

No Recess

(for Gregory Bae)

It's not not freshly cut grass, not not a pigeon eating chicken off the sidewalk, not not world, sometimes choking on it which sounded like laughing and sometimes vice versa, the instruction manual shoved up into the gears of the machine to get it to do something beautiful instead for once; a question taken to the edge of collapse and then asked again from the ground, smiling, fat lip, fuck you, faith or math. Breaking an egg directly into soup, six bowls one after another, placing each shell carefully back into its spot in the carton. This was the work. Art is so small but it needs us and here we are and we need yours especially without you, and will. It loved the world.

The second-to-last chapter of *Ulysses* is called Ithaca and marks the homecoming of our hero, tonight with a friend, a little drunk. The chapter is all questions put by an unseen asker to an unseen answerer, neither of whom are characters. There's a question about the tap dripping and the answer follows the water all the way out of the house through the plumbing to geography and history to the goddam endless ocean, pre and post us, all the way out of time.

We don't live in Chicago anymore.

Ex-teacher, friend if we are particles forever, for my contribution to this exhibition i've asked these people who love Greg and his work:

Why is the tap dripping?

Ali Aschman:

Ex ~ not including; without.

In his studio, tiny bits of paper, collected in plastic tubs. Some order in the chaos. I once stood unnoticed in the doorway, watching Greg with a speck of paper balanced on his fingertip, hovering over the expanse of packing tape for a full five minutes before choosing its perfect place. An unshakeable focus.

Every piece is a space between sounds; a punctuation of pauses. The end of language. The absence of voice.

There are no words now. No instruction manual. Now, there is only the silence left behind.

Ilie Paul Capriel:

As juicy as the day it was born—it's not supposed to look fustier than the old stuff. Greg knew that. A dash or two of bitters, makes any food better. The thread is gone, but I'm still tripping over your artwork. Art as human snare. You caught us. Catch and release. Ahimsa with a smirk. Choruses of guttural croaks and cries—who will retell me the story of chong kaeguri, the blue green frog?

Angela Marie Hoener:

Tap dripping...

I pour the cognac. You light the fire. It's cold out there. Going the distance.

Meticulous doubt enters the event, the horizon.

What to do with facility? I ask. What to do quand c'est *un écrit mort*?

Freestyle into the abyss, you say.

Ouroboros, Phoenix, it takes so much courage.

To light the fire.

To stand in the fire.

To be on fire.

Five to five trillion—never fucking flat.

I hear you. Ghost keep speaking. Pour this excellent supernova into poetic prosaic, *mutatis mutandis*; it's a landslide.

Party on Tiger! Party on...!

Diego Leclery:

Hair

I'll look for a thing to hold while I wait
and find
I'll hold my empty hand and wait.
I try to tell a story about you and
I'll say instead something that reminds me of me.
I remember a hat, that cute-cute fedora.
I also had dumb polo shirts, they meant something.
I also looked up when I looked around, and
I also tried hard to make things difficult.
I also had to do it all myself because otherwise
it wouldn't count,
But unlike me, who did it all for everyone to see,
you grew your hair out because
you had to figure it out for yourself.

Time to time

When we walk,
we walk and talk.
When we sit,
we sit and smoke.
When we lie,
we lie and think. .
When we meet,
we walk and talk,
and sit and smoke,
and lie and think.

Day 1

It's the same old you.
But now you know all the things,
and I'm the tourist.

But the bag you left,
the bag of clothes you came with,
is still on that stoop.

Nobody took it.
And if we retrace our steps,
It'll be right there.

Michaela Murphy:

What if you want to embrace an identity AND obliterate the self? What then, huh? Pay attention to the edges. Any plane becomes a portal if you draw the right lines. Answer the question, then turn it back on itself. An idea outlives its material form, or the form outlives the idea— you don't get to choose. You waited patiently for Doris to die, then brought her back to life. Poor theater, simple math, real magic. You never hide your hand. That chicken is black down to its bones.

Clare Torina:

Greg would never let us get away with it. His work lives that way -- a companion at the elbow. I imagined the priest naked / couch above our heads. No one knew how to hold their bodies / breathing through a bird. Conversations beginning where you thought the end would be. Collapse of time. Little beefs. Ball shapes. Interstitium. Free love. You'll forget everything but the feeling, and you know that sitting down.

Love,

Dana DeGiulio

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