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I don't always want to be an artist. Part of it to me is about carrying around a heavy load of ideas and an intense drive to write about them. By writing I mean making art. By writing, I like to imply the gesture of my hand so may I also call it painting? Is it controlled? Is it messy? Is it queer as a two-dollar bill?

Politics are intrinsic here, activating questions and thoughts in the world we live in today; all wars considered. It's a load of dirty clothes for most in the United States. However, I wear dirty clothes every day. Cleaning, putting away the mess, taking the visibility out of mess, making mess invisible, belongs to the privileged. Visibility now marches into the room, on the paper.

I think of my basic gesture as the American middle finger flying in the air of defiance. We're supposed to be rebels anyways. I will name the specificity of my stance. Two able bodied legs supported by the ground in the United States of America, foreign soil.

So who owns what and why? Who claims to own the unknown thing that dares not bare its name? If one had to live in a closet, lying out of necessity, does the closet ever leave the room?

Persona is a reaction to Patriarchy. As everyone searches for their true self, they use the fake one they have been given, or fail miserably at that effort. Authenticity is slippery. Mimicry is the tenet of femininity.

It's so rude when an acquaintance maybe friend says, "I'm going out with my girlfriends tonight, me and my girlfriend, I just love all my girlfriends, and I really need to have girlfriends." The gendered friendships keep slapping me on the face with their hallowed placement. Now every time I here a sex signifier I become suspect. I feel like there must be something conservative lurking around it. And these days you can guarantee if something is called a Women's group, it's usually for conservative means.

It's scary how activist terms can get co-opted to the point of innocuous. Yet still I am part separatist and have no problem with making statements about Men. Oh Power. No problem at all. Bold statements regarding the still dominant sex, but oh how those women dream that's behind us. It's oh so embarrassing for straight people. Ha ha ha. Must we really bring that up? Let's just party and have a good time. tickle tickle he he. Me and my girlfriends are liberated.

Stereotypes can't contain the people within them. It's violent. So take me on my own terms, or lay yours out so that I can see them. Take a position. I'm wary of silent terms, unspoken, invisible ground.

I'm still not fitting in. I'm a collision. You know what I mean?

My jeans are dirty. The special black jeans from Trash & Vaudeville where the punks have been making the same cut of jeans since the real deal. The ass has ripped so many times, just came back from the tailor at the dry cleaners, and I feel like I am walking around with a diaper on. It's weird but my ass still looks good in them. I wish I could afford new clothes. Some avant-garde designer with the freakiest weird shit, who knows if they even sell it to stores even.

I still believe in the male gaze. Seems like everyone has given up on that.

Different ideas. I'd like to dress up as each of my friends and take their portrait, a portrait of me, an homage. Maybe I'll do it but I wonder if it's worth it.

The underwear were merely a symbol for the body. The location of the most disgusting form of abjection. I chose the underwear for the location. I buy used underwear. Everyone says they don't do it. I mean, I check the crotch and make sure it's not stained, and only if they are like really cool or interesting. And of course I wash them before I wear them. A friend lost my favorite pair of crotch-less panties while performing in the Miss L.E.S. Pageant. Can't blame her for that. I got them from a Saver's in Springfield. Now used crotch-less panties no worries. They were low-cut, black lace, from the 70s.

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I like to carry around my twenty-something half finished notebooks and journals. I want to finish them because I don't want to waste the paper. I wish I was an eco-terrorist, but I try to get close. So I try to carry around them with me wherever I go if it is a significant amount of time. I have little ones and regular too. At a certain point a journal will become so time specific that I can't possibly add to it. Then I will tear out the unused pages and recycle them, making lists and notes and whatnot. I'm so jealous of those hyper organized people. They probably keep their lists in their journals and never fall behind deadlines.

The fancy ones are nice. I can't afford them all the time, but then who cares. If they get too precious yr fucked because the pages' value combat the value of your words. You see someone with those pristine perfect notebooks, perhaps in black leather? You wonder, what kind of ideas are going into that special notebook? Probably ones that are continuing to make that person richer. I digress, but details like that are always on my mind. I'm not jealous, just aware. Details, like I was saying. Signifiers as others properly note.

I look cute today and I would like to go somewhere and be appreciated for it. Guess I'd like to go thrift shopping or somewhere public or something in a cruising zone but my money is so tight I can't even afford that, much less the cab I would need home. I suppose most people could resolve that problem on the Internet, a blog or whatever. I need immediacy, human contact, and human feelings. I need to feel desired.

I'm really pushing it now in a total new over the edge way. Credit cards are maxed out, no more savings. It's weird to identify with what the politicians are saying, like hey that's me. No Health insurance, no nothing, broke. hahaha. Borrowed some cash from a friend. Never done that before. Big fucking sigh. I'm freaking out about food but I still continue to look glamorous and that is so confusing. No not the looking part, that's confusing to other people, it's the notoriety. I'm not supposed to complain about that. It's just alienating when you're broke. And I'm an elitist, and educated, total cultural elitist.

Downwardly mobile they used to say and still some may say about me. It doesn't stick though anymore. My generation can't expect to do better than their parents, like our parents could. So there is a downward shift and then slap on being an artist, slap on fighting to be an artist, and downward the finances go. Maybe I'm just in shock cuz I was raised middle class.

Isn't that so embarrassing for some people? Yet they don't know what it's like to have nothing to lose. I wonder how much my not boring life is worth. It sure is fetishized. Glamour. Is that what it costs? It feels like poetic vindication to all the boring straight people out perhaps. They've got the Internet, TV, and magazines but not the people.

I'd like to just walk around and let my tits accidentally fall out of my shirt, or hang out. I'm an exhibitionist so it gets me off. Ask an old crotch and she still may say it's an offense against women. I'd like to offend men and women simultaneously....

I feel subservient to the politically righteous conceptual artists of my peers. They frame themselves in such a safe way, who could argue? If you did, if you dare to disagree, then you disagree with the politics. Sometimes I feel like that is what is put on the line, challenge me and my feminist work and that means you are ignorant and patriarchal. And I don't know what they risked. I guess I want that. I want to feel a little passion. I want to put up a high school art show. I'm not a minimalist. I want to make a mobile, can't decide out of what.

"I pledge allegiance to shit" is what my Born Against t-shirt said in high school. A soldier saluting a coffin. I got sent home one day for wearing it. Maybe I can find it on eBay. I almost got up to do just that as I wrote it.

So here I AM an artist and what do I have to hold on to? Some respond RIGHT ON SISTER, I am feeling you. Others are confused think, she's asking me to look at her and look away at the same time. I feel compelled to look. Another says FUCK YOU TOO....