

Jeanette Mundt
Ultra Beauty /// Treating Objects Like Women
8th October – 14th November 2015

Opening & Book launch
7th October, 6 to 9 pm

ULTRA BEAUTY

“I Want You”.

A few days later, the clouds parted – but still no light. Try to imagine all futures redacted into a single point on horizon, stretching past fluorescent canopies and the play of mountains cresting into smooth space. A vision strung together by pink tape and different gradients of wood laminate.

“I Want You, I Want You”.

It's flatter here in the forest. Aporetic and pukey. The twitching of six-legged creatures performing their morning ablutions, flowers poking out of the topsoil like straws. All part of a highly organized vascular system of fiber-optic cables whose sole purpose is to inhale the sun.

“And Outcasts Always Mourn”.

No boundaries. I'll eat anything, really.

—Novembre Magazine

TREATING OBJECTS LIKE WOMEN

All postcards marked: ‘return(ed) to sender,’ idle emissions, promissory notes, lost bank statements. Sense redacted to submission. TBT. No more tongues stretched out to taste the snow and rain, days lost to the sound of trains, defaulting upon the possibility of all elsewhere except for here, all roads leading to Rome, going nowhere. ‘They Tear Him Up, They Eat His Flesh’. The moratorium of the imposed present. Words, thoughts, and sense become muted, dissipate – but forget it, no matter, the cows will bleat on, thank God.

—Novembre Magazine