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HOME
SHOW

THE
HOME

SHOW

*Asad
Raza*

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12 Bentley Road

What you found on the walls — the smudges, the smears-with-legs, the blood-blotches — they were not “unusual wear and tear.” They documented a series of performances: each night, she and I stalked the cold, cold rooms shooting the spiders with a black pistol. The suction cup darts stuck fast — *thwock!* — in the silence.

105 Grantchester Meadows

Clean the sink? Are you fucking kidding me? No, I really wanna know. Are. You. Fucking. Kidding. Me. We went to Spain. What you found in the sink is a long, long story.

83 Sachem Street

You never noticed that the tumbleweeds of dust and hair had within them, each and every one, a tiny heart of red thread.

400 West 119th Street

The air conditioner we left in the closet represented a misunderstanding. Its sharp, bent vanes and thin, cracked face, its thick cord (wrapped around its broken body), its weight and placement — all this was meant to say, “Why didn’t summer come this year?” The photo you sent is expressive, but nothing like the original installation.

81 Greene Street

Yes, it’s true that I made love with the statue of your daughter that you left in the studio, but I left no stain. She was exactly as beautiful after as before, and so I’d like our full deposit back on the sublet. Haven’t you ever heard of Praxideles’ Venus? The one at Knidos? After all, you are yourself an artist. Can’t you see that this was both citation and *homage*?

811 Orange Street

If you could stop forwarding the mail, that would be just be great. We appreciate the thought, but the idea for the project was exactly that those items would remain in the vestibule, accumulating indefinitely.

64 Western Way

In some sense, of course, the buildup of grease in the range hood could be construed as a fire hazard. And the same can indeed be said of the dryer’s vent hose, packed thick along its six-foot length with lint, compacted into a python of felt. But the point of the whole thing was the *juxtaposition*, which was meant to invoke early Beuys.

6 3rd Street, NE

I must say that I was initially very, very angry about being billed for “damaging” the shower stall, when in fact I painstakingly installed a pair of much-needed hanging supports (complete with turnbuckles) for the flimsy shower curtain rod encircling the old cast-iron tub. I thought about fire-bombing your office. But over time, the more I have thought about the whole episode, the more interesting it has become, and I now feel that I understand the subtle and expressive irony that you were after. This one was on me. *Touché*.

425 Riverside Drive

I must say, I am really rather sorry that I never saw the final bill on this one, since it was the masterwork. I think I even took photographs (in case they’d later prove relevant in court). The little pile of her items in the children’s room, this alone was enough to make a hardened critic weep: the Barcelona chair we bought together at an antique store in Philadelphia, now turned on its back like a white lamb, stiff with rigor mortis; a double stroller, folded; the air conditioner (a different one, of course), standing with its sad hose, dangling. A small aggregation of pathos it was, but she had already taken all her clothes (eleven boxes — I left them in the hall; she came for them with two police officers and her new boyfriend). The children’s clothes and toys and all their furniture, all that had gone with us in the truck. But I don’t know if you would have noticed, amid the chaos (the torn plaster where all the paintings had been hastily removed; the detritus of moving blankets and countless empty cardboard spools of packing tape; the carpet pads and rags, curtain rods and rubbish), the most extraordinary element of all: the nearly new bar of ivory soap I left in the master bath; the one with the flat dent on one corner. I was in the bathroom when she dropped it. You can keep it. It’s an artist’s proof.

Rachel came over the first day of the show,

and we left some of the garbage bags full of stuff she edited out,

to show what she did. On the last day, we threw them out.

The Home Show
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Asad Raza

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