



Letter : to Devitica Sudarsono

On 12 February I visited past Ben Brancaccio's project Art Object. In the Introduction to Object, the artist opened something that is halfway between a pop-up shop, a gallery and an exhibition space in early 2012. I think there was a temporary agency in the building before that. In any case, the marks on the fitted carpet and the location of the power sockets suggest that productivity and efficiency were thought of. Two subtle concepts that contradicted art, and the art of looking. At the time of my visit, there also hangs a large drawing made by you, on the first floor. The drawing is sketched between the floor and the ceiling, but obscures the sign in such a way that the ugliness of the building is forgotten for a moment. The vertical opening drawing consists of eight pieces of paper placed against each other.

[illegible]

The circles denude themselves as white; the graphics have been, as we saw, scraped off. The circles look like the underlying framework, a graphics necklace over which hang the gel white areas: the materials of paper. The drawings of Daniel Yednock are drawings of decline, and this is in the subtle course of the word. The physical action of the artist isolates the paper in order to preserve it at a certain point as a final aesthetic 'line' of decline. But the artist's work is not a line, it is a circle, a circle that is a line, a line that is a variety of a moment, of an use, of physical action within the contours of the studio. Within as a question, you can scan the abstracted surface with your eyes, you walk into a geography of stained and stained time. In the new series of the album "Yanym yu" by Jimmy Jones on the Shanty Music US (History 2012, "SBE recordings") – the music I have been listening to while writing this text – I read a quote from the incomparable also exceptional Zeno Barsky: "Think: it is supposed to be sound, noise, that are put together in a certain way that make it an experience for you and the people hearing it. It is no more than that." Perhaps this by Daniel Yednock is supposed to be noise, silence, or a circle that is a certain way that make it an experience for the people watching it. It is no more than that.

Philippe Van Cauteren, Ghent 18 February 2021



(Voice in the wilderness)

What if art is about adding, knowing, completing and creating from the white page or temporarily empty musical score? What if an artist can do nothing but imagine how a motif is shaped on the virgin canvas that results in the studio? Hesitant and thoughtful, or quick and purposeful: images and meanings come into being. What did not exist is created, layer after layer. Something emerges.

The opposite is also true. In which case, the artist subtracts the superfluous. Like the sculptor who carves a sculpture from a block of marble, or a decorator who realizes a syncretic mural by eliminating the unnecessary, the artist's appeal.

Domènec Tardemà's (b. 1988, Lleida, Catalonia) recent drawing is in a similar fashion. She covers this, large-format sheet of a thick layer of graphite powder until the rectangular field takes a slightly sculptural quality. The graphite is like a layer of snow you must approach like an arctophile. This is exactly fiction, in a process that she describes as "digging in the air like the pathless requires time and patience. She removes the top layer, until fragments of the underlying paper become. At which point, the negative becomes positive, or vice versa immediately obvious what you are looking at. You need to wait for yourself, what it is that you perceive or experience."

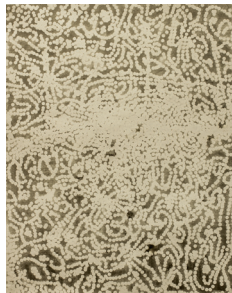
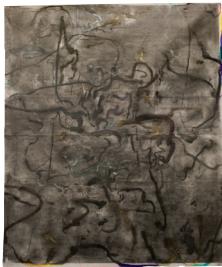
Art can also be about erasing and making things disappear — every drawing is the result of a type of performance, a choreography without spectators that Antwan performs between the four walls of her Antwerp studio.

Are these abstract forces that emerge? That is yet to be seen. What Todorov reveals are the shapes that you "see" when you stare at the art or press your fingers into your closed eyes. You do not really see anything. It is a process of understanding and imagining. Since the title of the exhibition, *Nothing is the Middlemost* – a solitary individual in a dark frame will see nothing but his own thoughts and desires. Fascinated by things that are impossible but still exist, he highlights them on the sheet. Paper allows an artist greater freedom than a canvas. And so, between direct experience and calculated guesses, Todorov tries to work. Afterwards, he faces the sheet that he has played to the wall like a butterfly, or a particularly fragile film. In the concentration of the moment and duration, he creates work that withstands time.

Exin MSc, 18 July 2017



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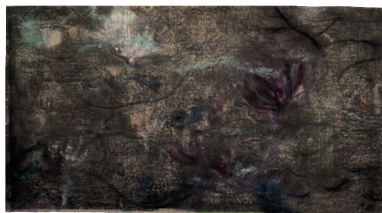
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Peter Medhurst
THE LIGHT THAT LEAPS TOWARDS US
Translated by David Colmer



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