

Galerie Mot & Van den Boogaard

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donderdag - vrijdag - zaterdag 12.00 tot 18.30 uur

jeudi - vendredi - samedi 12.00 à 18.30 heures

en op afspraak / et sur rendez-vous

Newsletter 9

November - December 1997



STICKY FINGERS

Otto Berchem

For those of you who may not know, getting a tattoo is never a pleasant experience. It's not so different from going to the dentist: bad music playing in the background, mechanical torture machines chiming away, and pain. Watching someone else being tattooed can even be worse. Have you ever seen someone get one? I have. Several times.

D.I.Y. in the bedroom

The first time was in my bedroom. I was 13 years old, and decided to tattoo a cross onto my left arm. It was a do-it-yourself job. The odd thing is that I don't remember any pain. Just that it took about three hours to do it. Why so long? Well, I had spent the first hour sticking a sewing needle, with thread wrapped around the tip, into my arm. When I decided that the job was done I went to wash off the excess ink. Instead of proudly admiring my new tattoo, I discovered, once all the ink was off, that there wasn't anything underneath. I hadn't stuck the needle in deep enough. The horror, the horror!

So it was back to my bedroom, and ink pot, for another session. Finally I managed to get the job done. I still have it, the tattoo that is.

Trusting Terry

The second time I had any experiences with tattoos was as an observer. This time it was the "real deal", in a tattoo parlor called Terry's Tattoos. Terry's is Glasgow's, if not Scotland's, most preeminent tattoo parlor. Not that you would notice from the outside. The place is a dump. Fenced over windows, walls covered with old tattoo designs: naked ladies, skulls, anchors, ect. Everything about the place is out of another era, complete with shabby furniture, overloaded ashtrays, and - of course - Terry himself. Terry is epitome of a tattooist. Pot bellied, wallet with chain, and arms covered with old and faded tattoos. Probably ones he gave himself when he was practicing his trade.

I was at Terry's because I had agreed to go along with Douglas Gordon. We were both going to get tattoos that day. We went together to boost each others courage. If truth be told - I chickened out. Nevertheless, I kept my part of the bargain and stayed as Douglas had "Trust Me" tattooed on his left arm by Stuart, Terry's son. Because they were in the back of the shop, I could only really see Douglas: face flushed, veins bulging, looking at Stuart doing his handiwork with watery eyes. Like I said, getting a tattoo is never a pleasant experience.



Needle Chic

So, when I found myself in Paris, when Douglas was going to be doing a new tattoo project, I was - of course - interested. Though this time was going to be different. In the past he's had "Trust Me" tattooed on his arm, covering his face with Scotch Tape, and shaved one arm clean for his work. Now Douglas has started to find other people to be his 'canvas'. True, having someone get "Guilty", spelled backwards, tattooed on their back seemed like a good idea. I wanted to get it done myself. But this new tattoo piece was just a bit too hardcore for my liking.

What is it, you may ask? Well, I'm going to tell you. This time Douglas wanted to find someone willing to have their left index finger tattooed. I'm not talking about a tattooed wedding ring, ala Lawrence and Alice Weiner. I'm talking about their entire finger. To be precise, Douglas wanted someone to have their index finger tattooed black, three inches up from the tip. That's about eightcentimeters in metric. The idea is that if you stick your finger into someone's chest, at three inches, you will fatally wound them. Fair enough.

Now the question is: where in the hell are you going to find someone willing? Let me tell you. It wasn't so easy. Initially a few people, thought to possess the character that wouldn't mind having a black index finger for the rest of their lives, were approached by Yvon Lambert Gallery. 'No way Jose' was the basic answer. Then, just when all seemed lost, a figure, by the name of Marc Donnadieu, walked into the gallery. Marc is a regular at the openings at Lambert, and had already accumulated a few tattoos designed by artists. When asked if he was interested, he said "Oui". Mission impossible became mission accomplished. Well, almost. Now all that was needed was to find a tattoo parlor willing to do the job.

After calling around to various tattoo parlors, and being told, once again 'no way Jose', Marc finally found an agreeable tattooist at a place called "All Tattoo". So there it was - all systems go. Douglas hopped onto the next plane to Paris, ready to see his latest tattoo project realized.

The plan was simple. On Thursday, October 2, Douglas,



Marc, and Olivier - an assistant from Yvon Lambert - were going to go to All Tattoo together. Douglas was planning on taking photographs of the tattooing in process. Olivier was to supervise, and of course Marc was to be tattooed. There was only one problem. Douglas forgot his camera. The horror, the horror!

After a few frantic phone calls a camera was arranged. The only problem (this time) was that Douglas had no idea how it worked. Not a very reassuring thought before a once only photo shoot. So, a backup camera was called for, provided by yours truly. That way, with two cameras, there was at least half of a chance for the pictures to come out.

When I came by the gallery to drop it off I saw the boys: Douglas trying to figure out how the camera worked, Olivier looking a little manic, and Marc - as cool as the proverbial cucumber. So, having provided the backup camera, they were now ready to leave. I must have got caught up in the frenzy, because somehow I found myself walking along with them to the tattoo parlor. There was something quite strange, walking purposefully side by side, off to get Marc marked. It was a lot like the scene in *Reservoir Dogs*, where all the guys walk out of the diner, off to rob a bank. I found myself humming "Little Green Bag".

When we arrived at All Tattoo, I was more than a little amused. Where Terry's was like a Barber Shop out of the fifties, this place was like a Hair Salon. It was too chic: faux fresco pink and ochre walls, brightly lit, no tattoo designs displayed on the walls, a water cooler for thirsty clients, and an English bulldog named Maurice. To top it off, the two tattooists were young, and had no visible tattoos. Not a reassuring sign, kind of like getting your hair cut by a bald man.

So, there I found myself, sitting in a tattoo parlor somewhere in Paris. Status Quo playing in the background, Maurice trying to hump whatever leg came closest, and the sound of an electric needle whirling away.

Now the strangest thing about this whole experience had to be this: Douglas, Olivier, and by now - me - were completely tense. Marc was still the proverbial cucumber. I still don't get it. We weren't the ones getting the tattoo. Marc was. He just sat there, as the needle prodded the length and width of his finger, looking calm.

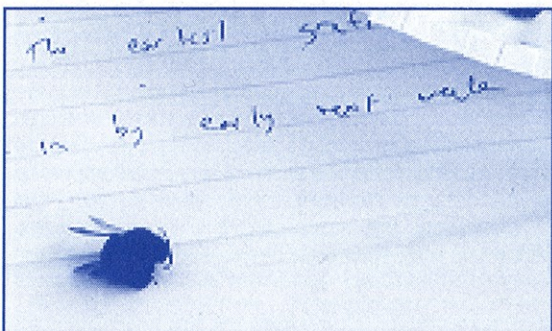
Meanwhile Christophe, the tattooist, was wondering why in



the hell Marc wanted a tattoo as stupid as the one he was getting. Douglas was playing Andy Warhol, snapping away with two cameras. Olivier was running back and forth like an expectant father. And I sat there, feeling vicarious pain with each jab of the needle. Strange, isn't it?

Galerie Yvon Lambert, Paris, tot/jusqu'au 20/12

advertentie/publicité



PRINT

DE APPEL

NEW PUBLICATION + COMPACT DISC

THIS PUBLICATION CONTAINS A FULL-COLOUR PHOTO REPORTAGE OF THE EXHIBITION BLUEPRINT, HANS DEN HARTOG JAGER'S INTERVIEW WITH SASKIA BOS AND A TEXT WRITTEN BY PIERRE BISMUTH

CD WITH NEW AUDIO WORKS BY FIONA BANNER, PIERRE BISMUTH, JOSEPH GRIGELY, DAVID SHRIGLEY AND ERIK WEEDA

BLUEPRINT (SUMMER '97): FIONA BANNER, UTA BARTH, PIERRE BISMUTH, JOSEPH GRIGELY, CLAUDE HEATH, DAVID SHRIGLEY, HIROSHI SUGIMOTO, ERIK WEEDA

PRICE: NLG 32,50 / BEF 600

ALSO AVAILABLE FROM DECEMBER ONWARDS AT MOT & VAN DEN BOOGAARD

DE APPEL, AMSTERDAM

Tentoonstellingen Expositions

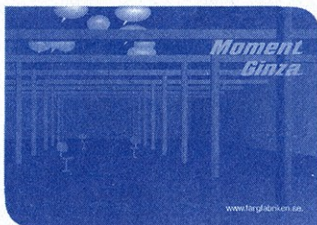
Rineke Dijkstra New Photography 13, Museum of Modern Art, New York, tot/jusqu'au 13/1/98; Photographers Gallery, London, 29/11-10/1(solo); Museum Boijmans van Beuningen, Rotterdam, tot/jusqu'au 7/12

Dora Garcia Lifetime Soundtrack, De Vleeshal, Middelburg, 3/11-14/12 (solo)

Dominique

Gonzalez-Foerster

Moment Ginza, une proposition de Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster avec la participation de: Les bourratives, Angela Bulloch, Maurizio Cattelan, Anne Frémy, Felix Gonzalez-Torres, Liam Gillick & Gabriel Kuri, Pierre Huyghe, Ange Leccia, Philippe Parreno, Allen Ruppersberg, Vidya & Jean-Michel, Jean-Luc Vilmouth, Miwa Yanagi, Fargfabriken, Stockholm, tot/jusqu'au 7/12.



Douglas Gordon Galerie Yvon Lambert, Paris, tot/jusqu'au 20/12 (solo); Sammlung Goetz, München, tot/jusqu'au 28/2

En verder Et encore

Op uitnodiging van de Delphina Studio Trust verblijft Pierre Bismuth vanaf 1 november voor een jaar te London. - A partir du 1 novembre Pierre Bismuth sera en résidence au Delphina Studio Trust à Londres. ● Pierre Bismuth ontwierp in opdracht van de DRAC Orléans een arboretum voor hun nieuwe gebouw ('Projet 1%'). - Pierre Bismuth a réalisé un arborétum pour le nouveau bâtiment de la DRAC Orléans. (Projet 1%). ● Oscar van den Boogaard zal op 30 november om 14.00 uur een lezing geven over 'hoe het 'kinderlijke' tot zijn recht komt in volwassen werk'. Plaats: Museum Boijmans Van Beuningen Rotterdam. ● De nieuwe lay-out en samenstelling van de Newsletter van de galerie werd gerealiseerd naar een concept van Uri Tzaig. Het vorige basisonwerp was van de hand van Pierre Bismuth. De uitvoering berust bij Manon de Boer. - Le nouveau lay-out et la conception du Newsletter de la galerie sont réalisés à partir d'un concept de Uri Tzaig. Le modèle de base des Newsletters précédents était de Pierre Bismuth. La réalisation reste de Manon de Boer. ● In opdracht van de Vlaamse Gemeenschap realiseerde Dora Garcia



vernissage Uri Tzaig:

vlmr/dgäd: U. Tzaig, P. Leguillon



Witte de With 26/10/97

vlmr/dgäd: M. Newman, B. Mari

Nieuwe publicaties Nouvelles publications

Manon de Boer, Monologues-Script. 162 pages, édition 50. 2500 BEF (A transcription of the monologues from the videowork 'monologues')

Moment Ginza. City Guide. Full-colour, 119 pages. With texts and photographs by Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster a.o. Publisher: Le Magasin, Grenoble / Fargfabriken, Stockholm. 700 BEF

Print. With full-colour photo reportage of the Exhibition Blueprint, an interview with Saskia Bos and a text by Pierre Bismuth. Including a CD with new audioworks by Fiona Banner, Pierre Bismuth, Joseph Grigely, David Shrigley, Erik Weeda. Publisher: De Appel, Amsterdam. (see also advertisement) 600 BEF

Lifetime Soundtrack. Dora Garcia. Text in English by Lex ter Braak, full colour, 16 pages. Publisher: De Vleeshal, Middelburg, 200 BEF

Point d'ironie, novembre 1997. With text and photographs by Douglas Gordon, on the tattoo work shown at Galerie Yvon Lambert, 8 pages. Free.

Al deze publicaties zijn verkrijgbaar in de galerie of kunnen per post worden geleverd. - Toutes les publications sont disponibles à la galerie ou peuvent être envoyées par la poste.



Dora Garcia. Blue Light, 1997

een nieuw werk, Blue Light, op het terras van Graaf de Ferraris Gebouw in Brussel. Het werk bestaat uit een lamp van het type dat gebruikt wordt voor het markeren van landingsbanen. Het is verbonden met een tijdssysteem dat totaal onvoorspelbaar de lamp doet oplichten voor periodes van 1 tot 8 uur. - Pour la Communauté flamande à Bruxelles, Dora Garcia a réalisé une nouvelle oeuvre, Blue Light. Elle consiste en une lampe, installée sur la terrasse du bâtiment Graaf de Ferraris, du type de celles qui sont utilisées pour marquer les pistes d'atterrissage. Elle est liée à un système de temps qui fait allumer la lampe de manière imprévisible pour des durées de 1 à 8 heures. ● Volgende tentoonstelling in de galerie - Prochaine exposition dans la galerie: Ed Ruscha. Books (1963-1980) / Manon de Boer. Video 8/1-7/2. Vernissage 7/1 - 18-21 uur/heures.

CONTINGENCY AND RULE IN THE WORK OF PIERRE BISMUTH

Michael Newman

Excerpts from the lecture given by Michael Newman on the occasion of the exhibition of Pierre Bismuth in Witte de With, Rotterdam on the 26th of October 1997.

(...) Now I want to turn to the question of the image as posed by those works that use digitalized images with their descriptions (*Du Grand Canyon à...* (1997), *From some folded shirts to...* (1997). Note that the end of the series is not given in the title, which we may take to be a deliberate evocation of open-endedness, the full-stop coming simply when it is time for the work to be shown.

A digitalized image is one without a surface of inscription, or at least is independent of any particular surface of inscription. One of the implications of this is the loss of indexicality, the real connection with the subject of the image. Another is that the image remains a matter of time: the appearance and disappearance of the image is unavoidably temporal (of course this is the case with all images, but the very telos of the tradition of art in the West has been to disguise this, to render the image eternal in the image of God). What we are forced to confront in the digitalized image is a condition of absolute erasure, that is, erasure without a trace. Paradoxically, this erasure is the very condition of the trace, that it is already in the mode of an absolute loss. In other words, the image without a trace reveals the condition of the trace: that the essence of the trace is not its permanence but its erasure. In making a point that was at once architectural and political, Walter Benjamin, quoting a poem by Berthold Brecht, called for the effacement of traces: no more impressions left in padded armchairs, rather the hard, cold surfaces of the modern. Digitalization takes this process one stage further. In the easy come easy go of the image, what we sense is the unbearable lightness of being. Or perhaps, in the affirmative sense, an existence that touches lightly on things, like a beam of sunlight traversing a room.

Time/memory

In *Du Grand Canyon à...* (1997) and related works, the digital image changes the relation of the photograph to time, as

well as to subjectivity. On the viewer of the camera, the image appears and disappears not instantly but with a sweep. As they are taken, eliminated, replaced with new images, the digital photos create a kind of quasi-narrative, which Bismuth compares with a walk.

Bismuth writes in his notes on the work of the gap between what the photographer desires to show, and what the photographer doesn't seek to show. Perhaps the point is that without what the photographer doesn't seek to show, there would be no image in the first place: that what makes the image possible is something unintentional, something that can't be controlled.

This focus on fringe phenomena once again diverts "existence" from "intentionality". If the digital camera is not put to the eye who or what is taking the picture? The photographer or the apparatus? And who, for that matter, sees? (...)

Meaning/rule

To conclude my remarks, I would like to propose a distinction that in my view runs through art since the 18th century, and that will help us to grasp the implications of Bismuth's work in a way that exceeds any narrow conception of Conceptual art. The distinction I have in mind is between the art of meaning and the art of the rule. According to the notion of "meaning", art is an externalization of something other than itself: this is the case whether art is understood as representation, a re-presentation of that which was present, or whether art is understood as expression, literally the pressing-out of inner life. Art, under this conception, refers to a ground other than itself which gives rise to it and will resorb it. The pre-eminent philosopher of the art of meaning is of course Hegel, and the idea that governs his "Lectures on Aesthetics" is that of art as representation - which is why it must be superseded - within an expressivist paradigm - that is, one in which Spirit, or self-consciousness, expresses itself in various ways. The pre-eminent, and perhaps the first, philosopher of the "art of the rule" is Kant. I have already mentioned his idea that "nature gives the rule to art". It comes in the discussion of genius. The

point of the genius - and here Kant is being extraordinarily radical and prescient - is that through him what would otherwise be non-sense becomes rule or law. Kant poses the problem of how, if what the genius produces is "original," in other words, does not fall under a pre-given concept, nor is an imitation in the sense of a copy of some model, how can we tell the work of genius from what he calls "original nonsense". One of the two ways he suggests is if the work becomes the source of a law not to be followed but to be broken by the successor genius. Another way is through what he calls "reflective judgment," judgment that does not begin with the concept, but begins with the particular, and seeks the concept for it. What is interesting is that in neither case is it a matter of expression, or interpreting an expression, treating the material work as indicating, embodying or manifesting an essence other than itself. Rule works against any possible fullness of meaning, because the rule is ultimately without justification, it doesn't refer to anything but itself, and thereby may be said to be meaningless: it just is that way because it is that way. To say that the rule does not express or represent anything is to draw attention to how profoundly the "art of the rule" differs from the "art of meaning." That such art is even the work of a subject is not to be taken for granted. Any knowledge produced by the artwork (in a reflection on its conditions) is incidental. In the end the knowledge it produces concerns the lack of grounds of its own law. Such art, in other words, is about nothing other than the relation of contingency - non-sense - to rule, and rule to contingency. And surely human existence is nothing other than this: retroactively turning contingency into law, and living with the fact that this law - the singular law that we are to make of our lives - can never be grounded on anything else, and that it remains, in this sense, utterly contingent. There is something quite gloriously funny about this

The complete text of this lecture will be published in Witte de With Cahier # 7, January 1998.



Renée Kool 20/11 - 20/12

vernissage 19/11
18 - 21 u/h

Lezing over het werk van Renée Kool door Lex ter Braak, directeur van De Vleeshal te Middelburg, op donderdag 11 december om 20.00 uur. Gevolgd door een gesprek met de kunstenaar. Voertaal: Nederlands. Plaats: Galerie Mot & Van den Boogaard

Met dank aan / Remerciements à:

Mondriaan Stichting, Stimuleringsfonds beeldende kunst, vormgeving en museale activiteiten. Duvel - Brouwerij/Brasserie Moortgat