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LUCA FREI

*THEY STARED BACK AT HIM WITH AN EXPRESSION OF VICIOUS,
ACRID BOREDOM THAT TREMBLED ON THE EDGE OF VIOLENCE*

21 MAI AU 3 JUILLET 2010 / MAY 21ST UNTIL JULY 3RD 2010

VERNISSAGE : JEUDI 20 MAI DE 17 A 21H / OPENING RECEPTION : THURSDAY, MAY 20TH 5 – 9 PM

Luca's Lieu-tenants

Hors-texte: (in place of a missing drawing)

The situation as follows:

Every collage is a flower. Every flower is (a temple of) the sun.

i.e., (at the) year (Mountains) of (Madness) the grasshopper.

Lygia Clark: "I became obsessed with the idea that my hands were not my own, that they belonged to the earth, and that the less they were mine, the more likely it was that we would be healed—"

Wild cherries, cinnamon, vanilla, and sherry.
Wintergreen, lavender, banana.
Lollipop spirals, feathers, flowers, hair.

Decade or season or forty years of the locust.

Hours like days. Days like years. I want to remain changeless for you.

"His work is a constant negation of impulses," said a critic who has known him a long time. "Wouldn't you say so, Jasper?"

"No," Johns said, and laughed.

tenant lieu de / lieu-tenance

TEXT : DAVID LEWIS