



56 reasons not to go out at night.

The work of Deborah Sengl.

We can all seem like angels adorned as villains with wall paper for body armor. Most of us cut and paste our way through life with 16 battleship shades of lipstick to go with the welts in the practice of self-breeding luxury and the chase for amusement. Even those hired to protect us come off as style council equipped with Gucci camouflage with an itchy finger to let loose a torrent of hostility and administer a new line of angst. This could be the preface of an otherwise normal evening out on the town capped off with a obligatory binge at a convenient Wüstelstand, (imbiss) after drinks galore and bad sex leaving us asking what is that smell and how did things get this bad?

The fundamental angle of Deborah Sengl's work is that she is obviously totally disgusted with this carnivore culture and finds it rather critical that we cannot see how we ourselves are being devoured by the absence of pause and reflection. Make no mistake about it, this town likes its' meat and the "power systems" that insures its permanence. But if Ms Sengl has anything to do with it, it may prove a shrude tactic to awake each hour during ones sleep to ensure one hasn't been Frankensteined into an effigy with sadistic characteristics which would serve as warning that what we play at and not only consume may be what preys upon us.

And if there's any doubt, than I invite you to take the U-bahn, (subway) after the Wuk, Fluk and or the Flex, (clubs) and try to deflect the self effacing indications from your nightlife comrades who according to the acute dexterous portrayals of Ms Sengl's "body of work", camouflage themselves with the skin of their natural, (feared), enemy which in all likely hood may be as docile as boredom. I do not want to meet this one when I think I'm feeling confident. It is clear; Frau Sengl is not a "Party" girl in any usage of the term.

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