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Selected  
Performance  
Texts  
And  
Thoughts  
On  
Sluttery  
And  
Fuckery

## BANANA DRAMA

Ladies - do not eat a banana in public,  
you will not be able to protect yourselves.  
Ladies do not eat a banana in public,  
the men will not be able to control themselves.  
She doesn't care, she has it in her hands,  
She puts it to her mouth. REBEL GIRL!  
That big tasty yellow and brown!  
NO... NO... NO  
Why aren't you listening to me?... not the banana.  
They will make you out to be the next Frances Farmer,  
and you will be crying and screaming like she did,  
'THEY HAVE TAKEN AWAY MY CIVIL RIGHTS!'  
Well HA HA HA,  
you never had any in the first place,  
with the affliction of a vagina reality really fucking bites.  
You stupid dumb fuck!  
This is really gonna suck!  
So now you are hysterical!  
Problems stemming from childhood,  
but only umbilical,  
Disturbed!  
Daddy issues!  
Abused!  
An Anorexic and an Alcoholic  
Nights spent alone messaging men for sex on the internet,  
OH MY GOD someone get me a video camera it's just so now,  
it's just so feminist,

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it's just so melancholic.  
But that bastard - your boyfriend,  
he's saying you are histrionic!  
But we know what that means - us girls,  
yeah, yeah, we know what that means.  
Well Howdy Partner, the American Psychiatric Association  
just recently diagnosed me with a disorder,  
I am an attention seeker!  
I thought I was a public speaker.  
I am a dirty slut seductress!  
But I was just trying to get a place on your guest list,  
I am preoccupied and I live for drama!  
OH MY GOD  
I was just trying to eat a banana!  
So now I am all tied up,  
and the men in white coats won't give me what I want,  
what I desire....the most,  
more than anything,  
They said it would be inappropriate,  
distasteful,  
threatening,  
and even menacing!  
But they keep teasing,  
AND NOW I HAVE TRIED EVERYTHING!  
BUT I CAN'T TAKE A SHIT!  
AND I CAN'T GO TO SLEEP!  
But they keep teasing,  
they keep saying if I'm a good girl,  
if I'm a sweet girl,

do my hair right,  
shut the fuck up when I'm told and swallow my dolls down  
right,  
there's a chance,  
a tiny little chance I might get my precious mush nutritious  
yellow and brown,  
and I'll promise not to listen to the Velvet Underground,  
Josephine Baker! You're no longer my heroine,  
YEAH! I'll find a new source of serotonin,  
But then it's all taken away  
and I don't get the potassium I crave,  
OH MY GOD SOLUBLE FIBRE I AM YOUR SLAVE!  
Dear Vitamin B, dear Vitamin C, I LOVE THEE.  
And now you think I'm crazy,  
everybody is looking at me and you don't take me seriously,  
And I know it was all lies,  
and I now realise the supreme power of authority just wanted  
to fuck me!  
All because I went outside and exercised my right!  
All because I went outside and I was just hungry!  
And now I am engaged in a bitter public fight.  
Well this time I won't give it up, I'm not lying on my back!  
So you can go and fuck yourself! FUCK YOURSELF!  
You can have my banana and you can shove it up your ass,  
because this time us girls will be eating our bananas,  
our pussies pressed down,  
watching you,  
from above the fucking glass.

## Some Thoughts

Society is comforted by its collective ability to label people. To label the marginalised, the poor, the weak and the vulnerable. To stay within your label is what is done to survive. Names are assigned to establish roles to protect the status quo. Type cast as the slut she is stuck by herself. She has a sticky cunt that belongs to everyone. Least of all her. she has not been allowed the privilege of a facade or the ownership of her body. She is a dangerous outsider ready to fuck everything up. Everything that everyone is so desperately trying to protect. The very non political idea of *two* kids, weekly shops to Sainsbury's and holidays in France. Her history and experience is deemed filthy and disgusting and irrelevant. We just assume she is damaged goods. Maybe she was abused or maybe she just likes to party and get all fucked up. Maybe she likes to party and get all fucked up *because* she was abused. Whatever. It *is* irrelevant as long as we know she is the slut. Society is sympathetic to the slut, so long as she knows, she's the slut. If she is lucky she may even get to be the tart with a heart. The slut is a necessary stock character, needed to do what others won't and tell hilarious stories highlighting her low character, she serves as the goal posts of moral accountability. She's why Eve ate the apple. We need bad to know good. We must make her feel bad so we can feel good. But what good comes from war?

## Everything is Optional but I Want to be Successful

You don't take it seriously because you hear it constantly  
from your mother, your sister, your daughter, your lover  
and your whore.

Believe me when I say, we took no comfort.  
There was no satisfaction in your willing exchange of shame.  
You were so PATHETIC!  
but my god this feeling is so familiar.  
You were so WEAK!

But my god this is just a depressing mirror.  
You disgust us because you are now as disgusting as us.  
But believe me you fucking shit head,  
your adjustment would never be realised.  
It was us who liberated ourselves thru your imposed state  
of compromise.

US! who found pleasure within our so called Stockholm  
syndrome,

but we never felt desensitised,

**WE MADE NO PROFIT**

when our condition was capitalised,

it was feminised,

it was fetishised,

But we were never humanised.

So now you tell us to stop selling ourselves,

but it was you who made us so poor.

And now you tell us to cover ourselves

but it was you that set the standard of agency.

And now you tell us be wary of our sisters but it was who

placed us in this orgy of depravity.

So you sit there in your box we built for you, you built for  
yourself.

And we were watching you watching us watching you.

And no you don't own us.

But MY GOD we are in an art gallery and your box is not  
made of glass.

Its fur lined with cunts and you get a glass of wine when you  
walk thru our door,  
thru our legs.

Your box is gifted in an economy.

Made possible by our gendered generosity,

nice and warm or cold and dark,

It makes no difference!

So go home, congratulate yourself knowing your options are  
based on your privileged spirit for curiosity.

**WELL FUCKING LUCKY YOU!**

Your cat didn't die but my pussy won't stop bleeding.

Now you are free to celebrate yourself for letting go just for  
a second of your cock and bull superiority.

Sleep tight at night because you now know value is not  
placed on how much you will give up in this sexual-  
ised amnesty.

But for us options are based on our want, our need and our  
right to be successful.

And in order to be successful, we need to be free.

## Some Thoughts

The internet is lying to us. The statement Kim K is a feminist icon creates a false economy. She is a rich woman. We are without the means to capitalise on the misogyny we are being subjected to. We are being fucked by the pay gap, by our temporary contracts. I want to have family but am not thought of as maternal, desperately though I try to stay fertile. I'm not thought of as a caregiver but I am so tired of caring, I am so tired of facilitating and stroking and listening and fucking. My body is not a sacred space but a battleground at war with itself and everyone else. I am the fighter, the nurse and the priest, the mother of dead sons and a commander trying to be seen as a father to those who never had one. Emphatic to my temporary partners but apathetic to my own future. I facilitate and accommodate. I AM THE HOST-ESS AND I AM THE PARTY

## Let's talk about ART

Let's talk about art,  
let's talk about the history of art,  
let's talk about critical theory, aesthetic relativity,  
circle jerkin over subversion of subjectivity,  
can you pay my rent please?  
How do we effect modern institution?  
What about prostitution?  
What about idea incubation?  
Thinking is working and working is thinking but thinking  
isn't paying,  
I got a show though, I have to keep making.  
What about academia's possession of knowledge?  
What about it's subsequent privatisation?  
I think I'm too dumb to understand,  
what do you know about tax evasion?  
what do you know about tax evasion?  
Does your wife know the way you feel about art?  
About your generous contribution to my relative learning  
experience,  
everyone really loves the work I make concerning your cul-  
tural interference,  
I'm a cash in hand girl,  
and now I can make another art show appearance.  
Well done Liv,  
It's so fantastic and inspiring,  
you should really talk to the kids,  
well done Liv!

On your desperate but so full of conviction perseverance,  
You're making really good art right now yeah, its really good art,  
but I'm sorry we can't give you that grant,  
we can't give you that fellowship or residency,  
unfortunately the board of trustees had a discussion  
and it came to their attention that you don't act all that  
eloquently,  
always losing your shit and sucking dick,  
we are actually a family run organisation,  
we got a reputation and we couldn't risk the very unsavoury  
press situation,  
the implication a little slut like you could initiate.  
YEAH well that's fine mate,  
because I really don't wanna talk about art,  
I can't even afford the submission fee for your grant,  
I wanna talk about me!  
I WANNA TALK ABOUT ME!  
But you can't talk about me,  
because you don't know about the cost of instability,  
marketing your own sexuality,  
fucking and the very structures,  
keeping the filthy establishment sat on top me!  
I can't breathe!  
so please,  
don't call me or fax me or text me,  
if without your disguise your just a magpie,  
collecting another prize, flying high meeting targets, hit-  
ting deadlines,  
I'M SICK OF OUR DURATIONAL RELATIONSHIP!

I sucked dry and you're still flying high,  
while all I got was shit in my hair, twitter followers and a party.  
WELL I'M NOT HAVING FUN AT MY PARTY!  
EVERYONE KEEPS LOOKING AT ME!  
AND NOW I'V GOT SOCIAL ANXIETY!  
why do i feel so absent in your idea of me?  
I'm so exposed by the of notoriety associated with you wait-  
ing for me to behave inappropriately.  
I CAN'T BREATHE!  
HELP ME!  
I'm suffocating,  
I WANNA TALK ABOUT ME!  
I WANNA TALK ABOUT ME!  
Actually I wanna complain about some things,  
can i make a complaint please?  
let's talk about emotional labour,  
let's talk about emotional labour!  
I'm so sick of being the whore who cares for all  
making art for all, making something pretty for the wall,  
while getting fucked in the mind,  
fucked in the the ass,  
fucked in the throat  
fucked in the home,  
fucked in the work,  
fucked via reform, history, semiotics and policy.  
Fucked until I crack and I trip and I fall and I jump,  
My body is so broken,  
I'm so tired I'm starting to believe my own gloried commodity,  
but I wanna be something more than my sexuality,

my gendered sensitivity,  
my pay per view productivity  
OH MY GOD I'm so bored of talking about pig fucking and  
the patriarchy!  
What about want political revenge?  
What about economic equality?  
I wanna talk about me  
Where is our sacred space?  
I want to read the manifesto,  
please can you pay the rent on my studio?  
I'm bored of reading re writings concerning demographics  
of failure,  
can the old man please stop contemplating my irrational  
behaviour?  
I wanna talk about radical idea,  
let's talk about unpopular truths, the monuments of fear,  
keeping you comfortable  
keeping me here!  
I wanna be taken seriously,  
but dressed down not up with glitter and apathy,  
confessions gain no exposure  
drowned out by the sound of tradition pretending to be the  
long awaited revolution,  
the faux empathy is now so sober,  
not even for a second can we escape the institution?  
It's even more sober than me,  
but that's only because I can't afford another drink though.

## Some Thoughts

What is a relationship without pressure? Should we feel guilty? The crash hit us hard. Believe me. Believe in me. How can we justify our behaviour as radical? Can we infiltrate the strident stereotypes presented to us, why are the men I date all such fucking tyrants? with their inappropriate appropriations of what it's like be us? Call it hetro-sexiness and none us know what that fuck it is. Can we burst the bubble. Expose fragility and talk about society's collective inability to stand up and say what the fuck is happening to us.

Were we born sluts? Why do women hate women? Why does misery love company? What makes a girl feel like she has nothing to lose? Why do women gamble? Why don't men buy raffle tickets? Why don't men buy raffle tickets? WHYDON'T MEN BUY RAFFLE TICKETS? Why are girls still missing? Why should I recycle? Why is he free? Why don't we mention her name? Why is my cunt my currency? Why are we made to feel shame? Why are we afraid? Why are we to blame?