENUE \$2,598,997,352,862	PAYROLL TAX REVENUE \$1,538,796,842,61
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REVENUE ,435,705	TOTAL LOCAL REVENUE \$1,262,071,233,962	CORPORATE TAX REVENUE \$444,303,418,879	TARIFF TAX REVENUE \$72,135,619,
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STATE DEBT ,530,346,684	DEBT PER CITIZEN \$3,750	LOCAL DEBT \$2,343,345,128,195	DEBT PER CITIZEN \$7,004
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STATE/LOCAL SPENDING 4,891,745	TOTAL DEBT TO GDP RATIO 133.98%	SPENDING TO 37.07
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US WORKFORCE NOW 161,842,297	OFFICIAL UNEMPLOYED 5,789,706	DOLLAR TO OI * \$0
US WORKFORCE 2000 * 160,344,153	ACTUAL UNEMPLOYED 11,216,264	DOLLAR TO OI \$2.16 P

NOT IN LABOR FORCE NOW 99,688,143	FULL-TIME WORKERS 134,988,357	DOLLAR TO SILV * \$0 P
NOT IN LABOR FORCE 2000 * 81,897,168	PART-TIME WORKERS 26,953,950	DOLLAR TO SILV \$2.67

MEDIAN INCOME NOW \$35,842	MEDIAN NEW HOME NOW \$449,560	DOLLAR TO GO * \$0 P
MEDIAN INCOME 2000 * \$31,797	MEDIAN NEW HOME 2000 \$163,965	DOLLAR TO GO \$28.63

ent down the legs

MANUFACTURING JOBS 2000 * 17,217,285	US FORECLOSURES 105,568	WITHOUT INSURANCE 27,125,873	PAPER TO GOL 122.46
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US RETIREES 58,134,651	MEDICARE ENROLLEES 63,284,988	US MILLIONAIRES 22,853,606	DOLLAR TO CRYP 16.21
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A PLACE WE DO NOT KNOW

Angel, if there were a place we do not know,
and there

On some ineffable carpet, the lovers, who never could
achieve fulfilment here, could show

Their bold lofty figures of heart-swings,

Their towers of ecstasy, their pyramid

That long since, where there was no standing ground,

Were tremblingly propped together — could succeed

Before the spectators around them, the innumerable
silent dead:

Would not these then throw their last, ever-hoarded,

Ever-hidden, unknown to us, eternally

Valid coins of happiness

Before their pair with the finally genuine smile

On the assuaged carpet?

-- Fifth Elegy,
Rainer Maria Rilke



Guillotine Collective

Guillotine Collective (A Manifesto)

This Manifesto was written by an anonymous group who declared themselves as the founders of the Guillotine Collective. Allegedly during the Fourth Situationist International Conference in London, 1960.

*Everything
Will Be Good
and You Will
Love It*

Everything Will Be Good And You Will Love It

“To me, every hour of the day and night is an unspeakable miracle”.
-- Walt Whitman

This second edition of the Manifesto is regarded as "The Second Testament" of the movement. It adds further expansions to the previously developed principles as well as practical exercises to be used in everyday life.



SIRENS OF THE REVOLUTION

Novosibirsk, 1993

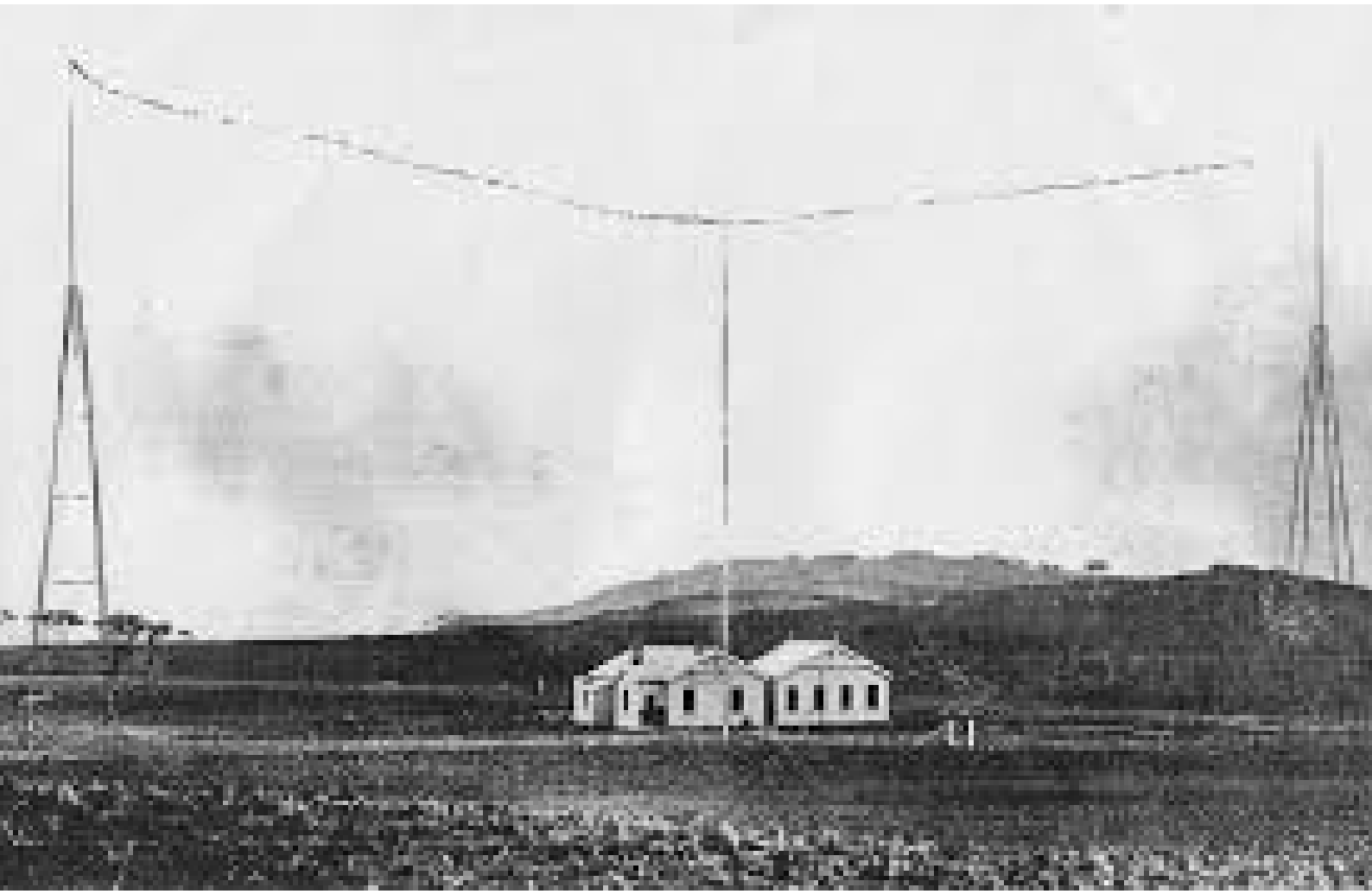
Based largely upon the sensational discovery of previously unknown footage and sound recordings locked in a fridge at the Boreskov Institute of Catalysis at Akademgorodok, this documentary goes deeply into the origins of Arseny Avraamov's legendary performance of Symphony of Sirens (Гудковая симфония) at Baku in 1922. Perhaps the largest sound based performance ever to have taken place, Avraamov redefined the scope and context of the contemporary understanding of the avant-garde and the political nature of art itself.



Read My Desire

Nollywood, 1988

A vibrant rom-com infused with magic realism, following a turbulent love octagon — a passionate entanglement between eight people, each hiding their own skeletons. Between spirit incantations, telepathy, and mismatched timelines, the characters painstakingly grapple with the essence of attraction: supernatural, and all too human.



Love Island

Christchurch, 1958

A visceral exploration of distance, colonialism and pre-wave feminism, this miniseries follows the astonishing true story of the wives sought for three Lutheran missionaries stationed on the Chatham Islands (R•kohu [M•ori], Wharekauri [Moriori]). A perverse but life-changing choice is faced by the putative wives upon arrival, whilst genocide and epidemics prevail on the islands meanwhile.



Golden Standard

Darfur, 2015

An 8-episode reality series set in Sudan's gold mines with real-life employees as cast and crew.
/produced with the generous support of the World Peace Foundation, UN, Saudi Gold Refinery Mining Company, and Gazprom./

ALL FARE



PERFORMANCE SERIES

19-24.00, 31.12.20

ZASTAVKAYA UL, 11-B, ST.PETERSBE



Pontius Pilate.

Revival

Zine presentation
18-21:00, December, 13 2001
Via Norico, 2 Rome

A photograph of a person's legs from the knees down, wearing white socks and black shoes. The person is standing in a grassy area with some water visible. A red blanket or piece of fabric is lying on the grass to the right. The text is overlaid on the image.

My Name Is Melanie Foster

December 12, 2000 - January 30, 2001

Close Ave, 17

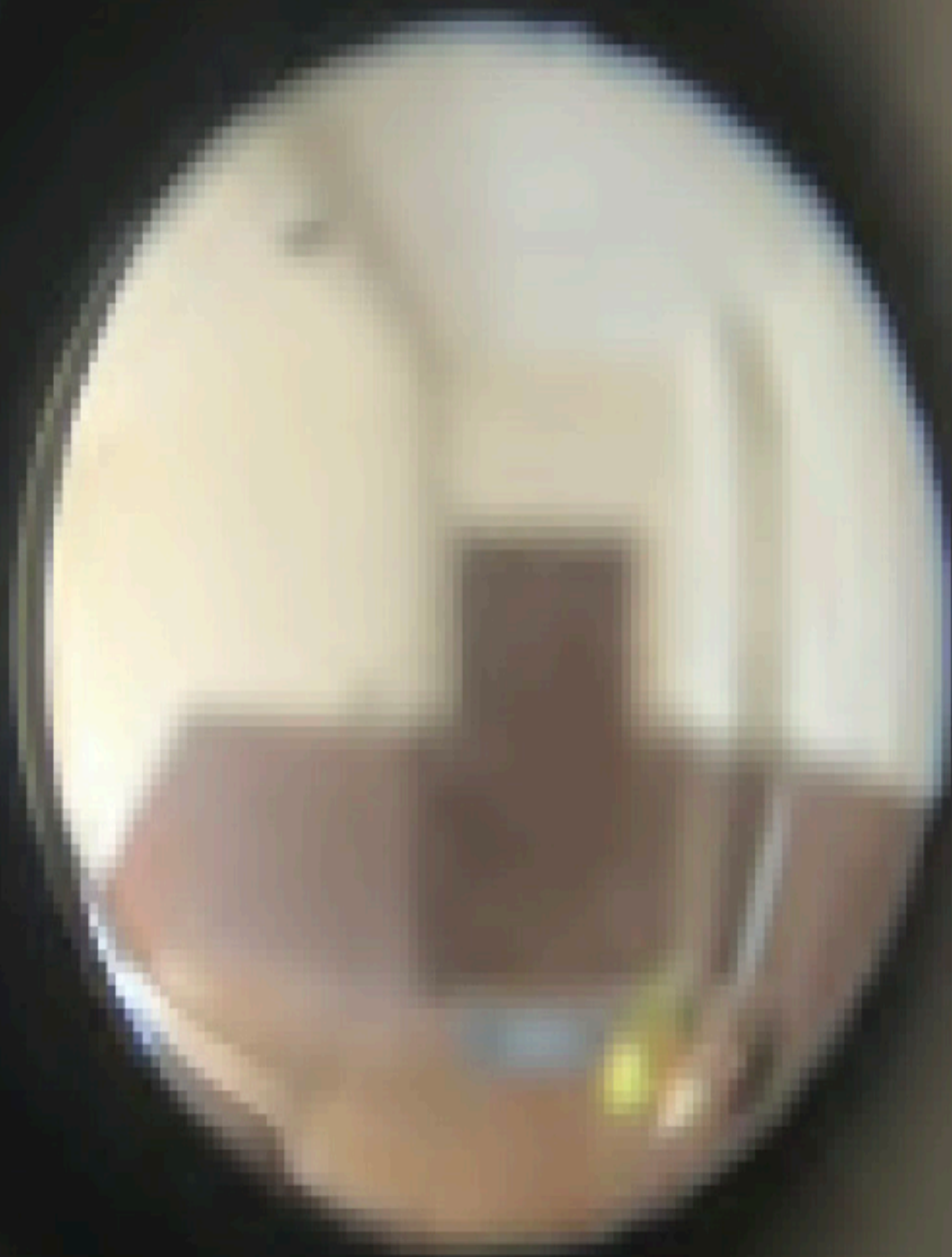
Bronx, NY



gallery tour+ artist talk


Jan 21–Feb 03, 2002 Rue GY 498, Dakar

I Spy With My Little Eye



September 2-23, 2001

Hafenstr, 23, Frankfurt am Main

A photograph of a woman with long dark hair, wearing a black and white patterned sleeveless top, holding a baby. The baby is wearing a dark-colored shirt and is wrapped in a blue and white striped blanket. The woman's hands are visible, supporting the baby. The background is slightly blurred, showing what appears to be a dark screen or wall.

Mommy, come

March 8-21 2002

Sodade2,

Triptolemou 10, Athina 118

