

I have been seeing two pianists – Pete and Joe. They knew nothing about each other for a long time, although both sensed that something was weird. Then I lost my voice from the exhaustion of rehearsing twice a day and I had to come clean. I told Joe first, as one would a lover. I went back to Sunset Park. In the glow from Pete's macbook screen we quietly returned to work on Bach and Scarlatti. I decided to put Joe on the backburner. Who was I kidding? We will perform our five minute opera "Enkidu, If I Were You" here at Albus Greenspon at the end of the month.

It is spring, my baby. The streets of New York are so busted we can barely walk on them. The city is bankrupt. I see you stumbling towards another from my window. I'm late. I'm in a yellow cab and my

i-phone just cut you off. Actually, I hung up on you. I hung up on you @me.com.

We try to share. As galleries in the same city we share artists. We share jealously.

Jack, these songs are about that.

Because attention is currency one family can bankrupt another when mama spends too much time at the neighbor's. The west side confuses her in a fresh way. At GBE she spilled soup all over her new T-shirt thinking about her friends who live close to the Fukushima nuclear plant.

Chinatown I miss you. These are songs of love and loss.

On May 9th Pete Drungle and I are performing live music at the gallery. We are trying to take our collaboration to the next level.

This time, for example, we decided to pair Syd Barrett's surrealist song "If It's In You" with The Goldberg Variations by J.S Bach.

The computer helped us butcher the Variations and Frankenstein them back together. Through cut and pasted midi files Pete made our demented sheet music. Then our bodies had to learn it. We called Helga Davis. Proenza Schouler's dress is also a Frankenstein. The lace it is made from was drawn on a computer. A robot sewed/drew it onto tulle; the tulle was then dipped in acid which burned away the unwanted parts and created lace.

Matt Mazzucca brought rubber, Vaseline and a staple-gun and made us a set.

It's the season and the auction houses are haunted by artworks in limbo. Rumor says some sales are rigged to increase action. One painting in this exhibition is a self-portrait and an advertisement for the show. The time of an artist's emergence and their work showing up at auction is shockingly brief. With this painting I decided to cut to the chase.

A new body of paintings hang on the gallery walls. They double as baffles for the sound of the music.

The Hills are alive, The City is on.

I have a boner.

Odilon Redon.

The dove in the bathroom window at Reena Spaulings broods her egg. We use the toilet carefully when we see her angry eye through the glass, so she won't fly away.

You had better get \$10 000 so you can freeze your own eggs, Miss.

Djuna Barnes would have barfed. She favored bestiality over child bearing. Thelma Wood knocked her teeth out. Sometimes violence clears the air. I'm coming for you, bitch.

That creep! Yuck. How could you?

But wait, you are gorgeous, out of control, disappearing down into the subway, which is also possessed.

Hetero-normativity, My ass.

Darling, save yours.

E. S.

May 2011

The exhibition design was made in collaboration with Amy Greenspon and Matt Mazzucca. Joe Heffernan and I will play next door at 75 Morton St. at the beginning of the fall.

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