

March 27<sup>th</sup>, 2009

The audience enters the room. It is stale and bare, save for some stacked chairs, and the awaiting trio. A young man stands nude; he is muscular, and fair-haired. His boyish demeanor is offset only by the quantity and breadth of the tattoos that adorn his body. The second man wears a formal suit. He carries a cello, and is seated adjacent to the first man, facing away from both him and the audience. There is a single lit spotlight, aimed in the direction of the viewers. It separates the two men. The artist stands between the two men, infiltrating the duet with a simple black dress, a Polaroid camera in hand. She positions herself as the fourth point in a diamond of two men and the blinding spotlight.

The first young man places a black blindfold over his eyes; he turns towards the audience. The performance begins. The cello player commences with a passionate self-composed piece. His naked partner begins to masturbate. The music accompanies his actions, filling the room, and, at some point, his erratic movements steady, and sync with the rhythms of the cello's chords. The harmonies seem to shift, and the minor chords converge with major, creating a lighter mood.

The artist, silent and motionless until now, raises her weapon. The camera flashes repeatedly as she snaps picture after picture of the blind-folded young man, still fondling himself, seemingly to no avail. The Polaroid's fly lazily toward the tiled floor, landing arbitrarily at will. The chemicals react, and slowly the young man's likeness is recreated on the fallen sheets.

Suddenly, the cello player finishes his piece, and, as if directed by the music, the man surrenders and drops his hands. The artist turns towards the

audience. The performance has completed. What a peculiar ménage à trios.