

There was porn on the walls. Marl knew porn and this was definitely porn. Neon florescent porn but porn none the less. "...It seems to represent the loneliness and soullessness that can come with relationships. In this next piece the artist seems to express their desire as well as the fear of longing."

Marl only saw a penis. A fifteen foot blood-red penis. He was no prude. He had seen his own penis a billion times. He knew exactly what they looked like. But they weren't supposed to be so big. How had he gotten roped into this? He was a simple farmer, A beekeeper from Nowhere, USA. What was he doing in a New York art gallery surrounded by penises? Or is it peni? He had never needed to know the plural of penis before...

"The next piece seems to be an ode to childhood sexuality. The period of time before a person understands what their sex is for but after they realize that pleasure can come from it." It was a photography of two teens masturbating at one another, splashed with deep fuchsia. Marl shifted uncomfortably, glancing around the room. If these images had been displayed on a computer screen these octogenarians and art critics would be blushing. The families of three would be shielding their children's eyes. The teenagers would already be flushed red with exertion. Instead everyone stood around nodding their heads making small appreciative noises. As if to say: "Yes, this is real art."

The pompous gallery attendant continued around the room, adjusting his glasses before speaking. "This is a piece from early in our artist's work. A sketch in charcoal that clearly pinpoints her early desires. Though not the best example, you can see the artist's recognizable stylistic flourishes at the top of the piece." It was a pussy. A giant hairy pussy. It looked more like a cave than anything Marl had ever seen on a woman. A woman in the crowd raised her hand. Marl blushed. It was his wife.

"You say this clearly shows her desires. How can you tell?" With every word Marl turns a deeper shade of crimson.

"If you look closely at the image," the attendant said leaning towards the sketch. "You can tell that this is not a self portrait. There is a sort of cavernous fear in the depiction of the vulva. But there is longing there as well. Notice that

despite the dark gulf that is the vagina itself, all of the strokes of the charcoal pen seem to be into this gulf. Even the hair, as realistic and curly as it may be, seems to be drawn into the vagina.”

This was almost too much for Marl. As his wife stood nodding her head in agreement with the description, Marl turned away from the group trying to find something he could feel comfortable viewing. Unfortunately the whole gallery was full of images, statues, and paints depicting various vulgar acts. Every wall had photographs of pussies or extremely realistic paintings of peni(?) Absentmindedly Marl wondered if the artist had used many models for this paintings. He very quickly shifted away from this train of thought.

Finally as he moved away from the group, desperate not to make eye contact with any of the visitors or any of the pictures, Marl caught a glimpse of the back wall. This was more his style! He made his way back, dodging the giant crimson member towards what looked like paintings of nature. “Home,” the placard above the wall read. There was painting after painting, photograph after photograph of farmland. Not just any farmland, Marl knew every curve of the fields, every bud of every tree. This was home. His home. These images seemed so out of place in a gallery full of porn. There were pictures of his wife and him sharing a kiss, the cows out in the fields, and his daughter out on a picnic. Some of these pictures he had in albums and on the fridge at home. What were they doing here?

But as Marl got close enough to read the captions his heart stopped. “Paternal Passions,” “Artificial Insemination,” “My First Time.” These were not the pictures he loved. Not quite. There he was with his wife kissing. He recognized the look on their faces. They were private looks, the looks they gave each other when no one else could see.

There was a photograph of himself elbow deep in a cow. It was never a fun task but one that was necessary for the farm to survive. It was not something he ever wished for the world to see, not something he was necessarily ashamed of but not something to be bandied about. It was just work.

And there was a photography of his daughter laying on a blanket in their

back field. She was naked. And there was someone with her. A woman he had known for a long time. She had been to dinner at their house. She had been teacher to their daughter. And here she was naked with his daughter.

Marl's head was spinning. He didn't know what to do with this information. He pulled himself away from the wall of photographs, afraid of what else he might see there. He stumbled around the room, blind to everything else around him. The fifteen foot cock no longer seemed so intimidating. The cave-like vagina no longer so odd. He was blind to the pictures of sex and obsession. He just wanted away from those photographs.

Somehow he found himself reunited with the group. The gallery attendant was just finishing his last speech, "...with that final sculpture we have concluded the tour of Aimee Chamber's Life of Longing. This is her first gallery showing so the artist will now be walking around for a little meet and greet. Please be kind to her."

With that the attendant disappeared and a woman with short hair and a long blue dress appeared. There was a round of applause from the crowd as Aimee deflected into their midst. She was barraged with questions and congratulations but eventually she made her way to her parents.

"So what did you guys think?" She asked with a hopeful smile.

"It was very good sweetie," Marl said as his wife enveloped her into a hug.