

## The Plunk'd Venue: Louis Osmosis interviewed by Small Man

*Seriality, overperformance, and excess amass into a bad anthropology.*

Shame on you...You crack a stupid little smile, you little pip. Go learn to play. Go learn to play...you're FLAT! You can't even carry a fucking note. I don't care about your little, like, horn lip—it doesn't mean that you know how to play. You're FLAT! I'm trained classically, I'm trained contemporaneously, and you suck.

—Small Man

### **Small Man**

Yeah stop...How dare you ruin it for everybody else? Get out! No, no, you go! I'm not going anywhere shithead! Get the fuck out of my neighborhood! GET OUT!

### **Louis Osmosis**

Actually, I went to school just up the block. Before this space was a gallery, it was a Patagonia store, and before that, it was CBGB. So the timeline basically goes from leather collars, to fleece collars, to white collars (laughs). John Varvatos next door still has a lot of the original CBGB ephemera littered across its walls and throughout its space—"cultural preservation" is a great way to save on renovation costs. And not having to clean up after some imagined punkers is great, too. When I was originally approached to do a show here, I was reluctant at first since anything punk or punk-adjacent is really corny but it also felt remiss to not address it. Then I thought that the historical surplus of this space would be a great way to go about site-specificity sans its usual flavor of researched historicity and appraisal. Like an approach to site that's more akin to playing in mud and coming up with a sandcastle. Somewhere between improv and inoculation.

### **SM**

You're no artist. Stop, you're a mediocre piece of shit who can't even play—you suck. I been playing 41 years, you suck. I'm a left handed guitarist, you suck! NO! No. NO! You go—get the fuck out! GET THE FUCK OUT!

### **LO**

You know, funny enough, I'm left-handed, too—not a guitarist though, so you got me there. There's also that thing people say about left-handed people dying 9 years earlier than our right-handed counterparts. My father had tried to correct my left-handedness when I was younger, probably because of that superstition. Left-hands are good for smoking cigarettes, pointing at things in the distance, and idle finger tapping. Right-hands are good for shaking other ones, the assholes of puppets, and slapping things in affirmation. And when the exchange of hands flurries into a collective game of cat's cradle is when ambidexterity finds its rightful poster child. And poster children always bring with them a bag of "we's."

### **SM**

GET OUT! FUCK...YOU! Fucking asshole. Get out—where are you from?!

### **LO**

The immortal cold pizza—how many times can something be preserved, thawed, [have its books] cooked and still manage to perform? It makes me think that redundancy and/or perversion is the only way by which things can attain life. Or more precisely, recast life in "sillier" lights—spotlights without their conspicuous hard edges in favor of diffuse white bruises. "The subject poses as an object in order to be a subject," writes Craig Owens. What if the poser literally made objects, too? (laughs again).

