

*Momme Domme* by Blemme Fatale is a live performance in which four women, recruited fresh each night from a local women's collective or club, are invited to what they believe is a masterclass in female dominance hosted by performance artist Peggy Mitchell. What unfolds is a layered performance artwork that implicates its participants and its audience in the very dynamics of power it appears to critique.

The piece is staged in a white cube gallery space. Peggy has been commissioned by an art gallery to host at "Feeld Free Friday the 13th Night," an after hours workshop framework that doubles as a live artwork conceived and owned by the gallery. A masked Curator oversees proceedings from above, coordinating a Committee of Public Safety, the audience itself, who vote throughout the evening using colour-coded programmes, directing the fates of the women onstage. A silent, masked Sub carries tasks to the performers and, it eventually emerges, has been watching and documenting everything from the start.

The four recruited women, aristocratic influencer Eve, kink party host Xena, law student Yara, and heartbroken football captain Nelly, navigate a series of escalating exercises in consent, identity, financial power, and self-determination. Each carries private wounds and private agendas. Each is, to varying degrees, manipulated: by Peggy, by the Curator, by one another, and by the audience voting on their exposure and humiliation in real time.

As the evening progresses, it becomes clear that the Sub is Nelly's ex-boyfriend, the Curator is Eve's estranged aunt, Xena's ex-client and Yara's sexual assaulter is somewhere in the room. The gallery has engineered the entire situation to generate documentation and saleable art objects, all without the women's full understanding or consent. To what extent Peggy, who struck a deal with the gallery in exchange for institutional recognition and a Paris Photo slot, knew about the cameras and kept going anyway is up to the audience to decide.

The reckoning is fierce. The women turn on Peggy, on each other, and on the institution that staged them. Peggy acknowledges her complicity and the women come together to imagine the matriarchal earth they want to live in and how benevolent power as a *domme* can get them there.

The work ends in refusal. The women drape a cover over the set,, help each other with lipstick and strap-ons, kiss their own arms and hands and hold hands. The patriarchy is not being built within these four white walls but naming it, the good, bad and ugly, might just be a beginning.