

SHOW ME WHAT YOU[RE] LIKE 2025

Project Documentation

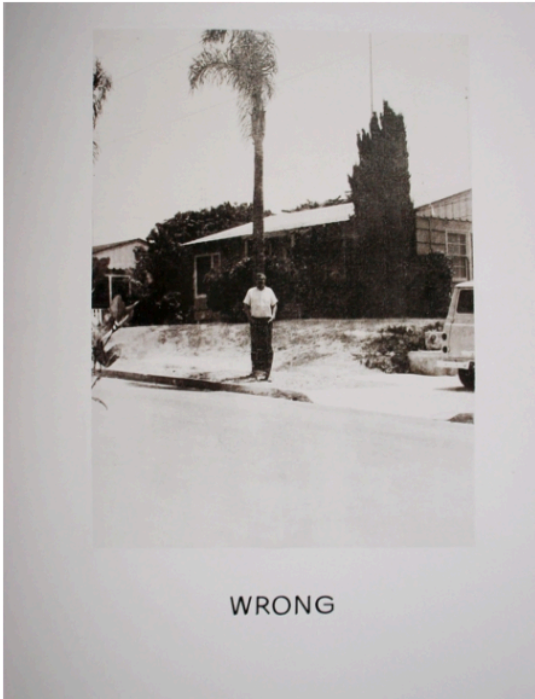
Online Image Appendix



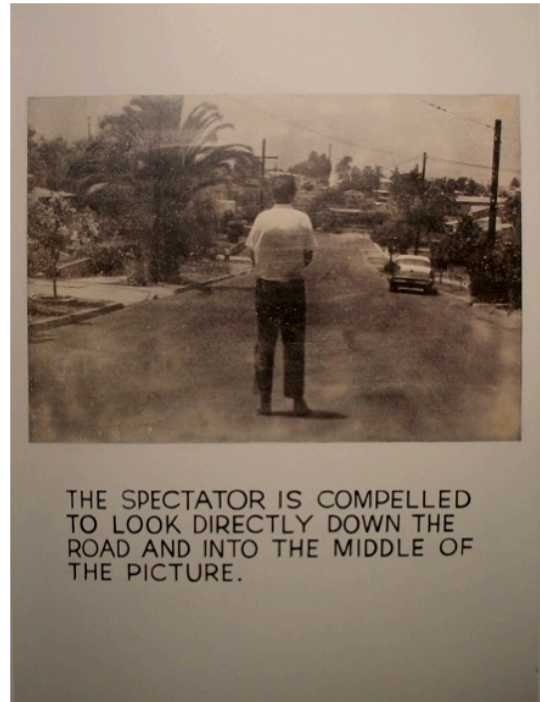
[1]

**DIE FAST AND QUIET
WHEN THEY INTERROGATE YOU
OR LIVE SO LONG
THAT THEY ARE ASHAMED
TO HURT YOU ANYMORE**

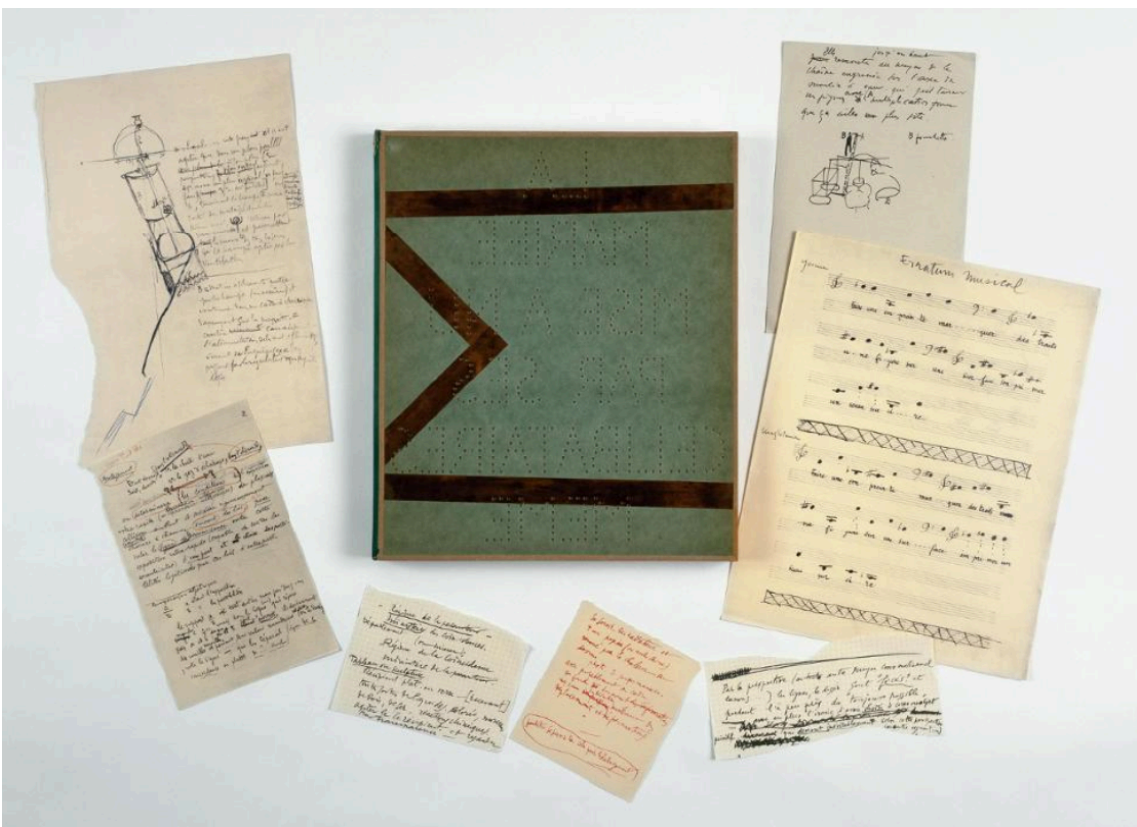
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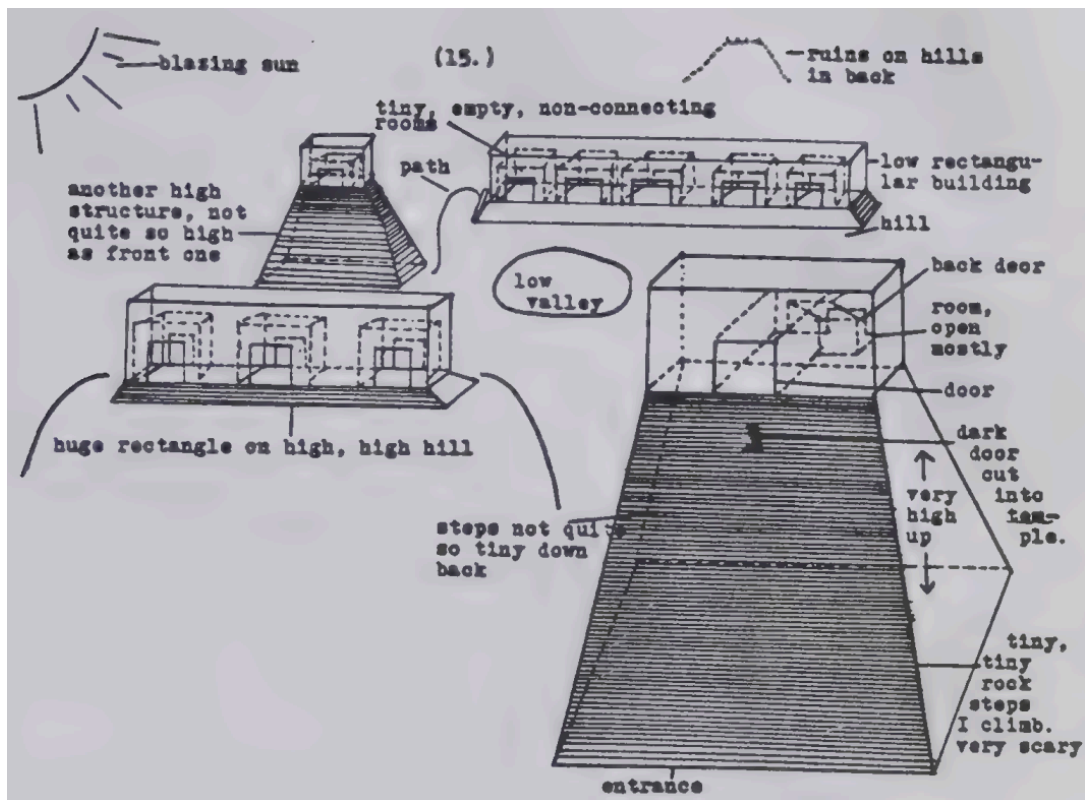
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now we've done with sex where we gonna go?

If you have no pleasure to live for, do you want to live?
 grey grey everywhere grey
 blucky blucky shiv
 shifting shivers lurk in corners
 corners of the nothing
 everyone walking down the corridors
 they think they are the outside.

in the corners there lurk
 wars and poisons and liars and dirt
 Just let me sleep under warmth crawl my eyes
 Here is my lullabye:

If you have no mind to live for do you
 want to live?

[7]

DEFIES WHAT IS: NOT LIFE, BUT OBLIVION

DEFIES DEFIES DEFIES NOT THOUGHT, BUT DEFIES

every howl of pain is a howl of defiance
every howl of pain is a howl of romance

driven beyond all measure of success,
driven so there are no limits to what I do

this immeasurable eating, hunger, moving
desire to lose consciousness,

go to the end
as if there's a beyond

driven beyond body desires into just desire,
not for what, just desire

DEFIANCE born

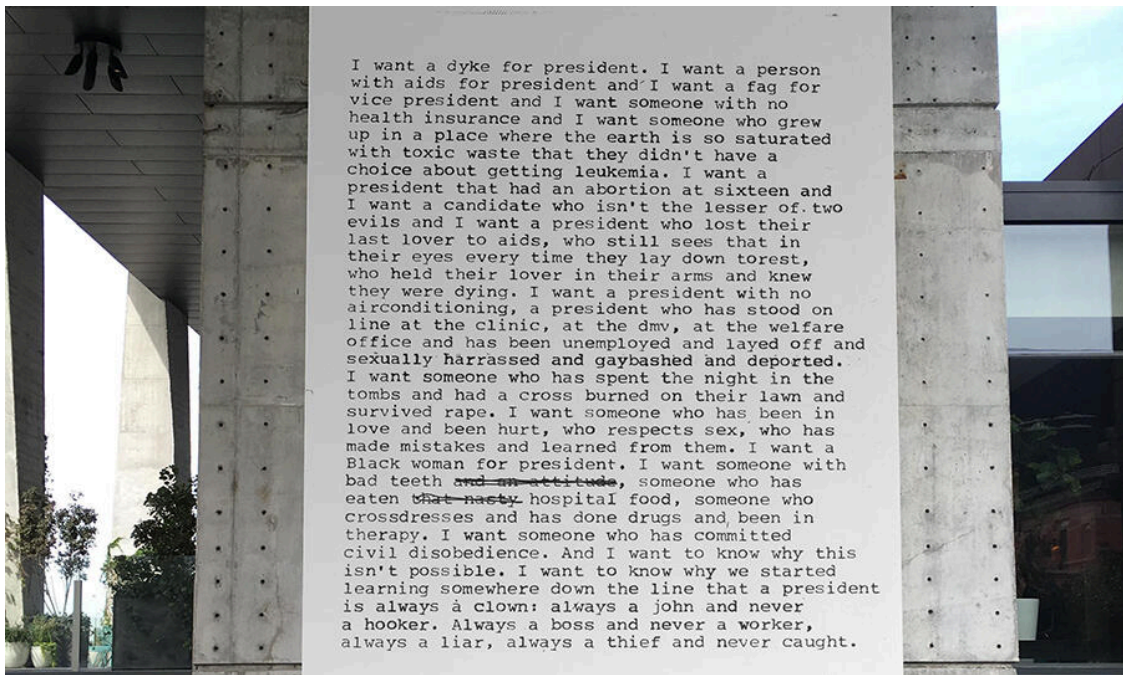
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Having cancer is like having a baby. If you're a woman and you can't have a baby 'cause you're starving poor or 'cause no man wants anything to do with you or 'cause you're lonely and miserable and frightened and totally insane, you might as well get cancer. You can feel your lump, and you nurse, knowing it will always get bigger. It eats you, and, gradually, you learn, as all good mothers learn, to love yourself.

Janey was learning to love herself. Everything was shooting out of her body like an orgasming volcano. All the pain and misery she had been feeling, crime and terror on the streets had come out. She was no longer totally impotent and passive about her lousy situation. Now she could do something about the pain in the world: she could die.

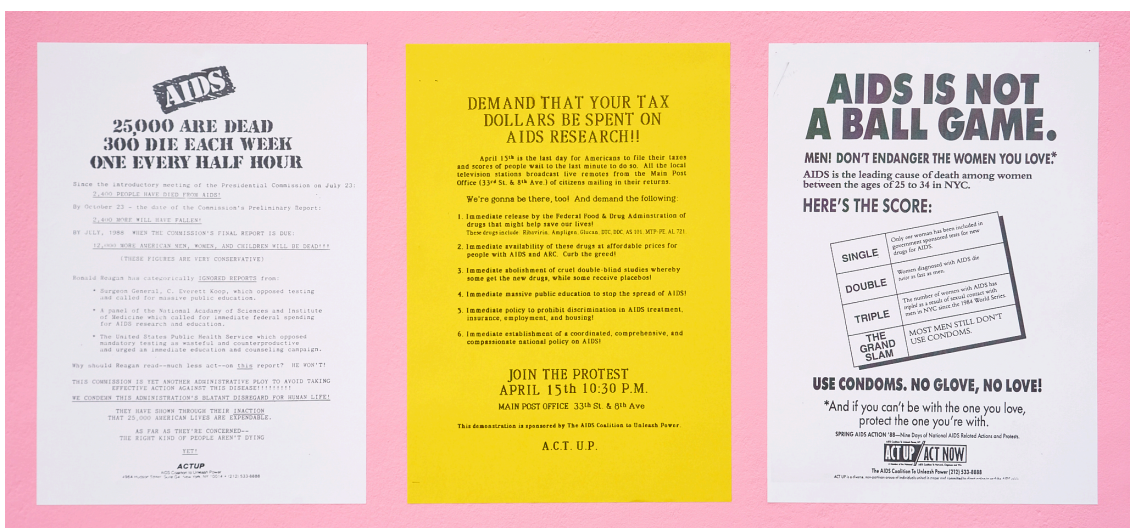
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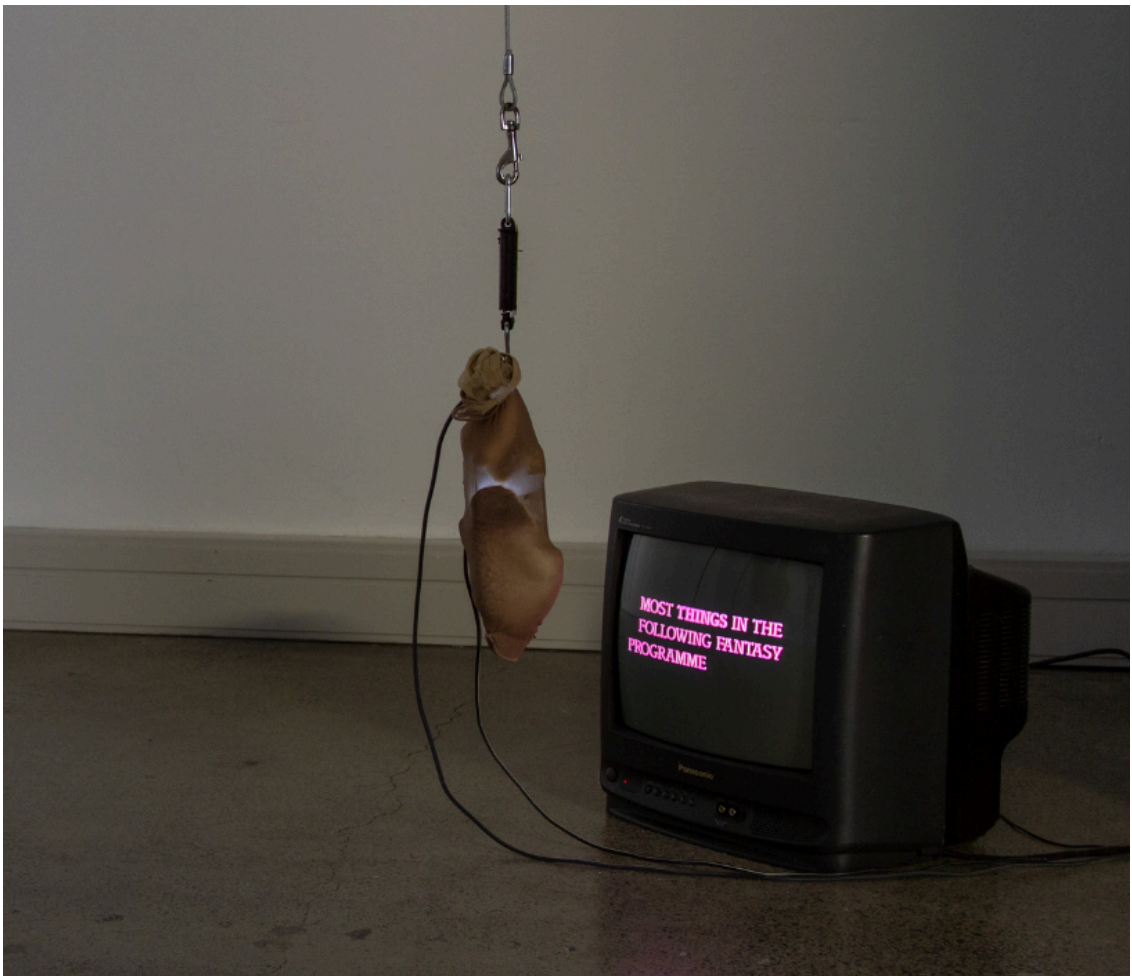
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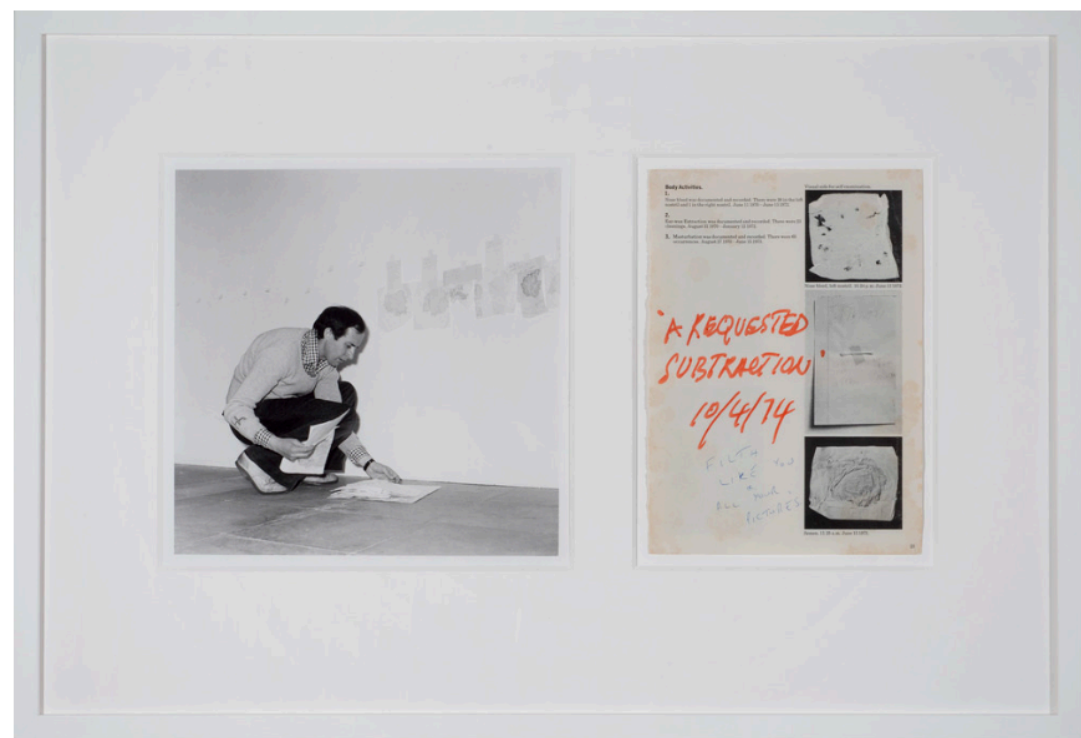


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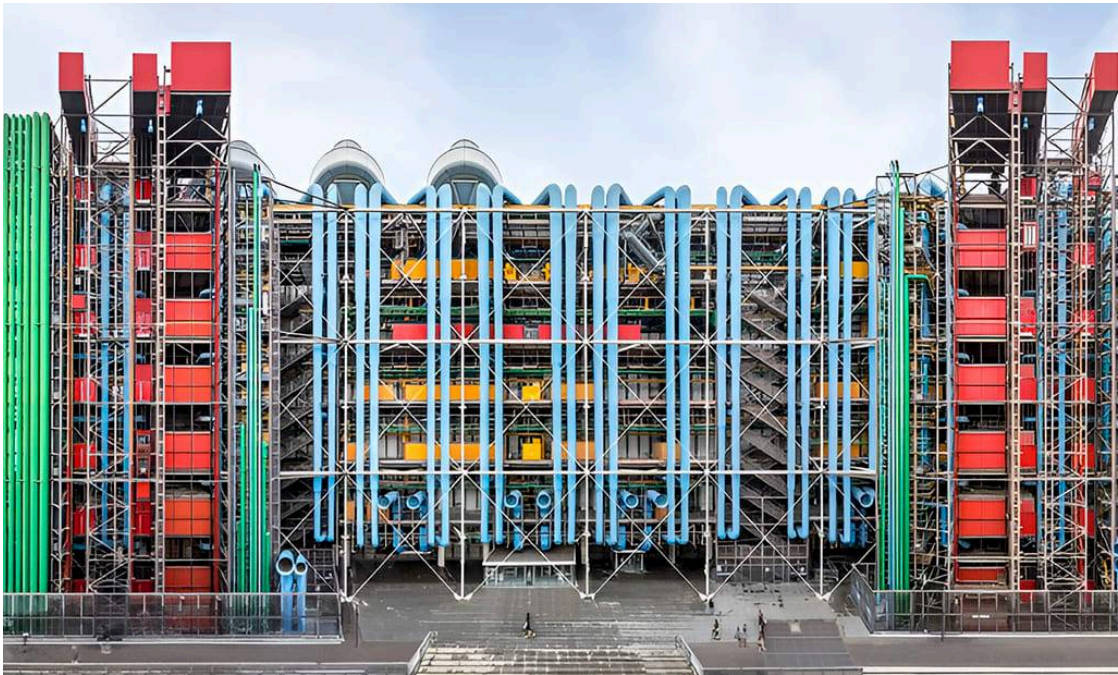
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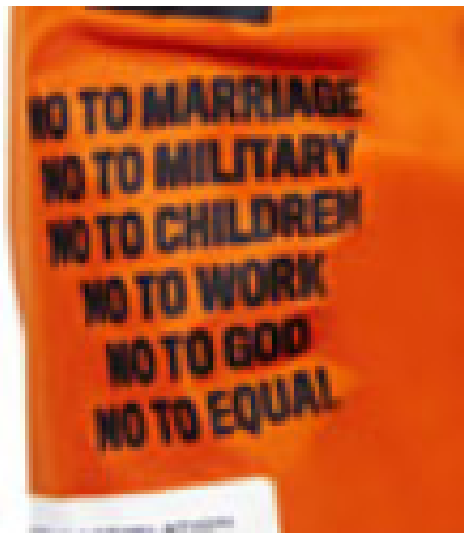
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