

DIVA CORP MAGAZINE

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Olafur Eliasson: OPEN

Olafur Eliasson

The Geffen Contemporary at MOCA / Sep 15, 2024 - July 6, 2025



--- OSCAR CORONA



--- TAYLOR MARIE PRENDERGAST

Scientia Sexualis

Various Artists

Institute of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles / Oct 5, 2024 - March 2, 2025

Bronze castings, and specifically, the tactile revulsion of the “lifelike but lumpy and wet” textural residues in bronze, were what first got me disgusted by sculptural form. As with many things I found repulsive, it became a fascination as a teenager, then an obsession, not with the surface but with the irrefutable objecthood of the thing and how easy that thing is to judge or to have a physiological aversion to. Then also how the thing is technically worked in phases—the combination here in this one is life casting with built sections in plaster. Then in wax. Then in metal, hiding the steps if you’re lucky or skilled or have a ton of time or money.

(continued)

POTUS, Massas & Survivors

Ben Sakoguchi

Bel Ami / Oct 12 - Dec 14, 2024

The Heiress

Rebecca darling, congratulations on your show, your work is just majestic! said Lilly once we arrived at the gallery hidden inside some Chinatown tenement. My friend pressed a bouquet of roses into her daughter's arms. Your father and I are so proud, daddy wishes he could've come tonight, but you know him, he has that golfing trip in Glasgow this weekend. You remember Annette don't you, darling?

Of course, said Rebecca, though I wasn't sure if she remembered me, even if I had attended her Bat-Mitzvah (the brat had never even sent a thank-you card for the Cartier watch I'd gifted her) and dined at her parent's Brentwood mansion and summered at their Malibu plantation. I guess I'd always had a way of fading in with the furniture. Rebecca pecked me on the cheek. Thank you for coming, Annette.

And then we gossiped, I won't bore you with the details, but like any opening I drifted off to view the work and a waiter served me a soda water, I wasn't about to drink the sewage they passed off as wine. I found myself alone, admiring one of Rebecca's paintings when a man emerged from around one of the gallery's walls. He looked like he'd styled his hair by licking his thumb and jamming it into an electrical socket: wild graying curls bursting from his skull. He wore a fitted blazer over an Oxford, untucked and practically unbuttoned, a pashmina of chest hair showing. Standing close to me, he squared himself to the painting. I tightened my scarf over my shoulders, listened to him breathing through his mouth.

I want to pull off your panties, he said, and fuck you in the ass.

Excuse me? I asked, so shocked I assumed I'd misunderstood and worried perhaps I was losing my hearing or my mind, so I smiled politely, as I'd been trained to do my entire life. Come again?

I said you're a dirty old whore, the man said, facing me, scratching the sandpaper on his chin. No one knows it, maybe not even you, but let me tell you something, he continued, sipping from his beer. I know.

Not in my entire life had a man spoken to me with such vulgarity, disrespect. But why didn't I storm off? Why had my face flushed? And strangest of all, why did desire, a sensation I'd long ago kissed goodbye, flash through me? I tried to remember the last time I'd been with someone, but I couldn't recall. The man set his bottle onto a caterer's passing tray, stuck his meaty paws into his back jean pockets, which made him seem nonthreatening, innocent as a schoolboy.

He smiled and said, I'm not wrong about these things.

I'm afraid you are, I replied and turned to find the bathroom where I locked the door, pulled up my skirt and masturbated until I came. While washing my hands, I examined myself in the mirror. Is that what it felt like to be a man? To have a desire and to slake it so ruthlessly? I was worth near \$20 million, could travel anywhere, eat anywhere, get most anything (except a private jet, of course), but money had never driven me to masturbate against a bathroom wall, never made me delight at hearing a man call me a whore. Of course the heady cocktail of power, freedom and abandon soon stirred with a sickness, a nausea that bubbled inside me. I thought I might vomit or collapse into a puddle of tears when the door handle rattled to life. One moment, I said, drying my hands and stepping back into the gallery. I didn't see the man, perhaps he fled, I thought, trailing behind a caterer, keeping my eyes on my wristwatch, hoping to slip past my friend and her daughter Rebecca and hail a taxi, flee back home and lock myself away for the rest of my life. I knew I shouldn't feel ashamed, that I'd done nothing wrong, but I burned with embarrassment, felt like trash, worse than the paintings on the wall (Rebecca was a miserable artist) and rather than face the rest of the evening I headed towards the exit, the flights of stairs (hopefully the descent wouldn't inflame my Achilles heel), the anxiety of finding a taxi in Chinatown, when I heard my name shouted.

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Annette, there you are, darling, over here, said Lilly, waving me over. I couldn't leave now, not without a proper goodbye, so I joined her and Rebecca. Lilly drank a glass of wine, nose blushing red. Well, I'm famished.

Let's head to dinner then, I said, glancing about, grateful that I didn't see that man, thankful, at least, that in general men are cowardly and craven, their bravado often vanishing faster than a gust of wind.

Yes, let's go, said Rebecca.

Wonderful, said Lilly, swirling her wine. She seemed drunk.

Just let me find my friend, said Rebecca, scanning the room. They'd kill me if I left without saying goodbye.

Oh, to be young again, I said, relaxing back into the night, I mean I had just orgasmed for the first time in recent memory. Back when friendship meant life or death.

Don't be morose, said Lilly, picking up another glass of wine. Friendship should be about swanky parties and fabulous gifts.

Speaking of gifts, you know Annette, I still love this necklace, said Rebecca, using her finger to lift up a diamond tennis around her neck. I couldn't appreciate it as a spoiled 12-year-old Bat-Mitzvah girl, but now the aughts are back. Rebecca glanced about until she caught someone's eye, someone I couldn't see between all the art and collectors and caterers and the surge of tenderness I felt for my friend's daughter who after all these years (sort of) remembered the Cartier watch, or had I misremembered and it in fact been that tasteless chain of diamonds around her throat? I mulled this over until he barged into our circle and kissed Rebecca's cheek as if it were the most natural thing on earth, as if he hadn't humiliated me 10 minutes prior. I nodded a curt hello and pulled out my phone, as if I could see anything on that device without my reading glasses, as if anyone on earth called or texted or cared about a 75 year old childless heiress. But I felt that man eyeing me, daring me to return his gaze, as if goading me to confess what I'd just done in the bathroom, as if he knew. A waiter passed by and I took a glass of red, choked it down. Rebecca squeezed the man and said, Joel, this is my mother Lilly and our friend Annette.

I'm sorry everyone, said Joel gravely. But I need to make a confession.

Oh do tell, Lilly said coquettishly.

Lilly, I'm sorry to have to be the one to tell you this, Joel said. But your daughter Rebecca is a liar.

Liar? Rebecca said. About what?

You said your mother and her girlfriends were pretty, said Joel. But these two are the most beautiful dames in all of City of Angels!

Oh you incorrigible rake, said Lilly, pulling Joel towards her, sliding her arm into his. Come now, we're going to Horses, you'll escort us won't you?

Oh don't pressure them, I said, wondering how to escape. Had I actually masturbated in the bathroom? How could I endure a dinner beside this pig? They'll be bored by a pair of old hens like us.

Nonsense, you're a single woman Annette, said Lilly, with a crooked wink and I wondered if in fact she had had a stroke and hidden it from everyone. Well, Joel, know any gentleman you could set my ravishing friend up with?

You know something, said Joel. I do have someone in mind.

--- SAMMY LOREN

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