

lundi, 14 mars 2016
Pen, or, le stylo (steal-oh, steel-o)

You can ask for one of me.
Ask Joseph Tang or Adam Cruces:

'S'il te plait, donne-moi une feuille de papier comme celle accroché
au frigo !

It will never be the same again

I am hosting you
You will remember this evening
As long as you live
You think this is just a casual thing
Here and there
Day-to-day, open close
Open me
Hop in, get comfortable
Walk around, tentatively
Pretend to read
Then after a while you will go away
Things will change
You'll want something else
New, maybe
Then old, something from back then
When, things were simpler
Nicer, cooler
Hi-tech
Here it's just us
Still

Hold me
Please, hold me
Rub my sides
Sip from me
Bite me
Empty me
Drop me
Hold me again
It's OK if you can't fix me
Buy another
Take another
Put me on
Get in me
It doesn't matter if I get dirty
It's my natural state
Yours too

That's why they keep looking
Needing to look
Empty
Ask Adam:

'Quelle heure a-t-il?'

He won't have the answer
Point somewhere else
The time is always wrong
When you're staring
Trying to make it still

Take from me
It's what I deserve

Fill yourself
With my contents
My life
Leave it around
Look at it
Not too closely
You'll get paranoid
Paranoid
Because it all looks
Too familiar

You ask Joseph: 'c'est combien, ca?'

Adam responds:
'...just the organic depictions of crumpled textiles on a void.'

I continue.

About 23 years ago a painting was made that looks a little like the one to your right. You will remember it as an early work of the US-American artist Adam Cruces. Born in Texas and with Mexican heritage, Cruces has lived in Europe for many years. Around the time he was completing his studies in Zurich, he commenced what would come to be known as his 'time phase', in which he was increasingly preoccupied by how the constructed nature of clock time could be visually and experientially rendered. This usually occurred through installations comprising sculpture, light and kinesthetic components. Consider your time. You will remember the toast clock and the fruits that never rot, the synthetic butterflies, the empty beer cans you left, the ceramic image of flowers in a vase, the chicken eggs, not to mention the skeletons shitting?

This period lasted approximately 15 years until Cruces began to move into a phase many have referred to as 'pastel'. This seemingly retro description (given some argue such colours went out of fashion in the 1990s) was, by the mid 21st century, interpreted as prototypical of the contemporary understanding of visibility, namely the physical-symbolic historicisation of tactility. In other words: material experience. Cruces, it is argued, was part of a movement of artists born in the late 20th century who were working towards the abolition of time as we knew it, yet who were undertaking this work through seemingly traditional means. Now, in hindsight, we can begin to understand the significance of the early Texan paintings for the now elderly artist: visceral pastel. What must be kept in mind at all times in view of Cruces' output throughout the decades is the things we carry with us, have in us, or on us, at all times. Sometimes without knowing it. In the artist's words:

*'so that the figure
removing her shirt
shares a similarity
with a fruit and its peel'*

You may have got one by now
Maybe I'm almost empty
You should look again
Another day
A life moment
Look at the whiteness of my shell and ask yourself, 'will it always
be this way?'
Now, in soft tones:

'S'il te plait, donne-moi une feuille de papier comme celle accroché
au frigo !