

LENA HENKE
SHE SAID SOMETHING LIKE: DON'T LET ME WALK THE STAIRS
AGAIN I SAID: BUT YOU LIVE THERE

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December 1st - January 6th
Opening reception, Dec. 1st, 7 - 10 pm
Afterparty @ Rbar, 452 Meeker Ave, Brooklyn
10 pm - ...*

gate of some hell
at home to choose the class of the healer
virtually cured proportions as a reward for this responsibility
a man that just perspires
his shirt in financial times pink with a drip of sugared drool. It stays there and collects the dust of all prospective bumpiness
his face contorted with rage his little fists clenched in fury
loudly speaking of containers and how to fill them
his reasonably well inflated right cheek let go of the air it was holding
start a sentence with the weight of what it means to include the factor human
we'll need a pinafore

as if gustav vigelands self-portrait in hardest granite pointing its finger to its head aiming to say this is for people who deserve respect for
dressing casually
always asking love
affection
darling
honey
frieze of life

a certainly well defined individual forcing its habits to congregate with above mentioned description of how to behave as the owner of a
soul
exposed to sun and viewers and so on
consciousness consumed by the afterlife and consciousness consumed again
it sucks and gustav vigeland represents the antithesis of all these things

rewind shaking your long hair joyfully
to turn tedium into a solid proposal
relatively weak people shown in strong gestures
figured states of the human condition.
the utmost logical achievement by gustav vigeland and by his believers the larger than life-sized simplification of atemporal and
unquestioned sociological matter the subsequent contextualized identification of it as potential sociopolitical matter defining it as
incoherent or especially coherent to the conditions of the now or of the self or of the new self or both or both

I wish they had phones up in heaven
parenthetical beautifully handwritten note "nature in relation to culture" three dots like stars or raised voices of father figures

newly aged capacities
a takeaway gift is solving absolutely no problem here
bagged in transparent carriers of immaterial subject matter the delusional perception of traditionally highly valued emotion
depicting the false dichotomy of the consequences of believing in sayings like
dramatical reduction of empathy and the consequences of believing in sayings like
get money, or eat dirt
followed by extra long weeks in dungeons or in the park

the actor who's name didn't come to my mind stood right behind me tapped my shoulder named his name
wetting his face in the bathroom before returning to the storyline
with refilled agency
he bought us time to stand together tightly on solid ground
personally perceiving imprints received from sitting on public-accessible sculptures on each others thighs
if you want to have feeling you write something
buy the spurious son some turgid cologne water please

- felix riemann

