

Four Rooms for visitation. Partly occupied. Possibly populated. Featuring Mathis Altmann, Jill Mulleady, Lucie Stahl, Hannah Weinberger. Ring the bellhop.

Please step forward. Shhhhh. Are you whispering? You're not invisible. This was staged. The sounds of people echo here. Yes, maybe it's a neighbor. Those are the sounds of desire. Do you have hearing problems? Please go left.

Property. The most inalienable right. No. To own it. Shave off the trimmings of domestic aspirations and you'll find all those adored treasures cast away. Primary to secondary markets, shifting tastes aren't planned obsolescence. In a pyramid scheme, only the top can reflect upon itself. It's a sign of the times. London Sensitive. Hands in the pockets. The heart of the matter is for seeing, not touching.

Crossing the threshold now.

Heading inwards. Warm enclosures unfurl into an abyss. Origins are mysterious territories. Die Landschaft. Der Vaterland. Die Muttersprache. Semiotic sex changes. Yes, this is a battlefield. Listen, can you hear it? Crimson. Is screaming the only way to be heard? An informant.

Moving forward.

The air is thick. Shadow grabbers aren't always fictional. The purple carpet masks the stains. Here... Every surface turns inwards. A trap of color with no way out except into the flames. The view is nauseating. Poisonous things. Care for a cigarette? The train was never taken. Stop. That isn't a painting, it's a reflection.

Sensual memories live in the tissues. Huff it. The cauldron boils. Pink pets chatter and erections swim in the pool. Boozy neighbors. No control. The gossip is louder. So hot it sizzles. Wash up. You can't text here. Do you need gas-x? Excuse me!

Oh, and don't lock the door...

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