

NICELLE BEAUCHENE GALLERY

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

ANDREA LONGACRE-WHITE

September 7 – October 5, 2014

Opening reception: Sunday September 7, 6-8pm

the ipad scanned
restraint tape on the print
used restraint tape
hair, skin
high flash sex tech shots of my hard drives, my scanner, my desktop, my laptop, my floor
Nicelle's floor
floor on floor on floor
platinum silicone based lubricant
edges of the paper
edges of the scanner bed
edges of a physical and digital space
the overload
layers of ink that don't get absorbed
that drip and sweat
we were sweating together it was in the 90s in the studio
listening to the 90s in the studio
brand x liquid latex
industrial liquid latex
latex lubed
an apple logo
a greeked apple logo
an epson paper logo
the abstract paint stroke from an old espon logo found on the web
a canned gesture
staples
cords
a monitor
getting fucked
fucking the floor
on my knees
on it's back
another pass
10 layers of ink the paper can't absorb

(Andrea Longacre-White)

For further information, please contact Alex Ross at alex@nicellebeauchene.com.
Gallery hours are Wed–Sun from 11-6pm or by appointment.

On the Floor And In Your Face

(for Andrea Longacre-White)

by Sarah Lehrer-Graiwer

What do I feel when I look at [redacted]? Nothing. At first, I feel deep blissful black nothing and it requires the entirety of me to confront. A heavy, existential nothing that hits hard and resonates like a gong. Sometimes it cuts with a sharp edge, like a slash, leaving a scar. The impression is strong, even an assault. I hold on tight because I know this special, glinting nothing won't last long—this pure, unthinking, wide-eyed presence is such a rush. I feel the weight of [redacted] nothing mainly in my throat. I feel the wordless cover of blackest night. [redacted] are a nearly starless sky, a storm of cosmic dust and dead skin, a frame of scuffed celluloid, a scratched vinyl, a scanner darkly, a bad mirror.

The full blankness of [redacted] inky impasse bounces sight inward. Looking at [redacted] is like looking at the inside of my eyelids. Light bleeds in, imprecise and irregular, through the crack and along the lashed edges. Darkness masses in piles and pools from the center out. Wadded up at the core, [redacted] simulate the optical suction of a blackhole—official and abysmal—yes, vaginal.

Looking at [redacted] is like being forced to peer through my own featureless self until I reach the floor inside me—palming my own solidity and dumbness on all fours, groping my own stoppage and pause, my own dull thumping heartbeat and that subwoofer in my colon. [redacted] sound like deafening silence.

I rely on physiological, basal, and psycho-sexual responses around [redacted] because language stops short, grunting and groaning, on the precipice of all that ink and info layered in these anti-photographs. (I say 'redacted' and I speak to 'redacted' because I desire direct address with the work and because these prints produce specular reflections on their shiny, dimensional black surfaces.) Photography is in play but only as a jumping off point; it's hardly an accurate description of [redacted] nature. Printmaking more closely describes the works' development. I keep thinking about all that ink. So much ink spilled as though all the ink that spelled all words sprayed forth in a sudden, enraged scream. The effect is total and simultaneous, and yet each print's density is achieved incre-

mentally, through gradual build up and persistent infill. The ink is spilled, not like blood but like crude oil and fuming tar pits. Fertile sludge laced with a faint rainbow sheen. Being marbled and streaked like an oil slick, [redacted] black monochromes point to ecological as well as painterly problems.

Why so dark? To delete and cover up and expunge. To redact and cross out, thrash and destroy, blot out and black out—the negative gesture remains stubbornly visible, stealing the show. To keep some things private. To make each tiny point of light in the darkness a survivor, that much more alive for evading repeated scrapes with the reaper. To echo Ad Reinhardt in declaring black's multiplicity, variation, and nuance. There are so many kinds of black contained and compressed in these works: the black of the scanner bed, the black of the iPad frame, the black that marks the paper's edge, the black of the gallery's stained wood floor, the black of well-oiled latex, the black of restraint tape (both sides, shiny and sticky), the black of a ready-made digital brushstroke that, go figure, is a company logo.

Why black and white, I persist. Because nothing is simply black and white, [redacted] reply; look again. Because contrast is clarity and clarity is focus and focus opposes distraction, which is the defining mental condition of our scattershot information age. Because there is a need to play up difference in response to the continual homogenization of fashion, corporate mergers, multinational conglomerates, economies of scale, and the viral ubiquity of late capitalism. Because nighttime and off-time and fuck-off-time need an advocate in a 24/7 economy. Because because because, [redacted] know, nighttime is the right time.

I made the choice to follow [redacted] into pictorial darkness. [redacted] once convinced me that the Los Angeles sun needs more noir counterpoints. *'Where the sun is all things all day and there's a constant positive disposition,'* [redacted] wrote, *'I can't help but feel heightened radicality in darkness.'* Elsewhere, TJ Clark has taken stock of liberalism and concluded there's a new, urgent need to adopt the tragic tone in art and politics. When [redacted] spoke of carving out a negative space, I felt the pleasure of a scraping sensation and the pleasure of all my holes. Ah, to be vacant! To scour and clean and evacuate from the inside out. The fantasy of negative space is the ecstasy of deferred potential, the promise of futurity, and room to move the body freely. We could poke at emptiness' contours, wade around in its cool depths. The desire for negative space is the desire to receive and be filled with a perfect fit—hand in glove, ball in socket, dick in a box.

When [redacted] spoke of carving out negative space, I pictured fresh, still-steaming asphalt paving a cul-de-sac in suburbia—the shape of a burrow. I heard PJ Harvey coming out of boombox speakers through some kid’s second-story window. I pictured the gaping manhole at the end of the sac; moans emanated low and distant from subterranean tunnels below; someone laying pipe. Flash: [redacted] illuminate representation as the crossing out of one thing with another. [redacted] are the cannibalism of palimpsest. The cathartic power of releasing pent up revulsion, renunciation, and hot anger comes through—the incomparable joy of saying no, yelling it at the top of your lungs not from a mountaintop but bear-like from the depths of a dank cave. These prints don’t want to be well-mannered, pret-a-porter interior design pieces in a penthouse or someone’s diversified portfolio. Though their destination may not be entirely up to them (bull markets are not easily outrun and the neo-gilded age has mastered cooption), these prints aspire to be rude and unruly. [redacted] materialize and depict technology at that crucial adolescent moment in which it discovers its own shrieking mouth.

The timing of the discovery is key: [redacted] reprise a belated teenage angst, an aggressive but tight burst of energy right when the realities of adulthood are taking hold in new, permanent ways—ways as complex and concrete as buying land and building a home for the first time. Constructing a house and a room of your own from the ground up marks the end of youth and the beginning of something both new and closer to death. The most important part of construction is the floor, the foundation. The root must be strong. *‘Deciding this life in a physical place,’* as [redacted] put it, starts with stripping the thing down to its floorboards. Once stripped, [redacted] scan and study them. Looking down at the ground is a good posture for turning off the world and focusing solely on thought, or footwork. This quasi-aerial perspective reminds me of my adolescent girlhood and makes me wonder, are spatial orientations gendered?

So, quick, while there’s still time, jet back to the kid’s room with the boombox and window on the cul-de-sac. [redacted] are in a dizzying black and white visual echo chamber that is full of hot, sweaty, smells-like-teen-spirit spirit. The petulance, the loss of decorum, the misbehaving, the growth spurts, the chemical rush of adrenalin and hormones and pheromones. Belatedly, [redacted] vomit up a wave of adolescent angst into the work: *‘kicking or punching a print till it needs to be taped together or rebound, or printing over and over again in an effort to destroy the image.’* There’s sex in there, too, and bondage. Restraint tape holds things together by heightening focus and intensifying presence in the physical act—like the very first time. Total somatic presence is so rare. With hands tied, Instagram is blissfully uncheckable. The focus of sex manifests its own urgency: *‘all you’re doing is getting fucked, you don’t have to make decisions, it’s having this totally other mental zone unlike normal everyday life.’* We

hardly need Levinas to tell us that “[p]leasure is, in effect, nothing less than a concentration in the instant.” And, at the same time, “[w]e therefore note in pleasure an abandonment, a loss of oneself, an ecstasy: so many traits that describe the promise of escape contained in pleasure’s essence.” [redacted] holes and the holes in [redacted] pictures and the puddles of lubed liquid latex on the gallery floor are sinkhole escape hatches.

The morning after, [redacted] note that the aggression which feels real and authentic in the moment—in the bedroom, in the studio, in the act—later often appears diminished. Merely a tantrum, a common cultural formula, a cliché. [redacted] are interested in that rich tension between losing one’s cool in emotional release and the timid self-consciousness that tends to follow. [redacted] hesitate to label it feminine (which in itself is a rather female impulse, dontcha think?). But [redacted] acknowledge, *‘from the beginning, this idea of messy, complicated emotions felt like a thing to talk about in the work.’* The clash of the body’s hormonal heat with technology’s digital coldness and detachment is what feels most pressing. All mixed up, one on top of the other, shine and schmutz are exquisitely entangled.

Again, what do I feel when I look at [redacted]? By now the numb black nothing feeling is long gone and since turned into something that turns out to be a lot. In fact it’s pure too-much-ness. There may not be all that much difference between the extremes of nothing and too much, both operate in relation to limits and pushing them. The feeling is bombardment and barricade.

Surfeit and overload are [redacted] subject.

Again, too much goddamn ink. Run through the printer too many times, overloaded with too much pigment, saturated past the point of absorption. [redacted] are too much for the media to handle. The result is an unstable surface, a wet print, shiny where excess ink beads up and drips, like perspiration. Call it ink sweat. How many times have [redacted] been through the ringer, shoved through the machine? As many times as it takes to flood the sensors, drown a little daily pain. As many times as it takes to hammer the image and photography itself into abstract oblivion. As many times as it takes to extend an argument ad absurdum. As many times as Gertrude Stein repeats herself in any given passage, which, of course, is not repetition at all but deliberate insistence. Though the importance of overstatement in art can hardly be overstated, it does not necessarily clear up confusion, in fact, overstatement and repetition often work to further confound comprehension.

To repeat Stein, there is no such thing as repetition, only insistence and emphasis.

Too much information piled on top of itself is a way to talk about technological overload, a way of depicting tangle and barrage and feedback distortion. *'The digital may dominate the aesthetic of those pad scans,'* ~~you~~ say, *'but the gesture is as much about cathartically conveying confusion about how to function in modern society. Malfunction and freak out are inevitable.'* The collision of physical, architectural, and bodily space with digital space is complexly mediated at best, rough and hectic the rest of the time and traumatic at worst. ~~My~~ glitch is self-effacing, self-destructive. ~~My~~ preference is restraint, but fuck it. Sometimes ~~you~~ want to get sweaty and break down, throw a fit on the floor and rip up your clothes, kicking and screaming, grinding bone on wood. Call it primal therapy, call it screamo karaoke.

So, after nothing and too much, what do I see when I look at ~~you~~? What remains when I return?

Bodies. Bodies that are objects and bodies that object. And as long as we have bodies, the object will never die. Lozano said that, or something like that.

This object has lots of body; they all do.

This one has hair and dry skin.

This one has fingerprints and smudges all over.

This one has a belly, both swollen and deflated. It could be a trash bag or a mask.

This one is taped, bound, restrained, and gagged—grafted.

This one has been kicked around, raged upon.

This one is crinkled, creased, and crumpled. They all have wrinkles.

This one is so dark it reflects light, like a foil. It cannot be photographed without featuring the mediation most glaringly.

This one is dripping, sweating, perspiring.

This one is a summer baby.

This one is fucked.

This one went to market.

This one ran all the way home.

This one was a bad girl.

This one made a mess and wrecked the place.

This one has needs. It gets lubed up and rubbed down daily.

— SLG