

# Gunia Nowik Gallery

What really happened was that everybody was squabbling over the apple and working up a sweat and pushing one another around and pretty soon their vibrations – Gods have very high vibration, exactly at the speed of light, in fact – heated up the apple enough to unleash some heavy fumes. In a word, the Olympians all got stoned.

And they saw a Vision, or a series of Visions.

In the first Vision, they saw fire. A raging inferno. They watched as an endless series of different homes were engulfed in flames and burnt to the ground. Sparked by distinct circumstances and blazing in dissimilar ways, the only detail connecting the backdrafts was the presence of the same painting in every household, which made it through the fires completely unscathed. The image was a mass-produced print of a painting of a wide-eyed toddler with tears flowing from his rosy cheeks, purportedly painted by the Florentine Giovanni Bragolin, also known as Bruno Amadeo. The firefighters surveying the charred ruins had come to believe that the image was cursed, that either the crying boy had kindled the mysterious infernos or that his tears had put the fires out. Nevertheless, that kitschy painting remained intact. The populace began to fear this image and organized public bonfires of the icon, but of course, they failed to destroy the cheap prints. “It could be worse,” said one of the bystanders, “it could’ve been a Banksy.”

And that was the first Vision.

In the second Vision, the sky was falling. No, this was not a scenario of a hysterical little chicken who is hit by a falling acorn. The sky was progressively lowering, as if the heavens and the earth were drawn together with a magnetic force. You know those days where the clouds hang so low that it becomes a flat, featureless, uniform layer of grey? This was worse, much worse, as if existence itself was being crushed. The movement was subtle but noticeable, and the people had to get on with their lives despite the looming catastrophe. Humans especially were somehow devolving, slowly lowering their backs, returning to their horizontal origins, spreading width wise, moving laterally. Shorter people and other things were of course at an advantage, but even they eventually had to readjust their postures. While some just laid back, the city was full of crawling and wriggling individuals. Eventually there was no longer a horizon, the curtain was almost down. Squeezed between nothingness and a sliver of somethingness, a woman opined, “this is depressing”. Her daughter replied, “It could be worse, we could be brought back for a final bow.” Fade to black.

And that was the second Vision.

In the third Vision, they saw an artist reading a book on Yogic meditation. The man arose, opened his door, and walked out into a dense forest. After much perambulation, the artist stopped at an

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unremarkable tree, no more special than any other in the woods. "This is the one," he mumbled to himself in satisfaction. He sat down and meditated at its base for an immeasurable amount of time, and then, without pomp nor circumstance, reached into his satchel and produced a pad of paper and a pencil. After drawing the tree's portrait, he got up and walked home. This plein-air routine would continue every day for many years. The Gods observed the man devoting his entire days to that one ordinary tree, it had become his muse, his spiritual avatar, a tool for mindfulness, and the singular subject of his entire catalogue raisonné. Thousands of novel and diverse images were produced. There was nothing special about that one plant, it was quintessentially insignificant, it had even been cloned, genetically identical to all its neighbours. Yet this man had looked out into the woods, and from all the woody plants, he chose that one, that tree to build his oeuvre. Apparently, he couldn't see the forest for the trees. It could be worse.

And that was the third Vision.

In the fourth Vision, they found themselves in the workshop of a celebrated charcutier, a salumiere second-to-none, the world's greatest wurstmeister. The sausage-maker had long moved beyond mere minced flesh, forcemeats, and fillers, instead he had devised a remarkable system for encasing everything and anything into cleared animal intestines. These were not your dog's sausage, his ingredients spanned across the neo-platonic hierarchy of substances, disregarding logics of scale and edibility to concoct the most delicious hot dogs one can imagine. For example, these were the constituents of his latest banger: Gingerbread, a windmill, a baby blanket, North Carolina, a horse with hooves, Pikachu, the heart of a virgin set into aspic, blue almonds, a Juggalo, a transistor radio, climate change, an isotope of thulium, and grandma's dentures. Yet somehow, each melange was unquestionably a sausage. The butcher's motto: "it could be wurst."

And that was the fourth Vision.

In the fifth Vision, they were back in the woods, but were in for a big surprise. Beneath the trees where nobody sees, they heard a rustling, and went to investigate. At a secluded clearing, every bear that ever there was, gathered there together because today's the day the teddy bears have their picnic. "Welcome home" a grizzly growled. "Hey now!" a sleuth of ursids roared. Everyone was there: Wojtek, Paddington, Winnie-the-Poo, Bely Mishka, Ungnyeo, Fozzie Bear, Balloo, Teddy Floppy Ear the care bears and those ones from Haribo, and certainly every panda, black bear, brown bear, and polar bear, even Bojan, the Slovenian superstar who paints his own world with three colours. Every bear that ever there was. Even a whale had arrived. "A distant cousin," explained one of them, who considered himself smarter than the average bear. As the Germans say, *Da steppt der Bär* (the bear is dancing here). The teddy bears were having a lovely time today, those magical marchers loved to play and shout, it was the furriest and musky party imaginable. That's the way the teddy bears have their picnic. Zeus was kissing

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that bear again, he had promised himself, "Never again," but here he was, kissing that damn bear. "You need Jesus," said his wife Hera. At some point, a lumbering bruin asked for a miracle, and the Olympians obliged, but it felt like it was a burden. "It could be worse," Artemis observed, "we could've asked him for a favour, and gotten a real bear's service.

And that was the fifth Vision.

In the sixth Vision, a man visits a doctor. He says that he's manically depressed. He explains that life seems barbaric, dark, and cruel. He feels all alone in a threatening world where what lies ahead is vague and uncertain. It happened one day that he fell in love with a girl, but he did not know how to confess to her. He has such a tender heart, but he's like a broken jug. The wretchedness of the world had left him alienated, imprisoned, hopeless, and unable to understand the world as it is. The doctor responds, "Your treatment is simple. You must go to Warsaw and see the great Stańczyk at the court, a masterful humorist, free and wise, a true lover of life. Go and see him, he will surely pick you up." The man bursts into tears. "But doctor... I am Stańczyk!" A clown, a clown in love, he has such a tender heart.

And that was the sixth Vision.

And now the Olympians were coming down and they looked at each other in uncertainty and dismay. Zeus himself spoke first:

- Man — he said — that was Heavy Grass.
- Far fuckin out — Hermes agreed solemnly.
- Tree fuckin mendous — added Dionysius, petting his lynx.
- We were really fuckin into it — Hera summed up for all.

Everyone fell asleep. In their dreams, a phrase echoed: *Eadem mutata resurgo* (I arise again the same though changed)

Post Brothers