

Paintings I'd Die For, Texts

Katie Hickman

burn my catch phrase with Egyptian incense

hope for depression: research foundation

rotten like my teeth in a glass of pop

shrivel and sink in a sea of coke

we built this city on rock and rollllllllllll

cover yourself with ancient blessed dirt

Disintegration, like that one Cure album

Historic!

Iconic!

Remembered for all eternityyyyyy

marinate my loathing with some pasta primavera

my scolding spirit will soon deteriorate

just like your social media presence

click click BOOM!

im not the one who's so far away

when i feel the snake bite

Katrina Fimmel

What is the role of the artist in society? In the conditioned desire and bitterness of searching for market success I see so many artists have lost their way. They have become a politest class kissing ass of a childish and vain glorious Pulitzer Prize winning critic who implores artists criticizing HIM to "just be nice" and "have more sex". Artists have become totally subservient to an imaginary pecking order mindlessly slurping up the bland values of a hyper stale, liberal bourgeoisie class without even asking "why do we care what they think?".

I see a creative class who's capitalist brainwashing has made them feel dependent on Facebook and Instagram. The foolish liberals, and even the leftists, cant live without using tools that ravaged our so-called democracy and helps genocidal fascists hijack power worldwide. And they are dependent on these tools for what? Just for the chance to catch the attention of a hyper capitalist market driven gallery system that largely exploits artists while promoting conformity and undermining creative independence and vitality.

The mystique of New York City as the cultural capital of the world was literally manufactured by the CIA as a Cold War tactic when they secretly funded Jackson Pollack's national tour, Look it up. We were all born into an artistic class that believes their main value is achieving market success. And once an artist does achieve market success all they fucking care about is keeping it. They don't want to do anything to help people with that capitalist blood money. They don't want to risk telling any inconvenient truths for fear of turning off collectors. They mindlessly, gleefully sold out and they don't even know it because they've accepted all this asininely mediated superficiality and politeness as normal.

Museums that all these artists are jerking off to be a part of were created by the oppressor class. They don't give a shit. Artists should be protesting and rejecting oppressor museums and trashy art fairs, but they think it's the only way to get respect. Can you imagine? All these artists thinking being respected means fitting in instead of finding their own unique authority and pushing against a highly toxic status quo that they all complain about but refuse to openly oppose.

It's a joke, the feel they're doing their part by virtue signaling against Trump on Facebook and donating to Planned Parenthood once year while supporting an art market that launders money for weapons manufacturers who build bombs that drop on Palestinian and Yemeni school children, who they incidentally don't want to talk about because it has nothing to do with their little bubbles of white liberal feminism.

So in closing I'll leave you with a quote from Kristin Clarke, who I follow on leftist Twitter, about the queen of soul, the realest of the real, pure guts, heart, intelligence, integrity and truth telling. Artists, let us all be more like Aretha Franklin:

"Aretha Franklin was a force behind the scenes during the civil rights movement— donating concert proceeds, posting bail for activists, hosting fundraisers and using her platform to promote voting rights. And she empowered generations of women with her music."

Ian Swanson

Total Id Pigs (w/Rachel Yezbick) 2011

Yearn to hold the object closed on Sundays. There is no law restricting the opening hours of shops. While exceptions do exist, this rule is largely accepted.
A reproduction. A skin of its original being. An umbrella membrane under which insurance values dictate the force of significance.

Our collective memory becomes an antique, a souvenir identity of objects with permanence longer than our own. If to own is to grasp at god, at an immortal state of being, why not fool ourselves? You can actually believe that. An Antique Roadshow.

Online application. Query: I feel that people are generally good. Strongly Disagree. Disagree. Neutral. Agree. Strongly Agree.

To be true. Strongly Disagree. Disagree. Neutral. Agree. Strongly Agree.

Overcome the reality of a unique, natural object. A concrete mushroom, maybe an angel. Accept its reproduction. Obtain it by way of its imitation.

A fountain?

It is a simulacrum of seeming permanence. It's in the new catalog, isn't it fabulous emblazoned within the mind's eye? Wrapped in cellophane bliss and enveloped in untarnished glory. Consume its mediated aura and adjust perception to its new form. Pry it from its encapsulating shell to destroy its essence with your touch. She had this collection of resin tortoises. Loved them. Right, right. We'd get her one every time we'd visit Florida.

We broke the mold of the ford f-150. Remember how i hated it?

Symbolism.

That purple stuff should get that off. Rock of Gibraltar. Exhume then inter its never-been ritual function. A real burial. Honest!

A culture made permanent through materialism. The aesthetic of product. Of technology. Of technological aesthetic production. Sharpened with indelible inedible binary bullshit. Mac laptop or MAC countertop. Some cosmic Collapsible Cosmetic Cash machines.

A secular cult, a cult of beauty, a cult of value. A cult to be emancipated from flea free market parasitic repetition and ritual.

The object is thrown over the fence from ritual to politics. Beyond way to be a burden. In art, it gains increasing mobility. Whaddya mean by real people? "A still more broad definition includes everything that has existed, exists, or will exist, not just in the mind...also including what is only in the mind." He described him as a sort of armchair solipsist. Who determines that RISK? I recall (s)he. She. They? had preferred Stratego.

Human countenance transforms innocuous entities into a regression into relativism. Classic overdubs.

"radiated men will eat the flesh of radiated men" I'm bored. Radiant eulogy. Maybe. Maybe. Maybe.

A smooth gradient. Mouseover

Into remembered material –
Into materiality of the soul.

There's this new bagel place! Yeah, yeah. I know! Seriously you've got to try it. No better way to start in the age of mechanical reproduction".

An altercation of reaction and "simultaneous collective experience".

Be Outside Real Gained experience
in a mediated and controlled space,
But burst this world asunder
With dynamic force.

Dan Loxton

My mother met Paul when I was eight years old. That same year my parents had finalized their divorce and one year prior to that my younger cousin passed away suddenly in an accident in New Zealand. It was a point in my life when my nerves felt close to my skin. These events were difficult. Getting to know Paul was not.

I believe I was an artist, or at least a visual thinker, even then. Everything in my world was about the organization of things and capturing likenesses. I chose to spend my time alone drawing my Legos. Once my parents set me up with my pencils and paper in my Aunt's guest room while they went out and I copied lesbian erotica from a book on the shelf. I recall wondering why one would put their face between another person's legs. While I was copying from the pages of the book my parents came home. I left the drawings folded in the book, for fear of being caught, and on my 20th birthday my Aunt gave them back to me. They're pretty good drawings.

I knew of other artists. There was Gary, a friend of our family who chose colors for apartments and had a little gallery in Provincetown. He drank Beaujolais in season and smoked joints that he lit over our stove. "Every house should have one room that is red", he would say. We never had any red rooms in our house. And then there was Manuel. He hung out in my Aunt's loft and they had met on a park bench on Hudson Street in the early 80s. Their first conversation he told her she would leave her husband and 30 years later she did. He made paintings of his mother from back when they lived in Cuba. But I got to know Paul the best.

I first saw Paul from the backseat of his car. His hair was gray and fell down over his collar with a bald patch on his crown. He did not sit tall in the seat and his shoulders and neck were slim and wiry. He was shorter and older than my Mother who sat beside him. Paul had two boys who were close to my age and my Mother told me Paul was an artist too.

He casually quizzed his sons on the work of different painters and I was invited to join. On a box of pastels was a painting by Van Gogh, which they identified easily, but there were other painters that we wouldn't know and he would explain the style, time period and some famous other works. Artists like Poussin, Pissaro, Soutine, Munch, Beckmann and Rembrandt. Later on when his son David and I would draw together I noticed his work resembled Paul's expressionist style. He used frenetic, jagged lines and chose not to copy from the source entirely.

Paul drove us back to his house, an old Victorian that sat high on a sloped lawn. It had a tall rectangular column of rooms in the center with a gabled roof at the top with a widow's peak. To me it looked crooked. The rhododendrons which were overgrown around the front yard made it look unstable. The entryway way sat beneath a thick stucco wraparound porch with wide wooden railings and a creaky, soft floor. The doors were very tall and made of beveled glass with heavy wood frames and old metal handles. Everything was textured and patinated.

Inside the house was pale yellow wallpaper the color of nicotine or water damage. Paul was not a smoker. Besides the kitchen, certain rooms seemed to serve no other purpose than to hold art. On the ground floor were a series of large rooms, one had a dining room table which was covered in office boxes filled with drawings, another had a fireplace and a TV which was never on, beyond that was a glass atrium which had massive paintings stacked against the wall. There was a cramped maid's staircase that led from the foyer up and behind the wide carpeted staircase that curved up to the mezzanine and then the second floor. His main studio was a grand room that he entered from the landing between the first and second floor. On the sisal mat outside of the studio were his painting shoes that reminded me of Van Gogh's loafers from the famous

painting. The laces were caked with paint and permanently untied. The door was hardly ever open. If he was in there the shoes were not and the door was shut.

Paul was represented by a gallery on the Upper East Side that would crumble, after a series of unfortunate and highly publicized events. He visited the gallery for years before presenting his own work to the owner. The two shared a love for Old Masters and became close friends, travelling together and visiting Venice or Amsterdam to see their favorites. Each year Paul's paintings were nailed into their special plywood boxes and carted into the palatial townhouse for his show. There were workers whose job was to build plywood boxes that would safely transport the large paintings while they were still wet. I'd heard that the paint could take years to dry and that some may never dry in his lifetime.

My Mother let Paul sleepover some nights. His running shoes would be near the door of the apartment late into the evening and I would know. He might cook dinner and we would go to a movie or to a friend's house for ice cream. I liked when he would come over. A lot of nights I would crawl into bed with my Mother but if he was there I'd do my best to stay put. They would laugh quietly in the living room and eventually it would be silent. One evening I woke up to a bad dream and without hesitation I ran to her bedroom door. I opened it part of the way and it made a sound. I looked in as he pulled his shorts over his lengthy, wet penis and hovered over the bedside table as if gathering his things. I crept back to my room and listened as our apartment door closed and he was gone. Not everything in Paul's world revolved around art.

Damien Crisp

All dying empires have watched as ghosts, who once faithfully guarded against their body's natural pull towards a death march, pass into another realm. The ghosts pass on a few at a time until the body is left unguarded. Without its ghosts, the body's hostile endgame quickens, and logic of its own system kills the defenseless body.

Empires vanish. They become dust on relics behind museum glass. We have not escaped this fate in the US. Standing over the dead body of the country, archeologists from the future will tear into the petrified skin, and reveal evidence death was painted over it by a shaking hand, proving its death was a painted thing. Skin melted, hollow eyes pierced, fingernails curled from heat, the empire's panicked silhouette will be burned across whatever remains of our walls as a permanent shadow. They will study how we lived as the empire's body died in slow motion all around us. They might discover we constructed prisons everywhere, or learn our industrial food system failed. It is easy to imagine them pulling pieces of our flooded coastal cities up from the ocean, or developing bizarre misinterpretations of our dominant ideologies using graffiti left by cultish tribes after the empire falls. They might discover papers detailing collective nightmares about perceived threats to society in the Pentagon's ruins.

Because the empire is dying, we can easily imagine its end. Our era produces an unending flow of dystopian entertainment reflecting the country's slow death. Suspecting what they produce might be stale compared to the near present, writers and directors race time before their own version becomes the past. We taste near future collapse in the air. It stings our eyes. Dystopia is this era's inescapable theme.

Everyone who lives in the US responds consciously, or subconsciously, to the country's lingering death. Small talk between strangers drifts from usual topics like current events and sports to economic inequality, and climate change. Some believe new capitalist forms will save us, as if we can be saved by remixing the problem. Others propose a gift economy instead. Some theorize we will upload our essence into the digital void, shed our bodies, and transcend nation-states into a data utopia. Others anticipate collapse with no answers. Denial is the popular reaction. It is hypnotic. While starving other reactions, the empire rewards it with comforts such as shopping, and entertainment, which double as social control. In our dark system, the poor, middle class, and rich are imprisoned differently inside the same structure. Denial makes sense for everyone. Half of us live near, or below, the poverty line. Just above the line, people are often buried in debt, and stressed by the danger of being cast down. Meanwhile, those who master capitalism are left with spoils of a soulless game that never ends. Responding to our dying empire with denial blocks out any existential crisis which could lead to a radical political awakening for people who either struggle daily simply to survive, or fear questioning their wealth's foundation.

Once I thought being an artist was enough protest against the empire because it placed me beyond mainstream US society, and escape seemed more honorable than denial. When this failed, I tried moved to New York City from Tennessee. At first, I felt as if I had finally escaped. Not long after moving to New York, however, I became disillusioned with the city's myth. New York mutated as it began replacing itself with its own cleansed image. This romantic projection makes it appear that living there remains a positive bohemian exile. To some degree, this projection is true, but shattered, and dissolving. Endless neighborhoods, fragments of cultures stacked together, delis, and deli cats. The speed of everything, and disappearing into crowds. The subway's communal dynamic among strangers, its spectacle, and the street life overhead. Passengers staring from car service windows appear painfully alone from the sidewalk, but they are sharing fears, traumas, dreams, jokes with drivers. Everywhere people flow together.

The city retains its storied collision of popular culture, and history too. Everyone moves under an aura of history as they move through spaces where iconic pieces of popular culture formed. Ghosts scratch their fingernails across windows in aged colonial parlors preserved downtown near Wall Street. Trapped inside forever, looking out at contemporary Manhattan through distorted antique glass, they cry all night. Movie trucks idle their engines outside. Famous people

puke in sidewalk trash cans filled with uneaten dinners thrown away by workers too busy to eat. All of this exists less each day.

I was standing on a crowded street corner in Times Square when I decided I wanted to leave. Rain began to fall on us. The rainy season, again. Cheap black umbrellas. Clear plastic ponchos for tourists. People selling black umbrellas for a few dollars appeared from nowhere as always. I remember buying an umbrella from a man with one arm. I reached out my hand for it without giving him cash first. He looked at my open hand, glared. "What?" I asked. "Oh, sorry." I paid him, then he gave me the umbrella.

I stared into the *Don't Walk* sign. Coming down from a few lines of cocaine, I was drifting off. Waiting, sad, spaced-out, my mind shifted, and before the sign switched to *Walk* I was finished with New York. Since 2005, I had looked for a city and culture largely suppressed in the 1990s. It was the 2010s.

Andy Heck Boyd

Conversations Dec. 2017

SIDE A: 23 SIDE B: 23 Exeter, NH Andy Heck Boyd SOUND

TRANSCRIPT: SIDE A:

start, (noise) (noise) (walking in snow) tape stop tape start, (Christmas music) tape stop tape start (noise) (dog snoring) (exhales) (Andy talking) (Andy talking) (dog snoring) tape stop tape start (noise) (dog snoring) (Andy talking) tape stop tape start (noise) tape stop tape start (Christmas music) tape stop tape start (Christmas music) (noises in kitchen) tape stop tape start (noises in kitchen) (my brother laughing) (sister talking)

tape stop tape start (brother sneezing) tape stop tape start (Andy talking) tape stop tape start (Andy talking) (noise) (phone noises) (dog walking on

floor) tape stop tape start (noise) (sister talking) (dad laughing) tape stop

1

tape start (Andy talking) (nephew talk) (mom talk) tape stop

tape start (nephews dad talking) (nephew talking) (noises) (mom laughing)
tape stop

tape start (nephews dad laughing) tape stop tape start (nephews dad talking)
(noise) tape stop tape start (nephews dad talking/nephew talking) tape stop
tape start (noise) tape stop tape start (silence) tape stop tape start (music)
tape stop tape start (tv) tape stop tape start (tv) tape stop tape start (Andy
talking) (dog inhaling) tape stop tape start (tv) (water) tape stop tape start
(tv) tape stop tape start (pause) tape stop tape start (Andy talking) tape
stop tape start (noise) tape stop tape start (dad talking) (tv) (brother talking)
(tv) tape stop tape start (tv) (noise) tape stop tape start (noise) tape stop tape
start (silence) tape stop tape start (silence) tape stop tape start (Andy talking)
tape stop

2

tape start (wind in mic) tape stop tape start (sniffs) tape stop tape start
(brother laughing/talking) tape stop tape start (tv) tape stop tape start
(running water) tape stop tape start (Andy whispering) tape stop tape start
(tv) tape stop tape start (Andy whispering) tape stop tape start (silence) tape
stop tape start (silence) (noise) tape stop tape start (tv) tape stop tape start
(mom talking) (brother talking/laughing) tape stop tape start (silence) tape
stop tape start (tv music) tape stop tape start (Andy talking) tape stop tape
start (Andy talking) (breathes into mic) tape stop tape start (noise) tape
stop tape start (noise with mouth) tape stop tape start (tv music) tape
stop tape start (Andy talking in a deep voice) (noises) tape stop tape start
(noise) tape stop tape start (Andy talking) tape stop tape start (dog barks)
tape stop

3

tape start (Andy talking) (people talking in other room) tape stop tape start
(tv) (Andy talking) tape stop tape start (noise) (brother talking) tape
stop tape start (people talking) (noises) tape stop

tape start (brother talking) (phone noise) tape stop

tape start (phone ring) (dog barks) (brother talking to dog) (Andy talking to

dog) tape stop

tape start (noises in kitchen) (Andy talking to dog) (brother talking to dog) (banging noise) (brother talking to dog) (dog barks) (brother laughs) (brother talks) (Andy chuckles) tape stops

tape start (noise) (brother talks to dog) tape stop

tape start (Andy talking to dog) (noises in background) (brother talking) tape stop

tape start (Andy talking) tape stop tape start (noise) tape stop tape start (Andy talking) (running water) (Andy talking) tape stop tape start (Andy mock laughing) (Andy talking) tape stop tape start (deep inhale) tape stop tape start (Andy whispering) tape stop tape start (Andy talking to dog) tape stop tape start (noises) (tv) tape stop tape start (voice) (Andy whispers to dog) tape stop tape start (noise) (Andy talking) tape stop

4

tape start (Andy talking) tape stop tape start (Andy talking) (noises) tape stop tape start (air noise) tape stop tape start (tv) (Andy talking) tape stop tape start (Andy talking) (noise) tape stop tape start (Andy talking quietly) tape stop tape start (Andy breathing heavy) (tv) tape stop tape start (beep) tape stop tape start (tv) (music) tape stop tape start (Andy talking) (noises) (Andy talking) (music) tape stop tape start (voice) (slurp) (music) (slurp) tape stop tape start (slurp) tape stop tape start (noise) tape stop tape start (high pitched noise) tape stop tape start (Andy talking) (voice) (Andy talking) tape stop tape start (Andy exhales) (voice) tape stop tape start (Andy talking) tape stop tape start (thud) (noise) (dog walking on floor) (voice) tape stop tape start (Andy talking) (breathing into mic) (Andy talking) (breath

into mic) tape stop tape start (exhales) tape stop

tape start (Andy whispering) tape stop tape start (silence) tape stop

5

tape start (Andy talking) (noise in background) tape stop tape start (silence)
tape stop tape start (silence) tape stop tape start (clang) (noise) (bang) tape
stop

tape start (Andy talking) tape stop tape start (Andy talking) (inhales) tape
stop tape start (

Stefan Walz

(next page)

Für 8.16.18 "paintings I'd die for"
group show

★ like a flower thru a triangle
the nature man
stands
or
lays
spotted like a leopard,
vomits or something else
simultaneously cartoonish,
maybe smoking a "phat" organic
weed cone...

The horizon is tilted,
blood dripping off the flower
staining the background.
the flower goes thru the triangle
from its green stem
birches the blue which bleeds
red the

sfw 8.16.18
A
v
v
v
v
v

- due to air. ~~and~~
~~anyway~~ thought it was
sea creatures, would
that sure be nice, to return to
the simpler times of our own
primal elegance. ★
marijuana is just flowers.
the triangle is some Pink Floyd
shit; its a transitory hologram,
a portal opened or opening...
and maybe its all the same
when one goes thru it. (title)