

CROY NIELSEN

SEBASTIAN BLACK
Completed Paintings
29.04. – 04.06.2016

CAPTIONS:

All images:
Courtesy the artist and Croy Nielsen, Berlin

Installation views + "Press release":
Photo credit: Joachim Schulz

Concerning taste let's ask the apple: Hey apple sliced in half (muzzle). Hey you of black seeds and rotten core (whiskers,nose) of yellow skin, and stem split twain (mouth), of etc and also of etc. Who left you here on the round glass end table (head)? Are you sullyng up the Eileen Gray "piece", the Heath ceramic mugs (eyes)? Or are you, like the film of dry coffee, (pupils) adding just the right touch? Think about it. I'm gonna take a nap and if I'm sunlight when I wake up I'll alight on you. But if I'm still just meat with arms I'm gonna move you (ears) over by the couch.

2016
Oil on linen
60 x 45 Inches / 152,5 x 114,3 cm
Unique

*B (muzzle) U (ear) ren, M(nose)o(eye)sset, Parmenti(pupil)er, Toro(eye)ni(pupil).
"No gestures!" (Whiskers) Said the guys, slashing the air.
"New gestures!" that is. All very French. On a related note: When I tap U (ear) my phone suggests I. Is that a thought or its obviation?*

2016
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Unique

Oh Cezanne! table tilter (muzzle), apple builder, tree befuddler.Oh Cezanne! Innovator, Keynote speaker, bobblehead (nose mouth). Cezanne! Parlor attendee, foody, whathaveyou. The olives (eyes) on high are ripe around their pits (pupils). The austerity policy equally robust. Hey juicy black flies of the ether (whiskers), It's time for a harvest. Let's use our frog tongues (ears). Let's reach outside the given, and fondle beyond that lumpen circumference (head).

2016
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My childhood pal always had it good. His newest bike had the newest wheels (eyes). His newest pellet guns had the newest pellets (pupils). His newest feet the newest socks (ears) and so on. He was nice to people but cruel to animals. He'd shoot at pigeons, take the limbs off bugs he caught, one by one, like hangman in reverse (nose, mouth). High level bad boy stuff. I admit it impressed me. Once he showed me a joint coated in white dust (whiskers) in an altoids tin (muzzle). "It's not from the altoids," he smirked. After we smoked he drew orange circles in the air with the roach

ember (head). Things hung suspended like that for a couple years and then we lost touch. He was on a different path I guess.

2016

Oil on linen

60 x 45 Inches / 152,5 x 114,3 cm

Unique

Press release

2016

print on paper, hardware, motor

53 x 42 x 8 cm

Unique