


Mime and Rock

To make a vector concrete, we test its load-bearing capacity. Andre, a simple peasant, had only one thing on his mind as he crept along the East wall: “Andre creep... Andre creep... Andre creep.” The hushed embroidery of weeds on a wall, to a man who vomits in harmony with the crow stationed outside, who picks up the tune. Is it mimesis, and yet everyone looks busy, though I don’t think anyone is working, today. Perceptions fill the cracks of the masonry, unmanaged, while here! are some tidy asteroids. Flat mineral polished top each with an exit hole looks like a circumlocution of use. Touchingly hulking, once retouched and now fixed. Whatever’s left a clod behind made it look like our work. This is like some make-work project. A misty-eyed diplomat takes a rubbing in Italy.

Free work, murderous work. Not found, but delivered into this condition by an act of policy. A sympathetic crow steals the plentipotentiary’s silver pencil. Brings it to the vomiting man. A magical emulation, evoking a radiant future where clods can communicate with speech that is malformed and affective, malformed but effective. The time for remonstrations is long over, we have welcomed our load-bearing overlords as one. As one we sigh. They will not bear loads, they will not be painted silver, their holes will not be holes in the thing they are not, you will be on the chain gang that makes more of them. Troglodyte doll houses. The bird gives the doleful man an aesthetic index to which he can refer and not choke on his exurgitated sorrow. It is a great act of inverted sympathy, and glance up quickly at the weeds. These are not the result of a direct action. No mountebank commission or coquette-maquette, these are axioms set in concrete but we don’t know if they’re right. The rocks are without a judge. Rock mime shows traces of struggle – coaxing grinds and bevellings, dents, a hole or some where something was unfixed – but they will never show the traces of use that they evoke. They will be overgrown, like statuary, and you will back into

them, as in an empty room,  fleeing from the nymphs on the wall. National consuls traduce their missions by prettifying rampant globalizing weeds. Mimesis of the hardened and alienated: pieces of infrastructure dessicate outdoors and congeal in the room on a white platform. It is a problem of dry hecatomb inner structures and their elegiac flaking under strong light. Failure to keep money green and supple as a vine creeping. Debt is an inherent vice of all kinds of structures. Now it hugs the steps, connecting the live and un-alive.

And so, overall, something made but not in restricted sense. Nature reflects your ends faithfully as you try to cast her in concrete like some mafia public-works project. The sympathetic crow pecks around the one or several holes. Cries ring out, cries of reconciliation, finally, all sides of the tableaux rush to the center to meet in love. It's not natural to see tableaux here, but every claquesourced model partakes of that legerdemain. Every object implies a tableau, and it is behind it. Or this industrial process has been murdered by craft. Gently treated, abraded clod, why do you loll so carefully. A hand passes lightly over the crow, folds back to cover its mouth.

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