



Zoe Barcza
Property Sex

February 24 - March 25, 2018

As you enter the house you are acting a bit remote controlled. Being remote controlled is sexy. The house is a perfectly impersonal interface for hosting images of intimacy and all your other needs. Shades of grey that form a backdrop for the waves of your desire. The ebbs and flows of a bathtub. This house knows you better than you know yourself. It is the soil you need to plant your soul seeds. It's all around you as you try to lure the landlord to give you the contract by revealing some of your intimate self. This ritual of self sacrifice and transgression allows you to hack the system. There is a glitch in the lord, he wants to have sex. Survive by offering your body to the lord. Now you see yourself from the point of view of the lord, you are down on your knees. Him and you are parts of a perfect machine, it needs you to pump.

The image splits and you are able to map out and see the layout of the house. The idea makes you want to cum. He is inside you. You are inside him eating yourself out. Both of you are having sex with the house. Keep pumping until you come, feel the convulsions, the sex crash, the ego crash, the come down.

The artists name is Zoe, meaning life. The sea is a metaphor for me. She makes it literal by painting herself. A portrait of the artist as a babyfaced actor. He is the magical being that makes the screen come to life. Light reflects on his soft skin, the paintings seem to shine.

- Olga Pedan

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