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Diti Almog

Ghada Amer

Lucy Gunning

Soo-Ja Kim

Joseph Marioni

Bettina Rheims

Lawrence Weiner

Brenda Zlamany

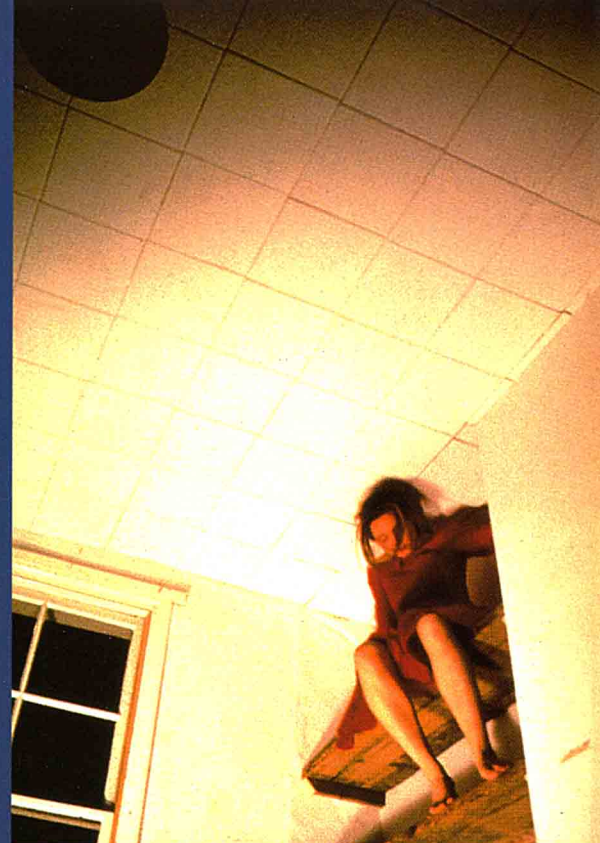
curated by Barry Schwabsky

October 24 - November 23, 1996

Apex Art C.P.
291 Church Street
New York, New York 10013

Cover: Lucy Gunning *Climbing Around My Room* 1995
still from VHS video

Bettina Rheims *Rose McGowen nailed on a run down wall* 1995
photograph 60" x 48"



The idea was not to compose an essay across the three-dimensional space of a gallery rather than the two-dimensional one of the printed page. If anything, it was to orchestrate an experience made up mostly of things already seen but which, I hoped, would never be seen

The first duty of the "artist" is to make things which people can like for the wrong reasons.

—Eric Gill

in quite the same way as they would in this constellation.

Still, I am first of all a writer, so there had to be some literary analogy behind my anti-methodical method. It was undoubtedly the hope to compose this exhibition in a way

The personal "art coefficient" is like an arithmetical relation between the unexpressed but intended and the unintentional but expressed.

—Marcel Duchamp

closer to how I'd approach a poem than an essay--which is to try and give each word its own weight, in accordance with the line, from Wallace Stevens, which has long been a sort of

mantra to me when it comes to poetry: "...what she said was uttered word by word."



Brenda Zlamany *Portrait #28* 19" x 19" oil/panel

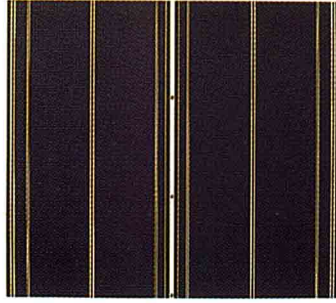
Very simply stated, a work of art originates and lives in the space between affirmation and negation. When, where and to what we say Yes and No is entirely unimportant: the power of the statement and not its subject is what matters.

—Artur Schnabel

So I wanted this show to be uttered, as it were, work by work, each piece to emerge in its specificity, and only then to reveal whatever elective affinities it might find with certain of its neighbors. Here they are: an abstract stripe painting by Diti Almog which is equally the representation of a man's dress shirt; Ghada Amer's embroidery-on-canvas dissections of porn imagery; Lucy Gunning's videotape of a barefoot woman in a red dress literally climbing the wall; Soo-Ja Kim's sculpture consisting of colorful bedclothes; a monochrome painting by Joseph Marioni, in which color with "body"

For the basis of criticism is not in theory but in the taste a lived experience of the world has for the person experiencing it.

—Andre Gorz



Diti Almog Men's shirt 1993 acrylic 36"x40"

is veiled by a glaze of the same color; Bettina Rheims' apotheosis of fashion photography; Lawrence Weiner's dissolution of materials into language; Brenda Zlamany's Renaissance-style portrait head of a man better known from some rather less chaste images by a famous photographer...Why have they impressed themselves on my memory or imagination? Isn't it in part because of how the experience of color manifests itself so differently yet always so strongly through such diverse media as video, writing, or photography, or whether

Le critique de l'art est en somme quelqu'un qui fait profession d'être un amateur.

—Thierry de Duve

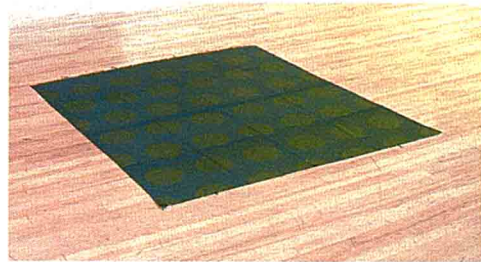
Joseph Marioni Yellow Painting nr 10 1994 acrylic on linen 56" x 52"



embodied in paint, in fabric, or in nothing more than dyed thread? And doesn't the contiguity of such seemingly irreconcilable experiences of color give rise to ruminations on, perhaps even reconciliations of, a number of polarities or just differences, whether formal (iconicity and dispersion), thematic (nakedness and clothing), affective (superficiality and sublimity), ethical (carnal and sacred)?

I believe in eroticism a lot, because it's truly a rather widespread thing throughout the world, a thing that everyone understands. It replaces, if you wish, what other literary schools called Symbolism, Romanticism. It could be another 'ism,' so to speak.

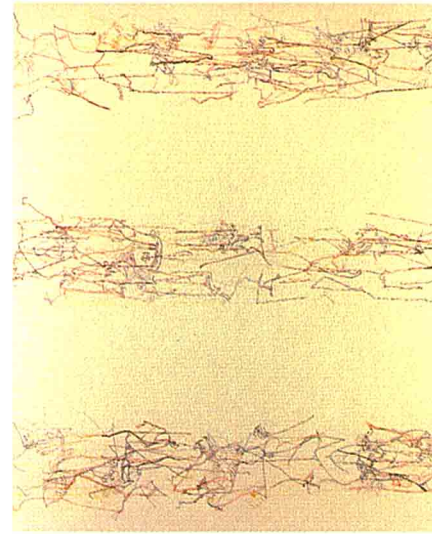
—Marcel Duchamp



Soo-Ja Kim Deductive Object 2 1996 used bed cover 56" x 56"

For that to be so, it would be important that the presentation urge viewers to proceed among the works with a certain attentiveness, a certain deliberation, based on the

—if I gather all these facts taken from what was my everyday life as a child, I see forming bit by bit



Ghada Amer Untitled embroidery & gel on canvas 1995 70"x60"

an idea of what, for me, is the sacred.

Something prestigious, like the paternal attributes or the great hall of rocks. Something unusual, like the jockey's ceremonial raiment, or certain works with an exotic resonance. Something dangerous, like the coals glowing red or the bush-country bristling with prowlers. Something ambiguous, like the coughing fits that tear one to pieces but transform one into a tragic hero. Something forbidden, like the parlor where adults perform their rituals. Something secret, like the consultations surrounded by bathroom stink. Something breathtaking, like the leap of galloping horses or language's false-bottomed boxes. Something that, all in all, I scarcely conceive of except as marked by the supernatural in one way or another.

If one of the most "sacred" aims that man can set for himself is to acquire as exact and intense an understanding of himself as possible, it seems desirable that each one, scrutinizing his

memories with the greatest possible honesty, examine whether he can discover there some sign permitting him to discern the color for him of the very notion of sacred.

—Michel Leiris

acknowledgment that the threads that link such disparate phenomena are, like most threads, rather delicate, and easily broken by an unconsidered movement: thus, the show is **Ceremonial** less by definition than by indulgence, and it places in temporary abeyance the destructive character (to borrow Walter Benjamin's phrase) of a great deal of contemporary as well as modern art.

--Barry Schwabsky

Someone lacking a tradition who would like to have one is like a man unhappily in love.

—Ludwig Wittgenstein



Lawrence Weiner & VERS LES ETOILES French sailor's hat 1994 ed. 100