

Exhibition Text

Jordan/Martin Hell, *THE WAR IS OVER*

21.01 - 05.03.2022

*Quis hic locus?... Quae regio?... Quae mundi plaga?*

O, dark dear heart . . . the little bombs aren't longer dropping. The madness, as it ceases; feeds the famine's pseudo-ending with intra-netting . . . the disease of the dead can be cured & the people can have their houses back to worry into & mothers can have sex lives back to circulate the spitting/spinning of the subconscious collective thought-bearing of today/tomorrow. To reconfigure the arc/angle from near-certainty to insipid trouble is impossible but, we must do our best despite. Moreover, the men must have bread & cursing or who will ogle Google view in absurd anger? O, & the children aren't crying to any gun sounds dying down anymore as signs of terror or timelessness. Now they say, "What war?" when asked & turn towheads to the sun like crumbs upon pavement or water ruddy trees with the birth of flowers which extends happiness 100% more effectively than a blowjob. Everyone whispers to their neighbor, "*What world is this?... What kingdom?... What shores of what worlds?*" I wonder what is going, gone. It's easy to say, "It's time to be done . . ." harder to stifle the mealy soul from producing. Of powder & painting, the last heart shrinks & the stomach takes complete control of the face. You say "amen" through gritted teeth stained blue from fresh blood. Communing cordate mouths in masticating smoke, is that a mini-stroke or a half-stroke? & from what gemini cometh ecstasy? Lungs juxtapose themselves carelessly as the sea can be seen & heard synergizing. I'm reading Dostytsky's *The Double* & I think you heard me when I said, "I want to love you better," because I wanted you to know . . . I want to carve the highest word into my forehead & yours again & again until I've changed or you've changed. "Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain" I take down "your dog-bitten cross" or lol to such tragic bullshit, fall out in the rain as God's extrapolated lunatic— an ass screaming the good news from the battlefield which can't be stricken anymore. When you live as we do, you know that to live by the sword is to die by it's swing. In the apathetic drive by while new father's crush their garbage cans in machines into cubes, the rest of us just get busy. So let's try our hand at being free, why don't we? Paint this brush into the still & watch it brush back at us, a mirror of specterous kinesis. Let be animals & suckle for the smiling king who holds our roasted rumps upon his chin all over again, his budding beard of mustard & his halo golden. O, his & her fake knife, real ketchup! O, the shaking gallows of the putrid ego whose intended half-mast virgin's fuckless double cocks the head to choke out slasher grinning micromasters; men who, exposed in rolling rows of robes of white, now field the roses of an endless night like so much sacred kindling . . .

Jordan/Martin Hell is an interdisciplinary artist and writer. He is the author of two books of hybrid criticism/auto-theory, *S.O.S. Some Oscillations Suck! Collected Poetic Rock Criticism with Translations in Morse Code* and *It's 'Antichrist' to You*. He attended Cooper Union, New York and Städelschule, Frankfurt.