

*Tell me you love me.*

Smile when you say it.

*Keep telling me.*

[video transcript of serial killer Paul Bernardo addressing a teenage girl]

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I haven't watched Bernardo's video--the material isn't easy to access. It hardly matters, though. I've read the books (both true crime and literary reimaginings), listened to the podcasts, and watched the film. There's no dedicated TV special yet but approximations of his narrative are everywhere. Close by are beheading videos, body bags, a visual inventory of bodily destruction.

We sit in an uncomfortable position as spectators caught between opposing forces, fervently consuming actual and simulated violence via Netflix and YouTube. *Tell Me You Love Me* locates us within this socio-cultural frenzy. The show could be titled *Something Something Dead Girl*; perhaps nothing would be more compelling.

The works on display speak to each other using the language of biopolitics, a Foucaultian dialog whose parts of speech are brute force and the visual appeal of our fragile bodies. They delve into a subcutaneous world of inner distraction, where carnality doesn't quite mask a penchant for violence. Abstracted to distended pixels and high school poetry, they squat there, perfectly at home, waiting to seen.

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