FourPoorMonologues

by Aggtelek

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Hello.
Good night.
I'm here to explain to you this exhibition.
Four monologues understood as a stand-up comedy
or a meta-fiction about the exhibition itself.

All this has something of Bartleby's concept.
You know... that guy who decided one day in the office to do nothing anymore.
And he was there just saying "I would prefer not to"
Here, we are half Bartlebys.
We've thought about the ideas but prefer not to do them.

So, I will explain the show for those that "prefer" not to read the press release.
These small sculptures are from the artist Philadelphia Wireman.
For those who don't know where Philadelphia is, take it easy:
Similar to Paris Hilton but crossing the Atlantic.
Philadelphia is or was a man.
His story is unknown.
A mystery. No one knew him.
It's said that he was homeless and after his death or disappearance,
someone found all his sculptures.
1,200 sculptures in total.

The story is simple:
There goes a rich man with his Porsche through the outskirts of Philadelphia.
Wow! He stops the car and gets out.
Then takes a look into an abandoned factory and...bingo!
He found a mountain of small sculptures scattered through the building floor.
But, what did he decide to do??
Pick them all and stuff them in his Porsche.
Maybe he went to the car rental to pick a trailer....
Do you think 1,200 of those fit in a Porsche?
What's wrong with these rich people?
A guy finds a huge mountain of trash and picks it up and then tries to sell it in Art Basel?
Life's crazy.
Eh, and then he goes and invents the name.
I can't believe it.

I don't understand a shit of life anymore.
Look at them, poor povera sculptures searching for a family.
Homeless objects.
Come on, run to buy one.
The gallerist is over there.
Don't be shy.
Philadelphia was homeless. Make a star shine.

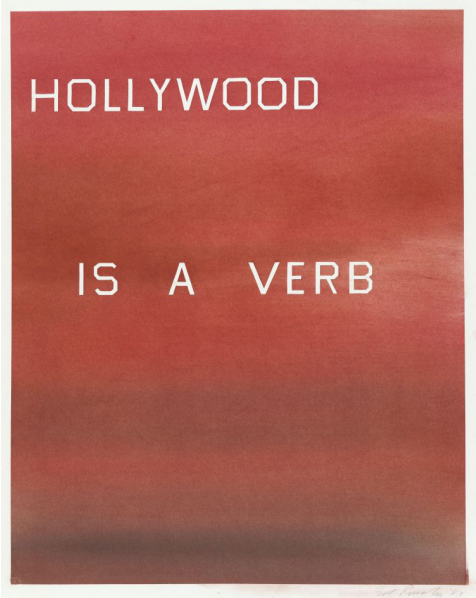
You buy it and Philadelphia shines up there.
And if you do the same (pointing to one spectator),
Then Philadelphia does (he winks)

As I said, Philadelphia was homeless.
Does anyone trust rich guys after the Goldman Sachs story?
Maybe Philadelphia Wireman is the guy of from Porsche and he made all these things in the studio of his mansion and was too shy to say: "I'm the artist and CEO of Samsung".
Can you imagine Steve Jobs making an oil painting?
And trying to sell them to Gagosian?
No way. Doesn't work like that.
No one would have bought an iPhone.
Wealthy peoples stories are like sci-fi stories.

I'd prefer no to do this, but I'm obliged. (quotes & money -hands)
I'd prefer to do something else.
I wanted to do this. (show paper)
My first idea was to recreate Gino de Dominicis'
"Second Solution of Immortality: The universe is Immobile".
The piece was made in 1972.
Let me give you a fast explanation:
It's about a performance of a man with downs syndrome seated in the corner of a gallery looking at three objects: a stone, a sphere and an invisible object.
My idea was to place here a guy with downs syndrome in that corner looking at you guys...(short pause)
Those two sculptures in front of him; that one in his hands and the other one levitating in that corner.
Somewhere like here. (pointing the space)

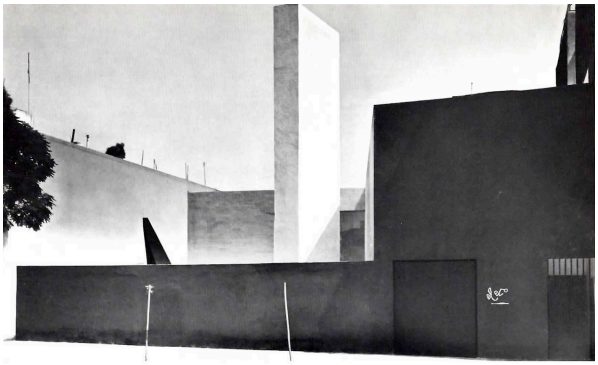
I love the idea.
But time plays tricks and after a while I thought: poor spectator.
Times are difficult and the idea is too funny.
They need something boring, like the time we are in!
Crisis, crisis, crisis, boring times.

So I decided to think about my life and about my work.
I'm not an artist without work.
Like those who don't want to make objects 'cause they are really conceptual.
I'm an artist without work 'cause I don't have any shows to show my work.
That's why I don't consider you, my dear spectators.
My work is reaching a giant black hole up there in the Universe.
If it gets to enter there, then there will be no more work. Not even me.
So then I decided to think about the beach.
And what do people usually think about on the beach?
Absolutely nothing.
That's it, nothing.
Take a look at the L.A. artists.
Ruscha taking pictures of gas stations or buildings or painting Hollywood all over.
Baldessari... signing a Sol Le Witt manifesto
or writing:



"I don't want to do any more boring art"
So, more boring art.

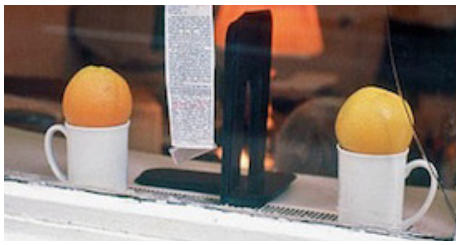
Well, the best discarded idea was to do nothing.
Absolutely Nothing.
I wanted to talk about the poverty 'cause I think it is properly here and now
I see poverty really often,
Which doesn't happen with richness
You just see rich people on TV, or playing soccer.
Poverty is a self-referential work
And also a portrait of the XXI century
Just take a look outside.
Do you remember when we thought that in the XXI century cars would fly?



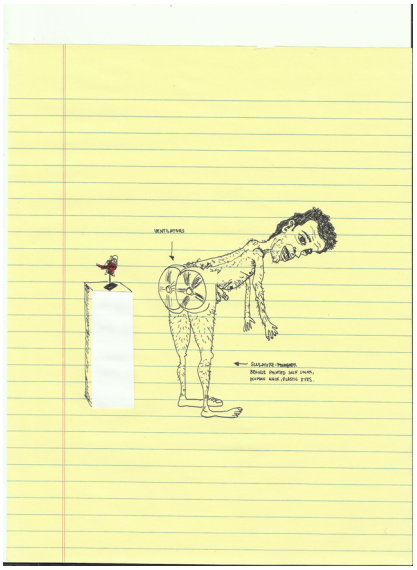
I was one day in Mexico City,
going to an opening in the Experimental Museum of ECO with some friends.
This museum is famous because the Mathias Goeritz architecture,
many say its "Emotional-architecture",
(not because it cries when it holds a bad show)
others say it's a penetrable-sculpture
(and not because you can fuck part of the building)
They call it like that to make it more human I guess.
Well, so we were gunna enter the museum with some friends
and a homeless guy, just there at the entrance, was crazy 'cause someone stole his "house" and now was it the image of the flyer for the show.
No one believed him, of course.
Once inside, we met the artist and told him about the old man story -the homeless-
and guess what? It was true!
He fucking stole his cardboard house and put it inside as a fucking installation!
And now he said it was an ungovernable sculpture.
The poor old man reclaiming his house and we inside drinking and laughing...
I don't know if the man caught the artist, but for sure he wanted to kill him.
This story was because of the poverty and richness thing.
Whatever.

Artists in Mexico make what they see in the street.
Junk.
Here you can see some... (he hands photocopies)
Poor art.
Which is not arte povera...that's an old concept.
The best one is the one of Gabriel Orozco.
You know, the shoebox on the floor for the Venice Biennial.
He says people kicked it, but the goal was not to touch it.
So another idea I had was to place here (pointing at the floor)
four shoeboxes and the sculptures of Philadelphia and when you open them they'd be like music boxes and the sculptures would turn around and dance.
But then no one would know if they were mine or Philadelphia's...
Bad idea.

It's like when Gabriel Orozco has a show at MoMA
and instead of doing a great show inside he decided to use the front building's windows.
So he proposed to the neighbors to put a fucking orange on the window every day
Of course not everybody wanted to participate...
Just imagine someone who lives right there in front of the MoMA!
He might just be thinking about the stock market, meetings with lawyers and thousands of other things that rich people do.
He isn't going to pick up the fucking orange everyday in the museum...
so tourists can picture him!
can you imagine that?
So Gabriel did it.
This is my sellable version. (glass and orange)
He made something similar. I'm not kidding.



The last idea I had is this one: (showing a paper)
This is a fight between Philadelphia and me.
The World War Sculpture I.
The Philadelphia will be besieged and bearing my super aerodynamic fart-sculptures.
I made some drawings. (show them)
So as you see each one will have a fan in the ass
and when the spectator goes to see the sculpture
then the fan starts and they'll change their faces like that (blow/wind face)
similar to the guy of Ice Age looking for its nuts!



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Here we start again.
First of all, ideas need to be pure.
All ideas need a strong concept.
And a monologue is a personal story.

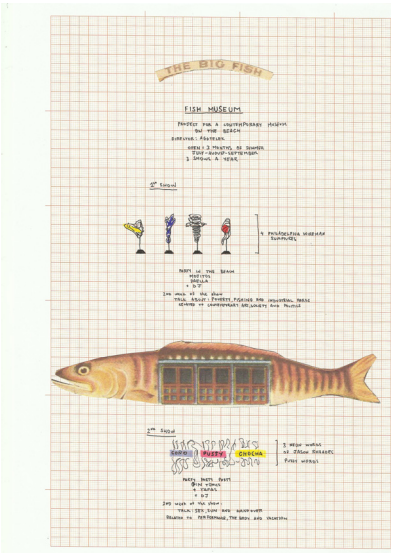
Today ideas have to be natural, bio, eco and light.
Like Woody Allen.
Like me.
Ideas need to be fresh.
Pure.
Simple.
Authentic.
Alive.

My influence doesn't come from Zizek nor Sloterdijk but from a fish.
This one in particular.
The Goldfish.

This kind of fish if kept in a small tupperware like this one, stays small.
but if this tupperware was as huge as this gallery then we'll have a super goldfish the size of this and his brain that grown. (gestures)
The fucking fish think Big.
The bigger the space, the more ideas.
So this show had to be in Gagosian.
big space, big ideas, big money!

I would prefer not to say that.

Anyway.



I live close to the sea.
And I have a dream.
To build a Contemporary Museum by the beach.
Not Pamela Anderson running like in Baywatch.
Just Contemporary Art.
A maximum of five works in my small museum.

My dream was to open the museum with the works of Philadelphia.
I want the museum to be a Microwave architecture style.
I have my own private manifesto.
Everything that fits in a microwave can turn to be architecture.
So the Museum would look like that. (photo)
And inside these four works.

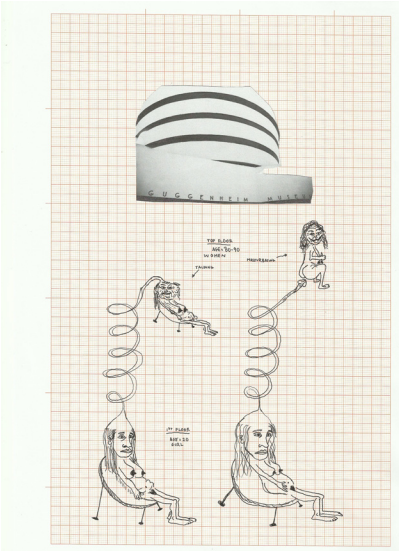
But after a while I thought the idea was weird and it was gunna be hard to get the money.
A friend of mine said: "That looks like a Fukushima installation"

Then I stopped the idea.
I don't like that type of critic.
I'm natural and pure.
No Fukushima.
No Haiyan.

Anyway, you can take a look at the plan and the program.
I'm looking for a sponsor.
If you don't know where to invest your money, give it to me.
I will talk to you later for business. (points at a spectator)

Then I thought of my friend Christine.
She's an old lady. Really nice but has this weird thing getting out of her head.
It's sort of a huge penis that starts on her forehead.
It reminds me to the Dali's painting "Enigma of William Tell".
Then I wanted to pick her up from the asylum and bring her here so I could enlarge her protuberance from that corner to that other one.
She would be seated here and her head would rest on a plinth back there.
Then I would put these sculptures on her forehead-dick, or whatever you want to call that.
But then I pictured the show and said to myself: no way.
That's for the Guggenheim.
That's my life project to enter the Pavilion of the great ones.

So, my first idea is to put a twenty year-old fancy girl seated on the ground floor of the Guggenheim, the one in NY.
Not the bullshit of Bilbao.
And extended from her forehead all over the museum.
into spiral. You know the circumferences of the museum, right?
And I would tattoo on her protuberance, common sentences,
like "go jerk off and later cut the grass".
you know, the usual thing you say to your husband.



Go like this 'til you get to the top floor and one hopes to see a huge ball of hair.
I have my doubts about that.

My first proposal is to find an eighty or ninety year old women masturbating
with the head of the young one.
Too Dali maybe?
A huge dick sculpture with an old lady masturbating?
You think its too slutty for the contemporary art world?

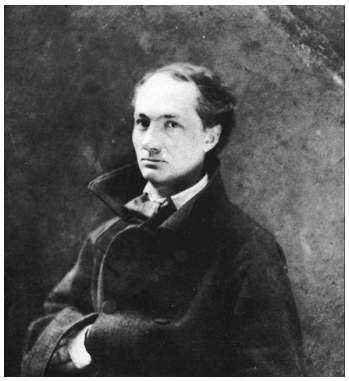
Maybe I had to continue with the moral of Tino Sehgal and connect the forehead to a woman of eighty or ninety year old, but this time she will be speaking about her life miseries.
Sort of Anna Karenina.
Crying for the lost loves and the XIX century stories.
All wrinkled and depressed of so much suffering.
But still thinking.
I will send an invitation via e-mail or watsupp through iDeath Enterprise,
the ones who reach the dead, to invite you to my show.

Bullshit!
I respect everyone's ideas, but bullshit.
Joe, we are living in the virtual world
The real world is about going to the fucking gym, punish your body and then fill you up with kebabs.
They say that the future will be to invent a bunch of personalities for the WWW and then sell them.
The World Wide Web is gonna become a new sports league.
The more personalities you get, the more bank accounts.

That's like the Japanese teacher who makes robots and sends his own copy-robot to teach his university class, and then complains because he's not paid.
This robot answers all the student's questions.
It's like a Wikipedia-Encyclopaedia Britannica and millions of data in one .
This teacher says that in a few years we will be able to fuck these robots, cause they'll be just like real people. And then he's gonna make a killing.
Dont worry, the ones who get the money will have the African girl, or the Chinese, or the German, or the Russian, or the Japanese, Swedish, Australian.
What about the Bolivian? Who knows...
And the poor? Hands. As always.
Cheap labor.

A few years ago my philosophy was based on these images.
Toulouse- Lautrec. Manzoni. Martin Creed, Gelatin.
Now I have matured.
I've become a fucking intellectual.

I wanted to bring you here a live show.
Having living sculptures leaning against the wall.
The first idea was three men and three women. All of them writers.
The sculptures would rest against the wall and you could talk to them.
I intend for them to be not only sculptures but living concepts.
And you could take one for a while outside. Paying, of course..
Or chatting with them in the gallery.
Conceptual prostitutes.



The first was this (pointing at a paper/drawing).
Do you know him?
Baudelaire.
That's the second.
Kafka.
This is getting darker and darker. This one would plan to turn you into beetles .
The third one:
Stephen King.
Watch out with him, cause he catches you and takes you to a corner to eat your guts.

And on the other wall, the romantic side.
First: Emily Dickinson.
She's all weird and freaky, with conspiracy theories and encrypted languages.
Then comes Jane Austen, trying to get euros from whichever one of you.
And finally: Joan Didion.
Explaining depressing family misfortunes and making the public depressed.
What a terrible show with these kind of "artists". This would seem the gallery of dread.
And behind the party.
Truman Capote, Allen Ginsberg, Genet, Rimbaud, Wilde, García Lorca, DH Lawrence, Proust, Whitman .
And in the toilet what about a Borges without an eye?

Then I thought: too many vintage clothes to buy and too much casting to do...
Maybe it would be better if Steve Jobs were giving advice in a corner. Advice to brokers who come to the show. Advice about the future of society and of the capital.
Wait a second...are there any brokers in this city?

No, no, no. Much better to bring one of the greatest.
One who has given us lots of culture in recent years.
Kim Dotcom.
Imagine to have a clone of him. He is from Kiel, so probably over here there will be someone like him .
A fat, a real fat, making history .
A big guy!

Please, picture this:
Kim Dotcom in one corner talking about piracy, how to piss off the state and not paying taxes.
Yeah, picture all of us in a corner, writing down how to make a brave statement about income.
Tax havens. Smuggling. Great, great, great.
But then I lose my plot .
Shit, I'd love to have brought here Kim Dotcom and Tyrannosaurus Rex.
Just to enter the gallery and see how a Tyrannosaurus Rex welcomes you.
A Tiranosaurs as a sculpture with movement and people inside.
And the nice Kim at the back.
But I don't know...
Another idea was to bring a friend of mine, a performer.
I wanted to invite him and bury him in the gallery and bring his head come out of the floor.
You know, a sort of Vito Aconcci when he hid on the gallery floor while jerking off, but here you'll see his face .
I got a drawing.

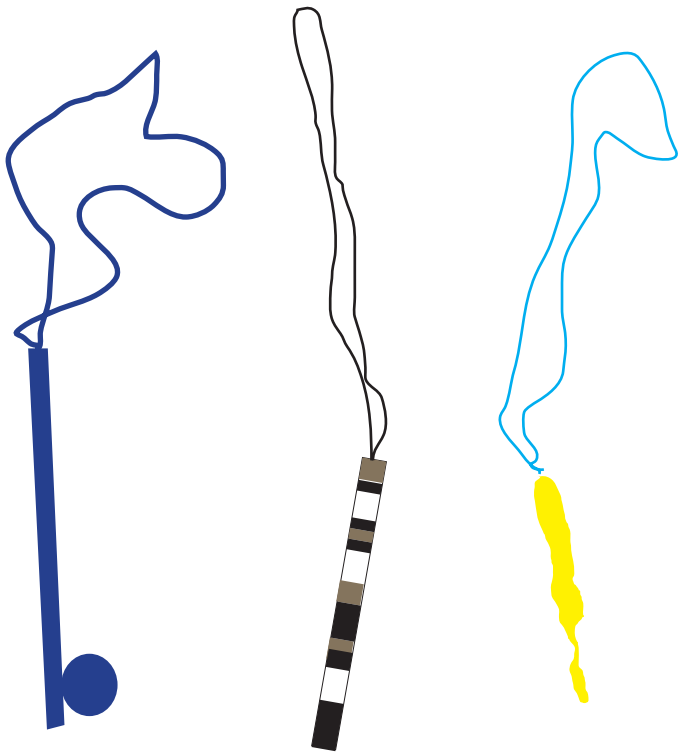
Its as if I were Homer Simpson, and he, my Flanders.
I hate him, but I can't live without him.

Can you imagine my friend on the floor with a philosophical speech?
Like Camus in Caligula who wrote "Men die and are not happy."
And you over there next to him with your beer, "clof", you smash it on his head.
What a dream. What a paradise.

Hello,
Come close to me.
I'm not going to bite anyone.
I need to feel corporality next to me.
That doesn't mean that I want to sleep with any of you tonight.

I imagined this show really differently.
I wanted to place very small thin plinths with these small sculptures.
And next to each one, one of you guys, without your t-shirt and wearing one of my sculptures.
still and looking ahead.
Like those police men at Buckingham Palace.
So, five plinths and five living sculptures with my portable sculptures.

My sculptures are mobiles.
They move without any technological device.
Alive.
Without ideas or prejudices.
They are made to be carried on you.
So the body is part of the work.
Supra-sensitive.



The Blinky Palermo style.
for a clubbing night.
dancing, sweating, fucking.
a fresh version.

the minimalist one over there.
always too heavy to carry.

the material one.
the negativity of sculpture.

the last one inspired by Cadere.
an extravagant artist.
he was always taking his stick sculptures with him.
radical work.
very anarchic.
he went everywhere with his sculptures.
to museums, galleries, bars.
so many curators and artists were upset with him.
they occupy some spaces that he couldn't occupy.
sort of Occupy Wall Street in the art scene.

All of them are my actors. They operate in an open narrative.

Only needing a scenography, your body.
That's why they are here.
So you can buy them.
They are not that expensive.

The other idea was to cut the space with a fictitious river.
Beginning in the bathroom and ending right here.
My little Rhine.
but...
I lost the hope after one hour of thinking about it.

So.
Now I need your help.
All of you.
We are going to make a poor mechanical ballet.
Imagine that our faces are painted with gold leaf and cat moustaches.
Put like this, facing this direction.
Raise the left hand.
And move it.
We are like the Chinese fortune cats;
stay like that one more second for the photo.
It will be part of the show.
The main piece.

Please, cheers,
Many thanks for helping me.