

Laura Bartlett Gallery is pleased to present Simon Dybbroe Moeller's second show at the gallery. After 2011's Rest On Your Belly In The Mud, here is Swallow Swallow Spit.

We suffer from vibranxiety. Every so often we experience that random phantom buzz. Usually it is sort of in the thigh, close to the crotch or in one buttock. Sometimes it is in the chest region; where the lungs are, the heart. We have gotten used to it now. Things are not ideal. Days pass producing no organic memory. It is shameful. Exhausting. We need to lie down. We need to rest; our bodies full of potential, our muscles relaxed. We are the reclining figures.

Sundays spent on mattresses, wrapped in blankets watching animal planet. Watching birds sitting on the leathery surface of elephants. On the armour-like skin of rhinos. In the corner of our space, there are clusters of sports equipment. Possible body extensions reminding us of intended physical activity. These are the coordinates. This is the architecture we inhabit.

We laugh out loud, mostly when speaking with someone on the phone. When communicating with text, we describe our outburst, abbreviate it. When we finally sit face to face with someone we keep it simple and smile instead. Mostly though we move while communicating. There is no drama, but cinematic qualities to the elegant swiftness of modern commuting. We are magnificent wheeled centaurs with telescopic eyes and parabolic ears..... LOL..... LOL.....

We think to ourselves, we construct. It exists, people pour concrete. They spray it onto steel structures. First the skeleton, then the flesh. Race drivers pour champagne over the heads of their competitors. Spray it into the crowds. Dubuffet's parents were wine merchants. Béton brut, extra brut, art brut. We play games. We kill time.

We invite friends over. We cook. We photograph the meal. Look what I made. We talk and maybe we speak about coffee reading fortune telling. We go out, to eat. We photograph the meal. Look what I experienced. We start eating. We talk and maybe we say, "Experiencing hunger when looking at a plastic replica of a meal, is like getting sexed up by looking at an undressed mannequin." We move from eroticism to pornography. We swallow. We appropriate.

And then picture this: we are sitting at a long table. Everybody stares at us. We are in China. We are the guests. They are serving us bird's nest soup. We are told it will raise our libido, improve our voice and make us focus. And then, next thing we know we swallow swallow spit. We swallow. We appropriate.

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