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11 Paintings

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Dearest

I am disturbed.

Perturbed if you will, that these gallant and bearded men of culture (these young but wise artisans of ideas and forms) have not considered their own limitations.

The ones which one of my pupils, (now deceased) equated with the horizon.

He described how it acts much like the locomotive when we (as strictly European philosophers) recognize motion, history, vision, (and their unilateral enumeration) as abstractions.

As inchoate forms, functioning along the same axis.
As a circle steadily rolls towards the impossible.

That is the O or the O in 'horizontal.'
The one that slices one space into-onto-open another.

This one. This This.

And such a 'slicing,' renders those same men
(the cultured and medieval ones, with rhetoric and cosmology at their equators) completely dumb.

Gaped mouth their heads follow a guided, subservient gaze.

Like the gaze that arrests us as we pass swiftly by an unrecognizable tableau of colors on the underground.

On the interior or exterior of any tunnel.

Where our eyes are imagined into a horizontal rush of back and forth.
As an aesthetic moment becomes one with an attendee.

But, imagine a train moving vertically. Where l l in 'vertically' was no longer different than 11, that is the number, the XI, or the doubled 'I' 'I.'

If we were to permit a 'doubling' in the manifesto that Samuel Beckett and Hans Arp signed under the title: 'Poetry is Vertical.'

Or imagine adding motion to the rising (like a machine bound by craft to its arrival in space) of buildings, where the spectators of a sovereign monopoly of signs, will begin to understand evolution, (if it unfolded steadily enough) on a different axis, and upon a different territory.

Where art love life metaphors analogies descriptions numbers and axis, that spin around again and again and again, mock their own serious tones as (in a choir like delivery) they simultaneously say:

“Art must analogize the territory, that an unresolved question occupies in the mind. Currently, it can do so by leaving questions suspended in an immanent topography. A topography, where no object nor dimension, is separate from the unilateral possibility of its dissociation.”

With this, and our time spent researching together I can say, that you intend for the title: ‘11 Paintings’, to be seen, as a planarity that interrupts the evolutionary model, with broad, sometimes violent, often ambiguous, vertical strokes, fissures, and absences.

You do not intend for it to be read as a quantity, or as a number, which is always incapable of referring to itself.

Nor as that aspiration for closure we find in mistakenly well-read men.
Rather as an aesthetic, as an ambiguity that opens onto silence.

It would be better if everything were left unread at this point. No? Because, in the end, even this becomes part of that vertiginous, coincidental space, that evolves into a grander, overarching display of perspectival immanence.

Yours Truly