

DOCUMENT FOR PUBLIC DEINSTALL

agenda: 3/06

- 4:30p: lecture with sheet
- approx 5p: questions
- after that: you help me take this down.

AS EVER IT  
ATTEMPT MEANS WHAT IT  
DOES TO YOU

21 small days (48)  
10 black + 3 + 2 BLUE  
9 pink + 3

Dorothy Gale



YOU WERE THERE AND YOU + YOU + YOU  
YOU WERE THERE  
DREAM SICKNESS THAT KEEPS GOING  
IT WAS THE DREAM YOU WERE

HELLO AND YOU AND YOU

IT DOESN'T MATTER  
if you come,  
if you do not come,

NAMES  
NAMES

TO OR LOVE

NOT  
BODIES OR WOUNDS OR TALKING  
NOT SUBSTITUTED  
CONTAINING  
KEEPER OF THE FEEL

IT IS SOUND

having attended.

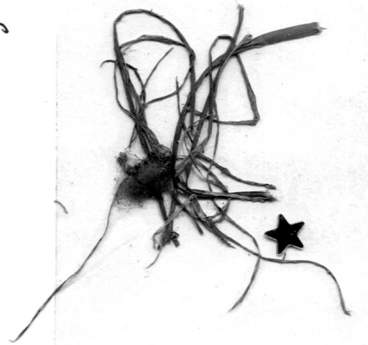
CAN IT WANT YOU WAPT.

← NOT  
That a list.

over + over

STES

put with



we are over  
we are ~~over~~  
Some days  
Wet for force

AS EVER FLOOR  
part of food PROOF



Dream baby dream Lorem Ipsum

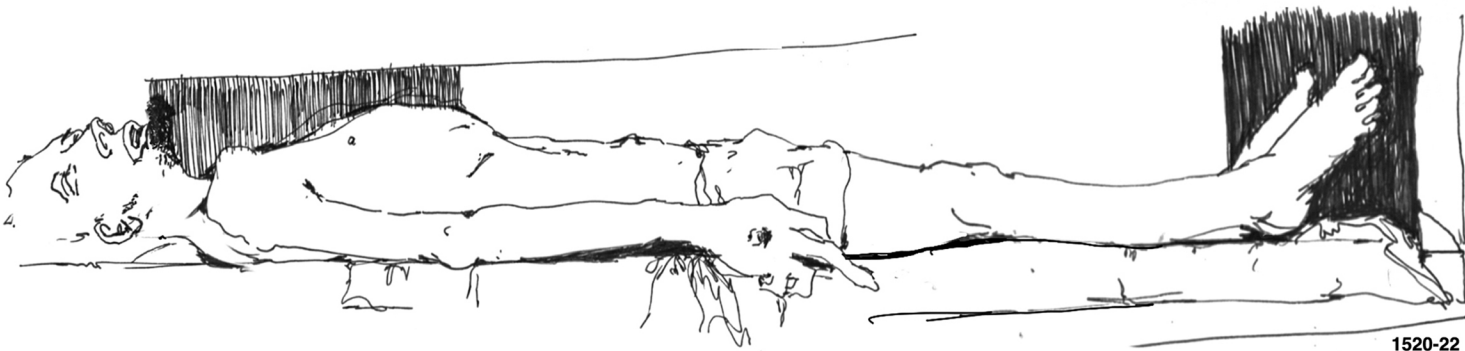
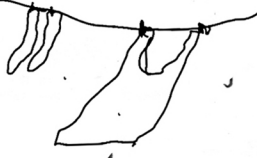
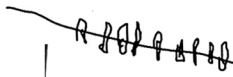
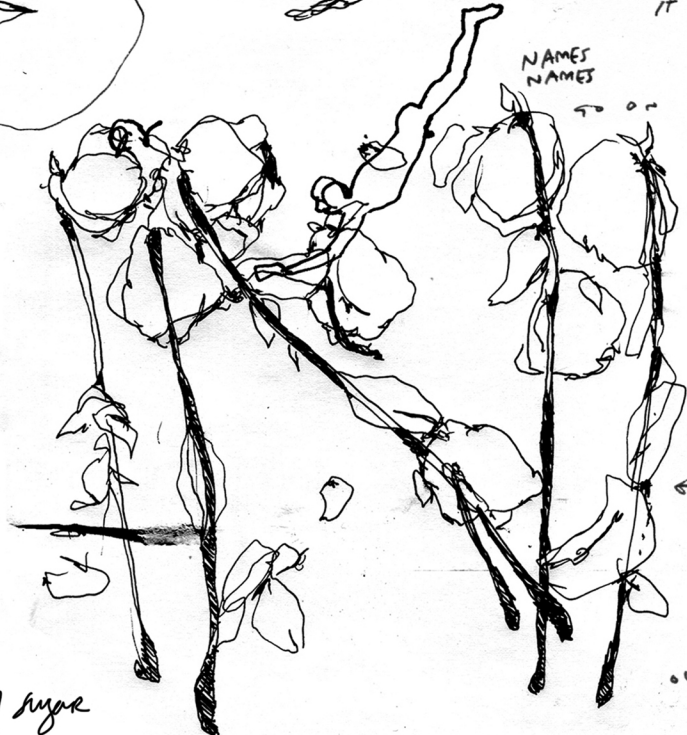
\*Lucretius: We fall in the direction of the wound.



sure!



disturb of sugar



1520-22

2021



Hans Holbein completed *Dead Christ in the Tomb* 500 years ago, in 1522; its dimensions are 78 x 12," which makes Jesus about 6' 3;" wounds having been attended to with a very small brush, beard hairs greying, or greening. The body is the field on which your eyes have to fall: it's still life, an object on a table, figure/ground prefiguring Rilke's comment on Chardin that he was the first to not care whether the fruit was eaten beautifully. Dostoyevsky remarked in horror at the lack of artifice in Holbein's anatomical realism that "there could be no resurrection after such palpable suffering," and he put it in *The Idiot*. You encounter some little rocks and oil smushed around with animal hair on a stick stuck to a wood panel, the average human's outstretched arms are approximately your height. The t-shirt drying on the neighbor's line, you know if it fits you even from far, even when it occurs in your perceptual field about the size of a fingernail. St. Augustine taps his sternum and says to God *This house is too small for you to enter*, and even if it were large enough it would be so dirty.

Jesus's face has appeared to people on a potato chip, on the forehead of a newborn calf in Sterling, Connecticut, in cooking oil, motor oil, in a rotten banana and television static and on the surface of Mars, in peeling paint outside of a bar in England, at the bottom of a coffee cup, in the sky, in an ultrasound. The image is just the surface of an event. A lid, if we're lucky, no matter much faith wobbles underneath it. You want company. It's real enough.

Norman Bryson called Cotan's hyper-organized paintings of the contents of the rubbish heap "a humiliation of attention;" Tillman says of On Kawara, "staggering temporariness." Each of my paintings takes a day, and i don't know if that matters. Simone Weil has a thing about the great tragedy of human life being that eating and looking are different operations, about the two birds of our split soul understanding all crime and vice as "attempts to eat beauty," but she was a worrier and I'm grateful to call this work. Anyone can do this, and some do.

They're calendar enough, and sundials not clocks, contingent on the daylight. I don't know what your October was like, you're here now. Genre is a container, clichés too, they circulate easily and are efficient and durable enough to let me fall apart or asleep or jerk off or grieve or get bored inside of them and not break. It takes practice to get this shit to take form. The work needs you, and the rest is trivia.

Art is easily embarrassed. Some bodies having been humiliated are without shame. The world's not flat, this is a staging, a metaphor. Perspective as an attempt at ordering the world was codified coterminous with the popularization of the use of panes of glass for windows which clearly demarcated the world into indoor and an outdoor you can see but are not of. I crush your head. Seeing is underneath naming. Apprehension is ungovernable. The freedom is freedom from fear. You can say You to a tree. The best thing anyone ever said about my paintings is that they are like pigeons.



**DASEIN**, for Heidegger, meant both *the being for whom being is a question* and, simply, *care*.  
Da, there.  
Being there is being THROWN.

Yoko Ono's *Cut Piece*, first performed in 1964, belongs here too.



# FAQ

## SOME WORDS WE COULD SAY:

- abstraction
- academy
- act
- action
- afternoon
- architecture
- archive
- artifice
- attachment \*detachment
- attempt
- attention
- attraction (vs distract)
- availability
- bodies
- calendars
- care
- carrying
- citation
- cliche
- clocks
- comedy (of eros)
- composition
- conditions
- constraint
- containers
- copy
- criteria
- days
- death
- derision
- desire
- device
- dialectic
- difference
- discipline
- dream
- ecology
- economy
- edge
- end
- episode
- estrangement
- event
- excerpt
- exercise
- eye
- fact
- facture
- faith
- familiarity
- feeling
- fever
- fiction
- fidelity
- field
- figure/ground
- firmament
- flatness
- floor
- flower
- flypaper
- force
- form
- frame
- future, no
- genre
- glass
- gravity
- habit
- habitus
- hand
- here help
- holder
- hole
- home
- house
- idea
- illusion
- image
- incident
- index
- indoor
- information
- institution
- interlocutor
- interpretation
- interval
- iteration
- jesus (on a potato chip)
- keeper
- knowledge
- labor
- language
- laughter
- learning
- leaving
- lid (the diver)
- life
- light
- listening
- longing
- mark
- loss
- material
- materiality
- memory
- method
- naming
- nature
- negative (the)
- object
- order
- outcomes
- outdoor
- painting
- perception
- perlocutionary act
- perspective
- philosophy
- photography
- picture
- pigeons
- place
- poetics
- power
- politics
- practice
- precinct
- presentation
- private
- procedure
- proof
- proscenium
- public
- re-cognition
- reading
- reality
- receptacle
- recipient
- record
- rectangle
- recuperation
- refusal
- register
- relationships
- repetition
- report
- representation
- residue
- rules
- scale
- sea of
- secret
- sediment
- seeing
- senses
- sequence
- signal
- songs
- space
- speech
- staging
- starting
- stillness
- study
- style
- sun
- surface
- syntax
- taxonomy
- there
- thing
- time
- tool
- topology
- touch
- trace
- transcription
- translation
- trick
- trouble
- ugliness
- vanitas
- use
- verb
- vessel
- violence (administrative)
- violence (material)
- wall
- wax (medieval, memory)
- witness
- window
- withdrawal
- women
- work
- world
- wound
- YOU**
- you're the one it needs.
- i don't need you, i'm alright.
- it needs you

## WHAT IT IS.



a shoe in the street

## MATERIAL CONDITIONS (home)



alignment of economic, spatial + formal constraints

## TOO LATE FOR THIS



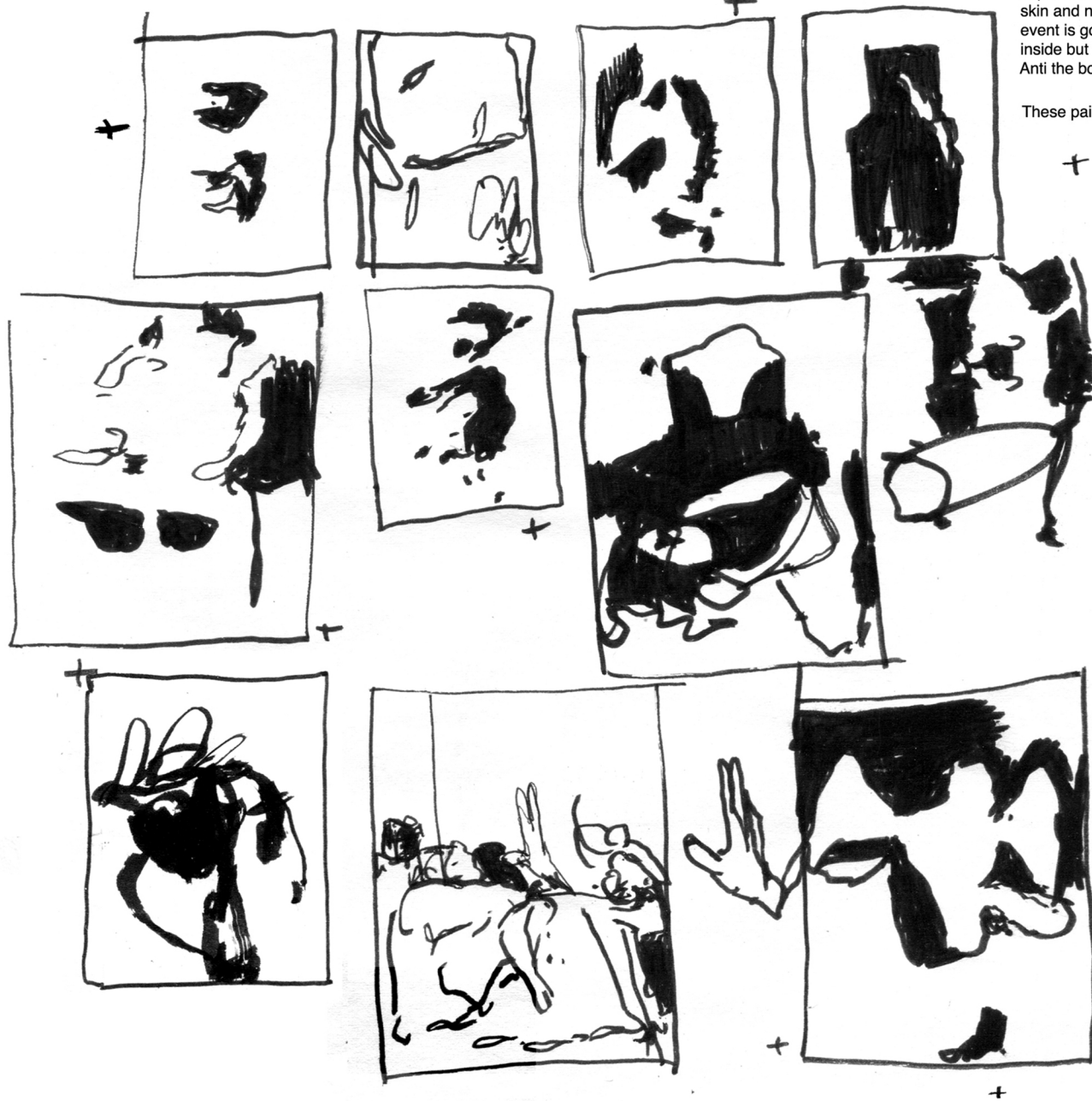
the organ of the photographer isn't the eye but the finger.

**WITH WHAT:** pre-cut fiberboard panels, Gamblin oil ground, Utrecht-brand oil paint, Turpenoid, safflower, linseed oil, synthetic flats, various knives, disposable palettes, bubble wrap, glassine, clean boxes, tape, squeegee, sponges, sheet of test-glass for window, foamcore, magnets, Dawn dishsoap, bra, flowers (1 dozen total: purchased August 2020 + January 2021), replacement set of white queen-sized sheets after i tried to work on drugs after a surgery and went back to bed with black paint on my foot, Aurelia's employer supplies our health insurance which means she can't quit, bus pass, internet and phone, free Adobe for NYU faculty, studio at home in shared apartment in Bushwick, Wesleyan gave me \$3000 to mount this show and three hotel stays plus Paul picked up the work in a truck and will deliver it home, Columbia pays adjuncts 8K per class, NYU 6.5 and SAIC about the same, i have sold one painting in the last 5 years not out of purity but because i do not excel at that, StorageMart (offsite), xeroxed fliers b/w Fed Ex. Some plants died.

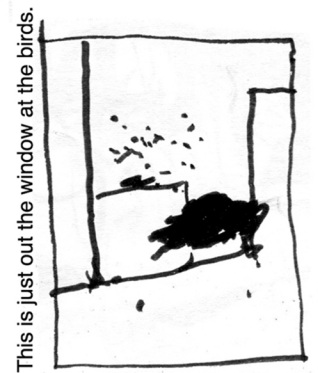
**WITH WHOM:** invited by Ben Chaffee, facilitated by Rosemary Lennox, installation by Paul Theriault, upkeep by Wesleyan staff; with the help of many former students and a few colleagues and my friends, with extra support from Deirdre O'Dwyer, Jinn Bronwen Lee, Miciah Hussey, Brendan Getz, Molly Getz, Carrie Schneider, Judith Geichman, Ilaria Leoni, Marika Whitaker, You-ni Chae, and especially from Audrey Adams, Molly Zuckerman-Hartung, Michaela Murphy and Aurelia D'Antonio. This is the first show i've made with Aurelia living and working in the next room and i was afraid you'd leave or try to take it away but you loved me instead.

**WHERE:** Zilkha Gallery, Wesleyan. Roche Dinkeloo + Associates, completed 1972. Renovated by Belmont Freeman, 2004. Residue of Lawrence Weiner text on east window. Zilkha is international banking money.

**WHAT ELSE:** actual-size preparatory drawings for *Some days* (2021), the paintings on the limestone wall. There's a medieval theory of memory where we're just wet wax that gets heated up and things leave their impressions, everyone inscribed into specificity like a tree or cement or skin and not just the brain, you can't get back what left the mark, the event is gone lights gently out on all our places i couldn't see us from the inside but the gesture goes out searching, pure wish, some days. Anti the boring dignity of the eye.



These paintings were made for this wall.



Don't cry, you idiot!  
Live or die, but don't poison everything . . .

from an early draft of  
**Herzog** by Saul Bellow

epigraph for



thanks Annie

**THE ESSAY IN THE PAMPHLET:** is the institutional voice on this show and tried to keep itself from telling you what to do.

**TAKING IT DOWN:** relieves these paintings of their temporary status as Art, conferred for 5 weeks by access to this giddy, skylit, Brutalist vault and its context as determined by exhibition history, funding, and location on the architecturally-significant grounds of a nice university. It means what it does to you. The Art part is temporary and conditional, as is the no-touch rule which i as their author authorize you to break. Not the face. They might be art again someday, but it will be different. The work is the installation: the operation of small objects within and against the deliberately ahuman scale of this building which is not an idea. Are you small, is it a relief. Day v forever. There's a bra on the floor. You (soft wax) use all of you to see, the body is an instrument of apprehension, a filament breaking in a lightbulb. Never ever forget about your feet.

**WHY PUBLIC:** i hear there's a pedagogical imperative, plus i need help and have decided to trust you. Not the face. (The face is the front of the painting.) It's not a performance. Performances disappear. This is life.

**WHAT NOW:** you'll ask a question if you have one, using the column of words at left if you'd like jk but not really, and i'll try to be real in answering. After this, we'll say goodbye to the Art and start to take it down. Follow me. There are tables and tape and glassine and bubblewrap and boxes, and Paul and i will show you how to wrap these paintings up carefully and durably. Mostly, I want you to touch them if you want to. It'll be good for me to see them moving around the room. Less deathly. They're things, not jpegs, and every time a show comes down i have to ask myself what it is to keep them, what they were and are and hold, still. They're apart from me but not for me, and sometimes feel like used bandages hung onto long after a thing has healed. Some that are valedictories or tributes i feel like i really have to take care of, some dates, surprises, like i owe them, some moments i'll mow the grass around forever. Not the face: what i'm really making is the place where you're standing in front of it: two bodies that are not able to ever be in the exact same space at once are able to be in the same place at different times. Scale, 1-to-1, each painting's place goes with it, the surface is what you do with your eyes to stay there, i don't know if or how much you need it. The painter has to withdraw and evacuate this place for you in order to let the thing mean, painting is all leave-taking, you can't be where i am but you can be where i was because you fit, we're equivalent, 1-to-1, close your eyes, time folds over for a second. These are just acts of attention deposited on portable substrates, proofs, holes, the rest is all you, say flowers if you want, you're the predicate. Thank you for being here.

**HERE ARE SOME PAINTINGS I MADE WHILE THIS SHOW WAS UP:** each 7 x 5".

