im/material

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Text + curatorial conception

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impossible positions

Train

Years ago a train departed with the head carriage as UTOPIA-DYSTOPIA. While waiting at the platform with Bildermacht (iconoclastic power) which had to join the head carriage, an idea entered my head that we had already missed the train.

Once again I'm on another platform, waiting to connect with new luggage called im/material.I'm studying the train lines which always lead back to the centre or begin at the centre. The carriages at the head of the train are reserved for Malevich, Mondrain, Kandinsky, Klee and Duchamp while other carriages are filled with so many other names that it becomes difficult to remember.

Sections of the train are simply divided into *isms, movements* and *manifestos.*

Because they are ahead of us and have taken up certain tracks which are inaccessible and reserved, we are left to take the marginal lines or wait until we can join the reserved carriage. Often we miss the connecting train.

1. I walk into a train station
   There is a deep hole on the platform
   I fall in

   I'm lost ... I'm hopeless
   It isn't my fault
   It takes forever to find a way out

2. I walk into the same train station
   There is a deep hole on the platform
   I pretend I don't see it

   I fall in again
   I can't believe I'm in the same place
   It isn't fair
   It still takes a long time to get out

3. I walk on to the same platform
   There is a deep hole in the ground
   I see it is there
   I still fall in ... it's a habit
   My eyes are open
   I know where I am
   It is my fault
   I get out immediately

4. I walk on to the platform
   There is a deep hole there
   I walk around it

5. I catch the train

Treachery

I'm on the train and I've told everyone to come to the platform where each one of them fell in the hole. (The hole of appropriation).

The betrayal, a crime against colour, a crime against materials, a crime against culture and cultures is untranslatable, something that is unattainable; in short immaterial. The crime and its roots spreading red tape to the inquisition. The work as inquisition demands of itself an acquittal, a discourse to discriminate. Should contemporary painting be an over painting and a writing in and over historical world forces, then dialectic brutality is a sign to break freedom from traditions. Sensing brutality over the work from and about the work reduces sensualness, process and production. The work is method, a break in, a burglary into signs and symbols, or simply a cave in,(an appropriation). The picture is its own enemy, a justification to justify.

Territory

Art is ideology; settled, cozy, overweight, a living condition. At its worst a f... decor.

Regardless of what the cleaners are going to say about it, the present is and will be at the mercy of the museum bureaucrat. Life revolves around work, shopping, watching TV, drugs and sex. Welcome to the train ride. We are the passengers and the compliant consumer. The ticket, whatever the price will give you the ride into the territory of art, across any field and as many stops as you desire. There is no war any more, borders are simply cleansed away and future is no longer. Strategy is business. Boards of flashing lights indicate up or down and the historian and the critic are back as the directors. Discourse after discourse lie about territory which does not exist anymore. The postmodern battlefield is empty and everyone has returned home in front of the TV- safe with their toys. TV flickers comfortable and recycled illusions toward us, no need to have reason, sense or any solid viewpoints (knowledge).
"Central station " a computerized voice announces. Identification is enough.

Luminosity

All that is solid melts into air. *Karl Marx*

Light is fundamentally the most important element of painting.

"Abstract- luminism in painting, as the term implies, aims above all to create an intense and disorientating experience of light. Such effects are achieved in order to juxtapose the finite objecthood of the work with simultaneous and paradoxical sense of immateriality and transcendence. The artists practicing in this mode today emphasize the physical status of their work through various technical strategies, but at the the same time seek to supplement this by a powerful sense of dematerialisation. The result is instability, the slipping of the bounded into the boundless."[1]

Creating this slippage and instability in the production and appearance of painting, the centrality of the work returns to its aura. Aura in this sense is not anymore the origin of the work, but the painterly language of air. The boundless is air, an omnipresent feeling of immateriality. Language is bound to certain rules, as is painting. Technically speaking they are forms of communication and in this case communicate with the unknown. The unknown is your physical self.

This Age

TV presenters, hosts/cohosts, mediators and moderators have defined this century and human history of this world. To use Umberto Ecco's slogan "crisis sells well" is the simulation of our own predicament. After all , as politicians tell us, we are far better off than all those countries we see being blown up on TV.

Every channel is filtered and refiltered to meet strict viewing guidelines. The TV audience channel surfs to cancel out the provocation to think, all that remains is entertainment. Returning to Umberto Ecco's faith in Fakes: ..."the frantic desire for the Almost Real arises only as a neurotic reaction to the vacuum of memories; the Absolute Fake is offspring to the unhappy awareness of a present without depth."[2]

Everything is simulation or tautology. Regurgitated asthetics as objectification for art and in particular for painting.

Information is a two way mirror and reflects its own image on either side as aesthetics. Anonymous information=anonymous artworks and famous are their personalities. (The cult of celebrity). No conflict ever arises from this illusion. The battle of the stations is their popularity rating, and art in general does not rate.

The Picture

At this moment, all the paintings for this exhibition exist for me as signs of writing and light. Literally describing a painting (picture) is fruitless, because it would personally mean something to me but nothing to you. Also, I dislike covering ground that already is written into history. These pictures are not about the grid, they are not about minimalism or formalism, linear, geometric or gestural abstraction. Certain familiarity is present, but again it is not appropriated. These paintings are testimony to light and air and to language of fracture and conflict. The position is such that fractures and conflict create an overwhelming desire for unity. Rarely ever achieved. Therefore the field to gaze upon these works and to experience them is to feel them yourself or to write your own version over my writing. You may even be on the same train.

Footnotes

1. Simon Morley, Light as Surface, Issue15 Contemporary Visual Arts,p.32,1997 UK.

2. Umberto Ecco, Faith in Fakes -Travels in Hyperreality,Minerva, Great Britain

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