

SWITCH
Caitlin Devoy
and Robbie Handcock

***Piss
Talks
Hera
Lindsay
Bird***

Jhana Millers Gallery
15 April – 8 May 2021

When we were children, we played truth or dare. The only question for truth, was: who do you have a crush on? The only dare, was: touch the piss. The piss sparkled in the toilet, like a forbidden champagne. It was hard to choose between truth or dare. I liked confessing my crush, but touching the piss was good too.

TOUCH THE PISS

I once knew the woman who introduced recorders to New Zealand primary schools. She was also the first woman to get a mortgage in New Zealand. Her mortgage application read ‘spinster.’ She fell in love with a pianist who died in tragic circumstances. The twentieth century may have come into it somewhere. She had no children, but she did have an elderly nephew, and she often complained he didn’t wipe the tip of his penis after urinating, causing his underwear to be spotted gold. Apparently teaching children the recorder has been shown to have a detrimental effect on their long-term interest in learning a musical instrument. The first song I ever learned on recorder was ‘nobody knows the trouble I’ve seen.’ I was always wondering what kind of trouble the person singing ‘nobody knows the trouble I’ve seen’ had seen.

NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I’VE SEEN

In my website bio I used to say I liked figure skating and pissing in the shower. I thought it added a joie de vivre to my online persona. I had to take it down when I started to get too many urination specific emails from men. “*I didn’t know women peed in the shower*”, one man wrote. “*Can you tell me more?*” “*Keep writing such great poems and pissing in the shower*”, said another.

JOIE DE VIVRE

There has been much discussion about the genitals of ancient statues. Their size, their religious symbolism, cultural backlash. Leaves added, leaves removed. Blah blah blah. My favourite comment regarding the penis size of Michelangelo’s David, is that it’s anatomically consistent with the fear experienced by someone about to fight a giant.

BLAH BLAH BLAH

The phrase ‘to blow one’s own trumpet’ has never made sense to me. Whose trumpet are you supposed to blow?

TOOT TOOT

This is kind of a random question, but is anyone else tired of having such hot little tits? Don't you ever look down and feel bored by these luscious, exquisitely-rounded blancmanges of perfection floating on your chest? God, I get so sick of hauling these immaculate hillocks of ethereal softness around with me everywhere. Like when I'm pouring beer at a renaissance festival. Or trying to brush my hair under a running waterfall. Sometimes I just get so mad. So mad, I have to take my top off....

ETC

Apparently a lifetime's worth of pissing is about thirty days worth of pissing. I would like to do my whole life's pissing in one go. As much as I like pissing, I like the idea of never having to piss again better. Perhaps over the years I would grow to miss pissing. If not the act itself, the convenient excuse to leave a difficult conversation.

PLEASE EXCUSE ME

Recently I was asked to write an erotic poem for a global sex toy company. The poem was going to be unveiled in the centre of London, accompanied by a photo-realistic mural, celebrating women's pleasure. I discovered the company had recently been in trouble for using Charlie Sheen as a condom spokesperson. Charlie Sheen is famous for many things regarding women, none of them good. The email read: *"Your tone of voice and visual representation are really in line with our own mission and vision — to speak and contemplate about pleasure openly and without shame."* The mural was to be unveiled on International Women's Day.

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY

People who drink their own piss, describe the practice as urine therapy. That's the beautiful thing about language. You can call anything therapy as long as you believe it helps you. John Lennon was a proponent of Urine Therapy. John Lennon also went to bed, and refused to get up. Many people go to bed and refuse to get up. But John Lennon did it for peace.

JOHN LENNON

The other day, I went to the zoo. Something beautiful I have noticed about the zoo: whenever a large animal, say an elephant or a giraffe takes a piss, everyone stops what they're doing, and watches in admiration.

SOMETHING WE CAN ALL AGREE ON

According to Hamlet, playing the recorder is as easy as lying. Either Hamlet was a terrible liar, or he had a natural proclivity towards woodwind instruments. That is the first of twelve educational facts about recorders. The second educational fact about the recorder is that Henry VII used to collect them. As we know from history, he had an accumulative disposition.

TWELVE EDUCATIONAL FACTS ABOUT RECORDERS

On mushrooms everything is funny. The body is soft, and magnificent, full of arcane liquids. Once my ex fell down a cliff looking for psychedelic mushrooms. They didn't find any mushrooms, but they did break their legs in several places. There's something beautiful about the hospital at night. It's like a world outside of time. Or closing night of a small town theatre production of Pinnochio. I loved visiting my ex in hospital, and carrying their bedpan around. It made me feel right and wise, like Florence Nightingale.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

All of the lesbian women I know prefer gay porn to lesbian porn. So do the gay men. As far as I can tell, the only people who watch lesbian porn are teenage boys. I tried reading lesbian erotica once, but found it depressing. It was full of sad women on horseback, thinking about their exes, and not getting laid. Once again art imitates life.

ART IMITATES LIFE

Sometimes I think about the man who was impotent all his life, until he discovered at the age of sixty, he was turned on by watching women pee. I think it's beautiful we live so long, knowing so little about ourselves. The mind like a praline, with its horrible nougat at the centre.

NO TITLE

I once got into an argument with an ex, over the cruise ship captain who abandoned his sinking boat, leaving everyone onboard to drown. I said it was like being a fire-warden, only at sea. I took the side of the cruise ship captain. It quickly became obvious that I was profoundly in the wrong, but I had gone too far to back down. Whose side are you on anyway? My ex asked me. Forgiveness, I had said, in the manner of one accustomed to forgiving many unforgivable things.

FORGIVENESS