

# Lukas Weithas

Sissybars

24/11/23–23/02/24



## List of works

1. *fittings for a sissybar*, 2023, steel, spruce resin ointment
2. *embellishment of a sissybar*, 2023, steel, straw cord
3. *motorcycle lift*, 2023, motorcycle lift, laser-cut steel, spruce resin ointment
4. *a louis-vuitton trivet*, 2022, laser-cut steel, 16,5 x 11,5 cm, edition of 10 (CHF 650 each)
5. *untitled*, 2023, silkscreen print, 24 x 15 cm
6. *appenzeller tris*, 2023, leather, nickel silver, laser-cut steel
7. *sixpack*, 2023, farmer energy drinks
8. *men's health*, 2023, steel, concrete
9. *a louis-vuitton fire tray*, 2022, laser-cut steel, 100 x 29,7 x 29,7 cm
10. *untitled*, 2023, silkscreen print, 24 x 15 cm

**[SISSYBARS (which means: masculine dreams mocked by their own fantasies)]** by A. Zühlke

### **Chpt. I: The hallway**

Seems like nothing to see here at first glance. But every now and then absence rumors louder than engines telling stories like this: Come and hold me tight! Come and hold on to me! My engine hums and purrs. Like a comfortable pussycat. [Purrpurrpurrpurrpurr] Can you see my tiny tail fluttering up high with excitement? Squeeze yourself between me and the body that thinks it has me under control, assumes it's steering me. Wrap yourself around these fleshy limbs, but I can feel your heartbeat in rhythm with mine. [Purrpurrpurrpurrpurr] I take care of you. You are my princess. They say metal is cold, but I pulse much more vividly than their tired muscles and heavy eyelids. "You know, this used to be a helluva good country. I can't understand what's gone wrong with it." [see Easy Rider, 1969] - Well, I can tell you. You think you own me, the way I'm jammed between your thighs. But what can I say, you're as free as I am. Every hand that has turned one of my screws has had to give me a little piece of its soul. They vanished. [Purrpurrpurrpurrpurr]. So many hands have petted me, I would be sore if I wasn't a carcass. Your straw-like hair blows in the wind. I can tell you, wherever we go, we fly towards the future. Now be a sweet kitty, don't scratch me, don't claw at my leather, I won't drive away without you, after all you are my most delightful decoration.

### **Chpt. II: The waiting room [AEBI (which means: Physical exhaustion over generations and species is best cured with pine pitch)]**

Lift me up, lift me up (higher, now I'm up)  
Push me up, lift me up (higher, now I'm up)  
Push me up, lift me up (higher, now I'm up)  
Lift me up, lift me up (higher, now I'm up)

Plain talking (plain talking)  
Making us bold (making us bold)  
So strung out and cold (so strung out and cold)  
I'm feeling so old (feeling so old)

Plain talking (plain talking)  
Has ruined us now (has ruined us now)  
You never know how (you never know how)  
Sweeter than thou (sweeter than thou)

Lift me up, lift me up (higher, now I'm up)  
Lift me up, lift me up (higher, now I'm up)  
Push me up, lift me up (higher, now I'm up)  
Lift me up, lift me up (higher, now I'm up)  
[see Moby, 2005]

### **Chpt. III: The meaningless room**

Was I a naughty boy? Why are you holding me so tight? I want to do everything you want. I am strong like a bull; I am ready to prove my loyalty! [growlgrowlgrowlgrowl (which means: Let me obey. Let me obey)] I am as strong as a bull. My strength is immeasurable – let me demonstrate how I have been moving mountains for you for centuries. How I scrape off their thin skin to show you how capable I am. Emotions never come from the depths of my throat, only a sinister growl can serve as proof of my vitality. [growlgrowlgrowlgrowl (which means: Let me obey. Let me obey)]. Feed me, care for me, love me. Then I'll flex my muscles for you. Can you see my tail fluttering with excitement? Give me some space, but please not too much. Hold me tight. The mountains seduce me like you do, I want you to push me, I want to perform for you, I want to burn myself out. [growlgrowlgrowlgrowl (which means: Let me obey. Let me obey)]. I will fall apart like rubble if your gaze doesn't hold me together. You need to need me, otherwise I'm worthless.

Chpt. IV: The procedure room [Wer sich erinnern kann war nicht dabei]

Girl Math: In the absence of the comfort of the warming flames, all that remains is the memory of the hot flushes that made the body tremble when fingers gently stroked the Epi leather for the first time [what tenderness! The wheat gently sways in the wind! See also: Louis Vuitton]. We were as innocent and desirous as the summer. But like everything, it did not last. Now we stare a hundred times into a hole, and the vague desire that clings to the memory shaped cut outs warm us better than the clutch we never pressed against our flanks.

Boy Math: This Trip with the Dudes was really relevant. [gulpgulpgulpgulpgulp] We havent been working hard for the last few weeks, therefore that we can't allow ourselves this little freedom now. [gulpgulpgulpgulpgulp] We're only young once. It's okay that we can't speak, but only growl. [gulpgulpgulpgulpgulp] There's not that much to talk about if we're honest. Our muscles are tired, our eyelids heavy. Because we had to drag freedom all the way to the desert. We don't have any princesses, but they could hold us tight. [gulpgulpgulpgulpgulp] Please give us our belts, please.