

Luring waste (*–not really an epilogue, but hey...*)

Filthily bleeding and shamelessly peeing creatures with incomplete, hairy bodies doing ill-disciplined things on a Sunday morning have a strong allurement for humans, who cannot resist looking at them with disgust and delight.

The fascinating thing about these creatures and the naughty things they do is their relationship with humans; by existing within the wastelands and fringes of life, expelled from its centre, they, in turn, define that which exists within the borders of everyday normalcy. These dirty elements stand for what got excluded from the body, in order for it to be a complete, clean entity, and from life, in order for it to make sense.

The tale of exclusion is already begun when an infant is confronted with an image of his/her body as wholeness in a mirror for the first time; from then on the infant tries to achieve this wholeness as a subject (Lacan's mirror stage).¹ Everything that has the power to disturb identity, system or order and that is not compatible with this ideal unity gets repressed and excluded.

Humans form their bodies and faces to fit the cleanness of a life with strict borders, but the territory within those borders seems to be getting smaller and smaller as more things are expelled and considered to be a threat to the entity of a subject and its body. This is why the abject has such a power to fascinate when it returns to the surface, sometimes with shocking violence that often has the effect of scaring us back across our borders and into safe territory, while at other times, it makes an appearance in a laughingly playful form that has the effect of irresistible, dark temptation. "There looms, within abjection, one of those violent, dark revolts of being, directed against a threat, that seems to emanate from an exorbitant outside or inside, ejected beyond the scope of the possible, the tolerable, the thinkable. ... It beseeches, worries, and fascinates desire, which nevertheless, does not let itself be seduced."²

Those wasteful creatures and their quite unseemly actions fascinate us and we admiringly want to befriend them, but at the same time we resist being completely ensnared – life resists because it cannot exist beyond the border where meaning collapses.³

So then, enough fur balls of intelligent outbursts have been coughed up and this stroll through forests filled with hairy creatures, furry humans and adorable things is coming to an end. What remains is the firm but small ground of normal, everyday life, where we stand remembering the disgusting delights and dangerous temptations we glanced at on the other side.

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¹ Lacan, J. (1977) *Ecrits : A Selection*. London, Routledge

² Kristeva, J. (1982) *Powers of Horror: An Essay on Abjection*. New York, Columbia University Press, p. 3

³ Ibid.