

THE LANGUAGE OF AIDS

In creating this installation, my general interest was in examining the concepts of a social virus, sexuality and punishment developed in response to the deaths of many friends. My central inspiration was however, the 1990 AIDS diagnosis of my own brother. The sudden realization of what was inside of his body made me feel warmth and fear simultaneously. I wanted to hold him and be reassured by his life force and yet I was troubled by his touch and by my fear of his illness. I was shocked by the struggle within myself, by my own feelings of fear and disgust. I was not prepared for that emotional response. Later, I realized that some of my reaction stemmed from the intimacy that is shared between a brother and a sister. We are born of the same sperm and egg, our mother and father; we share the same bloodline that now (in him) harbors an insidious disease. And I know that my brother's death will forever change the architecture of my family.

THE LANGUAGE OF AIDS is dedicated to the survival of my brother who lives each day as it passes and welcomes every morning with a hot cup of coffee. In memory, I think of my dear and charming friend A. Edward Lucas, who showed me the world, bought everything and never paid, made me laugh until I cried and drove me crazy. I miss you.

Please explore this space...remove your shoes and walk through the marble floor and read the text...take a fact card from each shelf and keep one for yourself...enjoy the lush film image and drink in the sad notes of Madame Butterfly.

Special thanks to:

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- Laura Migliorino, June 1993