



ORTEGA y GASSET
Gazette

DECEMBER 2013

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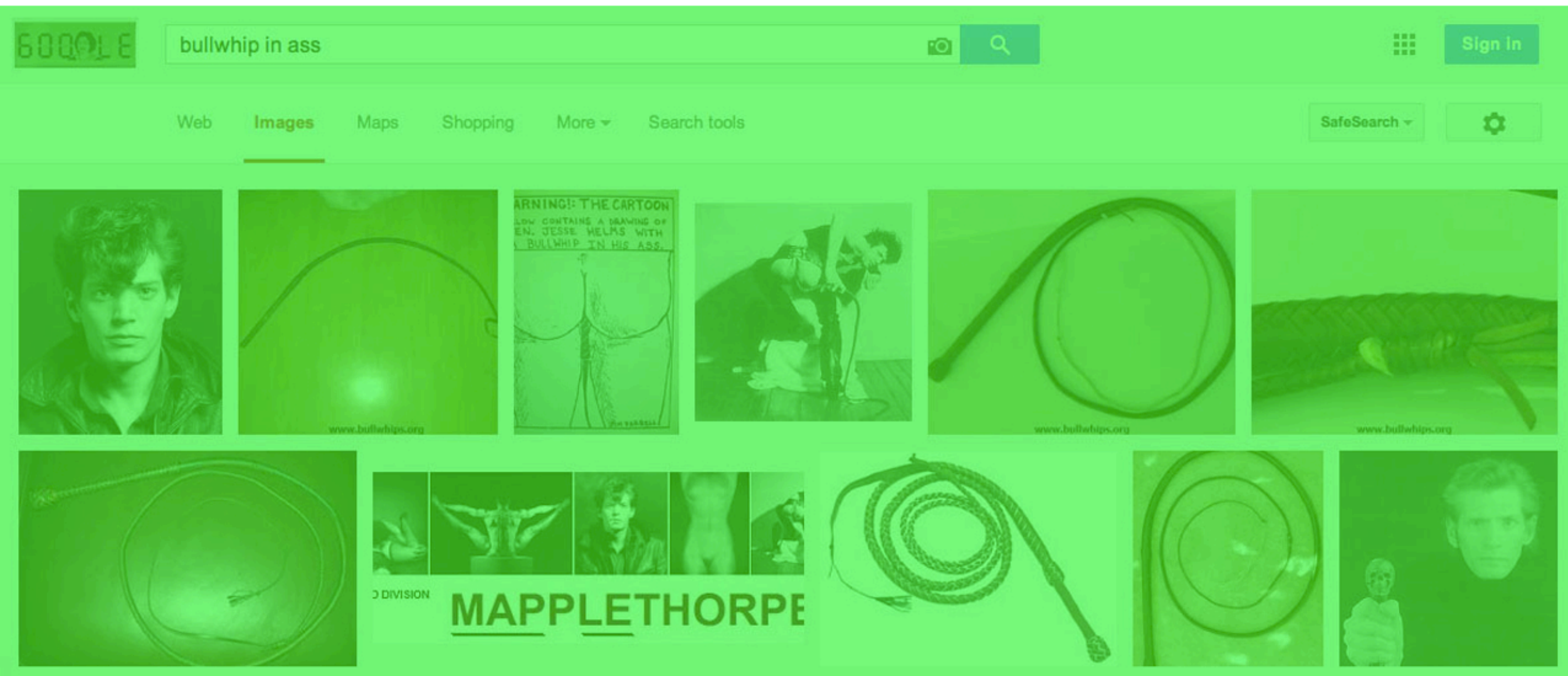
Gazette

The ORTEGA y GASSET **Gazette** is a digital publication, produced monthly by artists, writers and thinkers associated with O y G Projects. This month's contributing artists respond to excerpts from Brian Quirk's *Mapplethorpe: The Opening*. They are Mark Dzula, Mark Joshua Epstein, Lucy Kim, Eric Hibt, Adam Novak, Tiffany Calvert, Karla Wozniak, Sheilah Wilson, Lauren Adams, Leeza Meksin, Jessica Langley, and Clare Britt
Compiled by Joshua Bienko

ORTEGA y GASSET PROJECTS was launched in May 2013 as a gallery and curated project space in the Bushwick/Ridgewood neighborhoods of Brooklyn and Queens. Formed by artists living in California, Illinois, Ohio, Tennessee, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New York, O y G operates as a cross-country collective and an incubator for dialog and artistic exchange.

O y G is:
LAUREN ADAMS, Baltimore, MD
JOSHUA BIENKO, Knoxville, TN
CLARE BRITT, Chicago, IL
CARRIE HOTT, San Francisco, CA
JESSICA LANGLEY, Pittsburgh, PA
LEEZA MEKSN, Brooklyn, NY
SHEILAH WILSON, Granville, OH
KARLA WOZNIAK, Knoxville, TN

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MAPPLETHORPE: The Opening *by Brian Quirk*

THE GRANNY

Welcome, my name is Joy and I'm his granny.
He's so talented.
I'm very proud. He has such a good eye.
He has always loved pretty things.
Well, I've always loved pretty things too and I always
thought Rob was G.A.Y.
I remember we were at my house. Rob was visiting from
Queens. He took to wearing red lipstick, my gold
entertaining slippers, and a scarf tied on his head with a
gold earring.
He was playing pirate . . .
a luxe pirate from Truman Capote's ball.
Roy, my husband, turned to me and said, "Jewel that boy is
Queer. There is something off about him."
He had such an imagination, so playful and, well, I knew it
too - he was that way.
These pictures are proof of both. He liked pretty things
and I guess that includes men.
My daughter did not know what to make what with the magic
languages, the dress up, the reverie, the neighborhood
photography club, the costumes, the costume jewelry. The
let's get the neighborhood kids to pose naked club.
They didn't realize that they were lucky in that way. He
sparkles.
Next time you are in the Detroit neck of the woods, you
must look me up. I'm listed in the book.
I'll take you for a spin in my Cadillac.
I think Roy might have had some man on man stuff in the war
camp. He kept our wedding ring and a pair of dice up his
behind - to get those out-

well, let's put it this way, his bum hole was no stranger
to him. He'd like it if I Well, he liked the
pressure on his . . . to put my finger up there.
Now, I always had to have something draped around my neck
during our love making.



THE WAITER

Cheesy brie pouf, cheesy brie pouf.

No one is even paying attention to the art -

I met him, you know, at the Ninth Circle.

I don't just cater -

He was such a prick. Jealous of me because at the bar, I was younger, better looking, blonder and getting way more attention.

I mean, I partly do this catering for the connections. Have you seen Andy, Patti, Mark, Candy, Susan fucking Sontag?

This is a who's who of the downtown fabulous and the uptown art world.

The fucker.

These people drive me crazy. They are not even paying attention to this potentially brilliant work.

It's all about the latest fix. What's cool. Where to be seen.

Okay the show is naughty, but this guy has the goods.

Pushy and pushing the buttons; opening eyes, but the eyes here aren't open.

They are already on to the next glittery prize.

Cheesy brie pouf, brie pouf?



A PORTRAIT

He asked me "what's your secret fantasy?"

That would be: to be confined.

I feel that I'm too much, too big.

I need to be reigned in and held down or I'll be let loose,
release everywhere.

I need to put on a film, a thin coat of oil; in order to
put on my new skin.

My penis gets hard smelling the rubber.

It fits like a glove and I have to lie down to get it on.

Next comes my rubber boots and last my mask.

This mask needs to be put on quick so that none of my
energy can get out.

I don't have eye or mouth holes, that would be too easy. I
do have a funnel which has a stopper.

I can be fed my masters hot piss or stick the funnel up the
ass of a fellow slave.

Rob encouraged me, he saw me and he sought me out.

He told me I'd last forever in Art History.



THE DOCTOR

These people are freaks.

Pain, freaks, they can't connect, freaks. I'm a doctor.

I'm not represented here.

I make sweet love to my banker, beau Bob.

These aren't people I know.

I'm normal.



A PORTRAIT

He brought me back to his loft, all this dark devil shit,
Gothic, satanic.

I was not having it.

He wanted me to eat his shit.

"Hello," I said,

"I'm into eating ass, but this nigga ain't eating no white
boy fecal matter."

"It's sacred come on try it."

This with his fudge brownie fecal teeth.

He was in a trance and so cold.

He watched me.

I was scared shitless.

He had the devil in him something dark.

Said, I'm gonna get me the fuck out of here.

He wanted me to stay, said, he didn't want to have to go to
the trouble of finding another model.

Might as well take my picture.

Those devil eyes, that shitty teeth.

"What's your darkest secret?"

Share it with me, with god with the devil,
with the world."



A PORTRAIT

I am a big baby.

He saw my ad and called me in to his studio.

Baby Bear seeking Daddy to scold and diaper,

a very naught baby,

something like that.

I love when a big man raises me up and puts me in my crib.

I need the discipline.

When I've been a bad, bad boy, I don't get my milk.

I need to be spanked when I've puked my good party outfit

and If I poo poo my pants

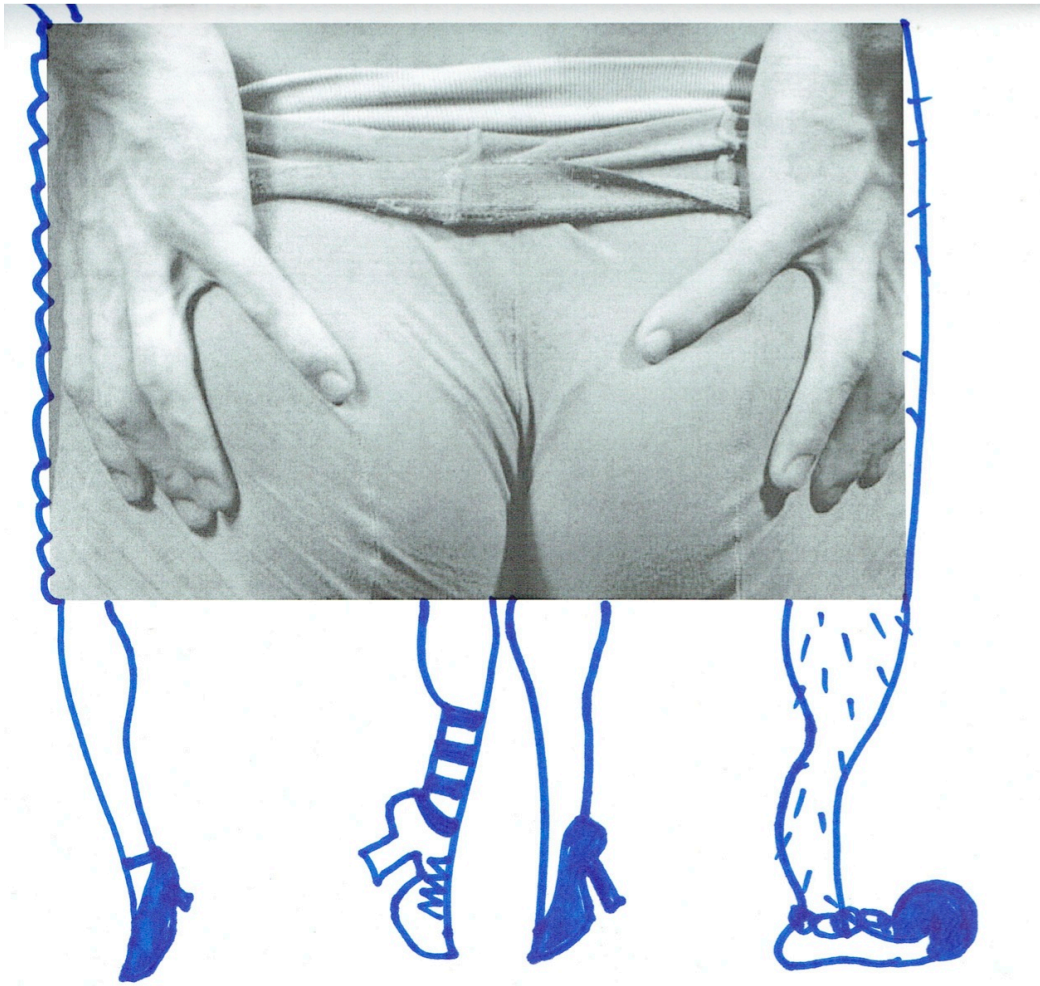
I sometimes need to sit in my mess.

He was a good daddy because I had been very, very, bad.



GIRLFRIEND FROM SCHOOL

I remember him from school.
Trying to pass as straight.
He was beautiful, but too into me.
Not a healthy boy.
I was dating his "best friend" from the fraternity. He befriended me, which means he followed me everywhere and called me at all hours.
It's like, "restraining order, please!"
He had something to prove and I was part of it.
Too intense for me, too intense.
But a good kisser.
I always knew he had a thing for brown sugar.
I'm off white guys now.
There is just more soul in a brotha.
(she takes in the room)
Hello, I'm the only person of color here.
What does that tell you -
that tells me boyfriend ain't crossing over.
Gotta go meet this guy, bye, excuse me.
"Hello"



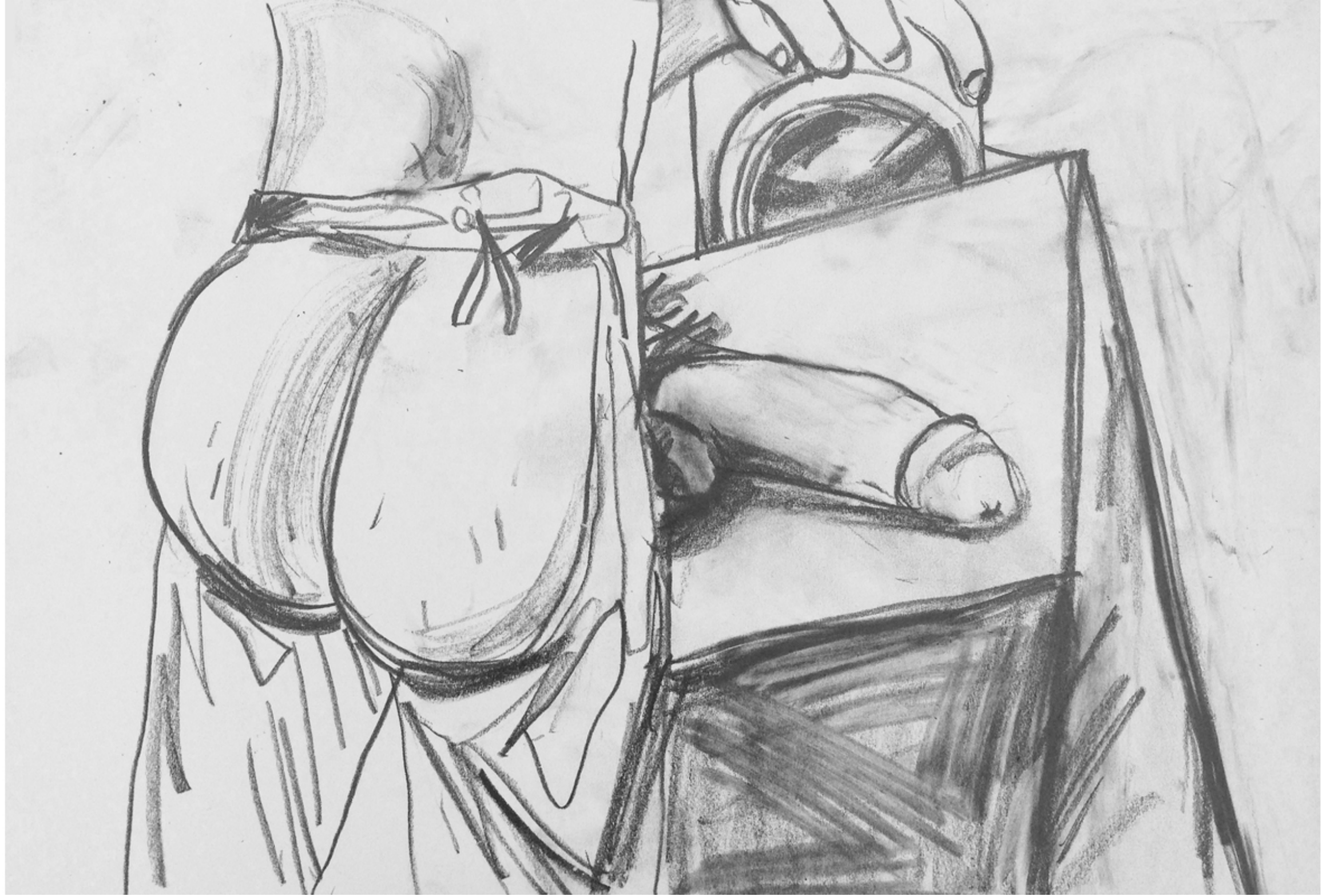
Girlfriend from School 

 Oh hi!

A PORTRAIT

I get this call
"I love your work, I'd love to photograph you."
I'm like, who the fuck are you, and how much are you gonna
pay me?
Then, he says, "Remember the He Man fall cover,
That was my work and I am going to be somebody."
I say, okay just partly to get the persistent fuck off the
phone.
I get to his studio, weird place, dark.
But, there was a brightness about him,
an interested brightness
and he loved Mr. 11,
like a baby to a bottle.
Oh, he'd asked me to bring my stuff.
I do some S&M stuff in my movies,
so I put on my chaps.
You should see the look in his eyes as he watches me, like
he is memorizing every chink and fold in that worn leather.
He worships me with his eyes.
We smoke a bit of pot.
He takes out my limp dick,
next thing I know he starts taking photos.
The camera has become an all knowing, devouring eye. I
thought ...
I don't know what to think.
He gets on his knees starts to suck my dick while taking
photos,
tells me how beautiful, perfect, what a work of art I am.
Then he stops, stands up and gets some material, a shiny
fabric like a prom dress.

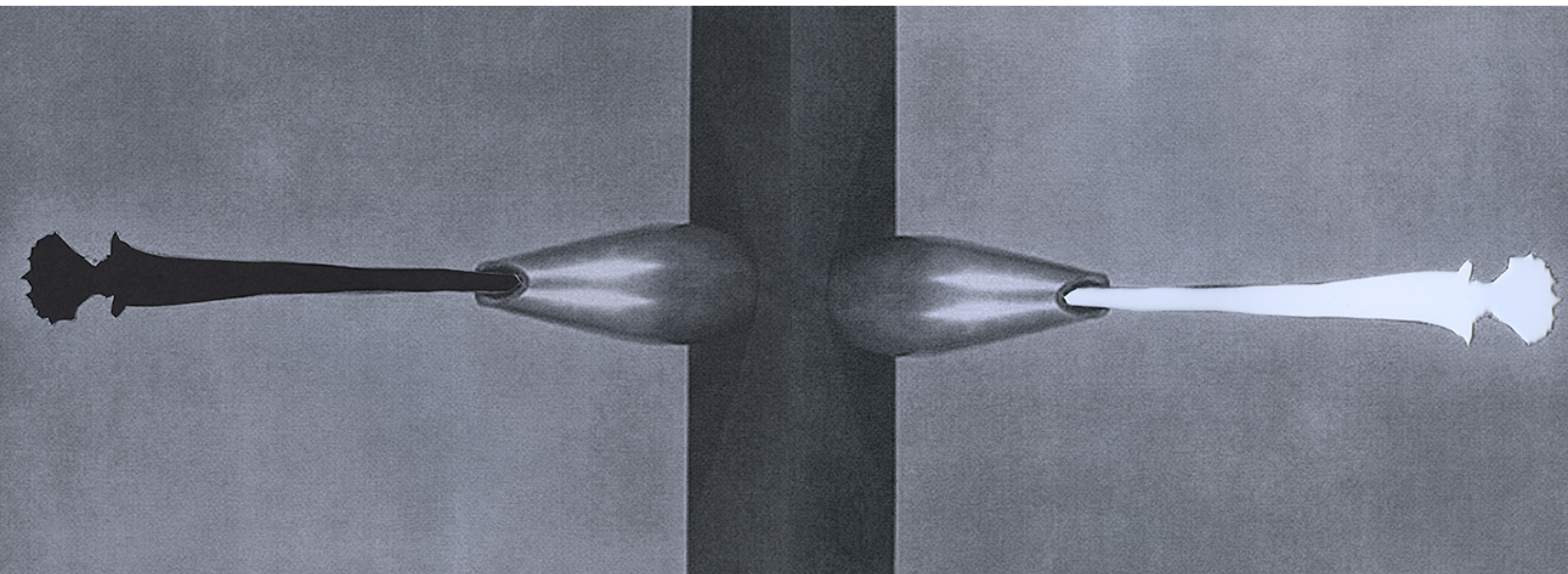
He puts it on a butcher block table.
A picture of my meat as meat –
What are you gonna do when your best feature is below the
old waist?



A FLORIST

(He goes eagerly to each photo looking for something.)

No flowers.



A PORTRAIT

I loved him. Mon amour, my very beautiful homme.
My favorite is the photo of my cock hanging out while I
piss in a champagne glass, Baccarat, of course.
Robert drank it when I had filled it with my piss and did
not get that on camera.
I had never liked getting fucked.
My asshole was no virgin territory
but I did not prefer it.
However, when he was inside me it was very exciting. He
had wanted it so bad to be in me, and knew that this was
what I truly loved, to be a butch top bottom.
Soon after, I went back to France.

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THE ROCK STAR

I wrote a poem for him for tonight.
Patti's poem.
(she performs the poem.)
Chicken Hawk
Star gazing on
High
Golden bough-boy
a sacred
silent cry
Ghetto icicles
frozen sky
(she stops)
Sam sucks.
He's changed Bob.
Bob was a nigger like me.
Bob came to me in a vision.
I saw him as a girl of eight rising from the fire released
from the Devil's scary, scaly arms so when I ran into him
at school, I thought I'd met my mate. Deja vu.
He really believed in me, hooked up my first gigs, gave me
money.
But, like, I felt he was the one.
I worked all day at Brettano's,
this to support him, before he even had a camera. Should
have know he was queer.
I mean, I knew he dug men but he loved me.
He'd been glowing lately and so I thought it was my glow.
I get this call,
"meet me at Tower Records for some impulse shopping for

some inspiration."
I actually thought he was going to propose.
Over 2 vodka tonics he tells me, "I've found him." Him.
"My Sugar Daddy,"
Andy always told him to find a sugar daddy!
"He's bought me my own place.
I'm moving out.?
"Who?"
"Sam."
That queensy troll with the mini mouse voice.
Of course, my purse was stolen.
My heart was swollen.
I thought he was the one.
We have too many secrets.
He really sees me and he saved my life.
He's the best nigger artist in NYC besides me, of course
he's queer.



THE COLLECTOR

I'm a collector.

I heard he had quite a collection.

I rang.

"Are you the shy pornographer?"

An exquisite eye, really, beautiful taste.

This kid looked to be 20 and he was good enough to eat.

Something clicked, I knew I could take this one and train him for the walls of a museum. It's in the genes or it's not- that eye. My grandma had the most beautiful linens and silver. We'd dress for dinner Sundays and, naturally, I acquired the same discerning eye.

Anyway, I took him to all the best galleries, private collections, museums, helped him cultivate the eye,

He thawed my heart, spent my money and awakened my soul to photography,

I showed him off to the finest people, dressed him from my own closet and let him go.

He arranged for my current beaux.

Such a beautiful man now, He's grown into his eye.

Granted, it's darker than I'd prefer but see for yourself, he has it and I spotted it first.



2:49 / 3:37



Sam Wagstaff on Collecting (2)

THE SHOP OWNER

The middle of the night - I'd open the shop for him. He'd call me at home. "Pick up the phone, I'm coming over, Pick up the phone, I know you're there, I need a fix. I need an art fix." He had no money but still wanting, needing beautiful things and I have them, Murano glass, Biedermeier chaises. I helped create that fabulous Mr. 11 portrait. Bob called,

"I have the largest dick I have ever seen coming over. What can we do?"

It needed to be properly worshiped.

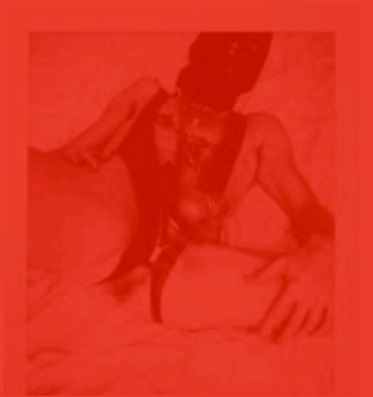
I ran over some of the most divine antique taffeta, like an ocean wave, gorgeous and a fitting sea for that sea monster cock.



THE STUDIO PHOTO PRINTER

Rework this.
Fix That.
Fuck it.
I'm tired of all this bullshit work.
He doesn't know how to print a fucking picture.
He can't work the lights in the studio or the fucking dark room.
But, he's the artist.
The photographer.
But he can't even do the most basic work himself.
"Oh no, can't taint my fingers with all that meaningless shit."
You can tell right, he fucking drives me crazy.
No way, I don't want to be him.
I'm a regular guy from Jersey who gets to put up with all this faggot crap.
I mean, I'm a big boy.
I know what goes on in there.
He eats fucking shit.
Hello, no thank you,
too much information.
Okay, I am making money.
I guess, I admire the pristine-ness of the images, but he sucks, he's so limited.
Who is going to ever want to own this faggot stuff?
I have, on occasion, brought buddies back to the studio.
Like, you can't mention this to Rob. He'd freak,
major control queen.
I'm out with my buddies, we are hanging at this bar near the studio.

My buddies are all bitching about their work.
The shit they gotta put up with.
You know, stuff like,
"Oh my boss she makes me get her coffee, stupid fucking cunt, and if I don't put enough milk in, I gotta go back, pour it out and start over."
Or, "my boss makes me wear suit and tie every fucking day - stupid dress code." I embrace the loser and I say, "follow me,
my boss makes me develop photos like this
(*He points at a portrait.*)
of stuff, things, that go on between grown men that straight boys from Jersey should never see."
The two fists up one guy's asshole photo always gets them.
I always win the worst boss scenario.
We go back out and they pay for the next round.



A PORTRAIT

(He sniffs.)

I like smells.

I like bad smells, yeah, so what?

Dark, nasty, stinky, scents,

You gotta problem with that?

(He smells his own underarm-he's high off his own scent.)

Cologne, tooth paste, soap, all cover up what is best,
waiting to escape, the essence.

There is nothing I like better than the sweet smell of a
man's asshole, a jockstrap after a hard workout.

My nose buried up the man crack, smelling his beautiful
foreskin, worshiping his piss slit with my nose.

Once I'm high off his scent,

I love to pleasure the guy, driving so hard into him with
my cock, my tongue, my fist.

This papi makes his baby stink.

(He smells again.)

We become one, forget all that Mary shit, that cover up,
and just be men.



THE SHRINK

I don't think the show is going to save him and
unfortunately he thinks it will.

The photographs are beautiful.

The wanting, grasping for fame and approval is not. It
makes me sad.

It is never going to fill that space, that ache, that hole,
that Bob has inside him.

But even with imminent fame and fortune, it is never going
to be enough.



THE HOUSEKEEPER

I find things.

I'm not a snoop. I believe he worships the devil.

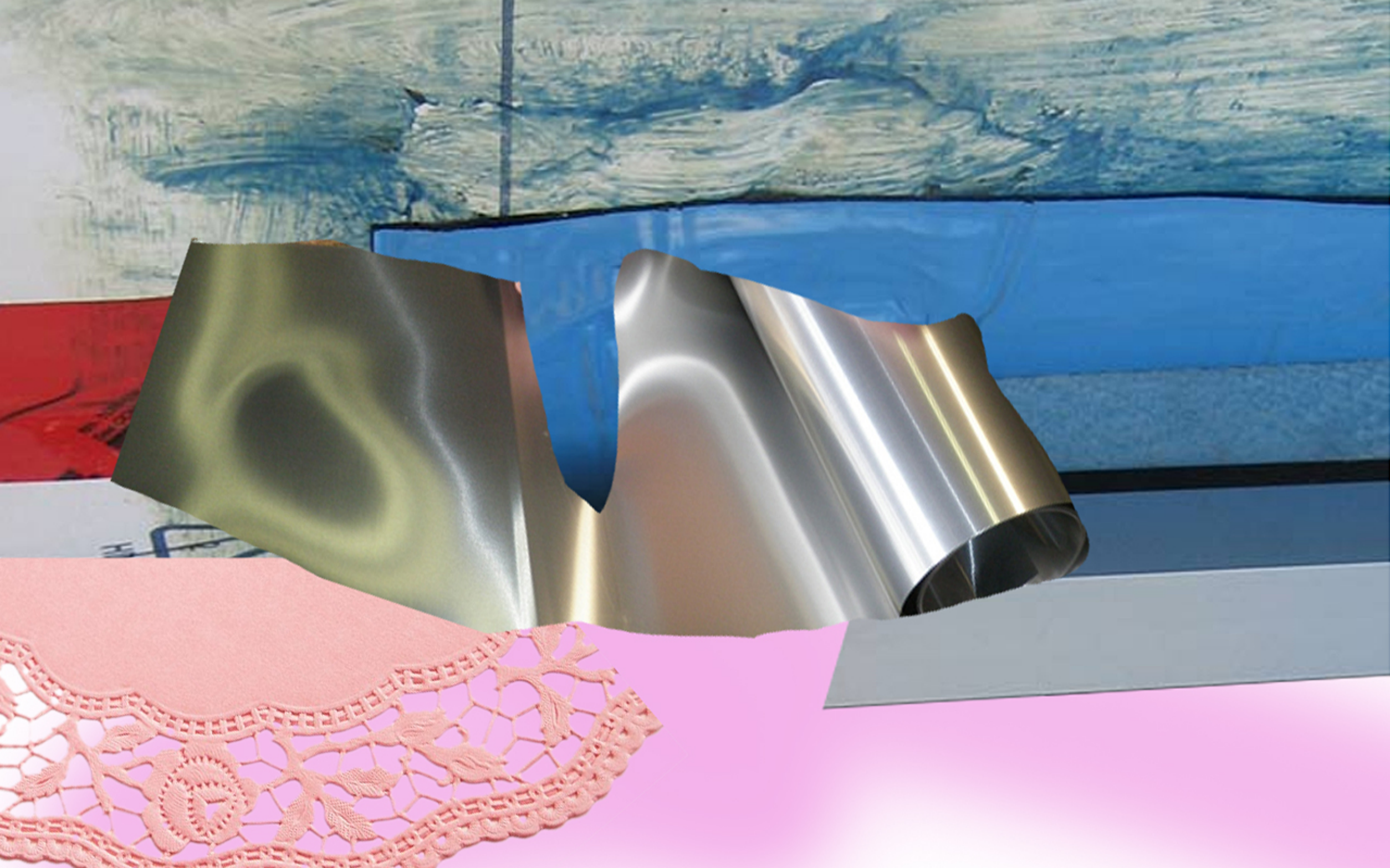
These dark altars, Devil talk. These photos, the man on man thing don't bother me but not the good lord's arch enemy called out to be worshiped and idolized.

I haven't had any of my coffee- I'm feeling dazed. His place really a pigsty. The tings I'd find, lord, odd plastic toys covered in shit, syringes, bloody syringes, red candles. I kept looking for the chicken head. Honey, 'cuz that's the type of place it was.

My husband, my husband say he is an artiste, but I happened upon him once when he thought he was all alone, all this, "I am the devil. I am the devil."

No thank you.

I like to clean for the artistes because they have the pretty things but lord honey never in my life.

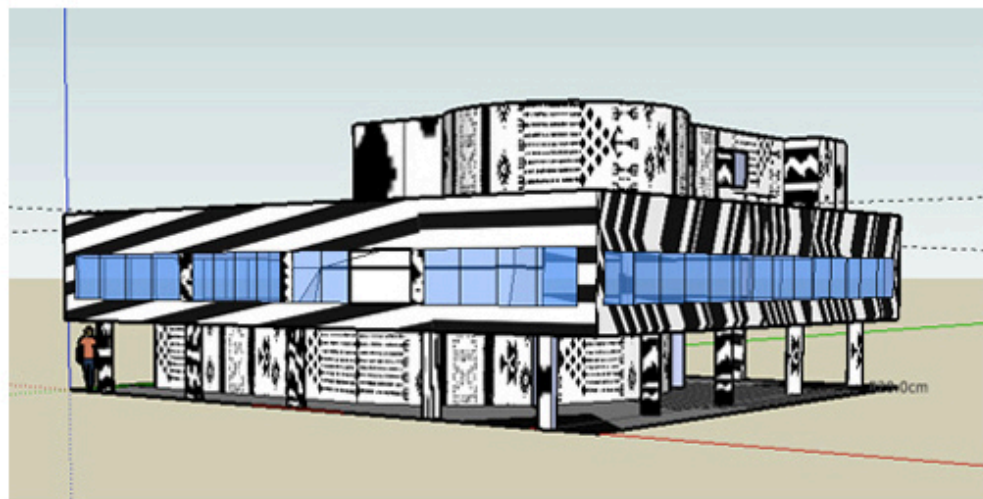






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7-17 Troutman #327, Ridgewood, New York. www.oygprojects.com



ORNAMENT AND CRIME

November 2 - December 8 2013

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David Mabb

Sussanne Slavick

Stacy Lynn Waddell

Organized by Lauren F. Adams