

NEW TONI
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Dominik Sittig
STRAWS

In dark times
Will there also be singing?
Yes, there will also be singing.
About dark times.

BERTOLT BRECHT

The belief in the right of the stronger, in the privilege of those who hold power and possession, will probably never disappear from human life.

One might phrase it—considering what is happening in the United States and also here in Europe—in a somewhat pompous or precisely accurate way.

The desire and the ego are simply too great for that.
As is the admiration for those who have made it, who manage to make it—who *succeed*.

As if the desire for POWER were nothing more than a perfectly natural and self-evident wish. As natural and ruthless as enjoying it once you have it.

There is a saying—I can't remember where it's from—that goes: Whoever doesn't want to wield power will have it wielded over them, sooner or later... something like that.

But what if you don't want to engage with the logics of power at all? On the other hand, you also don't want to end up *marginalized* or *crushed*?... What then?

The lamb... it's not really the Christian Agnus Dei, but somehow it is, an unintended parody, a cliché... I don't even know if this happened before or after the insults, maybe that doesn't really matter in the end. But the thing with the little lamb, how he is so happy about the little white lamb that's brought to him on stage, that's... such a beautiful image: Someone had handed it to him from the side of the stage, and there's a photo of it, where he's just holding it, cradling it in his arms, and he, Morrison, looks so sweet with his dark, thick full beard, and he's smiling so adorably and surprised, and even the lamb, with its little lamb mouth, in his arms, seems... somehow... in a good mood.

It was this Miami incident in March 1969, during a Doors concert at the Dinner Key Auditorium, when Jim Morrison, completely drunk, kept attacking the audience with questions like: *You didn't come here for the music, did you?* and: *You came for something else – what is it?* and: *Come on!* and: *You wanna see my genitals, don't you?* and kept announcing that he was about to do it—strip naked—because after all, everyone was only here for one reason: to see his damn ass and his cock naked. Later, in an interview, he said that it was his declaration of independence—independence from what people wanted to see in him, from what they desired, the sex symbol as an obscene mirror and caricature. And that night, he didn't sing a single song, at least not in the way people were used to hearing them. He distorted his voice, growled, squeezed and pressed what would have been better heard full and clear, and kept abruptly stopping to rile up the crowd. And during his aggressive rants, he repeatedly brought it back to the idea that he was about to pull *it* out, to show *it*.

When I was fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, and so fascinated by Morrison, I could never truly imagine, and still cannot—despite having seen so many photos of him and even film footage, both color and black-and-white—what it might have looked like when he was completely naked, his penis.

And there are no photos from that performance in Miami on March 1st, '69, where you can actually make anything out, no proof that he actually exposed himself; just ones where he's using his right hand, extensively and somewhat awkwardly, *fumbling around* in his leather pants at the crotch—

How he then sings about it, no, he calls, yells, roars—there's a recording, without video, just sound—in which he says he wouldn't speak of revolution, not of demonstrations, but of having a good time, having fun, dancing, and that he wants to see them—the audience—dance, and not just here in the concert hall, but especially outside, in the streets, in life.

How he immediately insults them in the next moment, calling them nothing but *fucking idiots*, just a *bunch of slaves* who let themselves be pushed around, and who would actually enjoy it, absolutely love it, if they were shoved, mistreated, exploited, broken, oppressed.

And at one point, he asks them directly:

What are you gonna do about it?

And he doesn't stop:

What are you gonna do about it?

What are you gonna do about it?

And it gets more intrusive, more twisted, louder:

What are you gonna do about it?

What are you gonna do about it?

What are you gonna do about it?

What are you gonna do?

What—are—you—gonna—do?

What—are—you—gonna—do?

Then the concert, his frenzy, continues. And he repeats once or twice that it's *not* about revolution, *not* about demonstrations, *not* about taking sides or rebellion, but only about dancing, having fun, *bringing joy* to each other and to oneself; and that it's about love, about LOVE, LOVE, LOVE...

But love, what does that even mean?

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