

Pigs

The cowrie-white males look like petrified dummies, or mannequins from Kantor's *Dead Class*. Their young and symmetrical heads are adorned with the shells — the cowries' vaginal teeth. These men live in the plastic tent, which is a frozen periphery in time, in their fantasy of the heroic pasts of their kin. Their aim is to exploit the dreams of the oppressed, so that the only option left is to follow a codified fantasy. What remains are merely the possibilities under the city lights, the rerouted dreams.

The faces of the cowrie-white males are digital prints, bits and pieces of generic heroic facades: maybe a hand, maybe just an ass with a chalky rectum. At the edge of the ocean they create a puddle to play in together. Their beautiful eyes carry the impressions of a thousand old celluloid movies. Their legs are the tiny little hooves of Gerasene pigs. Those beautiful piggy eyes. The naked men play together on the beach, close to the ocean that looks to us unnatural and pleasing, a studio backdrop. We can guess that all of their clothes were burned.

An adorned swine-headed male enjoys a canister full of strawberries and watermelons cut into small pieces. He seems to us an emotional and affective character, and we observe him with curiosity, in the same way we would observe a delicate medieval document under inch-thick glass. We might even feel an attachment to his ivory and sentimental flesh. Their eyes half-closed, the Gerasene pigs play with strawberries on the beach. These men are living in the tomb of white plastic, but they're possessed with evil spirits, which is apparent when one of the men cries: '*La Légion!*'

We study the adorned faces, with their cowries crystallized from the Maldives, where the slaves that were wading in the water detached the molluscs from the shells. The home of the mollusc became a token for human flesh. The Dutch East India Company then shipped the dried shells to Amsterdam for transfer to the slave ships. Thirteen million kilograms or thirteen thousand tonnes of cowries were exchanged for six million slaves in West Africa. And now these white males in the age of subhuman exploitations adorn their faces, necks, ankles and wrists with the dead molluscs and the dead flesh.

The adorned swine-headed male is dressed in a pale cotton shirt, another memento of the 18th century exploitation of Africa. The face of this particular male bears a startling resemblance to a perky buttock, adorned with the white teeth

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of a porcelain vagina. We're amused to think how these male creatures are devoured by the white porcelain teeth of the cowries' vagina. The shells have devoured life. They speak and they sing a song of the human flesh. They sing a song of anthropophagy. The toothed vaginas gnawing the blue eyes and hazel-blond hair, the slightly tanned flesh of the men playing on the beach. The men were feared for their feasts and orgies, and seemed to believe all things were good when taken to excess.

The dummies of these landowners, these miniscule creatures, do not exhale or inhale but only hover in a kind of half-living coma. We see how they're making a dome or a tent from plastic on the beach for no particular reason. Tracing paths in the sand, markings that the ocean will soon wash away.

The forehead of each man scurries with lice, his skin bitten and pale, full of red torments from the hair-nestled swarm. One of the men, with nails like silver blades, scours his scalp. The ocean pulls their infantile tent away into the ocean, and the heavy air falls with the dusk. Fingers killing the lice, and the swine-headed male singing, wrapping the lice in his saliva. The kiss of death. We feel a continuous desire to cry watching these laggards by the beach.

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The past exists in memory. Its inhabitants are dead, too. They are dead but at the same time alive. They can move, and they can even talk. Pulled out of the surprisingly flat practice of life, they fall into the hole of eternity.