Witch’s Peak

Stephen G. Rhodes
Witch’s Peak spikes impotent reproduction
The natural disaster is the landscape of contradiction.

To fiddle with apocalyptic propaganda allows discourse laterally to condemn while evading one's own judgement in celebration of its presence. The joy of nihilism is already passed.

The balance between birth-rate and the death-rate. Overpopulation exists when the birth-rate exceeds the death-rate. For centuries the problem has been anticipated and prognosticated. It has justified war, since the other way of keeping population down is to stop fucking and reproducing.
A sacrilegious abstention, if not simply a repression of our pleasure. But what about Frankenstein and the monster he produced. Why fuck the death-rate. The modern Prometheus critiques the mess of estranged (horrified) labor in the 19th century but why then does the monster care so much about coupling and fucking…to ensure disaster in the future?

Food and shitting is one thing but you probably need land to stage your excrement. Everyone is fucking but what are they reproducing?
In Bayou Corne in South Louisiana, Texas Brine—a company that extracts resources from the subterranean—penetrates the nebulous ground of the bayou with its mechanical shaft 2800 feet into an underground salt dome—that satanic stomach. The infernal penetration is performed to procure a resource that all humans deliriously discharge—sodium chloride—they say the petroleum is residual. 30 years after Texas Brine performed the enema, Hell makes way for a fart. To accommodate for such a latent gaseous release, all kinds of land mass is sacrificed, imbibed back into the intestines of Hell.
And then there is the heart burn. Pools of toxic bubbles surfacing beyond the hole, thus forcing the migration of a population that confoundingly ever inhabited this hellhole in the first place.
And where do they go? One monster wants to fuck another monster.

critique of overpopulation, of course, stop making art

empty infinity of death
the impotent reproduction of life

Sculpture as the reverse sinkhole of population whence the apocalypse has already commenced rising out of the head of the modern Prometheus. The sacrificial totems of disproportionate reproduction. A reproductive delirium whose end is impotent yet which consequences fuck itself to no sumptuary limit.

Out of the Compendium Maleficarum
The demon stealing semen—an unnatural Incubus. Petroleum. Wax is of Petroleum.
That substance in between physical states (Descartes)—liquid to solid based on heat—that humored philosophers or summoned terror. Its mercurial state…like demon semen…which was always never the demon's own semen—it had to be stolen, extracted, it had to be against the order of nature.
Preconsultations for depopulating?
The heads and scalps collected by savages were sometimes posted in display so as to admonish enemies or in other contexts as a sign of respect to the slain so that their spirit would not return to torment the slayers. The totem poll protects the sacred. In slave revolts the heads were posted on spikes at the extremities of the plantation property, clearly to dissuade insurgents of the consequences of rebellion. In the Middle Ages they put them on spikes, perhaps less for cautionary measures than for fun.

When the Natchez Indians claimed a scalp they had to abstain from sex for at least 6 months.

ube is an artist divided by Berlin and Louisiana. His work is exhibited internationally and is the subject of a monograph, Apologies (JRP Ringer, 2012), published on the occasion of an exhibition at the Migros Museum in Zurich.