

UC San Diego

UC San Diego Electronic Theses and Dissertations

Title

No Future

Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/2r44v361>

Author

Joslyn, Kara

Publication Date

2016

Peer reviewed|Thesis/dissertation

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO

No Future

A thesis submitted in partial satisfaction of the requirements for the degree Master of Fine Arts

in

Visual Arts

by

Kara Joslyn

Committee in charge:

Professor Amy Adler, Chair
Professor Anya Gallaccio
Professor Anna Joy Springer
Professor Monique van Genderen

2016

©
Kara Joslyn, 2016
All rights reserved.

The Thesis of Kara Joslyn is approved and it is acceptable in quality and form for publication on microfilm and electronically:

Chair

University of California, San Diego

2016

DEDICATION

Overly dedicated to...

My #1 mentor: Amy Adler who is the first teacher I ever had who believed in me or understood me and made me believe I could actually be an artist. Seriously, I'm not joking, she has changed my life. It's actually the biggest deal ever. Amy is so impressive and inspiring that she sometimes scares the shit out of me by providing such an ambitious example for me to aspire to. It's a total honor. 100%.

Anya Gallaccio, who is as brilliant and glamorous as anyone could ever be or has ever been, ever, ever, ever-- even since the formation of the sand dunes and tourmaline crystals. I will never be able to say thank you enough, and I am truly forever a better artist from this time and mentorship.

My number-one art crush, Conrad Ruíz, whose love, insight, and encouragement made this truly possible.

To Melinda Guillen (rebel grrrl you are the queen of my world) and Lizzy D. Miller for elevating my work through their beautiful writing and for being my fellow vampires, having phone meetings at 3am.

To my grandfather Danforth Joslyn for his contributions to my source materials and for sharing his optics/holographic materials from Optical Coating Licensing Inc.,

To my Granny's ghost haunting me hopefully forever.

Mom & Dad—you are my everything, always, 100%, forever.

EPIGRAPH

NO FUTURE

*God save the Queen
The fascist regime,
They made you a moron
A potential H-bomb*

*Don't be told what you want
Don't be told what you need
There's no future
No future
No future for you*

*When there's no future
How can there be sin?
We're the flowers
In the dustbin*

*We're the poison
In your human machine*

We're the future

*No Future for you
No Future for me*

-----*No Future (God Save the Queen)*, The Sex Pistols, 1977

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia:

"God Save the Queen" is a song by the British punk rock band the Sex Pistols. It was released as the band's second single and was later included on their only album, *Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's the Sex Pistols*. The song was released during Queen Elizabeth II's Silver Jubilee in 1977. The record's lyrics, as well as the cover, were controversial at the time, and both the BBC and the Independent Broadcasting Authority refused to play the song. The song is an attack on the treatment of the working class in England in the 1970's by the government.

The song reached number one on the *NME* charts in the United Kingdom, and made it to number two on the official UK Singles Chart as used by the BBC. This led to accusations by some that the charts had been "fixed" to prevent the song from reaching number one.^[1]

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Signature Page.....	iii
Dedication.....	iv
Epigraph.....	v
Table of Contents.....	vii
List of Images.....	viii
Abstract of the Thesis.....	ix
I Intro.....	1
II Capital P.....	9
III Outro.....	13
Works Cited.....	26

LIST OF IMAGES

Image 1:	An old original Black Flag sticker, from <i>Everything Went Black</i>	3
Image 1:1:	Henry Rollins, photo by Glen E. Friedman, 1977.....	3
Image 2:	An original “No Future” handbill (actually a large paper gummed-back sticker) made by the Sex Pistols UK management in 1977, promoting (the original title of) single, <i>God Save The Queen</i> . Artwork Jamie Reid, 5 1/4” x 2 3/4”.....	3
Image 3:	Sol LeWitt, <i>Scribbles</i> , 2012, Madre Museum, Napoli. Photo © Amedeo Benestante.....	4
Image 4:	Image 4: Caravaggio, <i>Judith Beheading Holofernes (Giuditta e Oloferne)</i> 1598–1599, Galleria Nazionale d'Arte Antica at Palazzo Barberini, Rome.....	5
Image 5:	James Turrell, <i>Argus White</i> , 1967. © Florian Holzherr, courtesy the artist and ALBION.....	6
Image 6:	Jacqueline Humphries, exhibition view at Modern Art, 2014. Courtesy of Greene Naftali Gallery.....	6
Image 7:	Vija Celmins, <i>Night Sky #18</i> , 1998.....	7
Image 8:	Glenn Ligon, <i>Warm Broad Glow</i> , 2011 installation Whitney Museum.....	8
Image 9:	Kara Joslyn, <i>Mask</i> , acrylic and polymer car paint on panel, 25x34," 2015, courtesy of the artist and Mark Moore Gallery.....	12
Image 10:	Pauline Johnson, <i>Creating with Paper</i> , University of Washington Press, second edition, c.1975, image courtesy of the artist, Kara Joslyn.....	17
Image 11:	Pieter Claesz, <i>Still Life</i> , (1630).....	18

ABSTRACT OF THE THESIS

No Future

By

Kara Joslyn

Master of Fine Arts in Visual Arts

University of California, San Diego, 2016

Professor Amy Adler, Chair

The paintings included in my thesis exhibition, *No Future*, consist of one singular body of work, or a series, based on photographs of paper sculptures, prompted by finding a mis-filed book titled *Creating with Paper* by Pauline Johnson, University of Washington Press, 1958, edition from 1975. This book was found because I made holograms.

This isn't a tribute, or a statement about the position of craft within the expanded field of art, it may be appropriation.

This is an exercise in following coincidence.

I INTRO

The Sex Pistols weren't as punk as Crass. In fact they were sort of poseurs. So why are *they* the PUNK icons? All true punks think that they aren't actually that punk at all. More like pop (populous) music. But, the Sex Pistols provided an essential connecting element between the more authentic (less commercial) proprietors of punk ethos to the mainstream consciousness.

Delivered like a virus. I mean, who *likes* a virus? But it certainly gets your attention.

A self-replicating messenger that penetrates a cellular membrane.

Resistant strain.

No future is also a sentiment ascribed to individuals that belong to groups that are marginalized due to gender, race, or class.

"You're Young, You're Black, And You've Got No Future," Harriet McDonald's Huffpost headline reads. In this article, McDonald writes about a cycle of incarceration affecting black youth, especially young men.

"A woman who doesn't wear perfume has no future"-- a famous Coco Chanel quote. Aside from obviously trying to sell her famous *No.5* perfume, she implies that a woman must *make* herself – make herself into someone with a future. That she is not born with a future. Because Coco knew this, she used that knowledge to manipulate both men and women into spending money on her. That's how she secured her future.

No future has ever existed.

My first exhibition at UC San Diego was in the SME Experimental Drawing Studio and was titled *Tomorrow Never Comes*.

This is the sophomore album to that exhibition. Tomorrow never comes because there is only now. When you think about tomorrow, you are doing it now. When you look at all the paintings in this gallery, you are doing it now.

But these paintings are, in fact, from the past.

Oh, also though, the past doesn't exist either, it is only in your mind. It is called a memory and the fact that other people agree with you confirm that these mind-made realities exist, and that may be the only thing keeping you out of a mental hospital. If society said – there is no past, you are delusional – things would not be as they are.

No future is where I come from and it is also where I'm headed. Into blackness and negative space. I mean that this death trip is a place of uncanny, horror, freedom, not depression nor apathy, beyond anger.

A black flag is an anarchist flag. There have been anarchist papers since 1880 titled *Black Flag*. This blackness symbolized, for anarchists and punks of the 77 LA scene, the death trip or sentiment of *no future* established above. Black is the big empty, it is space, it is negative space, it is what you can't see.

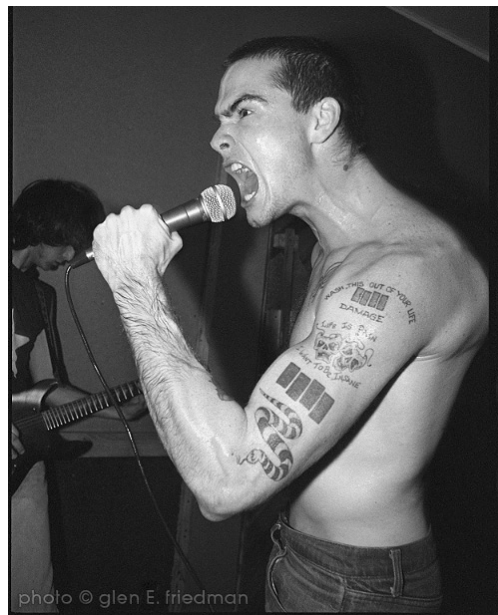
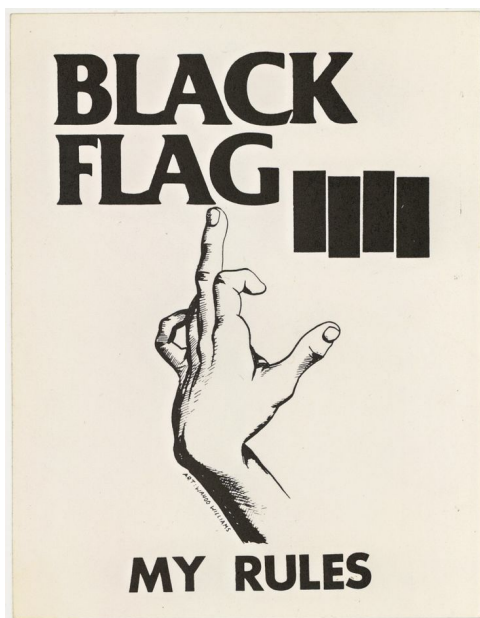
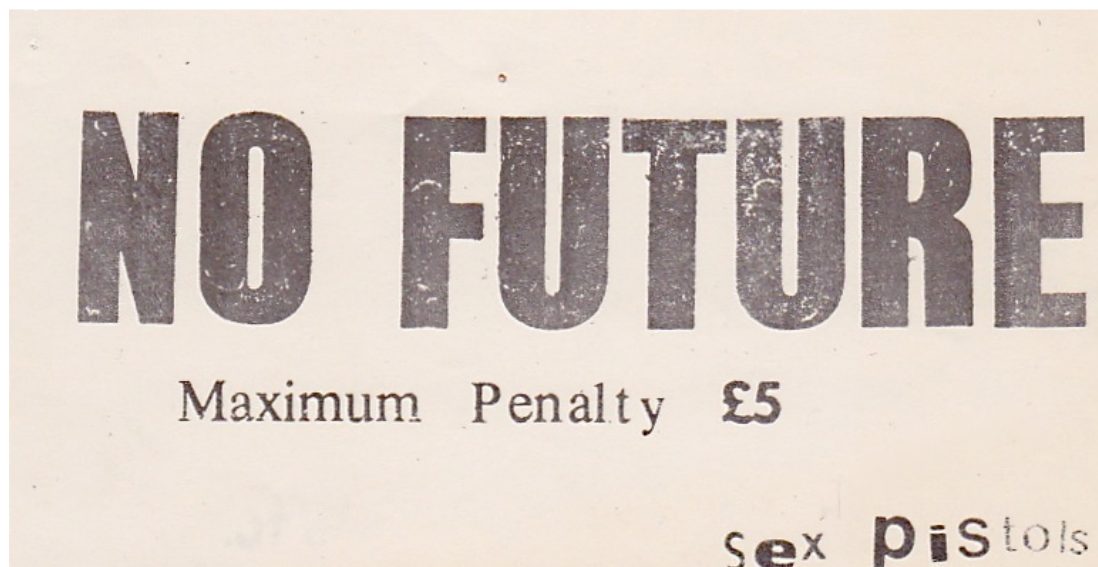


Image 1 & 1:1: An old original Black Flag sticker, that came with a copy of *Everything Went Black*. 1:1: Henry Rollins, photo by Glen E. Friedman, 1977.



An original "No Future" handbill (actually a large paper gummed-back sticker) made by the Sex Pistols UK management in 1977, promoting (the original title of) single, *God Save the Queen*. Artwork Jamie Reid, 5 1/4" x 2 3/4"

Sol LeWitt's ongoing-post-mortem series *Wall Scribbles* is based in *chiaroscuro* an almost clichéd term for the painting/drawing illusory effect of light emerging from darkness. He creates gradations in geometric forms. Ever so simple, these are just an accumulation of graphite marks on a wall, but the softness of the gradation creates the illusion of light.



Image 3: Sol LeWitt, *Scribbles*, 2012, 2007, Madre Museum, Napoli. Photo © Amedeo Benestante.

Baroque painter Caravaggio is perhaps the most infamous user of the chiaroscuro technique, often exemplifying the term in Art history books. Caravaggio became famous for depicting the “common people” in lieu of the royals in his depictions of mythic scenes, often biblical as commissions for the Catholic church whose patrons were taken in by both the dramatic style and the recognition of people who they could personally relate to. The situation contextualizes Caravaggio in a similar light to the fictitious advertising genius, Don Draper, with the Catholic Church as a client.

Light and dark.



Image 4: Caravaggio, *Judith Beheading Holofernes* (*Giuditta e Oloferne*) 1598–1599, Galleria Nazionale d'Arte Antica at Palazzo Barberini, Rome.

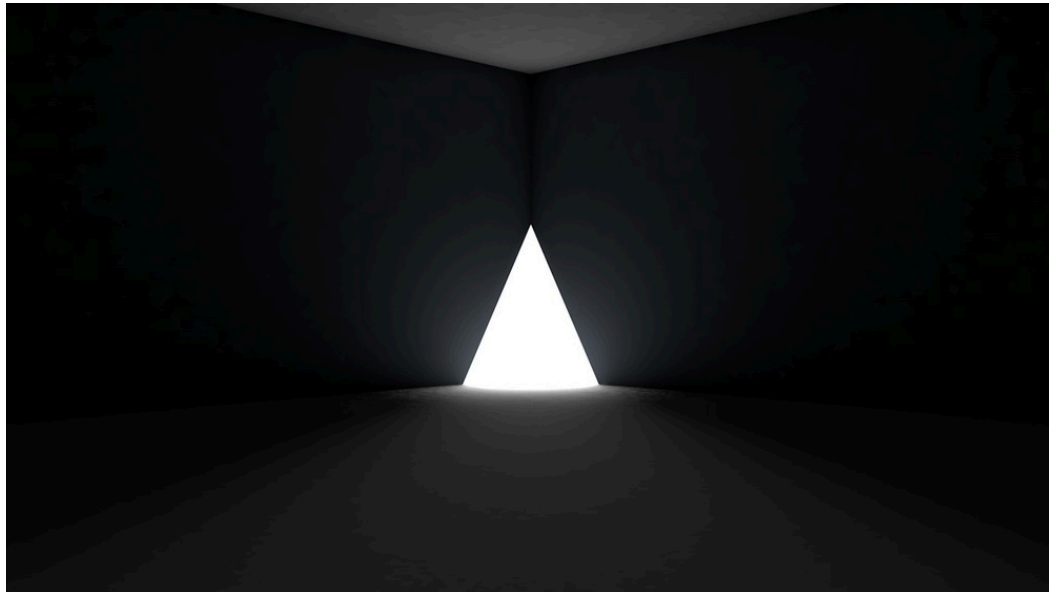


Image 5: James Turrell, *Argus White*, 1967. © Florian Holzherr, courtesy the artist and ALBION.

Light and space artist James Turrell also depends on darkness. Painter Jacqueline Humphries created an entire exhibition using only UV/black lights and black light receptive paint.



Image 6: Jacqueline Humphries, exhibition view at Modern Art, 2014. Courtesy of Greene Naftali Gallery.

Vija Celmins is a painter who works primarily in black and white and has an incredibly prolific collection of subject-based series of paintings. Photorealistically painted meticulously with a tiny detail brush, they depict infinite space, the desert, the ocean or the night sky all cropped close without a horizon line.



Image 7: Vija Celmins, *Night Sky #18*, 1998

I saw Glen Ligon's neon light piece *Negro Sunshine* and his retrospective at the Whitney in 2011 when I was attending Columbia university's post-bachelaureate program. One of our professors was a doctoral student in the Art History program named Emily Liebert, and she happened to be a fellow at the Whitney and was responsible for giving the tours of

the show. This neon light is displayed in a black room. *Negro Sunshine* is a phrase excerpted from Gertrude Stein's *Melantha: Each One As She May*.

In the novella, (the second of three, each story told from the perspective of a different woman) Melantha, is the daughter of a black father and mixed-race mother in Bridgepoint during segregation. The story is about an adventure story for knowledge and power. She is not satisfied with her role, her future. She finds that her color and gender are incongruent to social and romantic success and she says that she is "Blue" (despair she has felt her entire life). She complains that she is "sick", of being "hurt", and "pain", referencing internalized pain she can't let go of that has built up from her experiences in life.

Ligon sees that they both have no future and he appropriates the phrase.

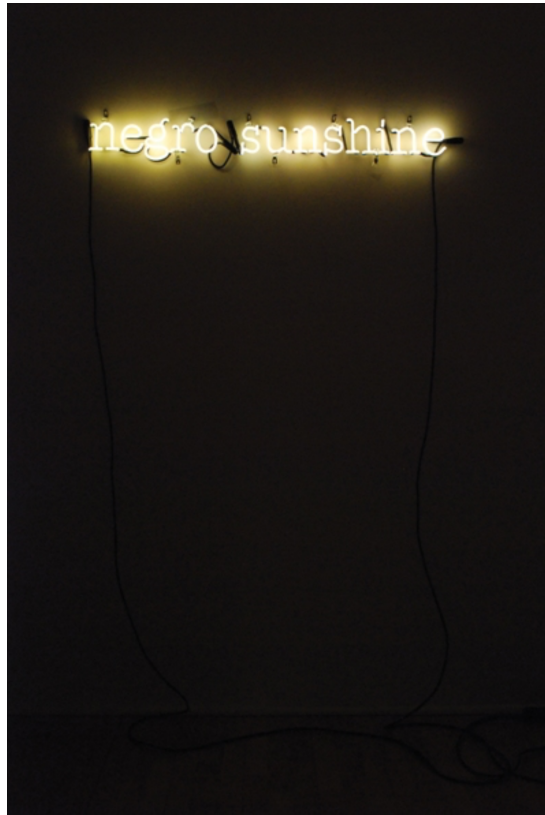


Image 8: "Warm Broad Glow," in a 2005 installation, is being reconfigured for the Whitney show. Credit Whitney Museum

II CAPITAL P

Painting is unto A R T as the sex pistols are unto punk. Painting is not the punkest or most punk art form in the opinion of those who fancy themselves true art punks denying ego, profit, and objects to stay 100% real. Instead they may see painting as pretty...pretty vacant....but painting is like a virus. It permeates through image and is given the platform, the stage as it goes on tour around the world. A big painting can easily make the viewer feel small and a painting can seem to give you the middle finger. It is loud and it demands to be looked at. It has the ability as image, to reach a mainstream audience as well as an art educated or even art elite audience. Those art elite – highly educated historians, writers, curators, educators – aka – those that are the true punks...

Sometimes they hate it. And may be that they spill reductive hate.

Sell out. Show-boater. Capitalist pig.

It may be shallow, it may be surface, but it doesn't lack depth. That's why the object itself must acknowledge its own capacity for illusion. For Trickery. For magic.

The animal, the coyote occupies the archetype of the "trickster redeemer" in much of the regional mythology. As a person who grew up in Southern California, the animal and its myths were no strangers to me. Coyote has been compared to Prometheus, in Greek mythology because they both share the trick of stealing fire from the gods as a gift for mankind.

Claude Lévi-Strauss, anthropologist who studied and wrote on the subject of myth from a Structuralist standpoint suggests that the animals Coyote and Crow share mythic status as mediators between life and death. (Levi-Strauss, p. 30-31).

No future.

Caroline Casey, activist, scholar and astrologer, calls the trickster “the characteristic that comes alive in difficult circumstances and loves against all odds.” She adds, “When you change your metaphors, you change your story... and literally change your world and Life Can Be a Conspiracy for Your Benefit. What happens when you shift, for example, from thinking the world is out to get you to seeing the world with the eyes of “benign paranoia” — believing the universe is conspiring for your benefit? (Hint: far better things “happen” to you!)

New studies shows that those who believe themselves lucky are more prone to synchronicity and to fall into fortuitous events. Conversely, when you tell yourself that you are unable to create something wondrous with your life, your subconscious mind will comply.

The path of personal transformation and collective transformation requires that you clear away the cobwebbed beliefs and assumptions that fill your brain and open to something more magical: thoughts that generate spontaneity, play, and delight. This not only lifts your spirits, it lifts our culture... and makes for more meaningful relationships.”

*“When there's no future
How can there be sin*

*We're the flowers
In the dustbin”*

—*No Future (God Save the Queen)*, The Sex Pistols, 1977

Can we as artists can deliver a message like a virus. Codified, as it may have to be. Not even as a medium specific artist, now. Just as a body-specific artist. Rebirth of the Author. Humor me. Can I as an artist achieve the standard of “universal truth”-telling like the mythic white male genius?

Is that why Jay Z raps bitterly on the Black album’s track, *What More Can I Say*:

*When they got you in a mag
 For like half a billi
 And your ass ain't Lily
 White
 That means that shit you write must be illy
 Either that or your flow is silly
 It's both
 I don't mean to boast
 But damn if I don't brag
 Them crackers gonna act like I ain't on
 Their ads
 Far from a Harvard student
 Just had the balls to do it
 And no I'm not through with it
 In fact I'm just previewing it
 This ain't the show I'm just EQin it.*

-- Jay Z, *What More Can I Say?*, 2003

Jay Z's lyrics often hint at the fact that he wants to stop, but he can't yet stop. He feels it is unfinished.

*What's it gonna take for me to go
 For ya'll to see
 I'm the modern day Pablo
 Picasso, baby.*

-- Jay Z, *Picasso Baby*, 2015

When you aren't faking the macho (yet sensitive) white male painter genius because you aren't a white male (but some people think you might be macho or male-identified), and you are actually sensitive, and due to your own self-knowledge of your own position in the West, in patriarchy (based on personal experience, not a book), you start to wonder if you are seriously faking for real. You know the gaze so well----- how do you fake the faker? How do you fake the faker so that the world agrees that you are that myth, and you can go get yourself a future?

Like, Picasso. A mask.

*So I turned myself to face me
 But I've never caught a glimpse
 Of how the other must see the faker
 I'm much too fast to take that test.*

-- David Bowie, *Changes*, 1971



Image 9: Kara Joslyn, *Mask*, acrylic and polymer car paint on panel, 25x34," 2015, courtesy of the artist and Mark Moore Gallery.

III OUTRO

*I know I'm artificial
But don't put the blame on me
I was raised with appliances
In a consumer society*

*When I put on my make-up
It's a pretty little mask, not me
Cos' that's the way a girl should look
In a consumer society*

*My existence is elusive
The kind that is supported
By mechanical resources*

*My existence is elusive
The kind that is supported
By mechanical resources*

*I wanna be Instamatic
I wanna be a frozen pea
I wanna be dehydrated
In a consumer society*

*In a consumer society
In a consumer society*

-- Polly Styrene and X-Ray-Spex, *Art-I-Ficial*, 1977

The efficacy of punk is in its very willingness to embrace a refusal of the social and political order, to abandon the stance of accommodation, stay, and rise as a force of romantic negativity.

No future. Black Space.

Painting is artifice.

A veneer.

Surface.

Only Shallow.

Like a valley girl wearing lipstick driving with the top-down.

Like the oil slick on top of a puddle.

Artificial.

Air brushed paintings are also especially thin, flat paint. Not *of the body* like a gooey brush stroke of oil paint. Andy Warhol said, "I want to be a Machine." To be accurate. Desire to be without desire.

But the matte polymer car paint I'm using is also not slick like McCracken. When a black car is decked out with all black everything in a matte finish, it's referred to as "Murder Black." When you give a car that kind of paint job, the verb is "Murdering" (it out). It's not reflective. Your reflection is nowhere in its finish. But the surface is not always inert with shine. In horticulture, the first top centimeters of soil contain 100% of the biodynamic properties that allow for life on this planet.

No future. Black Space. The paintings being presented in the exhibition, *No Future* are paintings of nothing in particular, just a piece of paper.

My work is made at the push of a button. A button on an airbrush gun. The flip of a switch on the compressor, a razorblade slicing thru clear vinyl, a wave of the hand, spraying air into plastic and particulate.

The subject depicted relates to the subject of painting itself: A flat white surface that is manipulated by hands and tools into something volumetric. However, It is placed against black, framed by a rectangular reality and entombed by being photographed. In that way it is the photograph of the paper object, not the paper object itself, that is truly in a nice position to have a mimetic relationship with painting. And this is what I see in my work. A copy of a copy of a copy made into a painting – an undead original.

The framing and lighting of an object, the flattening of it, and the tight framing of the image on the picture plane all tend to monumentalize the subject matter.

This shift is another example of trickery.

Many of these ideas were prompted from the book *Creating with Paper* by Pauline Johnson, 1958, Washington University Press.

The first page is a Matisse paper cut out

The second page is a Picasso paper sculpture.

Pauline Johnson contextualized her own work (as an educator and contextualizer of craft-based art) in the trajectory of the canonical white men and created forms inspired by them. I take the found (photo lithography printed) images of these paper ditties and make them into (capital P) paintings. But they are after Pauline Johnson's generous presentation of these forms, in *Creating with Paper* that prompted me to follow her instructional booklet of paper sculpture projects (be taken and made by anyone) and instead of creating objects with paper, I make images of them into six-foot airbrush paintings.

In this way, (relishing in the old hat but beautifully satisfying slippage of object/image issues) I refer also to the work of Sol LeWitt, particularly his Wall Scribbles (see Image 3). These are geometric forms made via assistants following instructions and illustrative schema

to create wall drawings (usually in museums and other prestigious institutions due to the status of the artist).

Here, both Johnson and LeWitt act in a tradition of feminists. With generosity, versus ownership; Sharing versus copywriting; collaborating. It is interesting to think how this is problematized within the structure of capitalism in the case of Johnson, LeWitt and myself, Joslyn. As artists, educators, or creators of content, branding (the artist's name) and copywriting, contain implicit ideas of genius/originality, production, identification and ownership, whether or not profit is equally distributed, cultural profit goes to the brand with some spill-over.

In her book, Johnson puts together a collection of familiar forms – these pre-post-modernist and craft-based sculptures, are broken down systemically and sometimes schematically to be made by anyone out of paper. The sculptures we see photographed in the book are made by various people credited as “several of the examples used in the book were generously contributed by friends and students” (Johnson, xi) as well as borrowing images of sculptures from Time, Life, the and Crafts and Industrial Design School of Helsinki. She credits the photographers by name at the university of Washington, but we are left unsure about whether or not Johnson herself created these forms. The dramatic lighting the photographer used in his documentation of the paper forms harkens back to the aforementioned use of chiaroscuro (see Image 4) which Johnson Mentions: “it was important to secure clarity by strong contrasts, and subtle modulations by controlled lighting.” (Johnson, xi)

The photography in its own mimesis of Caravaggio's lighting techniques (under the art-direction of Johnson), reveals to me a connection between these paper forms and the process of creating an airbrushed painting using vinyl masking. A painting instead of a paper sculpture.

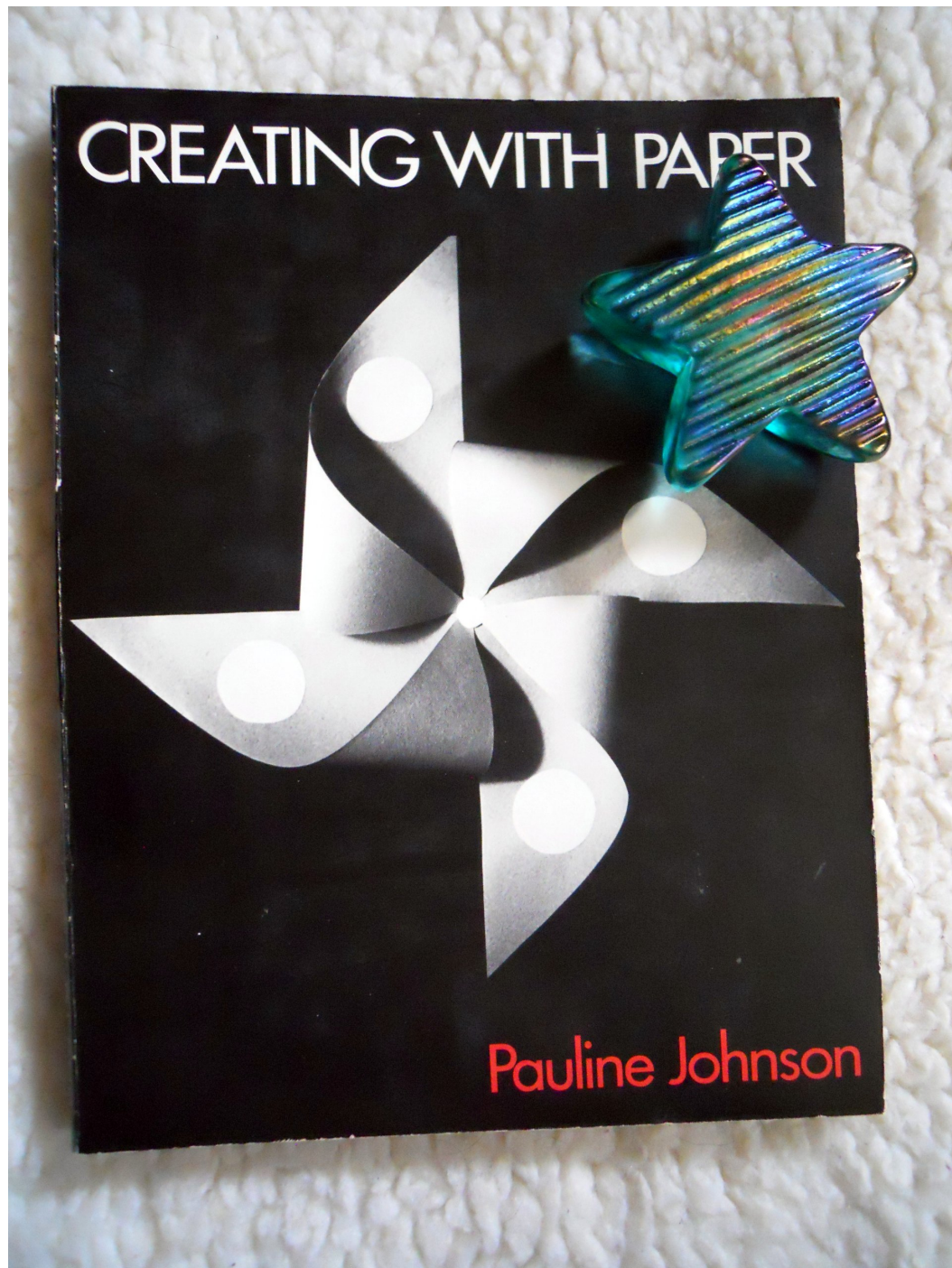


Image 10: Pauline Johnson, *Creating with Paper*, University of Washington Press, second edition, c. 1975, photo courtesy of the artist, Kara Joslyn.

I found this book in the middle of a project with Triple Take Holographics Studio in San Marcos, CA. I made an exhibition of holograms inlaid within differing tabletops, titled *Still Life with Parallax*. I was interested in an un-fixed image becoming a still life and modeled each table with the holographic “objects” after Dutch still life paintings.



Image 11: Pieter Claesz, *Still Life*, (1630)

Much like the still life painter, Pieter Claesz, who was famous for painting glass and metallic objects, there's an element of "tech" I'm attracted to - technology/technique. Using these shifty car-paint pigments cut with a laser (ultra rainbow mini-flake), and the airbrush itself allows me to, like Claesz, depict a metallic effect.

My teacher in undergrad, photo-realist painter Jack Mendenhall told me "the crazy thing about painting is that you are depicting light using dirt."

This is Tech dirt.

Light and shadow and stardust. Tech dirt, in this case, is weirdly personal though. My grandfather was part of an optics company (OCLI – Optical Coating Laboratory Inc.) that developed these hologram / optics based materials (originally for military defense contracts/star wars/Reagan).

This shifting paint is another example of trickery.

Of un-fixing the still.

I found *Creating with Paper*, the book of paper sculpture mis-filed with his optics books, stole it, and then Tacita Dean told me an earful about how important it is for an artist to follow coincidence, which convinced me to proceed with this specific series.

In the book creating with paper Pauline Johnson says:

Since the ideas presented here rely heavily upon the use of photographs to show the pattern and form qualities of the structures, it was important to secure clarity by strong contrasts, and subtle modulations by controlled lighting. Recognition is given to the Still Photography Production Unit of the University of Washington where all the photographs were produced under the direction of E.F. Marten, who cooperated fully in meeting the compositional and technical requirements necessary to achieve the desired results. (Johnson, xi)

Yes you captured them. The journey out, the building of walls, the long spiral in. They were about walls, weren't they? The labyrinth of blood, of family. The maze hung against the void, saying, We are that within, that without is other, here forever shall we dwell. And the darkness was there from the beginning...

-- William Gibson, *Mona Lisa Overdrive*, 1983

To capture. To own. To objectify. Yes, photographs relate to the eye, the frame, the window in the liminal space between interior and exterior. The word “capture” is often used to describe taking a photo of a subject. Time Frozen in a rectangular prison. Captured. At the press of a button.

In the above excerpt from *Mona Lisa Overdrive*, Gibson refers to a person or entity *capturing*. He refers to empty space framing a maze. He evokes interiority and exteriority.

Now read the quote and imagine that he is talking to a painter and about a painting. How does a painting “capture”? “They were about walls weren’t they?” Yes that is where they are meant to dwell. Forever.

Does a painting have an interior? Can you peer into it or do you look *at* it? Is it like the wall it hangs on, or is it a window in that wall?

Or perhaps that it asks you to ask that question makes it a meta-cognitive mirror.

Exteriority and Interiority will always emphasize the space in-between. The phrase “tomorrow never comes” emphasizes the time “between” past and future – the iridescent present moment – unfixated and now. Decayed futurity.

We realize that tomorrow can never arrive, because when it does arrive, we will experience it as “now,” and when we think about time, we are thinking about it right now, and

that any moment besides right now either only exists as memory, or as a projection or imaginary of the future.

My work situates itself at 4:00am; early spring in San Diego, when the sun is about to rise and the moon is big as it gets in the big black sky. Crescent or full, that time of night, it is as West as it gets before it dips below the city skyline and you can only see it from the beach.

This painting is not an image; it is “of” an image. The image is an object, and the image is also of an object. A painting of a photograph is further removed because it is a *translation* of an imprint of subject.

When you paint a photo, you can remember small details about its shadows. It is an object of desire that you are intimate with now.

The painter selects the image on a certain criteria. A photographer selects from reality and crops. The painter has an experience of slowly depicting over a period of time. This is a somatic or experience-based process. It's in direct relation to close observation and mimesis of a photographed subject.

I wonder if the painter gets close again to the real object. Trying to go through the looking glass of the photo into that world, into that scene. Through a somatic experiencing portal. But much like undergoing hypnosis – you only ever experience your perception of a thing – never the real thing. So if I, for instance, were hypnotized to become a fox, it would truly be the perception of formed (probably as a child) about what it might be like to be a fox. So in reality my behavior says nothing about how a fox behaves, it merely brings my person imaginary into an experience of my body and of the world.

The photographer is a watcher of the world from a close proximity to the subject. Being there in body to capture the subject.

The painters' subjects are already imprisoned, already captured in time and frame. The subjects are forever still, and the painter may have never seen them any other way – never seen them in the flesh. The painter of the photograph is a time-traveler. The painter brings the subject back from the past, from the interiority of the frame, but the painter doesn't have all the information.

The painted image is then undead, like a Frankenstein of Lazarus – like a vampire. The subject is only known to be flat. So even if it is corporeal, it is relegated to the flat field. But it is brought back into real time and space. Even if it is still, it is unfrozen, re-materialized (if not incompletely), and is once again material.

The rectangular frame stays present, the hand pushes a button, and the wall is its final resting place.

I start with a sanded to smooth white gesso surface on panel. After this, I do not add white. In these ways, my paintings are similar to drawings: they are based in value, black and white. Like Drawing on paper and watercolor, the ground is white and white paint is never added. The phrase "don't lose the light" is often applied to these practices that center around the white of the paper. Ironically related to faith or death, this phrase, means that when the ground is acting as the only white, the practitioner is constantly aware of the threat of loss. Losing the light often means losing the painting completely through over-working it. It could be viewed as a "high stakes" way of working.

A Facsimile and also Photoshop is Based on Painting: mediated by a person with an eye, versus a machine with a camera or optical sensor, the implication is not only of accuracy of form, but also of content.

The relationship between interior and exterior, photography and painting mostly work in tandem now that we are in the future. The distinctions between that of a photograph of life

versus a painting from life change when the two respective processes merge, blur, hybridize, collaborate, and intersect.

This is nothing new in 2016.

Flat images relate more perceptually. Especially when beheld by a self-aware viewer. Who might describe a photograph of a person as “capturing the likeness.” Acknowledging the idea of a “likeness” as a reproduction of the real thing.

The processes of painting and photography working together to “capture” or represent and object is also known, less treacherously, as constructing an image. But this image can also be an abstraction.

The images I take from these books act as an archive of objects. The objects are photographed in an indexical, catalogued fashion. This index is also provocative and enticing, and as much as it is used for reference, it is also self-aware as an image like product photography or still life. Instead of being simply an indexical record of the existence of an object, These forms are linked to desire. Product photography is very similar to still life. A still life is constructed and lit so it can be painted or otherwise captured in 2-D. But in the case of these objects, they are staged specifically for the moment of “capture” where they are fixed and flattened and what is frontal is all we are allowed to see.

In my research at UC San Diego, I have used methodologies airbrush painting, photography, and holography. These three elements all share the ability to fool the eye into perceiving space and volume on a flat surface. The body of work I have created for my thesis show synthesizes all three. The technique I’m using with airbrush was developed originally for design applications such as logos or illustrations. The process is made to be photographed. Made to be flattened even more. But in reality when you see it, it is not flat, it is textural and glittering. I prefer this take.

The software, Adobe Photoshop was developed to mimic these tools and the way they make images appear to look. The screen interface on which you work is referred to as the *canvas*, and the depiction is referred to as the *image*. In this way I feel my paintings are also influenced by Photoshop. I use the software to side and edit my source material as well as the reproductions of my work, but more than that, I'm aware of the lack of "edit undo" options.

I resist the airbrush painting gimmicks (squiggle line with airbrushed drop-shadow of that squiggle line) made popular by Photoshop and internet based graphics because I want to make a painting. A painting that is the O.G. Photoshop. A painting that cannot be without the influence of Photoshop but is not *about* the influence of Photoshop.

Why? Because these are just tools, nothing more. I want to use these tools and I want to display control and virtuosity in a way that allows me to fool the eye in a more treacherous and more convincing way. The closer the paintings can be to flat and perfect the more this can be achieved.

The flip side to the coin of perfectionism is always shame. "I want to be a machine." Andy Warhol says in 1964. A gay, socialist, first generation American from Russian immigrant parents, he himself, wanted to deny the self, to transcend internalized shame. No Future for Andrew Warhola.

No Future.

Recently Anish Kapour, an artist who (blah blah blah background story on Anish Kapour's work just google it) acquired the exclusive rights to use a new nano material, a material also produced here at UCSD in the Smart Materials Lab in the SME building We share. Scientists have unsurprisingly felt the need to except this material, dubbing it the "blackest black," made of countless nano-tubes laminated together (like a paint that could be made only from pigment particles without a binder). This product / material is being used by an

artist because it has the ability to fool the eye into perceiving a void, an actually empty, black space.

So Kapour has bought the exclusive rights to this billion dollar black. I predict he will make the most technologically advanced pigment into the most expensive black trompe l'oeil sculpture on earth. So what we can see from this?

We in fact *desire* to be fooled. We want and value the uncanny as an experience. We want to believe. Belief is a dream. The hand is quicker than the eye. What more can I say?

*God save the Queen
The fascist regime,
They made you a moron
A potential H-bomb.*

-----*No Future (God Save the Queen)*, The Sex Pistols, 1977

Black Space.

Romantic Negation.

Trickster Redeemer.

Trompe l'oeil.

No Future.

[fade to black]

WORKS CITED

- Casey, Caroline. "Way of the Trickster." *Trickster Medicine*, The Shift Network, Coyote Network News, February 3, 2016, <http://trickstercourse.com/URL>
- Cobham, Kari. "Required Reading If You're Trying To Understand What It's Like To Be Black In America So what now?" *The Huffington Post*, 08/16/2016 09:23 am ET, http://www.huffingtonpost.com/entry/required-reading-if-youre-trying-to-understand-what_us_57b26789e4b0567d4f12c085
- Gibson, William. *Mona Lisa Overdrive*. London, UK, Victor Gollancz Ltd, 1988, p22. Print.
- Johnson, Pauline. "Introduction by Pauline Johnson." *Creating with Paper*. Second Edition, Seattle, Washington, University of Washington Press, 1975, p.xi Print
- Levi-Strauss, Claude. *The Savage Mind*. Translated from the French, *La Pensée Sauvage* from the French by George Weidenfield and Nicholson Ltd., Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 1966 p.30-31
- Stein, Gertrude. "Melanctha." *Three Lives*. New York, Grafton Press, 1909