

HOUSE SHOW

June 8 - July 4, 2019

An invitation by Roger van Voorhes, Brooklyn, New York

Why I can't keep my hands off my heart. I'm up to speak about things we know, 2019

Violet marker on wall

350 × 190 cm

Sand (this is where we meet), 2019

Wood and sand

Pentagonal structure, each side 71 × 25 cm, 10 cm in height

Inversely entered the club, 2019

Sympathy flowers, x2

Variable dimensions



5 POINTED ASPECT RATIO FOR THE NEW HANDS TO STAND IN INTERPRETATION OF AN UNDERWORLD OF INHERITED POSTURES OF COMMUNICATION

Child interpreters pose signs as counterventions against a theatre of the language of the dead. I had been instructed not to speak of the painting from which their signifying hands were translated: these instruments, once relieved of their original context, interject with a resistance to the inherited protocols of behavior by which one gains entry in accordance with a convention, and which would rob one of the ability to seize from the underworld a term by which to mediate one's insistence upon a style of living up to one's idiosyncracies. Those who stand before communication, but are not sentenced to participate: who dismiss without a second thought the demands it would make in obeisance to the fluctuations of the market values which process speech, entering individuals within a cypher that generates its exchanges in lieu of the activities of a living public. The five senses correspond to the digits with which the interpreter digs into a loam of expired bodies, to regenerate the relic through which the youth engages in communion with the forms of the ancestors, those who have passed into anonymity and who, once erased, return as funding for the new person. These stories produce in us the faculty for respiration, and are the gift history produces within the folds of its nightmares: it emerges from received forms of time as a pearl out of historical un-ease. Impulses to escape this séance only invest one's being more deeply within its entanglements. WHY I CAN'T KEEP MY HANDS OFF MY HEART. I'M UP TO SPEAK ABOUT THINGS WE KNOW In America, for example, there persists the prevailing myth that the landscape and the material body it projects as its witness can be swept clean, and that one can begin again, beyond history. But the parts of the material world are stories in themselves, and so the passage of matter between its phases can only ever be interpreted as a half-finished song. This is why the child's communication can maintain a level of intimacy with the dead, who extend not the restrictions of a past already codified, but, rather, all the possibilities that unfold when the light investigates the storyline embedded within the qualities of the material. The images are not appropriated, because they partake of an offering of inherited gestures, whose postures are informed by the desire to be transgressed upon, and so to be translated. The cemetery as site of celebration. One gains entry while maintaining one's orientation towards life. INVERSELY ENTERED THE CLUB This underworld is a place in which one performs as an ornamentation of space depart from the economic cycles of

life and death. The child as the life impulse towards a communication that frees itself from the story out of which its embodiments must emerge maintains sovereignty: a spirit who presides over the living speaker. These places established in a geometry of the material world gaining currency within a social economy of affects create the possibility in which a word is resurrected, and so redeemed within the arenas of play. SAND (THIS IS WHERE WE MEET) Basking in an afterglow, between the utterance that lifts and the message that recedes and is buried, the interpreter strikes a pose in which presence disavows itself of meaning: a twilight between communication and silence, when the stance is song.

Text by Roger van Voorhees











