

# DON'T LOVE ME, I'M YOUR TOY

AUORE DAL MAS

PUBLISHED BY DIRTYillness

# BOOK DETAILS

- 68 pages, 32 colour photographs
- 12-page A5 light blue booklet (80gsm) with text (English or French versions)
- 1 double-sided A3 poster (135gsm) with text (English & French)
- 1 double-sided A5 pink page (120gsm) with text (English or French)
- Weight: 0.6 kg / 1.3 lbs
- Dimensions: 21.9 × 28.5 cm
- Author: Aurore Dal Mas
- Pages: 68 pages
- Paper: Uncoated Matt 170gsm
- Format: Softcover
- Binding: Perfect Bound (PUR)
- Edition: 250
- Publication date: November 2019
- RRP: £29 / €33 / \$36
- ISBN: 9781916276505

# AURORE DAL MAS

## ARTIST STATEMENT

*“For once, it’s him who is undressed. Passive, he consents to the injunctions of the woman’s voice that emanates from the computer, guiding him in his poses.” - Aurore Dal Mas*

The photographs were taken during Skype video chats that lasted between fifteen to forty-five minutes. During these sessions, each male who participated would undress, they were required to be bare-chested at the very least. Under one condition: anonymity. No physical criteria, nothing pre-defined. Dal Mas could view them but they could not view her as she photographed them in their bedrooms by way of her computer screen using a digital camera. These were men she had never met before, directed from a distance. They did not know the exact moment the photograph would be taken, at her discretion Dal Mas would signify a conclusion to the Skype call, brief goodbyes would be exchanged and then the call would end. Leaving behind a fleeting intimacy.

This body of work is about dehumanisation, vulnerability and distant relationships; the difficulty in connecting and engaging intimately with another as well as the eagerness to please. The disconnection provided by the camera, the different rooms, the screen becoming an observation box for these casual men. It questions and explores their desire to be looked at, by scrutinising their physicality through a digital presence – that being impressive, elusive, desirable or consisting of mixed emotions. The work suggests fatigue, of having to exist in the other’s eyes as an object of desire. Thereby, this series also queries the viewer-voyeur role of an audience. While the low-fi aesthetics of the work refers to functional images one could find and utilise by using social media, or other meeting apps, eager to connect us with one another.

# AURORE DAL MAS

## ARTIST BIBLIOGRAPHY

Aurore Dal Mas obtained a Masters degree in Photography at La Cambre (Brussels, 2005). She has exhibited her works at the Musée de la Photographie de Charleroi (2012), Water Tower Art Fest in Sofia (BG, 2013), Le Mill in Huy (BE, 2013), Circulation(s) festival in Paris and 44 Gallery in Brugge (2014), Recyclart (Brussels, 2014), Cultuurcentrum in Knokke (BE, 2016), L'Orangerie Bastogne (BE, 2016), Bruggefoto festival in Bruges (2017), CCHA in Hasselt (BE, 2017), Peinture Fraîche bookshop gallery (BE, 2018), Penthouse Art Residency: *Look at me Baby, I'm yours* (Brussels, Sept. 2019) and La Nuú Festival (Rubi, Barcelona, Oct. 2019). Excerpts of her work have been published in Opal magazine (Montreal, Nov. 2019)

In 2018 Dal Mas published her first photobook titled *Dead end dust* with Yellow Now editions (BE, 2018). Her second photobook *Don't love me I'm your toy* was published by DIRTYillness (UK, 2019)





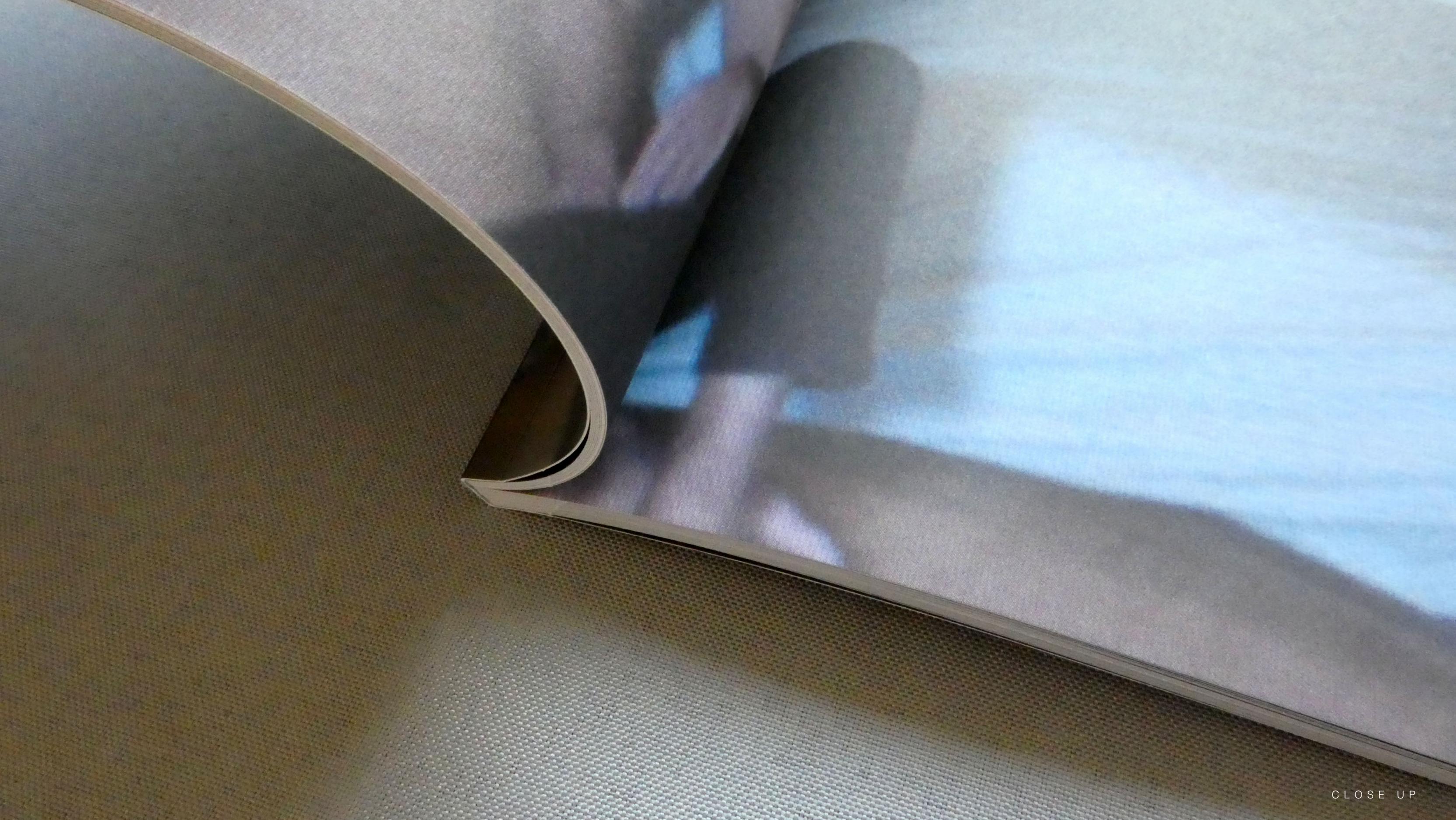




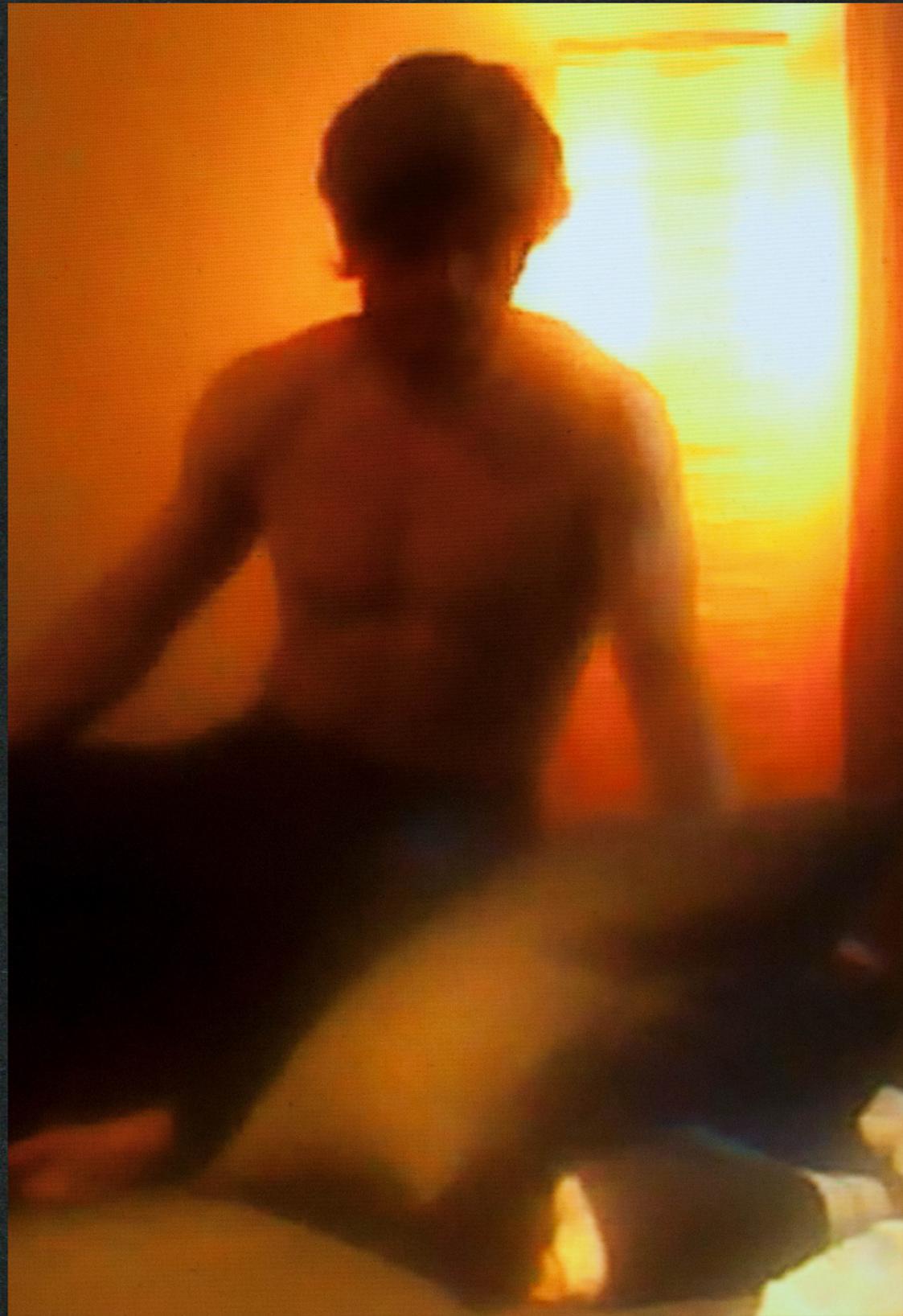


DON'T LOVE ME

*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 knelt 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 greasy 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. Fervently, 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

EXCERPT FROM A5 BOOKLET (EN / FR)

## MOTEL

He asked for a room with a view of the motorway, as that would be more romantic. They gave us room 11. I undressed immediately and he switched 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 in any old place.

I let him caress me whilst I ate some raw lamb on the bed. He came closer towards 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. And then he pulled me towards him and held me firmly as his penis 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.

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

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



*I'M YOUR TOY*













**DIRTYillness**

[www.dirtyillness.com](http://www.dirtyillness.com)

[info@dirtyillness.com](mailto:info@dirtyillness.com)