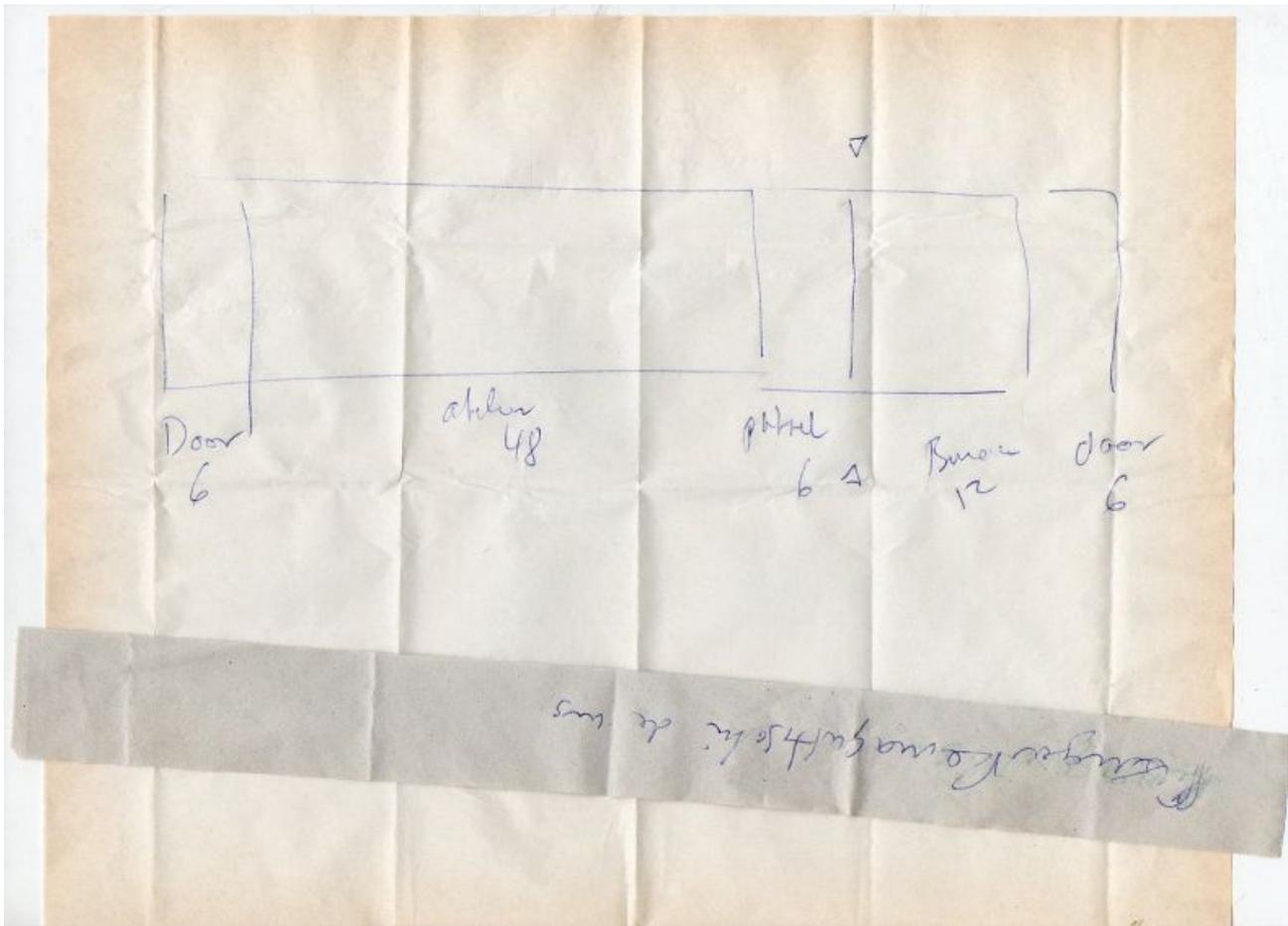


BuCad section Obst
Day 6 pg 1

Perfect timing... Got the Amsterdam train with a few minutes to spare, and it seems we're bypassing the airport, so that makes a short journey, in fact about as quick as it used to be before computers messed up the schedule... (in the seventies it took just over half an hour...) anyway, glad to not have to drive myself this time... Can concentrate on the matter at hand... Being gesso.

I decided to whiten out the painted cloth (canvas) with a traditional gesso rather than my usual slap-dash white (latex house-) paint... Usually good enough for the traditional oil painting I like to do, but here we need something with historical pedigree... Something that connects us to the old Italians, Giotto for example, or even the Egyptians, who used the stuff for their sarcophagus installations... Best would be the linseed with finely powdered Carrara marble, but we should not overdo it for a mere corpse, no matter how exquisite...



...held this over from the day before -

was confused as to the distribution of windows – in fact the main space has 48, counting the door 54, and the side section, which I first thought was the 'office' with 24 is in fact 12 with it's own door with 6 – so the lost 6 are actually part of the main space (there is a separating beam though) making it a total of 60, and with the 'bureau' and it's door (another 18) 78 pains in total (not counting the side windows -) seventy-eight points of view to be had!

It might be construed as a bit too ritualistic, but the references to far-flung historical traditions helps to anchor the project somewhat, otherwise it might just float away like Chagall's green violinist... That is why the selection of green, - or non-green,- is important... Just as Wimbledon green is not blackboard paint, and froggy-green is not English racing green, nor vert-chasse or olive drab... They all have their own significance and so should be selected carefully... The garden chairs were once a lot darker than they seem to be now... This became apparent with the application of varnish... But which garden green precisely is difficult to ascertain... Barn-door green is lighter, wagon green is darker... Perhaps while looking for gesso I can have a look at the greens too...



This is a view of Duchamp's "Etant Donn " from the technical side (the backside as it were) one wonders if the d cor is to be seen as 'actor' in this illusion, the proscenium being the key-hole – and as such pure theater? Does the actual subject matter play any role?

Does it matter? Nothing matters, but if one wants to conjure up notions of "la nave va" one has to take into consideration the materials used, and especially in combination with found materials of which one can not be certain of the quality of material... It is just this combination of refuse and the exclusive that makes the conversation interesting... (and in the case of the bicycle... Could have been an interesting three-way dynamic... (the green on the bicycle might well be Raleigh green... If you know what I mean...) pine tree green is also relative, since the needles have been turning from a luscious dark green to a grey-green similar to the colour of the slats of the varnished chair.. (being darker than the ones that have yet to be varnished)....



meager results...

not quite convinced – might have been better just to use house paint like retouching the walls for that clean gallery-style surface experience – but then we would have to buy frames too or at least publish a catalogue...



Well, here we have the original playroom in which the first ANT drap (cloth) was produced – the one on the left in the picture ...

Though this playroom was smaller than the Bukta paktop, it was however much higher – in fact perhaps a stack of three Bukata's (here again the tri-icity aspect)

*Der Frigorifico
(Kühlschrank)
Why did I think of this
-perhaps the 'inner
space' aspect
but also for some
reason a remark on a
wall in Berlin (now that
were on about Bukta
excursions...)*



Der Frigorifico was another unforeseen aside... Noticing it had been closed during the warm spell we had, some interesting black mouldy stuff had begun to fester from its rubber seals, so I decided to do a little cleaning job while busy with refurbishments...

that white and isolated inner space reminding me of the playroom on the one hand and the process of 'working together apart' on the other (wat instead of lat? Living apart together...) the whole process is a mix of both..

On return leg:



The gesso thing did not go so well, choice was limited to what acrylic painters use, and quite expensive... Had not been in the Schleiper store on the Avenue d'Charleroi for ages... Thirty years or so... But what got me most, it didn't cover so well... Having remembered a pasty impasto, it was a bit of a let-down... And the effect was also less than envisioned... But that does not mean plans can't go ahead...

Return to the table... Perhaps with modifications... And the desk can be relegated to a corner... Still to be seen. I picked up the broken glass on the outside chair and took it with me, thinking there might be one of those underground containers on the way to the tram... Not... Thus, packed it in a bag meaning to take it to Antwerp... But then in the station, due to the change of schedule, not stopping at the airport, was relegated to a little used platform (trains running through without stopping, like this Eurostar) and there was still one of those multi-wast container with a glass section... Most of them have been welded shut, but not this one... So, the glass was duly disposed of in the capital... Goes to show you never know.



(also using a trajectory I had never seen... Partly new, partly because never traveling in that direction (east) so another first...)



The greyness returns to the wood once the varnish has dried... Hoping some colour would remain, giving it a bit of a fresh look... But then, it is just a small refurbishment, not even restoration, not even renovation, and certainly no resurrection, because the chair was not dead yet... Thus, no cadavre... Which can not be said of the bicycle, slated for the ironmonger,s crusher... Green or no green...

Perfect dozy late afternoon... No green yet... The plant-world is still disheveled and bewildered by the recent cold-snap, and only som grasses here and there are showing themselves... The buds are still closed, waiting for March at least...



As is this project... Done what I meant to, what for remains to be seen, but I enjoyed the chance to work out some ideas in the BuktaPaktop, always liked to work there... But a bit far to make it a regular occurrence...

Anyway, need more slats – at least for one chair while waiting for the deconstruction – that might take a while: we had calculated some 8 (e mezzo) 9 weeks for sure - the last day of this section will be a cross-over day, the changing of the guard, the interface with next steps and so on 'pile et face' I termed it (variation of pile ou face (heads or tails) denoting the constant dicing with chance (coup de de) while being influenced by yet another outside source...

a moment of reflection.

Already prepared a naked tree (arbre nu) from the ex-X-mas tree section to act as separation barrier for something caller 'cookies dans le couloir: Cadavre Bisquit' as a small homage to an absent audience – like an offering to the inexistent gods at the shrine of art – the fact that monkeys make off with the goodies is not an issue they are at that moment the representatives of the deities rather than the thieving little monsters they are – but oh so cute... (until they bite you and send you to hospital with rabies...



so, my friends,

... be aware at all times...