





Constellations

Edited by Fergus Feehily & Johanna Vakkari
2018 Academy of Fine Arts Helsinki

Finding yourself lost

Fergus Feehily

Sitting in a cafe on a bright blue warm autumn day in Tokyo, almost twenty years ago, I had an early encounter with the work of Harry Smith. Surrounded by the irrepressible pulse of that city and feeling very far away from the 1950s and the Appalachian Mountains, I read an article about the life of this singular artist. It set in motion a long-standing interest in Harry Smith's *Anthology of American Folk Music* and its attempt to unite the earth bound folk music of the new world with the almost vapour like metaphysical concerns of the old world. Smith was an artist, collector, anthropologist, filmmaker and the most curious of individuals. He famously collected the songs that would form the *Anthology of American Folk Music* in the late 40s, recordings that would most likely have been lost forever if not for his vision and singular enthusiasm. The urge to collect, collate and surround yourself by things that you do not understand, yet value, has been a longstanding preoccupation of mine, and one that I recognize in many of the artists who hold my interest over time.

Painting is a peculiar business. One is making something in the moment, yet standing at the door to one of the longest historical lineages, and though the concerns and context might have changed, the methods most often employed differ little

from those of hundreds of years ago. For most of us, at least at an early age, painting equalled art, we had no other reference point other than drawing or making a coloured image with simple paints. The urge to make art is also the impulse to collect.

Painting to me is, at its best, a ‘weak’ art. By that I mean an art of vulnerability that is unconcerned with power and spectacle. Ironically, work designed to exercise its importance and attract attention often seems to fade away from our minds more quickly than the maker might hope. The modest, seemingly peripheral and under-imposing often shows itself to have a quiet strength that builds in our mind over time. By peripheral I mean art that may have not been in the limelight, previously overlooked but by no means of less value. Over time these positions can turn out to be of great importance, inverting the idea of centre and periphery.

Painting is still something that we associate with the handmade and as something made by an individual. But this individual is also living in a broader society; they have family, read books, dance and eat. The complex relationship an artist has to these apparently outside influences, moving between one and the other, has been referred to as a “crab-walk” by the writer Jan Verwoert. The artist performs a crab-walk between the studio and the kitchen or the discotheque.

To make a painting is a way of replacing what we cannot

easily talk about with a way that seems to communicate more appropriately. In an essay by Robert Adams, he draws our attention to Charles Demuth saying “I have been urged to talk about my paintings...Why? Haven’t I, in a way, painted them?” and also refers to Robert Frost, who, when asked what one of his poems meant, replied, “You want me to say it worse?”.

The projects *Constellations* and *Conversations in Light and Dark* were conceived as attempts to articulate curiosity over certainty, weakness over strength, and being lost as a method in which to find what you did not know you were looking for. As the British comedian Simon Munnery once said, “if the crowd is behind you, you’re facing the wrong way”.

The exhibition, *Constellations*, also the title of this book, formed a background to a series of conversations. *Constellations* arose in many ways out of a course at the academy, called *Far from the Tree*. It was named after the compassionate and moving book on difference by the American author Andrew Solomon. The course had several iterations and directions, but common was an immersive week involving a great deal of discussion, reading, looking, listening, screenings, conversation and tea drinking. These discussions covered ideas around getting lost, putting things together, and collecting things like records, books or paper planes as Harry Smith did. We read from Rebecca Solnit’s *Field Guide to Getting Lost*, *The Bridge* by John Hutchinson and talked about the moiré

patterns in Steve Reich's *It's Gonna Rain*. We reflected on the new and old worlds colliding as they do in the beautiful early electronic music of Laurie Spiegel for one and thought about what it meant to lose the use of one's legs as Robert Wyatt did in the 1973. Wyatt seemed to gain a new clarity in this loss, only to continue to make more ambitious music than before, to move from one space to another. We watched Agnes Martin out in the desert, and read about Stephen Dedalus, lost in his thoughts, wandering on Sandymount Strand. One memorable afternoon we spent an hour and a half watching Derek Jarman's *Blue* and then left the room silently. This was Jarman's last film, a meditation on loss. In this process, artists came together, some with more experience than others, all learning something, myself included, many of us finding new ways to think about the creative process.

Constellations featured a number of archives, collections or ideas about painting assembled by individual artists as well as work by artists at the beginning of their careers – students from the academy, and artists such as Mauno Markkula, Petri Ala-Maunus, Yuki Okumura and Alex Olson. Students at the academy also curated an exhibition within the exhibition, called *Night Table*, which was a response to the course and the building of this project. *Constellations* was a modest attempt to make connections between seemingly unconnected artists, objects and materials — such as notebooks, records,

photographs and literature. Most of the works in the show were made relatively recently, since the 1950s, yet there is a very real and implied connection to art made over a much more extended time period. These works and ideas exist together, both physically and metaphorically.

Conversations in Light and Dark made up a two-day event at the Academy of Fine Arts, Helsinki, in the darkness of winter. It revolved around a discussion of painting, and how artists who use painting think about the world. It was concerned with time, collecting, the artist as collector, the studio as archive and the multiplicity of interests of the painter. This naturally led to what painters are thinking about and what forms an artist: early experiences, enthusiasms, connections to other artists, sometimes from another age or geographical location and of course painting and light and darkness. It aimed to create an environment where artists and other practitioners talked naturally amongst each other, so there was coffee and the ghost of *After Dark*. The British late-night discussion programme *After Dark* ran from 1987 to the late 1990's and has been described as one of the greatest television formats of all time. Going out live and without a scheduled end time, the programme became a touchstone for what *Conversations in Light and Dark* might feel like.

David Salle, the American painter and author of *How to See*, spent much of his early career writing reviews, paying the bills

but also thinking about painting. He has continued through his career to write with enthusiasm and curiosity about the work of his peers and younger generations. He has written about, what artists call ideas as being in fact something more like enthusiasms. Sometimes I refer to these enthusiasms as obsessions — though that might sound a little too strong, a word I associate with Francis Bacon’s interviews with David Sylvester. Salle talks about artists and talking, “Not all artists are so verbally gifted.....but most of the ones I know are pretty good talkers — except on panel discussions, where their fear of seeming insufficiently educated can make them sound dull. I know because I’ve done it myself.” Salle has also made reference to Gertrude Stein, and her novel theory of character, how her descriptions owed more to medieval alchemy or the periodic table than to the psychology of William James. She would describe a character as being a “pushing one” or a “lying down one” or a “simmering one” and in bringing our attention to this, Salle seems to point out that this is the way that artists and maybe especially painters talk about art to each other. An attempt to get closer to how artists actually talk to each other, through metaphor and association, was an important impetus in *Conversations in Light and Dark*.

The process of thinking about how and what makes us artists, or to set out to become one is as complex as one might expect. During the course, we explored early influences

amongst many other ideas. These discussions led me later on to include a short and blurry video into one of my own talks. The film, obviously transferred from VHS tape to digital, showed a snooker match at the Crucible Theatre in Sheffield in the north of England in 1980, a shock of vibrant green, the referee wearing what can only be described as a canary yellow blazer. I was deeply uninterested in sport as a child, the sort of boy whose experience of soccer was to be hit in the face by the ball, yet something about the spectacle of snooker drew me in. I could spend long hours looking at the green table and listening to the soft but insistent clack of the cue ball hitting the colours. I became aware that this was a game of strategy, one in which the player is playing themselves as much as another individual, and importantly for me it did not involve a team. The lone actor is something that I have found myself reflecting on these last years. As a painter, one has to be comfortable being alone, in most cases and in a sense pitting yourself against yourself, the limits of your abilities.

The intention of *Far from the Tree* was to create a space to inhabit and to allow thought and feeling to move outwards in new directions, both during the course and beyond it. The book seeks in a way to do the same.



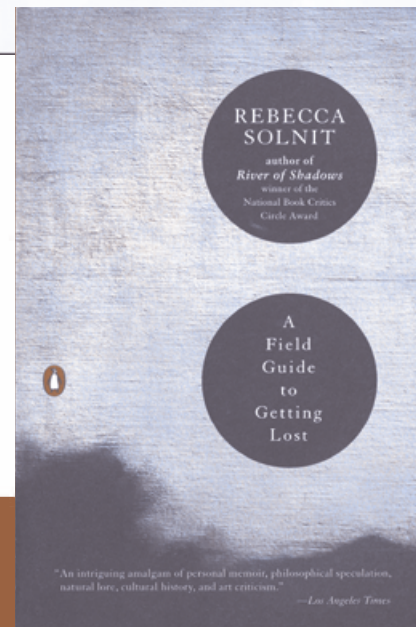
of the Michigan helps
"movie palace." The
as unsurpassed in the
in 1926. Photo from the
archives.

Harry Shunk:
«Un homme dans l'espace» Le peintre
ce l'espace se jette dans le vide »
Photomontage, 1960.

Picta Shunk



123



6

6

7

12

12

13

18-79

18-79

18-79

994 82

994 82

994 83

122

122

123

152

152

153

192

192

193

194

198

202

204

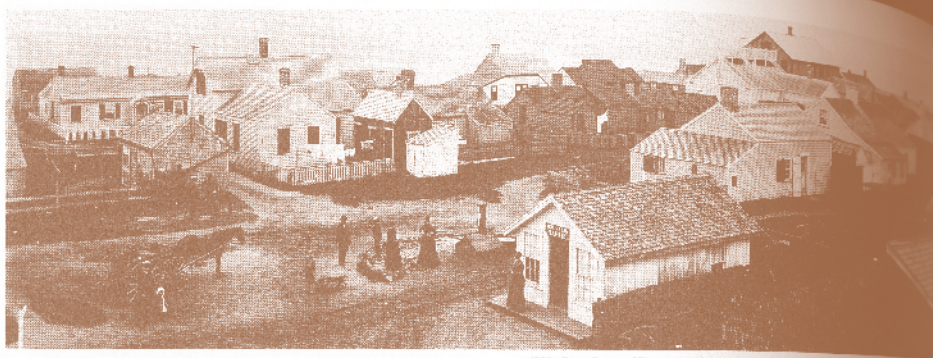
206

208

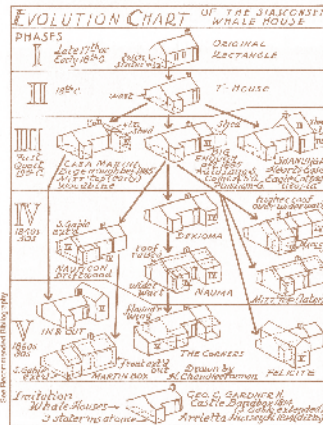
208

208

5



ca. 1885 - Pump Square of Siasconnet, Nantucket, founded by whalers in the 1690s. The full sequence of add-ons is displayed. A former's stanty in the foreground has become an ice cream saloon.



Henty Chandee Fomen's chart of how the whale houses grew (viewed as somewhat fanciful by other building historians). The original "great room" of these houses was only 11 by 13 feet.

INCREMENTAL GROWTH. Because vernacular houses assume the inevitability of later expansion and always seek the economical path, they are universally expert at growing by stages. The semi-medieval "whale houses" of the island of Nantucket off Massachusetts were so tiny they had to grow, and they grew in a locally-patterned way. The practice reached its celebrated apogee in the big-house-little-house-back-house-horn "connected farms" of the mid-19th century.⁶

1940 - The "connected farms" of mid-19th-century New England rationalized add-ons via a popular thorny of more efficient agriculture. Like most this one in Montislo, Maine, sits around a south-facing work yard.



The "Tree of Life" constitutes not the penis growing on the scrotum but the scrotum as the foliage and the perineum as the trunk and the penis (outer) as the limb or the Branch. It is the 'side' of our body that we do not observe-the neglected side; that which is in darkness. That 'side' that God showed to Moses. Below shows both the tree in alchemy and in an actual photograph.



Fig. 19. Adam as prime matter, plotted by the atom of Mercurius. The arbor philosophica is growing out of him—from the "Machina d'ubiquitas" (168, 17th century), 28, 46.

Now, let us turn toward the stone itself; here is a passage from alchemy in John Read's *Prelude to Chemistry*. After all this upon a day



definitely our least collaborative record. But Thighps came in and gave it a lot of the musicality that it has.⁷

The trio of Balance, Sleazy and Thighpaulsandra completed *Volume Two*. It has its highlights – 'Something', 'Tiny Golden Books' and 'Paranoid Inlay' – but it feels a bit like an afterthought to the first instalment's thorough mapping of the territory, like they've simply creep-crawled the landscape. Talk of a third volume was soon dropped when they began to feel uncomfortable about working in the shadow of what had gone before. Instead they launched a series of limited CDs – *Queens Of The Circulating Library*, *Constant Shallowness Leads To Evil*, *The Remote View* – intended as notes and rough sketches for Coil performances.

dep
pro
hav
and
play
Coil
they



RÉALISATEUR
Yasujiro Ozu

PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA, *Resurrection*
 Palazzo Comunale, Borgo San Sepolcro

FIFTH. The Holy Mountain, Sicily
Collection Edward A. Duggell



REMARKS: VERTICILLIUM (V'celia) plated in tapers—colours and gold on a prepared cotton ground. Acquired during the British Mission to China in 1800. TIBETAN (monastic work) 18th century. Measurements the breadth, with six to eight diagonal lines and dots. 1.12.41.0-12.0.

MAURICE TEMPLÉ-LOUTCH (1870-1942) painted in tempera-oleum and oil on a prepared cotton canvas. Acquired during the British Mission to China in 1930. TEMPLÉ (monastic world) 14th century. The Monastery of the Divine Architectural Acolyte with his staff, in his firm as the Great Jilin (14th century) in the monastery.

toothless terrors. Still I will help him in his fight. Mulligan will dub me a new name: the bullockbefriending bard.

— Mr Dedalus!

Running after me. No more letters, I hope.

— Just one moment.

— Yes, sir, Stephen said, turning back at the gate.

Mr Deasy halted, breathing hard and swallowing his breath.

— I just wanted to say, he said. Ireland, they say, has the honour of being the only country which never persecuted the jews. Do you know that? No. And do you know why?

He frowned sternly on the bright air.

— Why, sir? Stephen asked, beginning to smile.

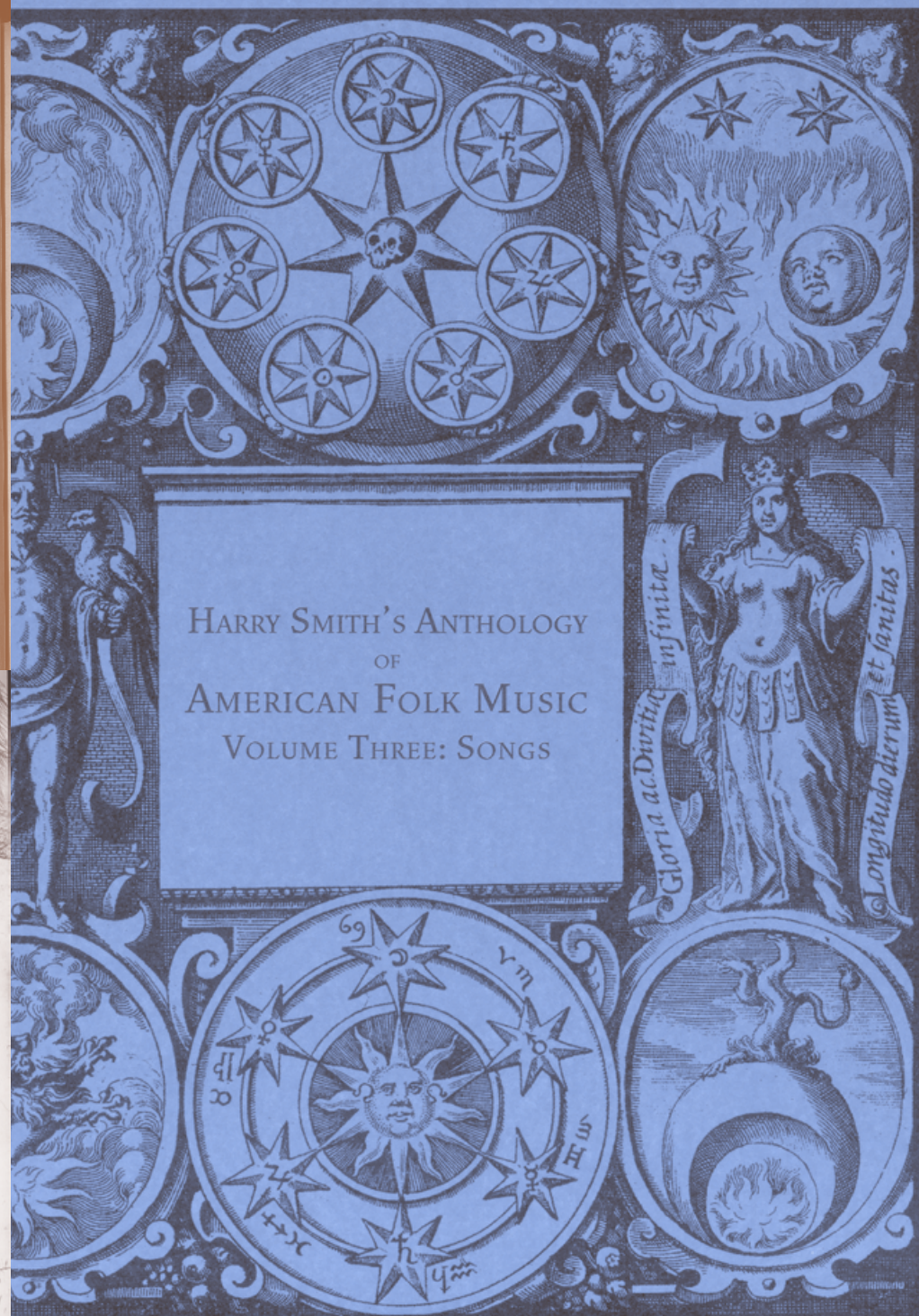
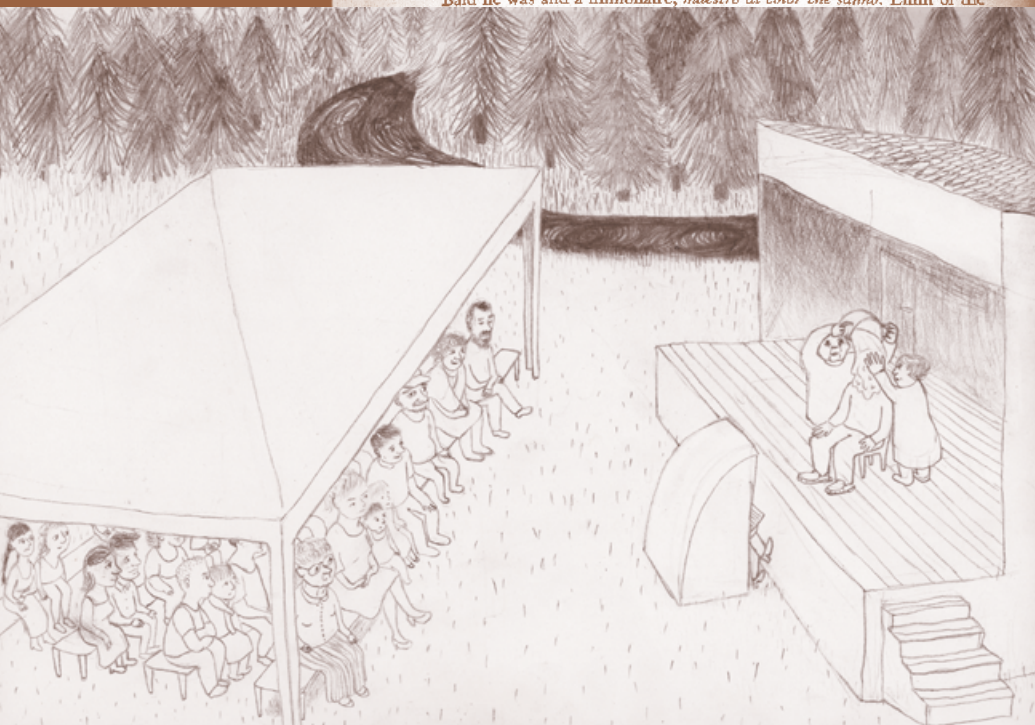
— Because she never let them in, Mr Deasy said solemnly.

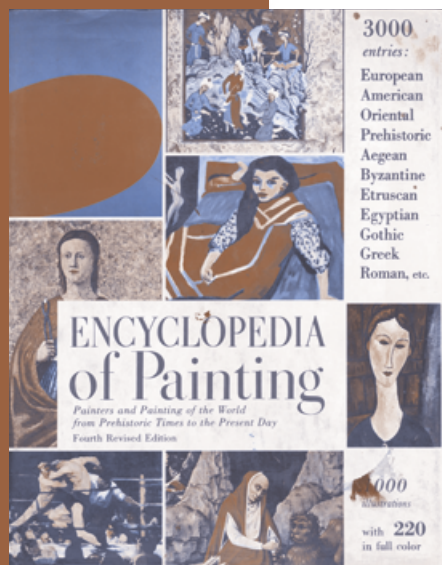
A coughball of laughter leaped from his throat dragging after it a rattling chain of phlegm. He turned back quickly, coughing, laughing, his lifted arms waving to the air.

— She never let them in, he cried again through his laughter as he stamped on gaitered feet over the gravel of the path. That's why.

On his wise shoulders through the checkerwork of leaves the sun flung spangles, dancing coins.

INELUCTABLE modality of the visible: at least that if no more, I thought through my eyes. Signatures of all things I am here to read, seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide, that rusty boot. Snot-green, bluesilver, rust: coloured signs. Limits of the diaphane. But he adds: in bodies. Then he was aware of them bodies before of them coloured. How? By knocking his scone against them, sure. Go easy. Bald he was and a millionaire, *maestro di color che sanno*. Limit of the





ONE FOOT IN THE NO JANDEK

SIDE ONE

1. YELLOW PAGES
2. ANGEL
3. SHOW THE MAN YOUR PICTURE
4. THINK ABOUT YOUR LADY
5. REAL FINE MOVEMENT
6. ALEHOUSE BLUES

SIDE TWO

1. UPON THE GRANDEUR
2. PHOENIX
3. DREAMING MAN
4. BREAST IN A MOONBEAM
5. HONEY

Rainer Maria Rilke

home in Prague. What path his career had taken after that Horáček was unable to say.

Given all this it is probably not difficult to understand that I decided that very hour to send my poetic efforts to Rainer Maria Rilke and ask him for his verdict. Not yet twenty years old and on the verge of going into a profession which I felt was directly opposed to my true inclinations, I thought that if anyone was going to understand my situation it was the author of the book 'To Celebrate Myself'. And without its being my express intention, my verses were accompanied by a letter in which I revealed myself more unreservedly than to anyone ever before, or to anyone since.

Many weeks went by before an answer came. The letter with its blue seal bore a Paris postmark, weighed heavy in the hand and displayed on the envelope the same clarity, beauty and assurance of hand with which the content itself was written from the first line to the last. And so my regular correspondence with Rainer Maria Rilke began, lasting until 1908 and then gradually petering out because life forced me into domains which the poet's warm, tender and moving concern had precisely wanted to protect me from.

But that is unimportant. The only important thing is the ten letters that follow, important for the insight they give into the world in which Rainer Maria Rilke lived and worked, and important too for many people engaged in growth and change, today and in the future. And where a great and unique person speaks, the rest of us should be silent.

Fritz Xavier Kappus
Berlin, June 1929

Paris, 17 February 1903

Dear Sir,

Your letter only reached me a few days ago. Let me thank you for the great and endearing trust it shows. There is little more I can do. I cannot go into the nature of your verses, for any critical intention is too remote from me. There is nothing less apt to touch a work of art than critical words: all we end up with there is more or less felicitous misunderstandings. Things are not all as graspable and sayable as on the whole we are led to believe; most events are unsayable, occur in a space that no word has ever penetrated, and most unsayable of all are works of art, mysterious existences whose life endures alongside ours, which passes away.

Having begun with this preliminary remark, all I will go on to say is that your verses have no identity of their own, though they do have tacit and concealed hints of something personal. I feel that most clearly in the last poem, 'My Soul'. There something individual is trying to come into words, to find its manner. And in the lovely poem 'To Leopardi' perhaps a kind of affinity with this great and solitary man develops. Still, the poems are not yet anything in themselves, nothing self-sufficient, not even the last one and the one to Leopardi. The kind letter you wrote accompanying them does not fail to make

3



Philip Guston and Leland Bell speaking to a class at New York Studio School (n.d.). Photo © Steven Sloman.









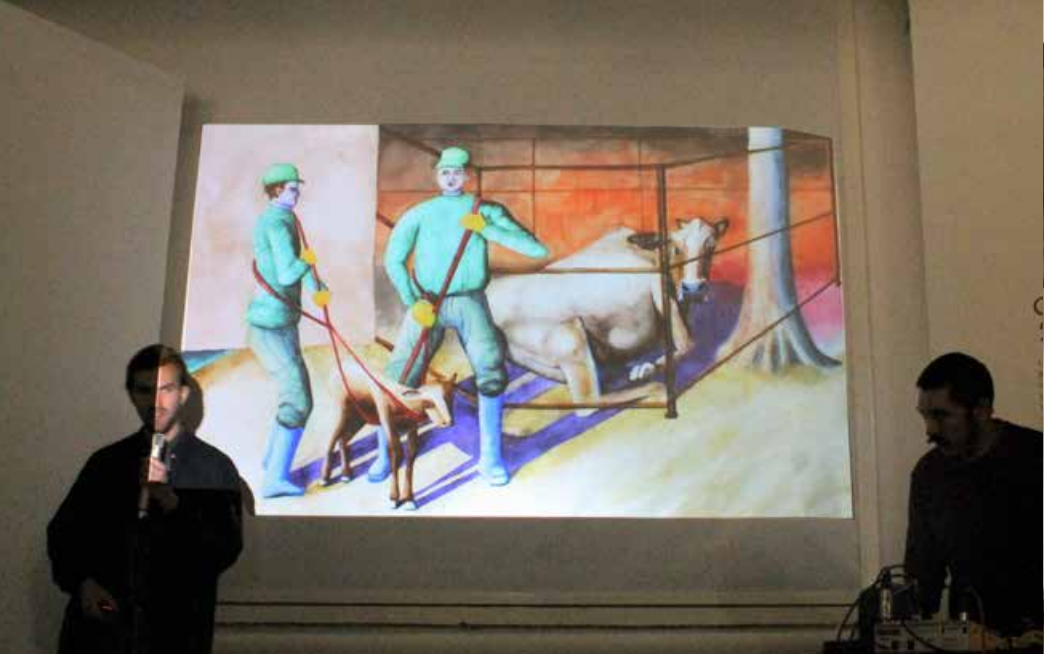














I was told there would be cake

54

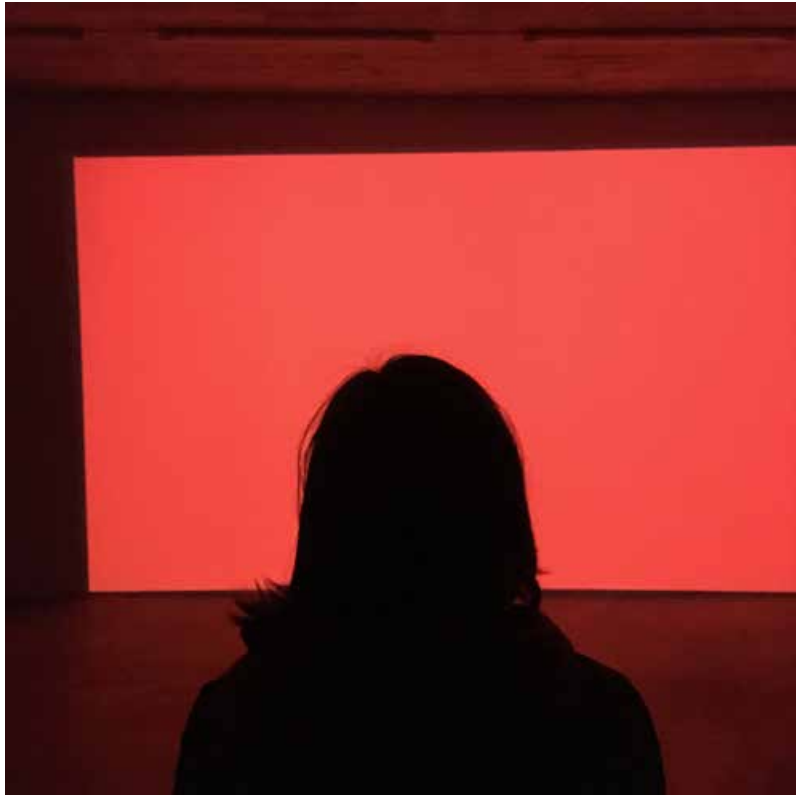


55



Such seemingly different ways of making art

Inkeri Suutari



Kajsa Ignestam: *Ålderdomen*, 2017.

Screening *Constellations in Move* was organized at SIC gallery during 2–12 November 2017 as a parallel event to the *Constellations* exhibition and *Conversations in Light and Dark*. The screening brought to the fore the relationship of the moving image to painting, and the question of possible similarities in the thinking behind such seemingly different ways of making art. It included the following works: Petteri Cederberg, *Knowing* (2012) and *With colour – with sound* (2016); Hannaleena Heiska, *Ridestar* (2010); Kajsa Ignestam, *Ålderdomen* (2017); Salla Myllylä, *Set free* (2016)

and *Dans l'atelier* (2016); Moona Pennanen, *Fogline* (2017); Emma Peura, *RGB* (2017); Lasse Vairio, *3 x ÄTSHII* (2017) and Jessica Warboys, *Hinge Bow* (2013).

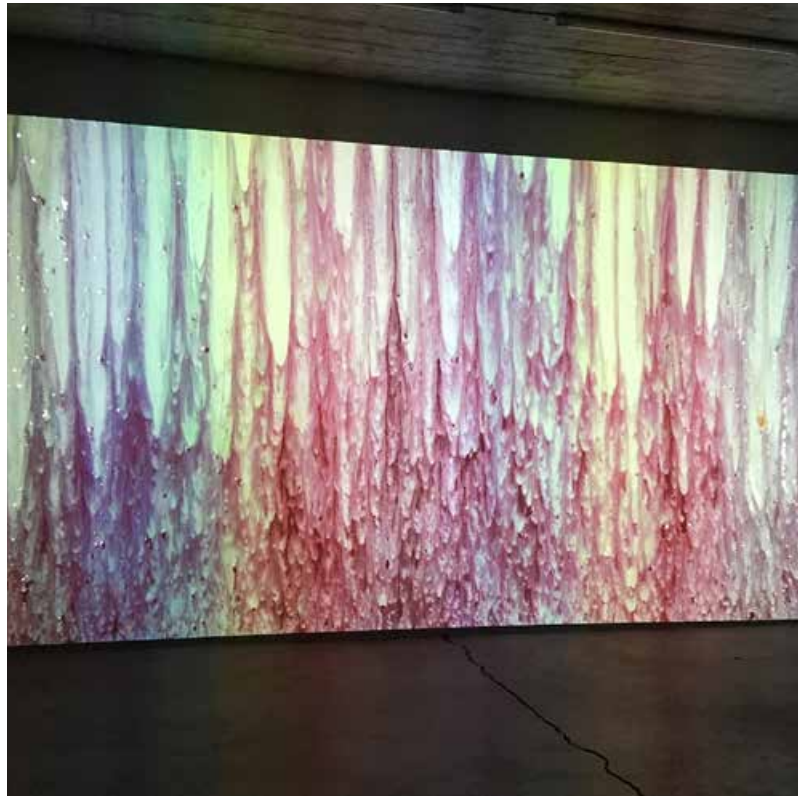
I wanted the screening to take various approaches to the definition of *painting* and *painterly thinking* in the context of moving image – *painting* encompassed widely. Part of the videos in the screening were produced during a course *Painting*



Jessica Warboys: *Hinge Bow*, 2013 (also on p. 57).

and moving image by Harri Monni and Sami van Ingen held at the Academy of Fine Arts. Many students in the course worked mainly with moving image and added painting techniques to their videos by painting on film or using film in other ways as a base of scratching or other kind of manipulation. The results were often moving collages or videos that mixed and experimented with different techniques, like works by Lasse Vairio and Emma Peura. In her book *Mysteries of the rectangle*, Siri Hustvedt describes how painting is the art form that is there “all at once”, of which you can spend limitless amount of

time looking at. As being *always there*, it somehow represents timelessness. From this angle moving image is the opposite – it is limited by time, it has a beginning and an end. Moving image has the ability to give huge amount of visual information in a short amount of time, it can also force you to look closer and longer. This aspect of slowing down and looking more closely was present in the works of Hannaleena



Petteri Cederberg: *With colour - with sound*, 2016.

Heiska, Kajsa Ignestam and Moona Pennanen and brought their work to something what I would describe as painterly thinking.

Moving image can also capture the act and process of painting. Petteri Cederberg's animations contemplate the processes and associations of painting and drawing. His still-animations depict how images are taking their form, how paint moves and reacts, how layers upon layers of ink or paint are constructing images. In a sense his animations reflect the difficulties of being a visual artist more generally and the overall confusion engendered by the visual noise surrounding

us. Salla Myllylä's piece *Set free* is a collection of short videos repeating similar process: A glass or other see-through surface is being painted over, so that one object in the scenery is left unpainted: a swing, a tree, a fireplace. By focusing on one singular object and separating it from the landscape or other kind of scenery, Myllylä creates moving image still-lifes that are kind of reversed paintings.



Salla Myllylä: *Dans l'atelier*, 2016.

When you put the name "Jessica Warboys" into Google image search you get mainly images of her sea paintings. Still Warboys doesn't consider herself to be a painter. *Painting* is also often present in her films and exhibitions as a reference point. Blurring the limits between sculpture, moving image, painting and sometimes performance is characteristic to her. Her exhibition *Hoop Eye Dance Trance*¹ was on view at SIC in August 2016. It included a video piece, a performance by a dancer, monumental painted fabric and a metallic sculpture. The geometric shapes in the sculpture were repeated in the

painting and on the dancer's movements. For me the sculpture gave strong visual associations for abstract painting – it was hanging freely from the ceiling so that from a distance it might have looked as if it was installed on the wall behind it. Her film *Hinge Bow* opens with a scene where an anonymous hand is waving a white, square-shaped surface that has been painted on with red, thick brushstrokes. Is it a painting,



Hannaleena Heiska: *Ridestar*, 2010.

or maybe a set piece? Impossible to tell, and irrelevant. Something in her slightly surreal short films is suggesting that there are no boundaries in giving a form to an idea, and that all creative actions come from the same source.

1. <http://www.sicspace.net/past/jessica-warboys-hoop-eye-dance-trance/>

Correspondence

how it gleams forth from out of the darkness and reflects the lamplight.

Lacquerware decorated in gold is not something to be seen in a brilliant light, to be taken in at a single glance; it should be left in the dark, a part here and a part there picked up by a faint light. Its florid patterns recede into the darkness, conjuring in their stead an inexpressible aura of depth and mystery, of overtones but partly suggested. The sheen of the lacquer, set out in the night, reflects the wavering candlelight, announcing the drafts that find their way from time to time into the quiet room, luring one into a state of reverie. If the lacquer is taken away, much of the spell disappears from the dream world built by that strange light of candle and lamp, that wavering light beating the pulse of the night. Indeed the thin, impalpable, faltering light, picked up as though little rivers were running through the room, collecting little pools here and there, lacquers a pattern on the surface of the night itself.

Ceramics are by no means inadequate as tableware, but they lack the shadows, the depth of lacquerware. Ceramics are heavy and cold to the touch; they clatter and clink, and being efficient conductors of heat are not the best containers for hot foods. But lacquerware is light and soft to the touch, and gives off hardly a sound. I know few greater pleasures than holding a lacquer soup bowl in my hands, feeling upon my palms the weight of the liquid and its mild warmth.

26



T. Walter
1913

Diagrams,

(1913)

(McLaren)

- an optical surface
- an intensive field
- pattern language
- abstract narrative / machine

- woven
- silent

- body
- alive
- morphology
- Comedy & tragedy

- expression & decoration
- in colour

- contemporary
- mysterious
- display

Not heading anywhere
Not having fun
Isn't always true
The route is more than
the process...

Boring. But yet not

Riddles
Equivalent

In the est don't le dis
PAINTING PROCESS IS
SIGNAL TO NOISE

Dioxine shift

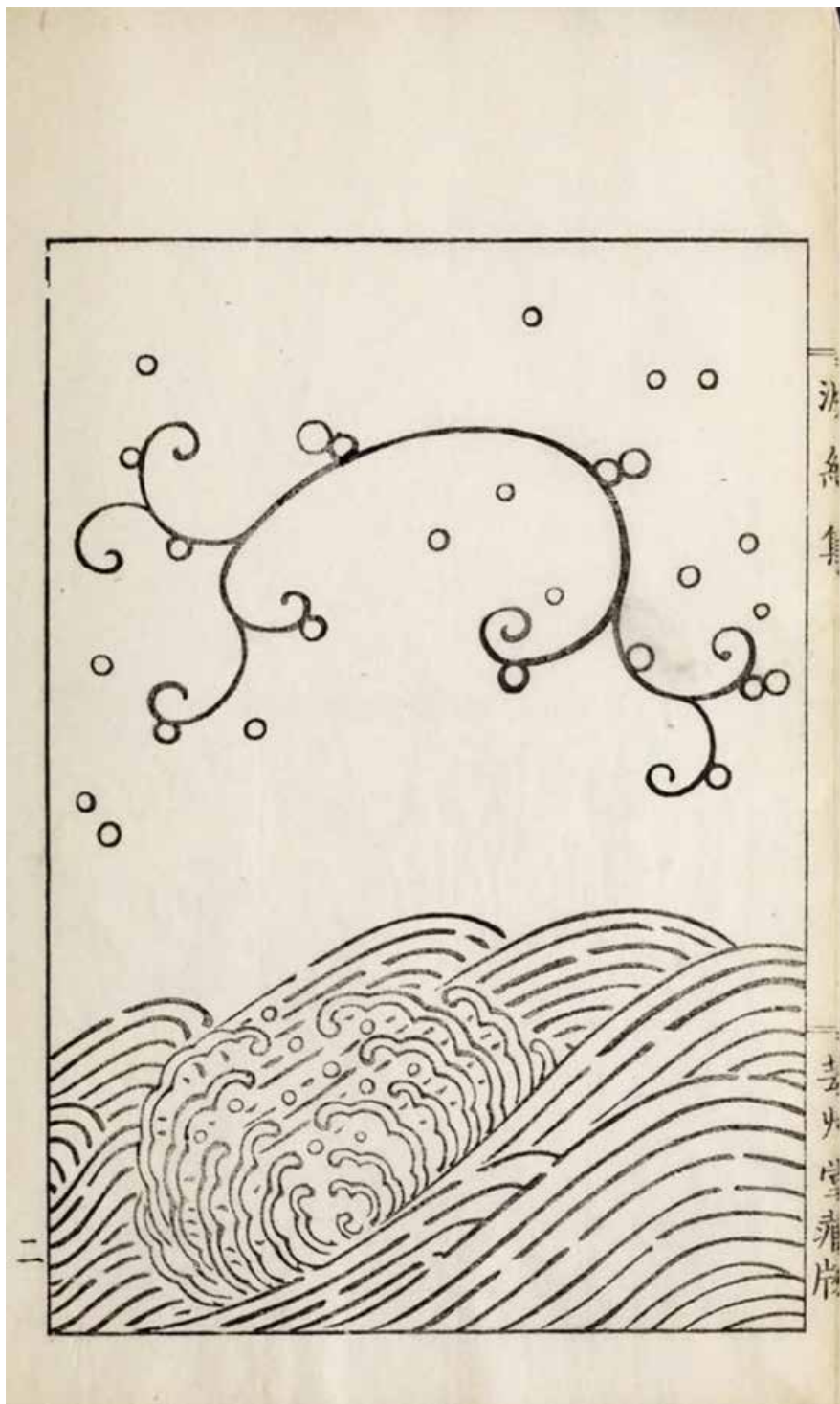
Painting addresses new technology
in the same way as it did with

film making & photography in the
last century.

Entertainment
Van Gogh

It's more
is by a route.
Research & search

ABSTRACT CAVEMAN UGA UGA HOLINESS
EMOTIONAL ESOTERIC WATCHING
EXPRESSIVE TRACE SEEING
BEAUTIFUL MOTION BARROME KNOT
ANNOYING AFFECTION HALLUCINATIONS
ARCHEOLOGY IMAGINARY SEMIOTIC
CYCLES CLEAVAGE DOUBT
UNEXPRESSIVE REASONING MOMENT
OPEN MIND MOMENT BETWEEN DIMENSIONS
FUZZY UNDERSTANDING UNITY
OPTICAL ATTENTION EGO ID SUPER
PHYSICAL SHOUTING WHISPERS EGO
INTELLIGENT FREEDOM 4D 5D 2D
PEACE COSMOLOGY MATH
PRESENCE LOFT STIMULUS
TRUTH NOISE MOVEMENT
STRAIGHTNESS AUTOMATION LINE
LIGHT DRAWING / PAINTING MAP
COLOR ROUTE SUCTION FLAME
BODY PLAT FORCE SCALE
OBSERVATION PERSPECTIVE PLATFORM
BLACK ENERGY SHAPE DIRT TRY NOPE
CHAOS INJURY CROSS COMPOSITION
STATIC SPACE HISTORY SPIRIT HOPE
WHAT PAINTING CAN DO INSTEAD OF LOOKING
WHAT THE PAINTING IS.



Celeen Mahe

70



71

Yuki Okumura



- 146 Kattila (*The Pan*)
 148 Virhe (*Error*)
 151 Vuokralainen (*The Lodger*)
 155 Keltanarsisseja (*Daffodils*)
 158 Jälkeiset (*The Afterbirth*)
 161 Setebos (*Setebos*)
 163 Lyhyt filmi (*A Short Film*)
 164 Riepumatto (*The Rag Rug*)
 168 Pöytä (*The Table*)
 171 Pahoja aavistuksia (*Apprehensions*)
 173 Unielämää (*Dream Life*)
 175 Täydellinen valo (*Perfect Light*)
 176 Kaninpyytäjä (*The Rabbit Catcher*)
 179 Sati (*Suttee*)
 183 Mehiläisjumala (*The Bee God*)
 186 Kristuksenkaltaisena (*Being Christlike*)
 187 Hiekkaranta (*The Beach*)
 190 Unennäkiijät (*Dreamers*)
 193 Satu (*Fairy Tale*)
 196 Mustarastas (*The Blackbird*)
 198 Toteemi (*Totem*)
 200 Ryöstän itseltäni (*Robbing Myself*)
 203 Veri ja viattomuus (*Blood and Innocence*)
 206 Kallista puhetta (*Costly Speech*)
 208 Omistuskirjoitus (*The Inscription*)
 211 Yöratsastus Arielilla (*Night-Ride on Ariel*)
 214 Telos (*Telos*)
 216 Brasilia (*Brasilia*)
 218 Muotti (*The Cast*)
 220 Vatsastapuhuja (*The Ventriloquist*)



[Finger Paint](#) D.U.S.T., Susie Suh, Zion I
[Paint a Rumour](#) Eurythmics
[War Paint](#) Rush
[Behind the Paint](#) Insane Clown Posse
[Paint Me Down](#) Spandau Ballet
[Paint Me A Birmingham](#) Tracy Lawrence
[Paint a New World](#) Helloween
[Paint It Black](#) Eric Burdon & the Animals
[Paint You Wings](#) All Time Low
[Sky Hooks and Tartan Paint](#) Sting, Brian Johnson
[Hard In The Paint](#) Waka Flocka Flame
[Candy Paint](#) Bone Thugs-N-Harmony
[I Ride an Old Paint](#) Johnny Cash
[Paint a Vulgar Picture](#) The Smiths
[Old Paint](#) Townes Van Zandt
[Candy Paint](#) Too \$hort, MC Breed
[Paint Your Picture](#) Steve Hackett
[Paint](#) Skillet
[My Old Paint](#) Harry Belafonte
[If a Picture Paints a Thousand Words](#) Bread
[Paint a Picture](#) Resurrection Band
[New Coat of Paint](#) Tom Waits
[Paint a Dark Picture](#) Aaron Dontez Yates, The Dirtball
[Paint My Jukebox Blue](#) Chris Rea
[Paint It Black](#) III War
[Run Paint Run Run](#) Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band
[Paint Work](#) The Fall
[New Coat of Paint](#) Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
[‘We’ll Paint This Town’--Throat and Phonograph](#) Fire Support Coordination
[Measures \(TPFSCM\)](#) Mike Patton, The X-Ecutioners, General Patton vs.
 The X-Ecutioners
[Waste of Paint](#) Bright Eyes
[Chrome & Paint](#) Ice Cube, WC
[Face Paint](#) Aaron Dontez Yates
[That Candy Paint](#) E-40, Slim Thug, Bun B
[An Artist Comes to Paint You](#) Philip Glass
[New Coat of Paint](#) Joe Bonamassa
[Wet Paint](#) Birdman
[War Paint and Soft Feathers](#) Cher
[Paint It Black](#) W.A.S.P.
[When the Paint Grows Darker Still](#) Black Francis
[Paint It Black](#) U2
[You Only Paint the Picture Once](#) Alabama
[You Don’t Have to Paint Me a Picture](#) Alan Jackson







void / focus / perspective / horizon / line of flight
tyhjyys / keskitys / näkökulma / horisontti / pakopiste

nynnyt

1. Camille Auer: remain impossible
2. Mirkka Rekola: Syksy Muuttaa Linnut
3. Yoko Ono: grapefruit – A Book of Instructions and Drawings
4. Marble
5. Sylvia Plath: Vihreä kivi, from Paniiki-Johnny ja Uniraamattu
6. Hélène Cixous: Without end, no, State of drawingness, no, rather: The Executioner's taking off, from Stigmata
7. Elia's stone collection
8. Postcard from Michaela
9. Rebecca Solnit: A Field Guide to Getting Lost
10. Audre Lorde: Poetry is Not a Luxury, from Essays & Speeches
11. Ear plugs
12. Elia's stone collection
13. Tea bag
14. Selina Väliheikki: notes from a seminar "Participations" by Irit Rogoff
15. Pencils
16. Mirkka Rekola: 88 Poems
17. Zoe Leonard: I want a president...
18. Let's Mobilize working group: What is feminist pedagogy?
19. Maggie Nelson: The Argonauts
20. Leena Krohn: Sfinksi vai Robotti
21. Satsuma
22. Elia's stone collection
23. Jesse Jones: Tremble Tremble
24. alok vaid-menon: femme in public
25. Elia's stone collection



Presidentti

Mauno Henrik
Koivisto

s. 25.11.1923
k. 12.5.2017

Kiitollisina kaivaten

Tellervo

Assi, Heikki, Henrik ja Jussi
Sukulaiset
Ystävät

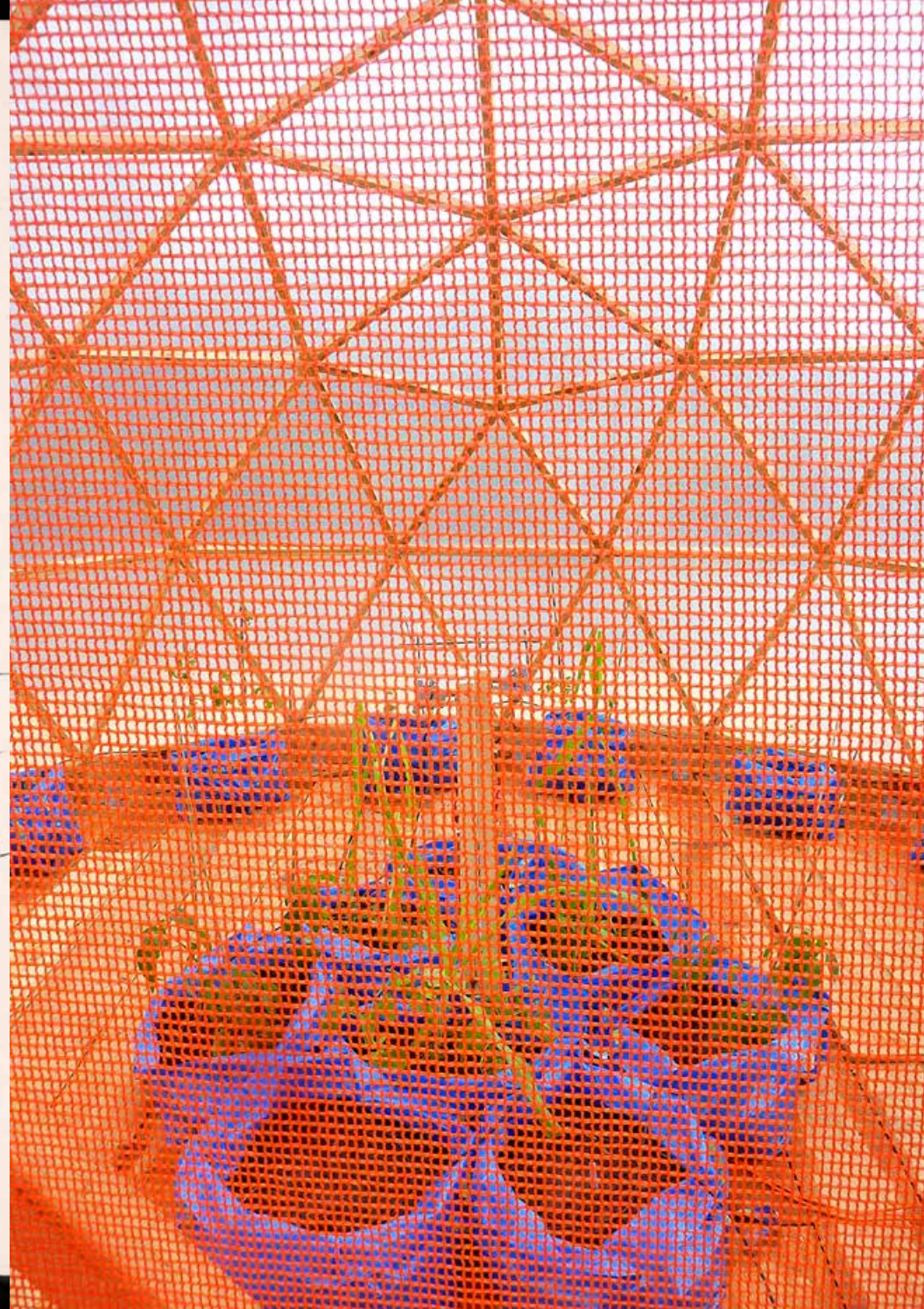
*Ellemme varmuudella tiedä,
kuinka tulee käymään,
olettaamme,
että kaikki käy hyvin.*
(Mauno Koivisto)

Hautaan siunaaminen toimitetaan helatorstaina
25.5.2017 klo 13.00 Helsingin tuomiokirkossa.
Kutsuvieraita pyydetään olemaan paikalla klo 12.30.
Kutsukortti pyydetään esittämään ovella.

Saattoväellä ilman kutsukorttia on mahdollisuus osallistua
siunaustilaisuuteen, käynti sisään kirkon sivuovista
(turvatarkastus). Kirkon ovet avataan klo 11.30 ja kirkossa
pyydetään olemaan paikoillaan viimeistään klo 12.30.
Kansalaiset toivotetaan tervetulleiksi seuraamaan surusaattoa
Tuomiokirkolta Hietaniemeen noin klo 14.00 alkaen.

Hautaan siunaamisen jälkeen on kutsuvieraille muistotilaisuus
Säätytalossa. Kutsukortti pyydetään esittämään ovella.

Kukkatervehdyksen sijaan muistamiset pyydetään osoittamaan
Kansan Sivistysrahasto tili Nordea FI85 1521 3000 0060 09,
Suomen Kulttuurirahasto tili Nordea FI73 1572 3000 0114 86
tai Svenska Kulturfonden tili Aktia FI46 4055 4020 0000 20,
viestikenttään merkintä "Presidentti Mauno Koiviston muistolle".







Fergus Feehily Anonymous, Gujarati Ragini, c. 1760
Painted in opaque watercolour on paper,
Made in Aurshidabad
© Victoria and Albert Museum, London

Yuki Okumura Above: *Wide White Space* 1966-1976,
(Dusseldorf: Richter Verlag, 1995), p. 237
Below: A view of the studio of the artist
Hisachika Takahashi, Vermont, 2015

Terry Winters Notebook 24, 2003 - 2011
Collage on paper
11 x 8.5 inches (each)
27.8 x 21.6 cm

Erno Enkenberg Collector Sketch no 5

Tarja Pitkänen-Walter
Tüchlein

Daniel Werkmäster
Verner Molin, 021-Molin-329:
No title, oil on canvas, 40 x 33 cm, 1937

Petri Ala-Maunus
If we have no certainty, what will happen,
let us presume, that all will be well

Blue

In a grey room, at a grey table, on a grey day in February: I see *Blue*.

I am sitting with some friends

in the grey room, at the grey table. A blue rectangle is projected above us. A man's voice addresses us:

Look left

Look down

Look up

Look right

Blue flashes in my eyes.

Blue is a seventy-five-minute film, made from a single shot of bright blue. It was made by a man who was losing his sight. He was English, he was gay, he had AIDS, he was a gardener.

The sound of a gong, a woodwind instrument...

You say to the boy open your eyes
When he opens his eyes and sees the light
You make him cry out. Saying
O Blue come forth
O Blue arise
O Blue ascend
O Blue come in

...the sound of a coffee machine frothing milk, the
clattering of cutlery, a muffled conversation – a bomb.

Tania said ‘Your clothes are on back to front and inside out’.

...the roar of traffic, a bicycle bell...

I step off the kerb and a cyclist nearly knocks me down.
Flying in from the dark he nearly parted my hair.

I step into a blue funk.

Blue is a movie made for Yves Klein. It is a ‘blue movie’ made by Derek Jarman. The idea was an old one, one that returned, as his eyesight deteriorated and he began to see the world, as if through a blue filter.

Before I saw *Blue*, I saw a photograph of Derek Jarman’s cottage. It was projected above us, in the grey room. It was black with a yellow trim and sat on a flat, treeless, windswept coast in Kent. Apart from the cottage, the only thing above the horizon, was a nuclear power plant. Radiating out from the cottage was Derek Jarman’s garden. It had sculptures made

from twisted metal and drift wood. It had flowers: fennel, foxglove, dog rose, sea kale, poppy, hyacinth – cornflowers.

On the 19th of September 1993, four months before his death, Derek Jarman’s *Blue* premiered on Channel 4 television (BBC Radio 3 had a simultaneous broadcast, so *Blue* could be heard in stereo).

24 years later, on a grey day in February, *Blue* was screened in a room in Helsinki. Nine people were present. It was the last thing before lunch. I spent that lunch, trying to compose myself in a toilet.

On the 7th of October I saw *Blue* again. It was in Tate Britain. Again it was projected. I was alone. My friend had left. He had been there too, on the grey day in February, in the room in Helsinki. He didn’t like it in the gallery. He didn’t like it being in there. It belonged outside, on TV, many TVs – transmitted out, into the world from which it came.

John Berger stands in front of a blue screen, talking with his hands about images:

As you look at them now on your screen, your wallpaper is around them. Your window is opposite them. Your carpet is below them. At this same moment they are on many other screens, surrounded by different objects, different colours, different sounds. You are seeing them in the context of your own life. They are surrounded not by gilt frames but by the familiarity of the room you are in and the people around you.

There are lots of rooms in *Blue*. Waiting rooms and bedrooms. Rooms full of people and needles and magazines. Rooms connected by corridors. Rooms with blinds drawn; where a man eats a packet of biscuits and the sound of footsteps travels past the door.

On the 20th of November I saw *Blue* again - an illegally downloaded, digital file of the Italian version. I connected my laptop to my TV and turned off the lights. I sat on my blue velvet sofa and put my feet on the coffee table.

A blue rectangle floats in my living room. It appears to be coming toward me. Digital noise makes lines on the image. The lines start to move. They flatten out across the surface, then sink and shift and rise again; outside turning inside, inside turning outside; shrinking and expanding, into two competing surfaces, one that I know to be there but can no longer see and one that is perceptible only through sound.

I try to remember what it looked like the first time I saw it. Even in the Tate it had black spots and scratches. It had – noise.

In the grey room, at the grey table, on a different grey day, Brendan was complaining that music was increasingly over-produced. Someone asked, if he meant, that it used to be better ‘when it let the room in?’

The last time I saw *Blue*, was on a DVD. Once again it was in my living room. I did not dim the lights. I left

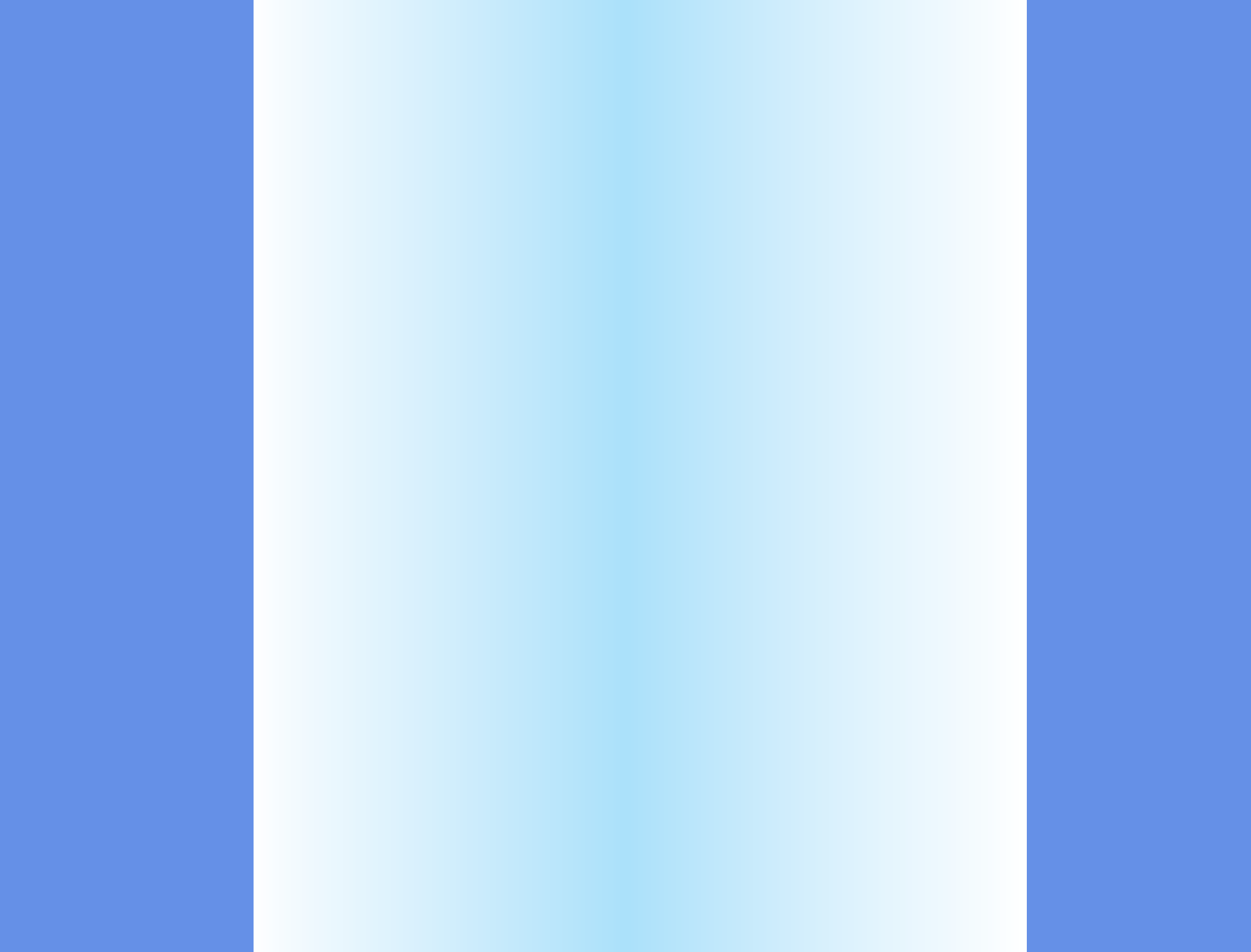
them as they were, which was just a lamp with a shade that looked like a fez and sat on a speaker to the right of the television. *Blue* bathed the room in blue light. It was reflected on the coffee table. A tube of throat lozenges and a book on Frank Stella were caught in the rectangle’s reflection.

Blue is a movie about many things. It is about love and sex and sickness and death. It is funny but also deeply sad. For a movie, supposedly devoid of image, *Blue* is incredibly full.

My eye was drawn to the edge of the blue rectangle. I forced it back to the centre. After a while it drifted back to the edge of the screen and out of the frame, following the blue light, into the room. I looked down and saw that the T-shirt I was wearing, which was white, was now blue.

I didn’t know Derek Jarman. I never will and it’s not important. But I know *Blue*. I see myself reflected in *Blue*, as *Blue* is reflected on the walls of the rooms in which it plays.

On the morning of the grey day in February, in the room in Helsinki, we were reading a book. It was white and weird and causing disagreement. What did we think the author meant, when he said, that art was a form of friendship? There was a bit in the book about walking and camping and stocking and provisions; about the traces we leave behind, for people we do not know.





WHAT IS PAINTING

DO YOU SENSE HOW ALL THE PARTS OF A GOOD
PICTURE ARE INVOLVED WITH EACH OTHER, NOT
JUST PLACED SIDE BY SIDE? ART IS A CREATION
FOR THE EYE AND CAN ONLY BE HINTED AT WITH
WORDS.

98

1. What painting is



99

What painting is

Terry Winters

1. What painting is

Pictures and notes

Two paintings about painting

Both from 1968

Late Picasso

Imaginative projection

Early John Baldessari

Satiric conceptualism

“What is painting

Do you sense how all the parts of a good picture are involved
with each other, not just placed side by side? Art is a creation
for the eye and can only be hinted at with words.”

2. Painting is a door

A boundary condition

A threshold between two realities

The actual and the virtual

Charles Wilson Peale

The Staircase Group, 1795

Painted in Philadelphia

3. Painting is archaic

Older than history itself

Two examples

As physical evidence

And phantom presence

Incised Ochre Plaque, Blombos Cave, South Africa c. 70,000 BCE

Altamira Replica, 2001

4. Painting is haptic

A merger of hand and eye
Optical proofs and material intelligence
A lump of graphite
An Alchemical Emblem, Woodcut, 1622

5. Painting is gesture and touch

Pre-historic rock art
Cy Twombly
Blackboard Painting, 1969

6. Painting is instinct

An innate desire as well as an elevated intention
A drive towards excess production
Pollock MOMA Catalog, 1998
Congo (Chimpanzee), 1960
Desmond Morris
Zoologist and Surrealist painter
Author of *The Naked Ape*

7. Painting is traditional

A folk art, a popular art
An art for amateurs
Edward Hicks
The Peaceable Kingdom, 1833
Bob Dylan said,
“Traditional music is based on hexagrams, vegetables and death”
The same conditions apply to traditional painting

100

8. Painting is spatial

Space happens in painting
It's unavoidable and inevitable
Sun Ra said, “Space is the place”
Painting can take you to that place
Kazimir Malevich's *Black Square*, 1913
A mathematical region of pure feeling
And paint film defects
The Hubble Ultra Deep Field
The deepest and most detailed view of the visible universe
Every point of light, a galaxy

9. Painting is a map

Like shelter and song,
Paintings map territory.
A realistic sequence of markings
Build a 4-D graphic space
The image diagram
Eastern Bluebird
Iroquois Longhouse
Jasper Johns
Small Map, 1962

10. Painting is a network

A mosaic of information
Planar resonating worlds
Multi-dimensional and multi-directional signals
Marcel Duchamp
Network of Stoppages, 1914

9. Painting is a map



101

11. Painting is method and model

- A sensibility of gesture and touch
- A style, an approach,
- A way of working
- A real-time response to conditions on the ground
- Contingency based
- Collaborations of circumstance
- Rebecca Warren
- Installation*, 2017
- Pretty Discreet*, 2004
- Piet Mondrian
- Pier and Ocean*, 1915

12. Painting is a game

- “Play with purpose”
- A relational and performative practice
- To play a game, or to paint a picture,
- Is to answer a question with a question
- On a move-by-move basis.
- Pieter Bruegel
- Children's Games*, 1560

I02

13. Painting is work

- A job, manual labor
 - Vincent Van Gogh
 - Self-Portrait on the Road to Tarascon*, 1888
 - William Burroughs
 - The Job: Book of Interviews with Daniel Odier*, 1969
 - Two views of the job site:
 - The Alpha & Omega of work habits
 - The Francis Bacon Studio, 11 Reece Mews, London
 - Mondrian Studio, 26 Rue du Depart, Paris
- ### 14. Painting is a calling
- A vocation
 - An impulse or inclination
 - A productive desire and function
 - Necessary pathways:
 - Sigmar Polke
 - Higher Beings Command:*
 - Paint the Upper Right-Hand Corner Black!*, 1969
 - Rosie Lee Tompkins
 - Three Sixes*, 1986
 - Every quilt a prayer
 - “Something pertaining to God”

13. Painting is work



I03

15. Painting is total idiocy

Gerhard Richter said:

“Total idiocy, unless made with complete commitment”

Documentary film, Richter painting

Bob Ross painting on television

The Joy of Painting, circa 1985

16. Painting is a precision instrument

As abstract machine and devotional device

The Wheel of Life, Bavachakra

Thankga Painting, circa 1910

Unidentified Tibetan painter

Brush inspection

17. Painting is technical

A visualization system

Making invisible forces visible, in themselves

Cezanne said:

“The purpose of painting is to make a new optic of nature”

Now, an expanded nature; to see data as nature

An ecological painting

Jackson Pollock painting

CERN technician

18. Painting is multiple

Cezanne, again:

“All along the river, the motifs multiply”

19. Painting is logical

A logic of sense

The merger of common sense and nonsense

Part carpentry and part catastrophe

The deliberate application of craft

Punctuated by periodic emergencies

Far from equilibrium

20. Painting is an optical surface

A manifold of meanings,

Both deep and superficial

Velasquez

Las Meninas, 1656

Warhol

Tuna Fish Disaster, 1963

21. Painting is an intensive field

Like the weather,

Paintings are affected by fluctuations

Of temperature and pressure

Irregular motions

High wind warnings

External and internal examples

Looking out:

John Constable

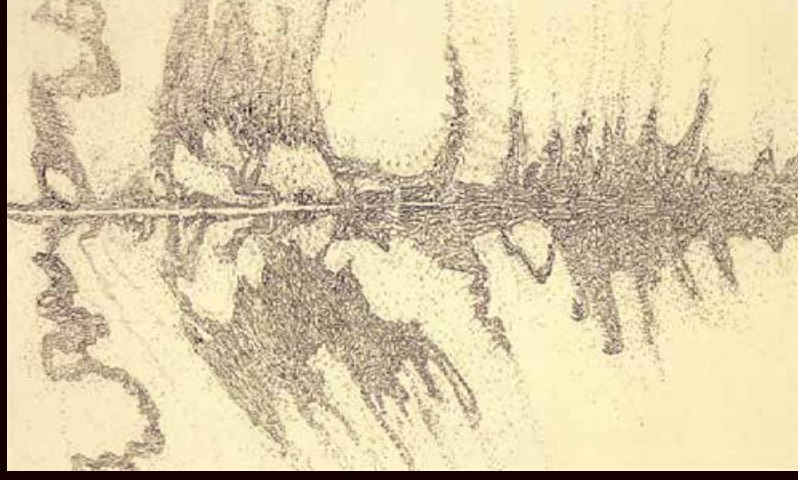
Cloud Study, August 12, 1822

Looking in:

Henri Michaux

Mescaline Drawing, 1958

21. Painting is an intensive field



22. Painting is a pattern language

Marshall McLuhan said:

“The job is to find patterns”

Cosmic microwave background map of the universe

Art historian Carl Schuster

His house in Woodstock, NY

Research of traditional folk and tribal art

A formal genetics from generation to generation

Archives compiled and posthumously published

By Edmund Carpenter

23. Painting is abstract narration

Harry Smith

String Figures

Line and shape describe a temporal architecture

24. Painting is woven

Mark and material

Warp and weft of the image fabric

Gunta Stolzl said:

“Pictures made of wool”

Textile traditions are arguably our richest pictorial heritage

Constructed almost entirely by women, mostly anonymous

Anni Albers

Wall Hanging, 1927

Albers at Black Mountain

25. Painting is psychological

A persona

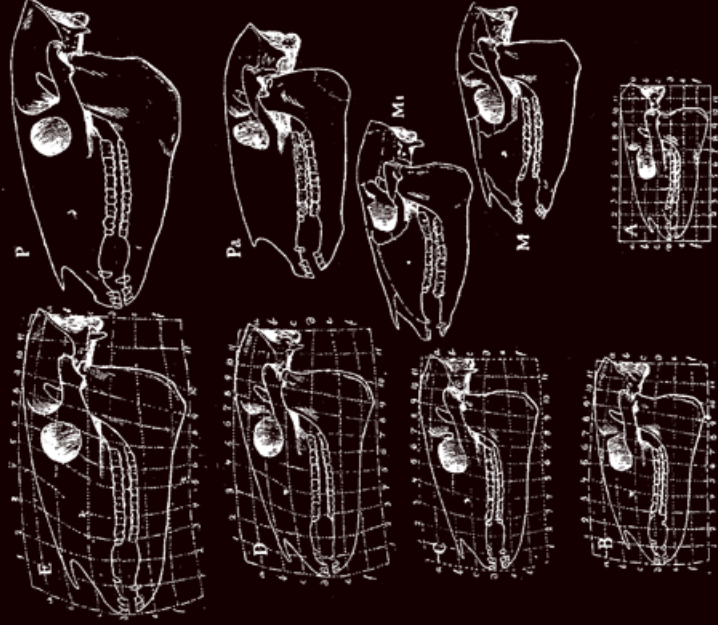
Alice Neel

Two Girls (Spanish Harlem), 1959

Abe's Grandchildren, 1964

23. Painting is abstract narration





I08

26. Painting is morphological

26. Painting is morphological

A morphology of forms and forces
An archive of expressive meanings
D'Arcy Thompson, *On Growth and Form*
Jackson Pollock, *Bone Mask*

27. Painting is "In Color"

Color as pigment, color as light,
Color as a spectrum of physical properties and powers
Charles Blanc
The Grammar of Painting, 1879
Primaries, secondaries; Simultaneous contrast
Color theory as practiced by Delacroix and Van Gogh

28. Painting is silent

Speechless
Baldessari's "Only hinted at with words"
De Kooning said: "Forever mute"
Whose Name Was Writ in Water, 1975
John Keats epitaph



29. Painting is a body

Figure and form, shape and frame
De Kooning again:
"Flesh is the reason oil paint was invented"
Substance becomes appearance
Actual size, right before your eyes
Titian
The Flaying of Marsyas, 1575

30. Painting is alive

A vitalized geometry of animated scenes
Entities in real, imaginary and symbolic registers
Hermann Rorschach
Inkblot, 1920

31. Painting is tragic and comic

James Ensor
The Red JUDGE, 1900
Martin Kippenberger
Underwear Painting, 1988

32. Painting is decoration and expression

Abstraction and representation
Parallax views
Jackson Pollock
Blue Poles, 1952

I09

33. Painting is contemporary

A given, an inheritance
An existing archive of viewpoints and handmade visions
Open to experience, quotation, exploration
Examination and revision
Hercules Segers
River Landscape with Figures, 1625

34. Painting is mysterious

A kind of magic
The mystical data set:
Bruce Nauman
Window or Wall Sign, 1967
"The true artist helps the world by revealing mystic truths"
Surprise and revelation:
John Tukey
Exploratory Data Analysis, 1977
"The greatest value of a picture is when it forces us
to notice what we never expected to see"

35. Painting is display

As installation, presentation,
Pollock exhibition; Sidney Janis Gallery, 1955
Malevich *The Last Futurist Exhibition*, Petrograd, 1915
Wunderkammer, Naples, 1599
Curiosity cabinets

36. *Set Diagram 1*, 2001

Installation view
Lehmann Maupin Gallery

37. *Set Diagram*, 2001

Installation, North wall and ceiling
Rem Koolhaas
Design and discussions
100 paintings
1 meter X 1 yard

38. *Set Diagram 59, 40, 27*

39. *Set Diagram 41, 52*

"To show all possible logical relations
between a finite collection of different sets"

40. *Set Diagram 69*

41. *Colony*, 1983

Living forms, temporal architecture
Organic and non-organic
Painting as laminated structure

42. *Dystopia*, 1985

33. Painting is contemporary





43. *Good Government*, 1984

44. *Jews Pitch*, 1985

Asphaltum, the Dead Sea
The specificity of pigments
Physical, historical, lyrical

45. *Computational Architecture*, 1995

46. *Parallel Rendering*, 1996

The painting itself
Pictorial space as body image
Open field of forms and subjects
Higher degrees of invention and abstraction
Synthetic mapping
Striated forces and emerging figures

47. *Color and Information*, 1998

Principle components of painting
Color used to both codify and confuse
Wari textiles, The Andes
Related woodcuts; *Graphic Primitives*

48. *Graphic Tablet*, 1998

Black and white example

49. *Vermilion*, 2005

Dimensional objects emerge
From the shifting intensities of painted space
Red shift, wave forms
Tokyo Notes; portfolio of lithographs

50. *Functions, Vectors, Speeds*, 2001

Every painting is a computation
formal elements which carry resemblance
Figures of likeness; reference, other observations, experiences
Abstract wireframes, actual landscapes

51. *Case-Based Reasoning*, 2000
Luminance, 2002

The painting diagram; a compound of superimposed maps
Specific information is re-specified as pictorial elements
Gray-scale demonstrations
Mica whites and graphite in oil, pearlescent color
Tracking signal patterns
Resulting configurations; a collection of energies

52. *Bubble Diagram*, 2005

Knots against a moving field of folded topologies
Michaux said:
Life in the folds, "La vie dans les plis"
String figures embedded in floating spheres
Scale-free networks:
The uneven distribution of connections

53. *In Blue*, 2008

Eliot Weinberger
Collaborative book project
Eliot wrote:
"Questioned by an anthropologist
A Huichol shaman
Identified Pantone 301C
As the blue that is sacred"
Blue as ground, as graph, as glory

54. *Signal to Noise*, 2006

Every painting has its own signal-to-noise ratio
"Signal-to-noise is a measure used to define the ratio
between a signal of meaningful information
and the noise power corrupting that signal"
The painting process:
A continuous movement between those two conditions
Spatial domains, image frequencies

55. *Cricket Music*, 2010

Walter de Maria's 1964 recording
Drums and crickets
Metallic blues: Cobalt, Manganese, Copper
Tessellation Figures
The irregular and the rule,
Emergent descriptions, uncovered

56. *Arcade*, 2010

A magic lantern picture
Systems of tiling, stained color
An array of surface conditions,
Shapes, events, subjects:
Connections between becomings

57. *Inflection, Vector, Frame*, 2010

Update of Kandinsky's *Point, Line, Plane*
Images appear from a torqued system of optical grids
Nine beings or broken spheres
A complex of spatial objects and object spaces

58. *Patterns In a Chromatic Field*, 2013

After Morton Feldman's 1981 composition

58. *Patterns In a Chromatic Field*, 2013





64. *Wave*, 2016

59. *Dioxazine Shift*, 2015
Point cloud of chemical transformations
60. *Scale*, 2015
61. *Cobalt*, 2016
62. *Drawing*
To build a complex picture
A continuous physical surface;
indeterminate, imaginary dimensions
63. *Figure*, 2016; *Viridian*, 2016
Spirit being
Another green world

64. *Wave*, 2016
Interference, resonance
65. *Cinnabar*, 2016
Dragon's blood
66. *In the studio*
One project
12 twelve paintings, 2016
67. *Mosaic*, 2016
Each tile a streaky message
A sequence of signs, the mind of paint

I'll just keep on... 'till I get it right...

Declan Long

I . Struggle, frustration and failure are inevitable experiences — and subjects — for artists, as well as for those who write about art, confronting its demands, its limits, its frequent dead ends. But *keeping going* is an essential subject too. Here I want to gather some thoughts on both the frustrations and the agitated back-and-forth movements of some artistic processes, musing a little on how some painters have found ways — maybe against the odds — to continue, while also regularly revisiting and re-thinking their points of departure. The Irish artist Noel Sheridan once gave the tough-love advice that students should abandon their dreams of a life making art “if you think you’re going to get better at it in time.” Truer to art’s trajectory, Sheridan thought, was a more fitful, demandingly refreshing form of discovery; with art, he said, “it’s always the first time, every time.”

2 . The American painter Stanley Whitney once said of his works, “I paint them, but then I hate them. I never get what I want. It takes me a long time to relax and see what I have, rather than what I wanted.” Whitney hit on a preferred style relatively late in his career: at the age of fifty-two, after a visit to Egypt when, as Barry Schwabsky notes, “ancient architecture showed a way to combine structural simplicity with visual grandeur.” Up until then he was, Whitney said, “in the studio, struggling and struggling...” As new movements and potential influences came and went, he felt that there was never any one thing of which he could say “this is it”: “I was sort of in-between everything.” Spend any time at all with the gorgeous, multi-coloured grids of Whitney’s paintings and, perhaps, any remnant of struggle could seem buried or left behind. It’s hard to see what he might have hated in the ostensibly unforced, easeful balance of his luminous building-blocks. But, as Peter Schjeldahl has written, there is a quality to “the juxtapositions and the compositional rhythms of the colours” that is, ever-so-slightly, “jarring”. The colour combinations “won’t resolve into unity” — so prompting both “desire and frustration.” “What’s going on?” Schjeldahl asks. “Does the artist aim at order and miss, or does he try, and fail, to destroy it?”

3 . In another essay from his collection *The Perpetual Guest*, Barry Schwabsky also commends a very different artist, the Welsh painter Merlin James, for his calmly calculated means of turning back or changing tack as he keeps going. James is in some ways committed to painterly tradition — he is a skilled critic and engaged scholar of 19th and 20th century art — or to ‘painting *per se*’, as he has put it in a much-circulated statement on the necessary discipline-specificity of painting. But, as Schwabsky says, “for all his supposed traditionalism, [James] takes no aspect of painting for granted.” James moves restlessly between styles and subjects, but also takes apart — in a studious, meticulously controlled manner — the material components of many of his paintings, cutting into the canvas or removing it altogether, replacing the customary surface for paint’s application with a stretched, see-through polyester ‘skin’ that reveals the supporting structure underneath. James’s paintings are idiosyncratically deconstructive and seductive: asserting the specificity of the painterly apparatus while also conjuring scenes and shapes of curious intensity and methodical diversity. James, Schwabsky says, “is not a stuntman aiming at sheer novelty; he seems to want to avoid following any formula.” Sometimes, this resistance to formula means that individual works are exceptionally slow to gestate. Certain paintings are labelled with a date range that suggests twenty years or more of attention and transformation: a slow-burning process of artistic distillation or painterly accretion. Such steady revision must, I imagine, happen quite regularly in painting — if not always to this remarkable, stretched-out extent. James maintains a keen, deep interest in striving for endless variation and renewal, resisting the formulaic, revisiting the terms of initiation and invention. (Writing on Alex Katz, he celebrates qualities evident in his own work: “His paintings are never repetitive, though they do not seek novelty; they are never cynical, though utterly disabused; they are always restless, strenuous and recurringly difficult while never parading difficultness.”)

4 . James’s resistance to formula — which has outcomes that can be, as Sherman Sam has noted, “ramshackle”, hot pretty”, “uneasy” (all identified “in the fondest terms”, Sam says) — points, perhaps, to a loose preference that I want to declare here. That is: I’m for a mode of painting that is set against the settled and the serene. (Sherman Sam says the style of James’s works is very unlike the ‘seamlessness’ found in the painting styles of, say, Peter Doig or Gary Hume. James, rather, offers an art of

‘interruption’ and anxious, agitated contemplation. I’m not sure I’d fully concur with the use of Peter Doig as an example here, but I see what Sam means). So I want to say something in support of the fretful need to return to the start: to begin again, repeatedly, differently, to resist formula. And, especially, in this regard, I want to praise (and puzzle over) the way certain types of painting — in their determined, sceptical commitment to self-questioning — become sites of resistance to dogma. For me this means — and given how late we are in the historical story of painting, this may be no big deal — resisting any urge towards clear messages or meanings in a work of art, and disregarding anything platitudinous in responses to paintings in particular. (As Martin Herbert has written, “painting ... might be art’s chief locus for its ability to turn itself into a thoroughgoing question.” No art form, he says “is more adept at ... the compounding of seemingly incompatible and even contradictory moods.”) This entails — crucially but uncontroversially — abandoning with wholehearted enthusiasm the bogus fulfilments of the spiritual; and instead committing to a more secular mode of searching: keeping going against the odds, confronting inevitable limits, unavoidable dead-ends.

5. In passing: a thought from the philosopher Simon Critchley. Critchley argues that we must “give up the question of the meaning of life”, arguing instead that “the acceptance of meaninglessness as the achievement of the everyday or the ordinary” may allow life’s answers to become our own creative responsibility: any meaning of life is “ours to make”. We should accept, Critchley suggests, that “we inherit a situation of meaninglessness, and out of that meaninglessness we create meaning in relationship to the ordinariness of our common existence.” There is, of course, nothing easy about this. We have no way out. There is no salvation. A line from the American poet Fanny Howe, quoted by the writer Maggie Nelson, hints at the extent of art’s challenge in this predicament: “the point of art ... is to show people that life is worth living by showing that it isn’t.” (However pleasingly paradoxical, maybe Howe’s clever line is still too tidy a way of designating what art could or should do.) But with such thoughts in mind, lately I’ve become more resistant to the idea of art as a ‘balm’ of some kind — instead hoping that its creative compacting of questions and contradictions might at least, despite everything, enhance our sense of what life is, in all its fullness, diversity, connectivity and complexity. Marlene Dumas has written of how “the essence of art” is — sadly but unavoidably —

“a loss of innocence, an awareness that decisions are leaps of faith in the dark, and also an awareness of destructive forces larger than yourself.” For Dumas, “it’s not that art is dead, but to make art is to work in spite of feelings of utter meaninglessness.”

6. Painting might — just might — be especially valuable with such dark thoughts in mind, given its potential for sending out many signals, triggering many sensations, simultaneously. A line from the artist David Salle, writing on the work of fellow painter Amy Sillman, comes to mind: “What is this thing I am making, her work asks, and how can it represent me in all my complexity?”

7. I’m reminded too of a comment made recently by the singer Frank Ocean, who has been introducing, in addition to his regular singing voice, a kind of pitched-up chipmunk version of himself into some songs. It’s a ludicrous, almost comic, way of recording a vocal — robotic, cartoonish, childish — and yet in its curious, inhuman, non-gendered strangeness (think too of the pitched-up Prince of ‘If I Was Your Girlfriend’), this squeaky voice is unspeakably touching at times — altering, stretching-out our sense of expected human expressivity. Ocean claims to have started doing this because he felt he “wasn’t getting enough of himself into his songs.”

8. A proposition related to my impatient resistance to the lingering spiritual associations of art — attached to certain strands of painting, most particularly — is raised by the literary critic Helen Vendler, who has argued that the importance of the late, great John Ashberry, “lies in his being the first notable American poet to free himself, stylistically and thematically, from nostalgia for religious, philosophical and ideological systems.” Vendler lists those, including Eliot and Berryman for whom Christianity mattered, or others, such as Ginsburg or Snyder who turned to Buddhism, and those such as Lowell, Bishop or Plath who, she says, “have tried to do without such systems” but have nonetheless “expressed explicit imaginative regret for the loss of religious sublimity.” Ashberry, Vendler argues, wholly departs from such dependences: “he gets along without the nostalgia for credences, or to be more precise, he includes systems and creeds in his general mild nostalgia for everything transient, from sunsets to Popeye.” Crucially, in Ashberry’s writing, Vendler suggests, “a comedy of plenitude and inception, both in theme and language, is constantly ... cancelling out

the general wash of nostalgia...” Among her examples is the following two line poem (the first of the two lines being the title): “The Cathedral is // slated for demolition.” As Vender says, this terse little verse gives us “sturdy architectural existence in the title; then a white space; then the one-line glee of the wrecking ball.” There is mischief in combining cool restraint with a declared potential for damage: “the diction of the cathedral destruction is neither tragic nor sublime, but pragmatic and demotic.” I very much like the sense of testing, re-starting and *plurality* suggested by Vendler’s phrase “a comedy of plenitude and inception.” And I like that, however open and generous this sounds, it is accompanied by more forceful suggestions of ‘cancelling out’ and even, metaphorically, of ‘wrecking balls’...

9. In a *Frieze* magazine feature from 2012, Christopher Bedford introduced a series of short interviews with abstract painters — including Charline von Heyl, Tomma Abts and Matt Connors — by proposing the following: “There is a dissonance between the directness of their work and the fuzzier set of interests and objectives — high-minded, metaphysical and historical – that ‘abstraction’ suggests. None of these painters seem interested in spirituality as a social idea or abstraction as a historical category, but they share a real belief in the metaphysical properties of work, materials, process and practice, a kind of secular faith in the possibilities of non-objective image-making. Their desire is not for transcendence through abstraction, but for a greater embeddedness in the world through materials and work.” There are perhaps correspondences here with the declared realism of a late-modernist artist such as Robert Ryman — for whom, as he said, “there is no story and there is no myth” — but the painters discussed by Bedford perhaps seek a differently expanded and diversified mode of embeddedness in reality.” Maggie Nelson, in her marvelous book *The Art of Cruelty*, makes a corresponding point: “the whole notion that art, or a more fundamental form of representation (such as language, vision or consciousness itself) obscures or distorts an otherwise coherent transcendental reality is not, to my mind, a particularly compelling or productive formulation. Much more interesting, I think, are the capacities of particular works to expand, invent, explode or adumbrate what we mean when we say reality.” Nelson is interested in art’s capacity to produce a space of freedom, but her idea of this runs counter to what she calls “the vertical logic of revelation ... which insists that there is something beneath the surface of our everyday ...

that will be revealed when the veil is finally lifted.” In lieu of this logic, she wants an alternate logic of space that spreads out, expanding our sense of reality ...

I0. Maybe something of what Nelson is seeking is enabled by artworks characterised by another of my provisional preferences: artistic impurity and plurality. Having grown up — or never-quite grown up — during a time when the possibilities of postmodernism were being explored and theorised, perhaps this is where I’ve ended up: in a preferred state of being dazzled by artistic multiplicity, purposefully and insolently invested in anti-hierarchical eclecticism. And maybe such a logic means I end up conceding too much to what Hal Foster has decried (in the writing of Dave Hickey) as “a kind of libertarian aesthetic very attuned to the market.” Maybe so. But I hope that there is more left to ‘plurality’ and ‘impurity’ than that would suggest. One fairly recent point of reference that I’ve found appealing in relation to painting is, once again, in an essay by Barry Schwabsky. Writing about a series of silvery and sludgy-black works by the American abstract painter Jacqueline Humphries, Schwabsky sets up a surprising comparison to the beautifully distilled, clear-minded minimal monochromes of Agnes Martin: “Humphries’s silver ... sends light bouncing around crazily in all directions creating a sort of blur around the canvas that has approximately the same relation to the nebulous hum emitted by Agnes Martin’s paintings as a chemically zippy drug-induced euphoria does to the putative clarity of serenity and insight in meditation.” This comparison, Schwabsky says “may sound weighted in favour of Martin, but I prefer Humphries; the impurity and nervous energy of her paintings seem truer to my own experience of things — which I understand may be simply to say that with Humphries I share similar existential limitations, ones that Martin in her paintings transcends. So be it.” I not sure whether I fully concur on the conclusion that Humphries trumps Martin, but I’m on board with the general principle and delightfully heretical attitude.

II. Right now, my preference is for painting that speaks to and from the muddle and vitality of the world I actually experience, while also stretching my sense of that world beyond what I can readily comprehend, and showing it to me anew in unrecognisably altered ways. Schwabsky is right to see in Humphries’s paintings a concentrated channelling of the strange stimulations of contemporary reality, but there’s also something of this

quality, or potential, in the more variously, deliriously envisioned paintings of abstract artists such as Matt Connors, Chris Martin, Charline Von Heyl and Amy Sillman. Thinking about the way such artists twist reality — or distill and distort something of reality’s already twisted conditions — and of how they scrutinise and pluralise our sense of being in the world, I’m reminded of Maggie Nelson’s approval for questions asked by the philosopher Brian Massumi in response to a book by Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari: “What new thoughts”, he asks “does it make possible to think? What new emotions does it make possible to feel? What new sensations or perceptions does it open in the body?” The idea of new emotions’ seems useful: maybe in relation to painting, or art in general, our everyday terms for identifiable emotions don’t make sense. Nelson notes too how seeking new human emotions to express” has not always been a welcome idea in art. For T.S. Eliot, this quest took us on a pathway to the perverse — and not in a good way. But I’m with Nelson in sensing that “there is more human hope and enlivenment to be found in the realm of the perverse than in traditions that have proved dull, restrictive, unimaginative, inapplicable or unjust...”

I 2 .	Perhaps I can include the ‘perverse’ in my lengthening list of preferences for painting. But along with it I’d like to add a less obviously alluring quality: that of awkwardness or, inflected differently, orneriness. Talking about her own evolution as an artist, Amy Sillman has related things to say about how her generation of artists viewed the leftovers of the once-dominant regime of Abstract Expressionism: “AbEx was something grand lying around the dollar bin at the secondhand-book store, something to be looked at, cut up, and used as material, like punk music or underground movies or other sloppy, enthusiastic things made by a lineage of do-it-yourselfers and refuseniks with a youthful combination of awareness and naïveté”. The lofty ambitions and sought-after sublimity of a former era’s abstract art are casually subverted in the perverse, impertinent, wilfully uncultivated creativity of eclectic next-generation sampling. The resulting forms of art, then, gain their own exuberant, plural identities, unbounded by the refinements and settled orthodoxies of a previous paradigm. For Sillman, this period of discovery required “an active embrace of the aesthetics of awkwardness, struggle, nonsense, contingency. For better or worse, we didn’t glean the mythic aspect of AbEx, and therefore we were not limited by its ironclad gender identity, its masculine grandiosity...” In
-------	--

ways that continue to hold immeasurable value and potential, her attitude to “AbEx” led to processes that were both decisively chaotic and determinedly questioning: “it was simply one technique of the body for those dedicated to the handmade, a way to throw shit down, mess shit up, and perform aggressive erasures and dialectical interrogations.” As such, perhaps, it was a way of keeping going with painting that involved looking back, breaking down, clearing space and — every time — starting again.

The Next Concept of Painting?

Kukka Paavilainen

Kukka Paavilainen, *Fog* (2012), 200 x 250 cm,
oil on linen. Photo: Jussi P. Aalto



I painted a thin transparent white oil colour layer on top of something old. I painted a thick white oil colour layer on top of something old.

I saw a glass and a screen.

With these two conceptual notions of different functions of a colour layer in painting I went on with observing. I realized that a glass lets both the light and my sight pass through it, but on a screen they both stop. Furthermore the screen has an ability to show a reflection on its surface.

This was the starting point for my art investigation¹, which was followed by several notions and outcomes. To begin with it is important to understand that a painter has two different positions during the creation process: one from the middle of the act of creation and another as an observer of an unfinished or finished work. Secondly the nature of the creation process of a painting is mute and avoids using words. That is the reason why it has been theorised mostly by others than painters. For the last forty years Jacques Lacan's psychoanalytical theory has been widely projected upon the painting process. His core notion in his concept of mirror-stage was that the self is always a combination of reflections from outside itself. The theory Lacan developed from the mirror-stage and its verbal expressions does not in my opinion suite the process of painting. What is common for both psychoanalytical therapy and for painting is a certain kind of reflection, but it functions in a different way. I would rather use separate vocabulary for these two reflections since according to my experience they differ fundamentally.

In a therapeutic session one reflects with a specialist — mostly through verbal expressions. The power-relation between the two is not at all equal which comes to the knowledge of what happens in the course of discussions. In the studio the painter is alone and reflects unvoiced with the canvas, strokes on it and the picture that slowly becomes visible. The painter has both the positions as an analytical observer and an active physical participator. The canvas does not exist in therapeutic reflection. In this article I will introduce two possible concepts through which to understand the role of the canvas in the reflection. Regardless the dispute to which extent the reflection in the studio is conscious or subconscious the painter is the professional: She has the knowledge about what happens during the creative process — if it is possible to 'know' it per se.



Research in the field of painting has fulfilled the needs of various professionals working in museums as well as the interest of the vast audience. Not much investigation has yet been made to nourish the painter in practice. I will now look at the history of painting in search for theories that have been most powerful for the practice of painting. I will look for observations especially in relation to the concepts of the glass and the screen, which I have adopted to my doctoral thesis in fine arts by looking at paintings and painting myself.

The Glass

I realized the spatial possibilities a painting has looking at a tiny little painting ten years ago. Finnish painter Ellen Thesleff (1869-1954) was educated in Helsinki following the ideals of French open air painters. After some years in Paris she lived in Florence, one of the period's major art centres. Her *Landscape in Tuscany* (1907) is painted in open air with a palette knife on a small wooden block easy to carry with. The oil colour is smooth like butter and the strokes are extremely visible. The relief is high and it grows towards the viewer. The same strokes shape a deep illusion to the far horizon. The wooden surface that carries both

the illusion and the relief is the skin where the two worlds touch each other: the space of the painting and the space of the painter.²

In her small work we can clearly see in painted form an issue that three years later became the core of an international theoretical discussion — in London. Roger Fry, British painter and critic, opened a well-known show: *Manet and the Post-Impressionists*.³ He was passionate about French contemporary painting and wanted to show that to British audience. He collected a heterogeneous group of French painters and coined also the name post-impressionism as meaning simply “after impressionism”. Fry’s friend Clive Bell, critic and theoretician, shared his passion. They discussed and developed together a theory of ‘significant form’, which Bell then published in 1914 in his book *Art*.⁴ They claimed that form itself conveys feeling. Their most important statement was that the brushstrokes on the canvas were even more important than what was in the picture, which by that time often was a deep spatial illusion into the landscape. These notions led soon to abstract art, an art of pure form.

The Screen

Clement Greenberg started his career as an art critic in American newspapers during the Second World War. His collection of essays *Art and Culture* (1961)⁵ has been widely used as a theory of abstract painting even though it is not a theory in the same sense as Bell’s *Art*. For Greenberg the flatness of painting was something essential for the medium and he saw it necessary for the painters to keep up the flatness. The history of painting clearly shows that the medium offers a much wider spectrum of possibilities than what Greenberg saw as crucial. Even though theories are always some kind of simplifications of the rich and controversial reality, they do manage to grasp some fundamental part of the present moment. The period of the Second World War was insane to nearly everyone but most difficult to live through for those with Jewish belief. Though born in New York through his existence in time Greenberg was able to grasp a notion that was then to become central in painting for more than fifty years.

Along with his observations the glass of painting became hazy. The fog had suffused the landscape and obstructed the view. The window of painting was closed. Painting was about artist’s inner reality and reflections of it. The imagination was more on stage. Painting was rather a projection of feelings, emotions and interests than a picture of perceived reality. The canvas became a screen instead of a glass.

The concept of flatness might partly result from the changes

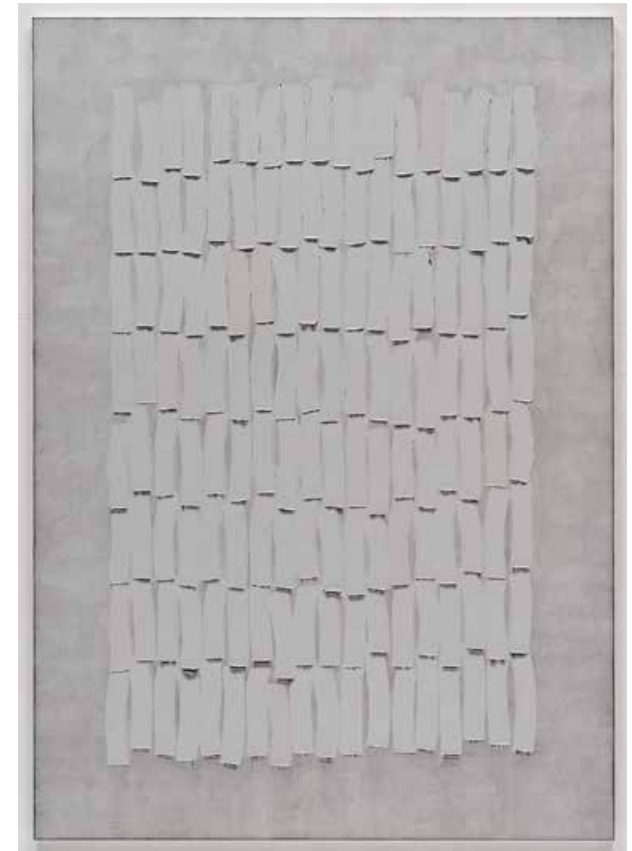
in painters' mediums in the middle of the 20th century. When Greenberg wrote about his ideas, Jackson Pollock and other abstract expressionists had already adopted cotton canvas for their paintings. This tight and clean, wide and naturally nearly white fabric almost superseded brown linen. In the 1950's fast drying acrylic paints had also come into market offering painters many new possibilities. Priming was not necessary anymore and thin paint layers were possible to add directly to the bright canvas as with watercolour on paper.

Theories are at the same time hypothetic and historical. They were born in certain circumstances. Sometimes they can be used as non-historical. In the same way painting as a technique can be seen as non-historical, since quite little changes have been made technically after impressionism and modernism. Instead conceptually changes have been much larger: visible sketching, monochromatic colour layer, drops as marks of expression and not of a failure, sculpting with the colour, building a painting, painting as a projection etc. These conceptual notions belong to the era of modernism understood widely: starting in the early 20th century and running through it.

For the last forty years we have seen lots of painted interventions on wall and on floor. Those installations mostly take place in white gallery spaces or in white museum spaces as Katharina Grosse's (born 1961 in Germany) 'total' painting installations. We have noticed lots of graffiti on different kinds of walls in urban space and we have experienced many videos that somehow comment the features of painting — moving painterly images on white screen. And vice versa we have observed the heavy use of photographs in paintings. I see the expanded field of painting as a continuation of post-modernity since all that happens on the screen: on wall, floor, space or screen. The clear glass of painting does not exist anymore.

A Room Divider?

I belong to the generation of widespread depression in Finland and massacres in schools. Through my existence and observations in the reality around me painting becomes re-evaluated in a period of time when the depression has started to affect our perception. Depression builds a glass between an individual and the world. The individual tries to reach the world with a voice, but no one hears, since no one appears to understand those expressions. She tries to reach the world with hands, but finds herself touching the cold glass. She is alone with her fears. The glass starts to get dim and dull. She



Alex Olson, *Proposal 9*, (2012), 155 x 109 cm, oil on linen.
Collection of The Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, MN. Photo: Brian Forrest

starts to project emotions onto the screen. She believes them to be true reflections from the world but they are her own projections. Suddenly she is stuck in her own inner space and the world is against her. She acts in desperate ways. — And we find ourselves in urgent need for understanding the psychology of human nature.

It is fascinating to see how the clear glass turns into dim screen by the painter's hand in Salla Myllylä's (born 1961 in Finland) video work *Set free* (2016). She paints the scenery she sees through her window with white yoghurt on the glass. In another sequence she scratches the dry yoghurt-white screen with a needle as if she was drawing a picture out of the white surface. We see the moving hand of the painter — but not the thinking eye, the feeling body or the mind full of emotions.⁶

Alex Olson (born 1978) from Los Angeles USA has peeled her wet oil colour layer in her work *Proposal 9* (2012) with a window scraper as if she

had been wondering that there must be something behind my screen...

Seen in the perspective of around hundred years there are only a few important changes in the concept of painting: the glass and the screen. Both the glass and the screen are room dividers. The glass enables a conscious relation to the perceived reality but the screen refuses that. Instead the screen enables a more conscious relation to one's own imagination and dreams but the glass ignores that possibility. A painter lives with this duality.

The definition of a painting as a window to the perceived reality was in use from Renaissance art until impressionism. After the invention of oil colours in tubes open air painters of naturalism and impressionism were able to leave the dark studio space and constructed arrangements and paint in the daylight with the real-life subjects. The bright and wide cotton canvas enabled painting in sunny and more spacious formats. The gospel radiated from the canvas to the surroundings. After all the interventions in white studio space, are we ready to leave it?⁷

Can we get rid of the glass as well? Or is it a fact that a painting needs a material support in order to exist? For me painting is a tool for confrontation.⁸ It enables me to penetrate importunate things both in painting, in the perceived reality and in my mind — both in the space of the painting and the space of the painter. My linen is at the same time a concrete wall, the glass, the screen and the skin of another human being. What would it mean to step into the fog? Be blind but able to feel the mist on one's skin? Inhale it?

What will be the Next Concept of Painting?

Notes

1. Professor in painting Sofia Torres used this term for artistic research and practice-led research in Porto November 24th 2017 at the 2# NAD Research days, at the Faculty of Fine Arts in the University of Porto, Portugal (NAD, Nucleus of Art and Design / i2ADS).
2. I am aware that the concept of “free brushstrokes” — meaning visible brushstrokes showing the presence of the painter in the process of painting — is often connected to French realist Gustave Courbet. French naturalists took the ideology of realists into open air often but not always with certain romanticism. They investigated the colour of light, which is why they are often regarded as precursors of impressionism. I can find the reflecting surface of water as ‘a glass’ in Claude Monet’s water lily ponds from 1900 onwards, but ‘the glass’ is here a horizontal layer and not yet a vertical invisible surface identical to canvas or wood. With the limitation of this text I have to start from a bit later moment.
3. *Manet and the Post-Impressionists*, Grafton Galleries, London, in November 1910. Artists with plenty of representative works, in order of birth: Édouard Manet (1832–1883), Paul Cézanne (1839–1906), Paul Gauguin (1848–1903) and Vincent van Gogh (1853–1890). Artists with smaller number of representative works: Henri-Edmond Cross (1856–1910), Georges Seurat (1859–1891), Paul Signac (1863–1935), Paul Sérusier (1864–1927), Félix Vallotton (1865–1925), Maurice Denis (1870–1943), Maurice de Vlaminck (1876–1958) and Pablo Picasso (1881–1973). The list of artists from Denvir, Bernard 1992. *Post-Impressionism*. World of Art. Thames and Hudson, London.
4. Bell, Clive 1958 (1914). *Art*. Eight impression. Capricorn Books, G. P. Putnam’s Sons, New York.
5. Greenberg, Clement 1961. *Art and Culture. Critical Essays*. Beacon Press, Boston.
6. Salla Myllylä: *Set free* (2016, 6:45) in Screening: *Constellations in Move*, curated by Inkeri Suutari (born 1979), in SIC Gallery, Helsinki, November 2nd–12th 2017. <https://vimeo.com/sallamyllyla/setfreevideo>
7. Notion made by historian Michaela Bränn (born 1973) in December 13th 2017, after my comment in discussion at The KuvA Research Days in Exhibition Laboratory in December 11th–13th 2017, in Helsinki.
8. Conclusion made by Swedish curator and art historian Jonathan Habib Engqvist (born 1973) right after the Conversations in Light and Dark, November 9th 2017 in Exhibition Laboratory in Helsinki.





Early in the Morning

John Hutchinson

This image shows myriads of raindrops on branches of young birch trees; it reminds me of a constellation, of stars in the sky. It was taken one morning in the woods in front of my cottage in the Irish countryside, a place where I have



walked for over a quarter of a century. A while ago I decided to take informal photographs – visual notes, really – during my rambles, in all seasons, weathers and moods, and to discover how they changed in tone and atmosphere despite the constancy of their subject matter. I was interested in observing the ‘pathetic fallacy’ in action, in seeing how the images would reflect my conscious and unconscious projections of feeling onto the landscape.

I did this for about a year, and as

I anticipated, it soon became clear that while some of the images were straight-forward representations of what I was seeing externally, others were substantially influenced by my own sensibility. The latter also confirmed just how much I owe to what has become known as the Romantic tradition, and perhaps especially to the influence of the early 19th century English landscape painter, Samuel Palmer.

I first came across Palmer’s work as



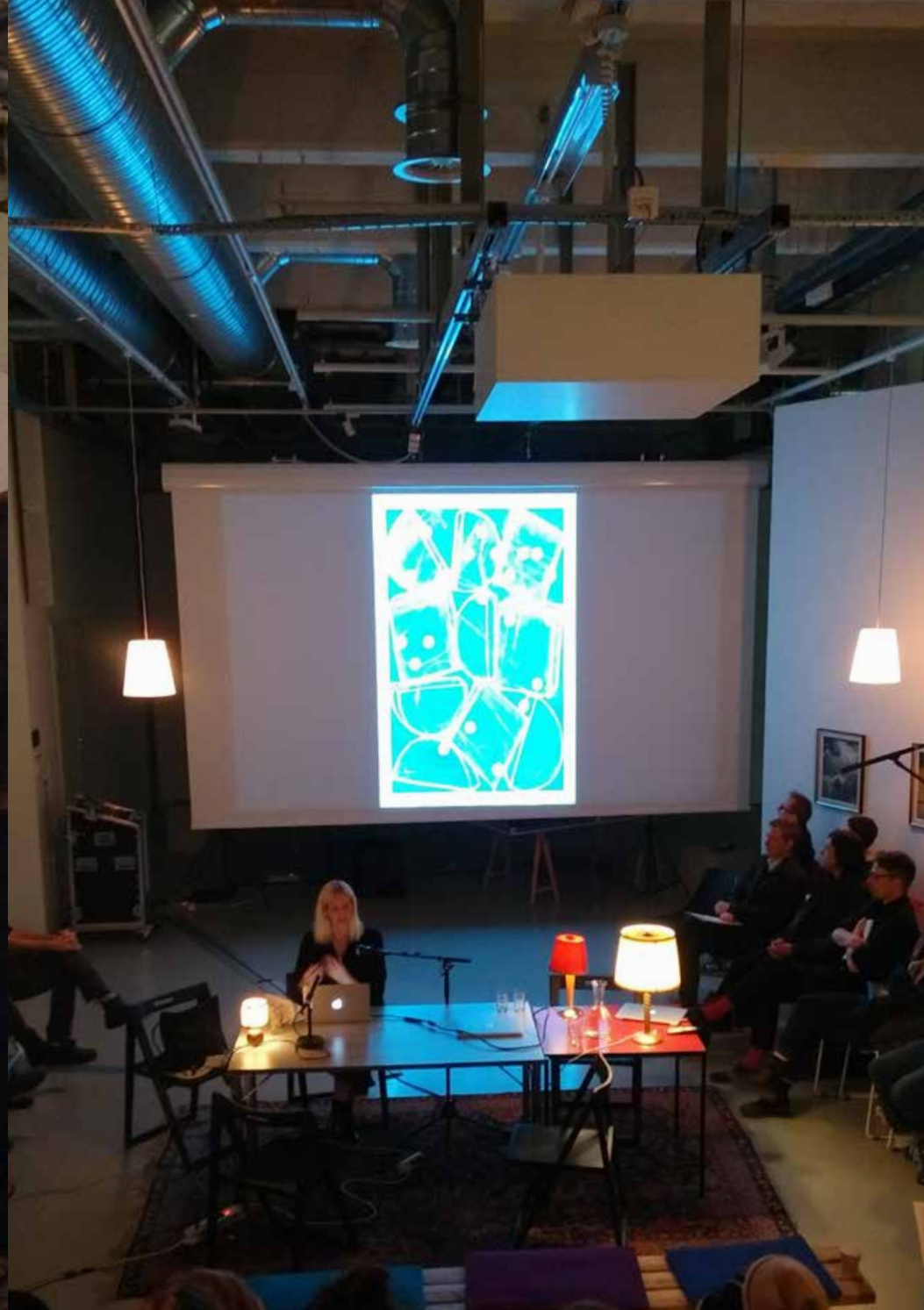
a student, in the museum in the university town where I lived at the time. The works I saw there were made in a small village called Shoreham, where the young Palmer stayed with some friends for a few years, and where he made his most beautiful pictures. His was an almost mystical vision of the wooded countryside, and working on a small and intimate scale, he developed an unusual technique with which to express it. The relationship between darkness and light was at the core of his visual world, and he liked to depict crepuscular views, either at dawn or dusk; as a consequence, his Shoreham works were filled with mystery and luminosity. I used to gaze at these pictures as often as I could, more often than not on my way to the Oriental Institute, which was just around the corner; they soon became

friends and companions. Even now, decades later, and despite many changes in taste and experience, they move me still - such is the power of great painting.



Conversations in Light and Dark

I44



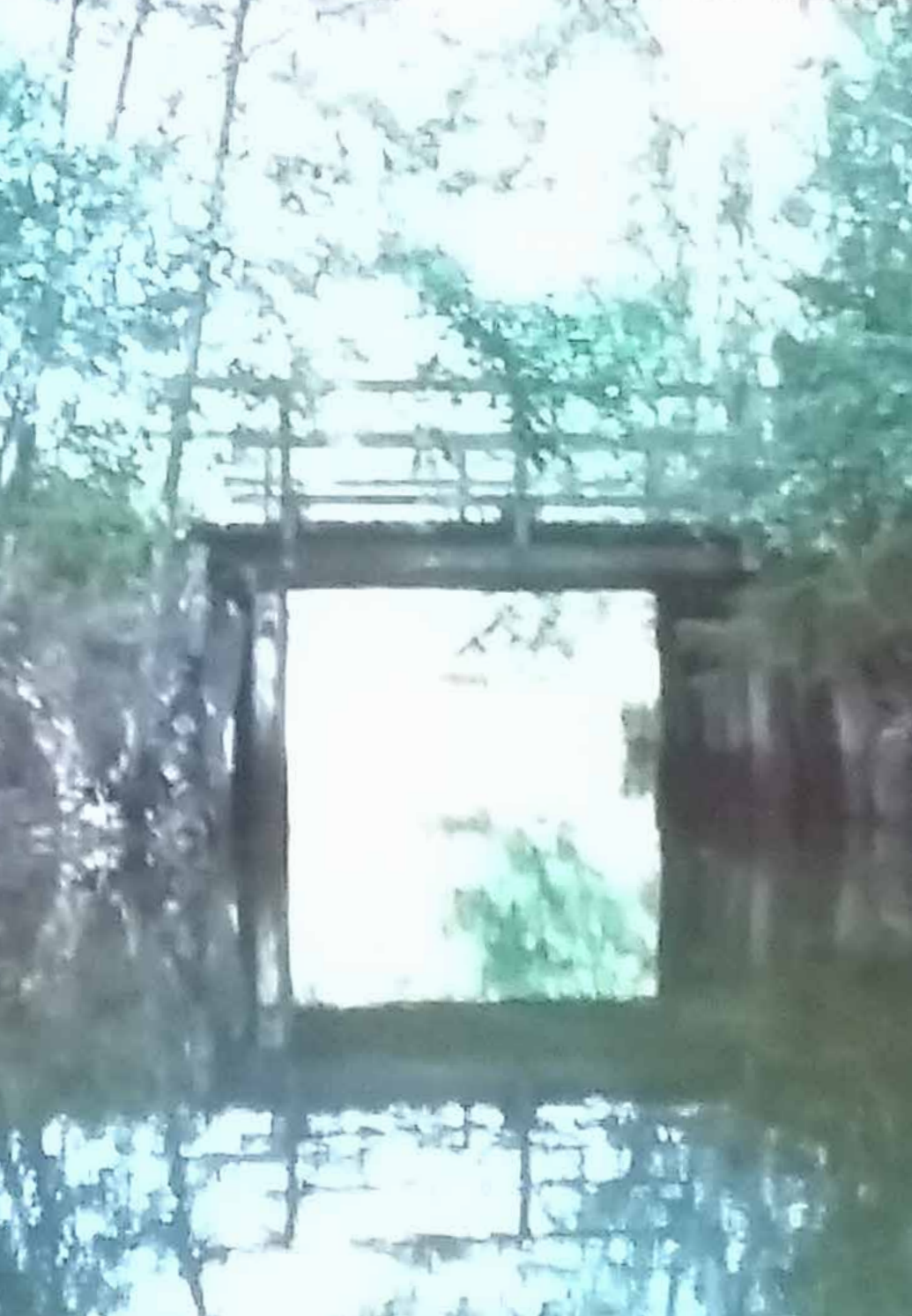
I45



I46



I47



I48

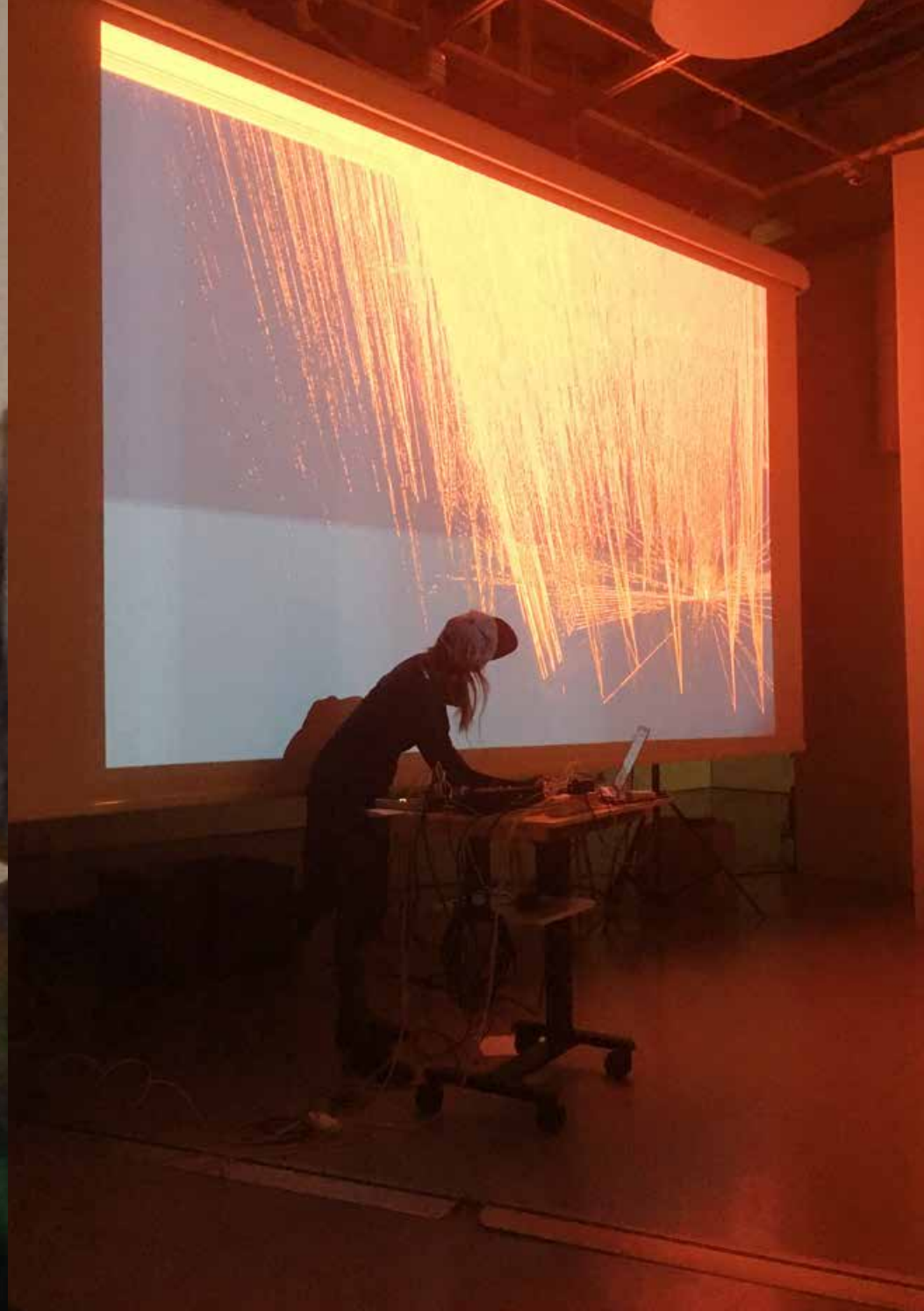


I49





I50



I51



I52



I53

Thanks to

Päivi Takala, Harri Monni, Annie May Demozay, Pauliina Nykänen, Heikki Wallenius, Mika Helin, Suvi Lehtinen, Brendan Moran, Sebastian Reis, Michaela Konz, Celeen Mahe, Coil, Jarvis Cocker, Ulla Tissari, Robert Wyatt, Harry Smith, Christine Langinauer, Vesa-Pekka Rannikko, James Prevett, Matt Connors, Pre-Echo Press, Andreas Behn-Eschenburg, all the students who have taken part in *Far from the Tree*, Markus Konttinen, Martin Born, Henna Kontusalmi, Petri Summanen, Abraham Neufeld, Filippa Arrias, Inkeri Suutari and Astrid Strömberg. Our special thanks to the collectors Esko Jääsalo and Jyrki Lammi, and all those artists and writers who participated in *Constellations*, *Conversations in Light and Dark* and contributed to this book, many of whom helped in all sorts of unseen ways.

Constellations, Exhibition Laboratory 25.10.–12.11.17

Anonymous, Ann-Sofie Claesson, Matt Connors/Pre-Echo Press, Annie-May Demozay, Koen Delaere and Bas van den Hurk, Utagawa Hiroshige, Erno Enkenberg, Far from the Tree, Lasse Juuti, Hannele Kumpulainen, Emelie Luostarinen, Mauno Markkula, Petri Ala-Maunus, Night Table, nynynt, Peter Ojstersek, Yuki Okumura, Alex Olson, Nils Titus Östbrant and Ignat Burdo, Vesa-Pekka Rannikko, Sebastian, Astrid Strömberg, Päivi Takala, Inari Sami garment, Harry Smith's Folk Anthology, Tuukka Tammissaari

Curated by	Fergus Feehily
Project Management	Ulla Tissari
Project Management	Johanna Vakkari
Project Development	Harri Monni and Inkeri Suutari
Producer	Christine Langinauer
Communications	Henna Kontusalmi
Technical team	Olli Karttunen, Sampo Apajalahti, Mika Helin and Jussi Niskanen

Night Table (p. 46) was an exhibition within *Constellations*, selected by students on the Far from the Tree course: Iina Torikka, Celeen Mahe, Brendan Moran, Astrid Strömberg, Andreas Behn-Eschenburg, Sebastian Reis, Annie-May Demozay and Aino Lintunen. Artists: Emma Ainala, Andrew Vickery, Liisa Karintaus, Kathy Tynan, Jon Verney, Laura Wesamaa, Christina Read and Lewis Miller

The exhibition, *I was Told There Would Be Cake*, was also a part of *Constellations*, Brendan Moran, Inga Meldere, Andreas Behn-Eschenburg, Sebastian Reis
Project Room, 3.11.–19.11.17

Screening *Constellations in Move*, SIC gallery; Helsinki during 2.11.–12.11.17.
A parallel event to the *Constellations* exhibition and *Conversations in Light and Dark*. Curator: Inkeri Suutari

Conversations in Light and Dark, Exhibition Laboratory 08.11.–09.11.17

Terry Winters, Declan Long, Alex Olson, Yuki Okumura, AGF aka Antye Greie-Ripatti, Kukka Paavilainen, Jonatan Habib Engqvist, Daniel Werkmäster, Aino Lintunen

Curated by	Fergus Feehily
Project Management	Ulla Tissari
Project Management	Johanna Vakkari
Communications	Henna Kontusalmi
Technical team	Olli Keränen and Katarzyna Miron
Catering	Bogna Wisniewska, Jo Kjaergaard and Katarina Meister

Biographies

ANNIE MAY DEMOZAY is an artist and writer, born in Australia (1985), currently based in Finland. She has a BA Hons (first class) from the University of Tasmania School of Art and an MFA from The Academy of Fine Arts, Helsinki.

FERGUS FEEHILY (b. 1968, Ireland) is an artist and Professor of Painting at the Academy of Fine Arts Helsinki. Solo exhibitions include INCA, Seattle, Capital, San Francisco, The Suburban, Milwaukee, Misako & Rosen, Tokyo, The Douglas Hyde Gallery, Dublin, Stuart Shave/Modern Art, London, The Dallas Museum of Art, Dallas, TX alongside Matt Connors, Galerie Christian Lethert, Cologne and Neuer Aachener Kunstverein, Aachen. His work is included in the collections of the Dallas Museum of Art and The Irish Museum of Modern Art, Dublin.

JONATAN HABIB ENGQVIST is an independent curator and writer. Co-curator of Sinopale 6, Survival Kit 9 (2017), organising New Småland and running Curatorial Residency in Stockholm (CRIS). Co-curator of the Momentum 8, 2015, project manager at Iaspis (2009–2014), curator of Reykjavik Arts Festival 2012, and curator at Moderna Museet (2008–09). He has written for and edited several books and journals, and is editor in mischief at tsnoK.se. Recent exhibitions include: Public Face, Konsthall Jönköping, Bouchra Khalili – The Opposite of Voice Over, Färgfabriken, Stockholm, Raluca Popa – Two Titles, RCI, Stockholm, A Kassen, National Gallery of Iceland and No Bad Days, Kalmar Konstmuseum. Books include: *Studio Talks: Thinking Through Painting* (with Bengt, Rydén, Sandström, Arvinus+Orfeus Publishing, 2014), *In Dependence – Collaboration and Artists' initiatives* (Torpedo Press, 2013), *Work, Work, Work – A Reader on Art and Labour* (with Engqvist, Masucci, Rosendahl & Widenheim, Steinberg Press, 2012), *Dharavi: Documenting Informalities* (with Lantz, KKH, 2008, Academic Foundation, New Delhi 2009).

ANTYE GREIE (also known as AGF) is a composer, music producer, sound artist & curator, poet, feminist. She lives and works in Finland. Her artistic tools are language, sound, listening, voice, and communication which she expresses in mixed media. Since 2011, she is the organiser and co-founder of Hai Art in Hailuoto. Hai Art has realised an international conference on remote art & sound, 10+ artistic residencies, extensive sound programs with children like the iPad Orchestra Hailuoto, built an acoustic sculpture The Hailuoto Organum in public space, facilitated a children MediaLAB and numerous sound art camps. Antye campaigns for diversity in the arts with the women collective

female:pressure. She runs her own music publishing label *AGF Produktion* and has collaborated with Eliane Radigue, Gudrun Gut, Kaffe Matthews, Vladislav Delay, Craig Armstrong, Ellen Allien amongst many others.

JOHN HUTCHINSON The author of *The Bridge*, one of the key books in Fergus Feehily's course, Far from the Tree, John Hutchinson is a curator and writer. He was Director of The Douglas Hyde Gallery in Dublin from 1991 to 2016.

AINO LINTUNEN is a student focusing on painting at the Academy of Fine Arts of Uniarts Helsinki. She holds an MA in art education from Aalto University, School of Arts, Design and Architecture (2016) and has studied at the Slade School of Fine Art in London. She writes along with painting and has developed an interest in the shared area between the two ways of embodying a thought.

DECLAN LONG is Programme Director of the MA Art in the Contemporary World at the National College of Art & Design, Dublin. He is a regular contributor to *Artforum* and *Frieze* magazines and has recently published the book *Ghost Haunted Land: Contemporary Art and Post-Troubles Northern Ireland* (Manchester University Press, 2017). In 2013 he served as a member of the Turner Prize judging panel.

YUKI OKUMURA is an artist and translator born in Aomori, Japan, 1978, who currently lives and works between Brussels, Maastricht, and Tokyo. Engaging identity, individuality, and authorship, each of his recent projects revisits art history by rendering the first-person perspective of an artist, often from the 60s–70s conceptual generation, with whom he has certain artistic and/or biographical overlaps. Recent shows include Welcome Back, Gordon Matta-Clark, statements, Tokyo and M HKA, Antwerp (2017), The Absence of Work, Oude Kerk, Amsterdam (2016), Hisachika Takahashi by Yuki Okumura, Maison Hermès Le Forum, Tokyo (2016), Un-Scene III, WIELS, Brussels (2015), and Measuring Roman Ondák, MISAOKO & ROSEN, Tokyo (2015). Edition.nord, Niigata, recently published his latest artist's book, *YUKI OKUMURA* (2017).

ALEX OLSON lives and works in Los Angeles, CA. Solo exhibitions include Shane Campbell Gallery, Chicago; Altman Siegel, San Francisco; Laura Bartlett Gallery, London and Lisa Cooley, New York. Michigan Museum of Art, Ann Arbor; Group exhibitions include the Los Angeles County Museum of Art; the University of the Walker Art Center, Minneapolis; the Hammer Museum (in collaboration with LAXART), Los Angeles; the Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago, and Public Fiction, Los Angeles. Olson is a founding member of the Artists Acquisition Club — a nonprofit consisting of artists, writers

and members of the Los Angeles art community who aim to honor artists by collectively purchasing and gifting significant artworks to major Los Angeles institutions.

KUKKA PAAVILAINEN is a painter based in Helsinki and born there in 1976. She graduated from the Academy of Fine Arts, Helsinki in 2005 and also in Art History at the University of Helsinki. She is now finishing her DFA thesis at the Academy of Fine Arts of Uniarts Helsinki with the title *Painting as Research*. Instead of a theoretical approach, she wants to illuminate the position of an artist in the middle of the creation process – the painter’s voice in the field of contemporary painting. Paavilainen also teaches at the Academy of Fine Arts. Her solo shows include *The Screen*, Photographic gallery Hippolyte, Helsinki (2014), *Paintings from the Tunnel*, Galerie Forsblom, Helsinki (2010), *New Paintings*, Galleria UPP, Venice, Italy (2009) and Debut exhibition, Forsblom Projects, Helsinki (2007). She has works in the following Finnish public collections: Kiasma Museum of Contemporary Art, EMMA – Espoo Museum of Modern Art and Tampere Art Museum.

INKERI SUUTARI is an art historian based in Helsinki. She has graduated with MA in Art History from University of Helsinki in 2011. She is currently working as a coordinator in Painting and Printmaking subject areas at the Academy of Fine Arts. From the beginning of 2015 she has worked as an executive director of SIC gallery. SIC is an artist-run space for contemporary arts currently located in Jätkäsaari harbor area, Helsinki.

DANIEL WERKMÄSTER is an art historian and Museum Director in Uppsala since 2014. Before that he was Director at Norrtälje Art Hall 2002–2014, and has for several years also been working for the Uppsala University Art Collections. The Uppsala Art Museum is a museum and a place for modern and contemporary art. The Art Museum presents national and international art and has a special responsibility to monitor and support art and art life in Uppsala Municipality and Uppsala Region. Werkmäster is specialized in contemporary art but has also been working in the field of modernism. He has had a particular interest in Finnish art and has been working with several Finnish artists in Norrtälje, Uppsala and other places. In 2015 he was curator for “Tila Haltuun!” at Korundi in Rovaniemi, the Association of Finnish Sculptors’ pentennial members’ exhibion, and was awarded the Association’s honor medal Pro Sculptura in 2016.

TERRY WINTERS was born in New York in 1949 and received a BFA from Pratt Institute in 1971. Following his first exhibition at Sonnabend Gallery in 1982, his work has been the subject of numerous museum surveys. These include

the Tate Gallery, London; the Walker Art Center, Minneapolis; the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, and the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York; IVAM, Centre Julio Gonzales, Valencia and the Whitechapel Art Gallery, London; Kunsthalle Basel; The Addison Gallery of American Art, Andover; and the Irish Museum of Modern Art, Dublin. Retrospectives of his drawings and prints have been organized by the Detroit Institute of Arts, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; as well as the Pinakothek der Moderne, Munich, and the Louisiana Museum of Modern Art, Denmark. A complete archive of his printed works is held at the Colby College Museum of Art, Waterville, Maine. In 2013, Winters was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Winters is represented by Matthew Marks Gallery in New York and Los Angeles. Winters lives and works in New York and Columbia County.

List of images

FAR FROM THE TREE (p. 22–32)

22. Leap into the Void, Yves Klein, photographed by Harry Shunk.
In *Yves Klein*, 1997, ed. by Karin Hellandsjø and Timo Vuorikoski.
National Museum of Contemporary Art, Oslo – Sara Hilden Art Museum,
Tampere – Museum of Modern Art, Sydney.
23. Austin, Dan & Doerr, Sean 2010. *Lost Detroit: Stories Behind the Motor
City's Majestic Ruins*. The History Press.

Solnit, Rebecca 2006. *A Field Guide to Getting Lost*. Penguin Books.
24. Brand, Stewart 1995 [reprint edition]. *How Buildings Learn*. Penguin
Books.

A letter from Forrest Bess to Meyer Schapiro relating to Bess's "thesis"
describing the Tree of Life and the Stone, ca. 1955. Meyer Schapiro
Papers, Archives of American Art, Smithsonian Institution. In Elliot,
Clare 2013. *Forrest Bess, Seeing Things Visible*. Menil Foundation.
25. Keenan, David 2016 [1st ed. 2003]. *England's Hidden Reverse: A Secret
History of The Esoteric Underground*. Photographs Ossian Brown. Strange
Attractor Press.

Jarvis Cocker, Glastonbury Festival, 27 June 2009.
26. Austin, Dan & Doerr, Sean 2010. *Lost Detroit: Stories Behind the Motor
City's Majestic Ruins*. The History Press.

Yasujiro Ozu card for Les Soeurs Munakata/The Munekata Sisters, 1950,
private collection.

*Encyclopedia of painting: painters and painting of the world from prehistoric
times to the present day*. Ed. by Bernard S. Myers – Shirley D. Myers
[et al.]. 4th rev. ed. New York: Crown Publishers, 1979.
27. Tangka, 18th century, Tibet. Painted in tempera colours and gold on a
prepared cotton ground. Surrounding mount is of silk brocade shot with
gilt paper strips. © Victoria and Albert Museum, London and Tangka,
16–17th century. Painted in gouache on cotton, surrounded by borders
of red and yellow silk and mounted in scroll form on blue Chinese
damask. © Victoria and Albert Museum, London.
28. Found Photograph, private collection.

Joyce, James 1969 [first published Paris, 1922]. *Ulysses*.
London: Penguin Books.

Astri Laitinen, "A try to picture one of the earliest visual memories of
mine," Pencil on paper, 20.5 cm × 29.5 cm.

29. *Anthology of American Folk Music*, ed. by Harry Smith. Original 1952
Re-issue, 2009, Doxy.
 30. Derek Jarman's Prospect Cottage near Dungeness nuclear power
station, photographer unknown.

*Encyclopedia of painting: painters and painting of the world from prehistoric
times to the present day*. Ed. by Bernard S. Myers – Shirley D. Myers
[et al.]. 4th rev. ed. New York: Crown Publishers, 1979.

Jandek, *One Foot In The North*. Corwood Industries, 1991.
 31. Jandek, *One Foot In The North*. Corwood Industries, 1991

Fugazi, photographer unknown.
 32. Rilke, Rainer Maria 2011. *Letters to a Young Poet*. Translated by Charlie
Louth. Penguin Books.

Philip Guston and Leland Bell speaking to a class at New York Studio
School (n.d.). Photo © Steven Sloman. In *Philip Guston: Collected
Writings, Lectures, and Conversations*, 2011, ed. by Clark Coolidge. Berkley
and Los Angeles, California: University of California Press.
- TERRY WINTERS, WHAT PAINTING IS (p. 98–117)
98. John Baldessari, *What Is Painting*, 1968, synthetic polymer paint on
canvas, 172.1 × 144.1 cm, MoMA. Wikimedia commons.

Pablo Picasso, *An Artist (Portrait of Degas) 6. February 1968*, oil on
canvas, 81 × 65 cm, private collection.
www.everypainterpaintshimself.com/article/picassos_an_artist_1968
 101. Jasper Johns, *Map*, 1960, encaustic on printed paper mounted on
fiberboard, 21.6 × 27.9 cm, private collection. Courtesy Gagosian Gallery.

Male Eastern Bluebird,
http://parody.wikia.com/wiki/File:Bluebird,_Eastern.jpg

*Exterior of Reconstructed Longhouse, Sainte-Marie Among the Hurons,
near Midland, Ontario*. Built c. 1640, reconstructed 1960s.
Photo courtesy Sainte-Marie Among the Hurons.
<http://www.thecanadianencyclopedia.ca/en/article/longhouse/>

- I03. William Burroughs, *The Job: Book of Interviews with Daniel Odier*, 1969.
- Vincent Van Gogh, *Self-Portrait on the Road to Tarascon*, 1888, oil on canvas, 48 × 44 cm, destroyed. http://everypainterpaintshimself.com/article_images_new/VanGoghOnRoad.jpg
- Francis Bacon's Studio, 11 Reece Mews, London
<https://redtreetimes.com/tag/francis-bacon/>
- Piet Mondrian's Studio, 26 Rue du Depart, Paris
<https://forademim.com.br/2012/05/atelier-a-casa-da-arte-e-do-artista-por-beto-palaio/casa-mondrian/>
- I05. John Constable, *Cloud Study, August 12*, 1822, oil on paper on board. Private collection. https://theartstack.com/artist/john-constable/cloud-study-1822?invite_key=melindamcdonald&via=pinterest
- Henri Michaux, *Mescaline Drawing*, 1958, india ink on wove paper. <http://printsurfacepatternndesign.blogspot.fi/2013/03/henri-michaux-mescaline-drawings.html>
- I07. Harry Smith, *String Figures*.
www.cabinetmagazine.org/events/smith_string_figures.php
- I08. D'Arcy Thompson, *On Growth and Form*, Volume II, second edition, Cambridge University Press, 1959, p. 1076.
- Jackson Pollock posing with animal bones*, 1950s. Unknown photographer.
- Jackson Pollock and Lee Krasner papers, circa 1905–1984. Archives of American Art, Smithsonian Institution.
- II0. Hercules Segers, *River Landscape with Figures*, c. 1625–30, oil on panel, private collection, Belgium, Wikimedia commons.
- III. Terry Winters, *Good Government*, 1984, oil on linen, 257.2 × 346.1 cm, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Courtesy Matthew Marks Gallery.
- II5. Terry Winters, *Patterns in a Chromatic Field (1)*, 2013, oil on cotton, 101.6 × 81.3 cm. Courtesy Matthew Marks Gallery.
- Terry Winters, *Patterns in a Chromatic Field (2)*, 2013, oil on linen, 102 × 81 cm. Courtesy Matthew Marks Gallery.
- II6. Terry Winters, *Wave*, 2016, oil, wax, and resin on linen, 203.2 × 152.4 cm. Courtesy Matthew Marks Gallery.

Painting at the Academy of Fine Arts 2015–2017

Tarja Pitkänen-Walter, Professor
Fergus Feehily, Professor
Harri Monni, Lecturer
Päivi Takala, Lecturer
Malla Tallgren, Lecturer, Material Studies

Part-time teachers Hannele Kumpulainen
Pirkko Rantatorikka
Kukka Paavilainen

Visiting professors Alisa Margolis
Phillip Allen
Yelena Popova

Constellations

Editors:	Fergus Feehily and Johanna Vakkari
Design:	Pauliina Nykänen
Photography:	Petri Summanen (p. 33–51) Courtesy the artists (p. 52) Emelie Luostarinen (p. 53) Tuomas Linna (p. 54–56) Fergus Feehily (p. 57–62, 146) John Hutchinson (p. 139) Aino Lintunen (p. 144, 150, 153) Brendan Moran (p. 145, 146, 148) Lasse Juuti (p. 147) Päivi Takala (p. 151) Johanna Vakkari (p. 152)
Typefaces:	Tatti / Mikko Varakas Bookish / Niklas Ekholm Cinetype / Mauro Paolozzi & Rafael Koch
Papers:	Scandia 2000 Smooth White 130g & 150g Galerie Art Gloss 160g
Copyright:	The writers, artists and Academy of Fine Arts of the University of the Arts Helsinki
Printing:	Greif, Tartu

ISBN 978-952-7131-50-3

ISBN 978-952-7131-51-0 (pdf)

Academy of Fine Arts of
the University of the Arts Helsinki
2018



Contents

I5	Fergus Feehily: Finding Yourself Lost
22	Far from the Tree
33	Constellations
54	I was told there would be cake
57	Inkeri Suutari: Such seemingly different ways of making art
63	Correspondence
89	Annie May Demozay: Blue
98	Terry Winters: What Painting Is
I20	Declan Long: I'll just keep on... 'till I get it right...
I28	Kukka Paavilainen: Next Concept of Painting?
I36	John Hutchinson: Early in the Morning
I44	Conversations in Light and Dark
I55	Thanks
I56	Events
I58	Biographies
I62	List of images
I66	Painting at the Academy of Fine Arts 2015–2017





