

Valerie Solanes shoots the one whose hypocritical success she cannot endure

She shoots the one she loves; the one who failed; who did not return love; who thought very little of compassion, solidarity and pluralism. She shoots from the hallucinatory, extreme margins; outside the possibility of saying anything, where she chose to place herself. It is, of course, totally exaggerated to say this: sometimes the act of painting in itself seems to try and place itself in the very same margins, which in their turn try to shove themselves outside, into a corner of despair and anger, outside the speaking domain.

It seems that Valerie Solanes has pushed herself so hard outside society, to shooting Andy Warhol, because of the fold created between the cultural state and the biographical state. In the biographical state where instead of saying that it's always the parents' fault we say it's always, the parents.

We are used to think about the binding of the child. In the name of ideals the child is sent; things are shot at him

Education for cleanliness is shot at him; he is shot and sent to school

Until the concrete binding of sending him to the army, where he shall be the one conducting the shots.

These parents are the most steadfast agents of the distortion; of the scum.

And the child's role (like Valerie Solanes's) is to shoot the parents; those who disappoint in their hypocrisy; those who could have made everything possible or completely different. Thus, in this fold between a political and a biographical gesture, Solanes has turned in my eyes into this child who shoots her parents. Under pathetic living conditions

in a studio, she paints the paintings I paint on everything around.

Oedipus too has to kill Laius (the homosexual) unless he himself becomes gay

Out of all of Ancient Greece's boy lovers, the only one not fond of boys was Oedipus.

I create a work which is a combination (and scumination)

Between an imagined place where Solanes could have lived, slept, brainstormed; painted the paintings I paint; on the bed from the studio; on the crashed changing table which turned into a painting material holder.

Those cute baby changing tables are put there so we could be well educated and pee in a pot. Wrapped in a blanket, a pillow, sheets illustrated with mythology by Walt Disney.

Until hypocrisy is revealed

And the scum

That forces to shoot all of these and start painting.

In this biographic fold of being pushed outside language, into reality, loss of distance, craziness, nervousness, I combined scum with scum. The one who shot; and the one who brought a bed into the gallery. The one who painted and the fact his baby table was extracted from its place. All of those have parents who should be shot.

Valerie Solanes provoked the imagination with this possibility.