

**INDISPENSABLE
DUTIES
MISHA
HOLLENBACH**

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OPENING SAT 17TH OCTOBER 4-6PM
17.10.09 - 07.11.09



7 REASONS WHY YOU TAKE ME FOR A STOOL
Timothy Moore

PLATO

Plato used to always worry about shitting. He believed that one lost some of their soul in flatulence. He advised against eating beans.

PASS THE DUCHY

The Duchess of Orleans also knew her shit. In a letter sent from the Chateau Fountainbleau dated 1694, she referred to the installation of Parisian public toilets in exclamation: "You are indeed fortunate to shit whenever you may please and do so to you heart's content! ... We are not so lucky, here. I have to hold on to my turd until evening."

VOTING MEMBERS OFF THE BOARD

Society represses shit.

Every effort is made to keep shit out of sight. It is marked as useless the moment we flush it down the toilet. It is a lack of foresight. Shit is a resource overlooked. It can have a nonutilitarian role because shitting is a function that unites us all. To openly admit to shitting can be emotionally healthy. Let's hold hands and say it together now and vow: "I doo".

SHIT FOR BRAINS

In childhood, we love befriending our shit and sharing it with our friends. But as we mature, the act of defecation becomes an intimate and private moment. Through the physical act of shitting in solitude, we reveal ourselves as human because when we shit we are not divine. Sitting and shitting connects us back to the organic and natural world. However, we probably talk more about how shit things are rather than actually shitting. Thus, we expel more shit from our mouths than with our arses.

WITH RESPECT TO NEGOTIATING THE RELEASE OF HOSTAGES

Artist Misha Hollenbach does not use real shit himself.

Instead, he gets his hands dirty by searching through junk, or useless shit: wooden table legs, mannequins, pink bits and rubber poo.

As a set of found objects and images rearranged and deranged, the work avoids a banal imitation of shit.

However, these found objects, or fake shit are not as fake as they seem because shit is the ultimate simulacra, a copy of a copy.

POP!

In a lineage that extends through Jim Shaw, Andy Warhol and Marcel Duchamp, the rallying around the already readymade repositions things for freer symbolic enterprises. In the re-presentation of shit, Misha touches upon the etymological origins of faeces, which derives from faex, the Latin for dregs. He is using the dregs, things humans have casted away; shit becomes a metaphor for the unwanted.

By putting these outcasts back together with ready mix, the images of the objects do not return to us as they normally should; they lose their original function. With this method, he is breaking our own need to put the image back together in a fixed or familiar way.

He strips back the structure of meaning – and this brings about a danger: the readymades return as phantasms and representations of abstract ideas.

A Hush Puppy becomes a Push Poopy (complete with a 14 inch butt plug and a shit on its head). Doodoo becomes Dada.

I HAVE SOME MAD BEEF TO SETTLE

In a world dominated by an endless shit of information (.gifs, blogs and reality tv), the installations of Hollenbach gain a physical presence to the collecting of images, a process normally ephemeral, online and open-ended. With all of the excess entailed by our search engine obsession, it is a relief that there is something real enough at the end of the image search. A solid is made from liquid.

That's the shit!

