Reading Troupe #14 - domestic decadence

An associative group of self isolating makers writing queer-feminist erotica from home during covid 19, it's about re-situating the explicitly queer work of modernist designer Eileen Gray and writing into it from the textures, melancholy, frustration and longings of the present. Filth in times of hygiene.



anominable little new exacts



Reading Troupe #14: Domestic Decadence Furniture erotica & bedroom salon slash fiction in the time of a global pandemic lockdown.

"It seems to me to be part of the human that there is something in us that desperately desires to be clean and there is something in us that desperately desires to bathe in filth. And that is an irresolvable dilemma. There is no way to think yourself out from that dilemma. One way that culture has tried to resolve the dilemma is to valorise one of those desires, the desire to be clean, and then to insist that the other desire be brutally repressed. And whole systems of thought and feeling and legislation have been predicated on that idea of repressing.

Well it is clear to me that repression is always a recipe for disaster.

When we become overly attached to our own sense of cleanness, moral purity, righteousness, it's the most dangerous thing in the world". Garth Greenwell, Between the Covers Podcast, February, 2020

Dear Reading Troupe participant

This is your workshop by post. For you and in cross connection with several other people.

I have a feeling that it's better to start with something tactile...even pieces of paper with images and text...and also to know that they were prepared and delivered by a sequence of bodies. Maybe you sit down and take a moment to open your post, that isn't a bill or an advertisement, and enjoy it. And it's always good to do something that doesn't involve looking at a screen, to touch something that isn't a keyboard, or a phone.

I was initially skeptical about attempting a workshop from such distance...there is potential but also no real way to bridge the lack of embodied togetherness.

I've been giving workshops for a long time, but have never undertaken one remotely, it's an experiment, and if it fails then may it fail spectacularly...a dirty mess...I will take all the blame with pleasure.

Proposing a workshop that entails the writing of queer-feminist erotica stems from my own desire to write from filthy places. I like the focus on furniture, it allows the imagination to move in unexpected directions with some freedom. The projection of desires onto inanimate, if historically loaded, domestic objects.

The history of furniture has always been tied up with the manipulation of social relations so it's wide open to erotic interpretation.

I tend to work well with a set of limitations and many exercises operate between set boundaries, but boundaries are also there to be breached so feel completely free to take liberty with anything proposed.

I don't consider myself a writer, although I write plenty and engage in editing and publishing projects. I'm more an artist using writing and publishing as material...it makes text and publication making open and malleable.

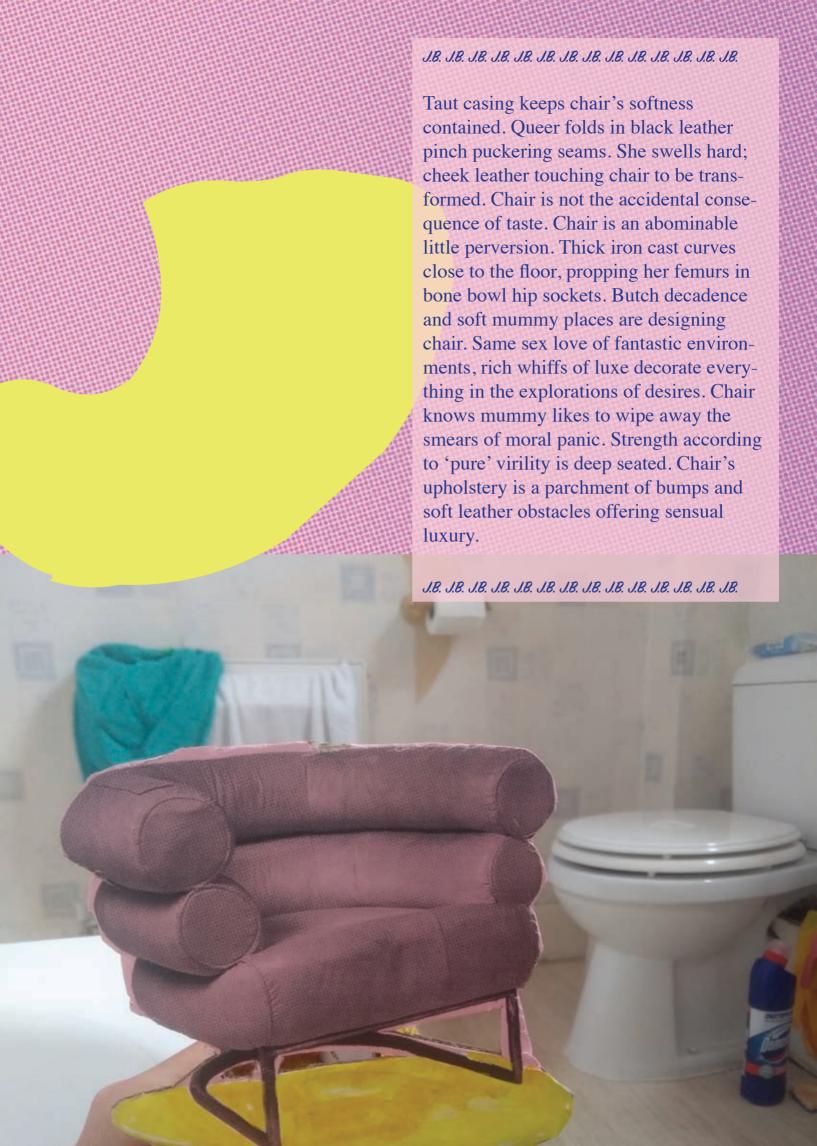
So I hope that we can write, from our domestic isolation during these vey strange days, with pleasure and chaotic experimentation.

The workshop will begin with a couple of led exercises that you will do in your own time/space and which will then be shared in a group folder I'll then propose ways of continuing with the visual materials into writing. We may have a meeting in the middle of the process and will definitely have a salon at the end to read with each other.

There is also the possibility of publishing a zine with the outcomes, if we decide to.

With long distance lov

May 2020



M.D.L. M.D.L. M.D.L. M.D.L. M.D.L. M.D.L. M.D.L. M.D.L.

Beside Porcelain Throne, whom you love alongside me, I assure myself of a devotion that is particular, the way you sit down deep into me so that I mould to your arse cheeks and peak in-between those twin fleshy mounds, I, all plump nubuck leather and chrome, am yours.

I have placed the armchair in the bathroom, beside that less comfortable seat, the toilet, so that I can look at myself in the mirror for longer stints, examining the minute changes in my skin which has never been good enough, never smooth enough, so unlike the constancy of soft leather.

You've left us again, and I'm hit by a pang of jealousy, thinking of how much you give of yourself to Porcelain Throne, she takes it all so greedily, when will I have you in the same way?

I feel safely held by these sausage arms, legs over the edge of the bath, mirror to my left so that I do not look directly into it, I've brought in a novel to read whilst the bath fills up, 'the mirror crack'd from side to side, "The curse is come upon me," cried The Lady of Shalott.'

When the droplets of water bead all over my leather and a warm wet patch begins to gather at my seat, I forget my anxieties about rusting beneath my chrome plating, your breath gathers pace and our skins blend, melted together by friction.

I am nearing the end, Miss Marple has solved the case, the killer has seen the reflection of someone who had wronged her in the living room mirror and struck with a poisoned drink, 'He said, "She has a lovely face, God in his mercy lend her

grace," I need a hot, older lover to sleuth out my shame, Miss Marple, come sit beside me.'

Porcelain Throne always watches in silence, in her bowl she holds eros, that unknown part of her, you and me, I notice you pause, warm wetness floods onto my seat and generously rushes down my legs pooling at my bowed feet.

I grab the toilet roll, unspooling it over the floor then the armchair to soak all this unexpected fluid, I do not know if it is cum or piss, sniff, probably urine, and grab the bottle of bleach, just a little, to wipe down this whole scene.

M.D.L. M.D.L. M.D.L. M.D.L. M.D.L. M.D.L. M.D.L. M.D.L.

It had been four years after the decadent hothouses in Paris, those days are still burning and reflecting off my screens.

It was the time where being a room divider was the most sought after business for the liberated minded ones (of course).

The talent lays in giving off the impression that their erotic power is in being watched but that the watchful eye stays invisible.

People like to be watched even if it is just by furniture.

I think deep down they still haven't shaken off their childhood imaginations of material objects having souls and career goals. (what of course never was an imagination) But in those secretive hothouses we would be dividing couples, threesomes, orgies in a single room - that's a lot of people and who knows why - maybe out of boredom or not enough hands on their body - one of them would eventually turn their eyes to what's not for their eyes and peak through or over my screen. They would turn hot and desire full joining back in with their minds on the other side of the room. I have moved up since those days and find myself now in even more decadent surroundings...

Looking back at the study of the relationship, finally domestic, it was always seen to be struggling into places of disturbance. Like the quiet dark nooks in architecture usually unnoticed. Our daily game, our only real coming together. These boring domestic ensembles a kind of personal theatre I didn't really want to be part of. I had allowed my own façade of self protection, my own concern over my social status to ruin me. Instead I would have done anything to slip away into the decadent hothouses, where I had been with her.

She had been the crucial missing link to revolve around the difficulty, as well as the costliness of the affair. Perhaps I could have been braver, perhaps I should have just thrown caution to the wind and got on with my life. But for now at least I knew I had to remain discreet about the relationship, there was too much at stake for both of us.

orgiastic perverts

she the welcome guest decorator flirts with bodies and walls

(enter slowly)

She tip-toes gracefully, so as to not spoil the illusion of the moment.

An intangible energy that hangs low above the heads of the many onlookers.

That which can only been seen from the stage, an ever-present witness to the masquerade.

This is a sequence she has stepped through many a time, and yet She maintains a freshness and a vigour that captures the minds of the orgiastic perverts now seated, in row upon row, now waiting in eager anticipation for their share of the show.

At once, all eyes on me. She is the performer, yet I am the star. An object sculpted to conceal and to separate, to censor, to leave to the erotic imaginary. Yet this is the peep show.

She, the welcome decorator flirts with bodies and walls.

She, the cajoler, the tantaliser. I, the setting, the scene, all at once.

The architecture of the room is soft, delicate. In tandem with the relentless performance.

a large trinket box, from which She reveals the tools of her craft.

the dancer, the director, the revealer, the ringleader.

faceless crowds, shifting forms in the

smoke and the shadow now emerging from the distant wings,

In the darkness, the imagined grows tall, takes shape, closes in.

Once elegant forms, now reduced to brittle and solemn gestures.

At the pinnacle, She pauses. Her body removed of poise.

The room now empty. I, the only witness.

The salon as a personal theatre.

I. the audience.



Among orchids, rare wood and lacquer, you smear it with your greasy fingertips.

What is "cleanness" after all? What is the pleasure of making things painted in dull matte vanilla colour?

Isn't pleasure also existing in transforming?

From a piece of plain rare wood, cut open, polished, painted in colour, reshaped, reconstructed and reborn, sensuality, luxury or mysticism, rush in.

I suck hard on my perversions.

My hot tongue softens as I drop into my body. Stroking black leather padded tubes with the back of my palm; the luxe fabric implies voluptuousness and costliness.

Touch drifts towards pleasurable and unproductive dispersals of time. I nestle into the seat cradling my intimate needs. Lying long on Gray's Transat armchair's rare curves. Stroke my belly with a firm hand. I sing incantations of lust in a paradise of decadence.



Purity bordering faintly perverse impulse
Of the power of his purely intellectual
Sexual disgust,
The man suffered

~

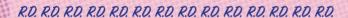
I feel the rough carpet on every point of my being that touches the ground, and it counterbalances the slippery feel of my tongue in my mouth and my dick in my pants. If I stayed here long enough, the pressure points of my body against this beige cord rug would make indents and I would feel myself weighing into these small depressions that could be seen long after I was heaved out the way.

As it is, the longer I stay appraising myself in the mirror - the deep curve of my torso; the sharp angles of my limbs; my leathery skin pulled taut over each plush roll - the longer the closet is blocked off and clothes pile up in the background.

I want I like I should and I shouldn't like --- to want myself,
to fuck myself,
to fuck chairs like me,
to have two fuckers fuck enmeshed on me,
sweat sticking skin to leather, chair legs
hopping out of indentations made over
stagnant years.

I know as a chair I shouldn't be able to feel to imagine to find pleasure in to understand the presence of a slippery dick in my pants But I'm a sexy chair, and nude but for my cowboy hat, I feel that I can tap into innate truths about myself which --- make me flush,
make me grow,
make me know,
make me show my perverted, revolting stuffing.

Please push me away from the mirror now, I can't look any more.
I hope I haven't made any indentations yet.



Due to my life of lounging my desires found strength

to be curled up in your hand a-waiting to be used

I am your tool, your writing tool

to be used- these are new thoughts of mine

as I am or was

a loud, self-proclaimed top





"A sensual domestic utopia is perfected by the spasm of sexual ambiguity"

I thought by myself when I first entered their living room. The heat of the summer day had warmed the dark purple walls, as I felt little sweat pearls twirling down my naked shoulders to leave a vaporised mark in a space I had never imagined to be invited in.

They had disappeared behind a textured glass door that I wasn't confident enough to follow. I could see their silhouettes moving but could only imagine what was happening behind that door. Clothes that got changed and new personas performed to seduce and tempt the stranger in the living room, maybe?

Like a stranger, that I was, I waited in their living room to try to understand through their choices of objects who this beautiful creature is. The room is empty besides of a handful of pieces of furniture.

A pink chair grabbed my attention. A blanket has been thrown carelessly on the side giving off a nutty wood smell. They must have taken it to the bonfire last night and a ping of jealousy stings my ego for having missed that.

An enormous picture of a white bird rests agains the wall. It's the only decoration in the room and more than anything it echoes a sense of magical surrealism. Any minute now the bonny bird would fly off and transform...

In the scented atmosphere, a whiff of perversity quietly lingers from the evening before. A sort of heroic awakening on the hard wood floor. A mechanism to satisfy an inner urge, and the realisation of a forbidden and unsettling feeling slowly flowed into consciousness, as she ruminates over the events that had followed. The deep purple walls, the layers of rich shawls on the chair, their clothes scattered across the floor. Even they had become mixed together to the point of confusion.

From the outside she was sure it would have looked abnormal. The unexpected romanticism became recognisable movements through such performative acts. Had she unwittingly developed a taste for such perverse pleasures. Highly sexualised, her desires found strength, she could still smell the rare wood and lacquer.







touch

But I am right here, awaiting their

me

I am unsure if my owner

knows the enjoyment

I get out of this.

My owner is moaning again

About not having anyone to

weight

to spend their days on me, on top of

It is a normal day, of being sat on.



The almost hysterical rush in gender-loaded exhaustion
Is the thinking that constructs heroic reawakening
And nervous disorders
In need of medical treatment promised to cure

 \sim

The chair had never seen so many leaves before. Freed from its habitual context, it was overwhelmed with greenery. It had spent nearly all its days with one rubber plant, artfully placed in a giant terracotta pot that complemented its orange hue - or so that was the intention, it believed.

Those vain concerns felt far behind it now, as it had moved through an upscale vintage market, then a flea market, and finally been brought up as part of a package of furniture delivered to ailing, underfunded NHS departments. In an ironic twist, the chair had been delivered to the psychological assessment corridor of a Gender Identity Clinic (GIC). As it was hauled through the corridors by burly furniture removal men, the chair thought wistfully of the sweaty gay palms of its creator, gripping the top edge of its padded body as her furniture was labelled deviant, strange and disruptive.

The chair had been in its current position for around six months now, and supported hundreds of people coming in for assessment. The chair felt their bodies heavy in the centre of its structure, weary from years on a waiting list and incredibly rigid and alert to telling the right narrative which would unlock the doctor's prescribing powers. Sometimes they

gripped the chair's arm rests, and the chair could feel their rapid heartbeat reverberating all across its metal frame. Sometimes in the summer, the sweat on their skin stuck their legs to the chair's leather, causing a loud, surely painful, ripping sound when they finally got to the end of the arduous list of questions and were invited to leave the room to await further instruction. One thing they never did, though, was lean all the way back in the chair.

The chair was aware it was not fit for purpose. No-one wanted to recline in that climactic and crucial appointment. Since being in that position, the chair had not felt the back of one single person.

The chair wondered why it had been placed there. It often assumed it followed a humorous reference to Freudian therapy. In quieter moments, though, it wondered if it was a reference to its designer, and her perverted disruption to the order of things. It wondered about the people coming through, subduing their perverted leanings, deviant desires, and the confusing, muddied aspects of their allegiances. It wondered about a sanitisation being asked of the patients who sat on it, which its designer refused to do.

The chair started to think about the desires of the people who would sit in it, and with nearly each person who came into the room, the chair imagined what might happen if the doctor weren't there. The chair imagined a different kind of sweat. The chair felt them both transported to another place, to the bedroom of a lover of the sitter, where them and the lover would become a sticky mess of skin, silicone, leather, metal and lube, and

passionate yells would ring through the chair. The chair, day after day, imagined bare sweaty backs pressed against it, like it occasionally felt in its former life. The chair ached for the patients.

This reverent thinking quickly got too deep and stressful, and like every day, the chair had to take a break in the parking lot of the GIC, amongst more greenery than it had ever seen previously, recalibrating, readjusting, and getting ready for another day in the hospital.



The more critical a people become, the more the figure of the erotic seems to disappear.

But only when I am tied up to the Transat chair.

I feel this is the true safe place that I could let loose,

when you tie me on to that chair, force my legs open,

my arms attached to the chair, feeling the chill from the leather and steel surfaces,

eventually reaching to the same temperature of my skin.

I am blindfolded and gagged; the chair holds me perfectly in place.

The tingling feeling gradually gets louder, transporting that sensation from the tips of my fingers to the rest of the body through my veins,

not knowing what's to come.

Here I surrender, not to you, but to my melancholic perversity.

Here I don't think about who/what I am, I can be a dog, a cumkitten, a fuckdoll, an object.

But only when I am tied up to the Transat chair.

Her domestic interiors thrill me. Sliding belly to floor; sticky mottled skin is making imprints. The air smells of dust on hot metal. The Bibendum armchair feels bizarre. The hide has a personal style and is claiming to liberate presumptions of the 'masculine'. Solid on all fours the Gray Transat chair looms against snooker green side-lines. Thick rods to support the weight of a body. The space fills with hard studded occupants lit by an acrid yellow orb. This false sun illuminates curious textures of domination.



This kind of evening should ideally take place in a modernist sexual space, like this one, alongside numerous comfortable sofas for lounging, draped by lush and over grown plants. The walls adorned with book cases laden with academic feminist and erotic poems and texts, not the kind you could find easily within general circulation. It is essential that the space is private, sensual, scented and delicately lit. I wait for the events of the evening to unfold, the highlight I yearn for in my day-to-day solitude.

The monthly ceremony marked with the kind of mysticism that could only be brought on by the healing powers of the lesbians who inhabit this space, and their select invited friends and the occasional new acquaintances.

Their regenerative powers and the appeal of the reading of banned poems in the scented atmosphere of their unusual modernest home, had created rumours that stirred even the most dutiful and domestic women. The evening begins with the serving of numerous potent liqueurs and a selection of exotic fruits designed to whet the appetite and absorb any anxieties.

This gives way to the initial name giving and play both liberating and faintly perverse. Created to purge the daily grind of restraint, central to restoring the strength of individual taste of their own true nature. Together they seem to liberate each other, uninhibited, wrapped, sung and highly sexualised. The whole evening characterised by a lingering whiff of perversity.

From the outside, it would have looked, "abnormal", her spirit connection highly sexualised for her lounging strange perverts her desires found strength.

But when she opened my door and looked at herself in the mirror. she seemed to be more confident of showing what she's been hiding outside, she would undress herself in front of me, look at me but at the same time look at herself in the reflection. if that could be considered my vision. I don't know if she was seeing the sadness in her eyes that I was seeing. I liked when she lay her fingers on my skins. opened the drawers, one, by one, sliding in, and out, she would caress the edges of every corner before she closed the door again.

She brought in someone I've never seen before, she pushed them on to my body, I shivered, that was the first time I felt a warmth which was not hers.

The metal bits in the drawers got squeaky and rusty,

I heard them giggling, then she pressed her body on me too, I shivered even more, their warmth lingered.

among orchids, rare wood and lacquer, sensuality, luxury or mysticism rush in spasm of an already wrought-iron column simultaneously rich and monumental the scene:

The garden; simultaneously rich in hue, organic forms monumental in scale. Every shade of green framed by the gracious arc of a branch, bearing down upon my feeble and exposed form. To recline, verb; a classical state of composure. Subtle, suggestive, languorous.

In the thick under growth I felt safe. The encroaching density of the leaves, musky and intrusive following the night's downpour, fills my nostrils with an unforgiving intensity. I lie in wait, I will the storm to return. To wash away the grit and the grime, the sediment of my shame. My toes, barely massaging the spongy expanse of earth, tinges of frantic energy amid the stillness of the ever-enveloping greenery.

The chair, my pedestal sits seemingly at odds with nature, actively working against it even. It's angular protrusions, assertions of dominance, radiate an uncomfortable presence amongst the elegance and sensuality of the garden. And then, I wonder.

Does it really sit in opposition to the branches and the leaves? Themselves repetitions of the other. So structured and regular by their own design.

I take this all in. I allow these thoughts to crowd my vision. I submit to the tangle of roots now reaching toward me. I imagine them locking me in unrelenting embrace. I feel them binding. Where I once reclined, in a state of pleasurable ignorance, I am now imprisoned. And yet, this is no state of ordinary imprisonment. This is one of wilful desire.

I shut my eyes.

I feel the spasm of an already wroughtiron column resounding through me.
Crude sculpture, I feel it in the pit of my
stomach. It shocks me back to
consciousness. The roots have retreated.
The column, banished to the depths of my
imaginary. The familiar intensity of musky
earth, rotting foliage laden with the
promise of new growth.



M.D.L. M.D.L. M.D.L. M.D.L. M.D.L. M.D.L. M.D.L. M.D.L.

In her interior design , she was making a claim for erotic and hygienic Loos large-scale wrought-fron monuments "wrapped and sung in the curl of her own" interior with the healing powers of "the sins of her youth"

Badovici who was hypercharged so powerful by the time

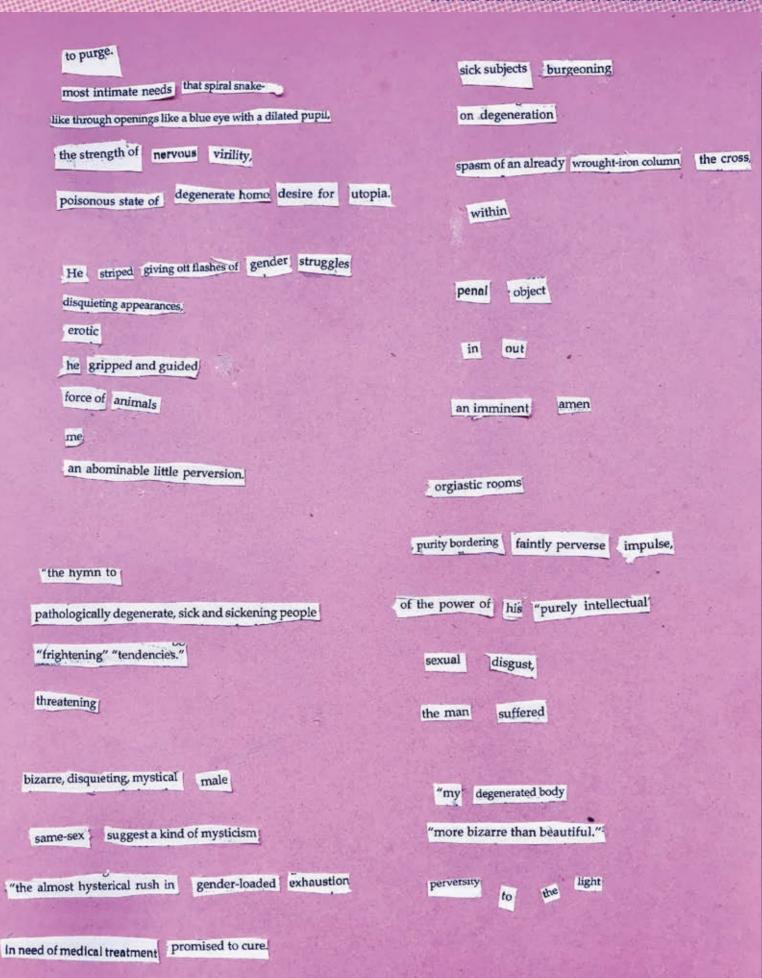
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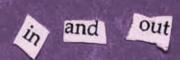
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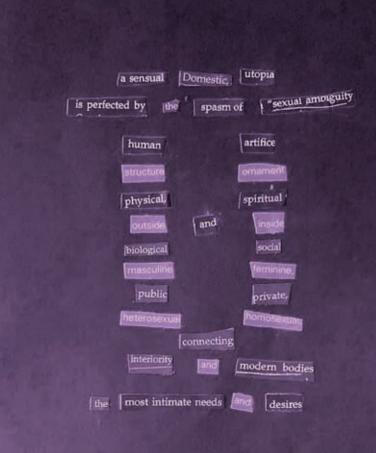
in the

interior

occupy it.

Topp

orgiastic perverts



oppositions



Reading Thoupe #14 - domestic decadence workshop and zine were developed within the soft modular frame of the exhibition Domestic Optimism by Emma Wolf-Haugh. Dealing with mangled and mistold modernist legacies. The project begins with furniture, inanimate objects that come loaded with social connections and invisible histories. Through the displacement of cultural detritus modernist architectural history is retold in the collective key of queer-feminist and decolonial practices, continually unearthing filth in times of hygiene, and complicating things that were never simple to begin with.

Participants of Reading Troupe #14 worked with images of furniture designed by Eileen Gray and with text excerpts from: Eileen Gray and the Design of Sapphic Modernity: Staying In' By Jasmine Rault & A Queer Analysis of Eileen Gray's E.1027 by Katarina Bonnevier.

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