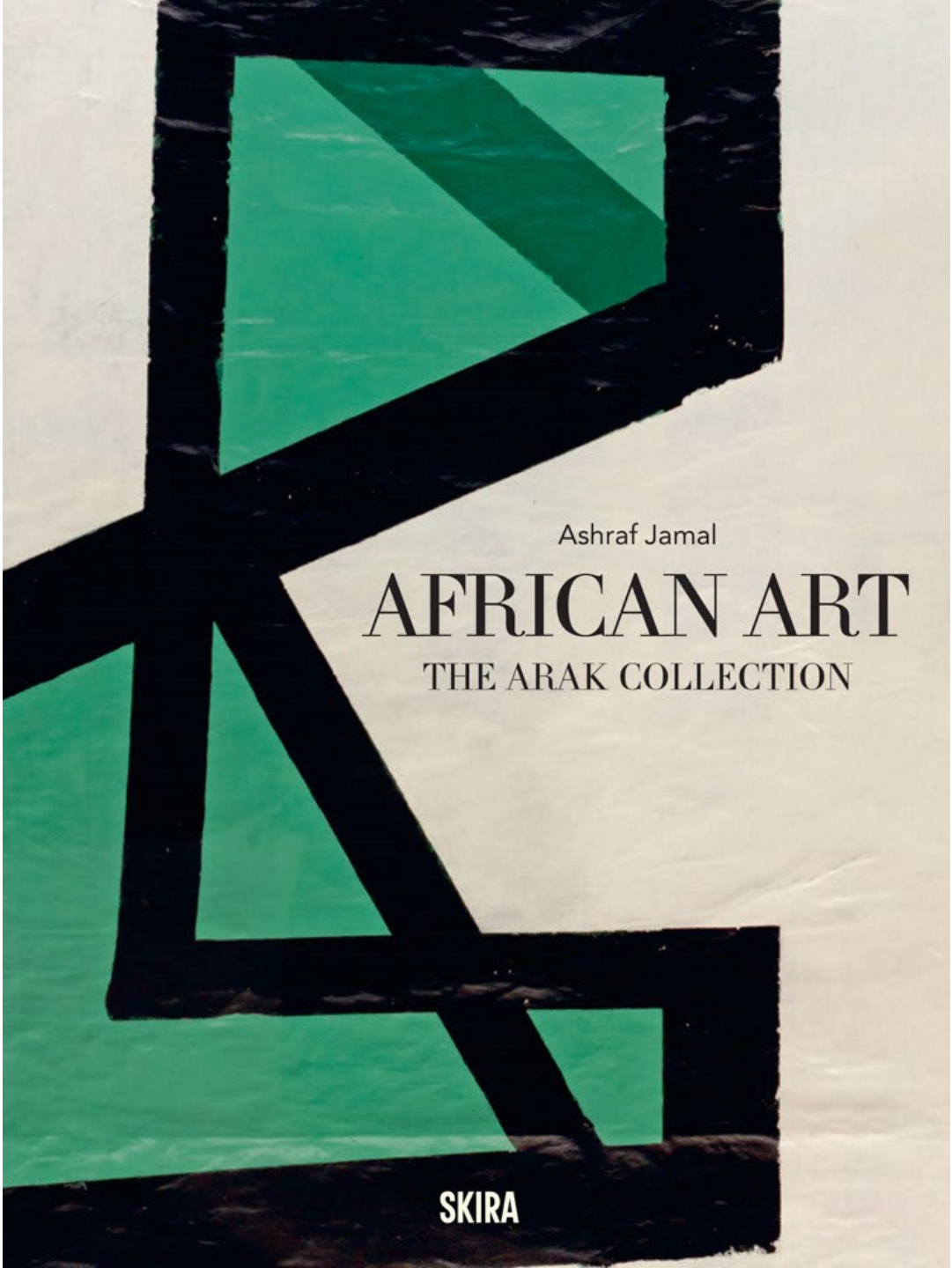


June 2025

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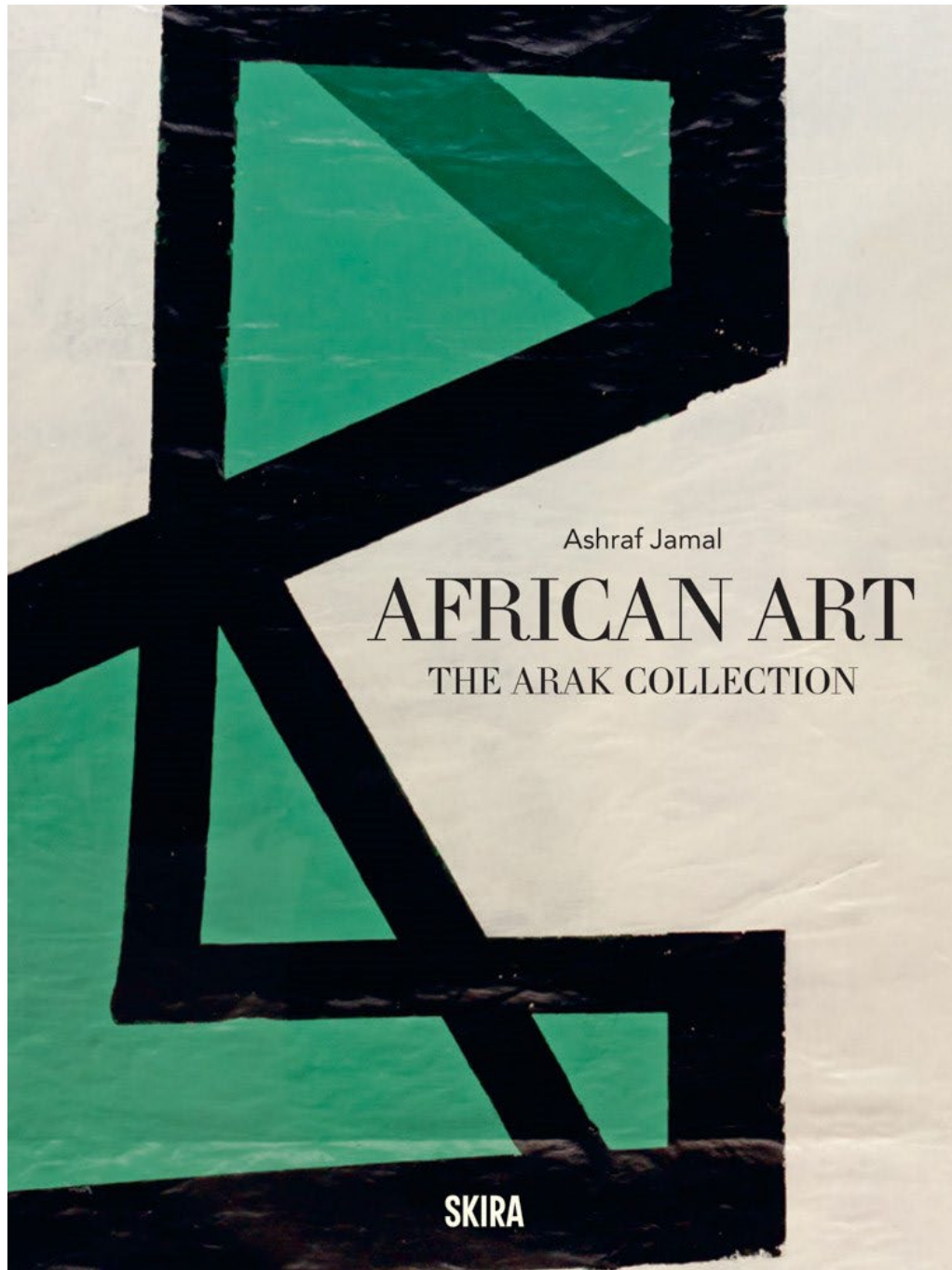


Ashraf Jamal

AFRICAN ART

THE ARAK COLLECTION

SKIRA



African Art: The ARAK Collection

Ashraf Jamal

A 300-plus-page primer on the vanguards of contemporary African art.
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Gideon Appah
Ghana, b. 1989

Untitled
2017
Mixed media on cloth
91 x 150 cm

Gideon Appah's paintings are dangerously toxic in their simplification. They are lean, both in content and style. Street art or graffiti comes immediately to mind, as does the expressionistic pop aesthetic which Jean-Michel Basquiat has made the definitional and distinctive signature of twentieth century modern life. In Appah's case, however, the sensory impact is short-circuited, excess pared down, the effect, and affect, redacted and reduced. Little needs to be expressed to ensure maximum impact. Against a distressed, scratched and roughshod surface, Appah places an Yves Klein bar of blue that inclines towards the painting's centre. This is balanced by a red oval. These figures—a zero and a one—are joined by a thin orange net that is neither circular nor square. Geometry falters, crudity takes hold. One cannot stop looking at this masterfully delinquent abstraction. The rigging is sublime, the whole phatically holds. It is this keenly attuned precarity that informs Appah's works. A layered brown obsessively scratched surface is dwarfed by a yellow number 2. The figure 8—a Möbius strip, a symbol of infinity—contorts snake-like in black across a blurred orange-green-pink-cream surface, edged in black. Above the figure 8, in inverted letters, we read the word 'poison'. Nothing is understood, yet everything is intuited. Here the mantra less is more makes sense. Everything is interpretable. The more gnomic the content, the more seductive it can be. This, at least, is Appah's premise.

Born in Accra, Ghana, in 1989, Gideon Appah studied art at The Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology in Kumasi. The lesson learnt? That precarity is vital in life and in art. If everything is on the verge of collapse or disarray, how does one bind oneself, bind the world? Against the feral looseness of Basquiat's practice, Appah gives us a taut catastrophe. In a work on cloth, divided into five starkly different adjacent panels, we once again see an ovoid form and letters that read 'BIG BANG'. The end of the world? The beginning? Or are these stations merely illusory, the world—life—snagged in some intensely alluring arrest?



Nelly Guambe
Mozambique, b. 1987

Guambe's thicket of pastels on paper evokes the density, darkness and vibrancy of German Expressionism, a post-First-World-War movement which, following Fauvism, elected colour and graphic mark-making to counter the muted tones and subtle draftsmanship that informed Realism, an aesthetic under threat in Europe since the mid-1860s, when Manet resisted the confines and perceived elegance of a picturesque naturalism and a prim bourgeoisie elegance. Subsequent challenges to a societally imposed normativity followed, such as the breakaway movements Impressionism and Expressionism, the latter a stark refusal of exteriorised impressions in favour of psychological introspection.

This, too, is the choice made by the Mozambiquan artist, Nelly Guambe, born in Inhambane in 1987. Her works are explorative reflections on 'women's emotions and circumstances'. While this claim is reasonable, it is also restrictive. While women—the feminine principle—feature centrally in Guambe's portraits, there is perhaps a deeper less gender-specific 'haunting', a more widely reverberating restlessness, evident in her febrile mark-making, the jagged stabbing force, scratches, whorls of broken colour, that conjure some more generally human maelstrom. Guambe's drawings evoke restlessness. She neither resists nor invokes an elemental and cosmological disquiet. Rather, their twinned tension becomes the inescapable given in her art. If she is neither driven by conflict, nor a copyist of psychological states, then what is the artist's task? Is it to embrace universal 'disquietude' inchoately?

Untitled (Silent
Reflections)
2012
Pastel on paper
20 x 27 cm



Samuel Githui
Kenya, b. 1973

Samuel Githui's *Transformation Series* (2017) in chalk and charcoal on paper is scored with diagonal markings, amplifying the artist's tangential approach. Nothing is seen head on, nothing quite centred. These works are different to the artist's more surreal figurative works which are bolder and more noisome. What connects them, however, is the artist's preoccupation with 'motion and progression', or, 'motion on a static composition'. Because, of course, movement in a drawing or painting is illusory. However, in *Transformation Series*, figuration is accidental, a projection. What prevails are the fevered diagonal black marks as they thicken and densify, cutting though swathes of white paper, slivers of which jaggedly remain.

'Intuition starts from movement, posits it, or rather perceives it as reality itself, and sees in immobility in an abstract moment, a snapshot taken by our mind, of a mobility.' What is Henri Bergson's meaning? That movement is life, stillness its abstraction? That any attempt to fix the world is an intellectual vanity? Does Githui's *Transformation Series* illuminate this paradox? Is movement, no matter how paralysed on the page, the engine room of his art? Is it not motion, in defiance of stasis, that Githui celebrates? 'Action on the move creates its own route, creates to a very great extent the conditions under which it is to be fulfilled and thus baffles all calculation.' Here, Bergson's view reinforces the trajectory of Githui's art. If it refuses closure, it is because movement—gesture—possesses its own inscrutable sense. Despite the static nature of paper, Githui advocates transformation without end.

Transformation Series
2017
Chalk and
charcoal on paper
30 x 30 cm

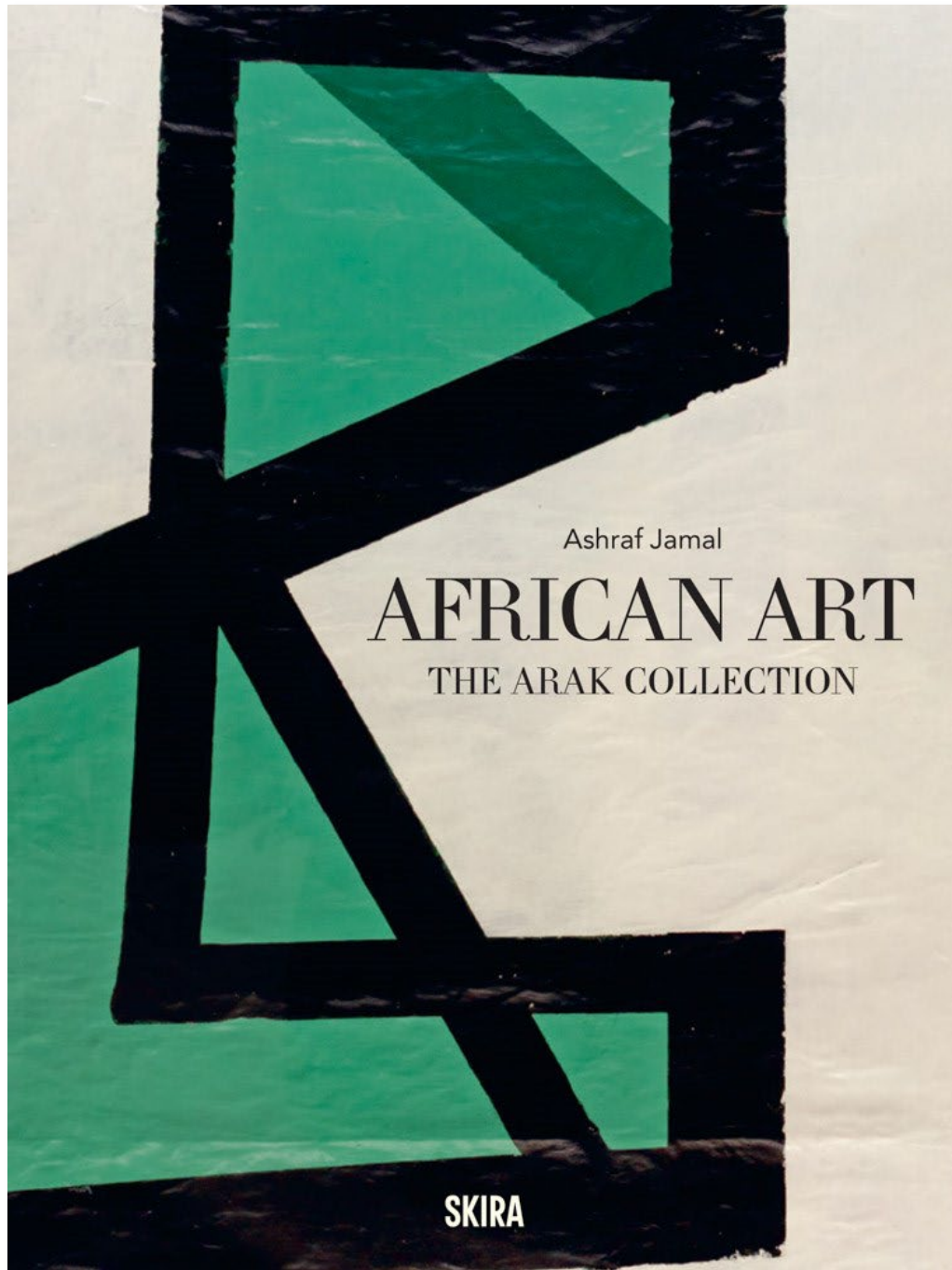


Aktofel Ilovu
Namibia, b. 1984

I Can See Blind Eyes
2013
Gold, charcoal, ferrochromium,
ash, smoke and acrylic on
canvas
93 x 60 cm

Ilovu was born in 1984 in Ondangwa, Namibia, and is currently based in Windhoek. The titles of his artworks—linocuts, containing a repeated motif inspired by the marula nut—are revealing. *I see ... I see three presidents ... I see Africa as one again ... I see power* emphasise visualisation as a defining trope. Furthermore, it is the first-person pronoun—‘I’—that is also paramount. That ‘I’ could be the artist or the viewer. What Ilovu renders central is the apotheosis of Reason—the seeing individual who, through their insight, recovers the truth of their being. This is none other than a Western Enlightenment ideal, markedly at odds with African values, namely Ubuntu—*Umntu ngumuntu ngabantu / A person is a person through other people*. But then again, perhaps Ilovu embraces a very different, more intuitively open intuition and insight?

As a child Ilovu was the victim of a fire, suffering severe burns. ‘Because of the fire that burnt me, I was rejected by many, including myself, while growing up. It wasn’t easy to look different from other kids. As an adult I have fallen in love with my scars and look at myself as an art piece created by that fire.’ Here, perhaps, we find the key—the vital importance of self-love to survive hurt, the body and self as an ‘art piece’—scarification and beauty ... fire and transfiguration ... the obsessive return to the eye as both locus and void, all-seeing and blind ... the body as a map and a territory, a sign and its mystery ... depth and hollowness. These paradoxes run through Ilovu’s creative expression, irrespective of a shift in medium. However, in his ‘smoke paintings’—soft charcoal, ash, smoke and acrylic on canvas—we find a heightened intimacy. One work, which returns to the motif of marula nuts, titled *I can see blind eyes*, reaffirms an inherent disconnect—of seeing though not seeing, being seen and not seen, and the unseeing nature of art despite the insight we invest in it. Abstraction, or in Ilovu’s case, quasi-abstraction, then, as a blind-siding, as blind-sided, a beautiful scarring.



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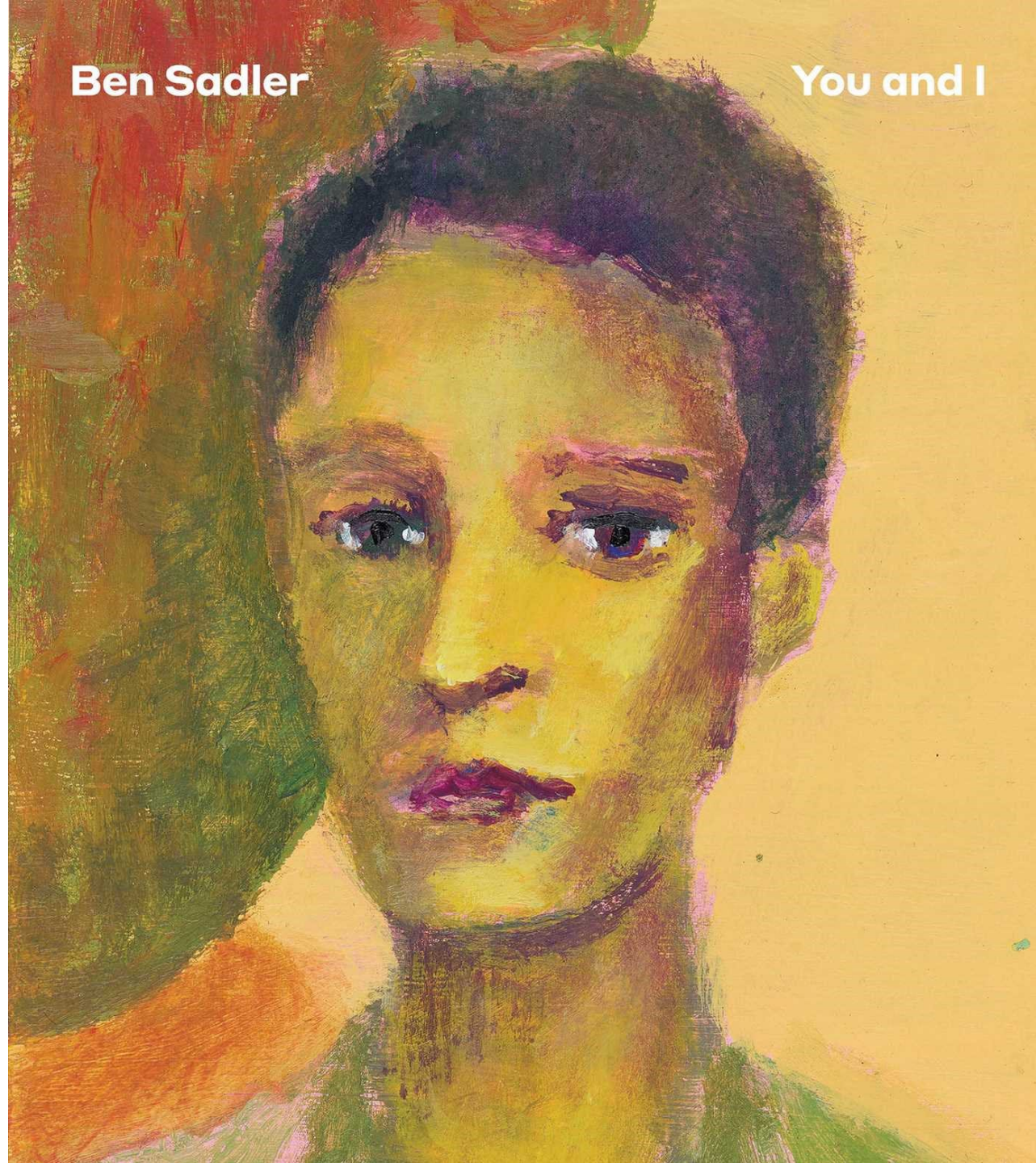
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Ben Sadler

You and I



Ben Sadler

You and I

You & I

You and I

Ben Sadler

Two series of small, colourful paintings by Birmingham (UK) based artist Ben Sadler, inspired by a curious cast of imaginary visitors to an imaginary exhibition. Featuring a foreword by Deborah Kermode, a text by Catherine O'Flynn and an interview by Ceri Hand.

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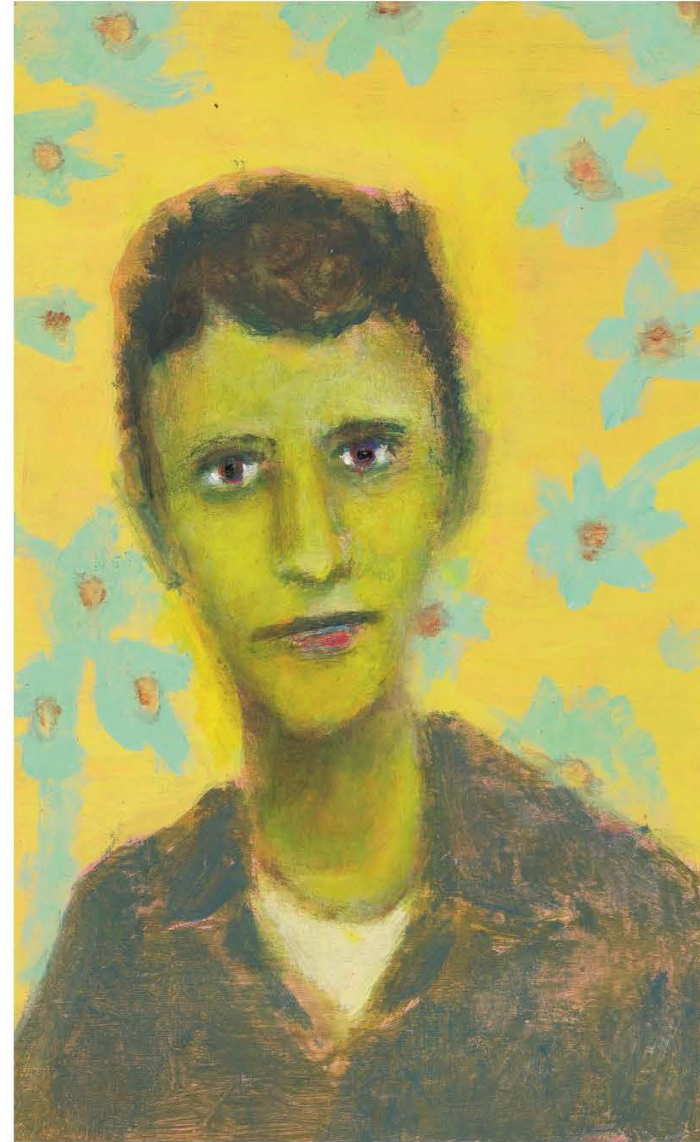
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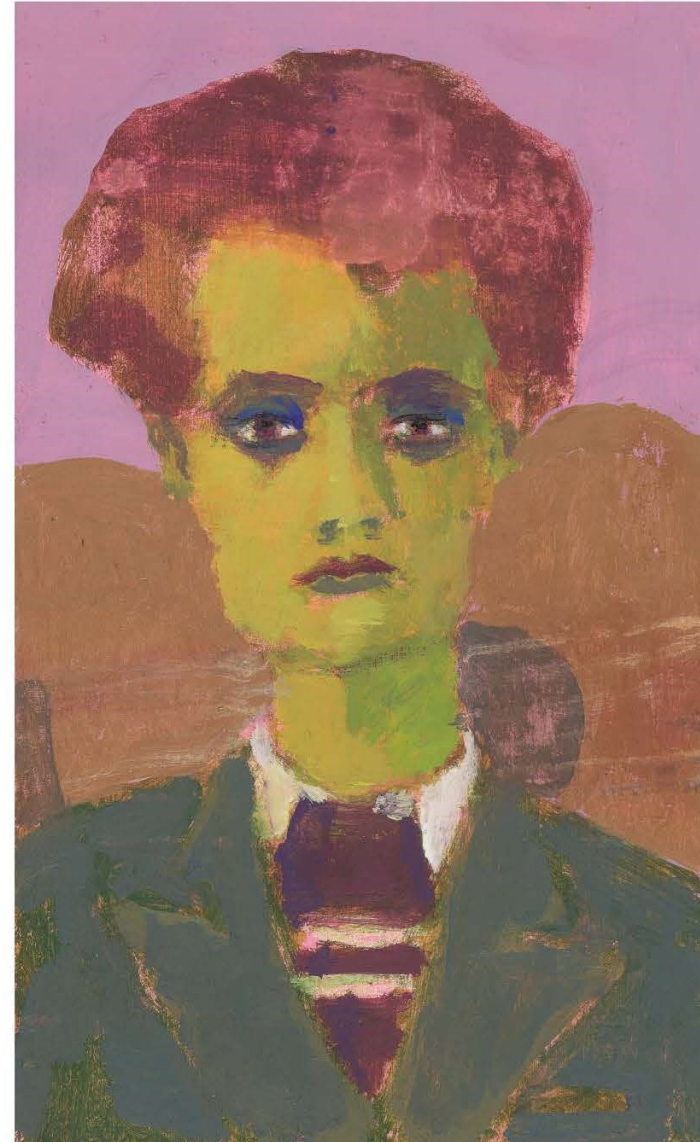
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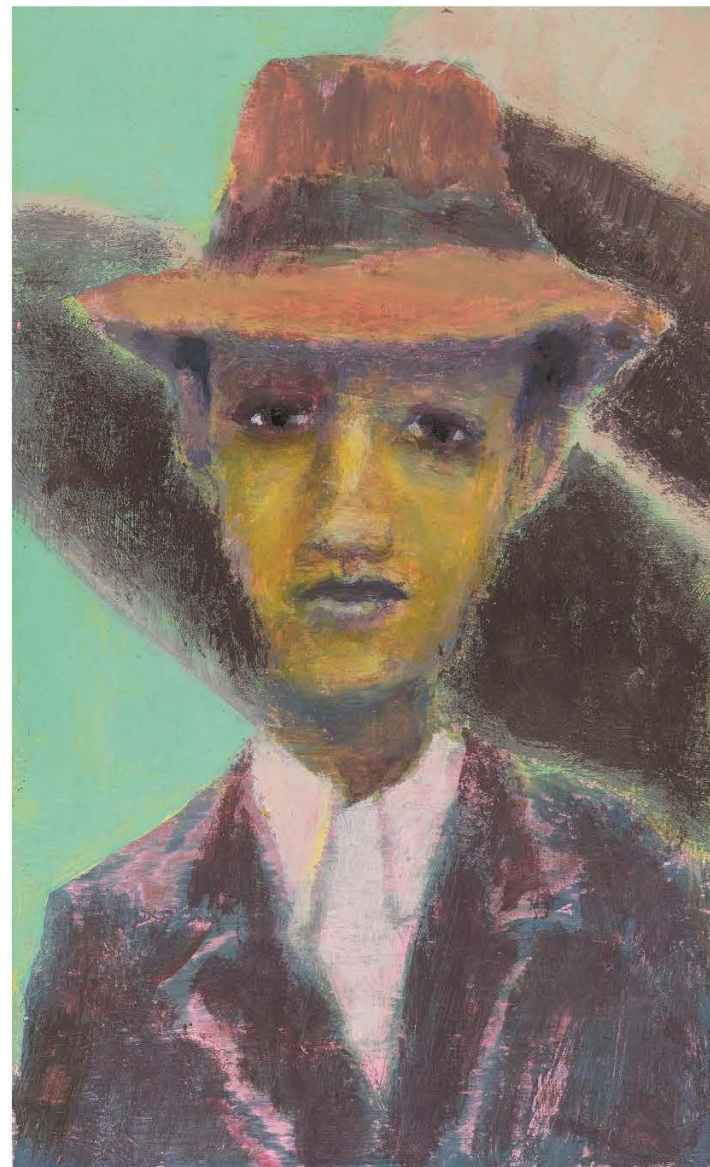
Flowers, 2024
Acrylic on board, 15.3 x 9.3 cm (6 x 3½ in.)

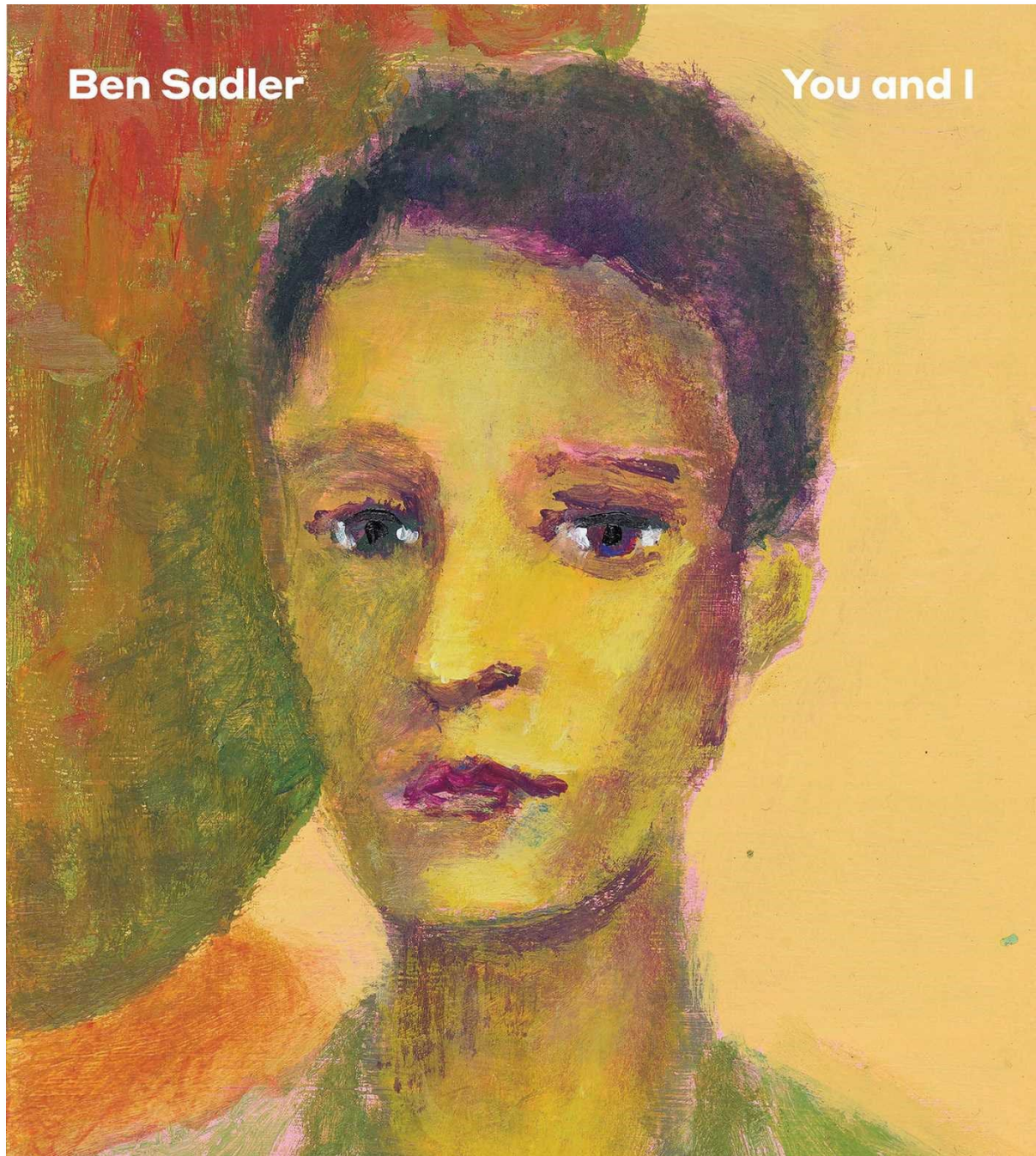


Guitar, 2024
Acrylic on board, 15.3 x 9.3 cm (6 x 3½ in.)



Hat, 2024
Acrylic on board, 15.3 x 9.3 cm (6 x 3½ in.)





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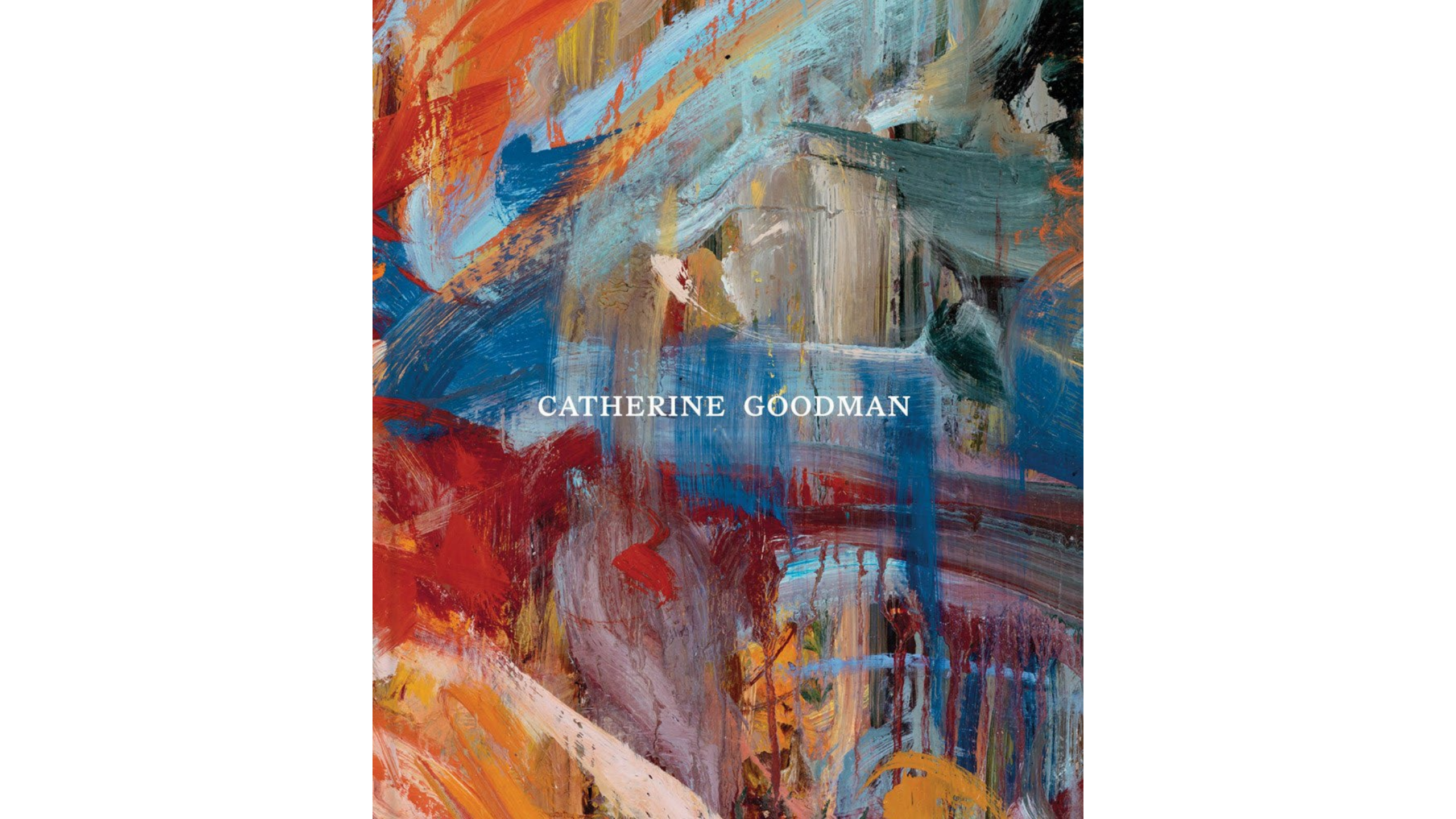
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An abstract painting featuring a complex interplay of colors and textures. The composition is dominated by bold, expressive brushstrokes in shades of blue, red, orange, and yellow. A central vertical band of lighter, more muted tones (beige and light blue) provides a focal point. The overall effect is one of dynamic energy and emotional intensity, with the colors blending and overlapping in a way that suggests a sense of movement and depth. The texture of the paint is visible, adding to the tactile quality of the work.

CATHERINE GOODMAN



Catherine Goodman

Goodman's signature energetic brushstrokes take on a new, immersive power as she debuts a series of monumental abstract paintings.

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A SENSE OF LIFE Catherine Goodman's New Paintings

Jennifer Higgle

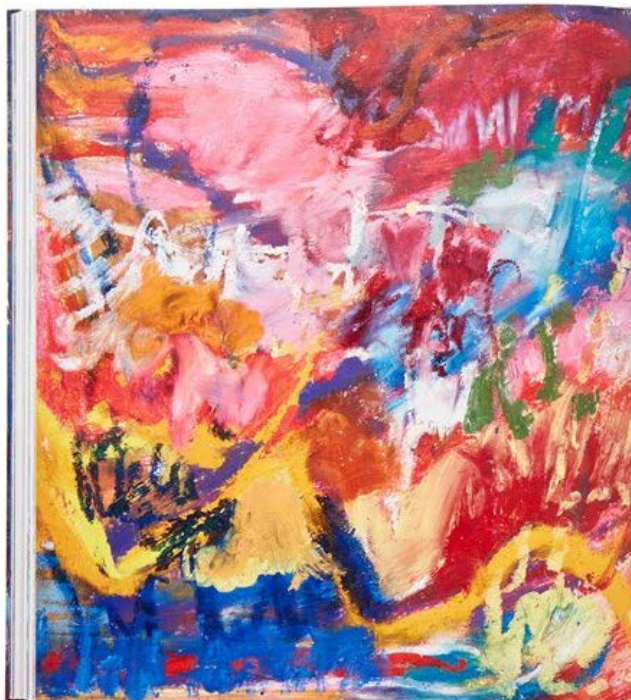
For still objects, Catherine Goodman's high-key paintings are full of movement. Peer into their surfaces and worlds appear in fragments, stutters, and drips; images arise out of tumultuous brushstrokes, lumps of pigment, and delicate lines. The artist conjures landscapes, seascapes, and states of mind: turbulent one moment, calm the next, impossible to summarize. For decades she's been described as a figurative artist, but her recent move into a more ambiguous, increasingly abstract realm has resulted in a sustained rush of vitality manifested in swirling colors, tangled reveries, and glimpses of light as fresh as dawn. Her paintings emerge from the messy stuff of life: shards of memory, lines of conversation, the view from the window, the time of year. They are born from atmosphere and feeling. Oblique references to relatives and friends commingle with recollections of houses and landscapes that are significant to her. These range from her cottage in the Somerset countryside to places in Greece and India to the Jura mountains of Switzerland, where she and her family spent holidays when she was a child. Goodman told me: "In landscapes, we often have these kinds of revelatory times, which you bury away somewhere inside yourself. And often when I'm painting, they arrive."¹

Goodman's paintings are extensions of her drawing, an activity which is central to the artist's ethos. (I think of John Berger: "For the artist drawing is discovery. And that is not just a slick phrase, it is quite literally true.")² When she speaks of her daily routine, it's clear that working swiftly on paper in pastels, pencil, and charcoal has a near mystical resonance for her. She believes "we draw the world in order to go inwards" and that a regular practice "can bring about a sense of unity and create a portal into other realms of consciousness."³ Her aim is "to bring in the energy of the drawings into the paintings" and she finds nothing more exciting than sketching in the landscape, as "it's such a gift to participate in the movement of light, atmosphere, color, vegetation."⁴

Jennifer Higgle is a writer, editor, curator, and broadcaster. Her book *The Other Side: A Journey into Women, Art and the Spirit World* was published in 2013. She lives in London.







Morris, 2014, 10 7/8 x 10 7/8 in. (27.5 x 27.5 cm)



Morris, 2014, 10 7/8 x 10 7/8 in. (27.5 x 27.5 cm)



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CHIHARU SHIOTA



Chiharu Shiota

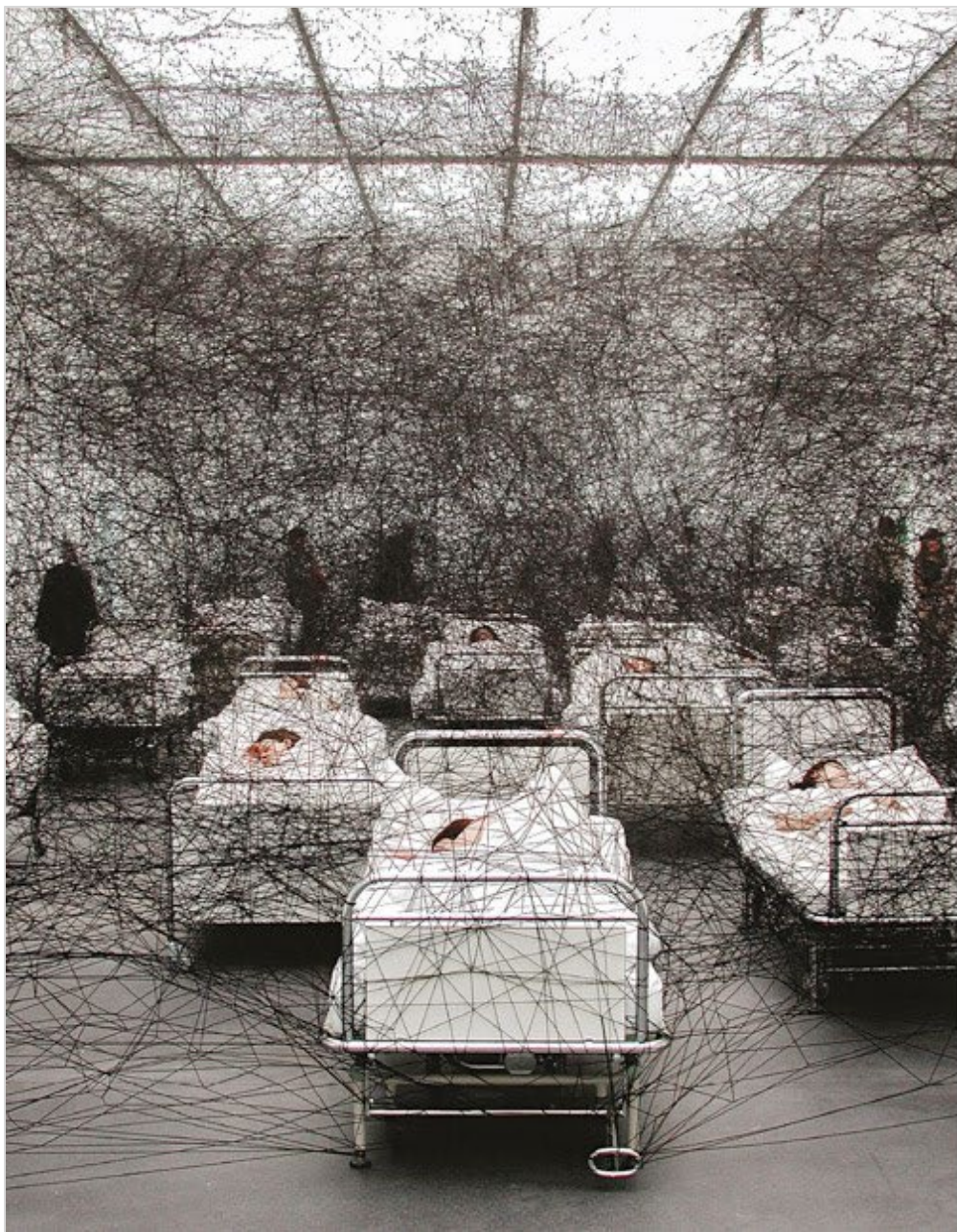
Shiota provides insights into the greatest moments in her oeuvre of vast installations made from found objects.

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- Features an original interview and text about the artist's personal path, drawings and unpublished visual materials and photographs.
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SKIRA

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During Sleep, 2002
Group exhibition / Exposition collective:
« Another World: Twelve Bedroom Stories »
Kunstmuseum
Luzern, Switzerland / Lucerne, Suisse
Date: 15.06.2002 – 29.09.2002

During Shiota's studies in Germany, she often felt restless. After having moved around Germany nine times in three years, she had lost her sense of place.

I would wake up in the morning, uncertain where I was. I was desperate to create a space of my own. While I was sitting in my bed, I picked up some yarn and started weaving it around my own body. It was like painting in the air.

Shiota was at that time still a student, but this moment in time was a turning point for the artist. She had found her own medium. In the beginning, the single line of thread became an extension of a pencil line from a painting. It allowed Shiota to put emotion into her art, which she believed was not possible to do on the canvas. The thread became a mirror of her feelings. In addition, the accumulation of the black thread created an all-embracing space like the night sky extending into the universe.

For Shiota, the bed is the ultimate representation of life and death – as most people are born in a bed and will die in a bed. At the same time, Shiota experiences sleeping similarly to dying. Her sense of reality and consciousness is lost – similar to the Taoist story 'The Butterfly Dream'. In the story, a man dreamed he was a butterfly, but when he awoke from this dream, he could not say if he was a man who dreamed of being a butterfly or a butterfly dreaming of being a man. For Shiota, sleeping and dreaming are strongly connected and are an important foundation for the sense of reality.

When I leave my bed in the morning, the messy sheets reflect a trace of my body. You can feel my existence in the imprint left behind. This has become the core of my work. The existence in the absence.

Durant ses études en Allemagne, Shiota se sentait souvent fébrile. Après avoir déménagé neuf fois en trois ans, elle ne se sentait plus appartenir à un lieu.

Je me réveillais le matin sans savoir précisément où je me trouvais. Je voulais désespérément me créer un espace à moi. Assise sur mon lit, j'ai pris de la laine et j'ai commencé à la tisser autour de mon corps. C'était comme peindre dans l'air.

Shiota était alors encore étudiante, mais ce moment a marqué un tournant dans sa vie d'artiste. Elle avait trouvé son médium. Au départ, la ligne unique du fil est devenue une extension du trait de crayon sur un tableau. Elle lui a permis d'insuffler une émotion à ses œuvres, chose qu'elle pensait impossible sur toile. Le fil est devenu un miroir reflétant ses sentiments. De plus, l'accumulation de fil noir créait un espace enveloppant, à l'image du ciel nocturne qui se propage vers les confins de l'univers.

Pour Shiota, le lit est l'ultime représentation de la vie et de la mort : la plupart des gens sont nés dans un lit et y mourront. Par ailleurs, l'expérience du sommeil est pour elle semblable à la mort : sa sensation du réel et sa conscience disparaissent, comme dans la fable taoïste de « rêve du papillon ». Dans celle-ci, un homme rêve qu'il est un papillon, pourtant une fois réveillé, il est incapable de dire s'il est un homme qui a rêvé qu'il était un papillon, ou s'il s'agit d'un papillon qui a rêvé qu'il était un homme. Sommeil et rêve étant intimement liés, ils constituent pour Shiota un fondement important de notre sens de la réalité.

Quand je sors de mon lit le matin, les draps froissés contiennent une trace de mon corps. On peut sentir mon existence dans l'empreinte qu'ils laissent. C'est devenu l'élément central de mon œuvre : l'existence dans l'absence.

Rosale Rieger

During Sleep, 2002
Performance / Installation: with performers sleeping
during the opening, beds, black wool
Variable dimensions
Avec des personnes qui dorment pendant l'ouverture ; lits, laine noire
Dimensions variables



"I want to expose a collection of thank-you letters that people have shared with me. While we might not share the same experiences, we are able to connect by sharing emotions. All lives are filled with happiness, suffering, disappointment and gratitude, and as human beings, we can relate to each other."

« Je souhaite exposer une collection de lettres de remerciement que les gens ont partagées avec moi. Même si nous ne partageons pas les mêmes expériences, nous pouvons nous connecter en partageant des émotions. Toutes les vies sont remplies de bonheur, de souffrance, de déception et de gratitude et, en tant qu'êtres humains nous pouvons établir des relations les uns avec les autres. »

Chiharu Shiota

Letters of Thanks, 2017
Installation: thank-you letters, black wool
Variable dimensions
Lettres de remerciement, laine noire
Dimensions variables
Kunsthalle Rostock, Rostock, Germany / Allemagne





MILESTONE 7 VENICE / VENISE 2015

The Key in the Hand, 2015

Group exhibition / Exposition collective:
56th Venice Biennale, Venice, Italy /
56^e Biennale de Venise, Venise, Italie
Date: 09.05.2015 – 22.11.2015

In 2015 Shota was invited to represent Japan at the 56th Venice Biennale. It was a particular honour to be chosen, since she had resided in Germany at that time for seventeen years, breaking from the norm that the chosen artists usually resided in Japan in the years preceding the Biennale. Despite this happy moment, Shota was facing a difficult time. She had suffered a miscarriage and had lost her father, both within weeks of each other.

After facing the deaths of family members, the feeling of needing to keep something invaded me, so I linked this feeling to all the possible meanings a key can have. When you hold a key, you own new opportunities and therefore your own future. Holding the key made feel closer to people and able grasp a sense of belonging.

Shota collected these keys for one year, accumulating 180,000 keys in total from all over the world. In addition, some people decided to include letters explaining the meaning of their key. Within the exhibition, the boats became bearers of memory, the boats themselves resembling cupped hands catching this rain of memories.

En 2015, Shota a été invitée à représenter le Japon pour la 56^e Biennale de Venise. Être choisie constituait un honneur très spécial puisqu'elle vivait alors en Allemagne depuis dix-sept ans, cela rompait donc avec la norme voulant que les artistes désignés vivent au Japon les années précédant le festival. Malgré cette occasion heureuse, Shota traversait une période difficile : elle avait connu une fausse-couche et avait perdu son père, à seulement quelques semaines d'intervalle.

Après avoir fait face à la mort de proches, j'ai été envahie par la sensation d'avoir besoin de garder quelque chose, j'ai donc lié cette sensation à toutes les significations possibles d'une clé. Lorsque l'on tient une clé, de nouvelles opportunités s'offrent à nous, c'est donc aussi une ouverture pour l'avenir. Tenir une clé donne l'impression d'être plus proche de notre entourage et d'avoir un sentiment d'appartenance.

Shota a récolté ces clés sur une période d'un an, accumulant ainsi près de 180 000 clés venues du monde entier. De plus, certaines personnes ont choisi d'y associer des lettres expliquant la signification de leur clé. Dans cette exposition, les bateaux deviennent des porteurs de mémoire et ressemblent à des mains mises en coupe pour recueillir cette pluie de souvenirs.

Isabelle Pflager

The Key in the Hand, 2015
Installation: old keys, wooden boat, red wool
Variable dimensions
Clés anciennes, bateaux en bois, laine rouge
Dimensions variables

CHIHARU SHIOTA



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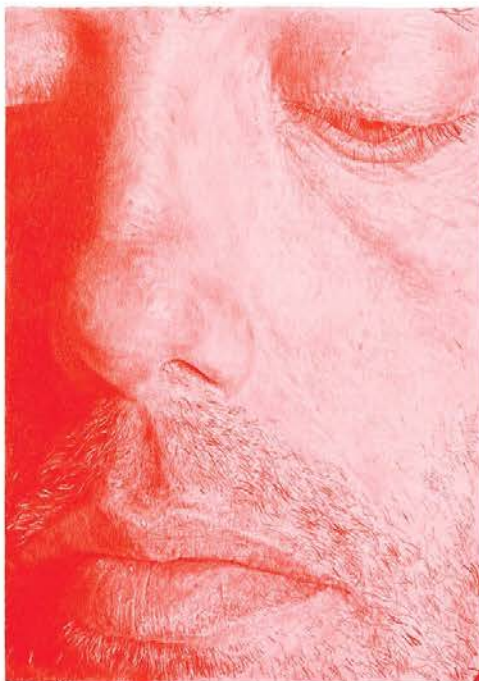
Copenhagen HS 2023, coloured pencil on paper, 35,5 × 48

176



Copenhagen HS 2023, coloured pencil on paper, 48 × 35,5

177



Untitled 2023, coloured pencil on paper, 52.1 × 41.1

AUTOFICTION:
INTRODUCING ED ATKINS

Polly Staple and Nathan Ladd

For over a decade Ed Atkins has been making videos and animations that trace the dwindling gap between digital form and human feeling. Using his desires, experiences and his own body as a model, Atkins's works misuse contemporary technologies to critically reflect what they have done to images and a sense of self. His works pit a weightless digital life against a physical world of heft, craft and touch. He uses tropes and techniques from cinema, gaming, literature and theatre in a body of work allegorising loss, intimacy and love.

Ed Atkins at Tate Britain is a retrospective of sorts, spanning the past fifteen years or so of the artist's career. The idea of a 'retrospective', as we have conceived of it with him, was an attempt to find a way of making a survey exhibition feel alive and dynamic rather than simply a repository for the past. For Atkins, allowing the exhibition to capture a sense of digression, thought in motion, mistake, confusion, desire, unintelligibility, incoherence and interruption was essential for this very experience of liveness. Like Atkins's work, the show feels like an accumulation of a life. The more you see, the more complex and less contained it becomes. The work resists presumptions and simple explanations, and the exhibition shares in its partial imagining of the messy reality of a life.



Death Mask II: The Scent 2010, video and sound

I've always made works live, so to speak. In order, from start to finish. Most works are first shown still wet, warm, alive and flawed. Retrospection means the works aren't this, but the show itself takes over the role of the live thing happening in the now. For me, the signifiers of that liveness are a tangible sense of thought in motion, replete with digression, mistake, confusion, desire, unintelligibility, incoherence, interruption, and of course loss. I want the show to lose my work so it might be found and prevailed upon anew.

My life and the work I make are more or less inextricable to me. At least in terms of choice. How do I convey the life-ness that made those works—my life—through the exhibition? I mean my life not in some factual, chronological, biographical way—but sensationally, in a way to mirror the making and my own unlicensed wants. To treat the show holistically. Not cumulatively or historiographically, but like how a body or a life is holistic. I don't feel—

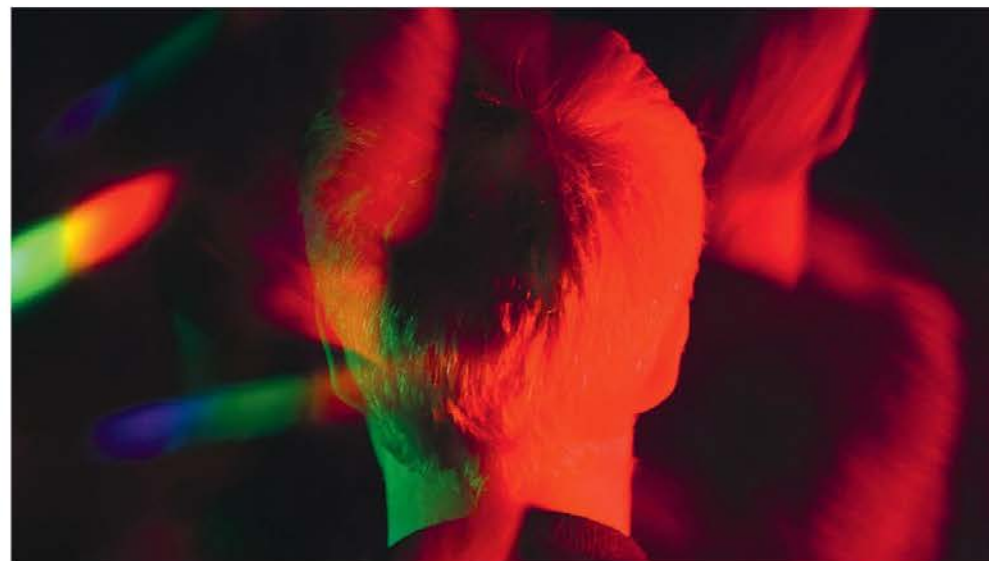
and I don't want an audience to feel—that the more you see of my work, the more the work describes an oeuvre. Instead, I want it so the more you see, the richer and more complex, less authored, less gettable things become. With an idea that 'getting it' is the de facto reductive coherency of convenient interpretation and ostensibly violent.

PS:

Death Mask II: The Scent is presented in the first room with an embroidery work containing your father, Philip Atkins's, cancer diary, but alphabetised to unintelligibility. The diary has also become the focus of the final work in the show, *Nurses Come and Go, But None for Me*. When we were grappling with how to open the show, it made sense to use *Death Mask II: The Scent* but also to both prefigure the final act of the show with the embroidery and assert a material register—the non-digital—in your work from the beginning. Perhaps then we could also start at the end with *Nurses...*?

EA:

Absolutely. I've actually been working with Dad's death diary—which he called *Sick Notes*—since he died. It's a diary he kept from cancer diagnosis until his death in June 2009. Six months or so. But despite the obvious hold my Dad's death has on my work, I've always felt conflicted about speaking of it explicitly through the work. Not because of some prohibitive moral quandary but because the experience of his death suffuses everything, and in ways that are foundational to how the work itself functions. Maybe more





Production stills from *Nurses Come and Go, But None for Me* 2024, with Steven Zultanski, video and sound, pp.44-7





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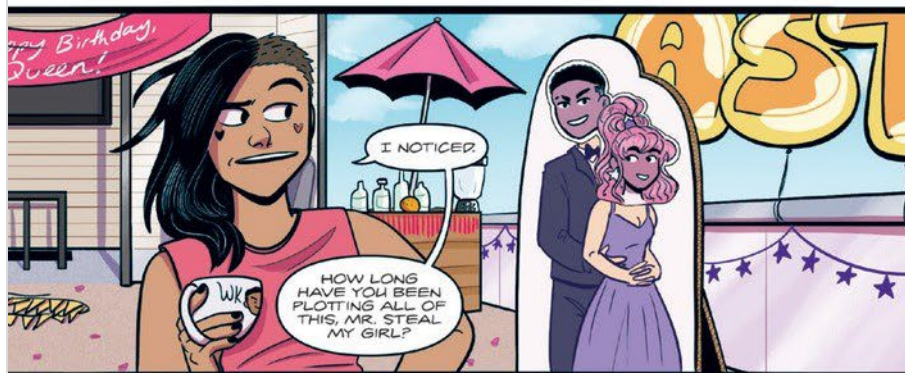
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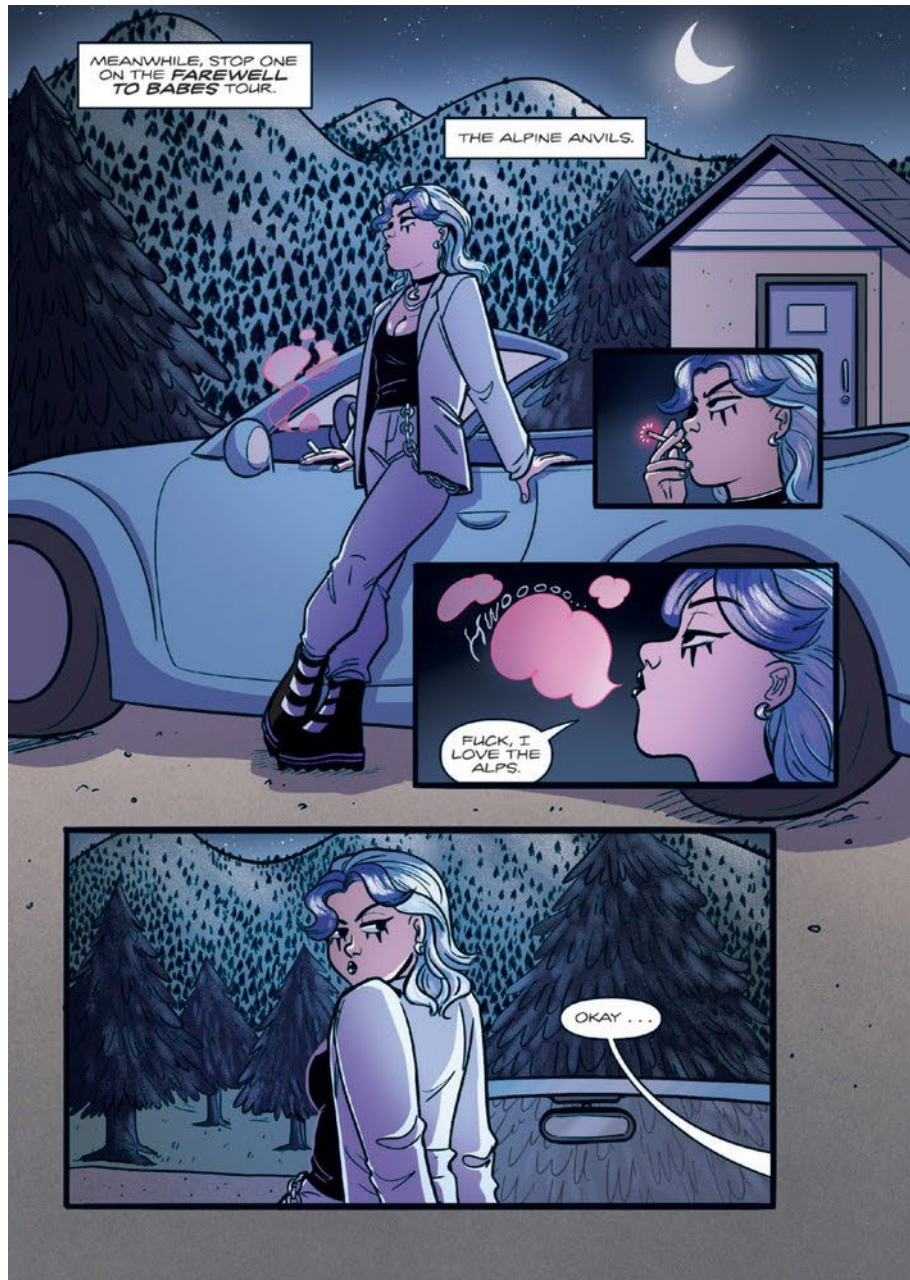
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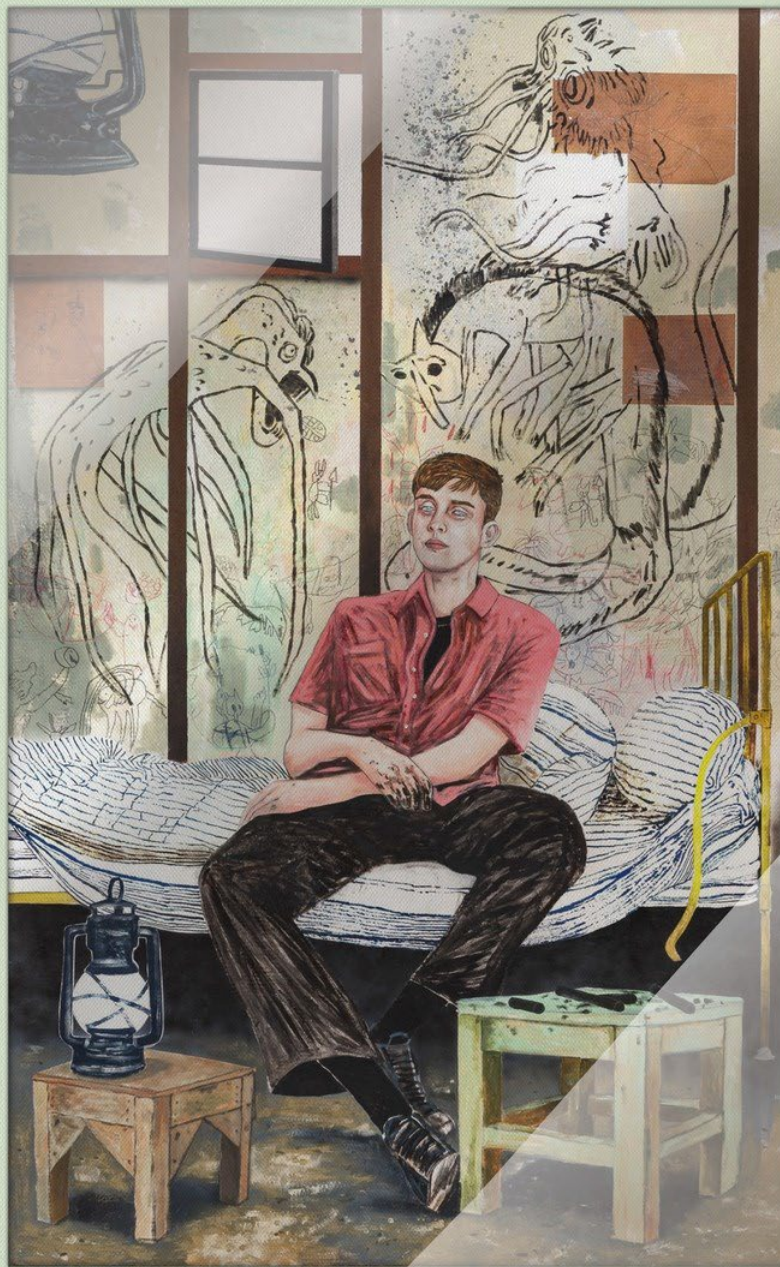
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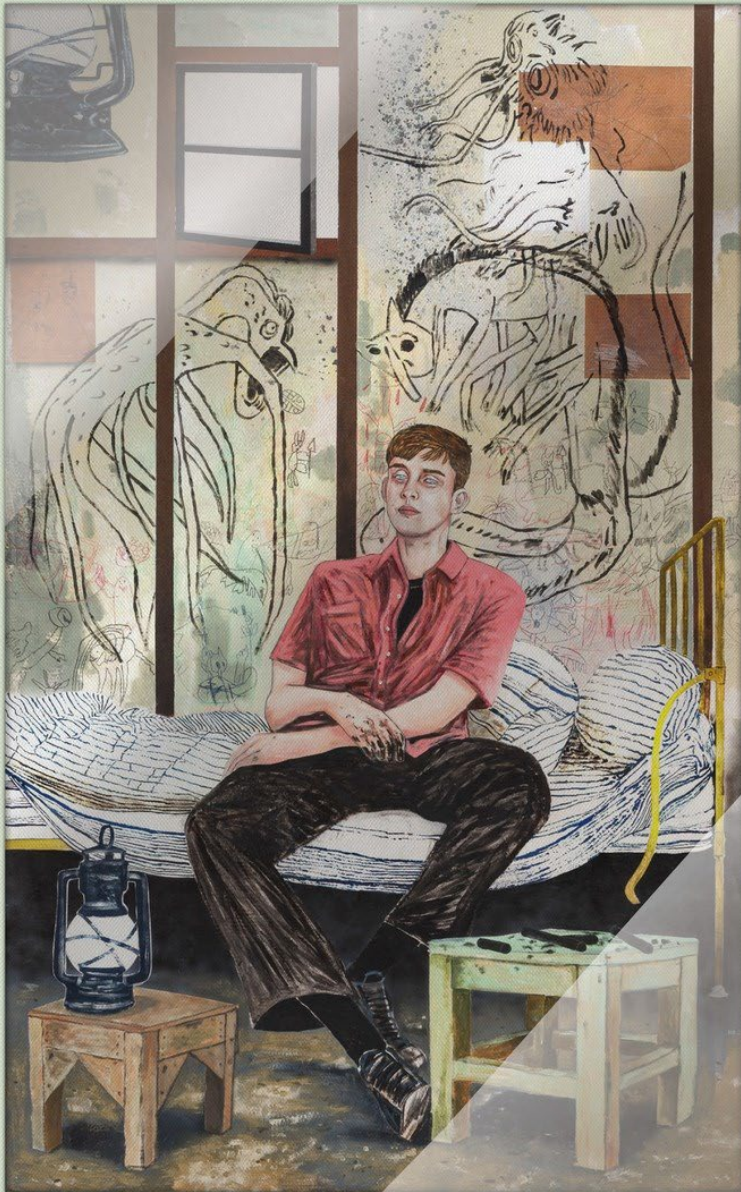
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Herman Bas, *A Dying Dandy*, 2004, mixed media on paper, 14 × 11 in. Courtesy of the artist and Victoria Miro



Andy Warhol, *Paramount 332*, 1985, acrylic and silkscreen enamel on canvas, 22 × 22 in. The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc.

conscious of a lot of the time. As someone who likes history paintings and never had a problem with them, it doesn't really affect how I go about making my work. But there is this sort of fear among painters now, especially figurative painters, that they'll get slapped with the illustration—the "i-word"—in their works. I think it's an art-world problem, because if you ask anybody else who doesn't pay attention to these debates, most of the general public would disagree completely and say that they like narrative works. It gives them something to look into, to read into, to explore.

Graw: People like paintings that narrate something because they provide access and seem understandable. But I find it important that limits of narration get addressed with narrative works. Let's look more closely at your *Sorting Out Andy* painting: We see a kind of intern, a male figure who's sorting out Andy Warhol's possessions before auction. There is a chandelier, a sculpture of a dancer that looks like a Degas sculpture, and there is one of these early Andy Warhol shoes, a Campbell's soup can functioning as a vase with a plant, and other paintings—one looks like a painting by Cy Twombly, another like a Josef Albers painting. There are also masks, vases, books, catalogues, lots of green and brown. Let's think about what gets narrated here. What's the story?

Bas: I consider that painting a sort of history painting, because whenever I try to make these historical paintings, that's when I choose a subject matter that isn't triumphant or huge. It's sort of a quiet, little moment that happens. But it is also really important in the long term, in the scheme of things. So this intern, it's basically a true story: they walked up the stairs to Warhol's townhouse with these old Mac computers and had to sit there and catalog every single one of his possessions for this giant auction that was going to happen. Every single item in the painting is from the Warhol auction. It isn't everything he owned, because he was a hoarder, but all of the objects that you'll find in the painting directly relate to lots in the auction. For me, what it's trying to illustrate is this: here we have this huge, major figure in the world, Andy Warhol, and he's passed away, and what are we left with? Just a room full of stuff, you know. And I think people oftentimes feel defined by the stuff around them, but you realize it's really just the stuff you leave behind. It's not that important at the end of the day. It's as much a portrait of Warhol as it is of the poor intern who's sitting there, like, petting Warhol's wig on a stand, and sort of hating life at the moment.

Graw: What interests me about this painting is that it shows all these objects that Warhol was in touch with. They are like relics, stand-ins, for the absent artist who has been in physical contact with them. And this turns banal items into holy objects that can get auctioned. People want a piece of Warhol by getting the Campbell's soup can or by getting maybe the fork that he used. This is a very old mechanism that already existed in premodern times with holy people and their relics. So it's like artists are fulfilling this role. Since it is also a painting about interns, we are reminded of how chronically underpaid they are in the art world. It is also a painting that points to the auction business and its dependence on cheap labor. This interior is again a closed room, an interior without relief. The atmosphere is slightly claustrophobic—maybe this applies to all of your paintings?

Bas: Yes, even if a window gets depicted, I usually have venetian blinds in front of it. That's a trope I use a lot in my paintings, and I like using it. We were talking about the Bloomsbury Group having its own interior world—I imagine Warhol's townhouse along the same lines. He just packed that home with every interest he ever had, whether it was carpets or Indian artifacts. It was packed to the gills. But the thing with Warhol that people don't realize is how much of a romantic he was. Some people feel his work is clinical and kind of cold, but when you really look at, say, the *Death and Disaster* series (1962–65)—and I looked at it a lot when I was making this body of work—it is actually quite emotional. I saw that great documentary on Warhol on Netflix, *The Andy Warhol Diaries*, that came out a while ago. The thing that stood out to me was the story about his painting of the logo of Paramount Studios (*Paramount 332*, 1985). I have looked at this painting a lot and always thought that it was of Warhol late in life, getting kind of boring. But then you realize that he was dating someone who had been nicknamed "Paramount" and was basically in the closet still. The whole painting now had another life for me. So there is all this interior life of Warhol that never gets discussed. And I think that my painting reflects the private world of Warhol that is not in the discussion all the time when it comes to his work.

Graw: When I watched the Warhol series on Netflix, I enjoyed it, on the one hand, because of its incredible footage. But I also wondered whether Warhol would have appreciated its intrusion into his private love life.

Bas: Warhol published his diaries, so he must have been okay with some people knowing.

Graw: But he was not so outspoken about his love life. Speaking of Warhol, I also noticed that there is a strong fascination in your work for the figure of the dandy. At times, the dandy is even mentioned in the title, as in *A Dying Dandy* (2004). We see a reclining figure that is dying next to another figure who seems to be mourning him. Is the dandy still a role model for you today?

Bas: I think it's still got potential. One aspect of the dandy that I always found interesting is the tragic nature behind this character. Let's compare Warhol to Oscar Wilde. When Warhol had his auction, there were people lined up around the block to go see the items. But when Oscar Wilde had his possessions taken away and auctioned, there was zero fanfare, like no one could care less. So I think that's sort of where we've come in terms of how we perceive the dandy nowadays. But even Warhol hid his sexuality for the most part. And for all of Warhol's dandyish persona, he was still very cautious about being public in any sense about that. So I think that the dandy is just a great character, that's the best way to put it. And I'm not done exploring that 100 percent yet. One of *The Conceptualists*, the guy with the "sea fan-fans" (*Conceptual Artist #26*), got the floral sort of dress or muumuu kind of outfit. I think he's the one real, true dandy in the series. So he still pops up occasionally, for sure.

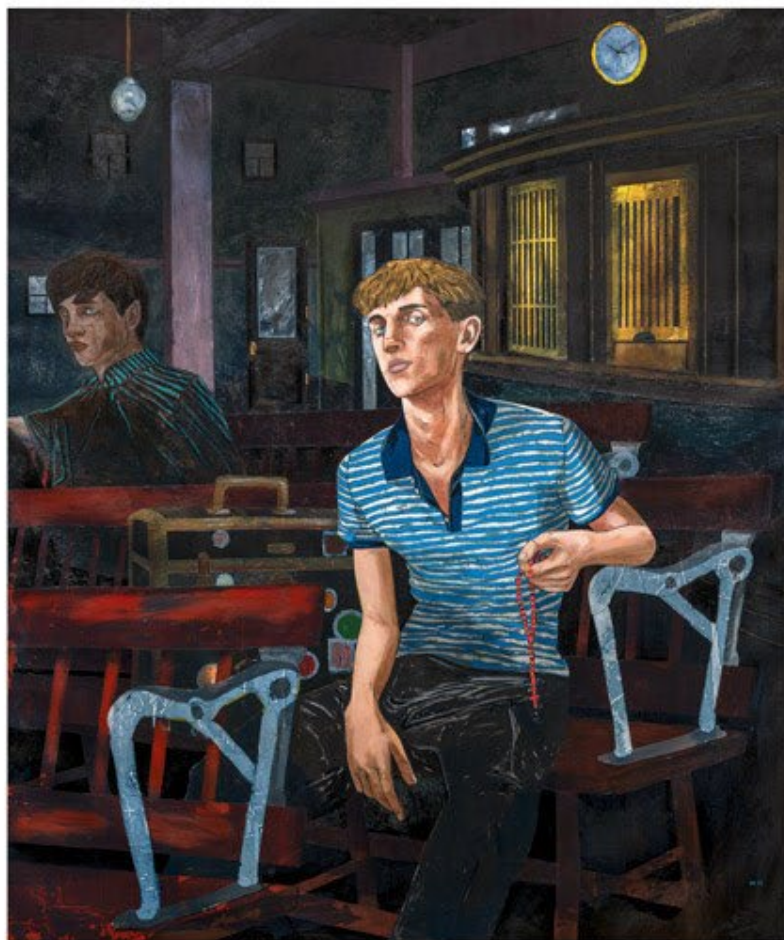
Graw: In my view, the model of the dandy is also rather dated. It doesn't have the same potential today as the queer dandy described by Huysmans in his novel *A rebours* (1884). Dandies are mostly male figures that transgress



CONCEPTUAL ARTIST #26
his coveted "sea-fan-fans" bring a calming ocean breeze to any interior



CONCEPTUAL ARTIST #27
his "snow devils" tinted with stage blood leave a conspicuous silhouette long after they're covered



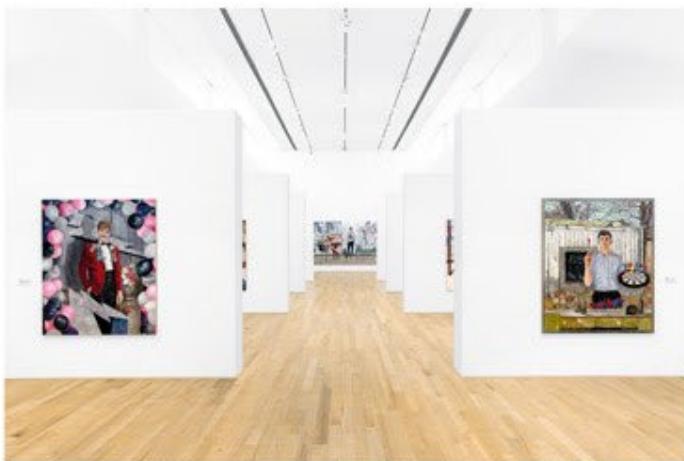
CONCEPTUAL ARTIST #14

a formerly sanctioned exorcist, he spends his weekends performing final rites
at poorly reviewed exhibitions



CONCEPTUAL ARTIST #15

performance-based, along with a troop of hired actors, he takes residence in "fixer upper"
homes and feigns nefarious occult activity to stir up the neighbors



Installation view, Hernan Bas: The Conceptualists, 2023, The Bass, Miami Beach

[5] Isabelle Graw, *The Love of Painting: Genealogy of a Success Medium* (Berlin: Sternberg Press, 2018), 51.

[6] To this point, Graw writes, "Painting, that is to say, doesn't stage mere subjectivity but, more importantly, brings out the bonds that tie that subjectivity to external constraints." See Graw, *The Love of Painting*, 53.

[7] Graw, *The Love of Painting*, 51.

[8] See "Not of this World: A Conversation between Hernan Bas and Isabelle Graw," in this volume.

[9] Hernan Bas: *The Conceptualists* was presented at The Bass, Miami Beach, from December 4, 2023, to May 5, 2024.

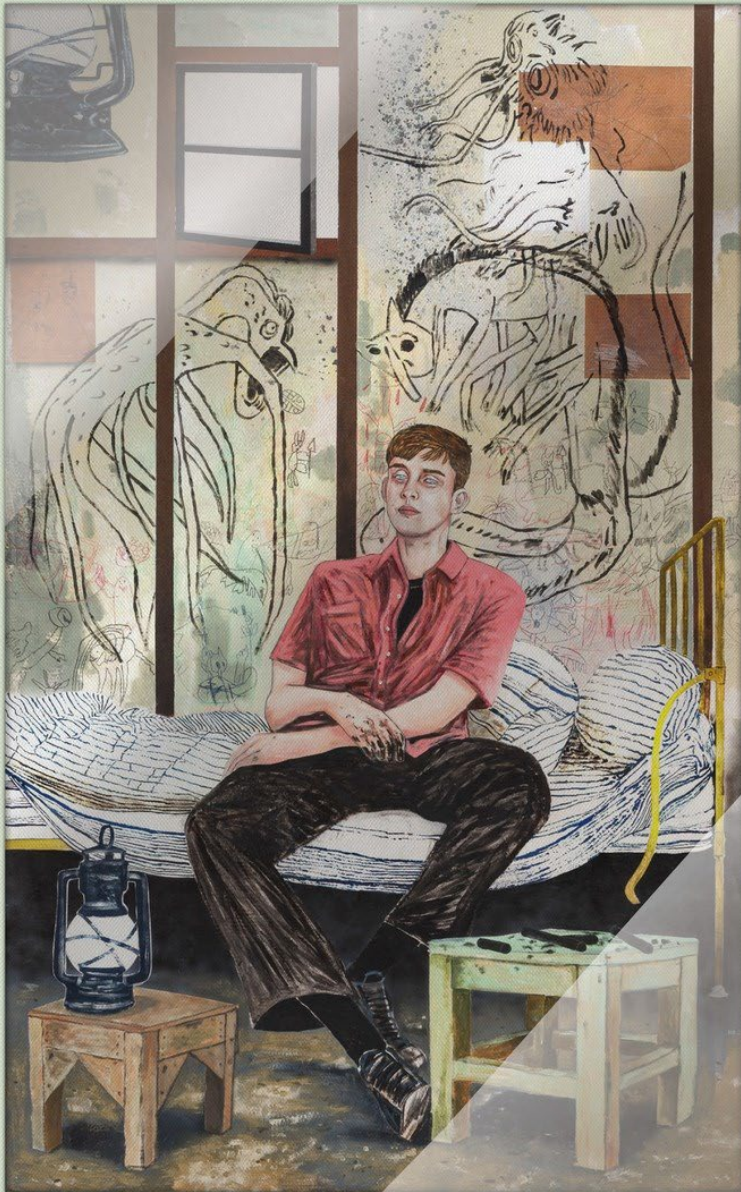
pictures."⁵ Graw would say that a vitality—an "aliveness"—exists in the sensation produced by certain painterly procedures, which, for viewers, becomes both an illusion and something concrete due to the very material status of a painting before them. These sensations in turn are projected onto the painting, which bonds our attention to the source of that sensation—the painter, and the inherent and underlying awareness of their personhood. In other words, painting has the potential to make a viewer the subject.⁶ And while we may not know whether the artist or their studio assistants are, in fact, responsible for the mark-making, that does not materially matter. We know that Bas, in this case, is the source of its genesis. So, while his subjects may not have names, the painter Hernan Bas is not far from the work. This, Graw would contend, is "why theories of painting are also theories of the painter."⁷

Personhood

The interest in personhood aligns with today's unprecedented access to and obsession with the private lives of others, which informs the continual visual scrutiny of images via social media. This excess, and potential for abuse, has dramatically changed the way we look, know, and engage with the world. Bas's series draws on this contemporary sensibility of relating to one another through a "same-but-different" feed of images. Seriality is now a comfortable, recognizable form for viewers. While looking at *The Conceptualists*, a viewer may easily imagine an Instagram account with an infinite scroll showing the day-to-day lives of any of these artists, each scene a fraction of the profile documenting the mundane moments of their "practice." Likewise, the overall series offers a voyeuristic peek into Bas's personhood—his life—since he has remarked that many of the conceptual artists overlap himself, including his interests in the occult, preference for storytelling, the paradoxical appeal and repulsion of conceptual art practices, and admiration for the materiality of artmaking.⁸

This contemporary cultural fixation on a serial structure—one thing after another—served as an advantage in the design of the exhibition *Hernan Bas: The Conceptualists*.⁹ Visitors found themselves walking down a central aisle flanked by booth-like galleries, recalling the indifferent, nondescript display spaces of an art fair, or on the other end of the career spectrum, the cramped quarters of the graduate art studio. In this exhibition design, the works inhabited the form of seriality where visitors were progressively introduced to the conceptual artists—booth by booth, one by one, alike but different. Viewers were drawn into Bas's crackling surfaces of worn wood, ink transfers of old newspapers, stenciled and pigmented puddles, glass beads and natural sands from an iridescent beach, marbled impastos and drop shadows, and even a childhood drawing from the early 1980s collaged to one canvas. This experience culminated in an altar-like terminus where the large-scale *Conceptual Artist #37 (he exclusively paints portraits of Conceptual Artists who have never existed)* was installed. By this point, viewers had experienced not only a visual composition referring to the artist and other artists' portraits but also a multitude of materials, technical applications, and their effects.

Here is where I want to explore the questions of personhood and the history of representation in painting in relation to Bas's work. *Conceptual Artist #37 (he exclusively paints portraits of Conceptual Artists who have never existed)* is the largest in the series—in fact, at nine-by-twenty-one feet, it is the largest painting Bas has made to date. The work depicts an artist, as Bas informs us,



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Queer aesthetics, Latinx influences, and conceptual art practices.

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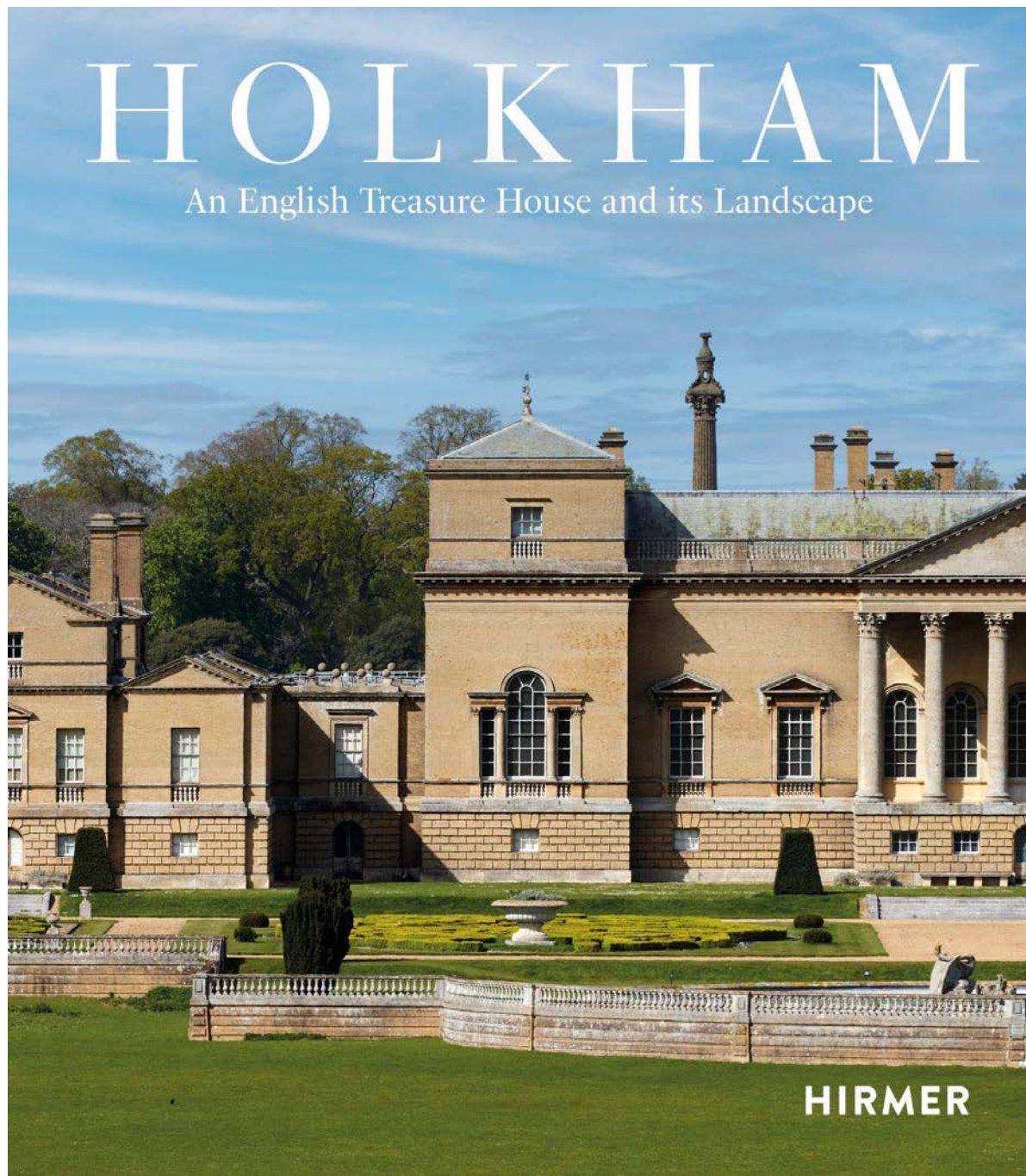
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HOLKHAM

An English Treasure House and its Landscape



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INTRODUCTION



Fig. 2. The Triumphal Arch, erected 1745–48, marks the southern entrance to Holkham Park and the beginning of the long approach to the Hall.



If there has ever been a place that deserves to be hailed as a treasure house, that place is Holkham. It is full of remarkable, even unique, treasures: the grand rooms and interiors contain the foremost private collection of ancient sculptures in Britain, there is a beautiful library full of rare books as well as illuminated manuscripts, there are exquisite paintings and old master drawings, and the superbly designed and richly decorated rooms with their classical ceilings and friezes and their original textile hangings and original furniture make a perfect setting for these works of art.

But this is not all. The works of art are contained within a building of extraordinary qualities. It is itself the centre piece of a much wider setting in a park, in a designed landscape that forms the core of a vast estate. That whole landscape is shaped and used for agriculture and forestry and gamekeeping, but also for sport and pleasure. As if that were not enough, this man-made landscape, populated by sheep, deer and pheasants, interacts directly with the immediately adjoining marshlands and wide sandy beaches of the North Sea with their teeming wildlife.

Within this unique complex of landscape, architecture and works of art, all elements are designed to interact with each other – they form one harmonious entity. Although many artists and craftsmen were involved in the creation of

this ensemble, a single man was the driving force and guiding spirit who conceived the whole huge complex and made it happen over a period of roughly four decades. This man was Thomas Coke (1697–1759). In his creation of Holkham he was inspired by two ambitions. One source was his love and admiration for ancient Rome, its culture, architecture and art. Ancient Rome was the ideal that he aimed to emulate and recreate in the Norfolk countryside. His other driving force was a more worldly ambition. The ensemble was conceived to be the seat of a noble dynasty, and Mr Coke did not rest until he had gained the earldom that he felt was due to him. Both ambitions did of course go hand in hand: at the time, creating a great country seat was a very usual entry ticket to membership of the House of Lords.

Because of his central rôle in the creation of the place we know today, this book focuses on Thomas Coke and his achievements. Therefore the first chapter is dedicated to this man as a person. We look at his family background and his formative years, which included a truly Grand Tour on the Continent: nearly six years of travelling, first in France and then in Italy bringing him into intensive contact with contemporary culture and art, and a phase during which he bought many of the treasures that adorn Holkham today.

To understand what Holkham is about, one needs to understand the personality, qualities and ambitions of its creator – a highly gifted man, erudite and creative as well as ambitious. Characterised by his contemporaries as a patron both of the arts and of cockfighting, he was also passionate and impulsive, capable of stout friendship yet also engendering strong dislike, for instance from Horace Walpole, who misjudged him as ‘a very cunning man but not a deep one.’⁶



Fig 3-2. Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington (1694–1753). *Painting at Chisworth House by George Kneller, 1743.* 1/4

stairs where there are now niches for statuary. Even the long centre room offers only four niches for sculptures in the apses. At some later stage, however, someone pencilled in six more niches along the room's interior long wall in the places where they are now – a detail indicating that this plan was at some point used to illustrate what changes needed to be made.

In view of the fact that Thomas Coke had bought a large number of valuable manuscripts and books on his Grand Tour, he would obviously need a library in his house. The most likely room for this in Holkham I would be one on the north side between the Gallery and the entrance hall, later to become the State Dining Room. Unusually this room has no false doors mirroring the real ones for symmetry; might this indicate that the walls would have been covered by bookshelves and presses?

The mezzanine storey deserves a closer look. Its layout is planned and drawn in remarkable detail. The outlines of



Fig 3-3. William Kent (1685–1748). *Portrait by William Adelman, c. 1720.* 1/4

beds show that there were to be eight apartments, mostly consisting of a bedchamber and a dressing room each; the two bedrooms in the western towers would have shared the long room above the Gallery, perhaps as a kind of sitting room. Clearly these rooms were meant for family members and guests. They would have been far too large and too grand for servants, who would have been housed on the ground floor or in the adjoining buildings that the house would have needed anyway.

The interior arrangements in these plans seem plausible enough; it is only at a second glance that one doubts whether they would really have worked. Access would have been a problem. Four staircases lead up to the mezzanine: two narrow circular stairs accessible from the octagonal end rooms of the Gallery, the backstairs servicing the two grand apartments on the main floor, and a queerly shaped triangular staircase in a corner behind the Hall apse. None of them would have been acceptable for a gentleman or a lady, as they



Fig 3-4. Matthew Brettingham (1699–1760), Thomas Coke's amanuensis and executive architect. The portrait shows him holding an elevation of the Triumphal Arch, which was in fact designed mostly by William Kent. *Portrait by John Theodore Hens, 1740.* 1/4

would have meant squeezing along narrow and dark spaces. In particular, the access spaces so confidently drawn around the Hall on the mezzanine level seem ludicrously unrealistic if one knows the reality up there: where Brettingham has drawn a nice clean (though dark) corridor encircling the Hall, there is in fact a rather confusing space containing the muddled shell of the cassetted ceiling (figs 3.61 and 3.70).

Other problems can be spotted on the main floor. The lack of service access would have made daily life difficult: for example, footmen would have had to rub shoulders with the gentry on their way to serving food in the dining room between the Hall and the Gallery. It should also be noted that the existence of a mezzanine floor would impact on the octagonal end rooms of the Gallery: there would have been no space for the high vaulted ceilings that make them so impressive today (fig. 3.19).

To sum up: the Holkham I designs are the earliest documented step on the way to the building that we now know. It



Fig 3-5. Margaret, Countess of Leicester (1700–1775), who completed the building of the house and its interior decoration after her husband's death. 1/4

is in the nature of the design process for a large and complex house that there must have been earlier, tentative steps leading up to these fair drawn plans – a range of alternative ideas that were considered and largely rejected, but which gradually focused on one avenue. They document a stage that must have seemed pretty definite at the time, and yet they contain quite a few imperfections.

But before we turn to the next phase in Holkham's development we should look at the context of Holkham I. Who were the people involved with the planning at this stage in the early and mid 1720s, and what were their backgrounds? What may have been their contributions? The drawings themselves were made by Matthew Brettingham (1699–1769), Thomas Coke's architectural amanuensis for the next few decades (fig. 3.4). The young Norwich bricklayer was a competent draughtsman who would later develop into a moderately successful builder of great houses, but it seems fair to say that he never had an original architectural idea in

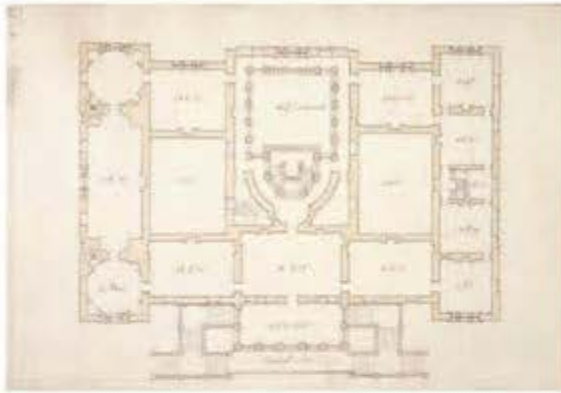


Fig 3-6. Holkham I (Q726), plan of the main floor. In the first designs, the house was planned without pavilions. The hall is already well developed, even if the gallery does not yet have much space for sculptures (although six niches are pencilled into its eastern wall). Note the two symmetrical apartments in the eastern (right-hand) part of the house. Drawn by Matthew Bretingham 1/2.

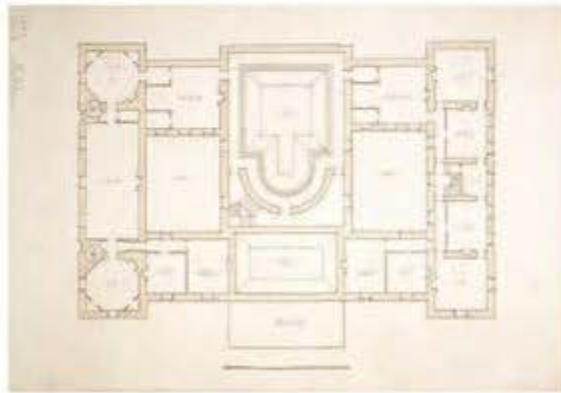


Fig 3-7. Holkham I (Q726), plan of the 'stock' or mezzanine floor, containing eight bedrooms and their dressing rooms, presumably for family members and visitors. Drawn by Matthew Bretingham 1/2.



Fig 3-8. Holkham I (Q726), south elevation, with stairs to the portico (an alternative version without stairs is also part of the set of drawings). Apart from the windows of the mezzanine storey, the elevation conforms to that of the executed building. Drawn by Matthew Bretingham 1/2.

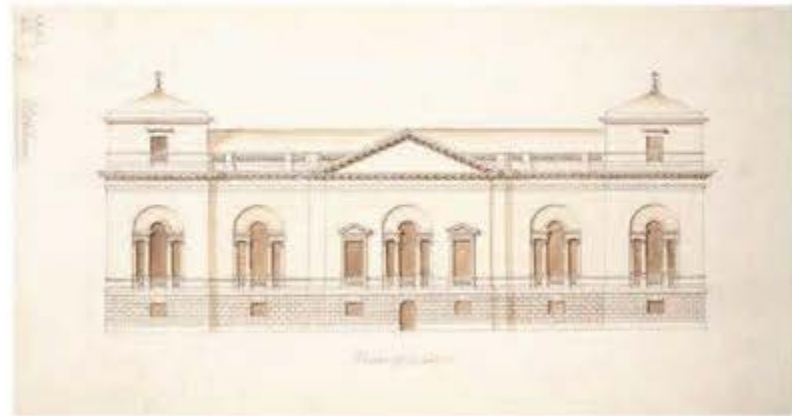
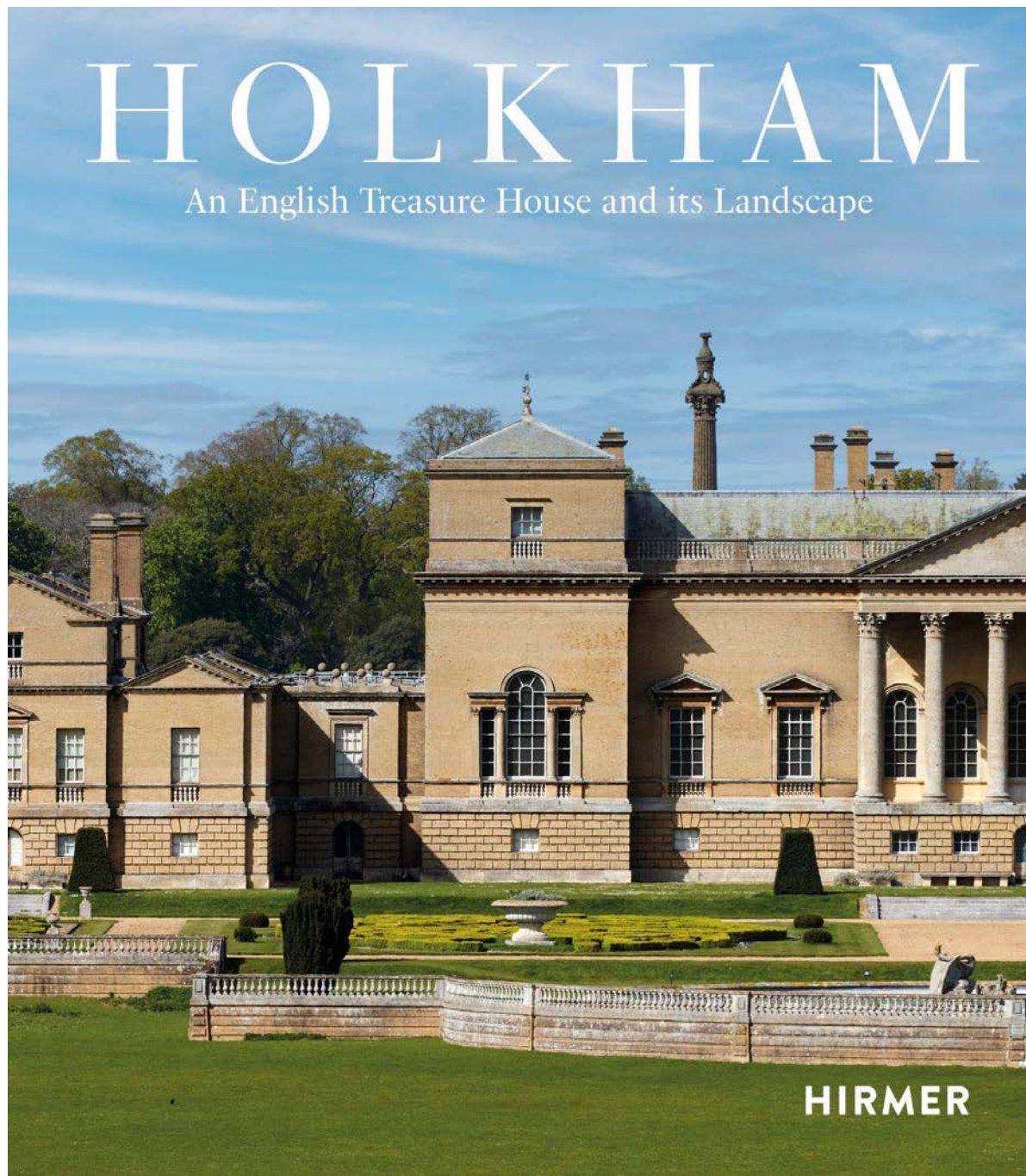


Fig 3-9. Holkham I (Q726), north elevation. Note the very small entrance door. The elevation conforms to that of the executed building. Drawn by Matthew Bretingham 1/2.



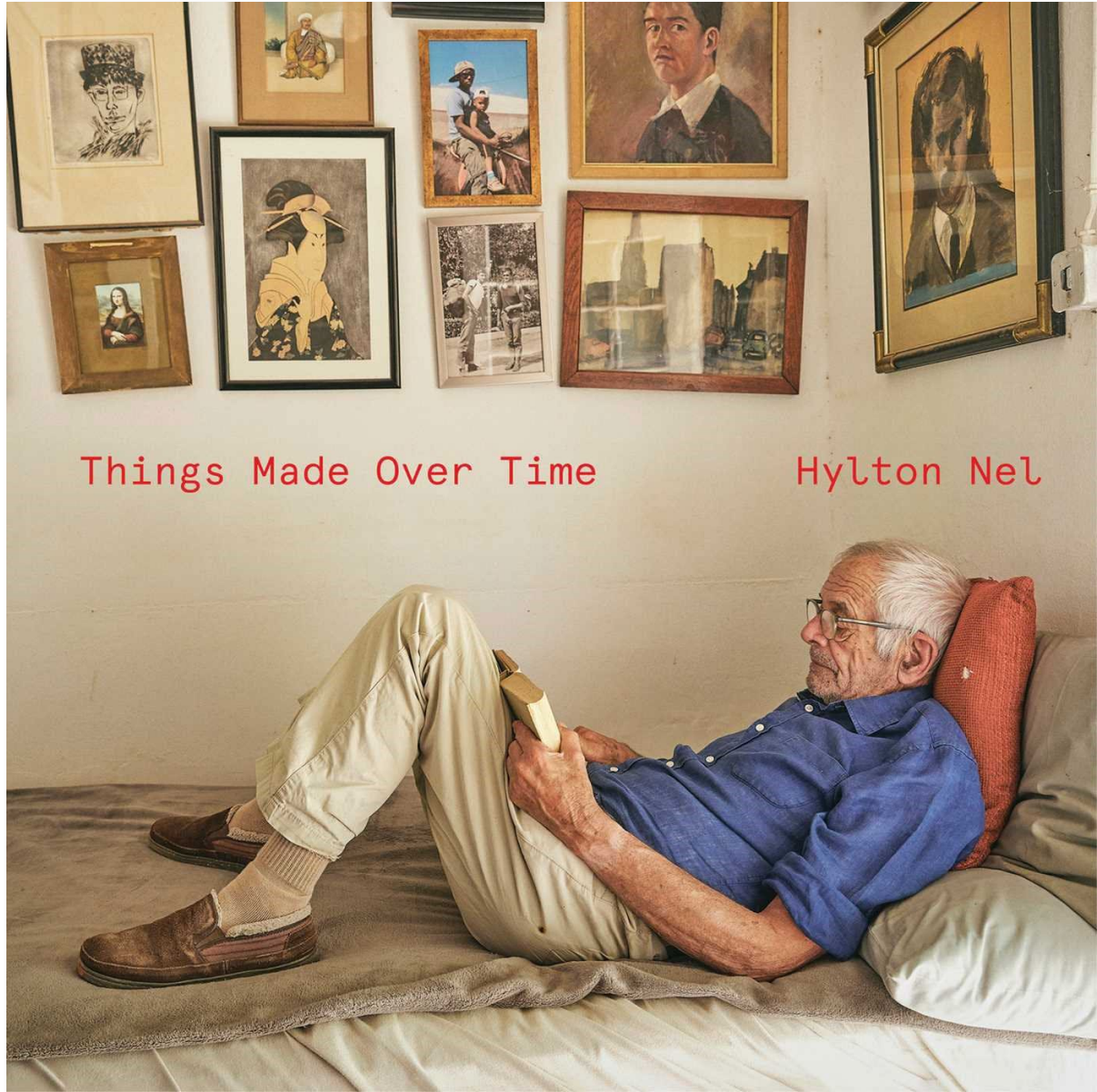


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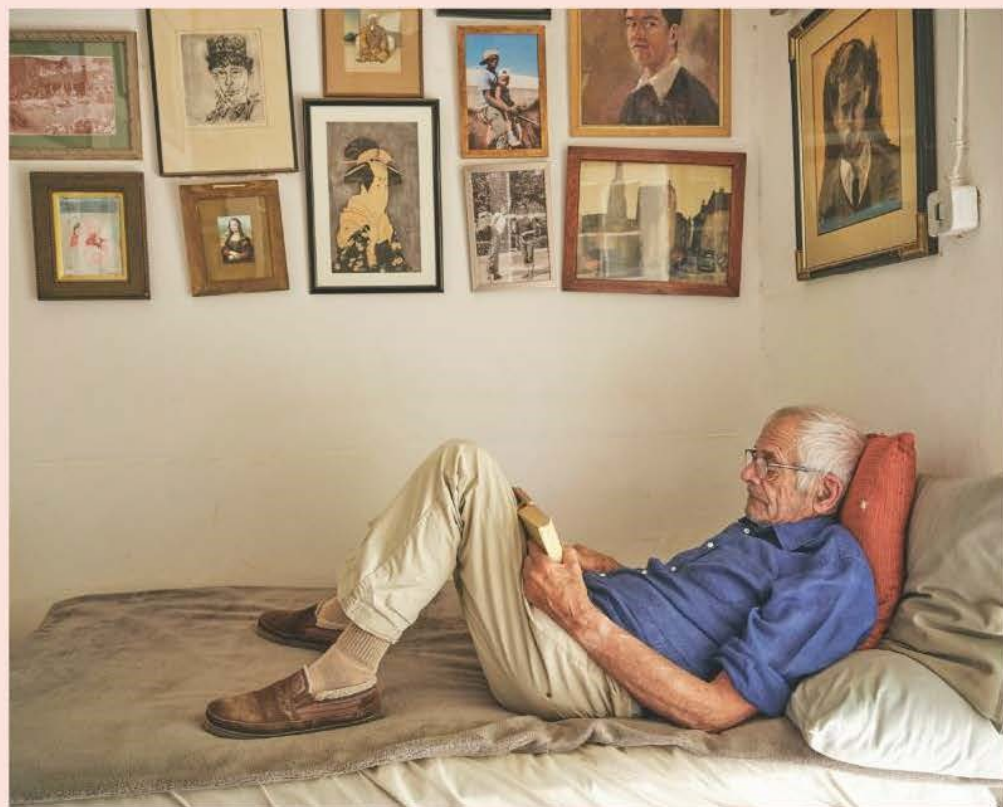
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Things Made Over Time

Hylton Nel

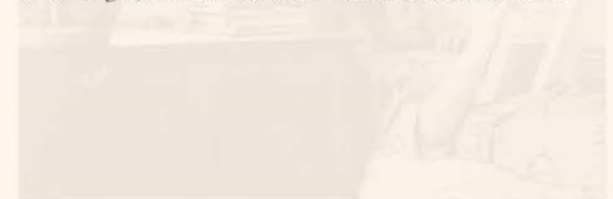
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When you look at the variety of things I've made over time, sometimes they are made around the same time but look very different from one another; other things are separated by time but look very similar. As far as I am concerned they are the same, but in fact there are variations and changes. Things are 'of a time', there are flows, and sometimes they shift abruptly. I only see them clearly after a while, because at the time of making you're sort of in the middle of it. Time gives it distance. After a long time I can look at my things and think, that's nice, but in the moment of making it, one is too close. You need time to see them.

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Small, dark, abstract sculpture, possibly a head or a face, resting on a light-colored surface.

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**HYLTON NEL
IN HIS OWN WORDS**



9 May 2024



30 May 2024



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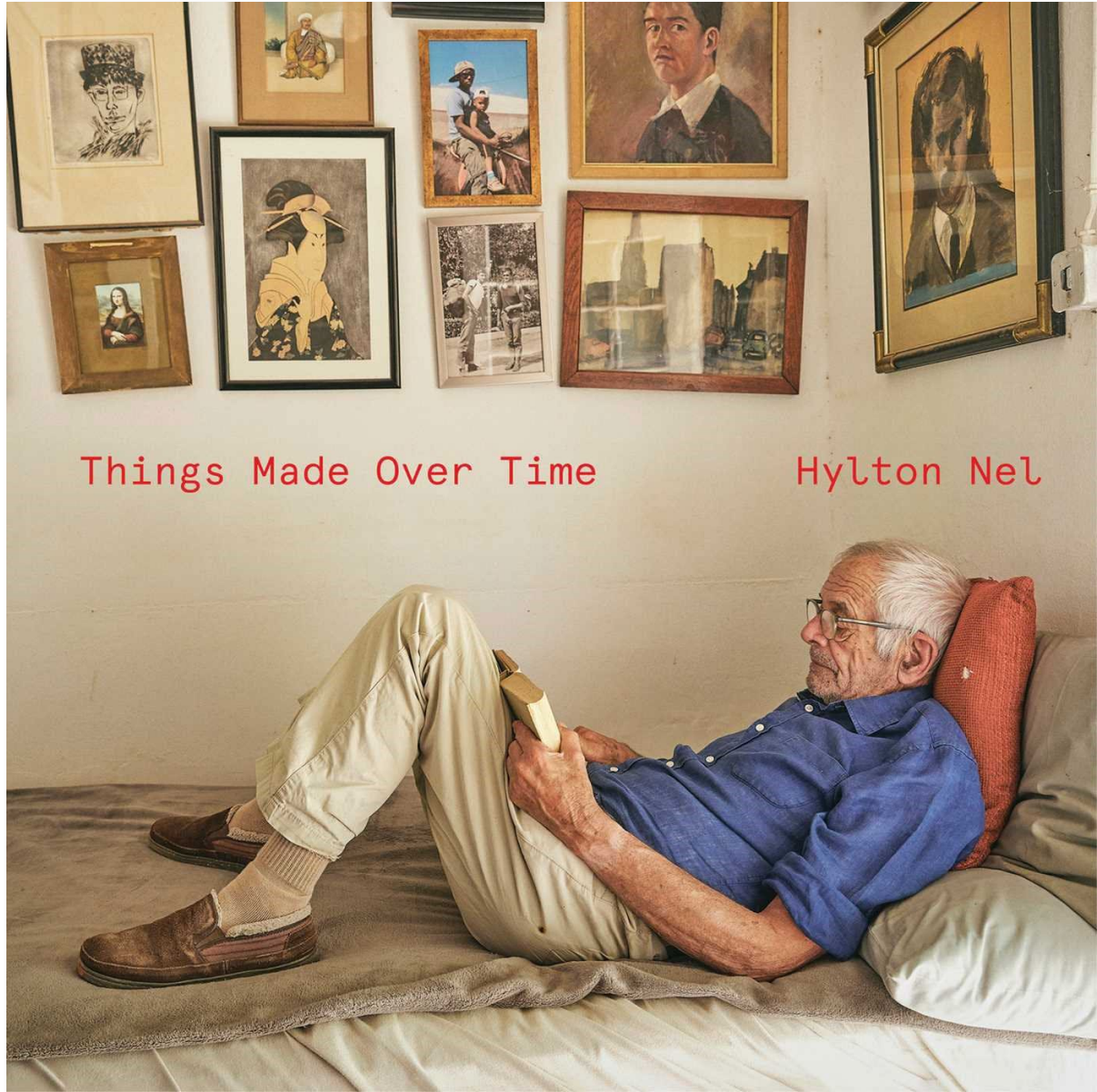
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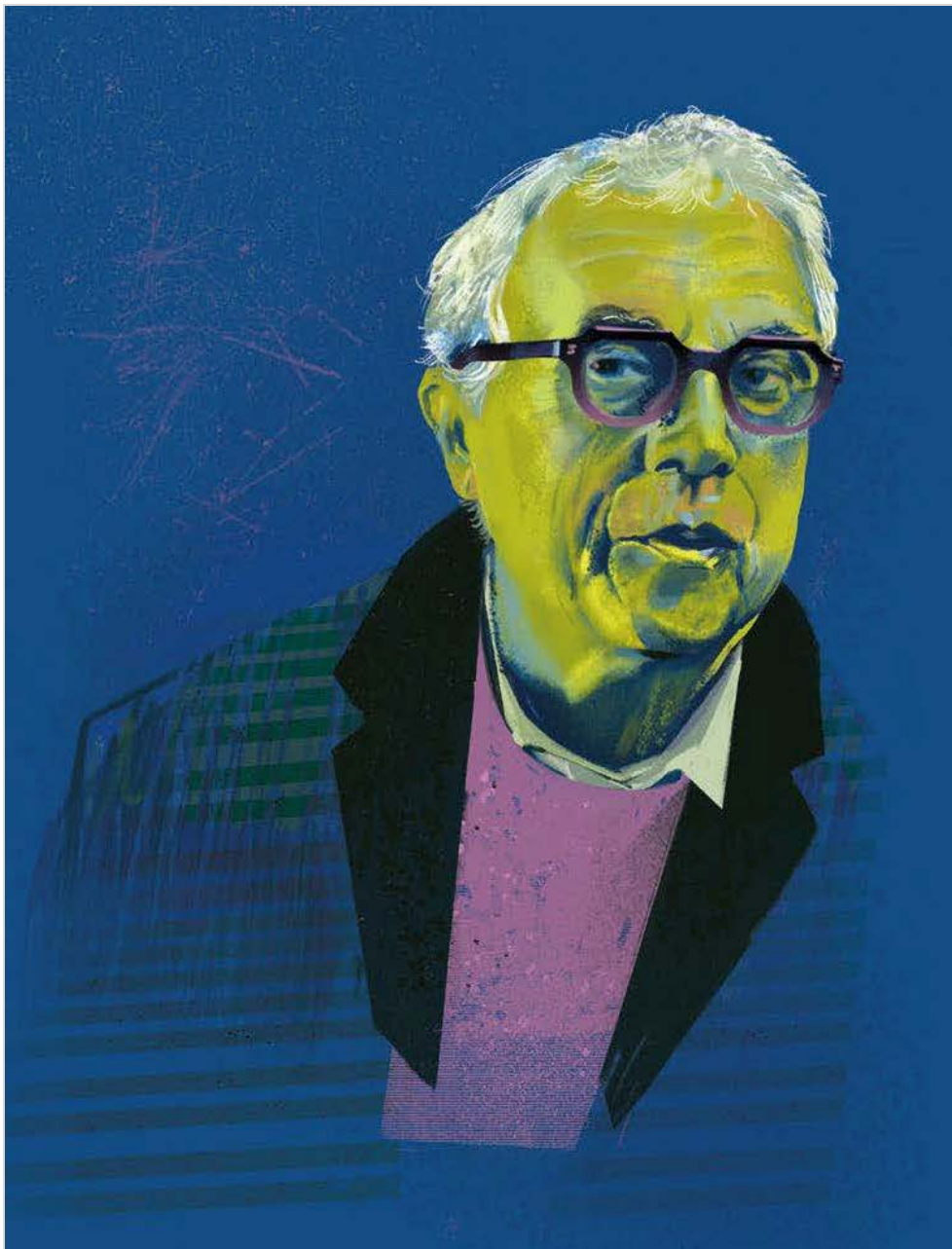
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Intervista

STEFANO BOERI

STEFANO BOERI ARCHITETTI

Parlando di Porta Nuova, credo si possa concordare sul fatto che le architetture rimaste maggiormente impresse nella memoria collettiva siano piazza Gae Aulenti e il Bosco Verticale: un vuoto e un elemento verticale. Quali sono le tue considerazioni al riguardo?

Credo che la ragione sia da ricercare nel fatto che si tratta di due elementi di discontinuità, naturalmente pertinenti a quel contesto. Piazza Gae Aulenti rappresenta un'eccezione di grande interesse da un punto di vista insediativo, forse prima ancora che da un punto di vista architettonico: essa costituisce infatti uno spazio di aggregazione collettiva in altezza, e non esiste a Milano un'altra piazza che abbia una quota di calpestio tanto diversa dalla quota della città in cui si trova. Anche nel Bosco Verticale la discontinuità è percepita come originalità. Il fascino popolare di questa architettura credo risieda nell'essere un riflesso dei tempi e il manifesto di un'opinione pubblica orientata sempre di più a una maggiore presenza del verde nelle città.

Sempre rimanendo in tema di opinione pubblica, nell'immaginario collettivo è ben salda l'idea che le architetture siano il frutto di colpi di genio, di un'intuizione del primo momento. Anche dietro il progetto del Bosco Verticale c'è un'ispirazione nata improvvisamente oppure si tratta di una storia più lenta e complessa?

Credo che nel nostro mestiere sia più importante lavorare sulle ossessioni piuttosto che sulle ispirazioni o sulle intuizioni. Le ossessioni sono correnti costanti e profonde, è difficile interpretarle ma è necessario conoscerle. Parlo sia di ossessioni private sia di ossessioni professionali, legate al modo di guardare il mondo e di intervenire come architetto e progettista. Fin da bambino ho sempre avuto un'ossessione per gli alberi, non per il verde in sé e neppure per la natura. Gli alberi sono un popolo di individui straordinari, coinvolti comunque in dinamiche familiari, ma ognuno con una propria individualità, una propria traiettoria





di crescita, e un modo singolare di relazionarsi con gli elementi che lo circondano. Ho sempre desiderato realizzare un'architettura in cui gli alberi acquistassero dignità di abitanti. E, in questo senso, riprendendo anche i progetti e le opere di architetti e artisti come Friedrichs, Hundertwasser, Joseph Beuys e James Wines, ho cominciato ventisei anni fa a proporre degli interventi di forestazione urbana con il progetto di Milano Bosco al Milano, poi evoluto in Romoland. Solo nel 2007 sono riuscito a realizzare l'idea del Bosco Verticale, quando Manfredi, Cattella e Gerald Hines hanno avuto il coraggio e l'irraggiungibile di dare l'opportunità. Ricordo ancora che ai tempi insegnavo a Harvard e avevo portato i ragazzi della Graduate School of Architecture a Dubai. L'idea di torri biologiche, coperte di piante e foglie, mi venne in mente proprio mentre osservavo la follia di una città che stava crescendo con decine di grattacieli di vetro, specchiando ed energivori, nell'aridità del deserto.

Secondo te qual è stato il ruolo del Bosco Verticale all'interno del master plan di Porta Nuova? Ne è stato l'acceleratore oppure ha suggerito degli stimoli per altri progetti, come quello della Biblioteca degli Alberi?

Per rispondere correttamente, bisogna ripercorrere la storia fin dagli inizi. Io credo che il primo merito sia da attribuirsi a Pierluigi Nicolini e a Luigi Maria, due grandi innovatori nel campo della pianificazione. Proprio Nicolini aveva pensato a quello che ritengo uno dei progetti più interessanti nella recente storia urbanistica di Milano: Nove parchi per Milano. L'idea originale era di costruire dei parchi in aree vuote o in corso di dismissione e, attorno a essi, le risorse del mondo immobiliare avrebbero potuto realizzare un sistema di residenze e di servizi coordinati da un piano attuativo. Come ben sappiamo, l'idea non riuscì pienamente a decollare ma il concetto per Porta Nuova del 2004 aveva come elemento imprescindibile la centralità del parco. Fu la mia prima esperienza come presidente di giuria per un progetto di tale importanza e vidi molte proposte interessanti: possiamo dire che il masterplan Porta Nuova nasce proprio con il progetto di Petra Blaisse, vincitore del concorso per il Parco centrale. E da questo trae anche il suo valore: quello di Porta Nuova è un intervento urbanistico di grande intelligenza che, a partire da uno spazio pubblico posto al centro di un insediamento, ha sviluppato il progetto di un perimetro di edifici e architetture solide anche perché realizzate da un unico operatore immobiliare. Per quel che riguarda il Bosco Verticale, rappresenta naturalmente che il parco vero, cioè la Biblioteca

degli Alberi, venne realizzato parecchi anni dopo la nostra architettura verde, ma è innegabile che ci siano stati dialoghi tra questi due elementi: un parco pensato per essere un grande giardino botanico si sposava molto bene con un edificio pensato a sua volta per essere un grande giardino botanico verticale, che portava gli alberi nel cielo di Milano.

Visto che hai delineato un percorso in termini filologici, vorrei ricordare come negli anni ottanta siano stati elaborati molti grandi progetti per quest'area che hanno coinvolto tutti i nomi più importanti del grande professionismo milanese, da Vittorio Gregotti ad Aldo Rossi. Purtroppo, nessuno di questi progetti è mai stato portato a compimento e mi sono sempre chiesto se ciò fosse dovuto alle circostanze politiche poco mature o a un grado di astrazione troppo forte per una realizzazione effettiva.

Senza dubbio la ragione è da ricercarsi in entrambe le motivazioni. È stato Manfredi Cattella con COIMA, allora Hines, a dare inizio all'operazione immobiliare, quando ha acquistato le ventisei proprietà dell'area e ha condiviso l'idea del Comune di Milano di un parco pubblico come elemento centrale. Prima del suo intervento, non c'erano le condizioni necessarie. Il altrettanto vero che non c'era neanche un'idea chiara di cosa si volesse realizzare, né si aveva ben presente una valutazione e conoscenza dello sviluppo immobiliare previsto.

Quest'ultimo è chiaramente un punto delicato ed era anche al centro delle controversie che questo progetto ha inevitabilmente portato con sé insieme alla grande novità. C'è sempre una fetta dell'opinione pubblica che guarda con sospetto ciò che tocca il piano dell'economia.

L'ho vissuto personalmente quando ho lavorato come progettista dialogando sia con alcune delle realtà del quartiere Isola, sia con Manfredi Cattella e con il Comune (in particolare con l'assessore Carlo Mancusi). Non è stato semplice convincere tutti a realizzare un edificio così inaspettabilmente diverso dagli altri e, allo stesso modo, non è stato facile convincerli a intervenire su uno spazio – quello della Stecca degli Artigiani e degli Artisti – che, per quanto fosse degradato e disusato, era comunque un pezzo della storia recente di Milano. Alla fine, dopo molte e volte difficili negoziazioni, abbiamo condiviso con il Comune, con una parte degli occupanti della Stecca con Hines l'impegno a realizzare una nuova "Stecca" entro il nuovo parco: un impegno poi realizzato, che ha confermato la reciproca fiducia tra una parte importante della comunità degli artigiani e degli artisti, il Comune, i progettisti e la realtà immobiliare.

Mi è capitato recentemente di fare un lavoro di ricerca su un nostro comune amico, Gabriele Basilico. Appena laureato, tra il 1970 e il 1975, aveva cominciato a scattare delle foto, molte delle quali avevano come soggetto l'area di Porta Nuova con i suoi abitanti, allora il sottoproletariato urbano. Se si osservano, ignorandone l'autore e il soggetto, è difficile capire in quale parte del mondo siano state scattate. Ci si rende, dunque, conto di quanto l'idealizzazione del passato in realtà nasconde un mondo altrettanto diseguale e altrettanto povero e si potrebbe dire che l'area di Porta Nuova fosse una periferia nel centro della città.

Era, d'altronde, un'area rinata e talmente abbandonata a se stessa fin dalla Seconda guerra mondiale, una sorta di vuoto nella memoria. In questa zona bruta e negletta la Stecca degli Artigiani diventava un ruolo affascinante, perché ne era una sorta di fuoricanto importante, perché, come dice Basilico, era come un grande teatro, come un grande teatro di strada, come un grande teatro di strada. E poi, a Milano, di un mondo importante di giovani artisti. Basilico perché aveva questa grande capacità di sviluppare un pensiero visivo, unico al mondo, e Donatelli perché aveva appena scritto *Il volto delle aspettative*, un libro che osservava Milano da un punto di vista nuovo e interessante. Lavorare insieme è stato un momento bello e importante, anche se non privo di difficoltà.

Mi sembra che la presenza degli alberi, la necessità di un respiro ambientale dell'architettura costituiscano un'idea riproposta oggi, a vent'anni di distanza, in maniera forte, forse inaspettata, con la grande occasione delle aree ferroviarie dismesse.

Penso che l'occasione per interventi di sia ancora, anche se io sono in un'area di molto diverso. Penso che ci potremmo mantenere le stesse aspettative volumetriche, ma immaginando un sistema di edifici alti ai bordi delle aree ferroviarie (una sorta di corona di edifici alti e verdi) e un sistema continuo e non frammentato di grandi aree verdi naturali all'interno, senza penalizzare quell'equilibrio tra energie economiche e interessi pubblici che dovrebbe essere la chiave di qualsiasi trasformazione urbana. Lo avevo chiamato *Primo Verde*, proprio perché avrebbe dovuto essere una sorta di lungo nastro verde che collegava lo Scalo Pavesi, Porta Nuova, Porta Romana e Roggero attraverso le forze del biado. Penso che Milano ne avrebbe giovato enormemente e ne avrebbero anche guadagnato dal punto di vista del valore immobiliare le aree



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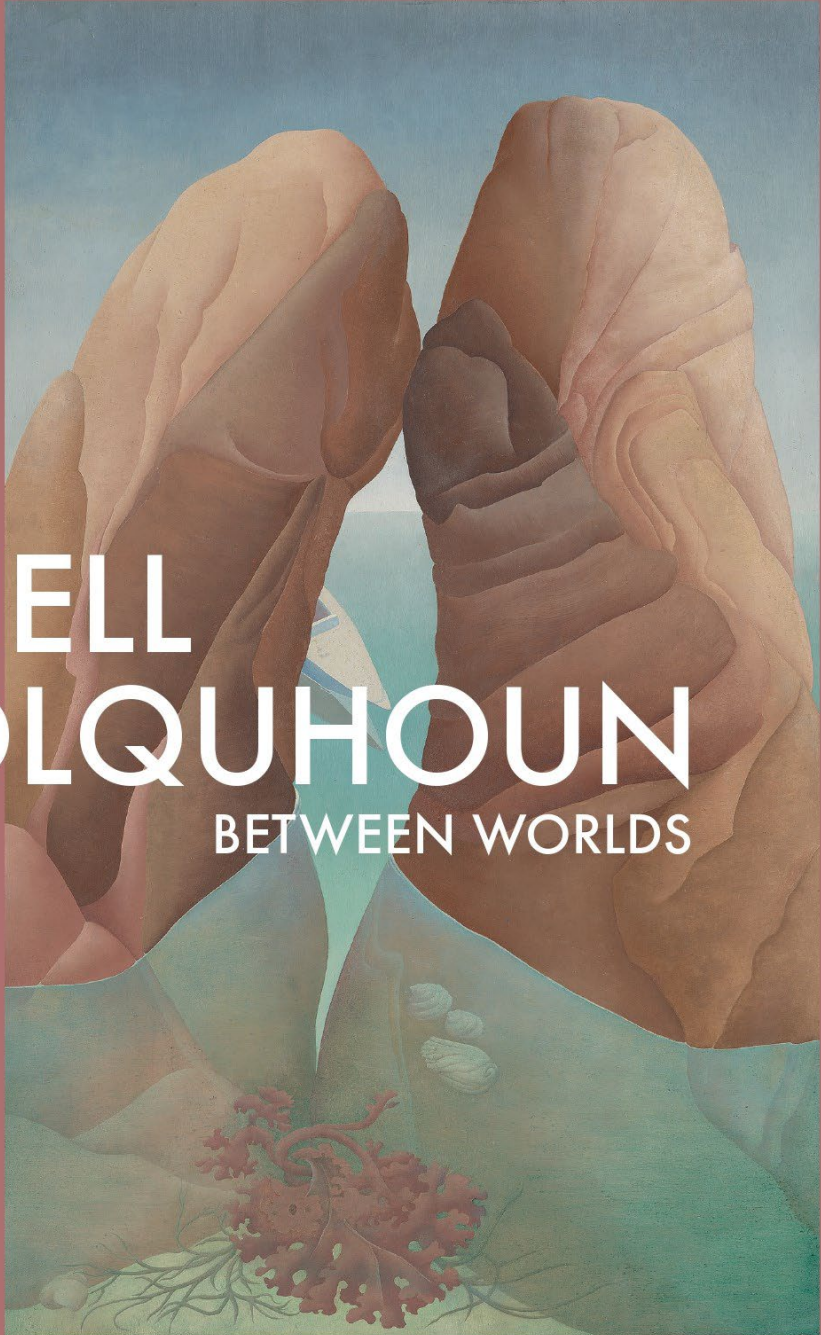
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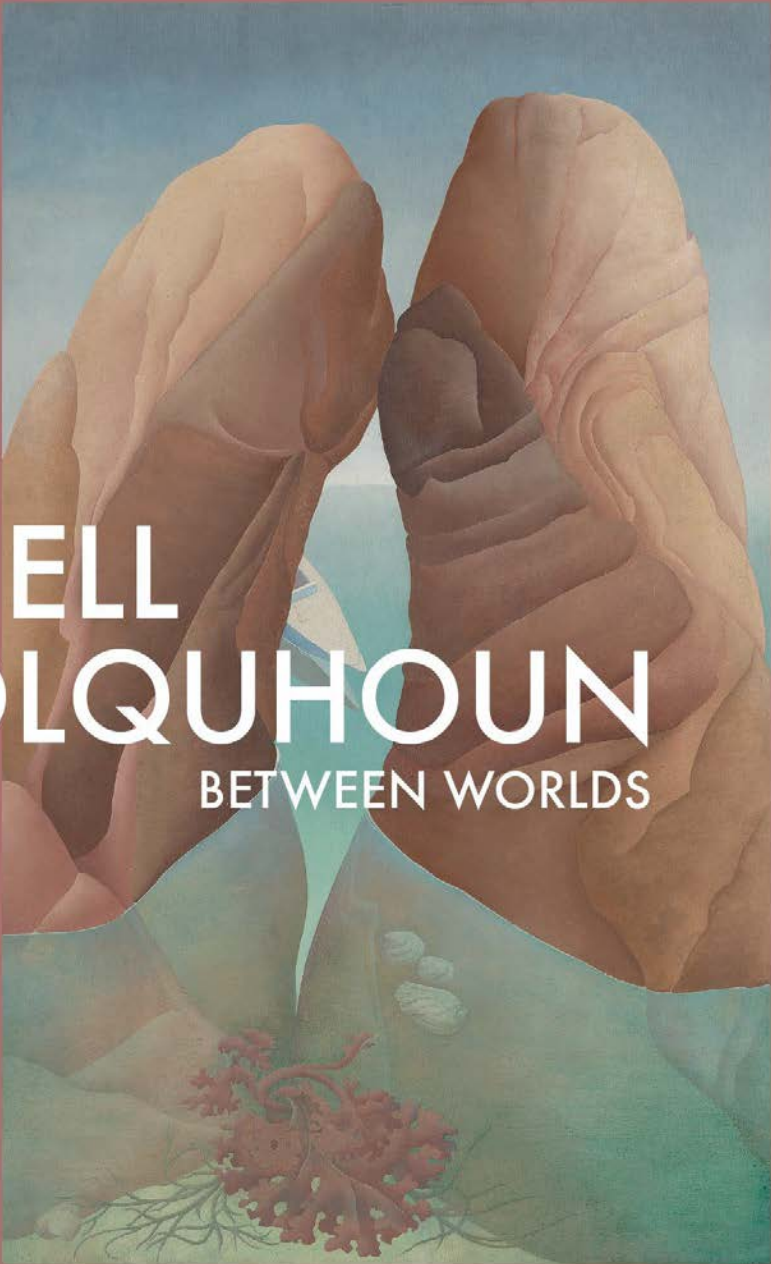
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ITHELL COLQUHOUN

BETWEEN WORLDS

TATE



ITHELL COLQUHOUN

BETWEEN WORLDS

Ithell Colquhoun: Between Worlds

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Photographs of Ithell Colquhoun demonstrating automatic drawing techniques in 'Eye of the Artist: Fantastic Art', BBC, 1948

THE ENERGETIC LINE: THE DRAWINGS AND WORKS ON PAPER OF ITHELL COLQUHOUN

Jacqui McIntosh

ARTISTIC IDENTITY AND PROCESS

Nestled in the BBC TV schedule for Monday 16 August 1948 between the light entertainment Latin music show *Cafe of Song and Dance* and the *Ten O'Clock News* sat an eclectic, one-off arts show, *Eye of the Artist: Fantastic Art*. Broadcast live from Alexandra Palace, and featuring demonstrations from artists Ithell Colquhoun and Eileen Agar alongside contributions from K.L.S., Mesens, Roland Penrose and others, the programme was billed as an introduction to surrealism, showing 'some of the extravagances of which art is capable'.¹ While TV audiences in 1948 were small, Colquhoun's demonstrations of automatic drawing and painting processes – by way of a bowl of water, candle, paints, paper and powdered graphite and charcoal – may well have been the first time that British viewers were exposed to the 'pure psychic automatism' of surrealism in action.² Showing some of her artworks as examples, Colquhoun would explain how they were made by 'making a stain by chance, or automatically as we say, and then looking into it to see what exciting shapes it suggests to our imagination'.³

A passionate advocate for automatism – the making of a line or mark without conscious control – Colquhoun's script for the programme would form the basis of her 1949 essay 'The Mantic Stain' (re-developed and published as 'Children of the Mantic Stain' in 1951). Colquhoun's essay, which she claimed was the first account in English of surrealist automatic processes, championed

automatism as an accessible method useful to anyone who found it difficult to begin an artwork. It also placed her firmly within a history of British and European surrealism – one which she felt entitled to be part of but from which, since her split with the British surrealists in 1940, she had been excluded.

Colquhoun's demonstration of an art accessible to all was in sharp contrast to her training at the Slade School of Fine Art twenty years earlier (1927–31).⁴ The ensuing period, between the early 1930s and the end of the 1940s, was a time of extraordinary development for her as an artist, as she moved from a practice rooted in figuration and the 'Truth to Nature' advocated by her academic training at the Slade to one which, by the mid-to late 1940s, fully embraced automatism. While she was intensely committed to developing as a painter, the medium of drawing and working on paper was central to her artistic practice. For Colquhoun, these were not only preparatory tools, but a means of recording ideas and experiences, with the page a site of experiment and, through the creation of finished artworks, an end in itself.

At the Slade, Colquhoun studied under Professor Henry Tonks, whose focus on the importance of observational drawing, anatomy and the life class defined the school's ethos at the time. Her life drawings, many of which have survived in sketchbooks and on loose papers, show her developing skill as a draughtsperson and mastering of

THE HAG AND THE RESTLESS CHILD

Linder

46

The restless child who
cries out to the teacher, 'What shall I do?';

the inhibited patient who gazes with
equal blankness at the paper before him
and the art therapist's face:

indeed, all who find the actual
beginning of a work of art
a difficulty, may be assisted
by automatism.

ARTISTIC IDENTITY AND PROCESS

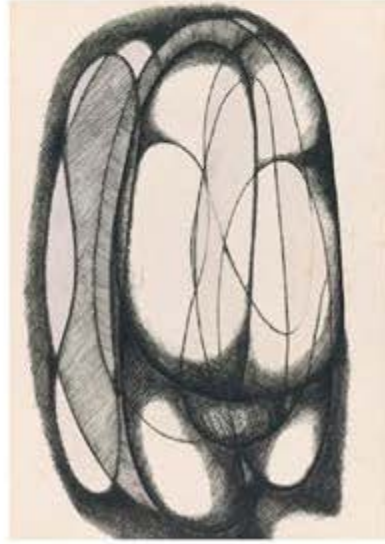
So begins 'Children of the Mantic Stain', an essay written by Ithell Colquhoun that has been my creative pole star for the last decade – even though she published it in 1951, three years before I was born. I allow myself the conceit that Colquhoun wrote her essay specifically for my generation, preparing a primer so that she could tutor we restless children and introduce us to her mantic vision of the universe – the term 'mantic' relating to divination and prophecy, with a touch of divine madness thrown in for good measure.

Over the years I have followed the path blazed by Colquhoun. Feeling her encouragement from beyond the grave, I picked up paints and let them spill mantically over the pages of 1980s naturist magazines that I'd found in a second-hand bookshop in Penzance, yards from the gallery where Colquhoun had her final solo show in 1981. In 2014 I had the very good fortune to acquire a painting by Colquhoun created using automatic techniques, *Woman of Boare* 1950. An art dealer in St Ives told me after I obtained the painting that Colquhoun was 'away with the fairies', and perhaps that much is true, for she embedded her work in Celtic myth and legend. I was familiar with the myth of this particular Irish goddess – a *Caileach* or 'Hag' – from Colquhoun's descriptions in her 1955 travelogue of Ireland, *The Crying of the Wind: Ireland*.

Woman of Boare 1950
Oil paint on canvas
13.3 x 20



47



66

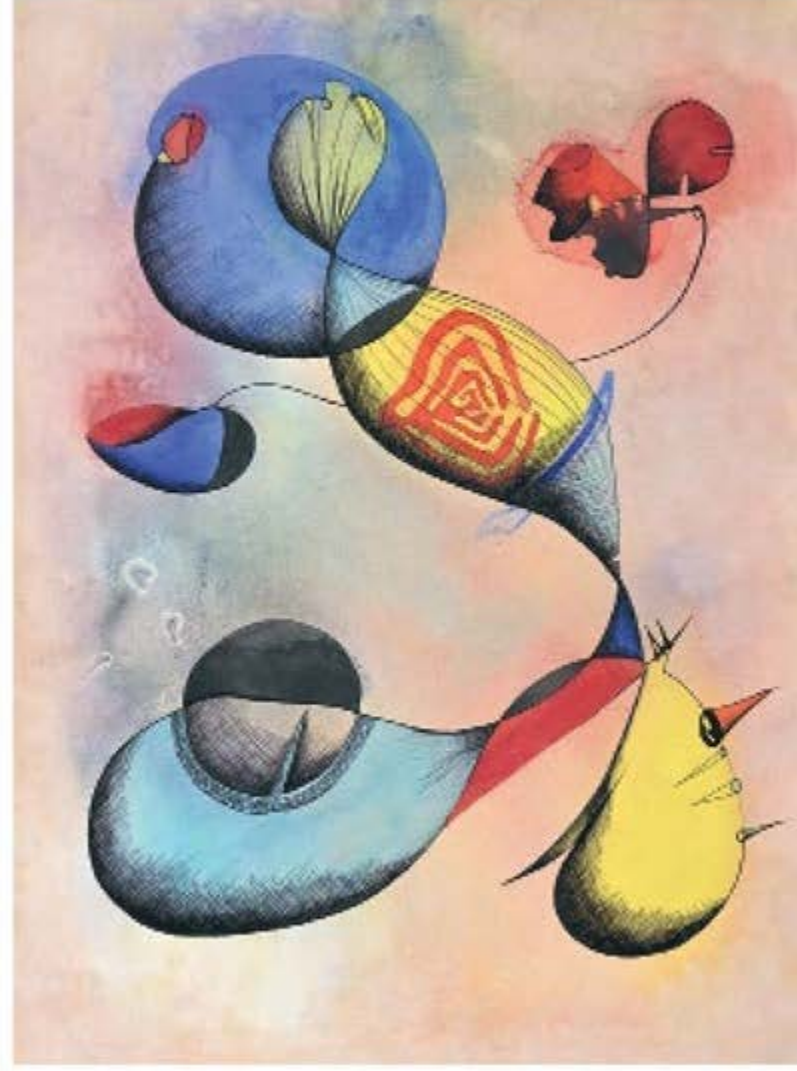


Depression 1947
Indian ink and wash on paper
40.6 x 31.8 (flat lay)
Zurich c. 1952
Ink on paper
44.5 x 31.1

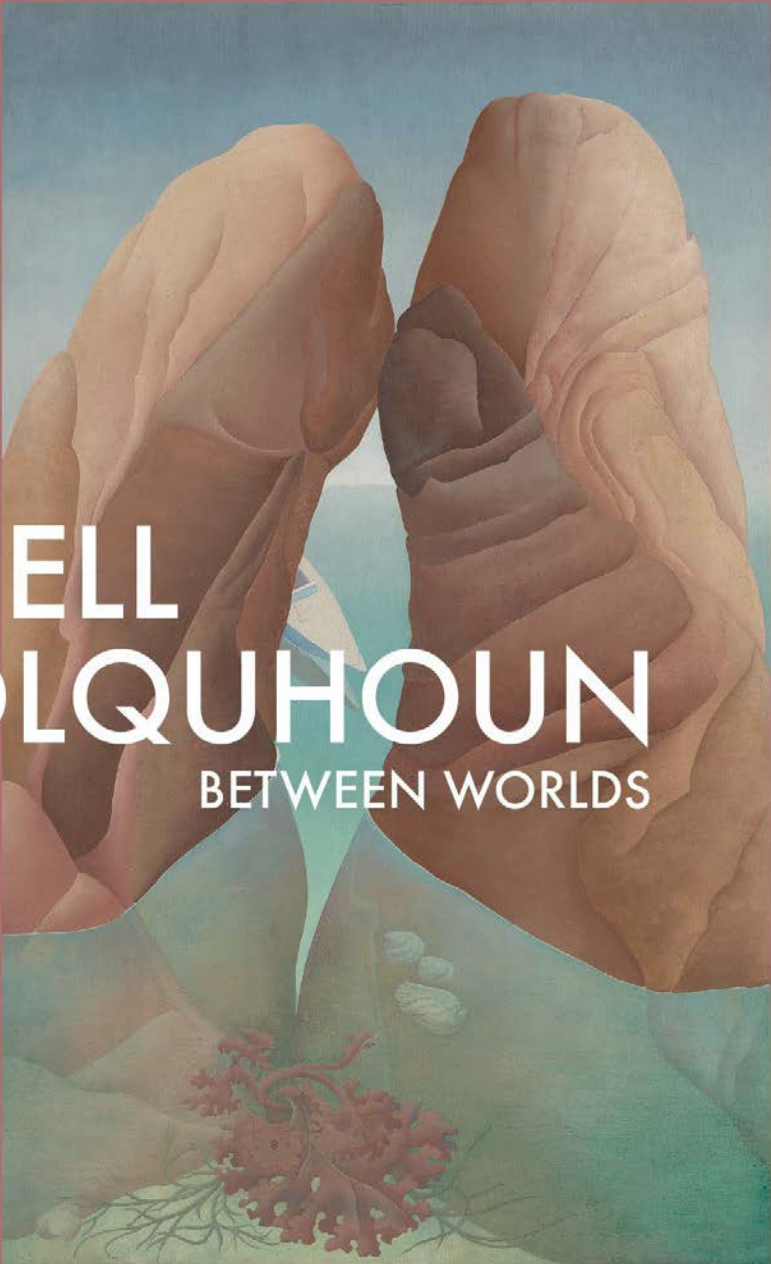
Rock Pool, 1947
Pen and black ink with black wash on paper
43.5 x 32.5 (flat lay)
Florence c. 1946
Ink on paper
24.7 x 24.7

ARTISTIC IDENTITY AND PROCESS

Toy 1947
Watercolor and gouache on paper
45.6 x 32.5



67



ITHELL COLQUHOUN

BETWEEN WORLDS

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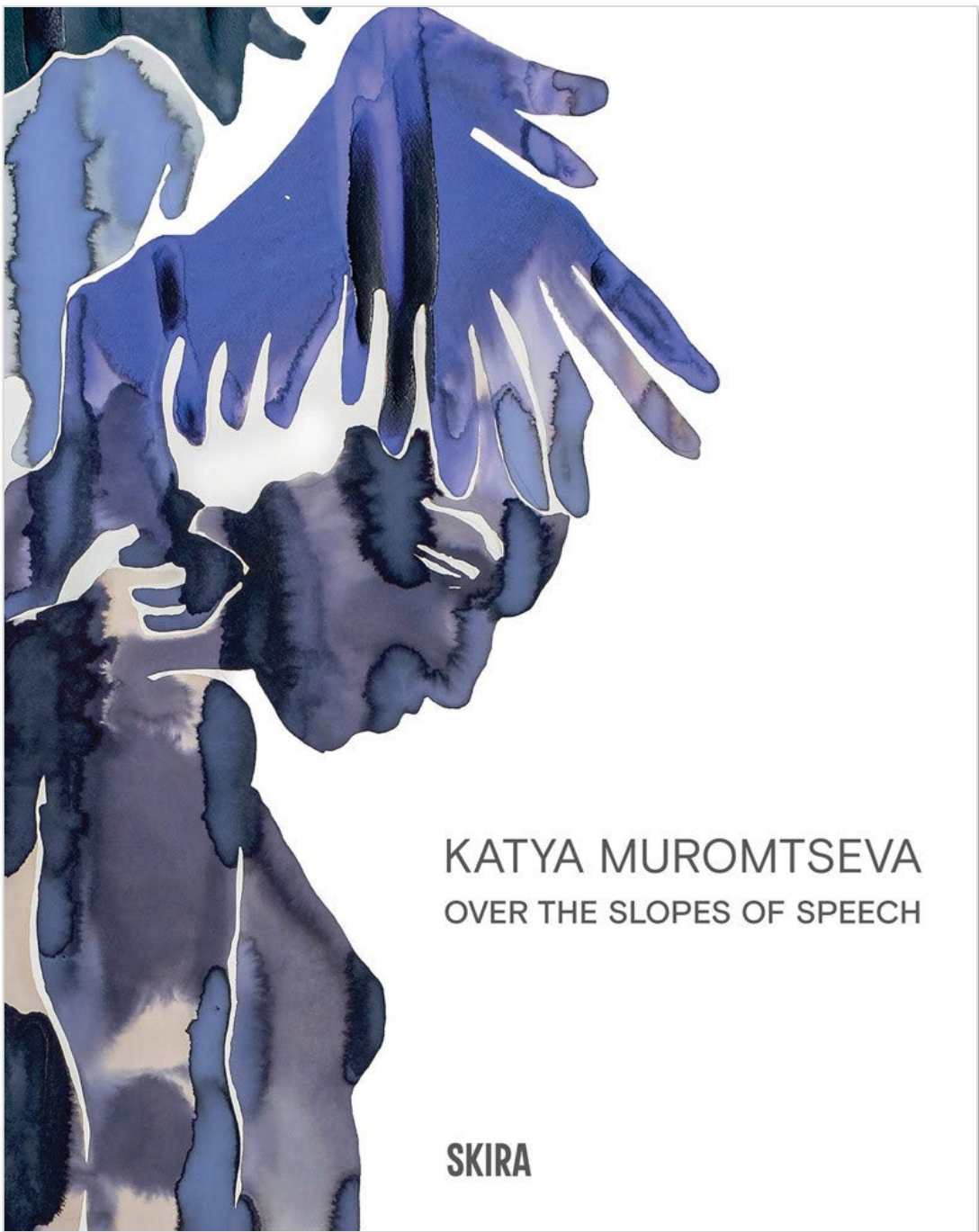
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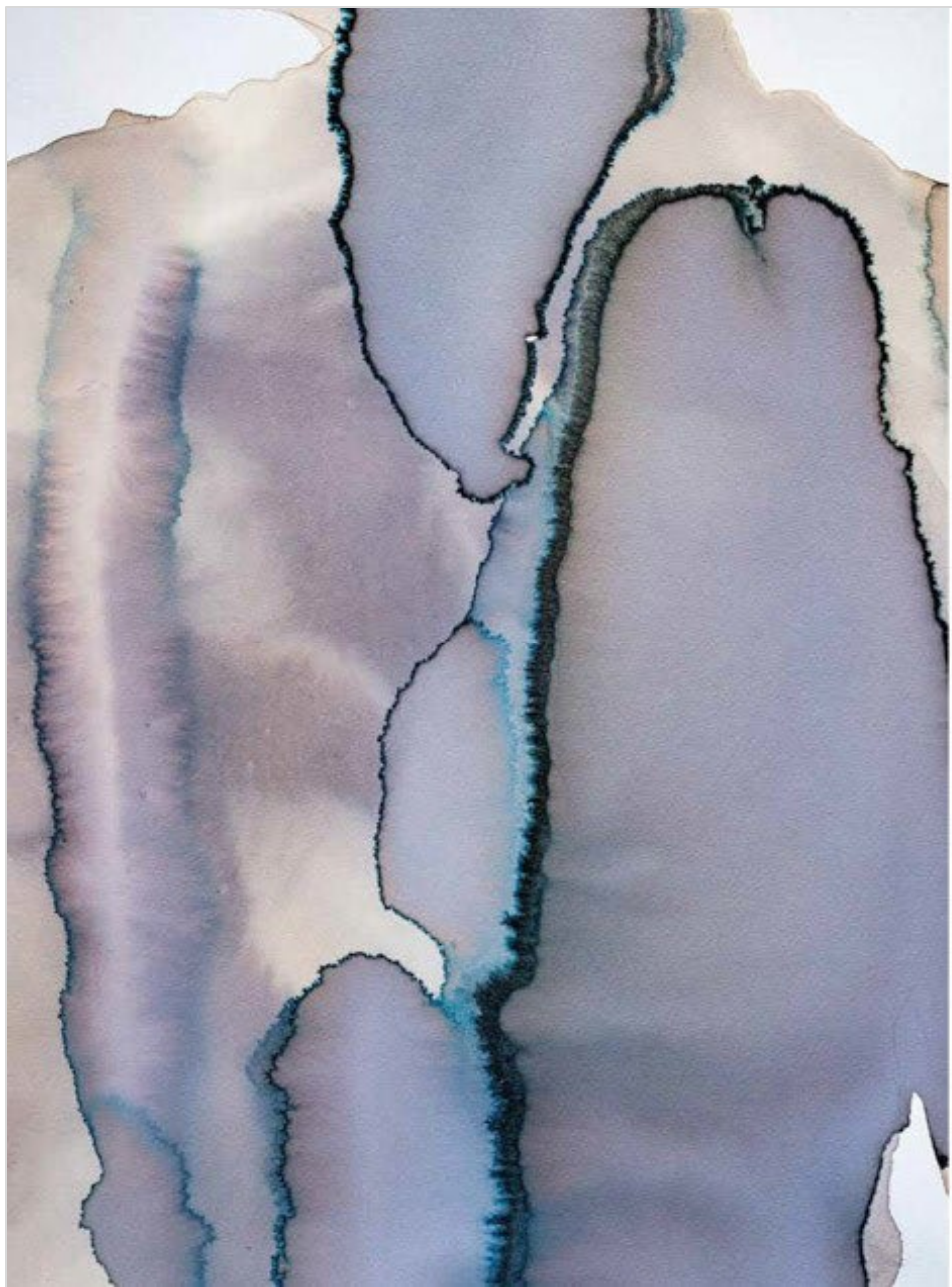
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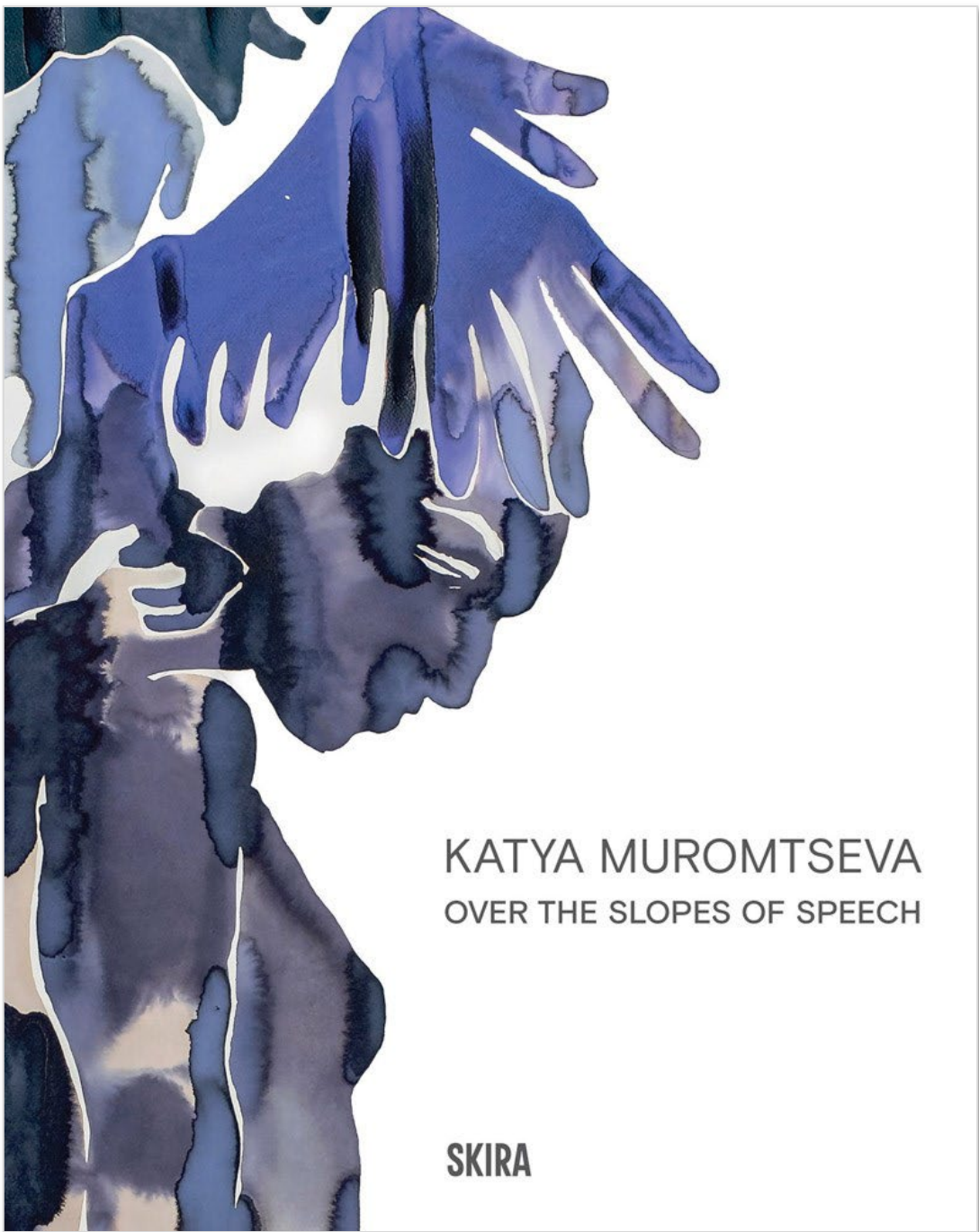
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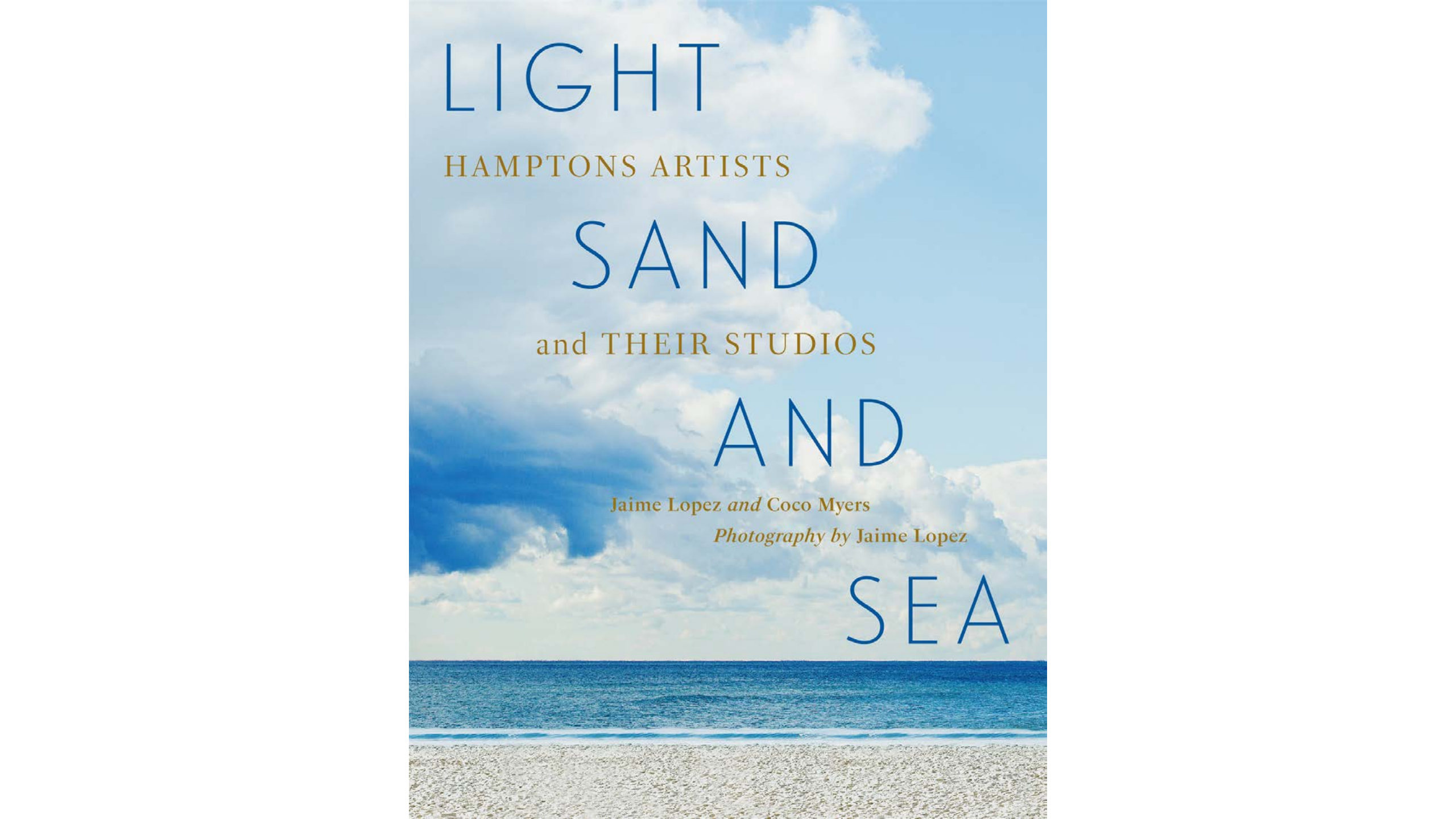


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LIGHT

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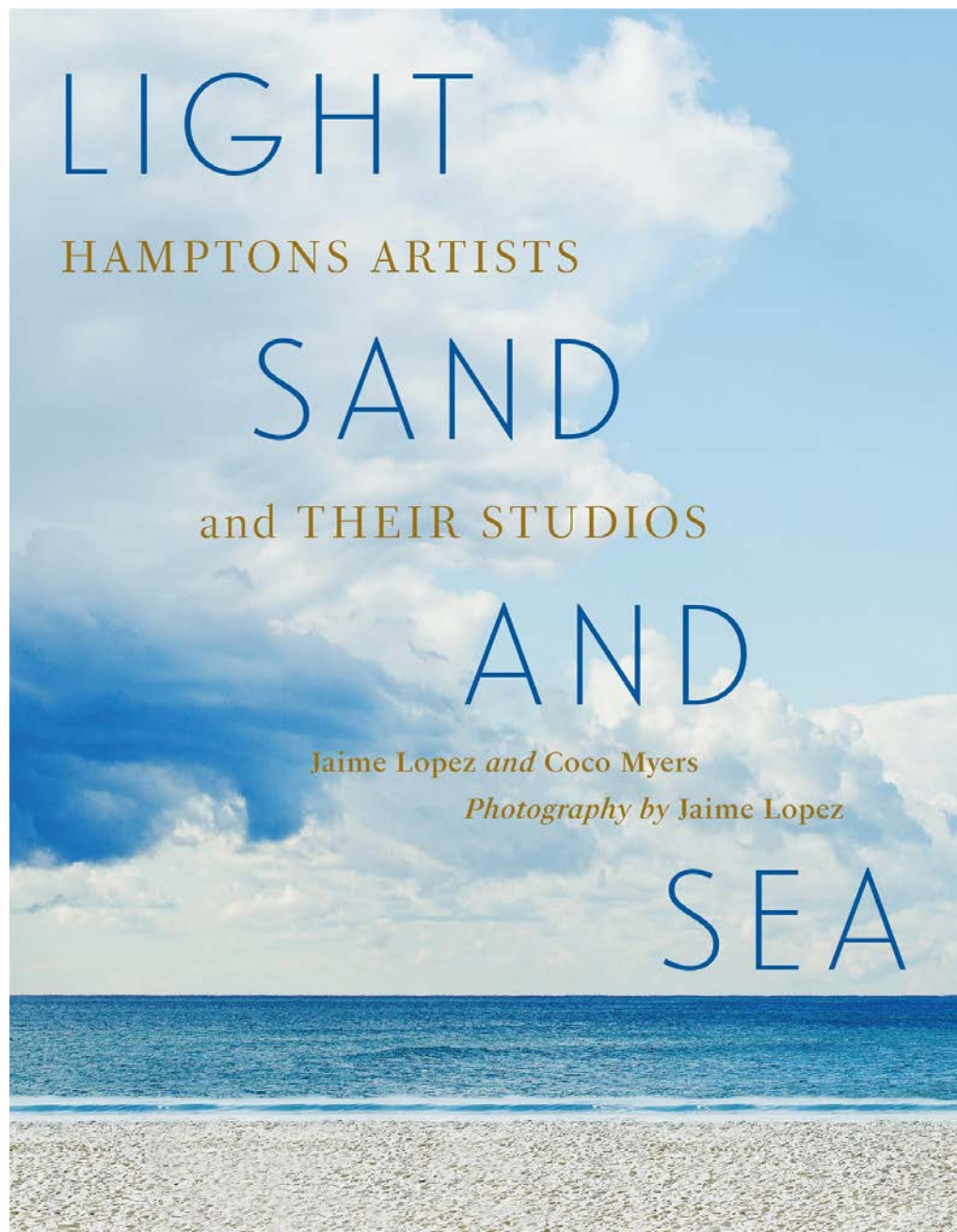
and THEIR STUDIOS

AND

Jaime Lopez and Coco Myers

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SEA



Light, Sand, and Sea

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Jaime Lopez

A close-up look at 50 artists – their work, their studios, their style – creating a wide variety of art in the Hamptons.

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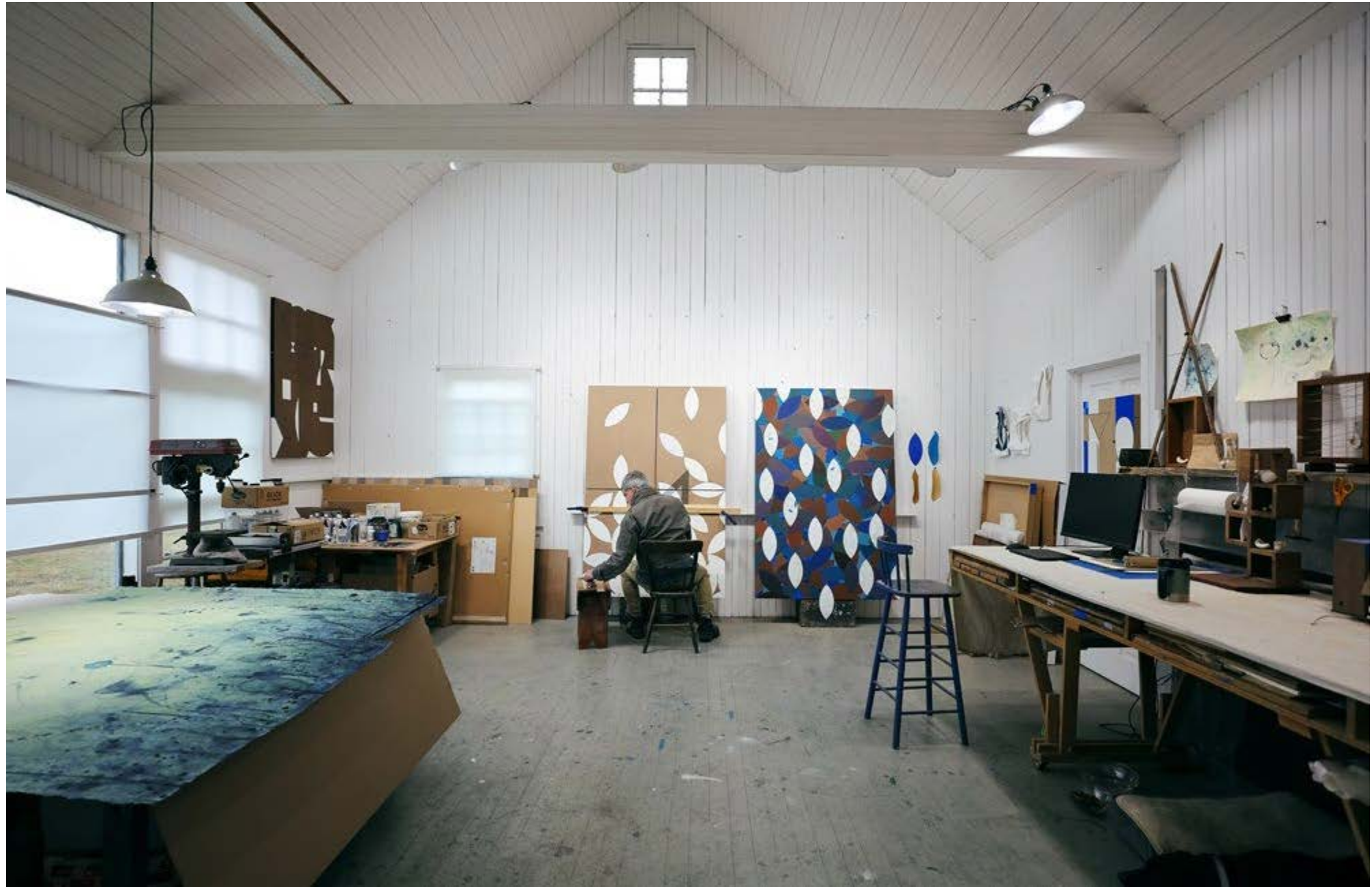
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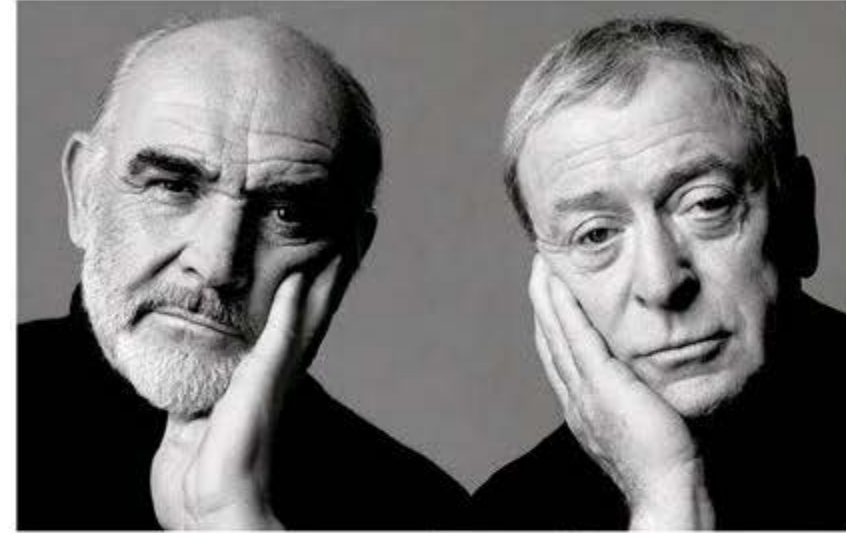
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"The art community here feels incredibly vibrant and supportive. I'm so lucky that I've fallen in with this eclectic, curious, ambitious, talented, kooky bunch that brings so much energy and creative spirit to my life. My studio faces Accabonac Harbor, which has been an inspiration for so many artists before me." Duke often paints large-scale watercolors, which require her to work on a horizontal surface. She lays oversize paper on a Ping-Pong table. "Getting it to lie flat is like wrestling an alligator."

ABOVE This is an example of and a place-holder for a multi-line caption, with a greater allowance for verbal detail and descriptive nuance.





"Jacques Cousteau was my idol in my teen years. The first camera I purchased was an underwater camera. Through friends in the archaeological world, I was able to join Mexican treasure-hunting trips and dives. In 1965 I arrived at Tulum on the Yucatán coast with a companion, and we hiked the entire coast, which at that time was pure wilderness with coconut trees and a few plantation caretakers. Upon my return, some family friends who were photographers offered me a job. I went into business, getting commissions for still-life photos. It was much easier for clients to give me still-life shoots, rather than fashion shoots, with all the costs of stylists, hair, and makeup." O'Neill did eventually focus on fashion and later, travel photography.

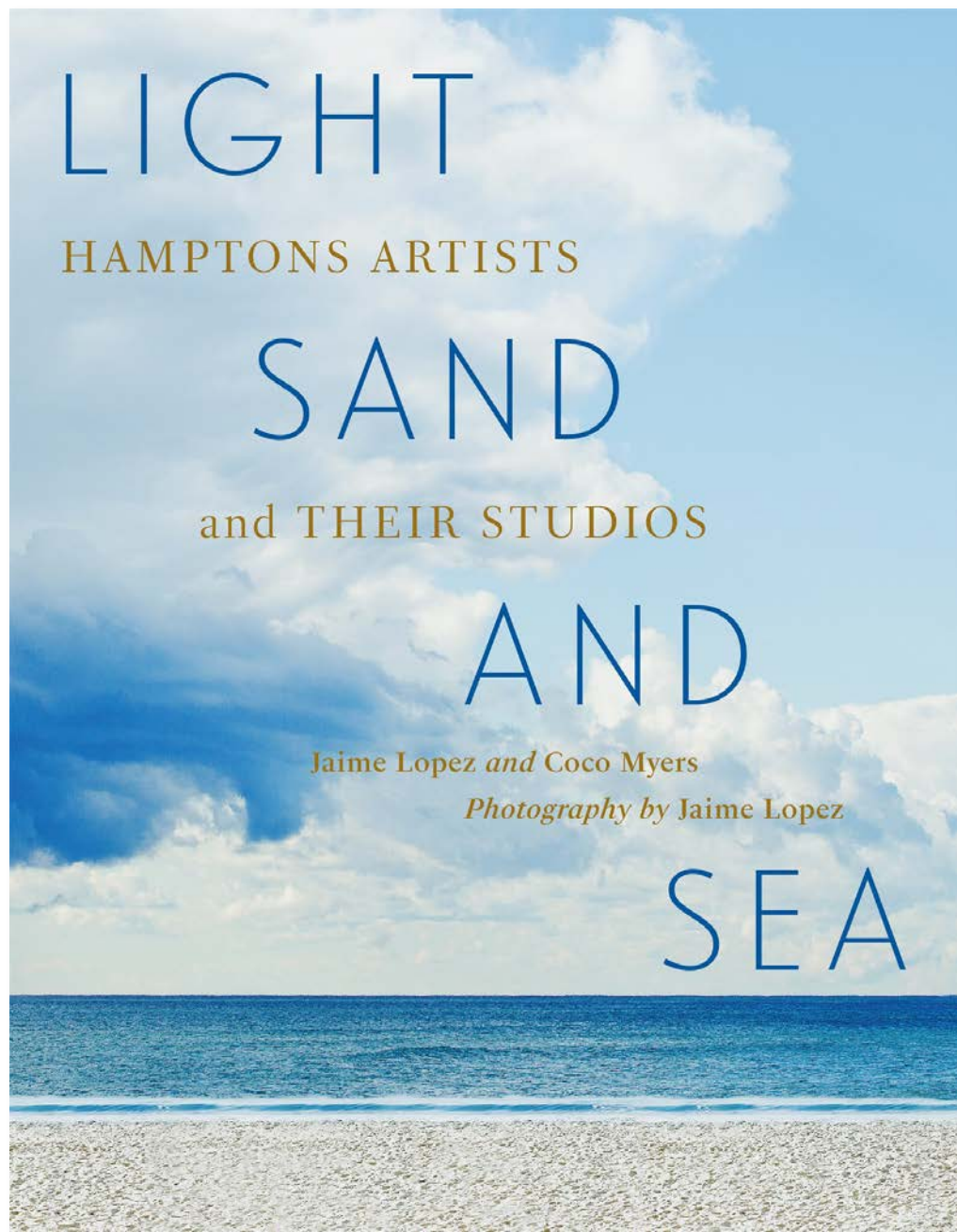
RIGHT This is an example of a place-holder for a multi-line caption with a greater allowance for verbal detail and descriptive nuance.





"I moved to the Hamptons in 2009, seeking an escape from the urban hustle and financial uncertainties of New York City, and turned my attention to eastern Long Island. Eventually, I stumbled upon a unique place in Sagaponack. The property, with a house and studio, was previously owned by David Porter. It felt like something you'd find in Vermont, though it was just one mile from the ocean. I was struck by the sense of wildness and seclusion it offered. I finally convinced the owners to sell me the property and embarked on a years-long renovation. The environment here has allowed me to reconnect with the natural world. Whether I'm surfing or painting or walking or sculpting or riding, it all is reflected in the works I make."

OPPOSITE This is an example of and a place-holder for a multi-line caption with a greater allowance for verbal detail and descriptive nuance.



Light, Sand, and Sea

Hamptons Artists and Their Studios

Jaime Lopez

A close-up look at 50 artists – their work, their studios, their style – creating a wide variety of art in the Hamptons.

WELL-KNOWN ARTISTS: Donald Sultan, April Gornick, Mary Heilmann, Caio Fonseca, Bryan Hunt, Joe Zucker, Frank Wimberley, and Paton Miller are among the more established artists working in the Hamptons.

INSIDE LOOK AT ARTISTS' STUDIOS: Fascinating photographs take readers right inside each artist's studio, capturing their artistic practice and including works in progress.

DISCOVER NEW ARTISTS: Also included here are emerging artists, some art-schooled, some self-taught.

RELATED EXHIBITION: Launch and related exhibition at the Parrish Art Museum (which has 35,000 Instagram followers) in Water Mill, New York, in May.

WIDE VARIETY OF ARTISTIC STYLES AND MEDIA: Painting, sculpture, prints, photographs, and mixed-media art are all included.

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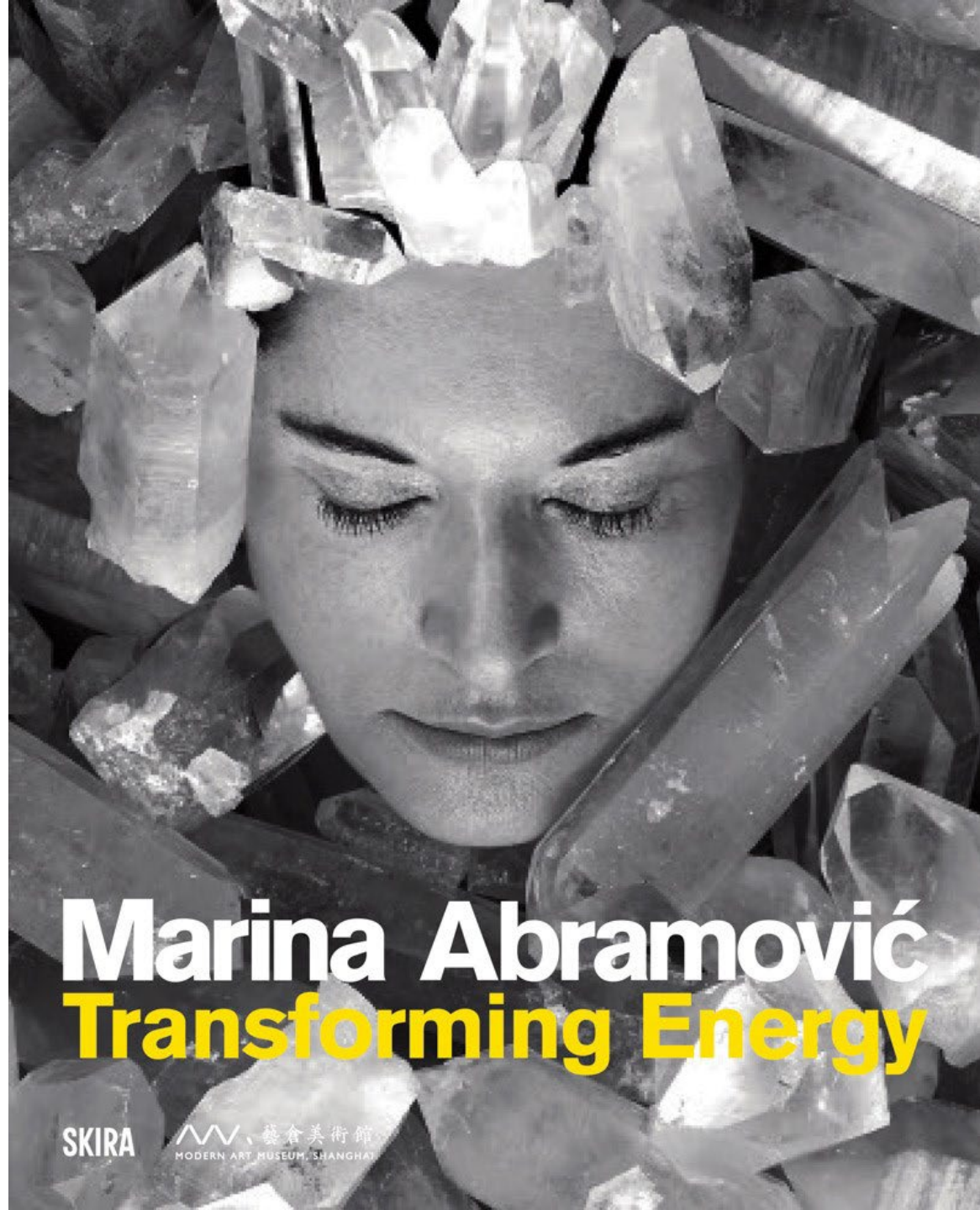
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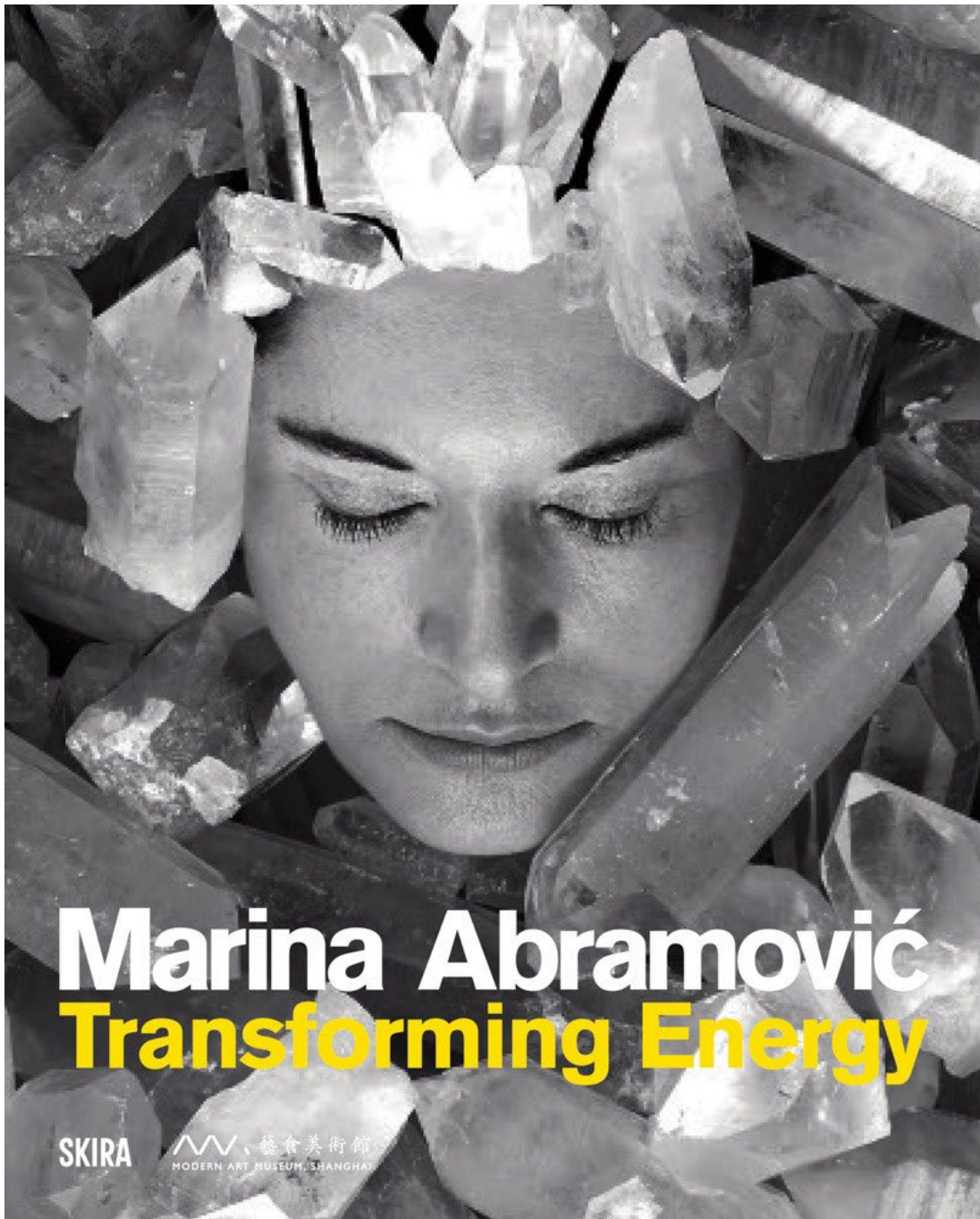


Marina Abramović

Transforming Energy

SKIRA

M、藝倉美術館
MODERN ART MUSEUM, SHANGHAI



Marina Abramović: Transforming Energy

(Crystal Series)

Experience the evolution of Abramović's artistic journey through her engagement with crystals and stones.

- Serbian artist Marina Abramović is best known for her iconic 2009 MoMA performance *The Artist is Present* (in which she stared at anyone who sat across from her all day every day for 3 months), she is one of the world's best known body, performance and endurance artists. She has launched a line of commercial tinctures called the Marina Abramović Longevity Method. Her turn toward crystals is in line with both her performance art and her wellness direction.
- This fully illustrated hardcover—with a great cover of Abramović's face surrounded at rest by crystals—primarily documents with never-before-published photos her major performance walking the Great Wall of China and her new work with crystals. Abramović believes in the power of crystals to store the whole history of the earth and carry and transmit its energy. This book elucidates her personal theory on crystals and energy.

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SKIRA





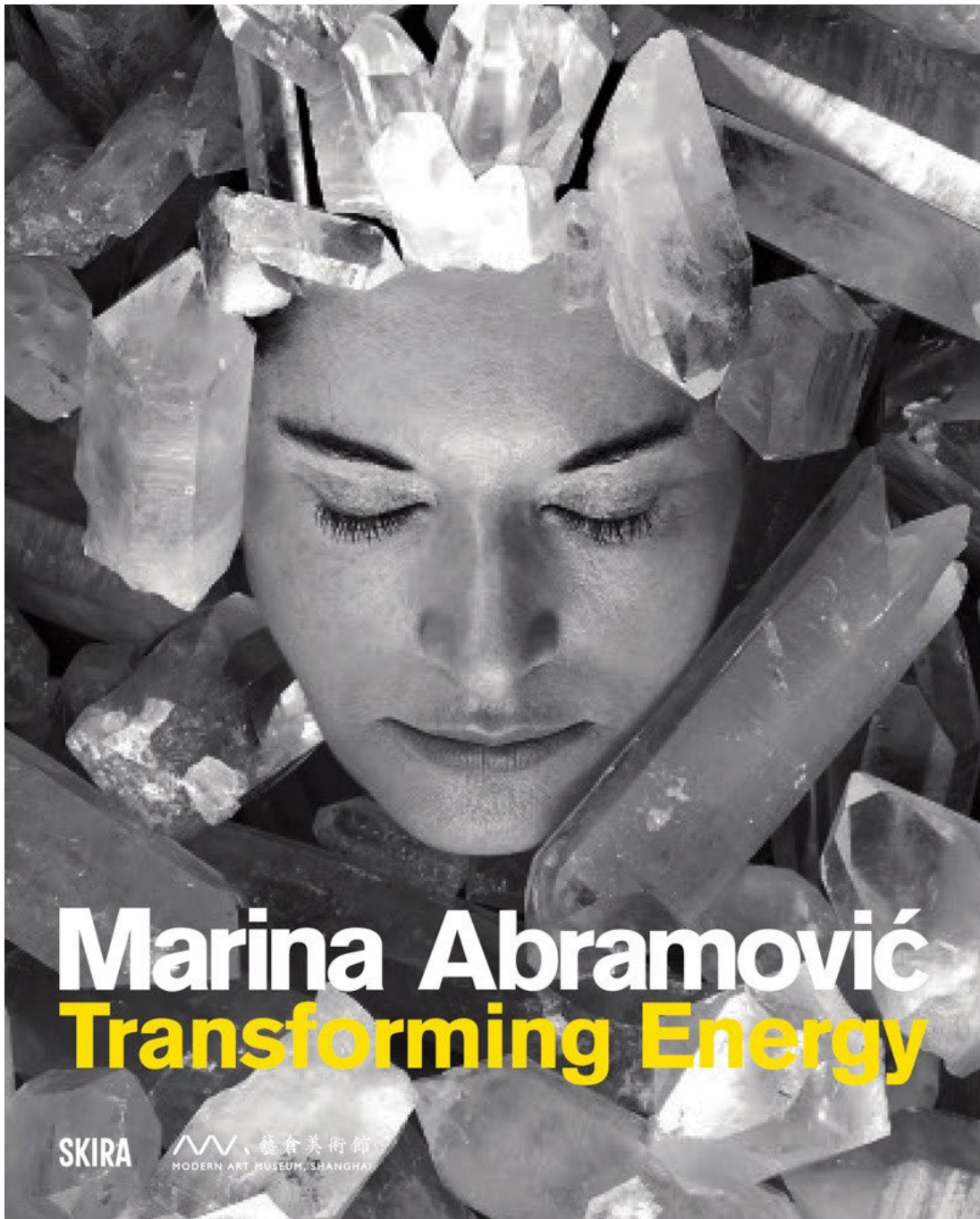
*Constructed in endless ups and downs,
the Wall meanders like life itself, through
valleys, plains, mountains, lakes, and rivers*



*Nothing in one hand,
walking stick in the other*

Meeting Ulay





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(Crystal Series)

Experience the evolution of Abramović's artistic journey through her engagement with crystals and stones.

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SKIRA

WIDEKA AKUNYILI & ROSBY



NJIDEKA AKUNYILI & CROSBY



Njideka Akunyili Crosby

Njideka Akunyili Crosby

The first monograph on the internationally celebrated Nigerian American painter who blends her personal history and the African diasporic identity in layered compositions.

AU \$120.00 | NZ \$130.00
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256 Pages
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David Zwirner Books

I Refuse to Be Invisible

2010

Acrylic, transfers, charcoal, and ink on paper

117 3/4 × 82 inches

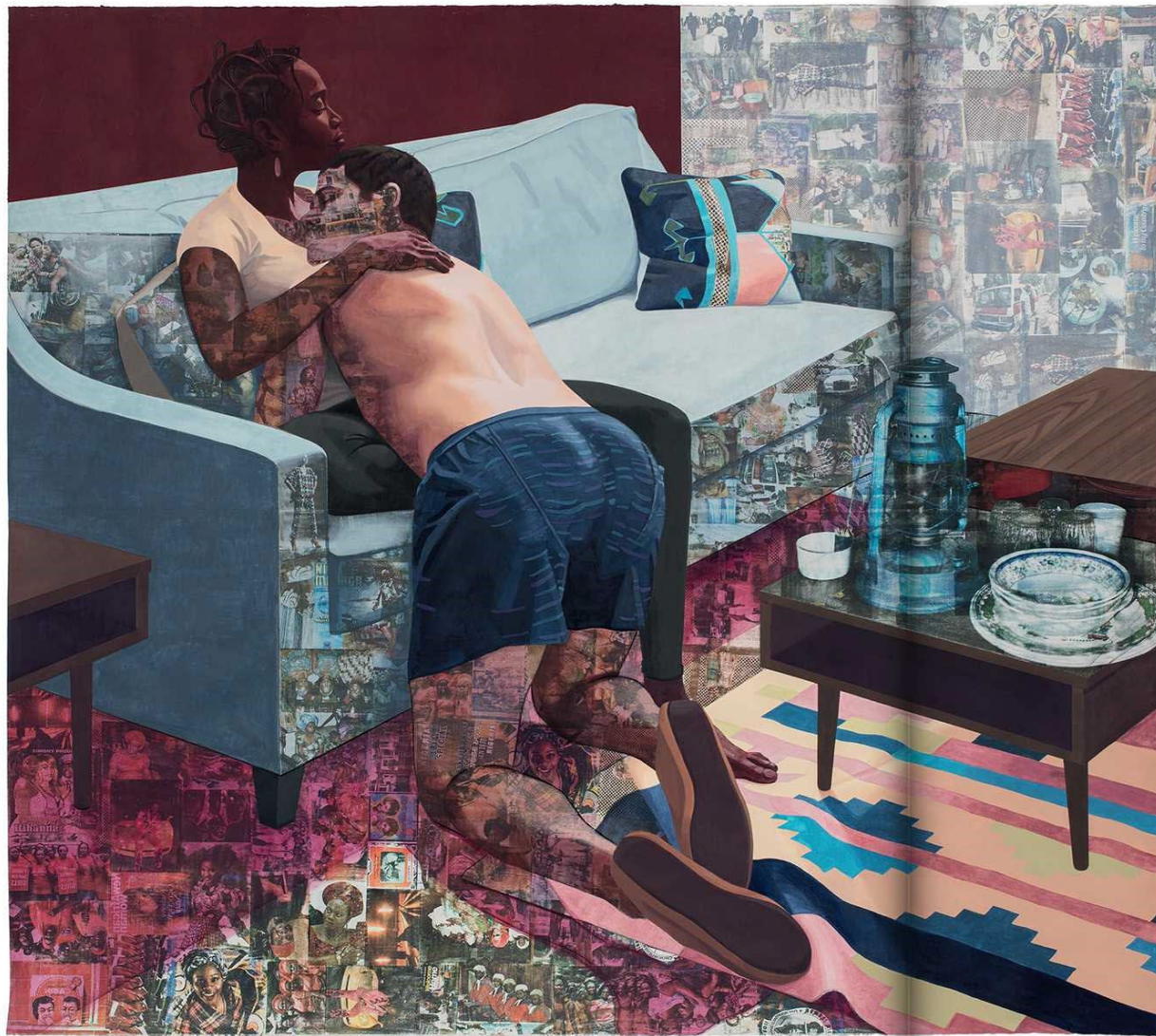
299.1 × 208.3 cm





*5 Umzebebi Street, New Haven,
Enugu*

2012
Acrylic, transfers, colored pencil, charcoal,
and pastel on paper
84 × 105 inches
213.4 × 266.7 cm



Ike Ya

2016
Acrylic, transfers, colored pencil, and charcoal on paper
84 × 92 inches
213.4 × 233.7 cm



NJIDEKA AKUNYILI & CROSBY



Njideka Akunyili Crosby

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PANERAI



Panerai

Negretti Giampiero

This definitive history of Panerai watches—an essential resource for collectors and watch specialists—offers exclusive access to the brand's collections and extensive archives.

AU \$220.00 | NZ \$240.00
9782080474032
192 Pages
Hardcover
318 mm x 318 mm
Flammarion

INTRODUCTION

RADIOMIR PANERAI BLACK SEAL

2004

Radiomir movement with manual winding,
CH 15 caliber, 41 mm, 400,000 certified (year
with irreversible date (perpetual). Case metal:
Panerai: 19000-15 crown,
Black Seal with luminous (1) index and Panerai
numbers.

PHOTOGRAPH

not only because its watches have been credited with starting the on-going trend for outside, statement-making timepieces but equally because it has established a benchmark for quality, craftsmanship and precision that other brands long to emulate. A Panerai watch is about far more than fashion. It is about tolerances that meet or exceed the most exacting specifications of perhaps the most exacting people in the world: military and naval engineers. It is about tooling so precise and mechanisms so superbly designed that the movements keep moving even when other professional equipment has turned solid. It is about extraordinary beauty and style—so extraordinary that it forced even Hollywood to sit up and take notice. It is about the ever-renewing search, not only for perfection, but for imagination as well. It is about play, about sportsmanship, about function—without failure—a thousand metres underwater.

A watch that was "born" in the sea and produced in extremely small numbers more than seventy years ago has now been transformed into a worldwide horological phenomenon that has captured the hearts and imaginations of collectors and enthusiasts of all ages and from all walks of life. Both "vintage" Panerai pieces and limited-production contemporary models now rank among the most sought-after watches in the salerooms of the leading international auction houses: not merely to be shut away under glass on velvet cushions, but to be used, worn and admired. Panerai's passionate—and profit—followers on the World Wide Web are sufficient proof of that. All of this is a gratifying signal of change, but at the heart of Panerai's success lies the fact that little has changed at all—the legend has merely continued to grow.

Officine Panerai's background as a maker of professional instruments has remained a core element of the modern brand. The jet-set may never have occasion to test the reliability of a Panerai watch at 62 degrees below zero in the Arctic Circle; but professional explorer Mike Horn has, and his specially designed Juntos model never leted him. Giuseppe Panerai would merely nod: that was the point from the very beginning. And as Officine Panerai enters its second decade under the guardianship of the Richemont Group, its CEO, Angelo Bonati, has every intention of maintaining the brand's lofty horological status with the introduction of its own series of manufacture movements (see page 131). The first, the Calibre P.2002, was made available in 2005 as the heart of a limited edition version of the Radiomir 5 Days GMT model.

In 2007, three further calibres were introduced, all designed and constructed at the Panerai Neuchâtel manufactory: a tomorrow automatic movement with GMT function, an eight-day, manual-winding single button chronograph, and, the jewel in the crown, a six-day GMT function. These will help power Officine Panerai towards its first triumphant century of watchmaking production—a landmark that must have seemed unimaginable to Giuseppe Panerai back in the 1930s. To him, the past, present and future of the wristwatch owes a very great debt indeed.

12





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***CITY
VISIONS***
**PETER
ARNELL**

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City Visions

Arnell's high-contrast black-and-white images of cityscapes serve as the basis for marketing campaigns and set broader advertising trends.

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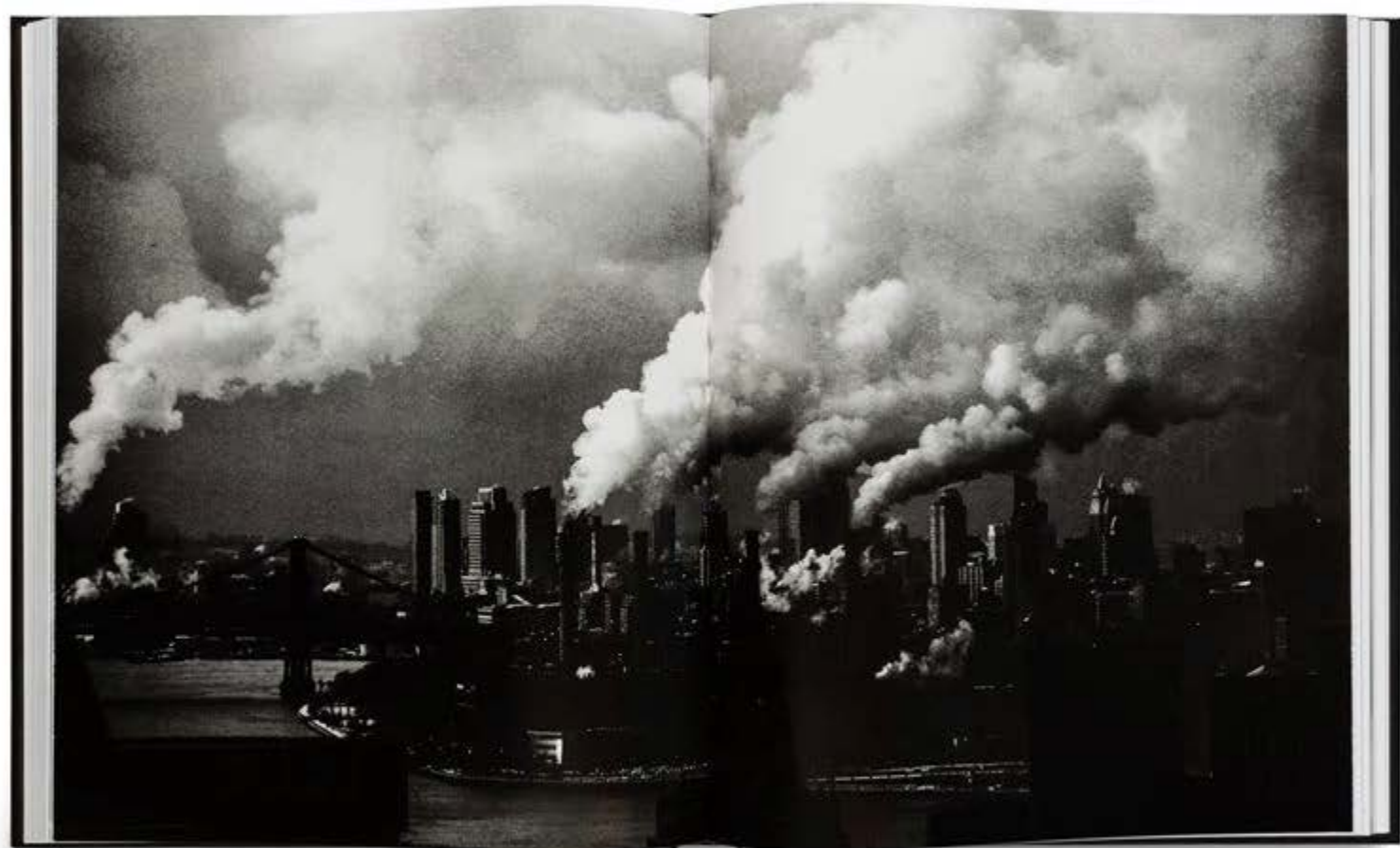


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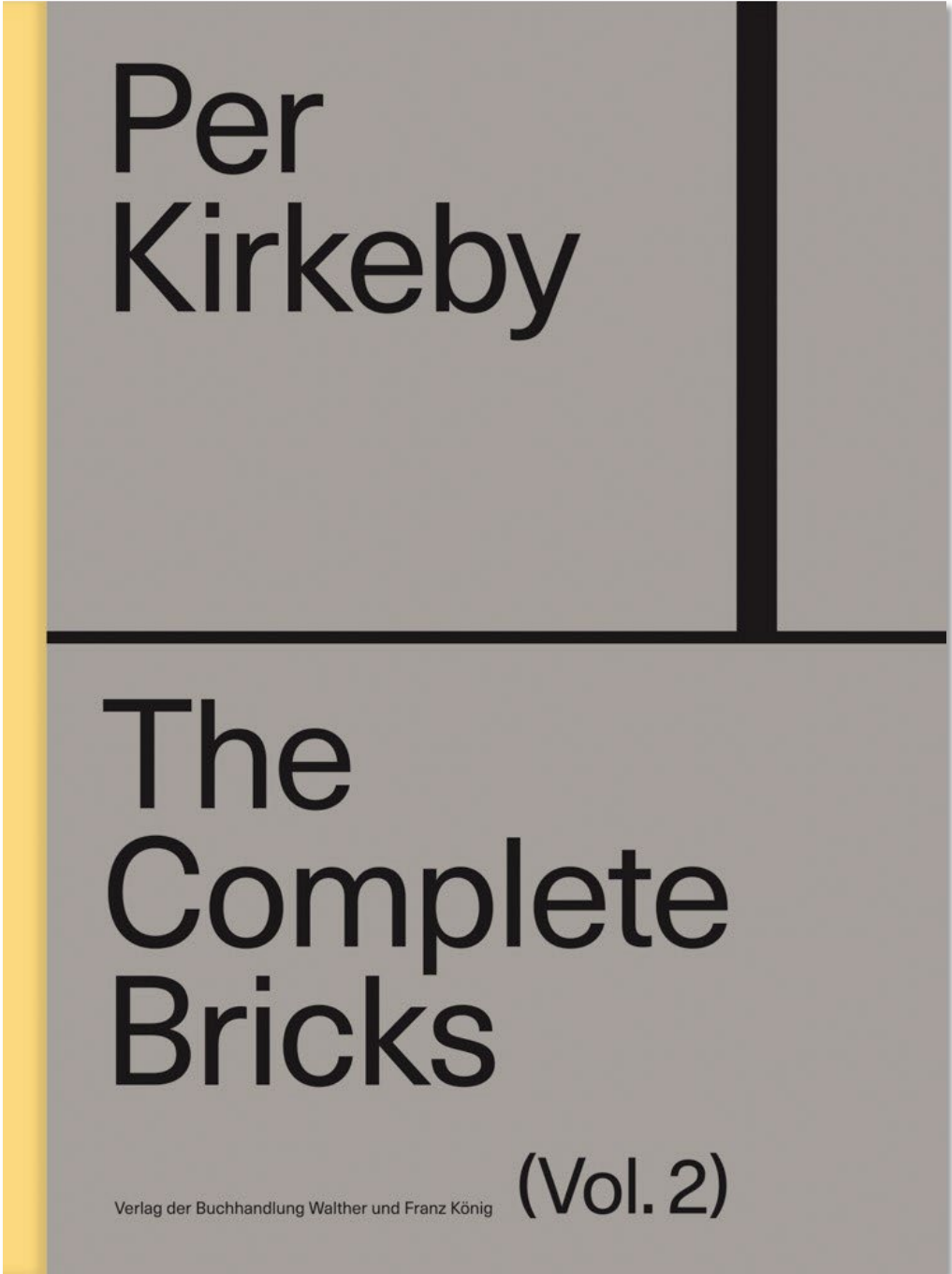
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Per
Kirkeby

The
Complete
Bricks

(Vol. 2)

Verlag der Buchhandlung Walther und Franz König



Per Kirkeby

The Complete Bricks

(Vol. 2)

Verlag der Buchhandlung Walther und Franz König

Per Kirkeby: The Complete Bricks

Vol. 2: The Unrealized Projects

Part two of a series documenting the abstract artist's lifelong love affair with brick as a medium, showcasing his unfinished works

AU \$140.00 | NZ \$155.00

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Walther König, Köln

Venice, 1976. Ex Cantieri Navali alla Giudecca, Venice



CAROLINE BALLEGAARD:

You worked with Kirkeby for more than 30 years, being involved in a great number of projects together. How did you first encounter his work?

KASPER KÖNIG:

My first encounter with Per and his bricks was at the Venice Biennale in 1976.¹ His work *Venice, 1976*, was a combination of painting and architecture, and it linked to a kind of sculpture that I had experienced as a child. I come from Münster, Westphalia – which is very Catholic – and at crossroads there you often have either Stations of the Cross or a kind of quasi-altar with a roof, which protects it from the weather, hence it is called architecture. It is sometimes related to religious holidays or certain seasons within agriculture. So, I thought that the anthropological momentum of Kirkeby was fantastic. It was around the same time that *Learning from Las Vegas* came out.² I had a very contemporary take on what Per did, whereas, quite often, he was considered super traditional. I always felt that his work was in some ways traditional, but not traditional as a kind of attitude; it was more archaic. It was related to and on the ground, and had a kind of tectonic quality. It was incredibly modest while at the same time having grandness. It was not showing off, it was not saying, 'Hey, look at me, I am a work of art.' It was always connected to making a mark; it was a very direct statement.

I was born in 1943, at the end of the war. Kirkeby and his friends were into Constructivism and connected [Kazimir] Malevich to a kind of Russian Orthodox religion rather than a strictly modernist iconography, and that was something I was always interested in. I was also fascinated by the actual work that was being done: he brought a bricklayer from Denmark to make the work in Venice. The curator was Ole Granath, and I was in Venice for quite a while because he asked me to help him out.

CB:

That is an incredibly early encounter you had then. One of the earliest examples I found of the two of you working together was the exhibition that you curated in Düsseldorf in 1984, *Von hier aus*,³ where Kirkeby exhibited the giant monolith *Düsseldorf, 1984*. Of the unrealised projects, you are listed as part of the jury for the *Skulpturenweg Nordhorn* in 1991.⁴

KK:

I do not know if I was on a jury, but I know *Skulpturenweg Nordhorn*. You see, the first *Skulptur Projekte Münster* exhibition was in 1977,⁵ followed by the second one in 1987.⁶ There were a number of artists participating in Münster who were also invited to Nordhorn. So Münster, in a way, was a model, a spin-off, for Nordhorn. They watched closely what happened in Münster, and we were very sympathetic to them, as Münster only happens every 10 years, and we do not want it to be exclusive. From the list of artists invited to Nordhorn in 1991, Daniel Buren, Richard Deacon, Ian Hamilton Finlay, Ludger Gerdes and Per Kirkeby were all invited to Münster in 1987.

Maybe I was on the jury in 1991, I do not remember. I would quite often propose artists for a project without wanting to get involved, because I was too busy. I do not remember Kirkeby's project, *Nordhorn, 1991*. If I would have been on the jury, I think I would have remembered it, because it is very magical. The space inside the sculpture is empty, right? It is a secret. It is almost mediaeval. It could also be a detail of a cathedral. I think the sketches are incredibly telling in themselves, and the small drawings on the letterhead are also wonderful – it is like a fairy tale, like *Rumpelstilzchen*. And this letter is very much Per: 'No, I am still in Maine, and I have no access to exhibition lists. I also do not care. If you want it, you will have to pick them in one of my many catalogues.'

What is very typical of the time is that the invited artists are all men. We made a mistake when we only invited male artists for the first *Skulptur Projekte* in 1977, but at the time sculpture was deeply connected with architecture, which was male-dominated. We did not repeat the same mistake ten years later, as we had become aware of the situation, but there was a kind of gender gap. If you look at it now, you do not have to excuse yourself, you just have to explain why. There is change going on.

CB:

From my research in connection with this book, I found that for most competitions in the 1980s and '90s where Kirkeby was invited, it was mainly men that were invited in general, and often the same people.

KK:

Yes, and quite often the artists involved probably did not even notice that there were no women involved.

CB:

In 1992, you were the artistic advisor for the acquisition of a sculpture at the new DG Bank headquarters in Frankfurt Westend. There were only three artists invited to make a proposal: Per Kirkeby, and Claes Oldenburg

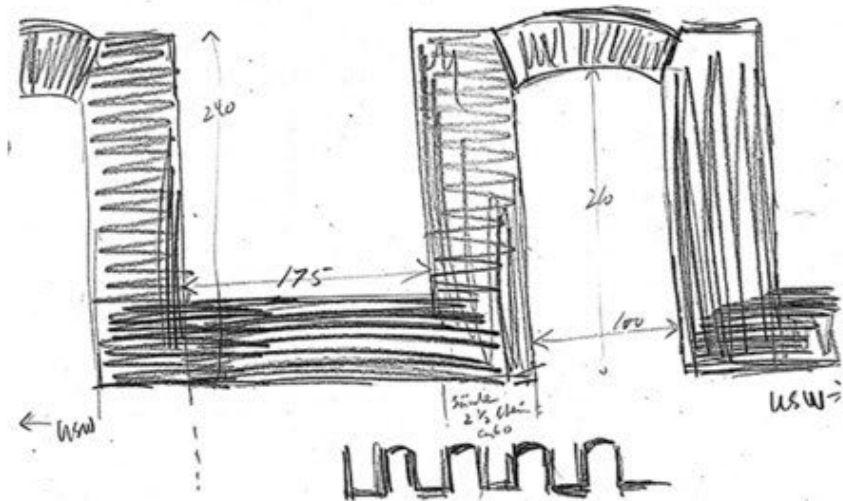


Render of Frankfurt am Main, 1992.

Sketch for Frankfurt am Main, 1992, pencil, watercolour and crayon on paper, 66 x 100 cm



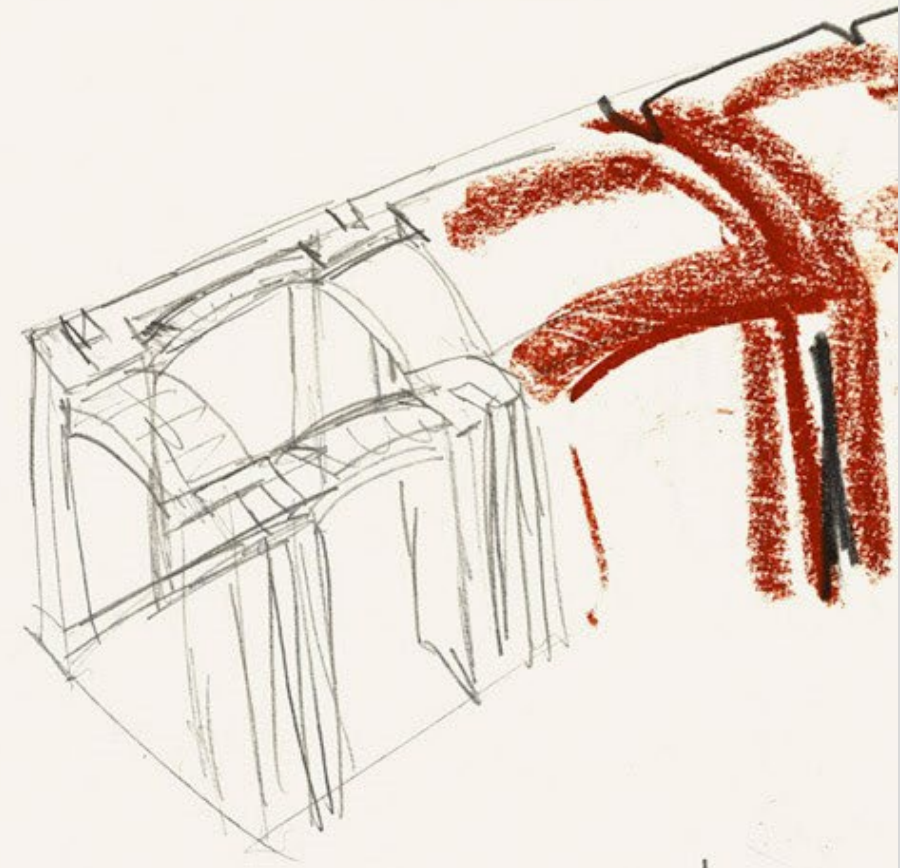
Sketch for Duisburg, 1990, ink (blueprint) on paper, 21 x 29.7 cm



projects, oppressed projects, lost projects, unrealisable projects. There are many reasons why the projects about which I gathered information have not been executed. Public commissions are the most common type, and they usually entail postponement, censorship, inadequate financing, or rejection by the government agency in charge of the project. There are also desk-drawer projects developed by artists without reference to a particular commission, many planned but then forgotten or even rejected by the artists themselves.

As the philosopher Gilles Deleuze argued, each process of actualisation is surrounded by a constantly thickening fog of virtual possibilities. Missed opportunities and failed projects also fall into this category. As a rule, unsuccessful works remain totally unknown, as success is a more popular topic of discussion than failure. This is where artists' unrealised projects connect to architecture, namely when artists do public commissions and do not win the competition.

The night of our magical first encounter, when we looked at the paintings, Kirkeby started to tell me about some of his unrealised projects. I remember very well how he told me about Tender, his Museum Sønderjylland project, which he had just submitted in 1992 alongside *Frankfurt am Main* and *Mannheim*. These were very productive years for his public art; he had a project in Højbjerg, Denmark, and he also told me about Kassel, 1990, and Duisburg, 1990.



Püßelhof

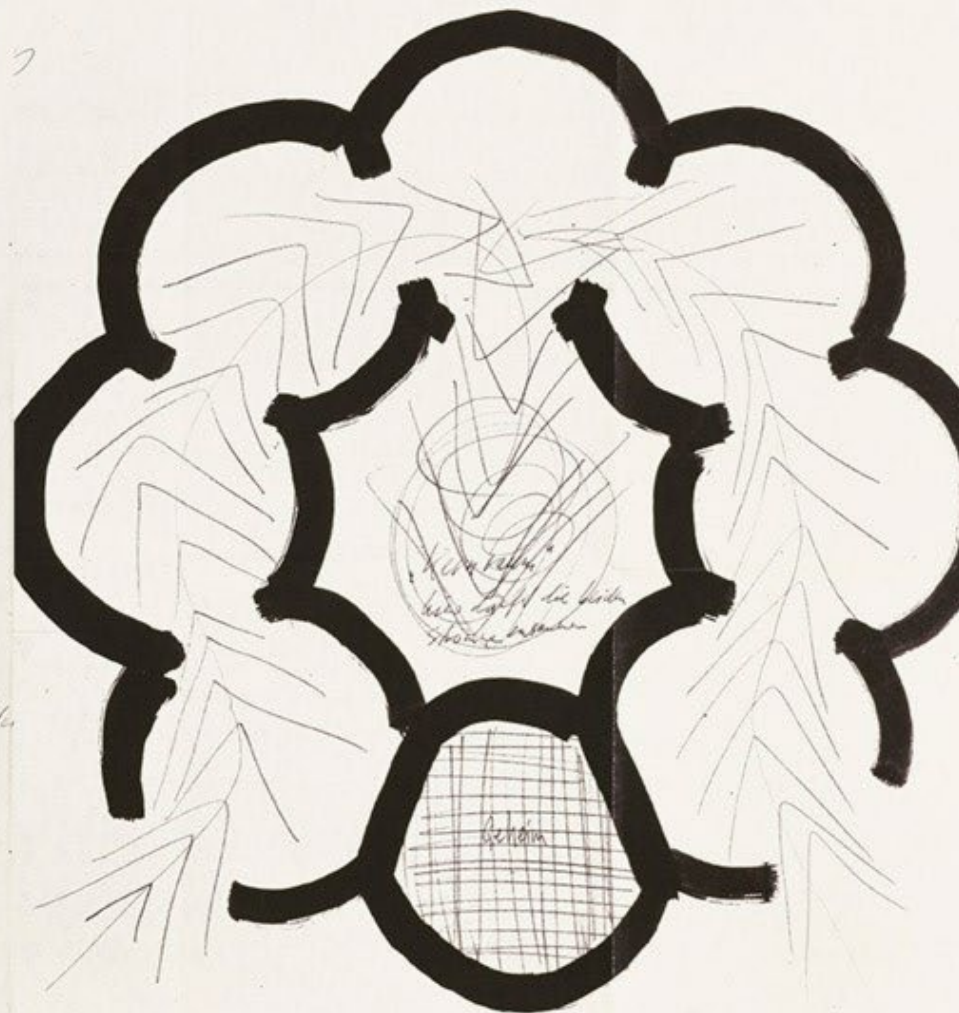


Rote Backstein

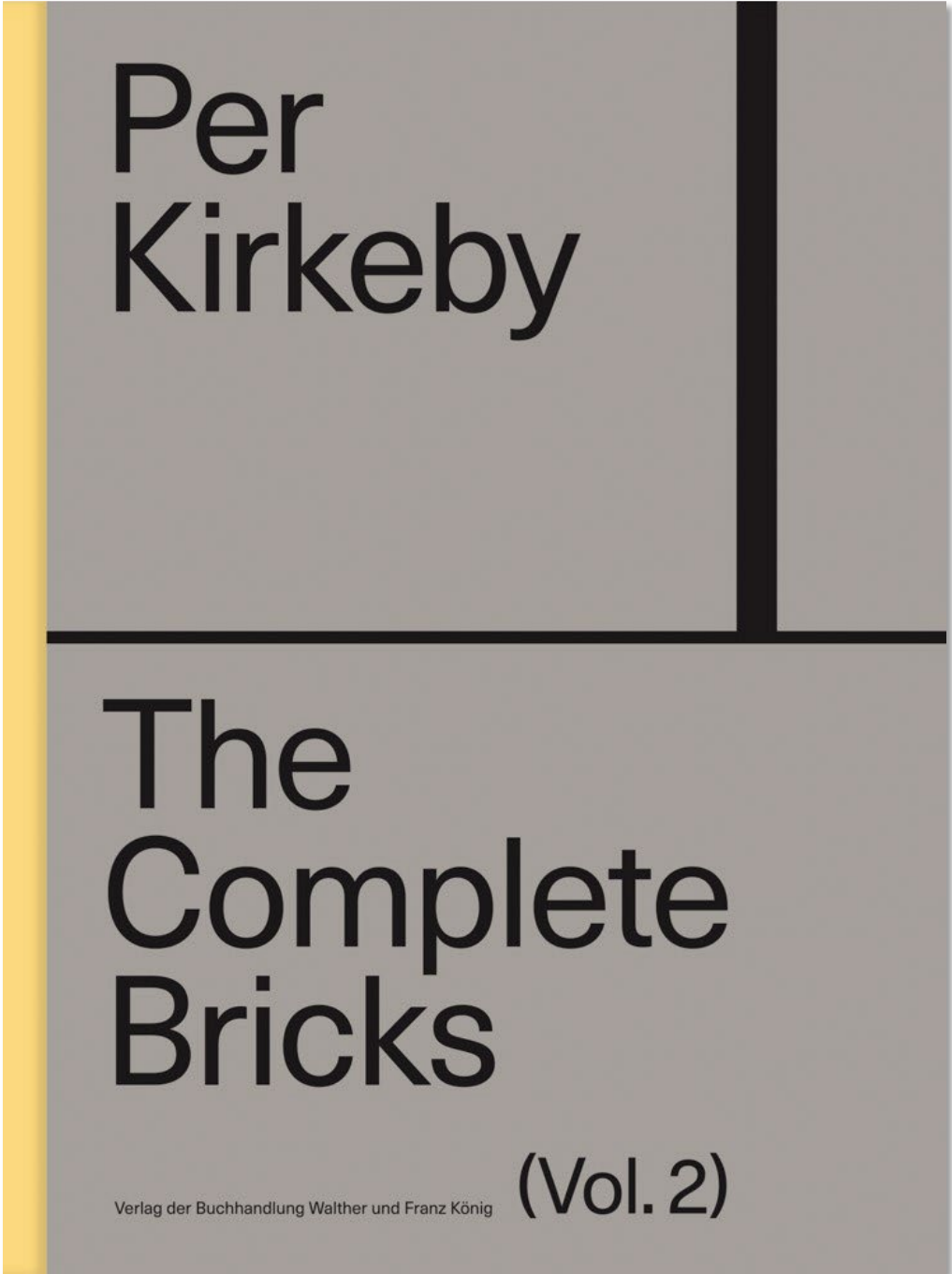


Ein kreisförmig Anordn.
von Zylinderformen aus Backstein
ohne Dach.

7



R. K. K. K.



Per Kirkeby

The Complete Bricks

(Vol. 2)

Verlag der Buchhandlung Walther und Franz König

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Vol. 2: The Unrealized Projects

Part two of a series documenting the abstract artist's lifelong love affair with brick as a medium, showcasing his unfinished works

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Walther König, Köln

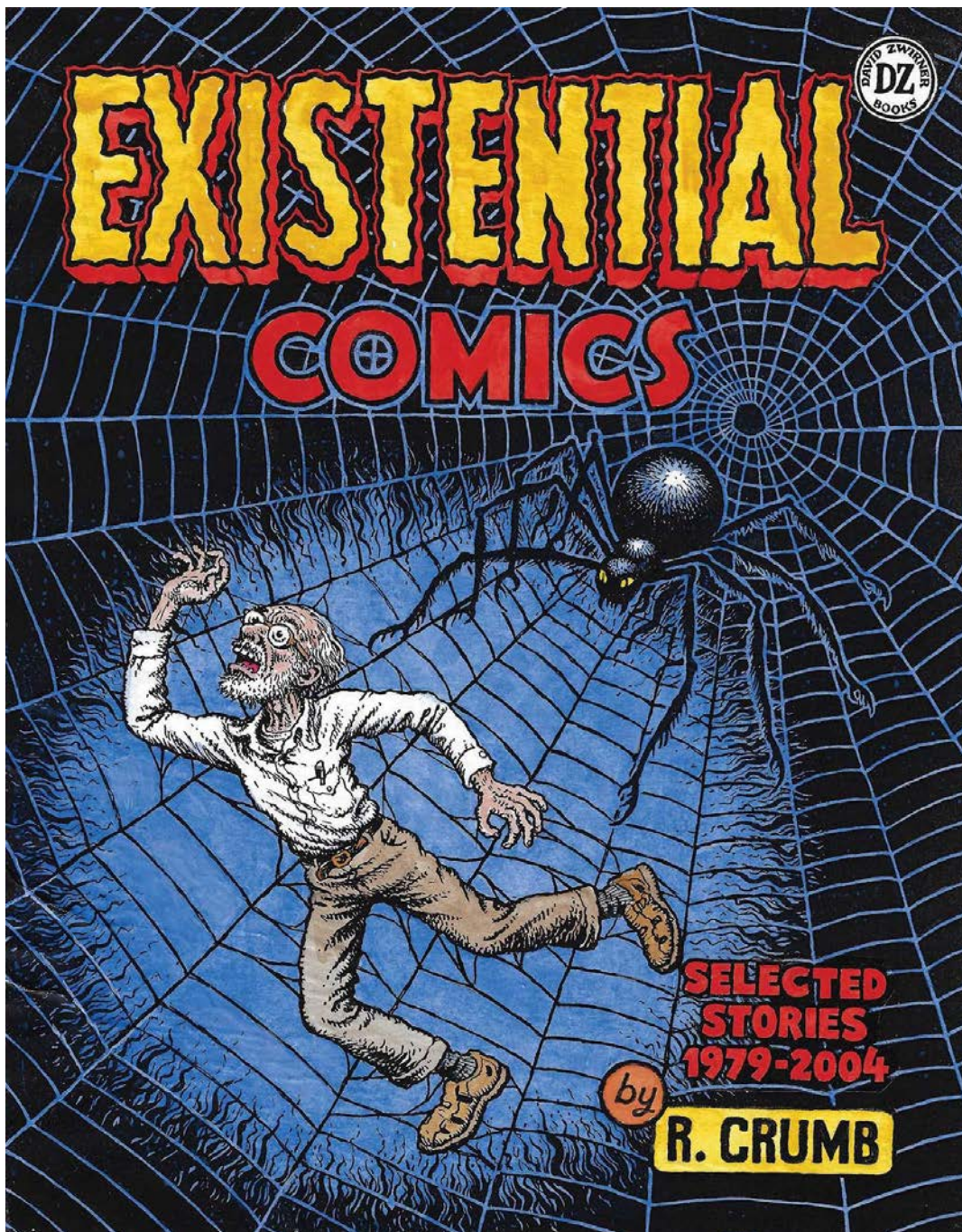
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STORIES
1979-2004

by

R. CRUMB



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A KLASSIC KOMIC

EXCERPTS FROM Boswell's LONDON JOURNAL 1762-1763

SIR JAMES BOSWELL WAS A SCOTTISH ARISTOCRAT WHO WENT TO LONDON IN THE YEAR 1762, AT THE AGE OF 22. HE LIVED ON AN ALLOWANCE FROM HIS FAMILY AND SPENT HIS TIME TRYING TO PROMOTE HIMSELF SOCIALLY. HE ALSO KEPT A DETAILED DIARY OF ALL HIS VARIOUS ADVENTURES AND REFLECTIONS.



TUESDAY, 14 DECEMBER, 1762 — "IT IS VERY CURIOUS TO THINK THAT I HAVE NOW BEEN IN LONDON SEVERAL WEEKS WITHOUT EVER HAVING ENJOYED THE DELIGHTFUL SEX, ALTHOUGH I AM SURROUNDED WITH NUMBERS OF FREE-HEARTED LADIES OF ALL KINDS... INDEED, IN MY MIND, THERE CANNOT BE HIGHER FELICITY ON EARTH ENJOYED BY MEN THAN THE PARTICIPATION OF GENUINE RECIPROCAL AMOROUS AFFECTION WITH AN AMIABLE WOMAN. THERE HE HAS A FULL INDULGENCE OF ALL THE DELICATE FEELINGS AND PLEASURES BOTH OF BODY AND MIND, WHILE AT THE SAME TIME IN THIS ENCHANTING UNION HE EXALTS WITH A CONSCIOUSNESS THAT HE IS THE SUPERIOR PERSON. THE DIGNITY OF HIS SEX IS KEPT UP. THESE PARADISAL SCENES OF GALLANTRY HAVE EXALTED MY IDEAS AND REFINED MY TASTE, SO THAT I REALLY CANNOT THINK OF STOOPIING SO FAR AS TO MAKE A MOST INTIMATE COMPANION OF A GROVELING-MINDED, IL-BRED, WORTHLESS CREATURE. NOR CAN MY DELICACY BE PLEASSED WITH THE GROSS VOLUPTUOUSNESS OF THE STENS."*

©1981 BY R. CRUMB

*BATH HOUSES

"IN THIS VIEW, I HAD NOW CALLED SEVERAL TIMES FOR A HAND-SOME ACTRESS OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, WHOM I WAS A LITTLE ACQUAINTED WITH, AND WHOM I SHALL DISTINGUISH IN THIS MY JOURNAL BY THE NAME OF LOUISA..."

FRIDAY, 17 DECEMBER, 1762 —



"THIS IS JUST WHAT I WANTED. I LEFT HER, IN GOOD SPIRITS AND DINED AT SHERIDAN'S. MR. SHERIDAN SAID THAT THIS AGE WAS A TRIFLING AGE."

IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE, MERIT WAS ENCOURAGED. THEN, GENIUS WAS CHERISHED BY THE BEAMS OF COURTLY FAVOR. BUT IN THE REIGNS OF GEORGE THE FIRST AND GEORGE THE SECOND, IT WAS A DISADVANTAGE TO BE CLEVER. DULNESS AND CORRUPTION WERE THE ONLY MEANS OF PREFERENCE.



SHERIDAN FOUND FAULT WITH FRANCIS'S TRANSLATION OF HORACE. "

FOR, TO GIVE THE LITERAL MEANING OF HORACE, IT SHOULD BE IN VERSE. TO GIVE AN IDEA OF HIS MANNER AND SPIRIT, IT SHOULD BE IMITATION AND APPLIED TO THE PRESENT TIME, LIKE SWIFT'S TWO IMITATIONS, WHICH ARE THE ONLY GOOD ONES.



TUESDAY, 21 DECEMBER, 1762 — "THIS FORENOON I WENT TO LOUISA'S IN FULL EXPECTATION OF CONSUMMATE BLISS. I WAS IN A STRANGE FLUTTER OF FEELING. I WAS RAUISHED AT THE PROSPECT OF JOY, AND YET I HAD SUCH AN ANXIETY UPON ME THAT I WAS AFRAID THAT MY POWERS WOULD BE ENERVATED. I ALMOST WISHED TO BE FREE OF THIS ASSIGNATION."



"FINDING MYSELF QUITE DEJECTED WITH LOVE, I REALLY CRIED OUT AND TOLD HER THAT I WAS MISERABLE, AND AS I WAS STUPID, WOULD GO AWAY... I ROSE... I SAT DOWN AGAIN..."



"BE SURE ALWAYS TO MAKE A WOMAN BETTER THAN HER SEX."

SATURDAY, 25 DECEMBER, 1762 — "THIS DAY I WAS IN A BETTER FRAME, BEING CHRISTMAS DAY, WHICH HAS ALWAYS INSPIRED ME WITH MOST AGREEABLE FEELINGS. I WENT AND SAT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE COFFEE, AND THEN AT MACFARLANE'S, AND THEN WENT TO DAVIES'S. WE TALKED OF POETRY, SAID GOLDSMITH."



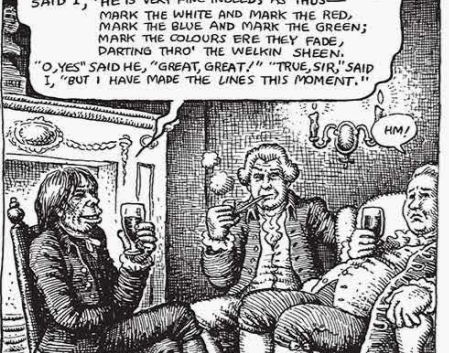
"I FELT THE TORMENTING ANXIETY OF SERIOUS LOVE. I SAT DOWN AND I TALKED WITH THE DISTANCE OF A NEW ACQUAINTANCE AND NOT WITH THE EASE AND ARDOUR OF A LOVER, OR RATHER A GALLANT. I WOULD HAVE GIVEN A GOOD DEAL TO BE OUT OF THE ROOM. WE TALKED OF RELIGION."



"SUCH A THING REQUIRES TIME TO CONSIDER."



AH, THE RUMBLING THUNDER! I REMEMBER A FRIEND OF MINE WAS VERY FOND OF GRAY. "YES," SAID I, "HE IS VERY FINE INDEED; AS THIS—"

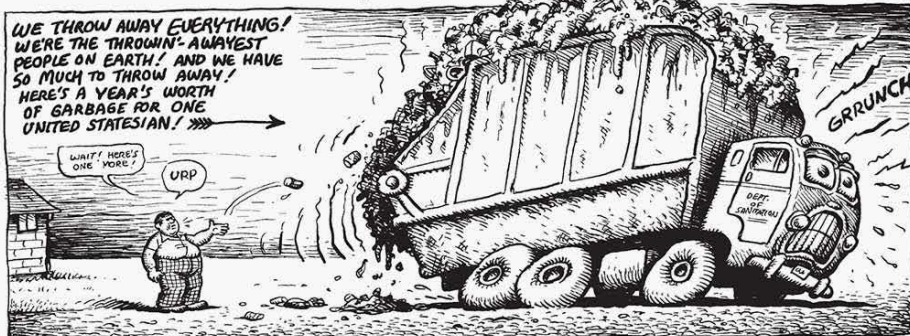


TRASH

what
do we
throw
away?



WE THROW AWAY EVERYTHING!
WE'RE THE 'THROWN-AWAYEST'
PEOPLE ON EARTH! AND WE HAVE
SO MUCH TO THROW AWAY!
HERE'S A YEAR'S WORTH
OF GARBAGE FOR ONE
UNITED STATESIAN! →



JUST THINK, IF ALL
TRASH COLLECTION
SUDDENLY STOPPED...
PEOPLE WOULD JUST
SIT IN THEIR STINK!



IT
STINKS
IN
HERE...

PEW

BUT WHY PICK ON
ME?? IT'S NOT MY
FAULT THAT ALL THIS
CRAP IS MADE TO THROW
AWAY! IT'S THESE
BIG SHOTS THAT
ARE RESPONSIBLE...

HEY, A GUY'S
GOTTA EAT 'N'
HAVE HIS BEER
'N' WHATNOT.



I GOT NOOZ F'YA, THAT POOR
SLOB IS RIGHT! OUR GLUT
OF GARBAGE IS THE DIRECT
RESULT OF A CONSPIRACY,
DONT KID Y'SELF!!!

WHAT WE COULD
USE RIGHT NOW
IS A REALLY BIG
WAR... THERE'S
TOO MANY OF
THEM
ANYWAY!

NAH...
OLD HAT...
LET'S GET
OFF THAT
TRUCK, J.B...
WE NEED
FRESH
IDEAS.

A.J. IS
RIGHT... BUT OUR
MARKETS HAVE
'PLATEAUED OUT'...
WHERE DO WE GO
FROM HERE?

WE HAVE TO GET
CODY WITH THE RUSSIANS...
THEN WE CAN OPEN THEM
UP TO OUR PRODUCTS...
THIS'LL ENTAIL A MORE
LIBERAL ADMINISTRATION
IN WASHINGTON...

NO
PROBLEM
THERE,
J.S.

NON-SPECIFIC
MULTI-NATIONAL
CONGLOMERATE

PAPER
COMPANIES

CONTAINER
INDUSTRY

PETRO
CHEMICALS

BANK
BOARD
CHAIRMAN

BASICALLY, MORE TRASH
MEANS MORE PROFITS!

AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THERE ARE
STILL A FEW PLACES LEFT IN THE
WORLD WHERE THERE'S NO SUCH
THING AS "WASTE"!



LOOK, MY GOOD
FRIEND, I'LL GIVE YOU
THIS SHINY NEW PLASTIC
CUP FOR THAT SHABBY
OLD HAND-CARVED
DOLL!

O.K.! YOU
GOOD TO ME,
MR. BOSSMAN!

JELLY ROLL MORTON'S

WHAT WAS IT THAT SHADOWED "MR. JELLY ROLL," NUMBER ONE HOT BAND LEADER OF THE TWENTIES, WHEN HE MOVED TO NEW YORK AT THE PEAK OF HIS POPULARITY AROUND 1928? IN MAY, 1938, AFTER YEARS OF BEING ON THE SKIDS, MORTON SAT DOWN IN FRONT OF A MICROPHONE AT THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS AND BEGAN TELLING HIS LIFE STORY TO FOLKSONG COLLECTOR ALAN LOMAX. BEING FROM NEW ORLEANS, MORTON KNEW ALL ABOUT THE WORKINGS OF HOODOO, AND IN HIS OWN WORDS HE DESCRIBED HOW THESE MYSTERIOUS FORCES WERE USED TO BRING ABOUT HIS DOWNFALL.....



WHEN I WAS A YOUNG MAN, THESE HOODOO PEOPLE, WITH THEIR UNDERGROUND STUFF HELP ME ALONGS. I DID NOT FEEL GRATEFUL AND I DID NOT REWARD THEM FOR THE HELP THEY GAVE. NOW, WHEN EVERYTHING BEGAN TO GO AGAINST ME, THOSE UNDERGROUND STREAMS WERE RUNNING AGAINST ME TOO.



I WAS IN THE MUSIC PUBLISHING BUSINESS. EVERYBODY WAS WRITING ME FOR BANDS AND FOR MUSIC AND FOR RADIO PROGRAMS, AND I HAD MORE WORK THAN I COULD DO.



I BUMPED INTO A WEST-INDIAN GUY WHO WAS FOOLING AROUND WITH THE MUSIC PUBLISHING BUSINESS IN AN OFFICE SO SMALL YOU COULDN'T TURN AROUND IN IT.



I KINDA LIKED THIS GUY AND WANTED TO GIVE HIM A BREAK, AND BESIDES, AS I HAD DECIDED TO FORM A MONOPOLY AND PUT MY MONEY BEHIND A LOT OF MY TYPE BANDS WITH THE MAIN OFFICE LOCATED IN LOS ANGELES, I NEEDED A CONFIDENTIAL PARTNER TO HANDLE THE NEW YORK END.



THIS GUY SAID HE COULD TYPE AND DO ACCOUNTING, SO I GAVE HIM A BREAK AND TOOK HIM INTO THE FIRM AS A PARTNER, KEEPING ALL THE PROPERTY IN MY NAME.



I ASSURED HIM I DIDN'T WANT TO MAKE HIM AN OFFICE BOY, BUT THE SON-OF-A-GUN WAS JEALOUS OF ME. HE DIDN'T WANT TO HANDLE THE MUSIC COUNTER AND TOLD ME I WAS HIGH-HAT BECAUSE I KEPT MY DOOR CLOSED. I HAD TO HAVE IT QUIET FOR MY ARRANGING AND COMPOSING. I GUESS HE HATED ME BECAUSE HE WAS SUCH A POOR EXCUSE FOR TALENT HIMSELF.



MANY EVENINGS I USED TO DRIVE HIM HOME TO BROOKLYN IN MY LINCOLN AND OFTEN HE WOULD ASK ME TO WAIT FOR HIM ON A CERTAIN CORNER WHERE HE WOULD MEET AND TALK WITH A LIGHT COMPLETED OLD MAN.



ONCE I HEARD THIS OLD MAN TELL MY WEST-INDIAN PARTNER THAT SUCH-AND-SUCH A WOMAN WAS NO GOOD.



ALRIGHT, YOU WAIT... IN A MONTH SHE WON'T HAVE ANYTHING!

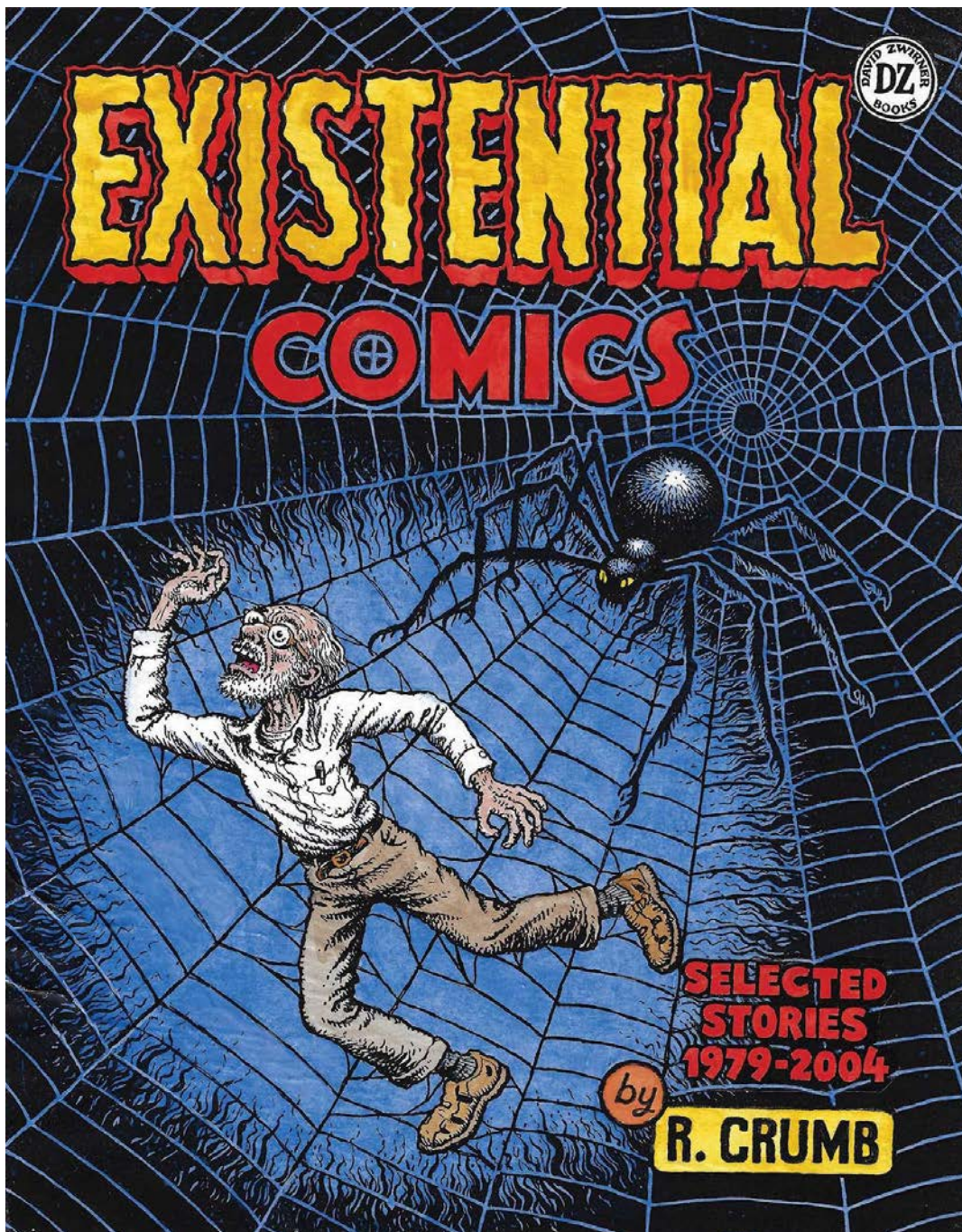


SOMETIME LATER ON THE WEST-INDIAN REMARKED TO ME THAT THIS WOMAN HAD LOST EVERYTHING SHE HAD. HE TOLD ME THE OLD MAN HAD A BOOK, LIKE AN ENCYCLOPEDIA, FULL OF CHARMS THAT NEVER FAIL. IF THE POLICE CAUGHT HIM WITH THAT BOOK, RIGHT IN THE JAIL HE WOULD GO.



THAT PUT ME TO THINKING AND WONDERING IF MY PARTNER HAD PUT ANYTHING ON ME THROUGH THIS OLD MAN.





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SANDRA KNECHT



SANDRA KNECHT

Sandra Knecht

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HOME IS A FOREIGN PLACE

K B H.G

Home is a Foreign Place

HATJE
CANTZ

SANDRA KNECHT

AUF DER SUCHE NACH DER HEIMAT

dieser Tiere. Das führt zu einem archaischen Zusammensein von Mensch und Tier und ist ein zentrales Thema im künstlerischen Schaffen von Sandra Knecht. Und es führt sie auf ein weiteres Gebiet – das Kochen. Tiere und Pflanzen des Hofes begegnen uns wieder in einzigartigen Gerichten, die sie auch als Köchin berühmt gemacht haben.

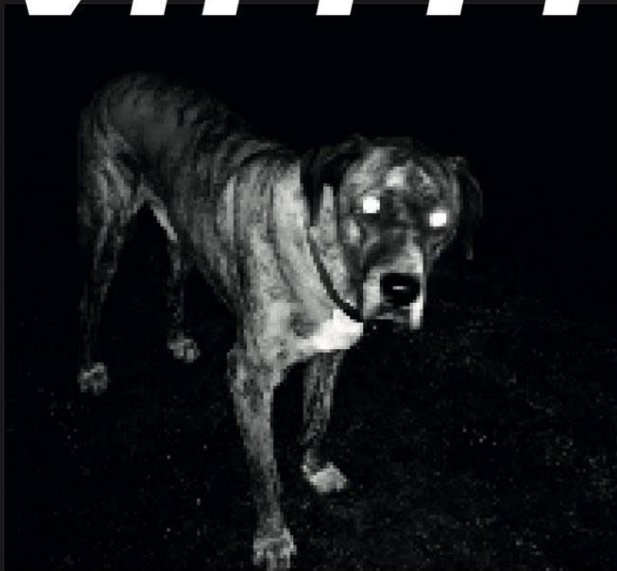
Die Künstlerin Sandra Knecht lässt sich nicht in eine Schublade stecken. Auch noch so viele Etiketten werden ihr nicht gerecht. Das beweist ihr Projekt in der KBH.G. Home Is a Foreign Place ist nicht einfach eine Kunstaustellung, sondern ein Gesamtkunstwerk, das verschiedene Medien miteinbezieht und vor allem auch die Sinne weckt. Sei es beim Betrachten der Ausstellung oder beim Geniesen von ihren rezeptierten Gerichten.

Sandra Knecht hat sich in den letzten Jahren international einen Namen gemacht, wurde mit zahlreichen Preisen ausgezeichnet und war mit verschiedenen Projekten in renommierten Kunstinstitutionen präsent. Die KBH.G ist stolz, dass sie dieser Ausnahmekünstlerin in ihrer «Heimat» – Buus liegt nur gerade 30 Kilometer von Basel entfernt – eine Plattform für eine umfassende Präsentation ihres aktuellen Schaffens geben kann.

Raphael Suter
Direktor Kulturstiftung Basel H. Geiger | KBH.G



ALPENBUTTER,
SAUERTEIGBROT,
**PATTI
SMITH**



PILZ ESSENZ

IM GESPRÄCH
MIT
HANS ULRICH
OBRIST

HANS ULRICH OBRIST

Wie hat Dein Projekt auf dem Land angefangen?

SANDRA KNECHT

Ich habe früher über 20 Jahre lang als Sozialpädagogin gearbeitet, mit einer Spezialisierung auf männliche Jugendliche mit Integrationsproblemen. Damals habe ich mit den Müttern immer gekocht, weil die sich nicht getraut haben, zu mir ins Büro zu kommen, da sie die Sprache nicht beherrschten oder Angst hatten vor Bürokratie. Ich habe dann deren Söhne respektive Töchter gefragt, ob sie mir zeigen könnten, wie man beispielsweise Börek oder Fesendschön zubereitet. So habe ich dann zweimal pro Woche bei diesen Jugendlichen zuhause gekocht oder gegessen, während wir Gespräche führten. Anfang der 2010er-Jahre spürte ich, dass ich eine Pause brauchte. Ich wollte ein Sabbatical auf einem Gebiet machen, wo ich





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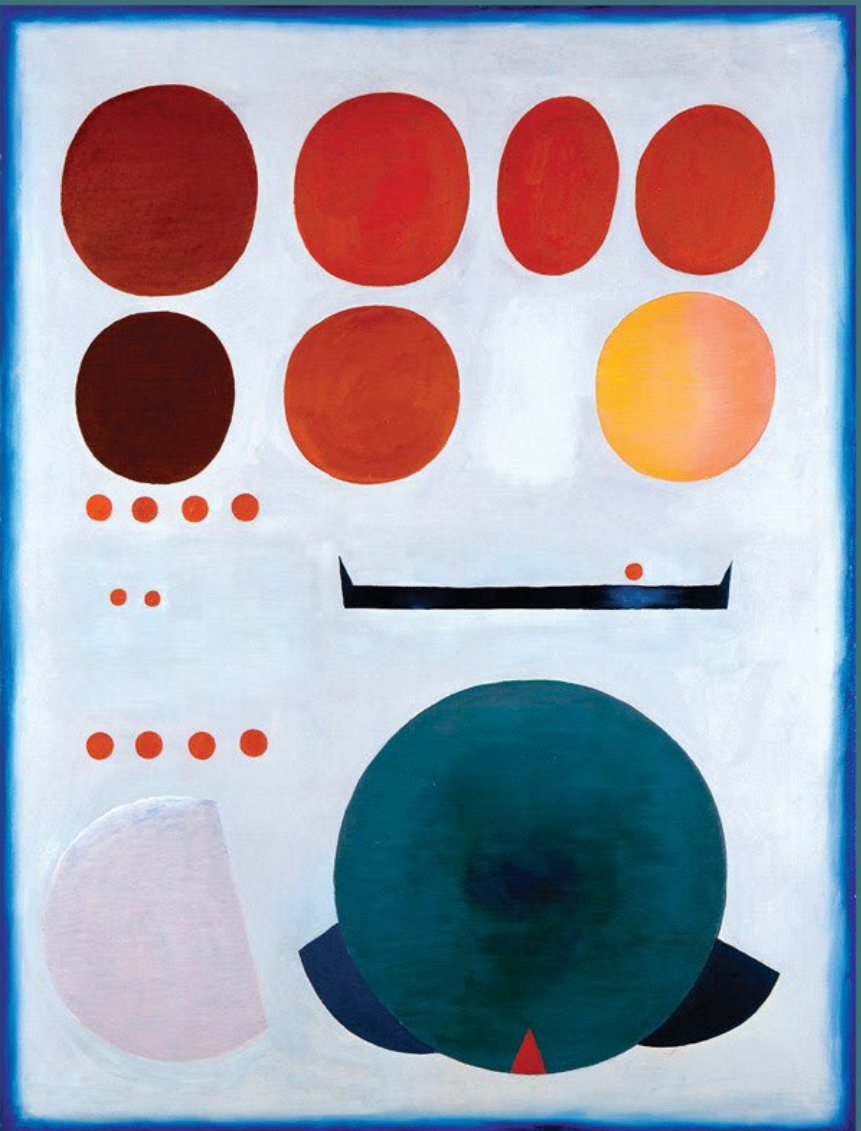
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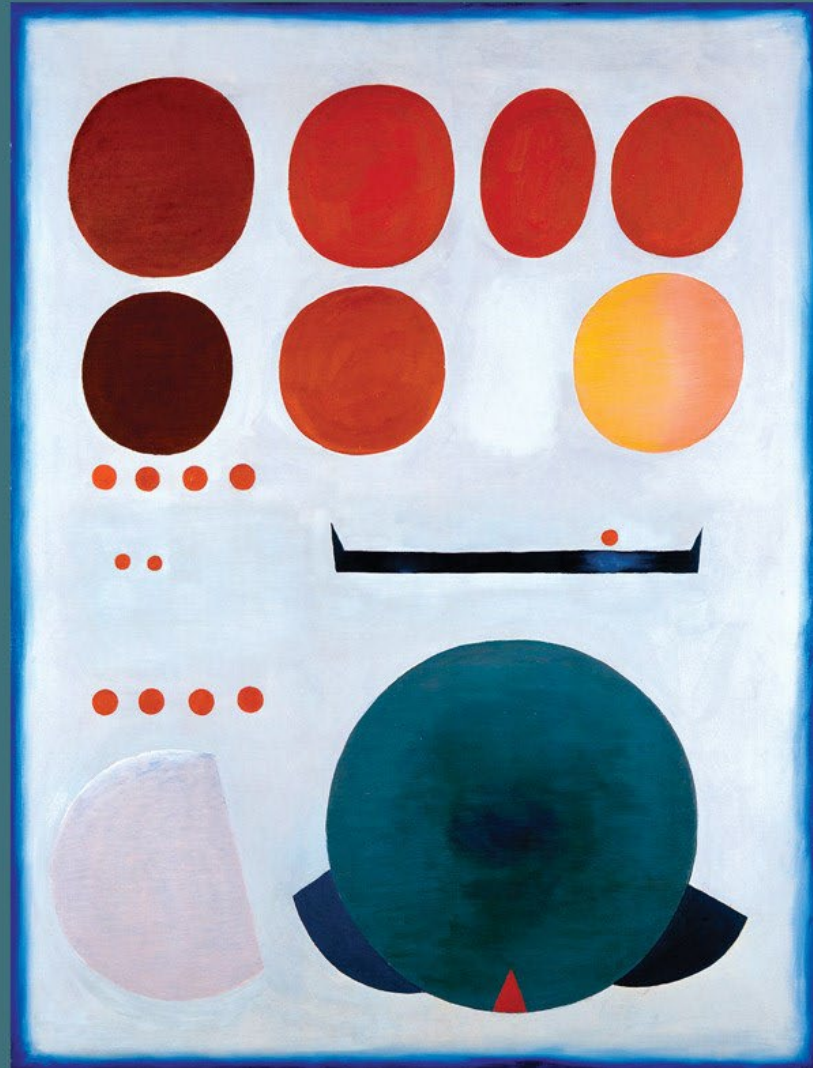
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Seascape, 1948
Oil on canvas, 46 x 38 cm

Typical Poet, 1956
Resin on fibreboard, 61 x 50 cm



Pegas 48-49

Poet I, 1957
Oil on fibreboard, 73 x 60.5 cm

Poet II (Construction), 1957
Oil on fibreboard, 72.5 x 59.5 cm

Pegas 46-47

Poet of Contrasts, 1957
Oil on fibreboard, 73 x 60 cm

Young Poet (The Red Angel), 1957
Oil on fibreboard, 61 x 46 cm



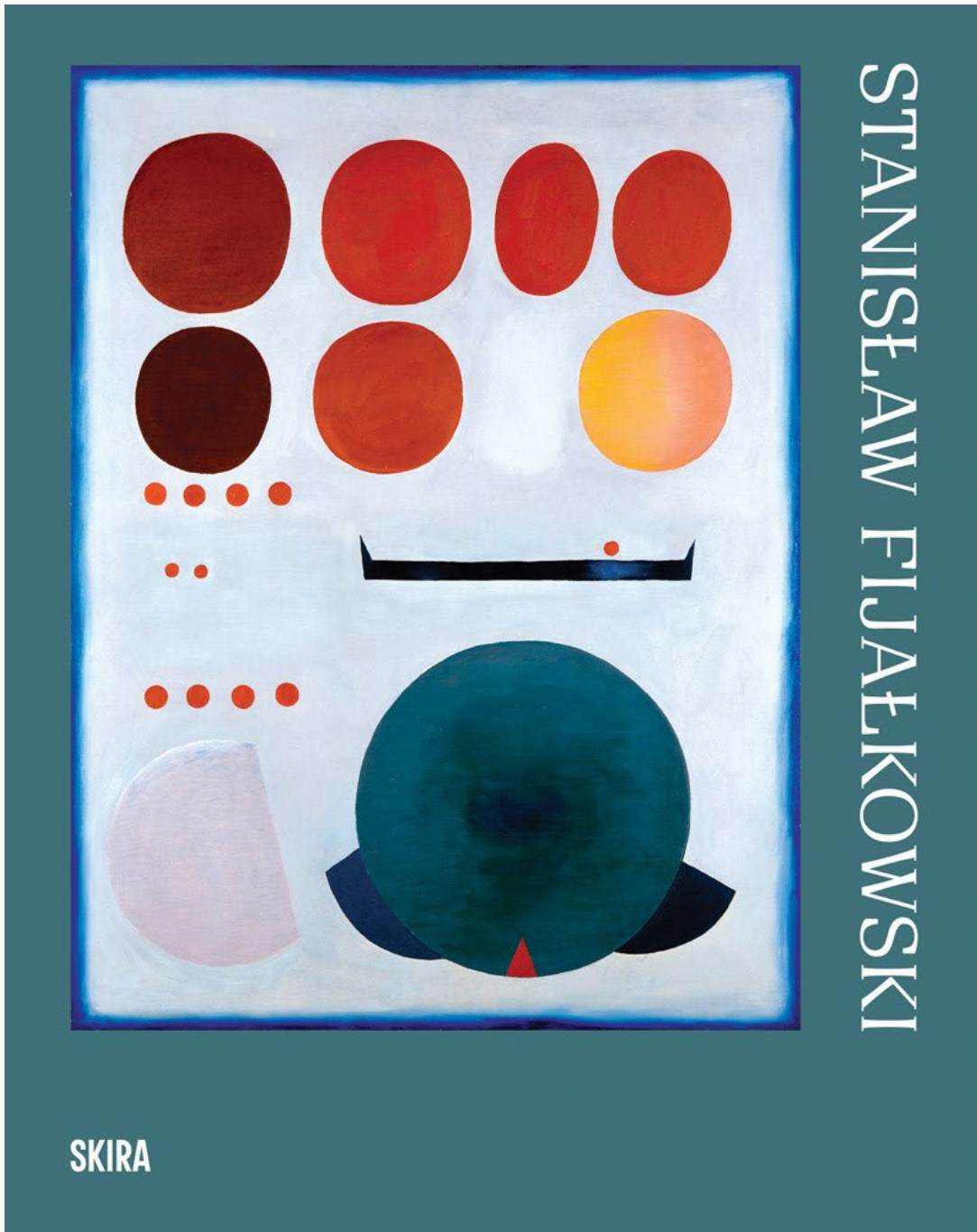




Composition, 1958
Oil on canvas, 75 x 63 cm

Great Composition with Clouds
Oil on canvas, 116 x 85 cm

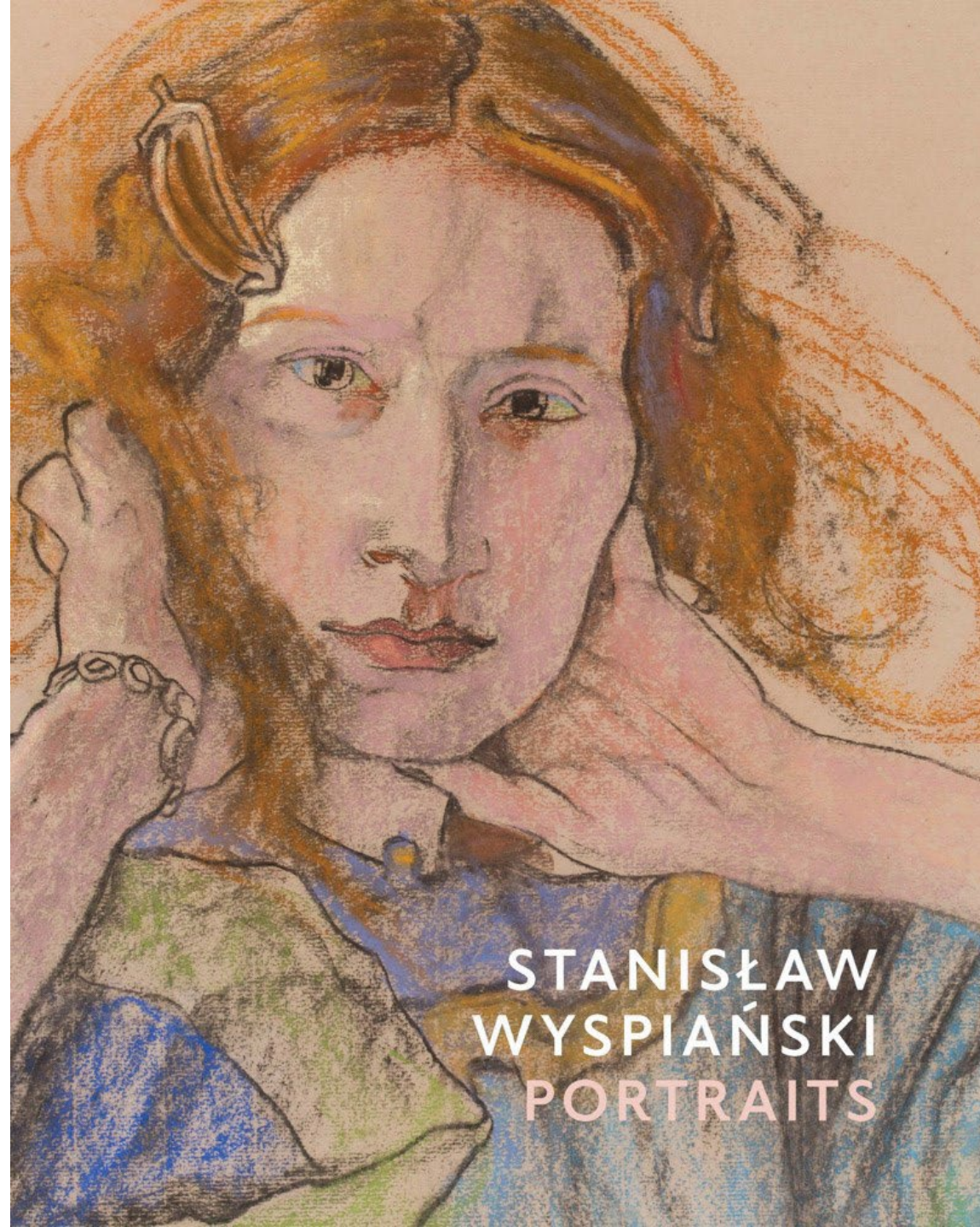




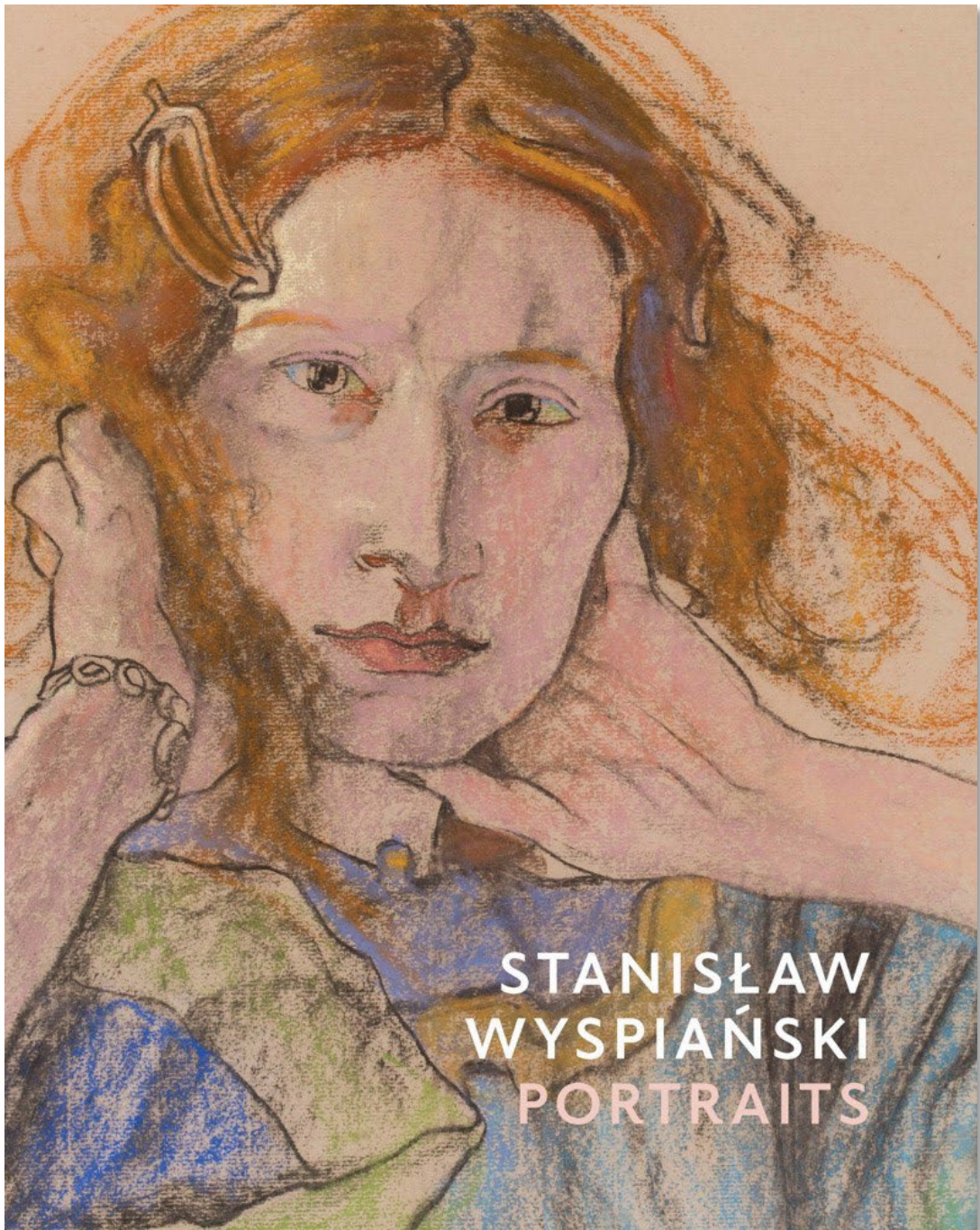
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WYSPIAŃSKI
PORTRAITS



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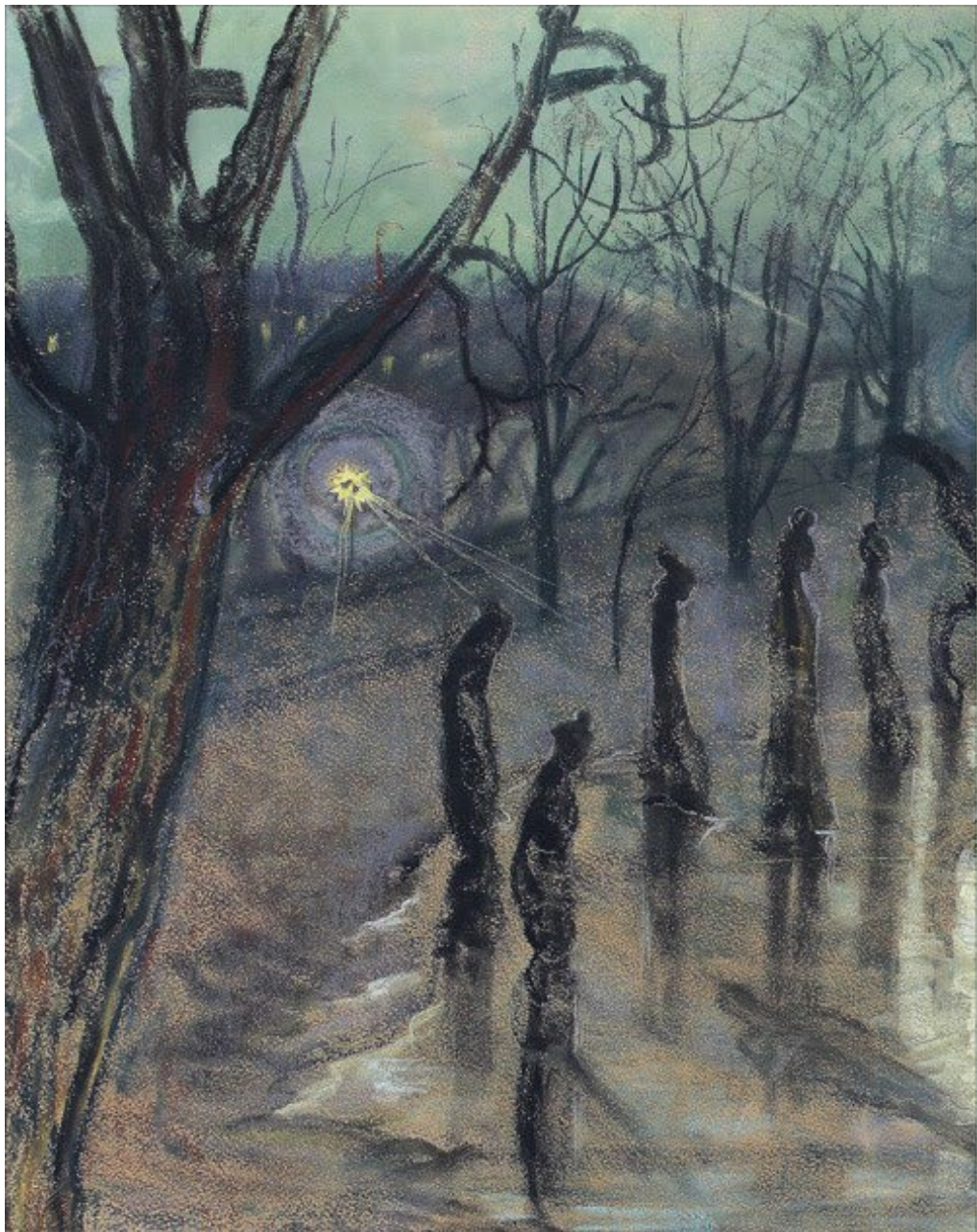
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TO STANISLAW WYSPIANSKI

From the other side of the world,
From a little island cradled in the giant sea bosom,
From a little land with no history,
(Making its own history, slowly and clumsily
Piecing together this and that, finding the pattern, solving the problem,
Like a child with a box of bricks),
I, a woman, with the taint of the pioneer in my blood,
Full of a youthful strength that wars with itself and is lawless,
I sing your praises, magnificent warrior; I proclaim your triumphant battle.
My people have had nought to contend with;
They have worked in the broad light of day and handled the clay with rude fingers;
Life – a thing of blood and muscle; Death – a shovelling underground of waste material.
What would they know of ghosts and unseen presences,
Of shadows that blot out reality, of darkness that stultifies morn?
Fine and sweet the water that runs from their mountains;
How could they know of poisonous weed, of rotted and clogging tendrils?
And the tapestry woven from dreams of your tragic childhood
They would tear in their stupid hands,
The sad, pale light of your soul blow out with their childish laughter.
But the dead – the old – Oh Master, we belong to you there;
Oh Master, there we are children and awed by the strength of a giant;
How alive you leapt into the grave and wrestled with Death
And found in the veins of Death the red blood flowing
And raised Death up in your arms and showed him to all the people.
Yours a more personal labor than the Nazarene's miracles,
Yours a more forceful encounter than the Nazarene's gentle commands.
Stanislaw Wyspianski – Oh man with the name of a fighter,
Across these thousands of sea-shattered miles we cry and proclaim you;
We say 'He is lying in Poland, and Poland thinks he is dead;
But he gave the denial to Death – he is lying there, wakeful;
The blood in his giant heart pulls red through his Veins'.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD
Wörishofen, Germany, January 1910

THE LIFE AND ART OF STANISŁAW WYSPIAŃSKI

ALISON SMITH AND JULIA GRIFFIN

In the note that accompanies the first English publication of Katherine Mansfield's stirring paean *To Stanisław Wyspiański* (1910) – issued posthumously in 1938 – Wyspiański (1869–1907) is described as the greatest literary genius produced by modern Poland, an artist with an unconquerable faith in the future of his country¹. Following a series of partition treaties between 1772 and 1795, Poland had been divided between Prussia, Russia and Austria-Hungary and was to endure a 123-year-long, bitter struggle to regain independence, with a number of uprisings resulting in harsh reprisals (fig.1). Certainly, during the final years of Poland's political non-existence, Wyspiański was hailed by many Poles to be the voice of the partitioned nation, an artist who envisioned its rebirth not only as a political struggle but, more importantly, as a spiritual quest. This belief must have been uppermost in the mind of the literary critic and translator Floryan Sobieniowski (1881–1964) when he introduced Mansfield, then his lover, to the work of Wyspiański in 1909, just two years after the artist's untimely death from syphilis, aged 38. Whether Mansfield actually visited Kraków with Sobieniowski to experience Wyspiański's works first-hand, as is suggested by her poem, is not altogether certain but she was clearly inspired by the artist's vision and example. She was one of the very few English-speaking people to be aware of his achievement in the years immediately following his death. The scant mentions in the British press focussed on Wyspiański's remarkable versatility, calling him 'a kind of Polish William Morris, to whom no form of art came amiss'.²

Wyspiański was a polymath – an artist, designer, interior decorator, master-craftsman and national bard – who worked across a wide range of disciplines in pursuing his creative goals. In the field of literature, he wrote poems and plays that he directed himself while also devising sets and costumes for his own productions. He designed stained-glass windows, furniture, textiles and polychromes as well as layouts and covers for his own and others' publications. He produced portraits and landscapes, mainly in pastel, while also practising as a sculptor, architect and urban planner. He was a classical scholar, art historian, botanist and antiquarian with a great knowledge of architecture and particularly of medieval churches. Added to which was his

fig.1 Maps showing Polish territories before, during and after the third partition, using modern place names for clarity





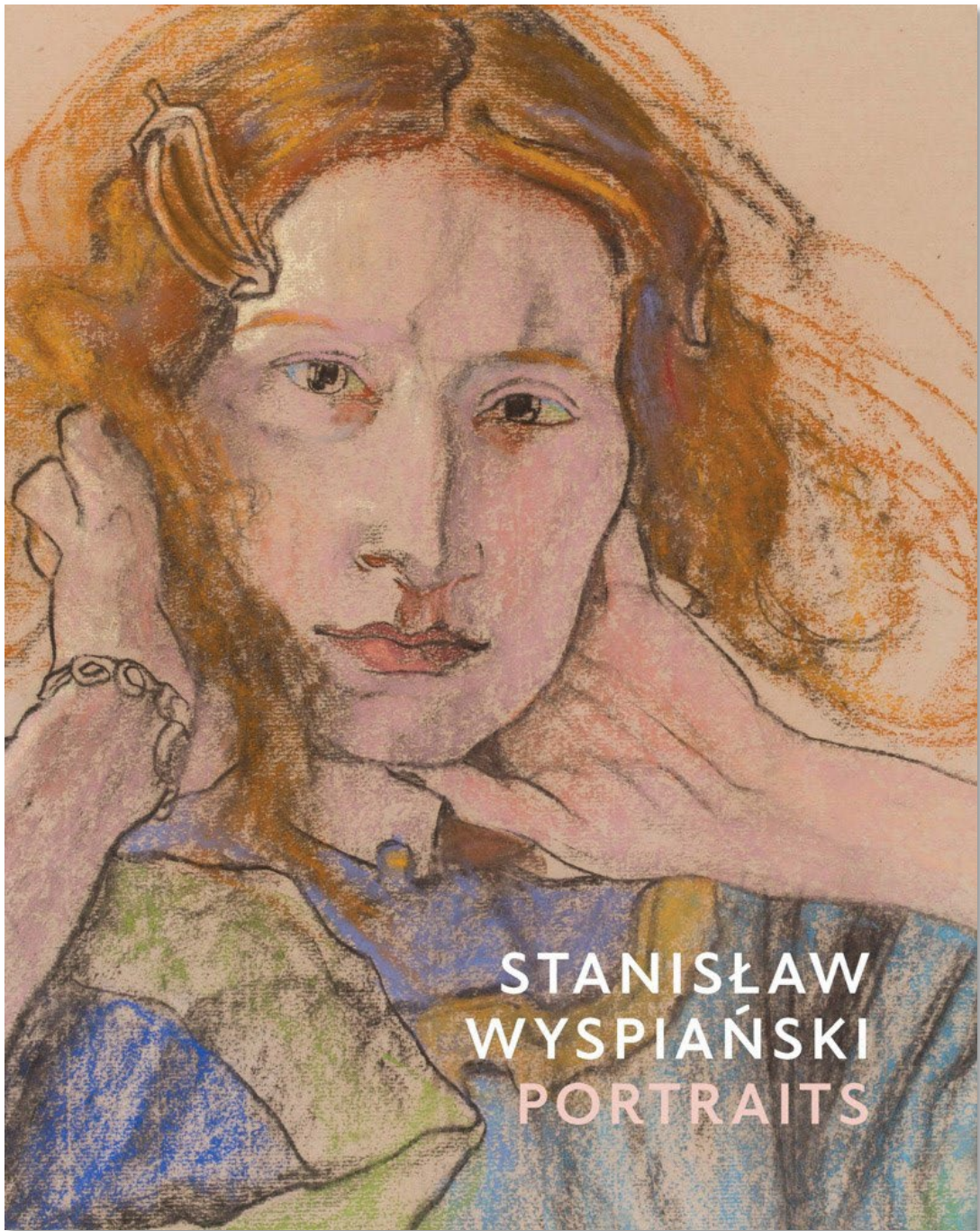
#16.3 Decorative scheme at Kraków's Medical Society, 1904-5, juxtaposed with Apollo: Copernicus's Solar System, 1904, stained-glass cartoon, 3430 x 1460mm, National Museum in Kraków



#16.4 Polonia, 1894, pastel replica of unrealised stained-glass design for Lwów Cathedral, 2990 x 1750mm, National Museum in Kraków



That Wyspiański is only now beginning to be recognised outside of Poland should not be surprising given the country's lack of political autonomy during the years he was active and for a considerable part of the twentieth century. In many respects, Wyspiański was fortunate in being based in the Austrian partition, which allowed greater freedom of expression compared to areas under Russian and Prussian control, but Poland's political oppression impeded recognition in the international arena. Wyspiański was, however, able to travel within Europe and became an exhibitor at the internationalist Vienna Secession, a movement of which he was a life member⁵. His works were never accorded a solo exhibition in a mainstream venue further west, either during his lifetime or before the Second World War, despite his strong connections with Paris. During the communist years there were limited opportunities for his work to be seen beyond the Iron Curtain⁶. Most of



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AJAMU X



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Tate Photography: Ajamu X

Self-portraiture then is a way to interrogate not just who I am in terms of my identity and sexuality, but, more importantly, who I can fantasise myself to be."Ajamu X, born in Huddersfield in 1963, is a British photographic artist, curator, archivist and activist. He is best known for his fine art photography which explores same-sex desire, the erotic and sensory, and the Black queer body. As a leading specialist in Black British LGBTQ+ history, heritage and memory, his work as an archivist and activist documents the lives and experiences of Black LGBTQ+ people in the United Kingdom.

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AJAMU X AND HANNAH MARSH IN CONVERSATION

Hannah Marsh: What initiated your interest in art? Do you have a specific memory of this?

Ajamu X: I was always drawn to be creative in some shape or form, but my idea of an artist was someone that painted or drew. And of course, I couldn't draw or paint, so photography was a way of being this idea of the artist through the camera. My mum bought me my first camera. It came from the catalogue Empire Stores, costing about £2.50 a week, and it was a T10 Halina, which is a pocket camera and super lightweight. I used this camera to take images for the *Black Magazine* around 1985. I remember its metallic feeling and the shutter being extremely loud. It was a minimalist camera, so perfect for someone like me who wanted to learn about this medium.

HM And you then went on to study photography in Leeds. How did this shape your practice?

AX When I left school I went into catering, painting and decorating, but I would cover my bedroom in white sheets, get this big household lamp and then just shoot images of guys, self-portraits, images of life. I just played around within my bedroom-slash-studio and then a few years later I went to Leeds Kitson College to study photography, printing and design. We looked at the work of Ansel Adams and Irving Penn – whose work I loved then and still love now – but I was looking for Black photographers, and gay photographers. Then there was a talk on Black photography by photographer and academic David A. Bailey in 1987 organised by artist Maud Sulter, and I was also introduced to the work of Rotimi Fani-Kayode, so I was able to bring race and sexuality into the same frame. The head of department said, 'I think you should actually leave the course and follow this thing called photography'. He gave me two books as presents. One was *Black Skin, White Masks* by Frantz Fanon, and the other *Camera Lucida* by Roland Barthes. I was not sure what to make of his comment at the time but years on it made a lot of sense.

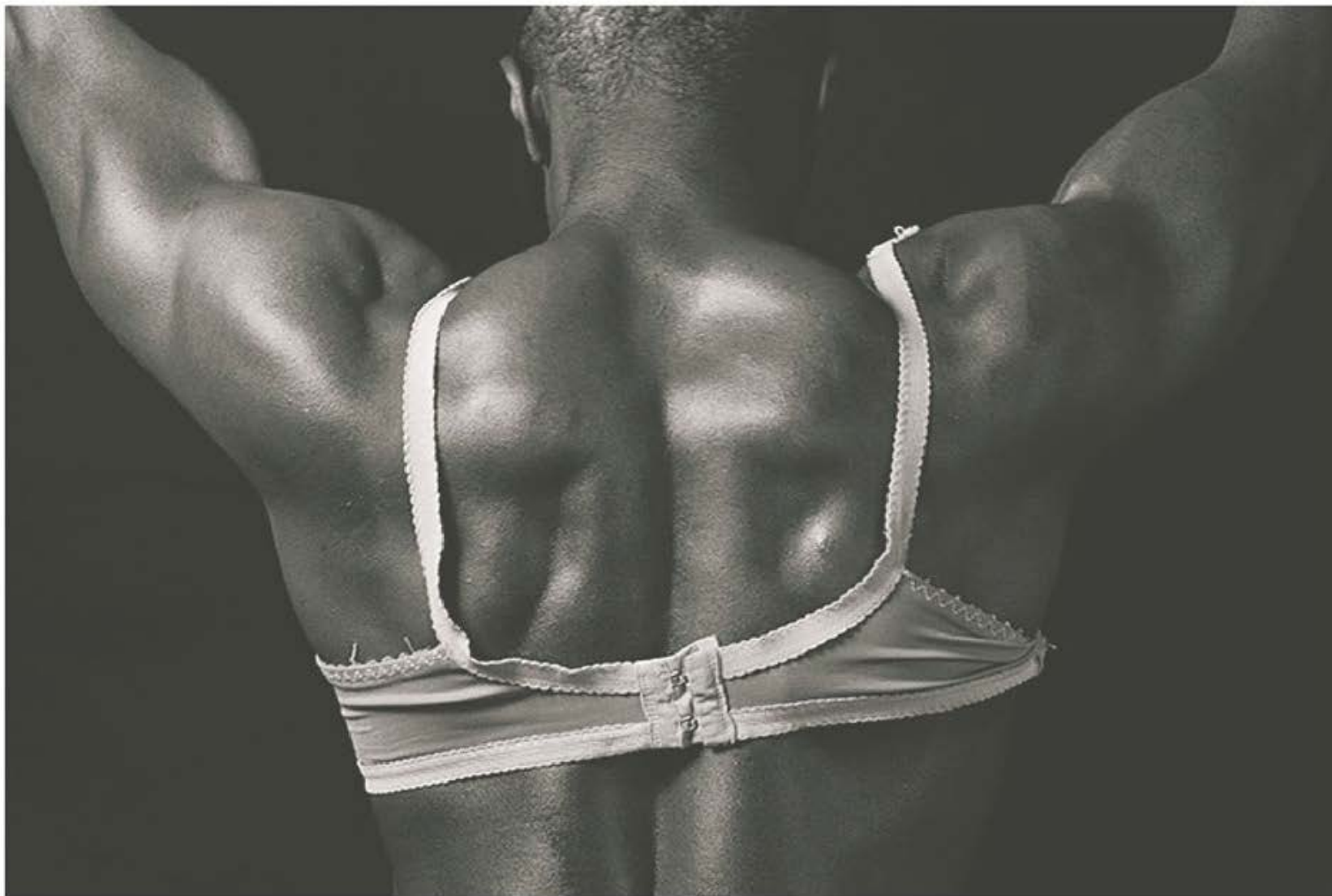
HM So much of your practice consists of you photographing other people, your muses, collaborators, friends, but of course you've worked a lot in self-portraiture too. Can you expand on the space that photography enables for an exploration of the self?

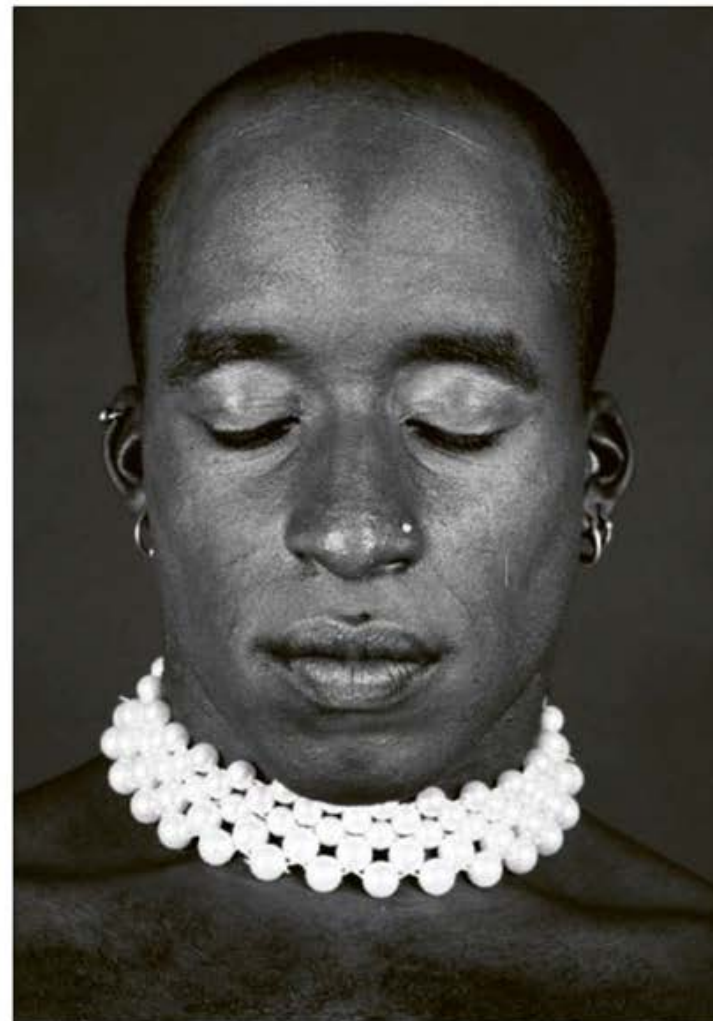
AX Self-portraiture for me is key because in the early years I couldn't find the models, but of course I always had access to myself. Early in my practice my home space was also my studio. If an idea came up at two o'clock in the morning I could just go upstairs and play around in portrait, so naturally it's going to be the most accessible thing that I have. Self-portraiture then is a way to interrogate not just who I am in terms of my identity and sexuality, but more importantly, who I can fantasise myself to be. I've always had, over the years, various alter egos that I've played around with. There are the S&M kink images, and Master Aaab is another character. Master Aaab is taken from one of my role models, Dirg Aaab-Richards, a queer activist who's not into kink, I need to say that publicly, but I find it funny that I've taken his name. Key for portraits is playfulness, so I like seeing what then happens if I play around with the wedding dress, knowing what the wedding dress signifies in Western culture.

And then also some of my self-portraits are based on particular sexual experiences that I've had, so they are in-jokes. I do like the idea of playing around with one's identity. I'm not necessarily drawn to discovery, but I'm drawn to invention. Yeah, I find that more exciting.

HM Wonderful. And that perfectly brings me to the influence of Bell Hooks upon your practice. Hooks asks, how do we move beyond just critiquing the status quo? How can we transform the image, creating alternative ways of looking? Your work performs this notion of transformation through its inventive quality, dispelling rigid ideas around identity.

AX It's all about pushing against the trap of identity thinking and representation. I'm not saying that those things don't have a place – they do – but I think that there is a danger of only looking through the lens of Black and queer experience. The obsession with identity thinking and representation can mean people sidestep or dismiss process and production, which is a major part of the photography act. I also want my work to be spoken about within the history of photography more widely. Of course, the history of photography has problematised race and sexuality, but it's about asking how to inhabit





AJAMU X



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Tate Photography: Ajamu X

Self-portraiture then is a way to interrogate not just who I am in terms of my identity and sexuality, but, more importantly, who I can fantasise myself to be."Ajamu X, born in Huddersfield in 1963, is a British photographic artist, curator, archivist and activist. He is best known for his fine art photography which explores same-sex desire, the erotic and sensory, and the Black queer body. As a leading specialist in Black British LGBTQ+ history, heritage and memory, his work as an archivist and activist documents the lives and experiences of Black LGBTQ+ people in the United Kingdom.

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Tate Photography: Laura Aguilar

"Women taking ownership of their bodies and allowing forgiveness of self as a form of healing is one of the ways in which I have approached my work. It is as much a formal experiment as it is a societal gift." Laura Aguilar (1959-2018) was a trailblazing Chicana artist and photographer, best known for her images that explore ideas of beauty and the female form in relation to nature and place.

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ARTIST STATEMENT
C.1999

I am a visual artist who primarily works in photography, although I have tip-toed into video and performance. I have also been engaged in public service through the work that I have done with at-risk youth through the juvenile correctional system at the California Youth Authority, among others. I like the image of tip-toeing through my discipline because it implies that I am willing to explore different themes, approaches and ideas that I have not previously explored. Since 1985 I have been exhibiting my photographic artwork locally, nationally and now, internationally.

As you can see from the body of work that I have submitted, my journey as an artist is both personal and political because I highlight the sociological by showing a world composed of individuals (myself included as subject) who are varied, assertive and intimate. I have concentrated on identity, culture and outsider status, which mostly means that my work reflects people of color, gender and size. A lot of my past work was concerned with the body – my own and others. As you can tell from my work, I have an interest in how large vessels move within increasingly compact societies, both physically and intellectually.

Over the last few years I have begun to experiment, through photographic art, with how the body moves. This has also led me to begin investigating the spiritual aspects of the body and how it rejuvenates through nature. I am in search of images that can convey balance, grace and serenity. This is obviously a shift in my own perceptions and desires, moving from Urban Portraiture to a larger idea of seeing ourselves in the ever expanding and shifting relationship to nature. In a way I was always moving towards a culture, but now the definition of what it is has been profoundly shifted for me.

I was always defined by (and proudly accepted) the identity markers that were given to me; Chicana, female, lesbian, working-class, etc. But, now I am expanding those ideas to include a larger world view that positions me as central to the landscape of nature. Maybe this has to do more with the idea that as a working artist and woman, I am always stuck between a rock and a hard place!

These images have also served as a form of empowerment and acceptance for the audience and myself. Women taking ownership of their bodies and allowing forgiveness of self as a form of healing is one of the ways in which I have approached my work. It is as much a formal experiment as it is a societal gift.



LAURA AGUILAR



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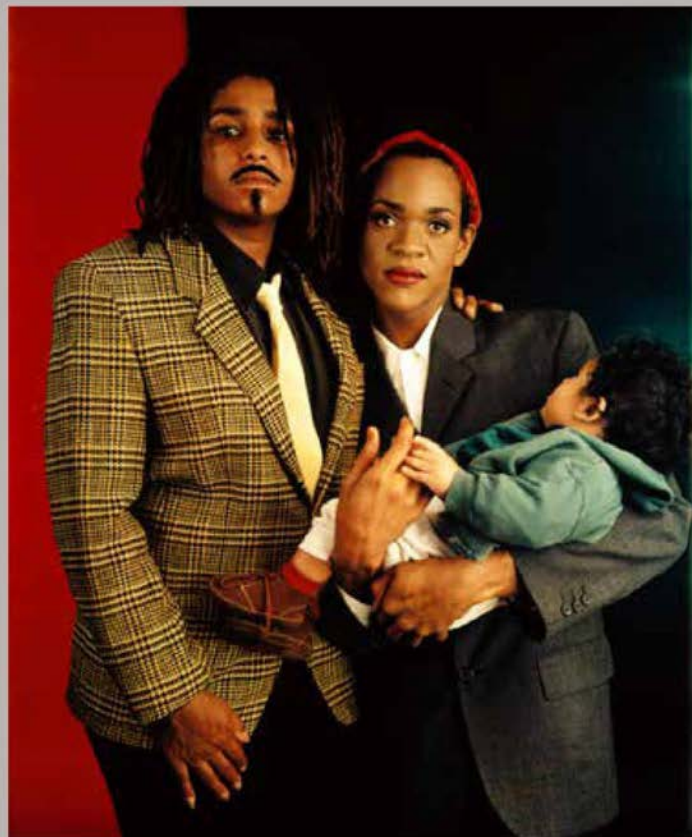
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Tate Photography: Laura Aguilar

"Women taking ownership of their bodies and allowing forgiveness of self as a form of healing is one of the ways in which I have approached my work. It is as much a formal experiment as it is a societal gift." Laura Aguilar (1959-2018) was a trailblazing Chicana artist and photographer, best known for her images that explore ideas of beauty and the female form in relation to nature and place.

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LYLE ASHTON HARRIS



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LYLE ASHTON HARRIS



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3:3

Tate Photography: Lyle Ashton Harris

New York-based artist Lyle Ashton Harris spent his adolescence living between New York City and Dar es Salaam, Tanzania. This formative period informs his wide-ranging artistic practice in photography, collage, installation and performance - making a commentary on the societal constructs of gender, desire, and race; the complexities of African and African American experience; and his own identity as a queer, Black man.

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**LYLE ASHTON HARRIS AND
FIONTÁN MORAN IN CONVERSATION**

- FM I read that your grandfather had a keen interest in photography, so was it always an important part of your life?
- LAH Cameras were always present in my family – James Van Der Zee photographed my grandparents' wedding portrait. The invitation card for my first New York exhibition at Jack Tilton Gallery in 1994 was a photograph of me taken by my late cousin, Ricky PJ. My grandfather took thousands of Ektachrome slides on his Leica CL camera documenting his family and community in depth – I recall being photographed by him a lot while I was growing up! He also shot Super 8 films and produced video recordings using early consumer cameras. It wasn't until I fully encountered the extent of his archive that I became aware of the material scope of his work, which includes a series of recorded appearances by Black people on television in the late twentieth century. Our family library also contained a great collection of photobooks, like Roy DeCarava's *The Sweet Flypaper of Life* 1955 and Ernest Cole's *House of Bondage* 1967. Ernest had been acquainted with my family through my South African stepfather Pule Leinaeng (also a photographer), as both of them were involved with the anti-apartheid exile community in New York.
- FM Was there an understanding of how these photographs contributed to a broader dialogue around representation?
- LAH My grandfather was a 'race man' and a disciple of W.E.B. Du Bois, so there was a deep understanding of culture and history. But I don't think people were sitting around in armchairs discussing it – they were just living their lives deeply engaged in their community [with an] understanding of being both an architect and contributor to that culture.
- FM From the beginning of your practice, you foregrounded questions of race, gender and sexuality in your work. Did you always have an innate confidence in exploring this subject matter?
- LAH It's not a choice to be gay, but it is a choice about your level of embodiment. I've always been fascinated by how people like Pier Paolo

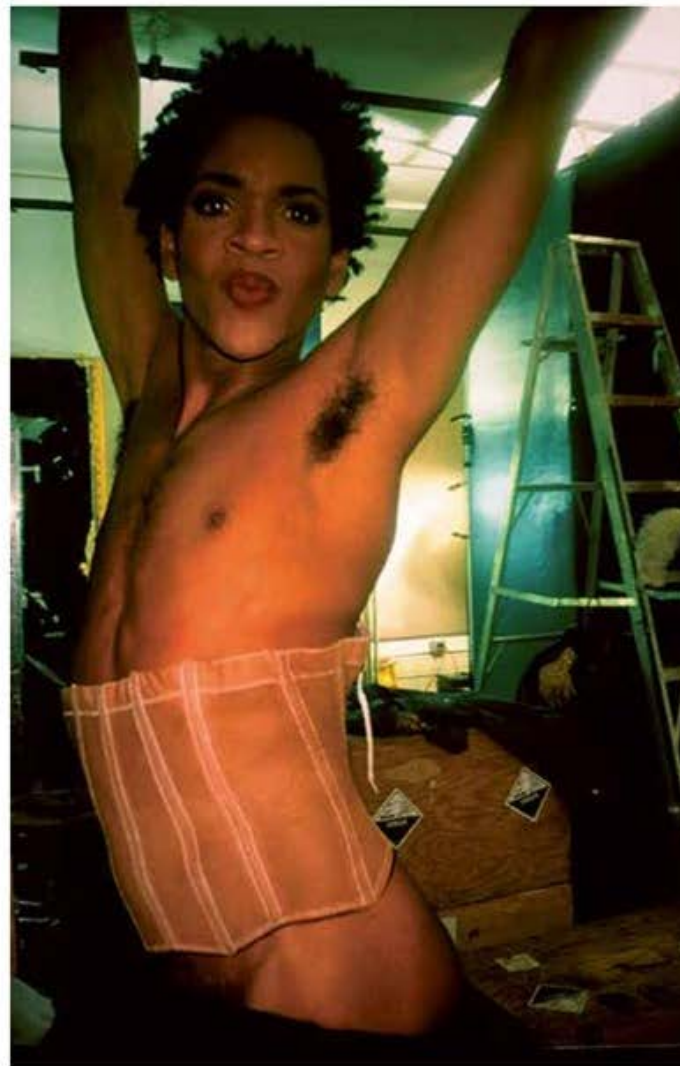
Pasolini or Isaac Julien or Derek Jarman or Marlon Riggs made those choices. Thinking back to the opening of the *Black Male* exhibition at the Whitney Museum in 1994 (when *Constructs* – now in the Tate collection – was showing), at the opening I wore a one-piece, sleeveless tuxedo with something diaphanous underneath – a type of embodiment upsetting bourgeois notions of decorum. The choice to radically insist on that embodiment and with that to negotiate multiple spaces – it was my anointing. It can be hard to explain to younger generations – there was something radical about that embodiment and the cost of being out in the way that I was at the time.

- FM Was *Constructs* always engineered to create a rupture?
- LAH I think it's more about my internal working process, and secondarily it suggests a rupture. Given the constraints of society, I think queer people can over-police their desire which produces a double consciousness.
- Before the *Black Male* exhibition, while I was studying at CalArts, a rupture actually happened when I presented an early prototype of *Constructs* in Allan Sekula's graduate photography seminar. In that early version, the silhouette of my figure with my arms akimbo is cut out from the printed photo over which I had written 'Faggot' in red lipstick. And that was the work. At the time it meant a lot to go into a classroom and queer that space.
- FM The essays in the *Black Male* catalogue frame *Constructs* in relation to Mapplethorpe's images of naked Black men. Was that always the original intention behind the work?
- LAH At the time, Mapplethorpe's photographs were considered as definitive images of Black men. So with anyone else who was working with that subject there would be an inevitable comparison – not as a way to open up dialogue, but to close it down! The fact is, at a certain point in contemporary image culture Mapplethorpe was both dominant and transgressive. So I've had to wrestle with his work, becoming versed in the critical literature around it. Similarly, Tom of Finland – whose work I really, really love! Beyond the racialised desire in his works, I also felt drawn to other forms of representation in the history of photography, or painting, or art history – such as the work of George Platt Lynes, which for me is even more radical and interesting because the men were not as aestheticised. I can't overstate how critical it has been to have today's photographic canon expanded





Top: Nightlife, New York early 1990s
 Middle: M. Lamar, Yerba Buena Center for the Arts, San Francisco 1993
 Bottom: Nightlife, London 1992



LYLE ASHTON HARRIS



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3:3

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SUNIL GUPTA



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SUNIL GUPTA



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3:2

Tate Photography: Sunil Gupta

"I feel most comfortable among people in various diasporas. I don't feel like I have one specific home; everywhere is home and nowhere is home." Sunil Gupta was born in 1953 in New Delhi, India and moved to Canada as a teenager in the late 1960s. He now lives and works in London. Over a career spanning more than four decades, Gupta has maintained a visionary approach to photography, producing bodies of work that are pioneering in their social and political commentary.

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SUNIL GUPTA AND JASMINE CHOHAN IN CONVERSATION

Jasmine Chohan:

What was the reason behind your move from India to Canada, and what was it like?

Sunil Gupta:

I think my mother was probably the bigger driving force [of my parents]. She was slightly more unusual in the Indian context. My dad was very typical: a feudal guy from Uttar Pradesh, he was not inclined to move – I mean his entire reason to exist was around him. Nobody asked me [anything], they just told me that we were going, and so I think for me it was an adventure. I was having quite a good time where I was.

My mother was Protestant and she had a very mixed background. She was, we think, a Tibetan migrant worker's child, who was left behind and then adopted by a British woman who moved her to Amritsar. She had her schooling in Amritsar. It was in Urdu, and she did her college [work] in Lahore and Canada, also in English. She wasn't Hindi speaking in that sense, but my dad was. His family weren't thrilled about her because she was Christian and not like them and didn't appear to have any family of her own. We were kind of a nuclear family, which was unusual at the time. There were just the four of us – I have a sibling – and we had these cousins who came from the region to visit who seemed completely different, you know, who were not urban.

Anyway, one parent put me on the plane to the other parent who had gone earlier, and I thought it would be all very exciting and would feel like being in a movie. What I knew of contemporary North America was through the cinema, and it did look like that at first. I'd never been anywhere like that where it was really clean. The streets and the pavements were really straight, and the pavements were really clear of anything and there were clearly demarcated boundaries. That was the pavement, and there was the road, and there was the building, and the building met the pavement in a straight line. We don't have that in India, so that was kind of a novelty.

JC In previous interviews you have mentioned that the first moment you were drawn to cameras was in India after watching Bollywood films. Could you explain a little bit more about your relationship to photography, when the interest started, and how it developed?

SG Our cultural exposure was largely to cinema. We weren't a family that went to museums. My mum was a movie fan, so there were some Western movies, but there was obviously a lot of Bollywood. That's what I grew up with: big Bollywood blockbusters – colourful, all-singing and dancing. It was like a big event with participation, almost operatic.

Then there was the camera in the family. My father took family snaps occasionally and he would leave a camera lying around. When we became teenagers I became more interested in it, and I had a sister who was willing to be a model. She was four years older. She had teenage-girl magazines from the West and a couple of Indian ones, so we would emulate that kind of look.

My friend and I started to develop films at home in a very rudimentary fashion. Everything was against it – the climate, the temperature – but we tried. He also had some sisters who were willing to pose, so we had a proper go at it.

When we arrived in Montreal, photography became a hobby. I did part-time work as a kid, so I could suddenly afford to buy an analogue camera. I could take photos and, with the suitable climate, I could process them at home and it did work.

JC So, from the very beginning you did a lot of your printing at home.

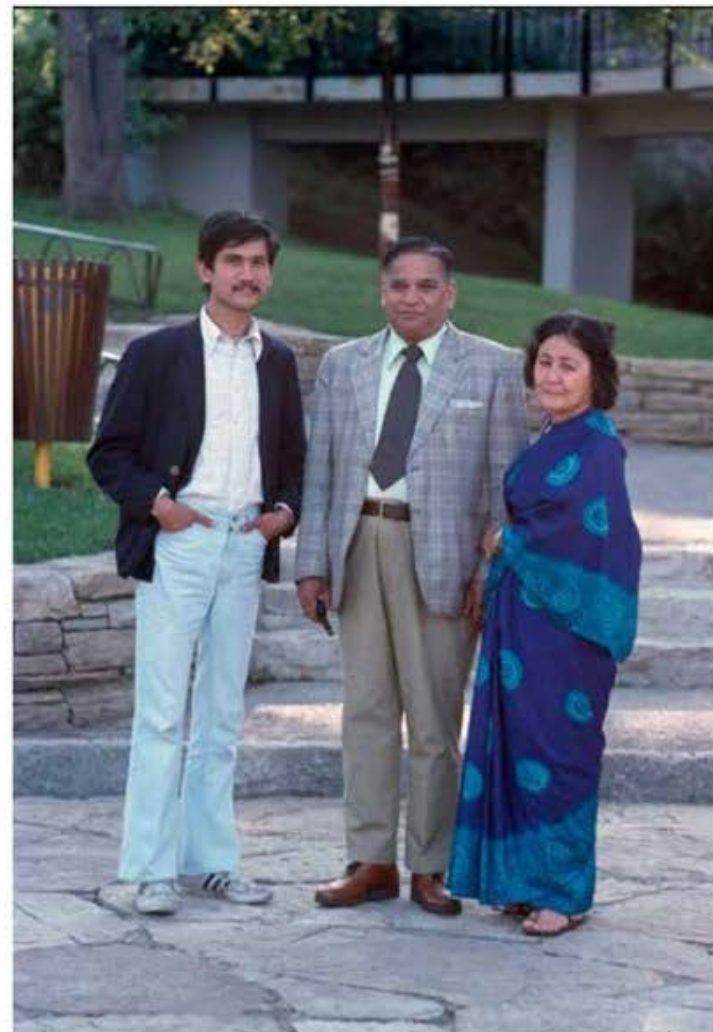
SG Yeah, in my loo! I bought an enlarger for \$150. I was really interested in making prints, so I taught myself through the Time-Life series of books which are called The Print and The Negative, among others. They're very good guides with great pictures. Both the content and the technique were accessible, so I taught myself that way, but I had no ambition to pursue it seriously. Even in Montreal there was no photography scene, so it remained a hobby until I found an unexpected audience through my involvement with the gay student society at university. They decided to publish a newsletter and wanted pictures, so I volunteered to take them. I became the photographer, and seeing my work in print gave me an audience.





20

caption



21

caption

SUNIL GUPTA



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Tate Photography: Sunil Gupta

"I feel most comfortable among people in various diasporas. I don't feel like I have one specific home; everywhere is home and nowhere is home." Sunil Gupta was born in 1953 in New Delhi, India and moved to Canada as a teenager in the late 1960s. He now lives and works in London. Over a career spanning more than four decades, Gupta has maintained a visionary approach to photography, producing bodies of work that are pioneering in their social and political commentary.

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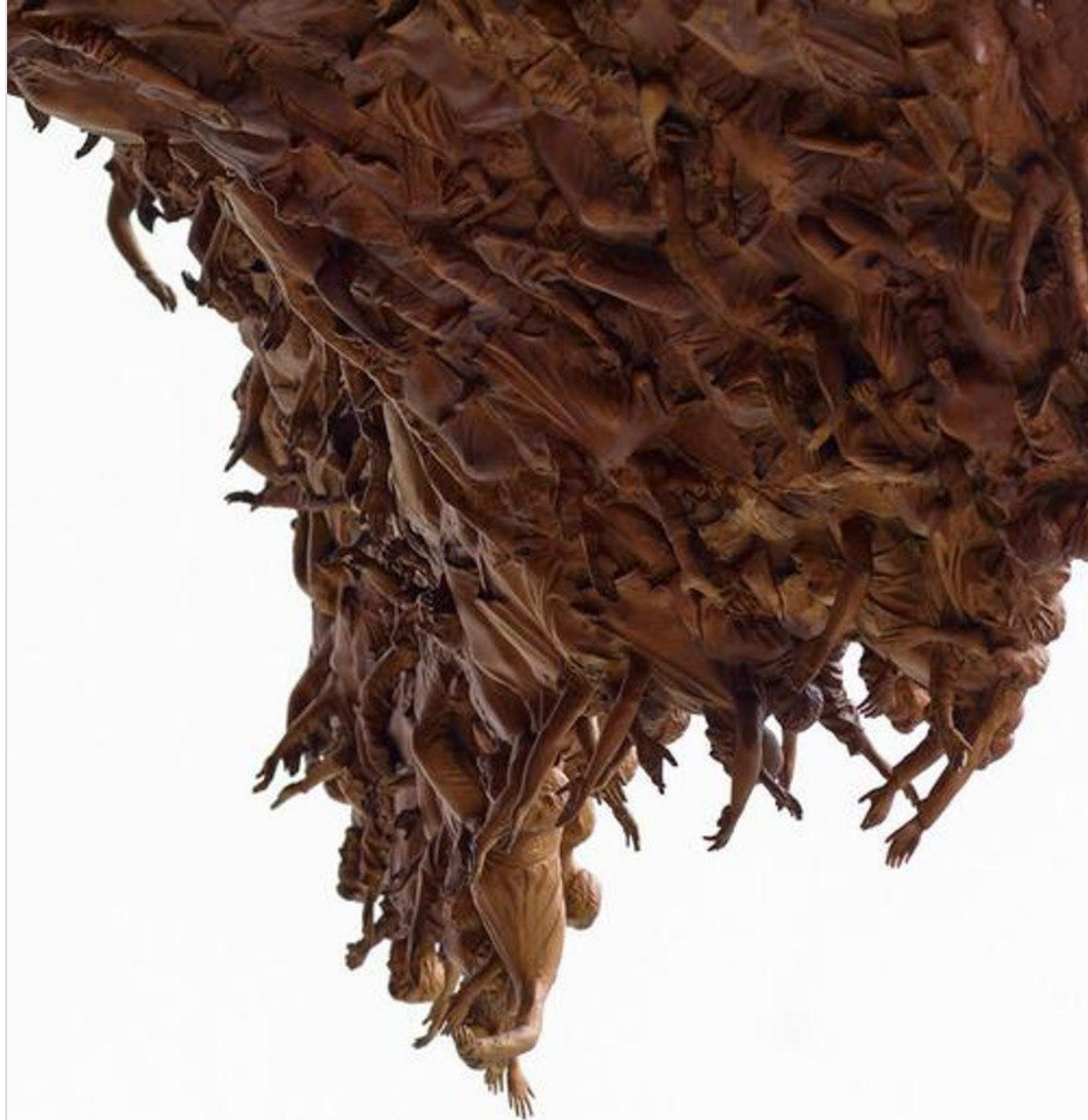
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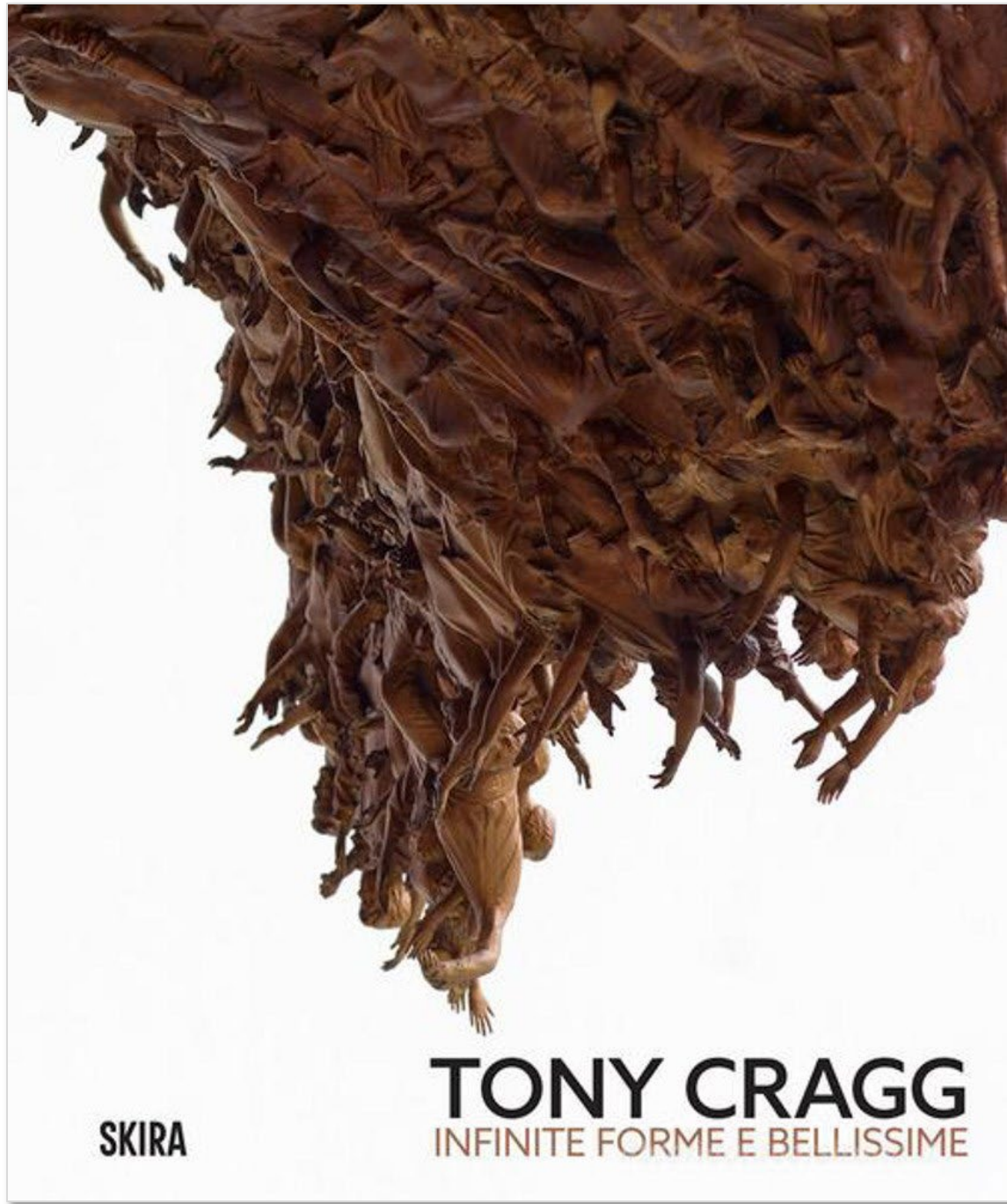
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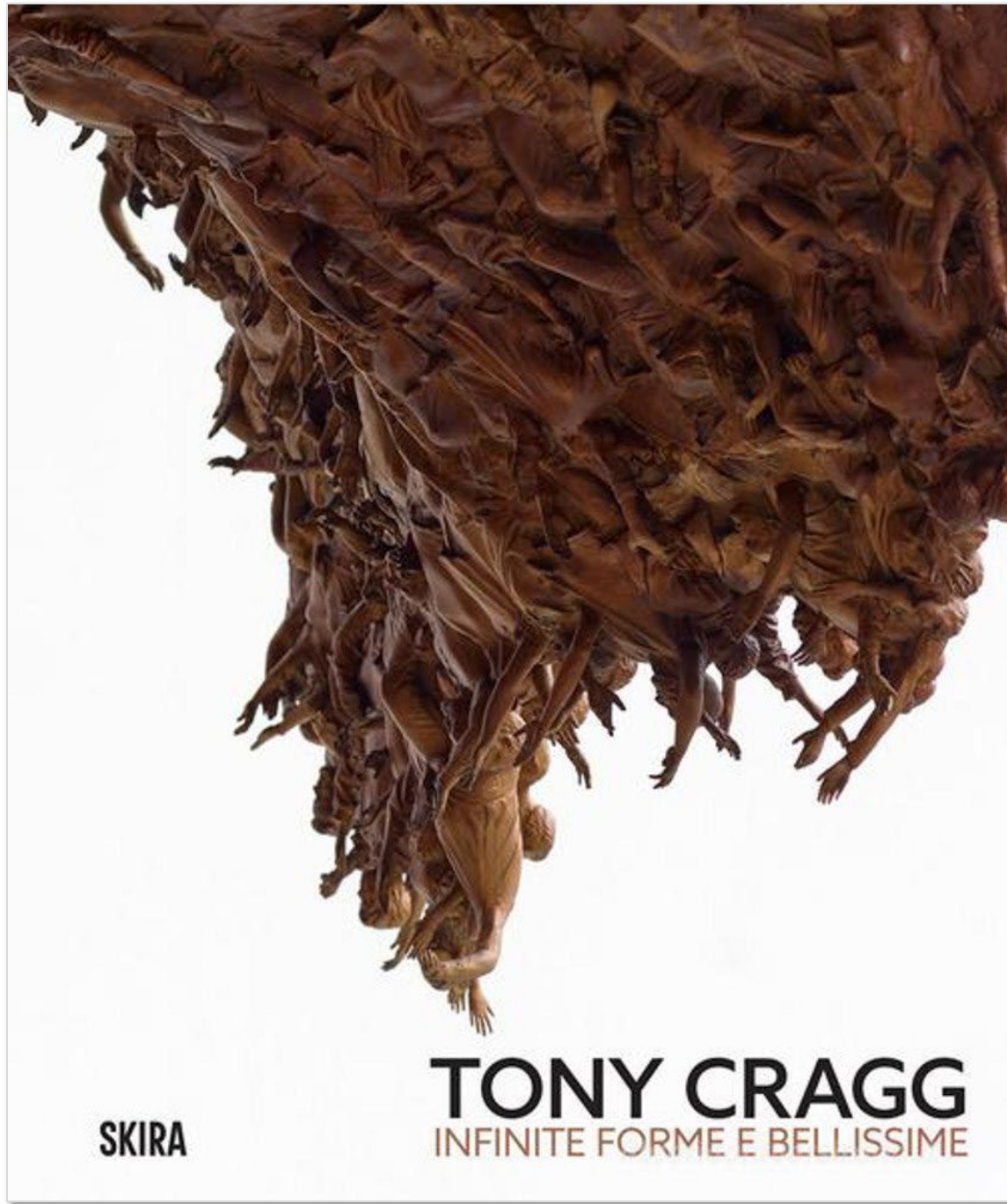
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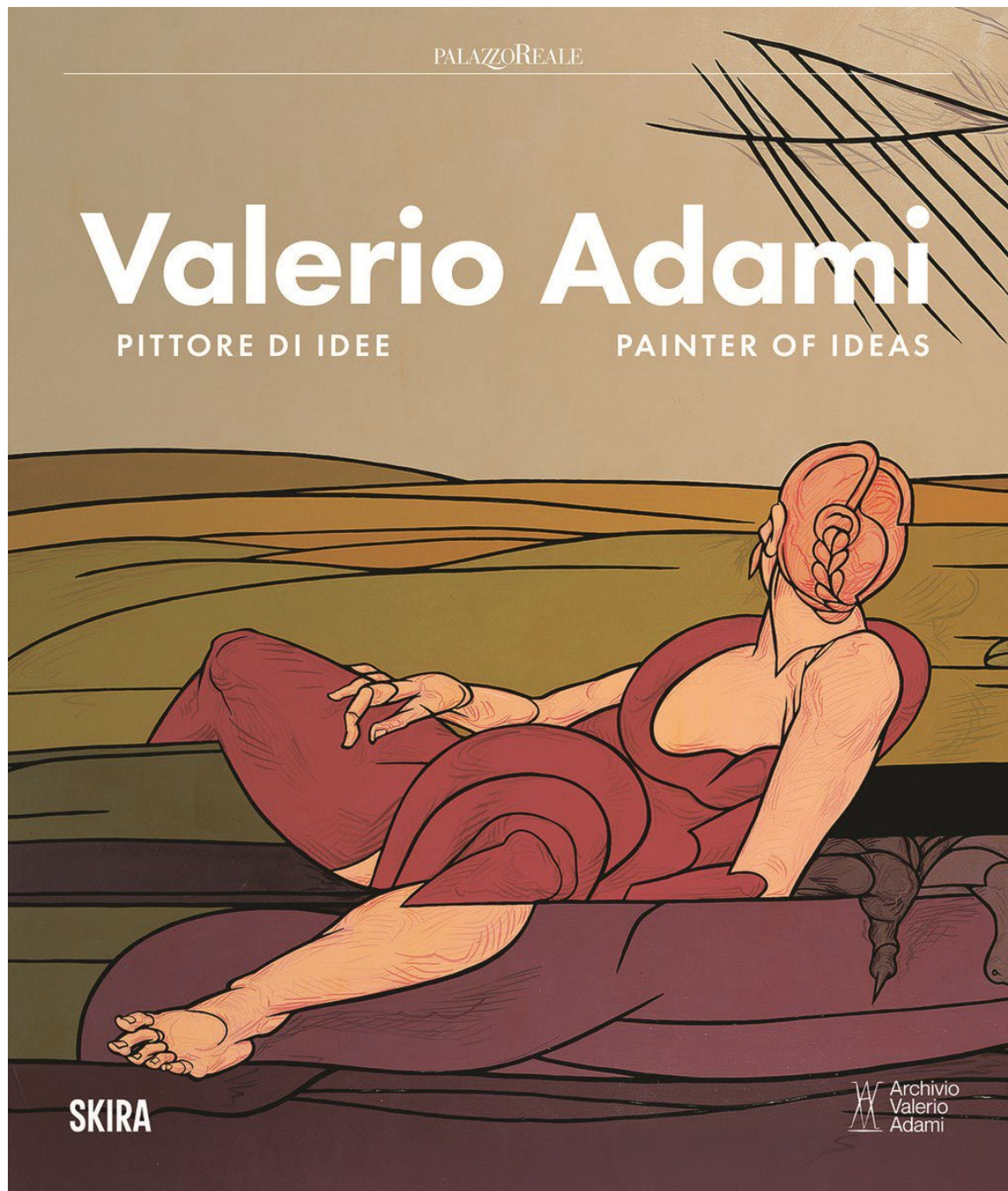
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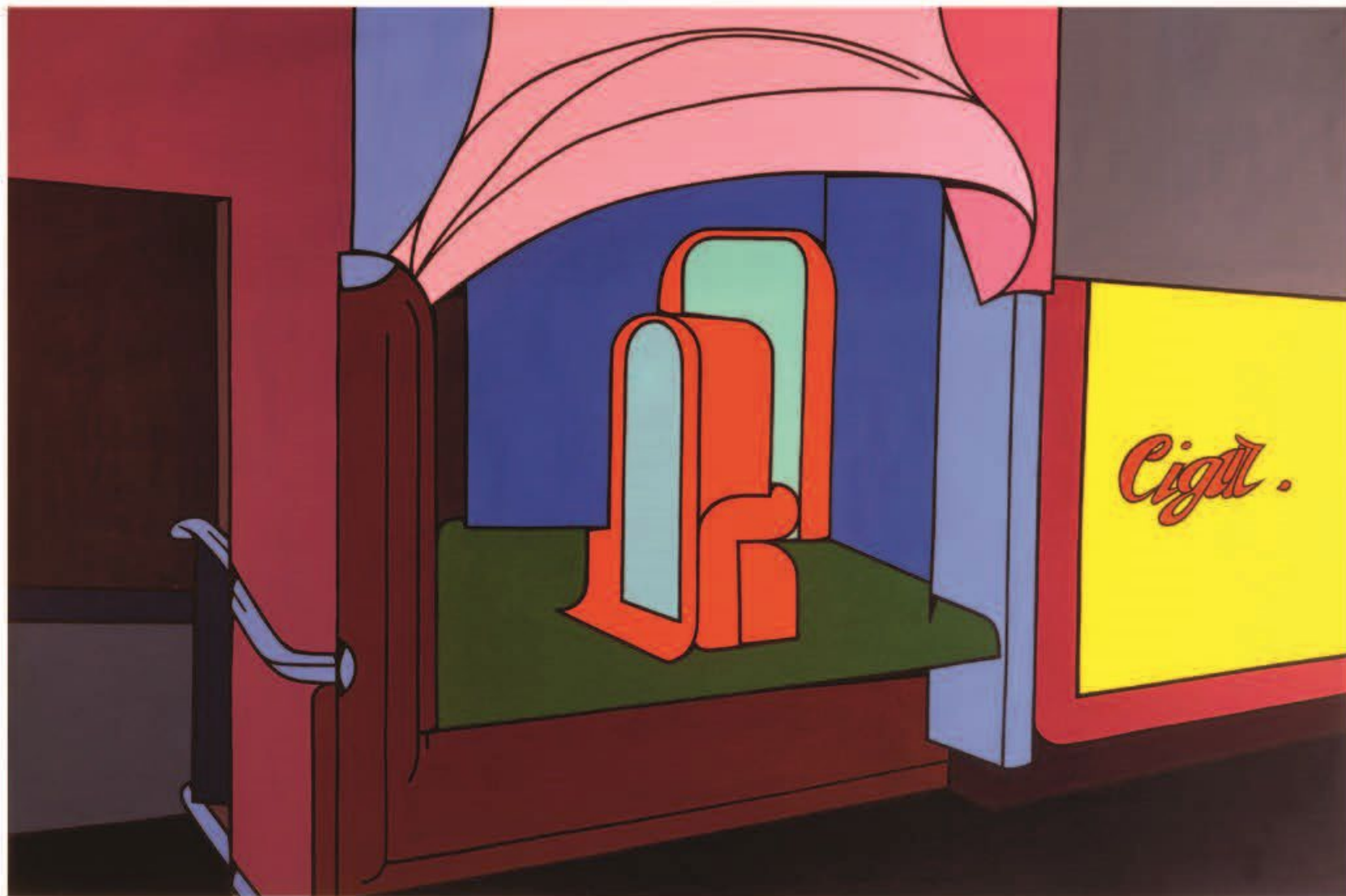
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Realised in collaboration with the Valerio Adami Archive, the monograph is published on the occasion of the anthology that celebrates sixty-five years of research by Valerio Adami (1935), a well-known European painter (he lived between France and Italy) recognized as a valid interlocutor by all contemporary philosophers. Valerio Adami is a contemporary Italian painter belonging to the New Figuration movement.

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18.
 la vetrina, 1969
 Acrilico su tela / Acrylic on canvas
 242,5 x 366 cm
 Collezione privata / Private collection
 Courtesy Gio Marconi, Milano

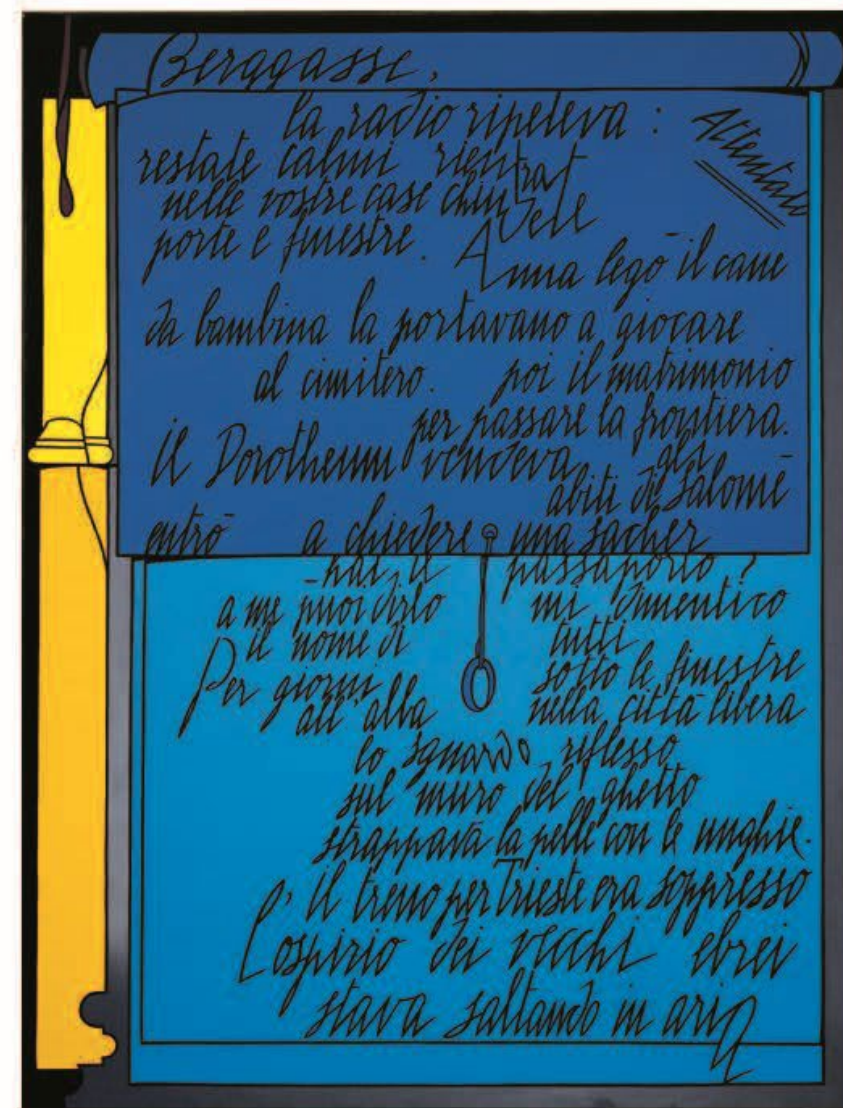


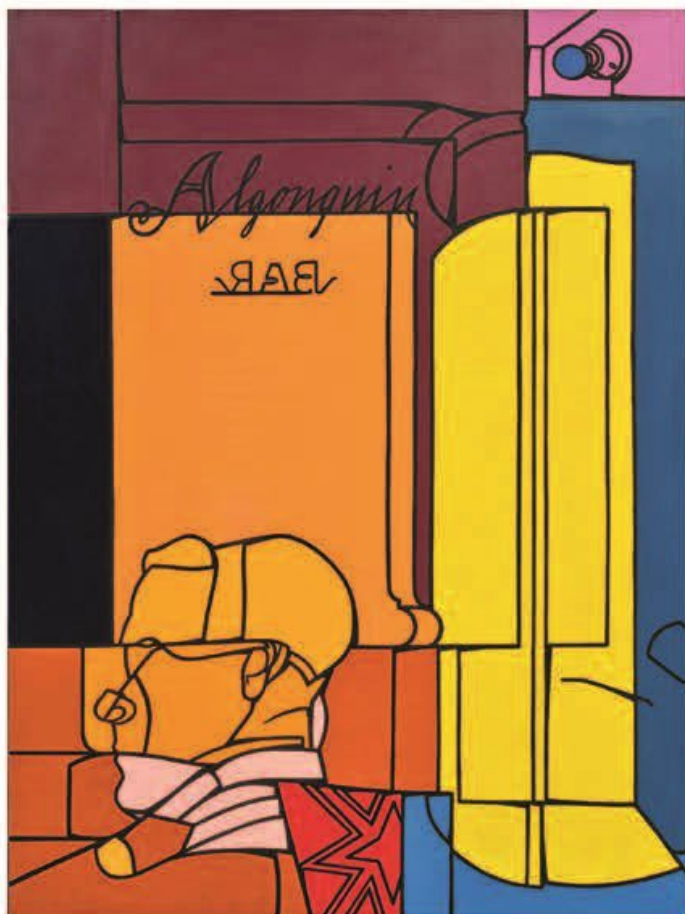


14*.
 Manahel li (Paesaggi arabi)
 Hotel la Mamounia, 1969
 Acrilico su tela / Acrylic on canvas
 92 x 72 cm
 Collezione privata / Private collection

15.
 Complot, 1970
 Acrilico su tela / Acrylic on canvas
 90 x 117 cm
 Collezione privata, Firenze /
 Private collection, Florence
 Courtesy Tomaboni Arte



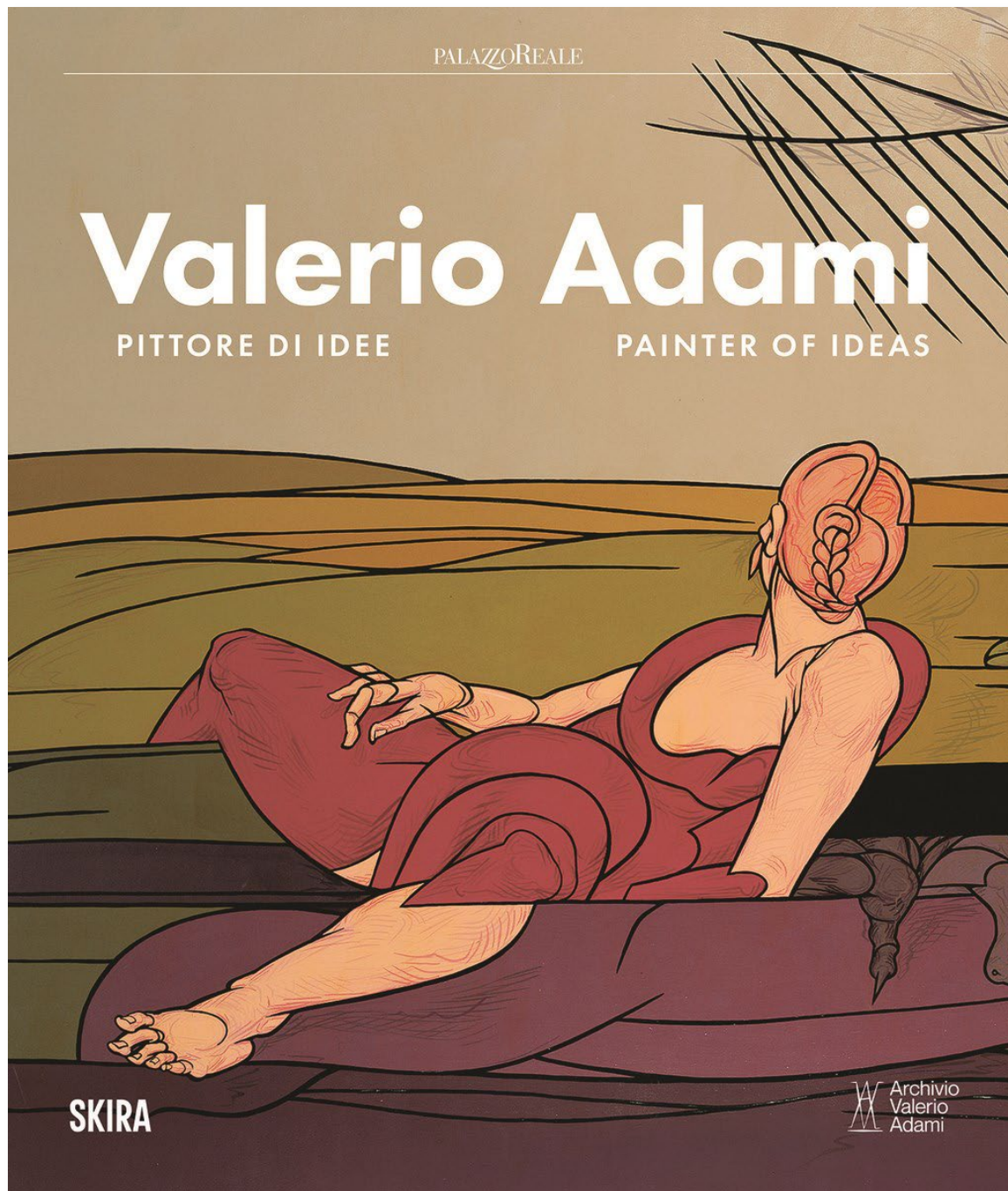




26.
St. Fitzgerald all'Hotel Algonquin, 1970
Acrylic on tela / Acrylic on canvas
130 x 97 cm
Collezione privata / Private collection

27.
L'arte di l'arte e d'arte représenter
la fragilité, 1970
Acrylic on tela / Acrylic on canvas
198 x 146 cm
Collezione Joachim Höller, Berlino





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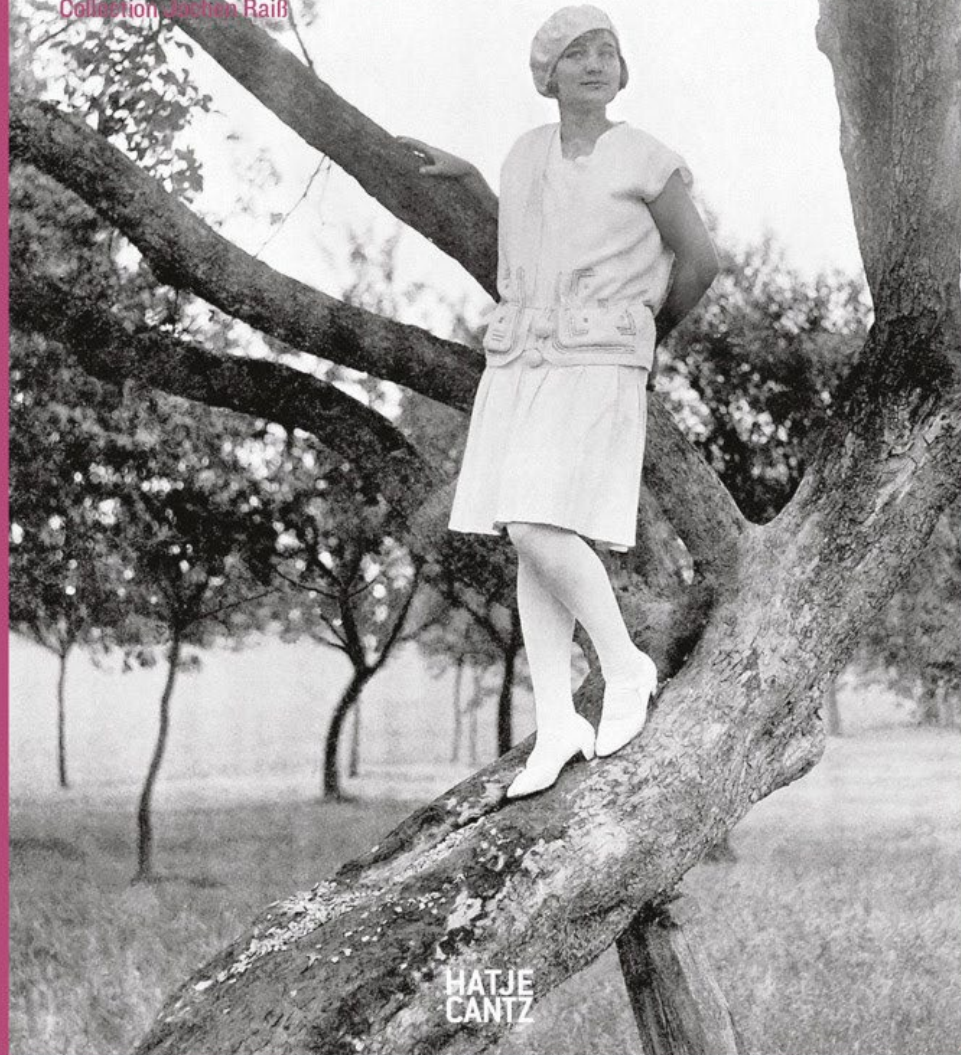
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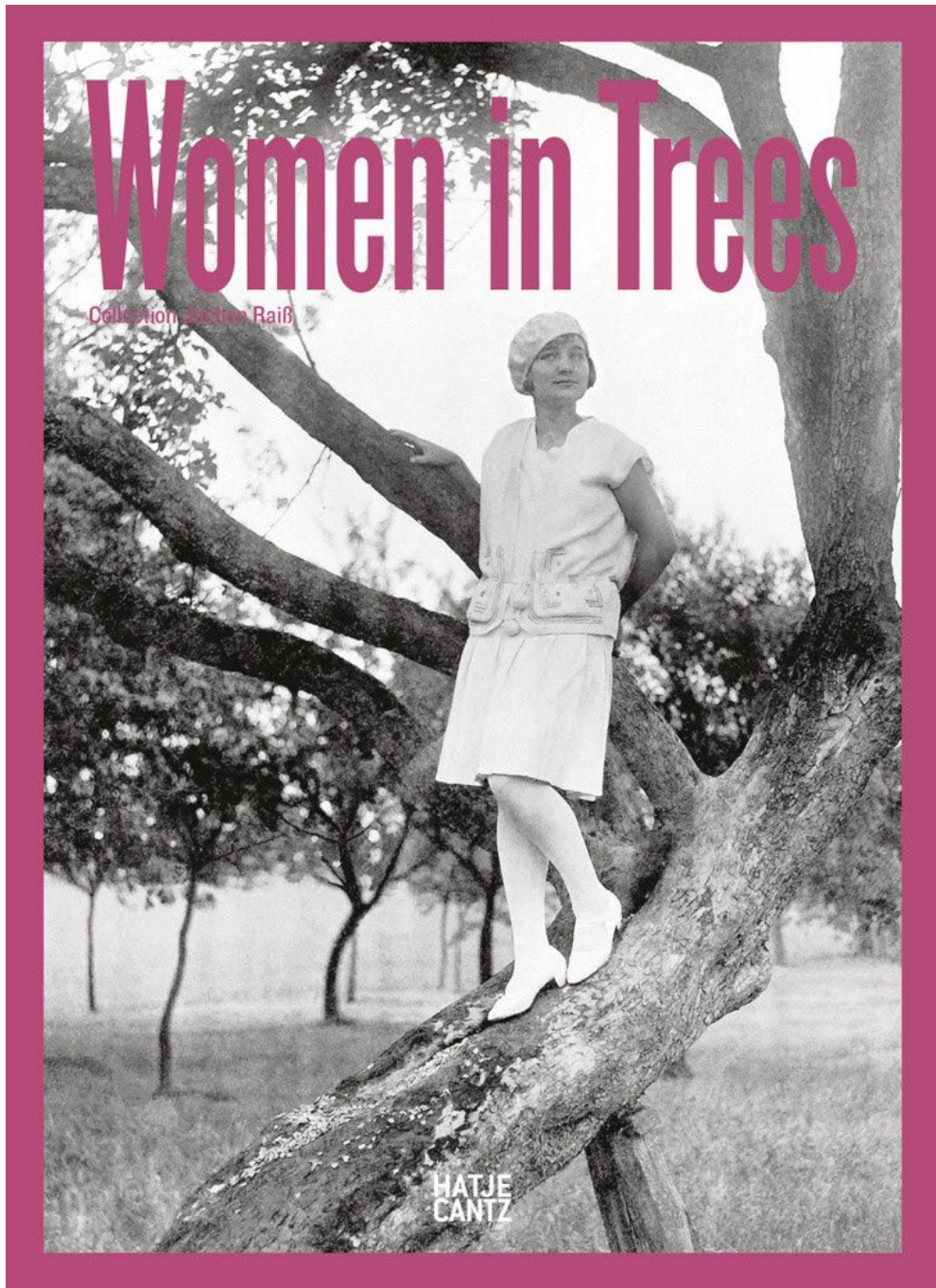
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Women in Trees

Collection Gaston Raif



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Women in Trees

A "best of" edition of the wildly popular project featuring found photography of women in trees.

- From the 1920s to the 1950s, a common snapshot trope was to pose pretty young women climbing trees. Jochen Raib has been collecting these vernacular photos for the past 25 years throughout Germany.
- A "best of" selection from prior editions, bilingual with English only cover, this little gem of a gift book gathers vintage photos of girls and women posed climbing trees.
- "It all began at a flea market in Frankfurt, when photo collector Jochen Raib came across a picture of a woman wearing a summer dress and high heels. While she looked ready for a Sunday stroll, her delicate footwear was odd for what her photographer caught her in the midst of doing: climbing a tree ... he has since amassed 91 such photographs, now collected in an endearing photo book simply titled Women in Trees" -Hyperallergic

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Hatje Cantz



Jochen Raß

Vorwort

Samstagsmorgen, Flohmarktzeit. Auf einem voll beladenen Tisch, zwischen alten Tassen, Tellern, Lampen und anderem Trödel ein schmutziger Schuhkarton. Das erste Foto, das ich vor etwa 25 Jahren aus einer solchen Schachtel herausfischte, wurde mein Lesezeichen und begleitete mich so durch den Tag. Als das Buch ausgelesen war, wanderte es ins Bücherregal, das Foto in eine kleine Kiste auf meinem Schreibtisch. Ich suchte auf dem nächsten Flohmarkt ein neues Lesezeichen für ein neues Buch. Im Laufe der Zeit füllte sich meine Kiste mit alten Fotos. Das war der Anfang meiner Sammlung historischer Amateuraufnahmen.

Eine Flohmarktschachtel voller Fotos hat etwas geradezu Herzerreißendes: Da haben Menschen Momente festgehalten, die für sie wichtig und besonders waren – glückliche, lustige, kuriose oder auch scheinbar banale Szenen. Eine für den Sonntagsspaziergang fein gemachte Familie auf der Seepromenade, für das Foto posierend mit einem als Eisbar verkleideten Statisten. Eine junge Frau in einem folkloristischen, an eine Tracht erinnernden Rock, sie ist in einen Baum, eine Eiche, geklettert und sitzt nun lächelnd auf einem Ast und lässt die Beine baumeln. Die Kamera hat diese Momente eingefroren und konserviert. Der Fotograf hat einen Weg gefunden, um das Schöne, das so schnell vorbei sein kann, festzuhalten.







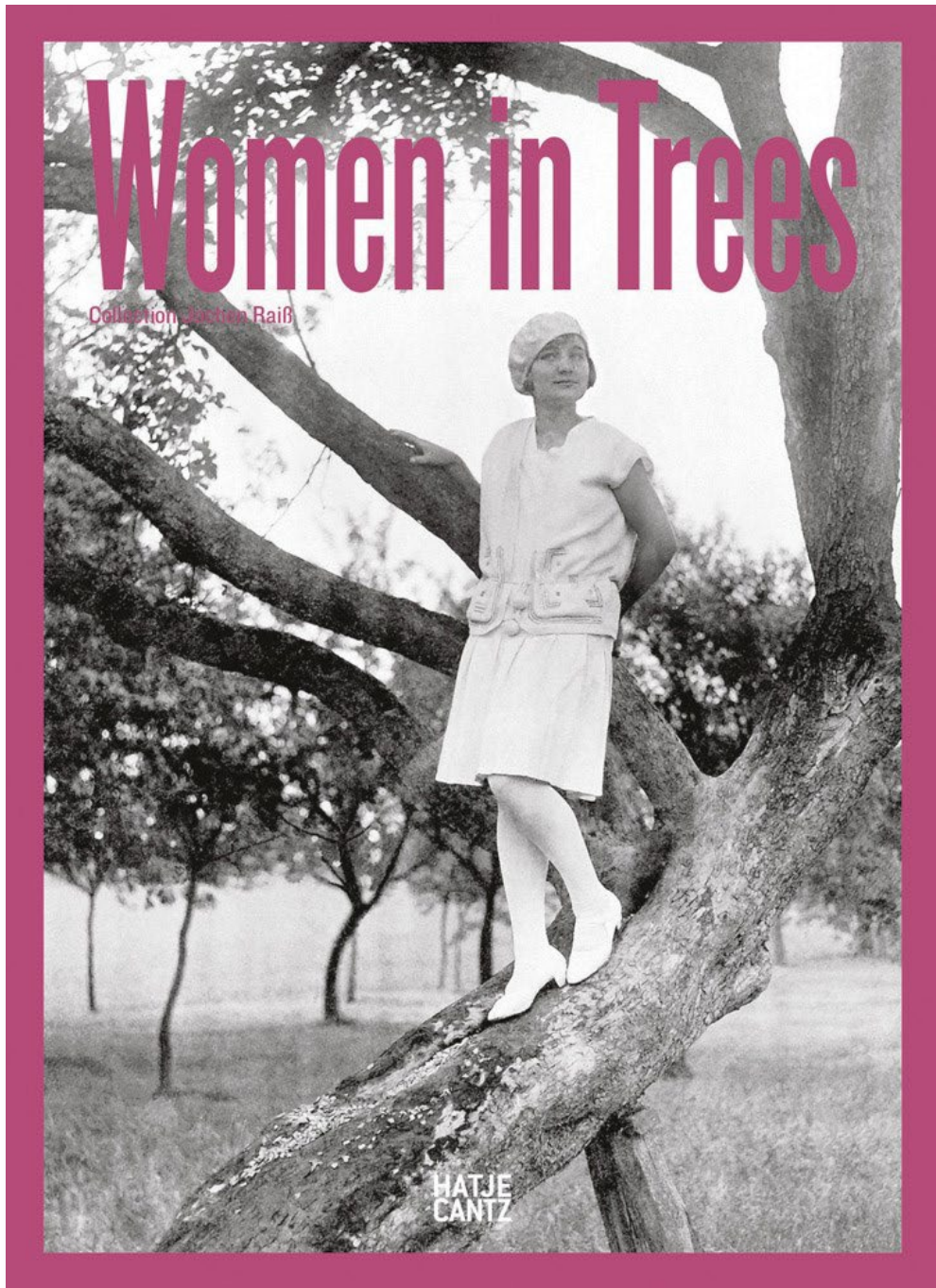
Johanna Adorján

What Drove These Women to Climb Into Trees?

Any way you look at it, Women in Trees is a damned good title for a photo book where what you see is namely that: women in trees. It all began by chance. The editor, Jochen Raaij, who pursued his career as a photo editor with such passion that even his free time was spent hunting for strong images, coincidentally discovered a photo of a woman in a tree at a random flea market that immediately pleased him. He bought it, used the photo as a bookmark for a while, and was happy whenever he saw it. The woman in the photo simply looked delighted. Then, on one of his forays through junk shops and flea markets, he discovered another photo of a woman in a tree—and another. Ever since, whenever he finds a box of old unsorted photos, he purposefully hunts for the same motif.

But what drove these women to climb into trees?

The photos all hail from unidentified private collections. A date is rarely inscribed on the back and a name less often so. Most were made in the first half of the twentieth century, when it was still the standard to capture the world in black and white: women were to be beautiful while men performed their deeds. Taking photographs, for instance, was a man's affair since it was very complicated. The film had to be inserted, and the camera required a reasonable amount of familiarity with shutter speeds and apertures—or at least one had to act as if they were familiar with such things. On top of that, the



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