

Dear [REDACTED]

In the course of the next four paragraphs, as you will see, we will proceed to separate you from \$1000, and arm you with good feelings about the loss. Thank you for reading on.

We are, like you, gallerists, and of course, aesthetes, capitalists, socialists - and completely dispensable. Your show with [REDACTED] (by the way I loved the [REDACTED] [REDACTED] installation, but I digress...) demonstrates your sage understanding that Art,

and the market for it,
is no simple pyramid,
the integrity of which is
dependent on the location
of any particular stone.

Rather, you would surely
agree, the world of Art is
a pulsing and tentacled
Organism, loping huge
through the alimentary tract
of human culture. And like
all living things, its
vitality is dependent less
on any particular cell
than the well lubricated
exchange of interdependent
fluids. This Organism,
within which, bacteria-like,
we both grow and multiply,
sways between the divergent

purposes of pleasure and commerce, as the rest of animalia sways between fucking and feeding. As you might expect - the deprivation of any activity, no matter how gross or foolish, will starve, frustrate, and eventually kill the poor clumsy thing.

In the interest of maintaining our mutual and beloved Host's regularity and vitality, we have taken it upon ourselves, as the slipshod exhibitionists that we are, in all things that still reek of a selfish

volupté, curatorial irreverence,
noisy egos, glorified
amateurism, some kind of
danger (do we overstate
ourselves? so then we
overstate ourselves...)
etc — so that we may
serve to metabolize the
sin of professionalism
into sustained virility, for
the Organism.

Can you imagine a
more robust antibody for
innumerable staff
meetings and compulsory
dinners? A swifter deodorant
for the smell of once-potent
enthusiasm hissing out like
so much passing gas?

If your work with Art is no longer fun, and it very well may not be, you no longer need to worry that it might be killing the creature, for we will be out there, all nerve-endings and engorgements and heightened senses, keeping our part of the arrangement, laying blissfully stoned and spent on the beach.

To clarify the purpose of your immanent generosity: In order that we may continue to sustain the optimal health of the

Organism, we ask only
that you and the glands
of commerce to which
you are wed excrete
a particular vital
substance into our waiting
vacuoles. We both know
how good it will make
you feel.

A check or money order
is acceptable.

Sincerely,

Lucy Hunter, R. Lyon

Where