

H.R.GIGER

INTO THE HEART OF DARKNESS

Brooke and Katie in front of the main mural which dominates the room and provides just the right backdrop for heavily pierced and tattooed go-go dancers and S&M performance artists in black leather and latex.

"Way of the Magician" digital reproduction. Acrylic on paper and wood, 98" x 110". © 1975 H. R. Giger

Into this awful place step two cyber-vixens, Brooke, clad in purple latex, and Katie in black. Hot, young, and ready for action, they stand shimmering, surrounded by mist and mystery. The abyss brightens, and heretofore invisible textures and topographies reveal themselves in all their terrible majesty. While Brooke and Katie embrace, two fiendish gnomes leer from the shadows below. They squeal with perverse glee, and the frightful sound sends the girls running deeper into the subterranean cavern, the deed to which and all the contents thereof belong to the infernal magus, H. R. Giger.

BY GEORGE PETROS

There is a darkness which is eternal, cold and painful. Like a black fog it enshrouds the mind. It makes the soul squirm. Twisted barbs of pure agony pierce everywhere. Scream - scream forever! But this darkness is by no means empty; occasionally, you catch a glimpse of glistening surreal creatures spawned by H. R. Giger's prolific imagination.

Creator of complex universes, animator of metals, air-brush artist supreme, designer for innovative science fiction films such as **Alien** and **Species** - H. R. Giger stands alone. What is it he feels when a pair of inter-stellar sex-kittens (Katie and Brooke), as well as countless others, prostrate themselves before his creations, spiraling down like so many heavenly bodies toward an event horizon of erotic nightmares? What electromagnetic-sub-space signals convey themselves whenever a human heart skips a beat in the presence of the "living" manifestations of his ominous vision? What can he possibly do with all that psychic energy beamed straight at him?

In order to understand Giger's art, you must first understand the old universe in which you live. It's a vast expanse of matter and energy, life and death, hot and cold. It's a balancing act of creative and destructive forces. Giger uses those forces as the basis of something new. He adds life to what had been inanimate; he imparts metals and plastics with a warm, living, secreting essence. Similarly, he strips the life away from demons, monsters, ghouls et al, rendering them obedient and easily manipulated. In the course of composing his new, improved universe, not everything fits together perfectly. Witness the walls of horrible discarded babies; they writhe within sickening placental prisons, objects of sexual perversity and homicidal rage. Or consider the landscapes of used and abused humanoids dripping like stalactites from a destroyed heaven. In Giger's realm, fear is the constant; it is that all-encompassing blackness, that "absolute zero" of total negation. It takes a daring duo, like the cosmic cuties pictured here, to light a fire in that darkness.

Katie emerges from the shadows in all her black-latex glory. She is a dreamy vision of fragile and ferocious lust. Simply irresistible. Another of Giger's creatures, a dark bird of prey, part reptile/part machine, flutters menacingly overhead ready to carry its helpless quarry off to parts unknown. Giger crafted this exquisite predator with such tasty prey in mind. In his far-away lair, like a psychic vampire, he feeds off her desperate plight, and awaits the arrival of his "Guardian Angel" and its beautiful captive.

Wardrobe provided by Demask, 135 W. 22nd St., New York,
NY 10011 USA Tel: (212)352-2850 Fax: (212)352-2848

Katie and the "Guardian Angel." Whose "guardian" is this anyway? Six of these sinister sentinels have been fastened along the ceiling rafters of the Giger Room, conveying more a sense of dread than protection.

"Guardian Angel." Limited edition:
6, aluminum, 39.5" x 55" x 19.75".
© 1998 H. R. Giger

The biomechanical matrix of an aluminum table invites the purple latex-clad siren, Brooke, to lay on its cold, magnetized surface. She obeys the distant, subliminal command. Stretched out on her back, she gazes longingly into the blackness surrounding her. Look at her full mouth, with lips stained with the grapes of submission. Look at the perfectly-etched surface of the slab. Giger did that. By sheer dint of will power, he brought into being this sublime combination of life and

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metal, representing humanity's inevitable amalgamation with machinery. Fused with the alien circuitry, her luscious ass is cooled by the table's metallic touch. Meanwhile, back at his secret laboratory, Giger receives orgasmic signals transmitted hyperbolically from the hard heft of the slab and the soft flesh of the trembling girl. Will the table crumble under the blonde beauty's feathery weight? Will it blow a fuse? Are Giger's strange creations actually moving? Keep an eye on them, just in case.

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The aluminum "Biomechanical Matrix" table is ideally suited for cocktail parties (and human sacrifices). Many a Blue-Kamikaze and Bloody-Mary was spilled and channeled into the matrix; all went straight to H. R.'s head.

*"Biomechanical Matrix Table" in cast aluminum. 42.5" x 40" x 17.75".
©1998 H. R. Giger*

"Suitcase Baby." Limited edition: 5, in aluminum or bronze, 20" x 50" x 75". © 1993 H. R. Giger



Katie lying with the "Suitcase Baby." This oddly gynecological piece of sculpture was the first objet d'art to confront anyone entering the Giger Room.

Dazed and confused, our heroine slowly regains her senses, and finds herself lying beside an embryonic biomechanoid. Her instincts tell her that she's being watched, and her glistening breasts, protruding from the cutaways of her rubber body suit, feel especially vulnerable. She wonders if the demon bird brought her at the behest of this metallic mutant, or if it is, like herself, just another specimen in someone's diabolical experiment. As always, Giger is plugged-in, and receives her every sensation loud and clear.

Chaos prevails! Before too long, Brooke and Katie are released and total darkness returns. The soul squirms again. The memory struggles to forget those last few wonderful moments when skin and aluminum and pheromones and sweat and metallic goodness all came together in a blazing moment of Gigeresque glory. Goodbye to Love!

THE H. R. GIGER ROOM

Giger's creations pictured in this article were photographed at the H. R. Giger Room at the Limelight nightclub in New York City. This art installation/VIP lounge has served as the venue for the city's most popular fetish and goth/industrial clubs over the past three years. It has also hosted such special events as the Black & Blue Ball and the after party for the NYC Tattoo Convention.

With its slick sci-fi/horror décor, it offered intimacy, comfort and ambience for the creatures of the night. In that sense, the Giger Room was essentially a club in its own right, removed from the much-publicized controversy that has, until recently, swirled around this old gothic church-cum-dance club.

The Limelight, now under new ownership, is closed for extensive renovations, and is not scheduled to reopen until September 2002. Hopefully it will continue to feature the cozy decadence offered by the world famous Giger Room.

In addition to the items appearing in this article, the Giger Room also featured 17 other sculptures and 8 full-size reproductions of the artist's paintings, thus establishing it as an official, semi-permanent Giger exhibit.

To learn more about Giger's art (including film and architectural design), and the H. R. Giger Museum, visit his official website: www.hrgiger.com

H.R. GIGER EXHIBITION

An exhibition of H. R. Giger sculptures and prints took place from March 16 to April 28, 2002 at the Fuse Gallery, 93 Second Ave., New York City. Giger attended the opening and was received by a horde of admirers. On display were recent works, as well as the items which appear in this article (girls not included), and other sculptures from the Giger Room. •