

Galerie Éric Hussenot in paris. A summer show landscapes mostly and environments that are hostile, environmental in the sense of a bedroom and slipknot t-shirts. I can barely sit through a half hour tv show I don't know anyone who could stand a whole movie. It is my guess that some of the works in this show want to rub on each other, shed their spores and once inoculated leave their frames permanently. And the others are holes, points of negativity and crudely scrawled in "Artist's Shit." All of my recent thoughts were repulsively over embellished to the point of vertigo.

Drinking wine I'm having a cigarette and we're talking my plate lightly warmed langoustines in their broth drips of butter and crème de violette with ice going down nicely checking the phone incessantly meant to focus on the ass instead returned to Facebook by muscular default. Luckily there are moments of delight, textures that the perceptual apparatus has not yet completely subordinated and I'm ordering a nice big plate of pasta with a big red sauce. Summer at the house in X after the show we will finally be able to unload the twelve backpacks filled with bricks of heroin we shipped with FedEx.

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