

wordless

Small Editions, Brooklyn, NY
60 Sackett St, Brooklyn, NY 11231

November 18 – December 30, 2017
Reception November 18th 7-10pm

Rosaire Appel, Zipora Fried, Renee Gladman
Workshop conducted by Conch Shell

Marks are observations, embedded in time like fractured thoughts, accumulating to become — the beginning and end of a brushstroke, the overlapping of tape, a piece of paper draped onto itself, or the softening of a line into a cloud of gouache. (*wordless*) turns to the generosity of image as a form that shapes across a fluidity and multiplicity of interpretation.

Suspended and swooning in an opulent spill, *All I Thought And Forgot #1*, 2009, by Zipora Fried tallies minutes as thoughts in portioned views of a gridded totality. Individual markings cohere into a graphite mass that is woven senseless, lost in space as in time. The clamor of these strokes, fast and sharp, thatch an impenetrable surface, a diary of impressions that, nonetheless, persists in opacity. *#25 Night*, 2016, is fleeting in blurry accumulation, a vision that refuses to condense further in the seemingly-fathomless *noir* that surrounds. Color creeps into cognizance like the arrival of memory to the mind, begging the question, *Am I emerging or receding?*

Rosaire Appel's work is active with pauses, absences that punctuate a staccato compositional flow. Silky stains bend with the pages of *Bat 8 (Getting Started)*, 2016, following its direction through the brief course of a single brush stroke. In her emphasis on fragment — be it a page, a line of ink, or pieces of tape — she directs our perception from one particle to the next, urging us to interpret a narrative of the unfamiliar. In *Alphabet*, 2016, blots of ink are nuanced by subtle calligraphic strokes evocative of Japanese *ensō*, shifting through minute metamorphoses that articulate a grammar of form. The title, prompting eyes to read characters or letters, leaves us with singularities within a void, opening to the possibility of the white surface.

Building from text in the movement of lines and the liquid sprawl of pigment, Renee Gladman weaves language through space, constructing 'prose architectures' on the ground of the page. Circling and branching, words become ladders and arches that slide, fall, extend into clouds of watercolor and gouache. In *Untitled (spectre)*, 2017, a paragraph unfolds as bridge across a bay, while *Untitled*, 2017, is ordered by gridded windows and charted axes. Drawing writing and writing drawing, Gladman composes in lines of thought that define and are defined by space — that which they propose and in which they take shape.

Touching the meaning of words without being limited to them, (*wordless*) expresses not through sign and signified, but through the rhythms of grammars and silences that are as expressive as the sentences that they punctuate. (*wordless*) does not seek to escape signification; the absence of language comes not as dismissal of meaning but as the suggestion that it may be accessed through different modes of vision and revision; that — as historian Tina Campt has suggested — our eyes may learn to recognize different registers of enunciation through image.

Installation Images













Renee Gladman, *Untitled*, 2017. Ink on Kraft paper. 24 1/2 x 18 in.



Renee Gladman, *A Certain Math*, 2017. Ink, water color, sharpie, and gouache on Kraft paper. 22 x 30 in.



Zipora Fried, *#25 Night*, 2016. Colored pencil on paper. 16 1/4 x 12 1/4 in.

Exhibition Catalog

(wordless) [^]subscript

Edited by Nicole Kasack

Moving in rhythms and waves, characters pass through the stories of themselves, condensing as articles, verbs, nouns that dissipate again into the narrative of line. Pages build from the structure and scope of racing linear rows, frameworks that exist from top to bottom, left to right. Do drawings unfurl across landscapes broken by spines? If the character is a figure, the ground is a page.

Invented signs meander the breadth and height delimited by margins, compounding in essays and poems, fictions of shape and contour. In approaching the irresolution of these forms, the border between intentionality and coincidence is frayed: every impression is a suggestion and a clue. An alphabet maps itself in the placement of orbiting spots —almost splatters— that become as accents to the vowel, the cedilla on a <c>.

Handwriting offers the body's trace, the consciousness of the act and practice of this drawing. Respond to the form of textuality. Surrender over and over to the rounding, melting profiles of the cursive <l> and <f>. Return to the experience of inscription as to a place; tracing these iterative gestures, eyes enter the anatomy that made them, climbing through ladders of text to the circuit and turn of a wrist. Writing and place; a body, a visual sounding that happens in dimension.

Marks, though they take the same form, change meaning as they appear, arise. Letters are not held to a singular accountability but are defined by relationships: the <c> to the <ce>. Opening as space for preoccupation, writing hears in direct address and in trace, marking the thoughts that lie beneath the surface of an intended expression. Through these trails, these thronging signs, we may listen to the stories that will never unravel across the exhaustion of a page.

We are well versed in the practice of drawing words, reading the progression of these images as they unravel in sound, space, thought. How, then, to: feel letters that speak not in language but in form, to touch more closely upon grammars written in duration and interval, in cadence, condensation, flow.

Nicole Kasck

Instructions for Making a Home Video by Yourself

[Instruction 1]

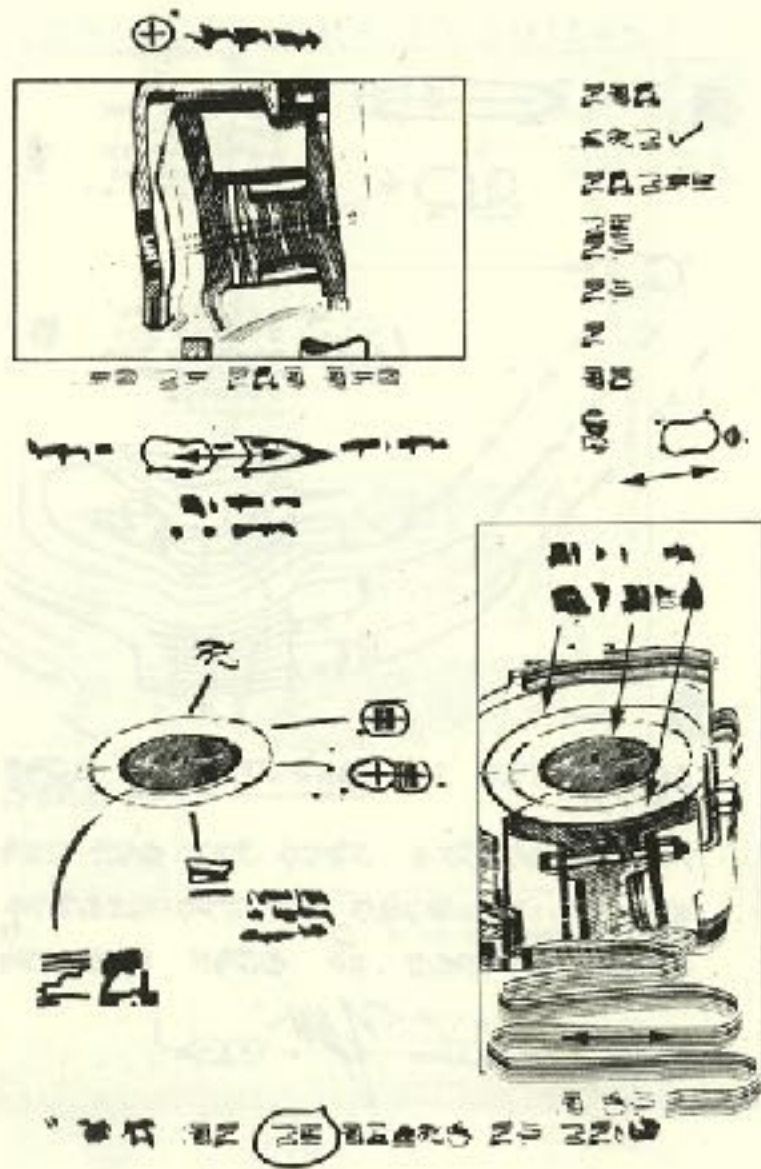
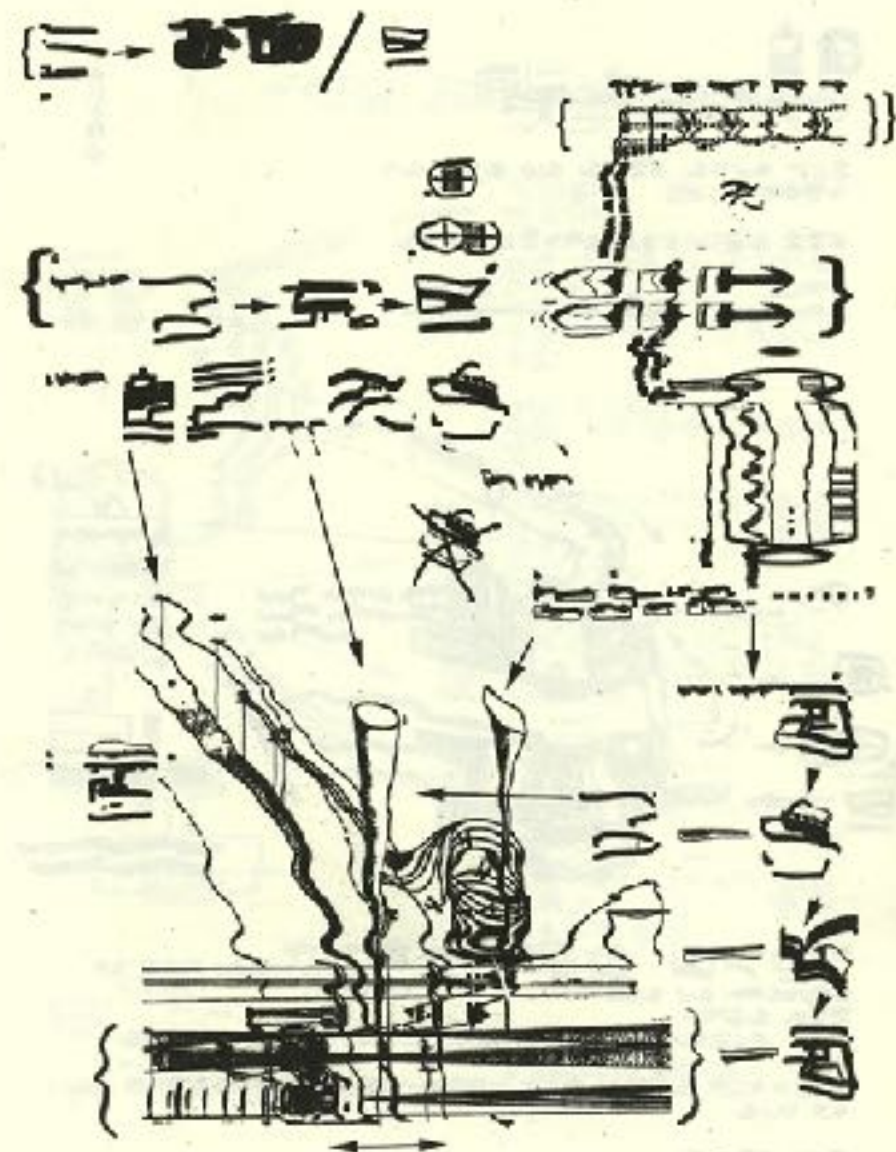
1. Wait for a windy day—just enough with a breeze.
2. Walk to your favorite spot outside.
3. Stand still and listen to the wind.
4. Smile slowly.
5. Listen to your body, and what is on your body (if anything), move to the wind.

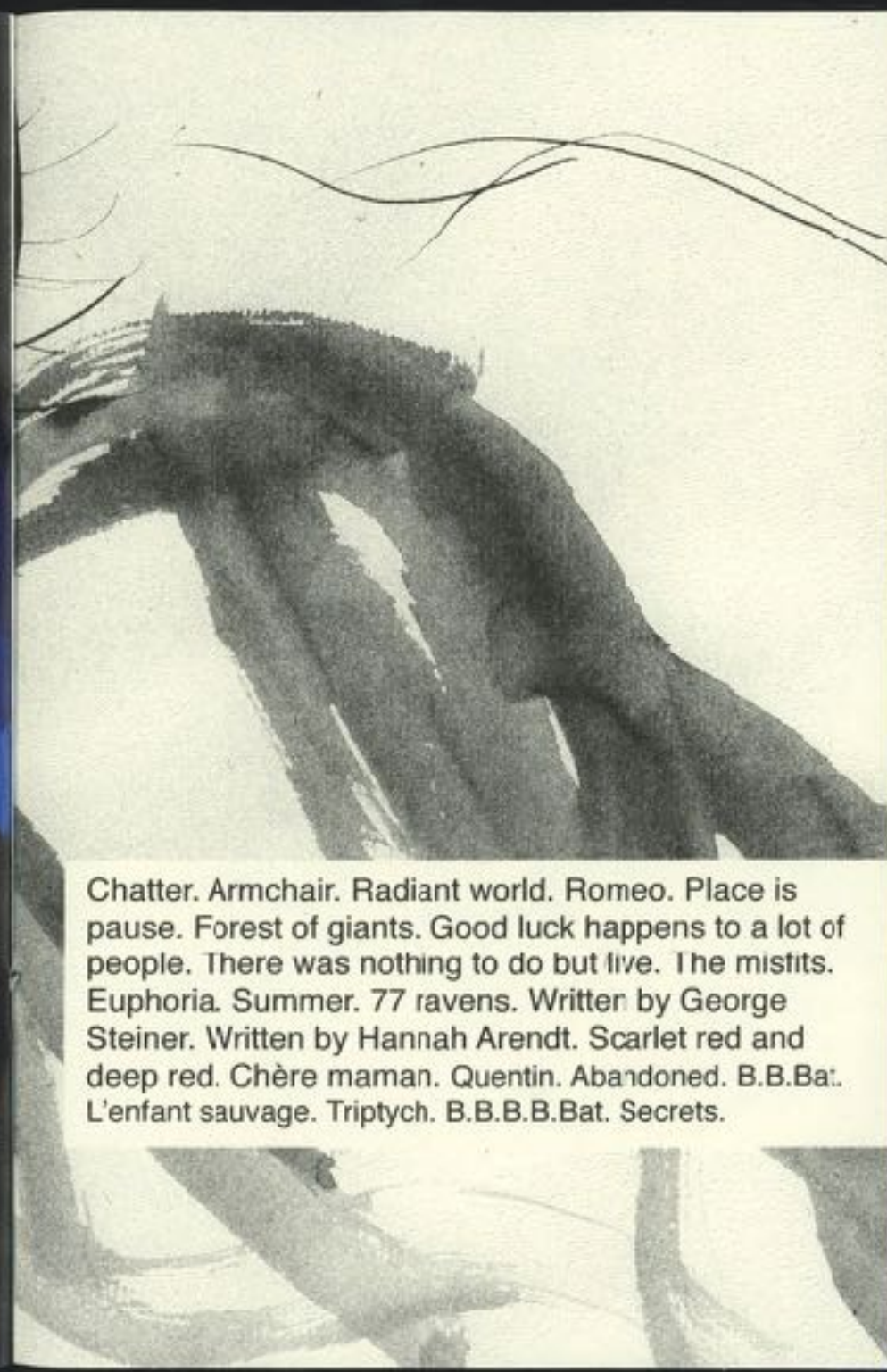
[Instruction 2]

1. Wait for another windy day.
2. Walk to the same spot outside.
3. Stand still and listen to the wind.
4. Imagine potential memory / memories found there.
5. Move around the site as you please.
6. Imagine the sounds of these scenes.

[Instruction 3]

1. Return later that day.
2. Pack a piece of paper and a pen.
3. Walk to the same spot outside.
4. Stand still and listen.
5. With your paper and pen, describe the sounds of these scenes in a chronological order of your choosing.
6. Then describe them as home videos, recorded with a video camera of choice. Caption them with a date.
7. Tuck these records in a place where your other photos and personal archives live.





Chatter. Armchair. Radiant world. Romeo. Place is
pause. Forest of giants. Good luck happens to a lot of
people. There was nothing to do but live. The mistits.
Euphoria. Summer. 77 ravens. Written by George
Steiner. Written by Hannah Arendt. Scarlet red and
deep red. Chère maman. Quentin. Abandoned. B.B.Bat.
L'enfant sauvage. Triptych. B.B.B.B.Bat. Secrets.