

Hans Bellmer

January 21 - February 25, 2017

I have a weakness for men who play with dolls. It was Peter who took me into his closet, where, barricaded with pillows, he showed me his collection. There were blondes with skinny rubber legs, barbies in ruffled shirts with real buttons and lace, and a few antiques - pale porcelain babies with the unblinking eyes of an Aryan and a soft, willing body of floppy cotton cloth.

“Show me how many you can fit,” he challenged me while unbuttoning his corduroy shorts and lowering his tight, soiled briefs. I saw that he had already fit at least one rubber doll inside him, its arched foot dangling outside his asshole, waiting for its crystal high-heel shoe. “I can fit 7 teddybear hamsters, Annie, Misty, and Sarah...” he recited this litany in a procedural, almost-bored fashion, as if remembering all of the tedious tasks that remained to be done in a day. Perhaps it was his tone of voice that confused me, or the hairlessness of his prepubescent genitals that moved me... I leaned over him, interrupting that list of doll names with my mouth and pushed him against the carpeted floor of his closet. I pushed cinderella’s foot in with my fist and cried “Mary” as I stuffed the china doll with her painted smile and gingham dress deep inside him. I felt a wetness gush out of his ass and I rubbed it with my knuckles against his tiny little testicles, watching his little dick swell like a bruise, growing hard and translucent.

Later when he had shat it all out and we wiped off the traces of feces and blood, he took an erotic pleasure in dismembering the dolls and cleaning each and every one of their removable parts. He laid the parts out on posterboard and made formal arrangements. He did not observe the integrity of the body, but put Sarah’s leg with Annie’s torso and Beth’s arm, all glued together with wetness, hamster guts, and synthetic hair.

“You could turn this in for your school art assignment” I told him, as I straightened my skirt and blouse. “I think it’s genius, actually... I’ll act so surprised. I won’t give it away.”

“You are a good teacher, Ms._____. I think you are right. And I think I will become a great artist.”

- Candice Lin

In conjunction with Kathleen Ryan’s solo exhibition, François Ghebaly is pleased to present an intimate presentation of original drawings and photos from surrealist Hans Bellmer (1902-1975) in collaboration with Galerie 1900/2000 in Paris.

For more information, please contact the gallery at info@ghebaly.com