

CATCH

AS

CATCH

CAN

CATCH AS CATCH CAN

FIONN MEADE

To me the world is steeped in sticky good taste
and ignorance.

Multicolored modernism of sand weakened
by intellectual declarations.

Terrible evidence for me of deformation
I demand the ravishing.

—Francis Picabia, from the poem *Half Asses*
Originally published in 391, no.6
(New York, July 1917)

The exhibition *Catch As Catch Can* inhabits a gap between parody and seriousness, consorting and mingling with sculpture, film, graphic design, and poetry, but always with a wry yet beholden eye towards painting and its terms and limits. Taken from the nickname for wrestling match entertainments of the early 20th century, *Catch As Catch Can* embraces a “no-holds-barred” attitude of reinventing genre, medium, and persona via available means.

Inspired by the presence of Francis Picabia’s painting of the same name—*Catch As Catch Can*, 1913—the exhibition engages a prying apart and emptying out of stylistic investments, critical prompts, and polemical stances in order that these tactics be revitalized with a restless comic gravitas. Painting as a genre and idea of mobility and mimesis—moving readily between graphic optical forms, versioning of the artistic self, and gestural pose—is explored in contemporary artistic practices that embrace a spirit of rupture, allowance, and divided attentions.

In keeping with Picabia’s embrace of the poetic voice—the ravishing despite all deformations—this collection of texts draws from the multivocal range of its participants, including collaborations, tributes, travels, elegies, and arrivals. As Jutta Koether intimates in her text *Mad Garland*, perhaps painting renews its metaphysical exigency as thing, idea, and uneasy discourse exactly in the

cut that arises between materiality and ideology, in the staging of the divided space that unfolds between “excitation and communication,” and in the doubt that accompanies the act. “To cut into the ontological uncertainties of our times, to deal with the states of changed object-subject relationships, to present the mechanics of the fabrication of an aesthetic decision. Desire for painting as the medium to deal with those uncertainties,” writes Koether.¹ No small task set forth, to deal with and attend to the uncertainties of aesthetic decision within the gap of painting and its departures. And yet we have been here before.

Made just after the *succès de scandale* of the Armory Show, which opened in New York February 17th, 1913, Picabia’s *Catch As Catch Can* is an emblem of such divided desire, existing between the lyrical embrace of Orphism’s colorful abstraction and the diagrammatic noise of the mecano-morphs, disassembled figuration, and embedded commentary that were to ensue. Conflating the artist’s memory of a dancer’s risqué routine aboard a transatlantic voyage with a no-holds-barred wrestling match viewed with his friend Apollinaire and first wife, Gabrielle, *Catch As Catch Can* insists and interprets simultaneously, offering up a critique of its own seductive advances. Mixing up the French words *étoile* (star) and *danse* (dance) in the lower right hand corner, the painting deflates yet asserts its own rhythmic abstraction, and brings together the filmic collapse of two indelible memories. As such, it is both a pronouncement and misstep, a declaration and revision, lost in time and yet forever carving a nervy, fitful presence.

A similar restive space opens up in the exhibition and in the texts gathered here. Recalling the ethos of the small review from a century past, *La Vie Des Lettres*, for example, the artist’s voice extends into both poetic and critical form, accompanying the exhibition with unrest and entreaty in place of a press release. From the Keatonesque pratfalls of Sharyar Nashat’s film *Modern Body Comedy*, 2006, and Lucy Skaer’s filmic portrayal of an encounter with the elderly Surrealist painter Leonora Carrington, *Leonora (The Joker)*, 2006, the language of cinema as the least faithful art form recurs in the exhibition via the cinematic ability to frame and repeat heightened moments, inverting dramatic tension and revealing illusion and viewer expectations. And from these pages similar cinematic

re-appropriations and specters appear: Nijinsky twirls in *Le Spectre de La Rose*, 1911, Merce Cunningham steps across stage with a chair strapped to his back, and even Holbein’s body of the dead Christ is pendant in “unrisen movement” to quote Lucy Skaer’s observant reflection.

As with the two rows of movie seats facing each other in Tom Burr’s *An Orange Echo*, 2012, the mirror of cinema inverts, fragments, and upends our memory through impossible repetitions, forever altering the imprint of the constructed, painted encounter along the way. Indeed, the scene of painting announces itself only to retreat, resisting stasis repeatedly within the exhibition. As in Tom Burr’s poem *Moods*, it is “Blue encounter, Blue lost stance, Blue decline, and Blue ‘I cant.’” A similarly uneasy, dismantled approach to portraiture and interiority is animated in the work of Jutta Koether, Nick Mauss, and Will Benedict, as they hold equally to the effects of advanced abstraction and décor while taking apart art historical context and social behavior. And while the line and language of satire embedded in the work of Viola Yesiltac and Nicole Eisenman puts forth an unresolved dialog between caricature and lyricism, Kerstin Brätsch’s optical distortion and rotating display tactics resonate with Kianja Strobert’s staccato substitutions and Michaela Eichwald’s writhing and recalcitrant compositions to further rouse the spirit of distribution, mutation, and mischief carried forth within the exhibition and pages of this publication. To the demands of the ravishing, look and hear the resounding space of catch-as-catch-can.

—Fionn Meade

1. *Art and Subjecthood: The Return of the Human Figure in Semiocapitalism*, Eds. Isabelle Graw, Daniel Birnbaum, Nikolaus Hirsch (Sternberg Press, 2011), p. 81

Will Benedict



Will Benedict

Bonjour Tourist (Pink Michi, Kristina Model I)
photograph
26 x 40 cm

Bonjour Tourist (Pink Michi, Kristina Model II)
photograph
26 x 40 cm



Will Benedict

Bonjour Tourist (Yellow Josefin, Catharina, Pot Model I)
photograph
26 x 40 cm

Bonjour Tourist (Yellow Josefin, Catharina, Pot Model II)
photograph
26 x 40 cm



Will Benedict

Bonjour Tourist (Yellow Josefin, Catharina, Model I)
photograph
26 x 40 cm

Bonjour Tourist (Yellow Josefin, Catharina, Model II)
photograph
26 x 40 cm



Will Benedict

Bonjour Tourist (B&W Lucie, Markus Model I)
 photograph
 26 x 40 cm

Bonjour Tourist (B&W Lucie, Markus Model II)
 photograph
 26 x 40 cm

Kerstin Bratsch

CATCH AS CATCH CAN

MY PSYCHIC ATLAS

Do you sometimes have a cut in your mouth?
 Yes.
 Do you play with it?
 Yes.
 Does it hurt?
 Yes.
 When it hurts do you still play with it?
 Yes.

1. Build a provisional truth
2. Be absolutely sure about being unsure
3. The confusion IS the picture
4. Stage the real/ there is no backdoor
5. Painting - Vibration Oscillation Sabotage
6. Put a spell on yourself
7. Or let someone else do it
8. Embrace the Weight / the Empire / the Paradox / the Uncanny
9. Painting: Manifestation of Desire
10. Surprise yourself
11. Embarrass yourself
12. Become a superhero, a mutant
13. Kill yourself
14. Mimicry as a form of psychosis / there is no centre, be inside and outside of yourself
15. Play dead
16. Be dead and play dead
17. Wait
18. Hibernate
19. Become a mirror
20. A Screen. A Void. A Threshold. A Barrier. A Shadow. A Mirage
21. A puddle, which reflexes nothing but light and dirt
22. Painting is performative realism (I declare that I doubt)
23. Shock
24. Pattern
25. Humor / Laughter
26. Now be purple Now be green Now be orange
27. Belief / Disbelief
28. Believe and stage the disbelief and stage the belief
29. Painting as performance or as performative backdrops
30. A theatre-requisite room and a V.I.P. Lounge at the same time
31. Melancholia / Hysteria
32. Die Falschen Eltern
33. Painting: Telepathy Horror Anxiety Hypnosis
34. Death
- 35.
36. Painting: Danger Stuckness Failure
37. The left over
38. The left lover
39. Painting: Ugliness
40. Negation; build a still life with bowls of stones
41. Labor: be a conductor / hire yourself / be a sub-agent for your own system
42. The infinite system
43. Painting: Automatism Skepticism Disgust
44. Fake
45. Tickle
46. Water
47. Cubes / Pyramids / Cuboids
48. The Black Aura
49. A Ritual
50. Fluff balls / Fuzz
51. Adele
52. Play Psychic TV
53. Silver eye shadow
54. The shadow of the milk on the edge of the cereal bowl
55. DAS INSTITUT
56. Mnymosyne Atlas (Aby Warburg)
57. Balzac's fear of photographic determination
58. Thought Forms / Emma Kunz
59. Picabia
60. Godheads / Powerheads / spaces of power
61. Superbox / the total of nothing box / super position / future boxes
62. Painting as signs / codes / emptied out signifiers of constant territorial demands
63. Rotation
64. Horizontalisation
65. The wall out of air and metal!
66. Question the wall itself
67. Konkrete Beiläufigkeiten
68. I play:
 study of the eye:
 staring into the sun and blinding
69. After image
70. Erblindet oder hellsichtig?

71. Nachträglichkeit - when something is dragged into the presence
72. Paintings - Castlist
73. DIY expressionism
74. Expressionism and Obsession
75. Paintings - Stage figures, Characters
76. Painting as the cold reading of the psychic
77. Painting as the haptic vision of Rath Krespel (ETA Hoffmann)
78. Paintings - conspirative Society
79. a painting without a shadow
80. Paintings - vampires
81. Zwang und Überschreitung
82. Meta announcement
83. Sphärische Wölbung
84. Advertisement
85. Painting: Force
86. Double opportunism
87. The Waiting Room
88. 22/28/29/32/39/40/41/61/68/69/70/71/72/79//85/88/92/93- 97/100
89. Sender_____Receiver
90. Kristallmenschen
91. Simultaneous movement kills chaos
92. Indifferences
93. Paintings- Replicants
94. Rollender Spiegel
95. Clarification Hologram
96. Cancellation Apparatus
97. Dieser Satz in grauen Buchstaben
98. Paintings: Modelle oder Ruinen?
99. Boredom
100. The stage is a white tongue
101. Placeholder of nothingness
102. Collapse
103. PS. I feel like I know her but sometimes my arms bend back
 (It's Our Pleasure To Serve You)



Kerstin Brätsch
I am transgending (from *All Ready Maid betwixt and between* _KAYAI series, 2012
Stained black and lustre on antique glass
Approximately 23 6/10 x 31 5/10 inches
Photo: Thomas Mueller



UNITED BROTHERS / DAS INSTITUT
Performance with Sergei Tscherepnin, at *Maler den Pinsel prüfend*, Kerstin Brätsch solo exhibition
at GBE, NYC, 2012
Photo: Oliver Fürst



DAS INSTITUT / UNITED BROTHERS
Sunshields for Iwaki Odori_Sunrise on Fuji Mountain,
Japan, 2012
Photo: UB/DI



DAS INSTITUT / UNITED BROTHERS
Sunshields for Iwaki Odori_Sunrise on Fuji Mountain,
Japan, 2012
Photo: UB/DI



Kerstin Brätsch
Maler den Pinsel prüfend, 2012
Photo: the artist



DAS INSTITUT / UNITED BROTHERS
Sunshields for Iwaki Odori_Sunrise on Fuji Mountain,
Japan, 2012
Photo: UB/DI



DAS INSTITUT / UNITED BROTHERS
Sunshields for Iwaki Odori_Tomoos Tanning salon
Fukushima, Japan, 2012
Photo: UB/DI



DAS INSTITUT / UNITED BROTHERS
Sunshields for Iwaki Odori_Nakoso Beach
Fukushima, Japan, 2012
Photo: UB/DI



DAS INSTITUT / UNITED BROTHERS
Sunshields for Iwaki Odori_Sunrise on Fuji Mountain,
Japan, 2012
Photo: UB/DI

My Psychic Atlas Bcc:

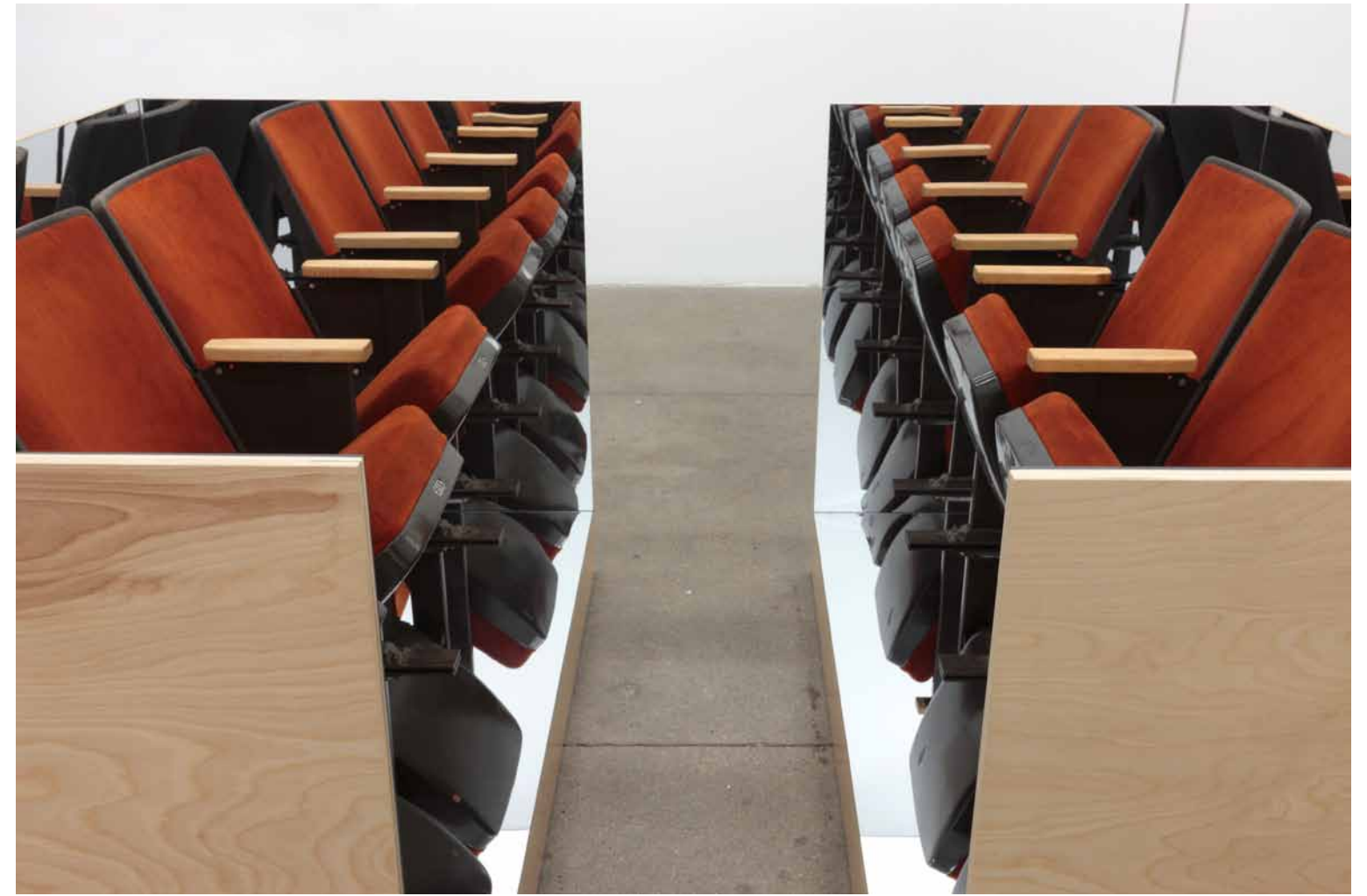
*You look ridiculous if you dance
You look ridiculous if you don't dance
So you might as well dance*
— Gertrude Stein

1. Did I Do It Myself? If So Help Me If Not Join Me
2. The 2nd Quasi_Sunrise to Sunset
3. LED
4. Glow Rod Tanning With...
5. *Purity_Double Identity_The Eyes_Two Equal Points Of View*^o
6. Anita Berber & Sebastian Droste
7. Vorahnung
8. **The Glass Before The Painting:**
A Study Of The Quasi
9. To Fold Your Self Back On Itself, Or To Fold It Forward
10. To Negate Its Being Or To Bring Its Being To A Higher Power
11. To Spell Out Ones Own Name / To Put A Spell On /
The New Spelling / Hexenhammer
12. *Detour:* From Top View To Phantom View
13. Detournement
14. Recall Painting - Pre-State Painting - Flexible Positions
15. Rubber Man
16. *Witchcraft (vs capitalism)*
17. Eye Energy Darkness
18. Frozen Painting
19. False Space vs Spacelessness
20. The Eyepatch Of James Joyce
21. Displacement & Linkage
22. *Myself__perhaps__the ambiguity this can be!*^o
23. Double Negative
24. *To bring everything together here?*^o
25. Frozen_The Ether Into An Object
26. Kölner Lavalampe
27. The Ignorant Schoolmaster
28. Accumulation Prinziple
29. DI WHY RELAX! Treat Your Own Neck
30. *Transfusion__change in the manner of being, that's all*^o
31. Neophyte
32. The Baseline (Past) / The Fold (Present) / The Inconnu (Future)
33. **The Glass Before The Painting:**
Maler, den Pinsel prüfend
34. Urs_Adele_GianCarlo
35. Plasmazustand
36. Handmade Seriality
37. Oskar Schlemmer-Lacquer cabinet
38. **The Glass Before The Painting:**
A Placeholder - The Entire Body Can Sideshift
39. Object Condition
40. Transmission Intersection
41. The Secret Diary Of Laura Palmer
42. Hexenbulle
43. Adele_Speculative Materialization
44. **The Glass Before The Painting:**
A Delay A Sample A Screen
45. Touch-Screen
46. Retrospective Forecast (Arrows going back and forth)
47. Malleus Maleficarum
48. Various Strokes
49. Debo
50. Skeleton Steles (L7/III)
51. Parasite Patches
52. Single Brushstrokes In Lead
53. **The Glass Before The Painting:**
Brushstroke As Candy Brushstroke As Dung
54. Paintings Breath With Clinched Teeth
55. Betwixt And Between
56. Klappwand_Kippfigur_Sollbruchstelle
57. Blocked Radiant (For Ioana)
58. Unstable Talismanic Rendering
59. Extending Consistency:
"Then it rained down into the high fantasy.... fantasy is a place where it rains"^{**}
60. **The Glass Before The Painting:**
Arabesque Textures Humanoids
61. DI als das Schreibwerkzeug, um Ä mit Ö auszutauschen
62. —Arms Crossed—
63. Silvia Federici;
The power To Fly Read The Future Take Animal Forms
64. Kaya/ Kaya II
65. *With the result that purity emerges from corruption!*^o
66. **Chalkduster**
67. Adele_Self Scattering
68. Practice As Virus Or Gas
69. Tempesta Solare (Sunshields For Iwaki Odori)

70. Nakoso Beach Spa Resort Hawaiians Tomoo's Tanning Salon
71. All Ready Maid
72. Sigi's Erben (Agate Psychics)
73. Attempting Exactitude:
*"Why couldn't there be, in some way, a new science for every object?
A mathesis singularis and no longer universalis."*^{*}
74. **The Glass Before The Painting:**
The Inconceivable Idea Of The Sun." (cf. being in the right light)
75. Lightbox (Murphy Bed_Upright Tanning)
76. Grouptanning UVA, UVB, UVC
77. To Cast A Damning Light On Painting
78. Poussin On Caravaggio; "to destroy painting"
79. Aggressive Light
80. Posing Visibility:
"The only hero able to cut off Medusa's head is Perseus, who flies with winged sandals; Perseus, who does not turn his gaze upon the face of the Gorgon but only upon her image reflected in his bronze shield."^{*}
81. Grotesques, Somatics
82. De Deadening
83. Phantomcharacter ≠ Value
84. Brushstroke Ghosts (Masks)
85. One stroke
86. The Rainbow Sponge
87. *His Eyes Look At Me, Double And Sufficient__Already Claimed By
Absence And The Gulf*^o
88. **The Glass Before The Painting:**
The Top Of Fuji Mountain
UNITED BROTHERS
90. The Family Home of UNITED BROTHERS
91. Morgen & Übermorgen Bin Ich Im Schnee
92. Zombie vs Currency
93. Painting As The Senile Grandmother
94. Corporeality Of Painting
95. Knochiges
96. **The Glass Before The Painting_αισθάνομαι**
97. Incarnate
98. Transference
99. Exteriorization & Exposure
100. *pretending Quickness*^{*}
101. Die Namen/ Die Linien
102. **The Glass Before The Painting:**
Karikiertes Monströses
103. Die Leibhaftigkeit Der Malerei
104. Adele_The Disembodied
105. The Suffering Of Painting
106. Cryptic Aggressors
107. Hair Fishbone Fluff Spines...
108. Backstage Light
109. Scrutinized And Dissected
110. Abstract Anxiety
111. Hospital For Painting
112. Usage – Application – Utilization
113. Behind The Scene _ In Front Of The Camera
114. *Extending Consistency*^{*}
115. Telescope Arms
116. Bifo:
to feel solidarity towards the pleasure of the body of the other
117. Footprints Fingerprints Schlieren Dirt
118. Screen Test Testroom Xray
119. **The Glass Before The Painting**
Painting_Stresstest
120. Malerei-Mausoleum
121. DI_Painting_Sign_De-Sign_En-Sign
122. **The Glass Before The Painting:**
Augenaufschläge Gesichtshöhlungen Fratzen
123. Crystal (Meth) Painting
124. Adele_Ephemeral Adel
125. *Friends Mysterious Finger Shown Appeared_Chasing Away The False*^o
126. Dehnprozess Des Bildes
127. Cybernetic Imposition
128. **The Glass Before The Painting:**
Oversized XXL-Accessoire Of Painting
129. Offering Lightness:
*"The events, however long they last, become puncti-form, connected
by rectilinear segments, in a zigzag pattern that suggests incessant motion."*^{**}
130. Hysteria Painting
131. Painting Hysteria
132. Exactitude
133. When You See Me Again It Won't Be Me
134. I Wonder How Long It Would Take To...

^o Stephane Mallarme, *A tomb for Anatole*, NDP1014 press, translation copyright: 1983/2005 by Paul Auster, pp. 88, 90, 91, 101, 136, 189.

^{*} Italo Calvino, *Six Memos For the Next Millennium*. The Charles Eliot Norton Lectures 1985–86, New York: Vintage International, 1993, pp. 4, V, 109, 65, 81.



Tom Burr

Tom Burr
An Orange Echo (detail), 2012
72 x 42 1/2 x 36 inches
Courtesy artist and Bortolami Gallery, NY

CATCH AS CATCH CAN

moods

A

Artful acts and renderings,
Aesthetic blurs and blending in,
Aging frown and aging grin,
And, endless idle chattering,

B

Blue direction, Blue last chance,
Blue response and Blue last dance,
Blue tube light ‘cross rude Blue night,
dark Blue anger, deep Blue spite,
Blue encounter, Blue lost stance,
Blue decline and Blue “I can’t.”

C

Callous, and
Cancerous,
Callas
Cantankerous,
Chorus
Calamitous,
Craving
Carnivorous.

Cantata, and

Colophony,
Choral
Cacophony,
Carpet, and
Cover me,
Claustrophobic
Catastrophe.

D

Delirium, settles in,
After Downing the gin,
or,

Delirious Dave,
Dashed onto the train,
Departed the station,
Departed insane,

Desperate Dave,
Depressed and Deranged,
Disheveled, bedeviled, and
Drunk on the train,

Drunken young Dave,
Drank his brew on the train,
Drank his liquor that
Drained to his brain on the train,

Delirious Dave,
Dashed right off of the train,
Dismounted the fast moving
Door of the train,

Desperate Dave,
Destroyed and Displayed,
Derailed and detailed ‘cross the
Dirt ‘neath the train.)

E

“Should wear all Time’s destruction for a dress.”
-Edith Sitwell, The Poet Laments the Coming of Old Age.

F

feeling Faint
from the smell of paint
and feeling subdued,
from a whiff of glue
and the Featherweight brushes
and my heavyweight crushes
(that colors and blushes)
my thoughts left of you.

G

delirium, settles in,
after downing the Gin,
(Gordons, Beefeater,
Blue Sapphire is sweeter;
With tonic, on ice,
With Cinzano, it’s nice...)

H

Horizontal tendencies,
And horizontal bent wood things,
Hinges and screws and fastenings,
And endless minor dents and dings.

Whorish facts of tendering, and
Whorish aesthetic surrendering,
(queasy frown and hazy grin),
And, lingering signs of giving in.

I

I have that 5 o’clock feeling.

J

A dozen Jacks:

Jack Kennedy
Jack Sheppard
Jack London
Jack Nicholson
Jack Pierson
Jack Daniels

Jack the Ripper
Jack in the Box
Jack’s Mannequin
Cracker Jack
Union Jack
Gentleman Jack

K

and Jack Kerouac

L

Helmut jacket, Helmut pants,
Helmut stacks ‘neath Helmut racks,
Helmut shirts I’ve stained before,
Helmut clothes strewn ‘cross the floor.

M

Mauve predilection,
Mauve-like trance,
Mauve over extension, and
Mauve cash advance,

(Mauve mood lighting,
Leads to
Mauve moody space,
Mauve hued reflection,
Leads to
Mauve hued face)

Mauve muddy politics,
Mauve-like trance,
Mauve muddy tactics,
Mauve last chance.

N

(Ned writes in his diary, on the 2nd of October, 1989):
Nobody sings my songs anymore. A generation ago nearly
every vocal program listed in the Sunday Times included
in its American Group at least one Rorem song, sometimes
a whole group or cycle. Season after season now passes
with nary a mention. Barber is still sung, but among living
composers it’s mainly Argento and Bolcom today. Like
Yeats’s romancer, I “loved long and long /And grew to be out
of fashion/ Like an old song.” I note this wistfully, without
bitterness. Times change.

O

Ode to artful acts and renderings,
Ode to aesthetic blurs and blending in,
Ode to aging frown and aging grin,
Ode to endless idle chattering.

P

(Pasolini writes): What a night Tommaso spent! The most
beautiful, you might say, of his whole life: because, even if
he slept, he wasn’t really sleeping, but was always a little
bit awake, so he could always remember he was there in his
house, a nice house, big and wellmade, like rich people have.

Q

Queasy, but,
Quieted,
Quartered, and,
Quarantined.

R

(Rorum writes in his diary, on the 28th of July, 1997):
Ambien, Melatonin, 2 enteric, 2 tums.

Each late morning, on emerging from a drug-laden half
sleep, I vaguely wonder what sadnesses the day will bring.
Another hopeless day in a sleepless body. JH, for whatever
reason, works twice as much as I. Currently it’s the side
deck, plus a little platform next to his bed so that Sonny,
now thirteen and the apple of Jim’s eye, can climb back
more easily after his nocturnal trips around the room. I
watch Jim when he’s not watching me, knowing how much
more important he is than anything else, including music,
in my ken. His handsome anxious face, his legs. I am him,
he is me, he is I, I am he. Who will die first? Look on your
globe, at the wee spit of land that is Nantucket, where we, so
insignificant, are breathing during the end of the twentieth
century. Do you recall looking at the globe 55 years ago
at the tiny space of land that was Berlin, where Hitler, so
insignificant, was breathing?

S

feeling Serene,
in front of the Screen,
(in front of the Sheen that comes from the Screen),
Sipping caffeine,
in front of the Screen,
(ingesting the Scene that comes from the Screen),

T

(Pier Paolo writes): When Tommaso was back in his bed, he
almost felt he was a little better. After all, they still hadn’t
come to anoint him; for an hour or so the cough stopped, and
he even asked his mother for some of that Marsala Irene had
brought him. But then, when night came, he felt worse all
the time: he had another fit, coughing blood, coughing, unable
to catch his breath, and it was goodbye Tommaso.

U

Undone.

V

Vermillion, humiliation,
Vermillion, heated flush,
Vermillion, mortification,
Vermillion deep blush,

(deep red guilty pleasure,
deep red secret self,
deep red private treasure,
deep red public stealth).

W

why not?

X

Xenophobic tendencies,
and
Metrophobic tyrannies.

Y

Yellow Movies

Z

Queasy frown;
Hazy grin.
Dizzy town;
Lazy spin.



Tom Burr
Black Out Bar, 2003
 Courtesy artist and Bortolami Gallery, NY

Michaela Eichwald

CATCH AS CATCH CAN

Organisation Todt

Wie gerne würde ich 1:1 abbilden was und vor allem wie Matumba gestern berichtet hat von seiner Woche auf dem Land, wo er 19 schwere Pflanzsteine, die seine Eltern ihm zum Geburtstag geschenkt hatten, die er sich sogar selbst gewünscht hatte, dorthin hatte verbringen und verbauen müssen, wo ca. 30 Jahre lang der kleine Wohnwagen gestanden hatte mit dem die Eltern und die Kinder in den 70er Jahren nach Österreich zum Toni, später zu Rhein und Mosel gefahren waren, der dann noch einige Jahre unbenutzt eher Objekt der Scham war und dann ganz abgeschafft wurde. Wie der Vater sich freut, wenn der in seine Erinnerung junge und kräftige Sohn kommt, um endlich die wartenden Arbeiten zu verrichten, die er selber nicht mehr kann, dabei ist Matumba auch eher fertig, bzw. nichts mehr gewohnt. Sein ehemals athletischer kleiner Hauptschüler- und Trockenbauerkörper hat den Körper eines Geistesarbeiters angenommen, ist immer noch athletisch, aber infolge von überhöhtem Alkohol- und Nikotinkonsum höchstens punktuell und nicht auf die Dauer was zu reißen imstande. Aus diesen Punkten heraus kann er seinem Vater seine Kraft, seine Weitsicht und sein planvolles Vorgehen in der Gartenbaukunst simulieren. Bzw. Ist das ja alles grundwahr.

Der im Nachbarort besuchte Onkel hätte ganz toll wie eine Wasserleiche ausgesehen, weil er sich zum Rasenmähen großzügig mit Sunblockern eingerieben hatte, Matumba empfiehlt außerdem tatsächlich die Wohlgesinnten zu lesen, schon wegen der benutzten Quellen, die man selbst kennt und gerne wiedererkennt und überhaupt wäre das so geschrieben wie man es immer schonmal hat lesen wollen.

Auf der Zugfahrt von Karlsruhe wäre ich zunächst wegen Trostlosigkeit fast erstickt. Vor mir eine (wahrscheinlich) diplomierte Hebamme, die Word-Dokumente verfaßte die anfangen mit "vielen Dank für Ihr Interesse an o. g. Veranstaltung." Wenn man selbst seit vielen Jahren Word verwendet, also ich konnte mich wundern, wie anders als von mir Word noch verwendet werden kann; ich konnte nicht aufhören der Frau über ihre Schulter hinweg auf ihren Bildschirm zu starren. Die schien für alles sich sogenannte Makros gemacht zu haben. Vorformulierte Textquader, Floskel, Excel. Zertifikatskurs, Qualitätssicherung, Rückmeldung, DozentInnenkonferenz, Bergisch-Gladbach. Protokoll des Gesprächs mit Frau Münch. Protokoll des Gesprächs mit Herrn Hall. Rückmeldung von Frau Jurt. Rechteckige kleine Brille steht keinem, ich hab jedenfalls noch nie eine/n gesehen. In rot schon gar nicht. Einwand von Frau Jurt. Weißer Nebel aufsteigend aus den Tälern des Siebkreises sieht aber gut aus. Die sauberen, näseldenden heteroaffektierten Bundeswehrangehörigen sprachen untereinander so einen Käu und ließen sich pißnelkenhaft billig über ihre Kollegen aus, um sich darüber ihrer Freundschaft umso mehr auf das Platteste versichern zu können, - das würd ich doch nie tun, an deinen Spind gehen. Das fand ich auch abartig vom Lars. Ich dachte, das halt ich auf keinen Fall aus. Dann kam die Schaffnerin und lenkte ab, da sehr ungewöhnlich, sehr speziell, um die 50, sie sah so klug aus wie ich noch keine Schaffnerin sah, auch mit einer schönen Stimme versehen, und als sie sich umdrehte erkannte ich schwer in Gedanken was diese Frau eigentlich war den Abdruck eines Rautenmusters auf ihrer Jacke, großflächig, schimmernd, das der Abdruck eines standardmäßigen Bügelbretts, glaube ich, war und ich fragte mich, ob das sein kann und weiter ob die denn wohl ihre Jacken selber zu Hause zu bügeln hatten? Der Schonbezug abgenutzt, der Schaumstoff dünn geworden, so war das wahrscheinlich passiert, daß bis aufs Metall, bis auf die Knochen des Bügelbretts durchgebügelt worden war und sich das Muster abbilden konnte und als der Gedanke abklang, klang wieder das Gespräch der

Wehrdienstleistenden auf, das auf einmal eine ganz neue Qualität gewonnen hatte, da sich ein heller, undurchsichtiger, jüngerer Mann mit Hut und langem Vollbart ohne Schnäuzer vom Vierertisch auf der anderen Seite eingemischt hatte und den beiden Arschlöchern höchst dezidierte Fragen stellte. Es stellte sich heraus daß sie Wehrpflichtige, nicht Zeitsoldaten waren und daß sie die hochinteressante Aufgabe erfüllten, verletzte Zivilisten in Kriegsgebieten zu spielen. Der Bärtige fragte nach der Arbeit der Maskenbildneri etwa. Sie erzählten bereitwillig von abgehackten Gliedmaßen, offenen Wunden, psychologischer Kriegsführung, bzw. natürlich Friedensführung allgemein, wie man in Krisensituationen beruhigt und führt. Der Mann mit Bart stellte dann Behauptungen auf, wo ich dachte: ui! Was werden sie jetzt sagen? Daß z.B. 5.000 oder 10.000 tote Taiwanesen doch keinen juckten, oder doch? Wenn China sich bald Taiwan holt, womit doch wohl stark zu rechnen sei, und zwar militärisch. Meinten die Bundeswehrangehörigen zögernd: ja, aber Taiwan wär ja westlich eingestellt und die NATO, also sie würden denken... sie würden 5.000 tote Taiwanesen auch nicht groß jucken, da habe er recht, nein Quatsch, — was? Crisis, weil man nichts Hehres will, weil das albern ist, "die Kunst" ist albern, und das Alberne, wie blöd können wir Blödis uns runterschrauben, eigentlich, ist auch albern und jetzt ist es meinerseits reduziert, Platz verschenkt und - gesetzt auf die Sachen selbst, bzw. nicht gerade gesetzt aber so siehts jetzt vermutlich aus, wie ich schon sagte, und man weiß gar nichts, das sagte ich auch.

Ich lag auf der trockenen Wiese vor dem ZKM, weinte etwas und las immer wieder die Fahnen, die Sammlernamen, und wußte einmal mehr wieder gar nicht, was das ALLES ALLES soll (ich weiß es schon, aber ich weiß es nicht im Zusammenhang mit mir).

Aber das ist nicht die Frage. Bzw. das ist schon die Frage, aber so kann man sie natürlich nicht beantworten.

Die grundsätzliche Frage nach der Richtigkeit des Tuns in jedem Fels bzw. Feld läßt sich leider nicht grundsätzlich beantworten, die stellt sich immer wieder neu, man muß sie immer wieder neu situationsangemessen beantworten. Darüber wird man alt und schwach und immer trauriger, es gibt wohl keine große gute Lösung, vielleicht gibt es nictmal eine kleine Lösung. Manchmal fühlt es sich aber danach an. Alleine Irren schrieb, sie wäre letztens so weit gewesen zu sagen: Die Literatur ist es auch nicht.

DAS empfand ich fast wieder als Erleichterung. Die Literatur ist es auch nicht. Die bildende Kunst ist es auch nicht. Die Philosophie ist es auch nicht, die Welt ist es auch nicht, ich bin es auch nicht!

bzw. ich bin es schon. Wenn man aber was reißen wollte, müßte man sich auffälliger machen. Klar.

Das ist ein Grund, warum ich keine oder wenig Namen nenne: ich will gar keine Reaktion. Keinen Journalismus, keine Debatte, da reingezogen zu werden und unterzugehen, denn leider bin ich nicht der Asi, der ich sein will, ich bin zu dumm und zu brav und würde antworten, wahrscheinlich auch noch auf Hochdeutsch, Horror, und dann wäre alles vorbei, dann könnte ich nichts mehr sehen.

Ich finde natürlich gut, wenn andere das machen, die das können.

Ich hatte überlegt ob ich da morgen hinfahre zur Eröffnung nach Karlsruhe, ich glaub ich mach das mal, aber nicht als Artist, als irgendwas anderes. Und alle 4 Reden anhören, Bürgermeister und alles.

21:45 unabsichtlich in "privat" verrutscht. Auch egal. Ich geh spazieren, Zitronenmelisse blüht violett. Habe die Reden vernommen, die Redner aus der Nähe betrachtet, das Publikum, die Zeitung gelesen, mit Fremden gesprochen. Kein einziger klarer Gedanke. Kann mir selbst gestohlen bleiben. Die Bedingungen



Michaela Eichwald
Gerichtstraße in the snow, 2011/2012
Acrylic, oil, crayon, and lacquer on nettle
180 x 120 cm



Michaela Eichwald
Gerichtstraße, 2011/2012
Acrylic, oil, crayon, and lacquer on nettle
10 9/10 x 47 1/4 inches (180 x 120 cm)

der Möglichkeiten sind so schwer einzuschätzen und wirken stark reglementierend, so sollte es nicht sein, gewiß, es ist aber so. Was bleibt mir denn übrig zu tun. Es war mir bedeutet worden die Angst, die ich zwar sehr, doch nicht so stark hatte, aus guten Gründen besser doch auch sehr stark zu haben, und dann hatte ich sie auch sehr stark bekommen. Ich weiß auch nicht, wirklich nicht, von wem die Hinweise kommen und was sie besagen wollen. ich sollte getäuscht und verlacht werden in ganz großem Stile Neben mir im Internetcafe am Zülpicher Platz ruft jemand schon das 71. Mal "Hallo?" in sein Kopfhörermikrofon. In Karlsruhe war mit das Beste der Fronleichnamprozession hinterherzugehen und zu folgen in die modernere Kirche St. Michael, wo alles voller Blumen lag und die Gemeinde stolz auf ihre Gemeindemitglieder, die so etwas ermöglichen. Draußen die gelb-weißen Fahnen, sieht auch immer gut aus, der Gottesdienst sehr kurz, 20 Minuten, Großer Gott wir loben dich, Lied 257, mit Bläserbegleitung, ganz toll, im Ernst, und draußen gab es Brezeln und Apfelsaft. Der Künstler interessiert sich mehr für die äußere Welt, als für die Kunst selbst, aber er tut so, als sei er gelehrig; das, vermute ich, ist ein von mir schlecht übersetztes Broodthaers-Zitat. Aber es stimmt.

— Michaela Eichwald (May, 2008)



Michaela Eichwald
Organisation Todt (with Helena), 2010

CATCH AS CATCH CAN

Nicole Eisenman

(Soma)tic Poetry Exercise & Poem

by CAConrad

M.I.A. ESCALATOR

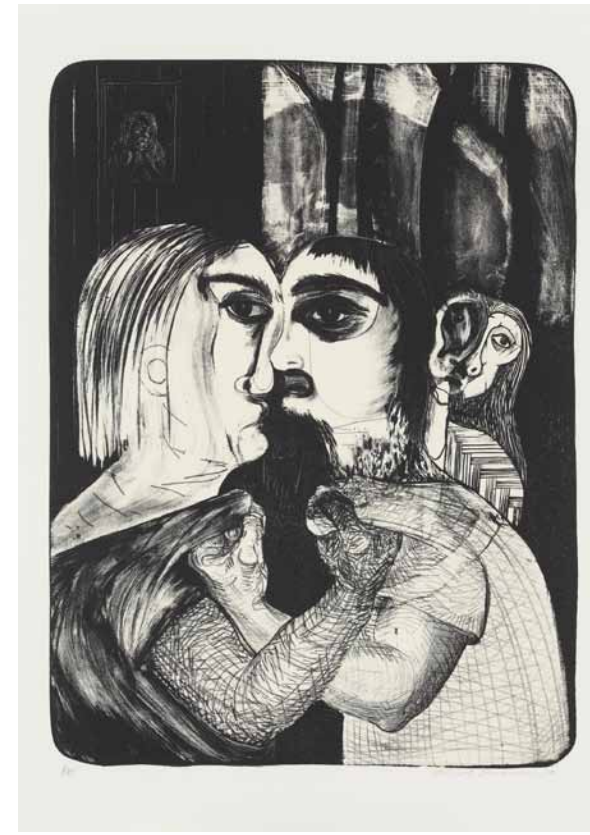
— for Jen Benka & Carol Mirakove

I rode several of my favorite escalators in Philadelphia, taking notes up and down the vantages. At the top and bottom of the ride I would show photographs of myself to strangers and ask, "EXCUSE ME, have you seen this person?" Sometimes there was confusion, "ISN'T THAT YOU?" I would reply, "No, many people think I look like HER, but have you seen HER?" I feel very fortunate to have been born BEFORE the ultrasound machine. My generation was the last generation to have a male and female name waiting at the other end of the birth canal. My generation is the last to have our mothers touch their bellies talking to us as male and female. Pink of blue?

Both pink and blue, "Have you seen this person?" I enjoyed my conversations with strangers and made at least one new friend, a handsome man who knew I was the person in the photograph. That person, I am that person and agreed. The ultrasound machine gives the parents the ability to talk to the unborn by their gender, taking the intersexed nine-month conversation away from the child. The opportunities limit us in our new world. Encourage parents to not know, encourage parents to allow anticipation on either end. Escalators are a nice ride, slowly rising and falling, writing while riding, notes for the poem, meeting new people at either end, "Excuse me, EXCUSE ME. . . ." My escalator notes became a poem.



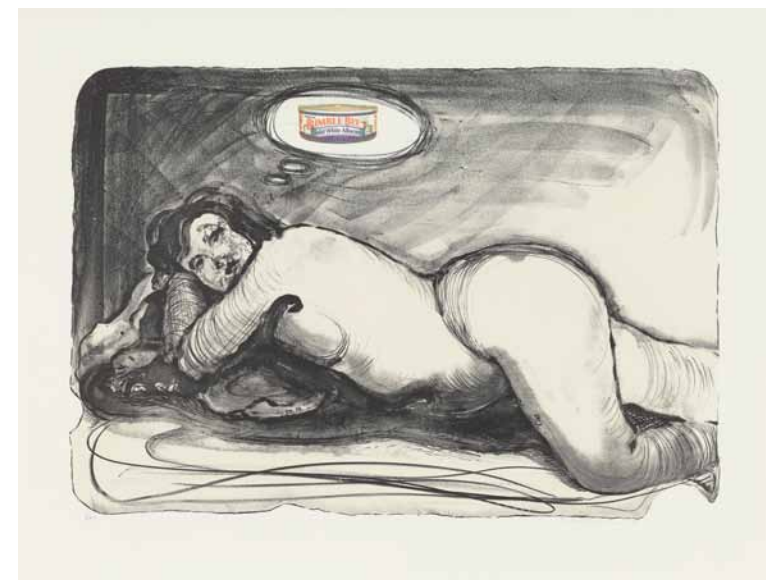
Nicole Eisenman
Tea Party, 2012
 2-color lithograph
 Paper: Saunders-Waterford HP watercolor paper
 Paper size: 48 3/4 x 37 1/8 inches
 Image size: 32 x 22 1/2 inches
 Edition of 25 plus 5 artist's proofs
 Image courtesy the artist and Leo Koenig Inc., New York



Nicole Eisenman
 Untitled, 2012
 2-color lithograph (from stone)
 Paper: Somerset velvet soft white
 Paper size: 21 1/2 x 17 1/4 inches
 Image size: 16 1/4 x 12 inches
 Edition of 25 plus 5 artist's proofs
 Image courtesy the artist and Leo Koenig Inc., New York



Nicole Eisenman
Man Holding his Shadow, 2011
 2-color lithograph
 Paper size: 22 1/4 x 18 inches
 Image size: 16 x 12 inches
 Edition of 25 plus 5 artist's proofs
 Image courtesy the artist and Leo Koenig Inc., New York



Nicole Eisenman
The Thinker, 2012
 2-color lithograph (from stone) with 4-color
 photolithograph
 Paper: Somerset velvet soft white
 Paper size: 25 x 33 1/4 inches
 Image size: 17 1/2 x 24 3/4 inches
 Edition of 25 plus 5 artist's proofs
 Image courtesy the artist and Leo Koenig Inc., New York



Nicole Eisenman
Drummer, 2011
 2-color lithograph
 Paper size: 22 x 16 3/4 in (55.9 x 42.5 cm)
 Image size: 16 x 11 5/8 in (40.6 x 29.5 cm)
 Edition of 25 plus 5 artist's proofs
 Image courtesy the artist and Leo Koenig Inc., New York

I HOPE I'M LOUD
WHEN I'M DEAD

I have a
mannequin for
a paperweight
it is difficult to
type with such a
large paperweight
I reach around
lovers late into
night typing
from behind it is
impossible to
tell which
is Virgil
poetry
can be
of use
the field of flying
bullets the hand
reaches through
loving the aftertaste
finding a deeper
third taste
many are
haunted by
human cruelty through
the centuries
I am haunted by
our actions since
breakfast
you said *too much poetry*
I said *too much war*
the biggest mistake for
love is straining
there was a
door marked
MISTAKE we
entered
you said *too much fooling around*
I said *fuck off and die*

CATCH AS CATCH CAN

Jutta Koether

Mad Garland
Jutta Koether

Mad Garland begins with recomposed e-mails sort
of like this:

“*Mad Garland!* What a title! What do you mean by this title?”

Mad as in angry-mad or crazy-mad.”

“*Mad Garland:* makes me think of Judy queer decor, and bad
x-mas!”

“All of those things, all of those things...”

“Art and Subjecthood.” A theory problem. A practical problem.
Particularly, a material problem in relation to painting. My method: literal-
ize, materialize, liquidize: Impermanent configurations. Irrepressible
flux of compositions and reappropriations:

To stage an interchange between excitation and communication. To cut
into the ontological uncertainties of our times, to deal with the states
of changed object-subject relationships, to present the mechanics of the
fabrication of an aesthetic decision. Desire for painting as the medium
to deal with those uncertainties.

Art and subjecthood entangled. We were asked to speculate on the reasons
why there is a certain embrace of anthropomorphism, and, why, well...
there is this desperate desire for art and perhaps painting in particular to
have and possibly embody agency.

Quasi-agency. Quasi-subjecthoods.

My text, my painting, me being, here turning towards this: like a physical
diagram, a corporeal blog.

Incorporated are short and long collapses—possibly into *silence panique*.

Is this what painting can do?

Poison the gossip, kick some asses, jinx out the jargon, hack into lives.

To send painting off into one of those merciless Dionysian moods.
Coiling; the snake, the garland. Intoxication with theories, networks,
parameter, rising and dying subject-constructs. Coldly glazed.

This is not a performance. This is not a program. This is not a theory.
This is not an opinion. This is reappropriation of all of the above tech-
niques. This is a reappropriation of the means to struggle.

Recasting painting as a line of demarcation between materialism and
idealism.

“I have nothing to do with this world. Everything I have has to do with this world. And with you.”

Now must this artist perform? I was thinking of behaving discursively this time. First I was meant to do a performance. Then the emphasis shifted. This is a conference, after all. A falling out with it? Discursiveness as pose. As just another product. Quasi-theory product. As is refusal of discursiveness. Non-discursiveness as pose. Here we go: new product on the same stage—subjecthoods. The human resource. As it was announced. The most important products are communications and networks. The most important task of the artist in all this is possibly to establish a new kind of act. To cut into communications and networks. And what does that mean for a viewer? Perhaps to receive a proposition for a new kind of contact through art and subjecthood.

Mad Garland.

How to act? How to act?

They need to do what they do. Those objects and communications, networks, and quasi-discourses are conscious expressions of the fear of going mad or, most of all, of being alone. Seeking a semblance of community, of collectivity in the reenactments of collective strategies and so-called critical procedures.

Can we make art that is not a subject but goes beyond the conditions that one is confronted with? Can we make a work that if not interrupts at least decelerates something?

This is not a program. This is not a performance, this is not a process of recasting. Thought, art, subjecthoods.

Mad Garlands.

This is the making of a painting in front of another painting while constructing a stage tableau. This is a painting, an object to enable the power to challenge defined categories of presentation/viewing and new categories to emerge.

Let’s look at some *grandeur réelle!*

To serve, to reflect upon, to refuse.

A full-on wondering about materialism, please.

Mad Garland.

A process of recomposing, resetting, and recasting object, thought, about art and subjecthood: both terms pose as outsiders.

“Appearances in search of Parousia, both are on the lookout for the phallic moment and both can attain it. There is a steady stream of raising, hardening, getting high. Getting high is the essence of sex. But maybe above all getting high is secretly the real thing. And sex itself is a masquerade.”¹

Paintings take pose now.

Mad Garland.

Expression of broader and highly abstract themes.

Extended reflection on the interrelationship of sexual and artistic arousal.

Marinesque expression of pathos of beauty enhanced by terror.

Essay on friendship as opposed to possessive desire/distinction between subject and theme.

Poussin responded to the particular artistic challenge given to him by Pointel through the reference to the different ideal norms of beauty that had been established in the manners possessed.

His association with the highly educated men, such as scientists and antiquaries that were members of these groups, allowed for Poussin to be exposed to the most advanced ideas and thoughts of his time. The exposure to the advanced thinkers is thought to have influenced Poussin to redefine “space within a painting and the relationship between figures and their setting.”²

Paintings were created to look like a stage set when they are placed side by side. Between materialisms and idealisms. The outcome: an excess and formalism intertwined.

Formalist excess. Excessive formalism.

Those types of expressionisms are quite ungovernable by theory. Theoretical claims, emerging thought ... oh, well, there is an ancient battle within the clusters and collisions; debates and changing ideologies lie in the attraction.

Yet to also produce a pathological subjectivity as a result would be like catering, would be, as well, just a service industry event culture.

Phocion: “In Athens, it is hard for a man to even die without paying for it.” That’s what he said before his suicide.³

Mad Garland/Phocion: one of the works I’m dealing with right now is Poussin’s *Phocion*.

The painting evokes the human figure. The corpse. Yet the figure is not a figure.

Minimalism and anthropomorphism, yes. An embrace? To lay open the conflicts. Not seeking the weird aftermath of human misery, trashy angst-symptoms, new petit bourgeois-minded certainties, but: a pose.

Five paintings that are not paintings but sort of building blocks/planks for a presentation will be retrieved now. Each one of them held by one person. Those persons are standing next to one each other. A snake or chain or tableau vivant is formed in front of the projection next to the speaker. Yet there is the paint on canvas. They are black, carry inscriptions, are treated with cold glaze.

The big imbalance of affect production and intellectual production in a painting.

Partially directly recognizable in the service. Partially in the activities of the viewer toward the painting.

Who is orchestrating/directing that interaction?

The artist. The theorist. That’s what relates one to the other.

One using the other.

That is what paintings should be used as tools for. Which is why a painting should and could say, *WTF*.

How to establish difference at this point? Coming out with a painting is coming out to go into battle with a totally inadequate material. To shove materiality in everybody’s face. There it is. Carrying along a certain psychological intensity.

The Mad Garland has arrived. Mad Garland.

Black paintings, one by one. Build a “bridge” to the audience/create an experience with them. Something you cannot experience in a book or online; shock of the moment.

What is “incisive becoming”? Who is my imaginary party to support the action of the

Mad Garland?

Beyond network there is the garland.

Mad Garland takes us away from being subject into being becoming-subject.

No, not that. “Will we know how to harmonize our actions with the pulse of power, with the fluidity of phenomena? In a sense the revolutionary question is now a musical one!”

(Tiqqun)

Every click on Contemporary Art Daily is a performance.

Ain’t this musical too?

Mad Garland.

This is not a performance.

What role can/must the object play in all this?

No, the objects are not made to be quasi-objects. Nor are they fully at the mercy of a subject. They can act. Or they can refuse to be actors. The can be just stuff and go to sleep. They can absorb all content, all thought and desire in a material mess.

They make you cringe. They are a theory problem.

Becoming a borderline subject. To not give into that kind of becoming. To act up discursively, materially. To seek a frame.

Frame: the method to change things, to create distance.

Here it is, a fetish pushing into real space.

This is not a program. This is a search. A Mad Garland of thoughts strung together. A thing that, since antiquity, keeps reoccurring with artists. An ongoing rite, a staging. The subject alone is no good. The object alone is no good. Only what happens, what they do together, kind of works.

Mad Garland, also the emblem for a never-ending desire to be visible in the world ... even when you’re dead. Garlands as decor for excess; triumph but also curving around Roman sarcophagi. Plenty.

Metaphors of sexuality also appear in the references to one’s own paintings ... The personification of Poetry or Painting as the artist’s mistress is of course deeply embedded in tradition (as Petrarch’s Laura or Raphael’s Fornarina) and so too is the sublimation of erotic and sexual passion within the guise of ancient fable. Montaigne, for all that he claims unreserved and uninhibited self-portrayal, himself keeps his most explicit sexual references hidden in the fictions of similar ancient stories and quotations in Latin, and the very title “Surdes vers de Vigil” masks its contents under the veil of an apparent textual commentary ... It is done, as a way of assimilating the fragmented and recombine segments of ancient culture within the present and one’s own experience, as a therapeutic for impotence in language and for the individual case-history of one’s own illness, aging, and decline.

The self-reflexiveness of Montaigne’s essays, that make up an extended project of self-portraiture, ending only with the cessation of life itself, has always been recognized as the great unifying theme of the “Essais.” “Don’t I represent myself to the life?” ... “Enough then, I have done what I wanted. Everyone recognizes me in my book, and my book in me. The same introspectiveness also informs the content and expression of Poussin’s paintings, which thereby come cumulatively to represent the momentary and time-bound traces of a particular sensibility, self-representations that develop and are altered across the span of a single lifetime.”⁴

Ah, there is a model for how to deal with “Art and Subjecthood.” In classical painting it would be the subject (of the painting) that would dominate the artist. Poussin, Montaigne on my mind. With offerings from a long gone classical era. And yet that attraction.

Resituating difference. In/with painting. My task, my life? What should a painting do within this discussion? How does talking about a painting make a new painting? To accept figure and reconfigure the social character and the formal dynamics of a painting. To follow T.J. Clark’s method: “To identify distinctions and disparities within a painting and then pin those incongruities within a painting and then pin those incongruities to a psychosexual or sociological interpretation, using semiotics to come to a new meaning of the works of art.” Now for a practitioner of painting this means: to create, collect, import precisely distinctions, disparities. To invent incongruities and throw sexual and sociological interpretation in on the (black) palette.

Mad Garland, a recasting.

This is not a performance. This is not a program. This is not a painting. Mad Garland has all those aspects strung together.

Post destabilization.

Recasting of functions of audience, object, people, style, color, theory of painting, art history. Recasting artistic research, charisma. Recasting intellectual thirst.

This demonstration, a presentation of that need for recasting.

Goal: intensity and detail of its account of specific works by its ability to extract a painting from the ordinary round of “formal analysis, iconography, contextualization, or sheer product” and put the reader/viewer almost physically in a NEW KIND OF CONTACT.

“The sheer strangeness—the preposterousness—of European painting’s commitment to the real.”

The necessity to participate. Yet absence persists. The absence of performance must persist. Persistence can take on new forms, precisely in relation to objects. I keep inserting myself weirdly with painting. Mad Garland arrives.

Ontological vision of an asubjective realm of becoming, with the subject and thought being only a final, residual product of these primary ontological movements. Rather than circling around the negative limitations of conceptual systems Deleuze and Guattari constructed a positive ontological vision from the ruins of traditional ontologies.⁵

There’s really dark light going on in his painting. The garland holding the painting. There is a hook/ring in the middle.

Carrying on. The garland from a painting by Jan Fyt (on view at the Germäldegalie, Berlin). The garland crawling out of my own “Berlin Schlüssel” triptych-like painting installation. The idea of garlands is featured everywhere inside and outside older buildings in the city of Berlin. The idea of the garland has been a feature form in those thoughts which made their place temporarily in the blogosphere. They are twirling and twisting and displaying Deleuzian sensations, expressionisms, talking about ancient battles. Things ungovernable by theory, while interacting, testing, and contesting and therefore also forming theoretical/ideological claims. It’s a monstrous memo to dip into the desire to be exposed to the advanced thoughts and ideas of your own time.

Such subject must dominate the artist. And this is momentarily dominating the viewer. The garland is an offering. To expose yourself to a situation, a stage to step on. To redefine the space within a painting (that is a precious object holding itself and being held by metal brackets and cold glaze) and the relationship between figures and their setting.

The corpse being carried out of the painting by two figures is an offering to. A pile of black cloth thrown over a body. Absent but in the center of the picture. The painting is a pile of canvas, posing as the abstract corpse of painting itself.

The painting picks up on some old and some new kind of trash-life-death-rebirth tales. Dipped into dark Deleuzianisms. A piece of a drift (object/canvas). Deliberately placed on the shores of a booth at an art fair (Art Basel 2011).

Created to function like a stage set for the viewers to step into and experience inner crash and outer collision.

I had been seeking that which is called a search for “living traditions” (and that is why I like my ongoing studies and references to the French classical painter Nicolas Poussin). He was seeking for it in painting stories from antiquity and combining them with the ideas of his age. Constructing thought and image that way. The choice fell on the image of those two men carrying the corpse of Phocion—death by execution/forced suicide by drinking hemlock—out of Athens’ city border. Phocion would not die right away, as there was not enough poison available in the first take. It has been reported to be said, “In Athens, it is hard for a man to die without paying for it.”

Can a painting be frugal and baroque, austere and idyllic at the same time?

The garland featured Dionysian rites: a symbol of fundamental unrestrained aesthetic principles of force, music, and intoxication versus the principles of sight, form, and beauty represented by the latter. Confronting the affective zone, dirty thirst, counting corpse, counting money, counting thought.

That image of the two men and the corpse looks as though it is pasted on the otherwise quite idyllic landscape, in fact, is sitting in the front and center of the painting. (Recently exhibited in Paris at the Grand Palais as part of a seventeenth-century landscape painting show and the pendant show to the Manet show at the d'Orsay, another master painting—very dark, yet kind of colorful, complex black sites.) A very dark front.

Out of that emerges *BLACK GARLAND BERLIN (#1 WTF)*.

I like it to be hung between those others works inside the booth. It cannot be outside. It should be located very much inside the machine, the Art Basel booth and close to Francesco Pia who thought of this ensemble.

A bit later: it did not hang so nicely, as some people reported back to me. It was hung too high behind the desk. All in the open and yet hermetic. I like how it can hold itself in any situation. So nobody could really step into it properly. It was not sold.

P.S. Since 2009 I have been in contact with Berlin, with its psychic and physical architectures, and its mental energies, its art world; and since 2010 me being there and not being there has been represented through/introducing one new element in my paintings: the garland. They really belonged to Roman wall painting but were displaced and displayed prominently in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. There was a literal translation: I used in the “Berliner Schlüssel” show. Then it turned into a black garland, then Mad Garland. And “Art and Subjecthood” in Frankfurt turned out to be a trigger for a big turning moment. That led into the making of more Mad Garland objects and actions as part of “Grand Openings: Return of the Blogs” at MoMA later in July 2011. More to come.

In such ways the Frankfurt conference on “Art and Subjecthood” was another beginning. Thankxx. Yours
Jxxxx

NOTES

1. Elizabeth Cropper and Charles Dempsey, *Nicolas Poussin: Friendship and the Love of Painting* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1996).
2. Ibid.
3. See “Nicolas Poussin and his Phocion Landscapes: The Funeral of Phocion and Gathering of His Ashes by His Widow,” accessed September 16, 2011, <http://www.students.sbc.edu/albanis03/phocion.htm>.
The Funeral of Phocion and The Ashes of Phocion Collected by His Widow were created by Poussin to look like a stage set when they are placed side by side. These two Phocion landscapes not only represent a classical story, they have also been depicted in a highly classicizing style. In this period of his painting career Poussin wanted to recreate on his canvases the ancient Roman world. This attempt at the recreation of the ancient world is greatly obvious to the viewer due to the classical architecture and dress of the figures being depicted in the paintings. The landscapes have been constructed in a well-planned format that owes its origin to the classical painting of the past. Both of the Phocion landscapes represent “order and harmony of nature” and “are represented as if they were architectural constructions, with clearly defined planes within a finite enclosed space.” These paintings also represent a ‘civilized’ landscape, meaning that the land has been “dominated and given shape by man” meaning that the architecture of nature was created by the temples and monuments of ancient people.
Poussin was responsible for bringing the classical traditions back to art. This movement in art was primarily based on a love and devotion to art from antiquity, and of the works of Raphael and Caracci. Poussin was not only interested in classical art from antiquity, he was very interested in classical literature, which is obvious due to the selection of many of his painting themes having been lifted right from antique writings. Poussin developed his own ‘theory of art,’ which was based on “Leonardo’s treatise on painting...combined with the discussions of aesthetics then vogue in Rome.” Included in his theories were his views of what were appropriate subject matters for an artist to work with. Poussin had very strong views regarding the selection of the subject, he felt that a subject must dominate the artist; therefore it must be noble, new, and original. The theories of art that he developed “became the basis of the French classical and academic art, whereby a work was intended to arouse rational and intellectual, rather than visual, response in the viewer.” This idea of exercising the mind can be seen in both of the Phocion landscape painting. “Poussin provided the French model for a revival of painting because he combined the study of nature and the art of antiquity in an original way that simultaneously revived the past and signified a ‘living tradition’” His influence of style, subject matter, and technique was of major influence to painters even up to the nineteenth century.
4. Cropper and Dempsey, *Nicolas Poussin*, 247-248.
5. Levi Bryant, Nick Srnicek, and Graham Harman, eds., introduction *The Speculative Turn: Continental Materialism and Realism* (Melbourne: re:press, 2011, 4-5).

CATCH AS CATCH CAN

Nick Mauss



Whose Sleeves? (cut short)

The tinsel or tinfoil or whatever it was, was brittle with age but persuasively glamorous--or at least I could follow the logic and believe in what it was meant to emulate. I was having a puce moment and it's not clear what tense I should be writing this in or where to begin or shuffle. Abigail lifted the wire and foil construction from a table--she didn't wink, but she might as well have as she brought the pagoda-like thing close to me for inspection. Something about the way she handled it assumes that I already understand. "Is it.....?" I venture. "Yes." she says, but I still have no idea. The moment had the self-deleting quality of a spell.

A kind of gauzy roof, dangling braided tassels made from simple cotton thread at each peaked corner, licked from above by a tab of double rhinestones held by a wire pistil in cobra pose extending from the supporting frame on which the hazy fabric was stretched, the figure on the ground, the final ornament on the ornament itself. The way she slid anecdotes into the silence was also like a kind of braid: "The black make-up stick is smaller, so we know it was used more than the white and red, the way the length of a candle indicates how long it was burning." I see all this hovering over the head of a body walking through dramatic space, as if to shield it from rain, or glitter, the tassely braids trembling side to side while the gleaming rhinestones bob more lethargically up and down--the beginning of a procession.

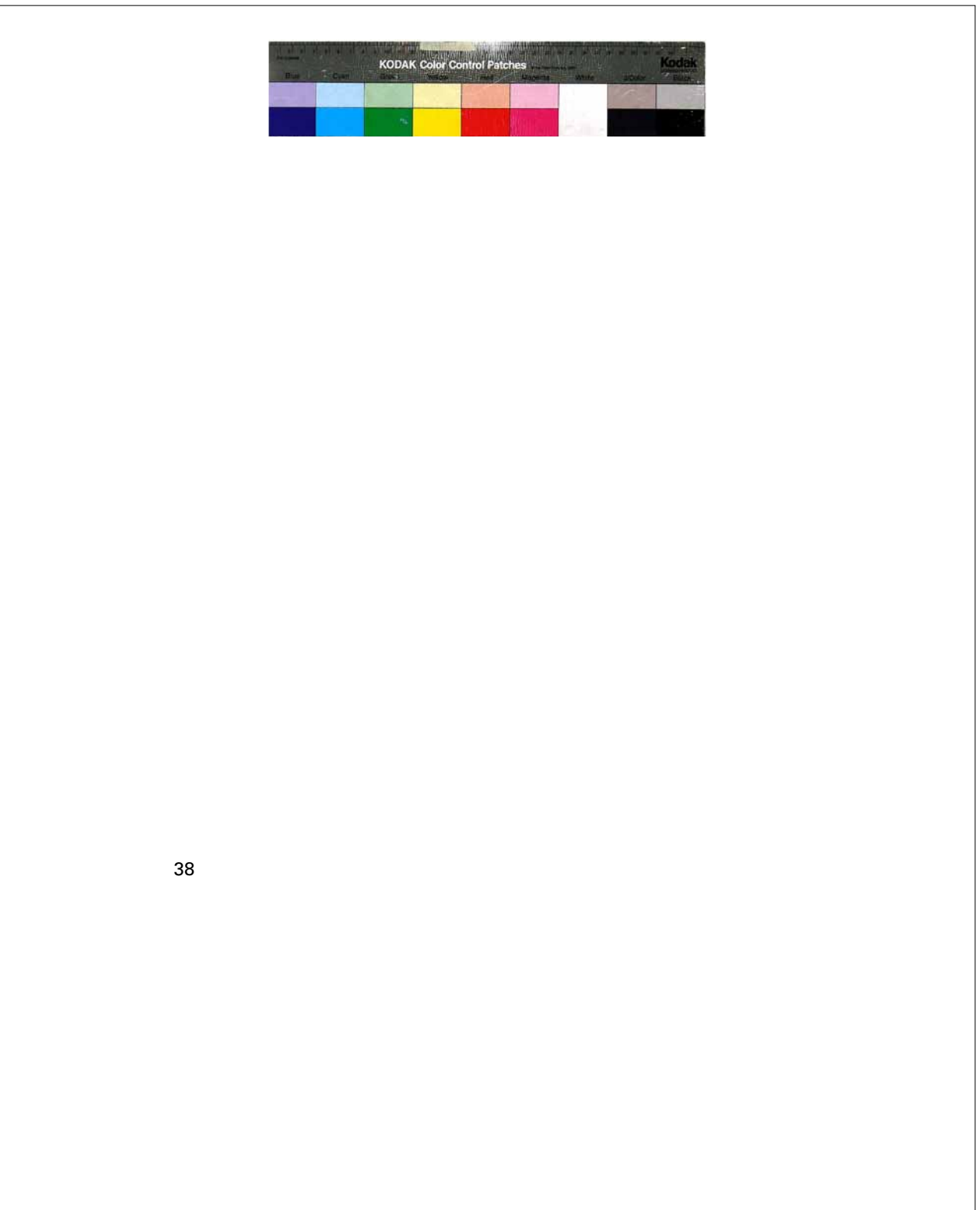
Her white-gloved hands reached for another object from the table piled with "cardbird" boxes, tissue paper, thrift store bracelets, amulets, and labeled zip-loc bags: a concoction of concentric self-supporting veils that would also, if worn, somehow float about the head to imply a succession of auras or personal curtains held by halos, but I mean those early Renaissance halos that look like DVDs.

She took the smudgy stub of face-paint out of the box again, handling it like a pair of eyes from a sarcophagus.

The leotards for "Summerspace" had already been cleaned and laid between sheets of acid-free tissue paper in large pale blue archival boxes. When we opened them up the tops especially looked very demure and funereal, but also festive--and bitter? Arms folded across the torso, making an X. Even through the acidic vibrancy of the oversprayed psychedelic polka-dot patterning, they seemed hardened, a bit bowed, and stains shone through the graphic dots. Hanging in a massive roll on a wire mesh wall in the back of the space was the drop for "Summerspace," only partly unfurled to reveal the hysterical camouflage patterning achieved by spraying different colors through a perforated screen...I tried to combine these samples of evidence with the memory I thought I had of at least one photograph of the dancers in their costumes in front of the vast expanse of this endless, scintillating field, in memory of Seurat and colorblindness.

The whole structure is encased in double shells of steel and opaque welded glass. The stage, an endless spiral. The various levels are connected with elevators and platforms. Seating, platforms, stage and elevator platforms are suspended and spanned above each other. The structure is an elastic building system of cables and platforms developed from bridge building. The drama can expand and develop freely in space mounted on the spiral. In another storage room, another floor down, where prints, drawings, multiples and artist's books are kept, rollerskates, and the Thonet Chair Merce danced with, strapped to his back with belts found at an Army-Navy store... a three-or four-armed turtleneck sweater that Merce and some of the dancers knit together... also an umbrella, its interior branches strung with Christmas lights to make it into a self-illuminating apparatus for the walker, the dancer who carried it with a battery.

— Nick Mauss



Shahryar Nashat

CATCH AS CATCH CAN

Two knights,
one kneeling before
the seated other
and taking his hand,
watched by a woman
standing behind,
arched windows in
the background.

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p. 2
After Cipriani
**Illustration to *The Ruggiero* (Act III,
Scene IV), ca. 1770-1810**
Proof before letters

Shahryar Nashat
Downscaled and Overthrown 1
Marble
26 x 25 x 15.5 cm

p. 4
Shahryar Nashat
**Foot-Height Abridged Hercules
in Repose, 2008**
Lambda print on paper
32 x 25 cm

**Waist-Height Abridged Neptune
on Sea, 2008**
Lambda print on paper
32 x 25 cm

p. 5
Shahryar Nashat
**High-Height Abridged David,
2008**
Lambda print on paper
32 x 25 cm

Calf-Height Abridged Satyre, 2008
Lambda print on paper
32 x 25 cm

p. 6
Emil Otto Hoppé
**Vaslav Nijinski in *Le Spectre
de la Rose*, 1911**

p. 8
Source unknown

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The Transcendence of the Image

Some works of art seem to inhabit the present time. They play out the same temporal dynamic as catching someone's eye on the tube and holding it for a little too long. You know that when you look up once more, you might again catch their eye. When this gaze is held by eyes that meet you from a different epoch, assumptions about reality are gently unpicked. The balance tips towards the power of image.

Wandering through the Tate galleries to choose a work to write about, I had two different encounters with a past present, or present past: two small drawings by the Surrealist Leonora Carrington, who still lives and works in Mexico City, and the strangely confrontational seventeenth-century double portrait of *The Cholmondeley Ladies* c.1600–1610. I became fascinated that I could coexist with Carrington, that our times overlap. So, with a little regret at leaving the eerie Cholmondeleys, I focused on Carrington. In the summer of last year, I set off on a journey to visit her studio.

Her working life has been lived out through the Nazi invasion of Paris, from where she fled to Spain, then to New York in the early 1940s and on to Mexico City, producing a body of work that is more constant, I suspect, than her exterior environment. The ongoing practice of Surrealism seemed suddenly radical to me when thought about as current: a strategy of living by the irrational. However, when I arrived unannounced at Carrington's shuttered house (the address of which I had been given by a Texan collector), I was questioning the wisdom of my self-funded trip, based on a whim and some late-night internet booking. My romanticised idea of a quest to meet her seemed more than a little rash. I began to think that Carrington probably did not live at the address anymore, and even if she did, why would she see me? It felt like I had a lot at stake when I banged on the door. Which then slowly opened.

At this point, the trip had become more than back-ground research or one offering the possibility of an interview. I had been thinking about making an installation which used Carrington's presence as a kind of wild card, or rather as a *carte blanche* to disassemble the rationality of my own work. The short film, shot that afternoon, simply documents our combined present. It is not much more than a prolonged shot of her hands, held out as if about to act, some glances she makes that reveal my presence and some locating shots of the studio. After filming, she showed me her recent paintings. Then we went down to her kitchen for tea and the Chorley cakes that I had brought for her (Carrington: "I hail from Chorley you know"). I asked her if there were any positive aspects to growing old:

LC: You become closer to death, so that really tends to dominate everything else.

LS: Do you find that you become reconciled with that?

LC: No, I don't. How can one reconcile with the totally unknown? We know nothing whatever about it, even if it happens to everyone, to everybody. Animals, vegetables, minerals, everything dies. How can you reconcile with something you know nothing about?

Glancing up from our conversation, I saw on Leonora's kitchen cabinet, near a map of Iceland and a postcard of Princess Di, an image of *The Cholmondeley Ladies*.

The Cholmondeley Ladies painting itself is a document of a coincidence, if we are to believe the inscription at the bottom left of the panel. The portrait is said to commemorate "Two Ladies of the Cholmondeley Family, Who were born the same day, Married the same day, And brought to Bed the same day" (though some think this description was added later). It was created by



Unknown artist (British school 17th century)
The Cholmondeley Ladies, c. 1600
 Oil paint on wood
 2 9/10 x 5 6/10 feet
 Tate Collection



Lucy Skaer
 Leonora Carrington's kitchen, showing a postcard of
 Tate's painting *The Cholmondeley Ladies*, 2008
 Photograph
 Courtesy of Lucy Skaer

an anonymous painter, thought to be a tomb sculptor. Perhaps it is the rare opportunity to represent living flesh that has led to his rendering of the ladies' faces in a way that seems particularly present and individual, strangely in contrast to the headdresses, ornate sleeves and rudimentary pillows. The ladies themselves seem to transcend time, as if held in the seventeenth century only by being inset into their surroundings. The portrait implies a strange future too, as the swaddled twins innocuously appear like seeds to further parallels and coincidences.

To encounter a mother and baby consecutively would, of course, be more normal than to see it in double. It would be the kind of event through which, by repetition, one would learn the language to describe "woman" and "baby". Here we seem also to be shown illustrations of the words "headdress", "collar" and "sleeve", variations of a repeated type. The coincidence of the ladies is perfectly set up by the articulation of a medieval norm in which they appear. The incredulity that the painter may have felt when faced with such an unlikely coincidence is perfectly expressed through the way the eye moves around the picture. The women and infants are two versions of the same category of things, their position, costume and demeanour varying only in slight detail. It is impossible to see their individuality without forcing the eye to cross the cleft between the pillows that separates the halves of the panel and to encounter each woman in turn, complete in her own surroundings. Indeed, to a contemporary eye, the ladies resemble two frames of a film curiously inhabiting the same, rather than consecutive instants. Again and again, the eye and mind change register from beholding single to implausible graphic double. Content is at perfect odds with composition. Our witness to this seventeenth-century event plays out as a real-time sensation, like a pre-filmic film. In some way, the strangeness of the coincidence of the ladies is subsumed by the strangeness of our real-time encounter with their image. They persist like tools that have outlived their makers. It becomes strange that they have existed at all, and they make strange the passing of time.

I feel a similar sensation when looking at Holbein's *The Body of the Dead Christ in the Tomb* 1521, which hangs in the Kunstmuseum in Basel, where I am now living. Dostoyevsky remarked that the painting "could rob a man of his faith" when he stood before it in 1867. Like the Cholmondeley portrait, the pictorial time runs seamlessly into ours. The stark space it depicts is also similar; the body of Christ appears as if in a two-foot by seven-foot extension to the gallery space, with nothing else save a sheet. The elongated composition allows there to be opposing upwards and downwards pulls, emphasised by the horizontality of the rest of the painting. The finger, outstretched and greying, has wrinkled the cloth in a movement that is not of its own making, but that of a third party placing the corpse. The eye is cast upwards, and if it sees, it does not see in this realm. The chin is at such an angle that it juts upwards in a distorted manner as the hair falls away and over the ledge. This dynamic opposition of forces in the face produces a strange effect whereby the facial features seem to switch identities as you look at them. Nose and ear form a symmetry around the upturned eye that somehow morphs the features into something truly unnatural, ear becomes mouth, mouth becomes hollow eye. The face becomes dismembered, disarticulated. In this scrambling by the eye, the painting seems to take away language, our names for things. As the body of the unrisen Christ, it is impossibly and constantly about to move. As an image of the body of Christ, it is also impossibly and constantly about to move. It exists as a precipitous allegory of the transcendence of the image.

— Lucy Skaer (September, 2008)



Lucy Skaer
Harlequin Is As Harlequin Does, 2012
 C-print with silkscreen
 44 x 36 inches
 Courtesy of Murray Guy, New York

CATCH AS CATCH CAN

A4 HOERSPIEL

The Stage is oval, occasionally quadrangular, thirty yards in length and twenty in width. The story usually begins with two Characters sitting in a boat.

They were on a boat, crossing the Bosphorus, when he had to think about her journey to the overseas room in search of a lobster.

One part of the play is played by the first two actors and includes the dialogues between the two. This part is an independent whole. The other part is the subject of the play.

Now he wonders, was this part the introduction to a play? A play by other means?

She interrupts his thoughts; You tempt to put on this physiognomy of absence, it reminds me of an earlier conversation. As I said, it is pointless to speak of an absence without having a system.

The theatre has no manager the orchestra takes its part. A special motif is played as cue for the appearance of each actor.

He remembers: all four of them entered the stage at the same time and sat down in a circle. One dressed like a storyteller, one pretended to be absent and two of them were servants.

In the middle of the circle, a pile of photographs showing different kinds of envelopes: The one pretending to be absent to the storyteller: "I really must congratulate you on your attention to detail," while the two servants shuffle the Photographs around.

They simultaneously choose one Photograph each. They look at each other to confirm and agree. In comfort with one another, they said, addressing the storyteller: "These don't belong here, they represent the envelope face down, address uppermost."

"Right then", she says: "I couldn't care less, I had to think of a Photograph you once showed me, a photograph of Jeremy Brett in the Master Blackmailer. I remember the famous address, Baker Street 221b."

The dialogues between one and two comprise an important part of the play, though the course of the action is only dimly related to these two actors.

"And then?" he asks. She tries to focus, and follows: "We discussed the all-too-well-known series of extraordinary hiding places." "The next scene" he insists.

It was a rather confusing discussion.

Servant 1: "I would have to prepare myself with a pair of green spectacles or the sequence of events would be noticeably affected."

Servant 2: "You are right one does not think, one does not act, one makes signs."

The Absent 1: "From my viewpoint of thought this appears to be entirely Stupid. Green spectacles or not, the sequence would not be affected."

In other words, nothing of the play could be grasped, without dare we say, twilight.

"You remember?" he asks. "This European magazine once published a caricature of the Sultan being represented as a lobster? And when this was learned the Storytellers were forbidden to pronounce the word lobster any longer."

She indeed forgot, "I was pre-occupied with Guttenberg's recent confession, painful in its final analysis, as he thought he was capable of squaring the circle." "If there would be a chorus in this scene,

It would have loudly demanded: "We want to see the cheese." From then on everything would transpire like clockwork.

The story itself consists of several separate scenes united to form a whole; the composition is often poor and the unity weak. Sometimes the only connection between the scenes is the identity of the Storyteller.

Later in the afternoon the four left the circle, but still in the same place. Two sat at a table in the right hand corner, one at a table in the middle of the room, the fourth one also sat at a table and facing two cameras while three rolls film. The two had tea, and one was making some kind of jewelry.

An actor usually plays many roles. There are other characters describing the scenes:
 A Cattle trader
 A Drunkard, Traveler
 A Shoemaker
 A Night watchman and Physician
 The middle part of the play usually takes place in a pub.

The absent 1, now a drunkard, holds in one hand a bottle of grey goose. His other hand forms a fist and gestures at the chin of one guest, who obviously was flabbergasted and simply defended himself with a calm posture while enduring the drunkard yelling at him: "Art gave up its irresponsibility of creativity and you, you seem to dress up your desperate needs with a heroic gesture."

IN ANOTHER CORNER
 Servant one, now a cattle trader puts his hand on a woman's knee. Both avoid looking at each other.

This scene could be crumbled up in a promotional backpack, the left of the shoulder straps half way torn. Scanned through the x-ray machine in order to be carried along the marble walls.

She says: "This without question, was unnecessary, a ridiculous naïve kind of matter. This scene should have been the reason to cancel the third and last location of the play."

He hesitates: "I rather observe the very moment of holding back a judgemental opinion."

The dialogues between one and two comprise an important part of the play, though the course of the action is only dimly related to these two actors and dialogues.

There are many translations in circulation, people use them but the storyteller obviously does not know how and both characters could tell by the doubt in her voice, that the storyteller could not make any decision.

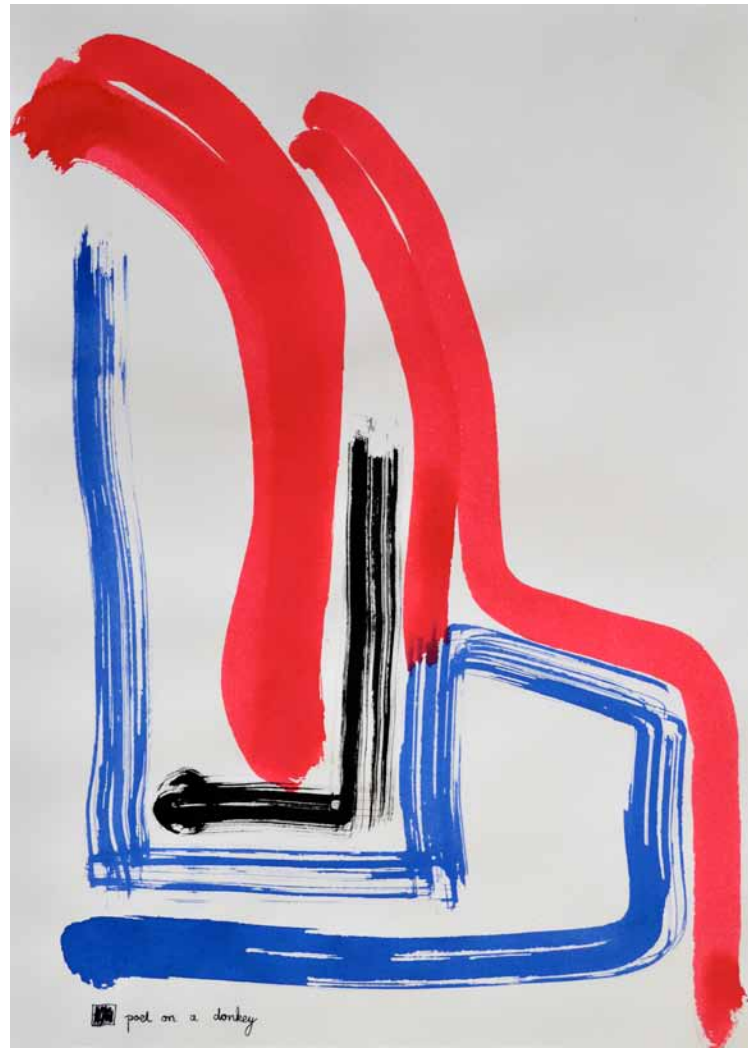
Each play consists of two principal divisions running parallel, but not joined and "Old glue dries out if you leave it alone." There is always a difference between, Intention, Expectation and Event. And, in the end, all these scenes assembled will fall apart and then decompose on their own.

She says: "That seems familiar. It reminds me to the figure known as the artist, a cluster of relationships, social fantasies, compulsive satisfactions, accumulated anxieties and a sense of strategy. Where the absurd becomes the duty."

I really must congratulate you on your attention to detail!

Text in bold taken from the Turkish theatre by Nicholas N. Martinovitch first published in 1933

Viola Yesiltac



Viola Yesiltag
Poet on a Donkey, 2012
ink on paper
14 x 20 inches

INTERMEZZO

London, London, London, London calling

I wish this would be Newcleus Wikky Wikky Song.

He claimed that a house drew it's own Picture and
She suggested to let this metaphor be their obsession.

I say let us locate to regional localities rather than to fixed
entities.

The AND should connect the sentence he demands.
She wonders what it should link to and gave it a shrug.

In the meanwhile I restore the Event and replace the shark with a dolphin.

She wakes up in a charm forest of displacement.
He can still detect his way even if he is missing the clues.

I am not fascinated with the sentimentality of home as it seems
that there is no place to fight for, but when they sing of London
it does actually feels nice.

When he described Moriana as a flat Landscape, with two Figures that can neither be separated or look at each other.
Then She started to dream about Photography.

I preserve old memories to celebrate Nostalgia and would love to sing Aksu's song about Istanbul for you now.

She travels light to avoid heavy memories.
His house accommodates a collection of little Boxes, Tools, paintings and old black and white movies.

I am not prepared at all but how could one ever be prepared?

She aims to break with paradigm and He is unable to cope with
her peculiar definition of dwelling.

I guess I do not move efficiently so I pause to listen to their
frozen attitude of immobility.

Therefore the song will be missing but the Microphone is yours.

If a car is stuck and there are no passengers in the elevator, which of the following is TRUE?

- A. The rectangular shaped interior is decorated with coloured images and occasionally the lift operator turns the volume of the radio up or down?
- B. The car will automatically return to service.
- C. The Door will eventually open, a stranger will enter and address the lift operator.

"Excuse me Mr., do you know what I am here for?"

"I have come for the photograph, which arrived and was handed to you 20 minutes ago. Do you have it?"

"Hand it to me!"

"Yes", the lift operator answers, as a personal note.

The stranger now insisting: "It is indeed an important piece of evidence! Did you know of the depiction? Or did you happen to see ..?"

"To be honest," the lift operator interrupts, "I have no knowledge of it."

Now impatient, the stranger demands: "Oh, answer my question, or better still show me the photograph."

"It will tell you nothing!"

The elevator stops the door opens to reveal a sign on the wall that reads 3rd floor

Two passengers, engaged in a conversation enter.

"It depends of course on the perspective," the one says.
"If you look at the evolutionary history of the Giraffe and ask yourself what caused her long neck. One explanation of course is: The giraffes with long necks were fitter as they could reach higher branches of trees."

"Or, you could say they developed long necks because they had long legs, in order to be able to drink, and long legs because they had to protect themselves from lions."

"4th floor," the operator announces. The door opens, both walk out.

"Well," the operator interrupts the silence.

"Sometimes I wonder. I am pressing buttons. The fingertip that points presses and eventually means something? Maybe I am just a visualization of a gesture set back in motion."

The stranger wonders, "What are you trying to tell me? And, again, what happened to the photograph?"

"The photograph," the lift operator notes, "once it is withdrawn from its usual blah, blah it touches me. By paying the prize of de-carnation, the image wins on fascination. I guess it lost its identity."

Stranger: "So sarcasm now?"

"You are as much in the dark as I am, aren't you?"

The Operator (continues):

“Look the view from here is very limited.
I move in two directions, up or down.
My profession is about to become redundant as we speak.
I might not be able to decode, read and understand once I step out of here,
so I guess we reflect on the nature of our own spectacles.
And if my spectacles have a green tint then everything I perceive has a
green tint. At least I know how to perceive the world, don't you think?”

“Ah,” the stranger, becoming impatient, ironically comments,

“Well, I had to get in contact with Netflix the other day, who advised me
to talk to Macintosh because my computers software is too old to update
Silverlight's latest plug in. So I could not watch any movies. I was waiting
for hours on the phone line instead of minutes. In the end, Macintosh
advised me that I should buy a new computer and inform Netflix about
the problem.”

“So ,lets not get confused, and let's look at the facts we have.
A photograph, which I still have not seen, a directed rectangular frame,
but within a field that corresponds to nothing in nature or mental imagery.

Visualization is something completely different from depiction.
Imaginative state of mind.”

“We cannot move until one is prepared to sacrifice their reputation.”

A voice from the radio interrupts.

The Operator turns the volume up!

“Another Question, I would like to ask you,” while coming from the radio:

“If photos could take away one thing from your big acceptance speech on
Thursday night, what do you fear most that could be? My belief is that we
have everything we need to lead the world in prosperity and peace.
That to lose ...”

“Turn this off,” the stranger demands.

I would interrupt just to defuse the confusion in the room, but decide
not to.

4

I lower my eyes to the floor and remember when I left the house of my friends
the other night after a late dinner.
I stepped outside into the hallway to put on my shoes, when my left toe,
not yet completely inside, hit a soft resistance.
My reflexes make me pull out my foot right away.
I freeze become preoccupied by an already established incomprehensibil-
ity surrounded by voluntary offers of possible explanations.
A cockroach leaves the shoe.

At home the contact made with the insect echoes on my skin.
It persistently pounds, wants to be acknowledged and called an imprint of
some kind.

Let me ask you another question, the stranger announces.

A lift operator sees a woman who is holding a Camera run from an eleva-
tor and out of the building.

The MOST important thing for the Operator to try to remember right
after the incident is

- A. The date of the incident
- B. The make or brand of the Camera
- C. Which elevator car the woman was riding
- D. What the woman looked like

The woman told me something rather strange happened to her. One
afternoon she woke up and walked to the window to look out into
the garden and saw that everything was covered in hoarfrost but a few
hours later it had all turned back to normal.

CATCH AS CATCH CAN



Viola Yesiltac
Untitled (two Camelion), 2006
Color C-print

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occasion of the exhibition

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Francis Picabia
Catch as Catch Can, 1913
oil on canvas
39 5/8 x 32 1/8 inches
Philadelphia Museum of Art: The
Louise and Walter Arensberg
Collection, 1950
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