

Twin Flame

sgp

factura digiti, 1:32, 2021

Philipp Farra

Longing for S, 0:25, 2025

Alli Melanson

Search and Destroy, 5:30, 2025

Vijay Masharani

Void in the eggs / Sunset, 0:28, 2024

Niclas Riepshoff

Portrait (Leonie), 1:33, 2025

curated by Liza Lacroix

...I can't remember if the one leg from the couch we found on the street has always been missing, or it got lost at one point between when we moved it off the sidewalk and when it was given back to me two years later. When it was returned to me, you had already moved away from the city. I looked for traces of you on it, hoping I would catch a glimpse of charcoal or oil paint, but no, you kept everything from your painting away from the couch. It bears none of your marks. When K came over and sat on the couch with me I had a thought that it would be nice to fill the seat of the couch laying down with him. I wanted to hold him in my arms and watch him fall asleep. I don't recall having much desire ever to touch or hold someone. He's become the exception, but he wants to be alone. The couch at his place is not as comfortable as ours. It's some kind of beautiful leather but it always feels so cold upon first contact. Our couch was firm and warm. When I was finally moving out of the building, I thought about bringing the couch with me back home. I scheduled movers for packing and rented a truck spacious enough to fit the couch. I had forgotten about the missing leg. When the movers showed up and began to move the couch, I remembered that the corner where the leg was supposed to be had been supported by a cinder block and a brick. We flipped the couch on its side and I pulled away the brick. There it was. Drips of dark brown paint with a tint of orange, and splatters of gesso left on one side of the cinder block. It felt like you were waving me goodbye and hushing me out of there. I had the

movers bring the bricks and left the couch to someone else in the building. Days later as I was unpacking after the move, I realized that I couldn't find the cinder block anywhere. Maybe it was left in the truck, or left on the side of the street where they double-parked. I guess in the end a part of the couch, or more accurately, a part that made the couch usable for the last three years, did make its way back to the sidewalk, as we all made our exits.

"Quiet ecstasy and sweet content, why are not all days like you?"

...He is getting better at picking up cab drivers in the middle of the night. As he gets into the backseat he grabs onto the driver's right shoulder gently and greets him in a friendly manner. He keeps his eyes looking straight into the rearview mirror, catching brief moments of direct eye contact with the driver. He doesn't talk but smiles into the mirror. The driver first seems nervous and starts blushing, but then starts to look into the mirror more often with a more prolonged gaze. At the stop light near his house the driver turned his head around fully and said: "Hey. Do you want to mess around with me?", reaching out an arm to graze his legs. He grabs the driver's hand and puts it on his crotch. The cab parks a couple of blocks away in a much darker area. The driver gets out of his seat and joins in the back. He asks to be fucked hard and the driver obliges, humping him tenesely with his pants barely off his thighs. When the driver covers his mouth as he starts to moan louder, he could smell cigarette smoke from his fingers. He wonders what brand of smoke the driver prefers. The sex does not last long. The driver circles the block to drop him off at his destination. He's still looking into the rearview mirror but the driver no longer looks at him back. He remembers the time when he ran into Tom at the movie theatre during the screening of something like a Chantal Akerman film, in which a couple travels at night in a truck. He is not sure if the protagonists also have sex in their vehicle, as he struggles to even vaguely recall any of the plot. He does have a vivid image of Tom taking photographs of the film screen with his phone at an alarmingly aggressive brightness level, to the point where people sitting behind started to collectively shush him. He tried to take a look at the phone screen held up in the otherwise entirely dark theatre, but all he saw was a radiating rectangle of light. A light box raised up like a torch. After the screening he wanted to ask Tom what was the moment in the film that made him take pictures so abruptly in the middle of the screening, but he did not. He thought maybe no image would ever justify the behavior, and that no image would come close to how beautiful he thought the beaming light from the phone looked to him. He felt a glorious purity in that gesture of total interruption. He gets dropped off and waves goodbye to the cab driver, who reluctantly nods in response. He walks upstairs and enters his apartment. He closes his eyes as he flips the light switch on. The darkness behind his eyelids turns a little warmer.

"This of course is not true, but it has been chosen to be believed."

Craig Jun Li, October 2025

