

DON'T LOVE ME, I'M YOUR TOY

AURORE DAL MAS

PUBLISHED BY DIRTYillness

BOOK DETAILS

- 68 pages, 32 photographies couleurs
 - Livret de 12 pages A5 bleu clair (80gsm) avec texte (version anglaise ou française)
 - 1 Poster double-face A3 (135gsm) avec texte (anglais & français)
 - 1 Insert A5 recto-verso sur papier rose (120gsm) avec texte (anglais ou français)
 - Poids: 0.6 kg / 1.3 lbs
 - Dimensions: 21.9 × 28.5 cm
 - Auteur: Aurore Dal Mas
 - Pages: 68 pages
 - Papier: Uncoated Matt 170gsm
 - Format: Softcover
 - Reliure: Perfect Bound (PUR)
 - Edition: 250
 - Date de publication: November 2019
 - Prix de vente: £29 / €33 / \$36
-
- ISBN: 9781916276505

AURORE DAL MAS

ARTIST STATEMENT

“ Pour une fois, c’est lui qui est déshabillé. Passif, il consent aux injonctions de la voix féminine qui émane de l’ordinateur, le guidant dans ses poses. ” - Aurore Dal Mas

Les photographies ont été prises lors de conversations vidéo Skype qui ont duré entre quinze et quarante-cinq minutes. Au cours de ces séances, chaque homme qui participait se déshabillait, il devait au moins être torse nu. Une seule condition: l'anonymat. Aucun critère physique, rien de prédéfini. Dal Mas pouvait les voir mais eux ne pouvaient pas la voir car elle les photographiait dans leur chambre mais au travers de son écran d'ordinateur, avec un appareil photo numérique. Ce sont des hommes qu'elle n'avait jamais rencontrés auparavant, dirigés à distance. Ils ne savaient pas le moment exact où la photo serait prise, et à sa discrétion, Dal Mas signifierait la conclusion de l'appel Skype, de brefs adieux seraient échangés et ensuite l'appel se terminerait. Laissant derrière lui une intimité éphémère.

Ce travail porte sur la déshumanisation, la vulnérabilité et les relations à distance; la difficulté de se connecter et de s'engager intimement avec l'autre ainsi que le désir de plaire. Par la distanciation apportée par la caméra, les différentes chambres et l'écran deviennent une boîte d'observation pour ces hommes du commun. Il interroge et explore leur désir d'être regardé, en scrutant leur physicalité à travers une présence numérique - impressionnante, insaisissable, désirable ou faite de sentiments mélangés. L'œuvre suggère la fatigue, celle d'avoir à exister aux yeux de l'autre comme objet de désir. Ainsi, cette série interroge également le rôle de spectateur-voyeur du public. Alors que l'esthétique low-fi de l'œuvre fait, elle, référence à des images fonctionnelles que l'on pourrait trouver et utiliser en fréquentant les médias sociaux ou d'autres applications de rencontre, tous si désireux de nous connecter les uns aux autres.

AURORE DAL MAS

ARTIST BIBLIOGRAPHY

Aurore Dal Mas a obtenu un Master en Photographie à La Cambre (Bruxelles, 2005). Elle a exposé ses œuvres au Musée de la Photographie de Charleroi (2012), Water Tower Art Fest à Sofia (BG, 2013), Le Mill à Huy (BE, 2013), Circulation(s) festival à Paris et 44 Gallery à Bruges (2014), Recyclart (Bruxelles, 2014), Cultuurcentrum de Knokke (BE, 2016), L'Orangerie à Bastogne (BE, 2016), Bruggefoto festival à Bruges (2017), CCHA à Hasselt (BE, 2017), Peinture Fraîche librairie-galerie (BE, 2018), Penthouse Art Residency: *Look at me Baby, I'm yours* (Bruxelles, sept. 2019) et La Nuú Festival (Rubi, Barcelone, oct. 2019). Des extraits de son travail ont été publiés dans le magazine Opal (Montréal, nov. 2019).

En 2018, Dal Mas a publié son premier livre photo intitulé *Dead end dust* avec Yellow Now éditions (BE, 2018). Son deuxième livre photo *Don't love me I'm your toy* a été publié par DIRTYillness (UK, 2019).







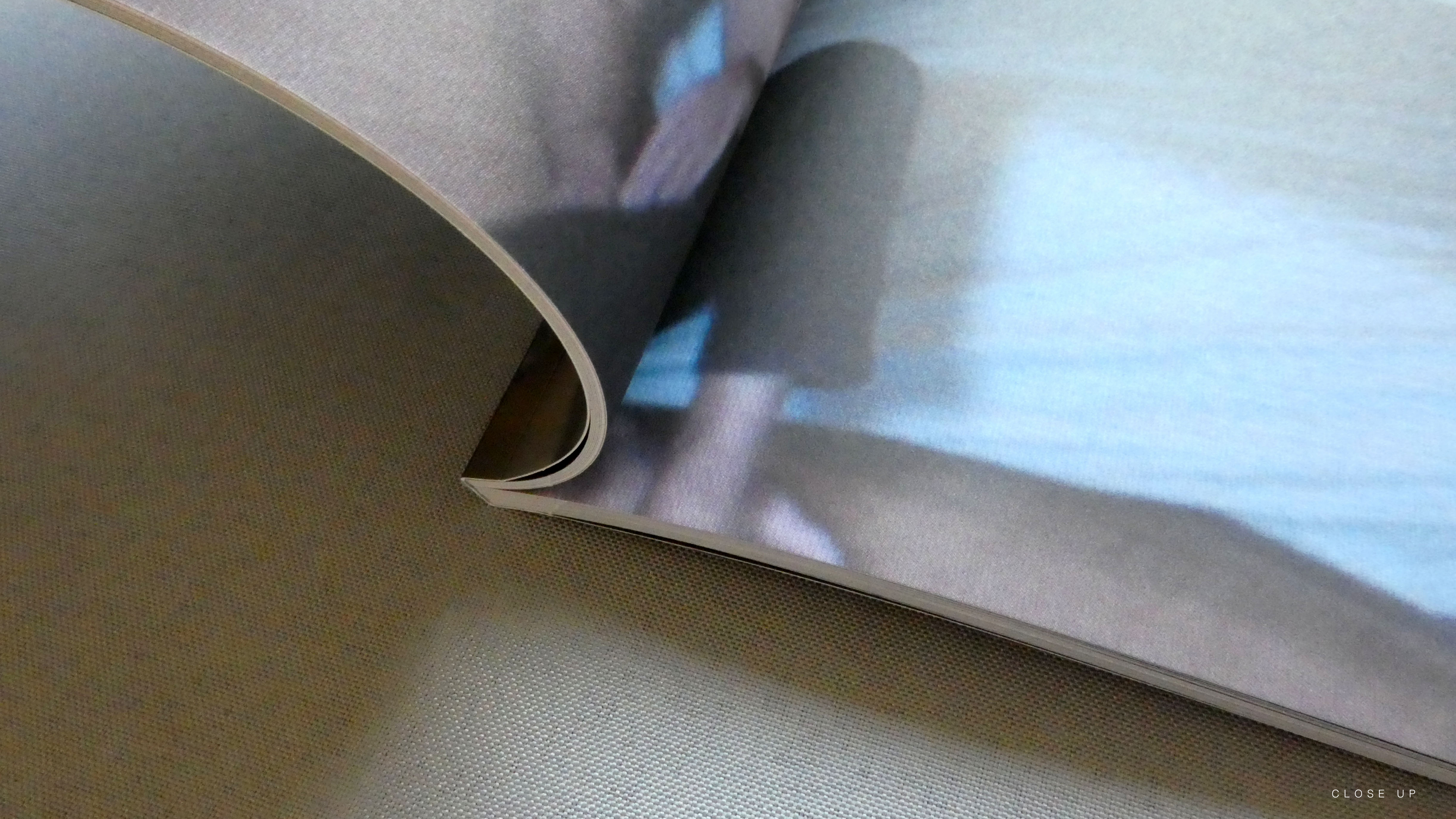




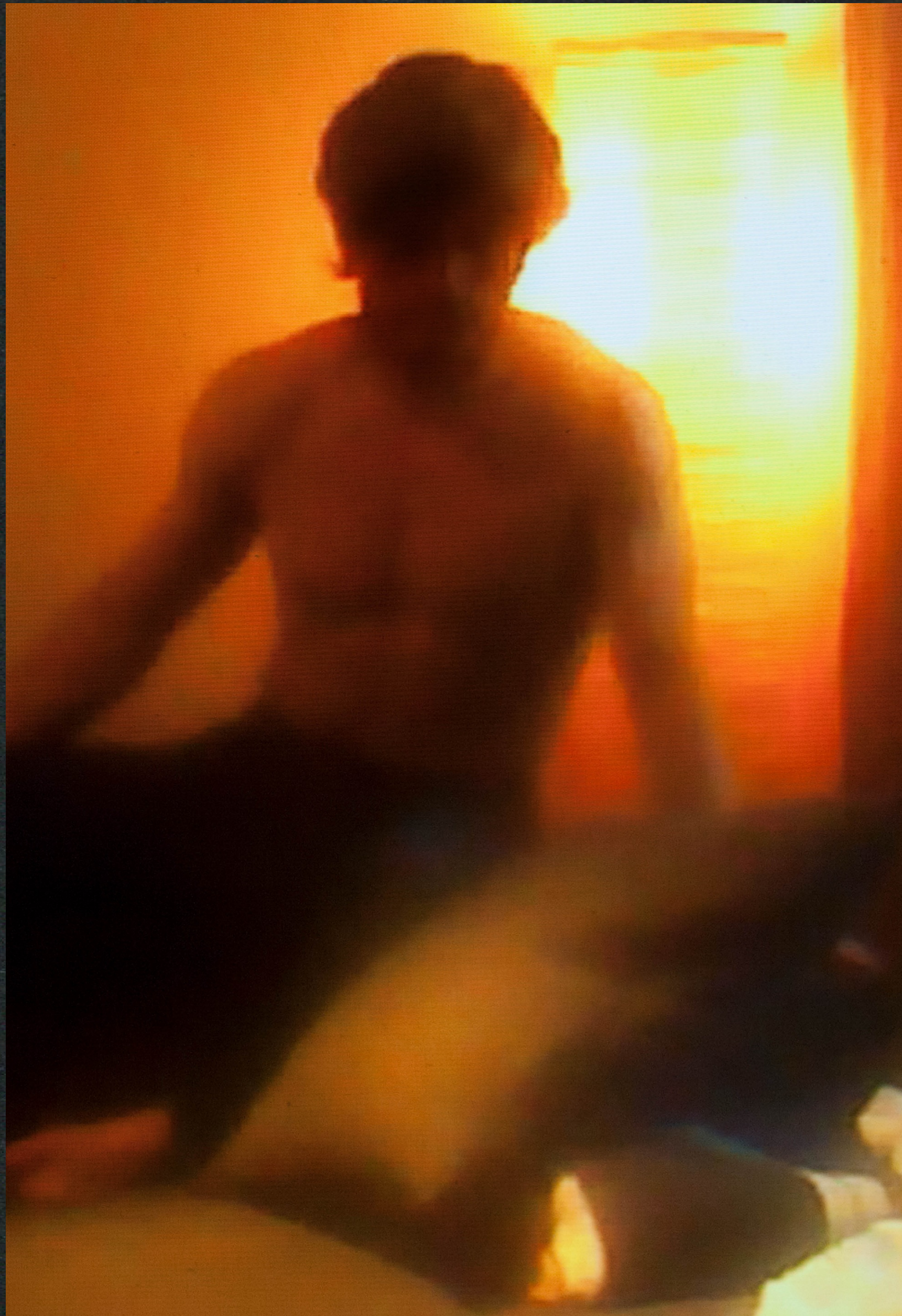


DON'T LOVE ME

*DON'T LOVE ME
I'M YOUR TOY*







*Ce moment si particulier où l'on
entre en relation avec l'autre,
physiquement, pourtant sans encore
se toucher. C'est le début,
l'étonnement, le moment d'un choix.
Qui se réitère pour nous rappeler
qu'il a déjà été fait il y a
longtemps et qu'il est vain de s'en
défendre.*

*The special moment, when one enters
the relationship with another -
physically, yet without even a
touch. This is the beginning, the
surprise, the moment of a choice.
It reminds us, that it already has
been done - long time ago, and that
it is hopeless to resist it, to
defend from it.*

In the orange light

It was warm, he wanted to stay outside. He drove us up to the edge of the canal. He told me to lie down for a bit on the concrete platform overlooking the water and wait for the light to fade. The place is abandoned, a place for old perverts where the ground is strewn with white tissues. I lie down. An orange light bathes the warm tarmac. He keeps on glancing over at me from the car. I blend into the landscape. The air feels damp.

When he gets out of the car, there is still a lingering blue light low in the sky. He cleans himself off with a tissue that he then throws on the ground before making eye contact with me. I stand alone in the high grass in a bit of a daze with my bare legs and short dress, my knees covered in dirt and my mouth sticky. He approaches me with a small camera, takes a picture and then takes me back into the car. He begins to rub my sex with one hand and uses his other hand to rub his penis. The light outside is now a dark orange. I'm thinking about the photo. It looked like a Magritte painting.

Gym

I see him sometimes. He has a tattoo on his hand, his forearm, and on his chest. They're opinionated and not nice. Brown skin, wrinkled face, strong body, and very fit and agile. We chatted at the bar, without being overly intimate or overly disinterested – not really connecting. When he speaks he forces a couple of smiles that are unable to mask a sense of fatality in his eyes – the slightest trigger could set him off. Like that time with all the choking and his relentless invasive cock, right up until the ambulance...

I joined him when he went out for a cigarette. Away from the bar we found ourselves down an alleyway without uttering a word. He took my neck in his hand and took out his cock with the other. I got down on my knees. I sucked him for a long time, my hair tangled in his hands. I swallowed it all when he came.

A mass of muscles came down on top of me, crushing me into the cold paving stones. My arms and legs spread apart, useless. His grip was uncompromising, and his violence came in bursts. I am like a dead bird, the broken bones ripping through flesh amongst the mess of exploding organs whose liquids trickle out through the tears. They came to find me down the alley that leads to the gym because they didn't see me come back.

I swallowed it all when he came. A survival instinct. It was either that or suffocation, but I am no longer afraid of dying.

Motel

He asked for a room with a view of the motorway – to be more romantic. They gave us room 11. I undressed immediately and he turned on the television.

On the TV screen, strangers were dying. It must have been the south of Italy. They were sleeping in shelters, working and dying in the fields. Unnoticed. Like animals that you don't care about and that you bury anywhere.

I let him caress me whilst I ate some raw lamb on the bed. He came closer to me and put his hands all over my body and then forced his fingers between my legs. He kneeled behind me. He pulled his fingers out. Then he pulled me towards him and held me firmly as his member slid right up inside of my body. I let him take me. While this was happening, some people (Ukrainians or Russians) watched us through a crack in the curtains, lit up by the glow from the dead people on television. Transfixed behind the window, they stared and chatted amongst themselves. There was also a woman there. The wall was thin; the door was just a plank of wood. It might not have been locked. I couldn't understand what they were saying to each other. They were in front of the door now. He fucked me slowly and hard and then he came on my ass. They want more. This was not planned. They're in front of the door and we can't get out.

After persisting for several minutes they end up getting back into their SUV. I go up to the window. I can see the woman and a man with a grouchy forehead. I saw absolutely no desire in their expressions.

Click, twice

It's a four star hotel, nothing special. I just would have preferred to have been with somebody else, that's all.

It's 10PM, he made the booking. Everything's quiet, we go up to the first floor. He says he should take a shower. Ever the same routine. He doesn't want me to take his picture and goes out again to get something to eat.

I am alone with a big window overlooking a brick wall. The TV's only advertising snow, the mattress is too soft and the mini-bar only has whiskey. I could leave but I'm tired.

He comes back and eats; I drink without forgetting. Between mouthfuls he undresses me, puts on a condom, lubricates it and swallows his food. He says that when I orgasm it's like I'm crying. He pulls out, the condom filled. He finally goes to take a shower. I put back on my cheap little black dress that always makes me look good. We talk about work for ten minutes. He gets hard again, hitches up my dress and fucks me out of habit. Forvently, tastelessly, useless. To finish off he asks me to lick his balls, I lap up his cold sweat. It smells of salt and warm raw meat. It always tastes the same regardless of what's in my mouth. This will be my photo.

AURORE DAL MAS

EXTRAIT DU LIVRET A5 (EN / FR)

MOTEL

Il a demandé une chambre avec vue sur l'autoroute, c'est plus romantique. On nous a donné la chambre 11. Je me suis déshabillée tout de suite, il a allumé la télévision.

A l'écran, des étrangers meurent. Ça doit être le sud de l'Italie. Ils dorment dans des abris, travaillent et meurent dans les champs. Sans égards. Comme des bêtes, dont on se fout, et qu'on enterre n'importe où.

Je me laisse caresser pendant que je mange un peu d'agneau cru sur le lit. Il vient plus près de moi et passe ses mains partout sur ma peau puis il enfonce ses doigts avec insistance entre mes jambes. Il s'agenouille derrière moi. Ses doigts ressortent. Alors il m'attire vers lui, me maintient fermement et son sexe glisse tout seul jusqu'au fond de mon corps. Je me laisse prendre. Pendant ce temps, des gens (ukrainiens ou russes) nous observent à travers les rideaux pas suffisamment fermés, éclairés par le spectre des morts de la télévision.

Je veux [REDACTED] avec toi,
t'es jolie.

Keep on [REDACTED]
but don't forget me.



I'M YOUR TOY













DIRTYillness

www.dirtyillness.com

info@dirtyillness.com