

UNRELEASED PRESS RELEASE

for Dana DeGiulio, *Fear @ take care*, Los Angeles
10 January - 29 February 2020

For immediate release:

do i need to tell you who i think i'm dancing with
there are 31 paintings, each one took a day, those are one work called *Instead*, and there is another called *Our bodies* which is separate and collected its material over time, from August until about early December.

i wanted to call the show *Photography*, because photography is the opposite of memory which is unsayable,
utterly
tell everybody

i did it standing in my kitchen.

i put the flowers in front of the window, in between myself and the light which pushes in at them, softening their edges
and try not to get used to it although i almost am.
anyone can do this, and some do.
sometimes i remember and all action requires forgetting but not habits, there your body remembers and doesn't
name and goes and wants and goes, some griefstruck ham repeating a joke in another language, learned in the dark,
in syllables, it drops to its knees every afternoon and then gets right back up to search for a porn-star who looks like
everybody. i'm lucky, i'm a bottomless pit, smiling, smiling.

the body remembers without sympathy. i put a fragile thing between me and the abyss. a window, a full 20 foot drop,
you'd sprain an ankle. i'd hold that ankle and hurt it, accidentally, call it an accident not a miracle oh if you cannot be
my bride then you will be my tree! Apollo said that, or Achilles. i don't remember.

a stone dropped in water displaces that much water, but void is different, void for Aristotle is a place deprived of body,
and when you stand where i was the empty gets full again and i feel it almost and can't be there because then the
water would spill and it wouldn't be void but two bodies which cannot ever at once be in the same *space* can be in the
same *place* at different times, and i took up painting for exactly this reason. pure wish, to be there without having to
be there, i'm not a place but i can make one, cup my hand, i made us a void do you understand love. pure wish.

for all the staring the object doesn't contain, it carries, ruthless, useless, i spit them out and out and there's always
more because i'm producing it, like saliva or sweat or something else tentatively liquid, maybe i would want it to stop
but i'm too angry to hide the scar, i want you to know how it smelled, that it isn't moonlight don't ever mistake it again
it's streetlight raking in, constant, unmoving, as ever, all seasons, a whole book of days and then again.

every time i do anything i want the world pulverized utterly, transformed utterly
i don't know how to go or stay or hold or lose, just wait, uncup my hand
attention and tenderness are either opposite or you were right, sometimes you tend to things by killing them, instead
of waiting for them to die

you're the predicate, call it what you want. throw flowers at it, melancholy is anticipatory, it precedes the loss,
rehearses it, repetition is the primary characteristic of the melancholic, and this is how its practice: matter itself is just
material but form is an idea and only force can make a thing and this alignment too is temporary, this occupation.
it's my fault if i got caught in someone else's dream and have to live with its furniture forever, its emptied chair that
isn't, or isn't for a real person, its grief like a kid i have to take care of and keep forgetting.

there's the idea that fear keeps you safe but that posits the world as all predation. you jerk awake 30 times a night
and still know where the edges of the bed are. there was a study at Oxford that found that sleepers startle awake at
the sound of their own names but don't respond to unknown names. the scientists spoke names into the dark all
night.

the first still-life for its own sake was Jacopo de Barbari, 1504, and it pictured a dead bird, a partridge, and a gauntlet
like it took iron mittens to haul it out of the sky. you have thoughts like i'll never be calm again, thoughts that came out
in someone else's handwriting, that came over and just took off their clothes.
sweetheart come occupy this predicate, i meant for these to be questions

i put up this show and left and wanted to come back to find it all gone, or transformed, or estranging but i came in
through the door. when i locked myself out and had to break in through my fire escape window it was like it was a
ghost's house. who did this.

i came back and here are all the days, bored old ghosts with their mouths wide open, i want to please them, to have pleased them, i wanted to show you all the new days and now i have to look at them too.

this show all fits into 2 cardboard UPS boxes if we pack it up right. you need two people to carry it. i hope i do not open it again soon, that the weight will be enough to verify, the space it takes up, lights gently out on all of our places. i will haul the boxes up the storage ladder and then refill my house, and don't care where those days will go or even what they'll be or what they look like, if i stop asking for so much maybe i can learn to let

i didn't say the word art. strike anything off the calendar and it strikes that mark through you too, and i wonder what it was, what you saw, what we were before the box and i hope you do not ask and i hope you never tell me.

- Los Angeles, 28 February 2020