

Rhetorical Grimace

Hello how are you? I missed you.

Did I tell you that I once had dinner with Carl André?

Did I tell you that sometimes I get picked up and sometimes I get picked up and they take me right around the block? It's a good thing I like to travel.

Sometimes I wake up screaming. What I see, what I see... I see an image of myself that is precise and detailed. It's terrifying! I mean I occupy quite a vulnerable position I suppose... not that you'd know that to look at me. It's a good thing I like to eat out. I like to eat out and I like to meet new people. I'm quite gregarious. I like to get involved. What do you do?

Listen, I can't offer the necessary exchange of accreditation and value as outlined in paragraph whatever, but you've got to remember, I am an item disregarded in conjunction with previously agreed expectations. I am a conflation of the deeper realms of a psychologically fragile subjectivity and a strong and certain attempt to create a rational, knowable and justifiable account of the world!

You should tell me about yourself. I like to listen. Did I tell you that I once met Franz West? I mean, who hasn't? I admit I'm a dead weight, I mean I'm very heavy matter. I like to sit in cardboard boxes and sometimes I get picked up and sometimes I get picked up and taken right around the block.

Did I tell you that I'd like to meet someone who shares my passionate curiosity for life? I'm not sure that you'd know that to look at me.

I'm usually available for examination by appointment and will provide an unambiguously engaged response to your probing, groping, prodding and all the other manifestations of your obscene enquiry. Dirty shit. Stick your fingers in my ears, if you dare! Stick your fingers in my eyes, I mean poke them out!

Did I tell you that I once got caught in a damp, dark, dank place? I don't like to talk about it now. There were some dire circumstances and there was very little hope. It's only to be expected though isn't it? It's par for the course, whatever that means. Sometimes I get picked up and taken away and sometimes I don't come back. It's a good thing I like to travel!

I may arrive unannounced and interrupt you in a manner that confounds the delicate balance of our much anticipated relationship. Well, let's hope so! Did I tell you I once met... did I tell you I once... did I tell you?

Listen, you should know that sometimes I wake up screaming. Sometimes I wake up hallucinating, shouting. I see visions of myself in which I am aware of

the profound reiteration of verisimilitude that was previously deemed a necessary counterpoint to my fragile presence.

Did I tell you that I like to get picked up and packed up and shipped on to the next place? I like to get wrapped up. I like the sound the packing tape makes as it stretches off the roll. I like the polystyrene chippings and the layers of synthetic sheeted foam. I like to hear the screech of the screws that secure the lid! I should tell you... I should tell you that detailed instructions got misplaced in an exchange of emails dated sometime between Oct 3rd 2010 and a date as yet to be determined. At this point in time I remain damaged and somehow incomplete. How are you though?

I have begun to lose any unnecessary accoutrements. My non-essential elements will not recreate the previous assimilations of affect. I should advise you that I might require the attention of regulated experts. Well, what did you expect? I juxtapose my own disjunction in alliance with partners in international exchanges of commerce, trade and culture. I also provide my own bedding. Did I tell you I missed you? Did I tell you I once had dinner with Thomas Schütte?

I am all too aware of the rhetorical grind that accompanies the path towards veracity. Did I tell you I wake up screaming in the night? Did I mention that it smells bad down here?

I am an item... I am an item held in some regard by fetishists of a certain age and class. I think they're shits and dirty fucks, I mean, who doesn't? I would like to meet someone who shares my passionate curiosity for life! What do you do? I mean, I like to travel, I like to get about, I like to sit in cardboard boxes, I mean who doesn't?