

The malignancy of Stupidity: the cutest evil (la coscienza sporca), le perroquet...Yesterday sounded too sentimental...once more: repression/negation/vulnerability...BOTH SHOWS SHOULD HAVE THE SAME TITLES...I like your note about friendship.

Sharing the same title for two art exhibitions cannot really be considered an act of friendship. Including friends might also include the possibility and fear of losing them. Do you know that I recently promised myself to stay away from any kind of emotional involvement and sophistication? They make you crumble. HORIZONTALITY. Your video is sour but smells like cotton candy. A candid anathema. I DON'T WANT TO FORAGE ANY CULTURAL ENTERTAINMENT. Sharing the same title sounds more like sharing pains and joys. Do u care to go back to sentiments?

The small evil, small bad things. The small bird, the small evil. Evil presents itself as cute. The bird is cute. Evil is cute. Evil does not always come as sinister, as always incendiary, as an obvious malignant pulse. Throughout the film, the bird is relief, comic relief, but in this cuteness, in this deception to the present moment, it is also evil. ~~Cuteness is a neoliberal affinity. Snapchat, google, Instagram, facebook and Northern Europe are all exceedingly cute.~~

“I get naked because women have gotten naked before me,” Sands Murray Wassink reads as he wears his Kate Millett Festival olive coloured t-shirt, naked.

“But, you know,” Orlando answers as Kate, *“these roles are very negotiable, unfortunately they become conflated when what we are truly looking for is symbiosis in an inter-subjective non-gender conforming coalition. But you know then, also sometimes, in the garden I also do my own thing, sometimes I just toil the soil.”*

CELESTIAL OPULENCE. SUCH A BEAUTIFUL SKY.

We will probably make some soft drawings with soil, widespread on the floor. They might be accidentally cute, but they won't call into question the devil. I've always believed that I had met him when I was a child and that my grandmother rescued me. I was scared of the devil. Those drawings will be cute, yes, but will be more about fear, untold whispers, unspoken love. Gentrified anger. Just like our works. Let's accept this only inconvenience.

NEGOTIATING MY DARKNESS WITH A FLUORESCENT STOMACH.

I want to keep on cultivating that melancholic mood I wasn't really able to tell you about.

The Perroquet's cut iridescent feathers smother the space, heaved emerald green wings reverberation: yellow, orange, red, blue, wings outspread, evil impenetrable locked despite everything to beauty, even in cuteness.

Dan Bodan

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20th century beauty (and everything before and after) lacks the intricacies of ugliness. I look in the mirror and grin. your pours were large like the discoloured teeth in my asymmetrical gums. but you loved me most. don't lie. you tell your friends.

9 Likes

Lily Robert is pleased to invite you to the shows *The malignancy of Stupidity: the cutest evil (la coscienza sporca)*, *le perroquet*...Yesterday sounded too sentimental...once more: repression/negation/vulnerability...**BOTH SHOWS SHOULD HAVE THE SAME TITLES**...I like your note about friendship.

<http://www.lilyrobert.com/exhibitions/past/the-malignancy-of-stupidity-the-cutest-evil>