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Apropos the gallery rear quarters

This is

Why and What happens when i wish to reconcile the literary, the cinematic, and the tactile.
(mis)aligned feast.

E.g. bite an image out of Soviet Montage, roll it around your palate, match your palate to your palm.
Evenly, word a view out of a texture; or tickle with palatable clauses from written space, or palatable clauses from verbal space; or a genital sheen from a color.

Whatever definitions of synaesthesia might aspire to science, this ain't –and it isn't synaesthetic,
Whatever libidinal theory might baste/abet it, this is merely a ballet of nomenclature. Whatever nomenclature might be apprehended is taken/pulled by fluids (mnemonic, alimentary, otherwise).
Otherwise being other and wise, each one being each.

*Rather, I choose to wish my senses complete. A politic of senses (and is aesthetic apolitic?)

Is it ante-some-new-technologicallyfacilitated-environment? I kind of hope yes, and kind of hope no.

Apropos the middle gallery section

“What used to be a credulous and unadulterated passion and device is now Laodicean economy of ostensible wisdom” –Yevgeny Delacroix, August 16, 1993, @ Madonna's 35th birthday bash

The autonomous, aspirant to a universal: i.e. all discrete things that are inherited. That these discrete things are inherited, and why-how. The claim of the existence of the[/a] work of art within the musculature of the (edict of) history vis-à-vis 'history offers postures for the future'....
Re history: it is futures that choose art, rather than art choosing futures. But somehow 'rather than futures' does not mean 'rather than history.' Thereby history is agreed upon as insuperable, and thus ineluctably condoned. Still, even if presence is future, what the fuck business does it have arrogating discreteness.

As an artist who wishes to voice and share, yet as a person who has ethical qualms with the nature of legacy, I'm gallery-placing 'art' things meant to be the first part of an eventual closure (that could occur past the end date of the exhibition). What comes in between is a perpetual dialogue between me and whoever wants to participate: whether by adding to the art work, or speaking of it: all physical and/or verbal augmentations are welcome. (Any collectors who are reading this, I would particularly like you to participate.) I'll be in the gallery every Saturday, but feel free to add-on/converse/engage whenever.... If art, per se, can actually bypass the future. Let's find out?

Apropos the face (looking out the window)

“the triptych is imbalanced. The Spanish retablo is too prodigious. What lenses duly pertain?” –Leopold Henri, *Heraclitum Novum and Other Predominances* (1653)

“5 equaling 1 (and other menageries)” –Thomas and Ellen Pynchon, *Pall Break City* (1968)