

2024 RESIDENT FACULTY LECTURE, June 18, 2024

Nicole Awai: [with slide on screen behind her] After this introduction, there'll be somewhat of a short poetic part of this preamble. Okay.

Dana DeGiulio is an artist and teacher preoccupied with the container. Her work in painting, video, animation, installation, and writing pits materiality against representation, and needs what it asks for, which is you, but she she's fine. She lives and works in Brooklyn, next to the window.

Dana's work has appeared in *Artforum*, *The New York Times*, *Moose Magazine*, *Erevrov* [?], *The Brooklyn Rail*, *Contemporary Art Daily*, *Bad at Sports*, *New City Chicago*, on the *Open Space* platform at SF MOMA, and in several other publications. Last spring, she opened a show of eighty paintings called *Opening* at PPOW in New York City. And a few years ago, published a book called *Nefertiti for the Blind*. In 2008, she co-founded Julius Caesar, an artist-run project space in Chicago's East Garfield Park neighborhood, and co-directed the space until 2014, when she moved away.

Dana has been an itinerant professor of visual art for the last sixteen years, and currently teaches undergraduate studio courses at New York University, and advises interdisciplinary graduate students at the Columbia University School of the Arts, and intermittently at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, where she received her MFA in painting and drawing in 2007. She works happily with ERMES ERMES in Rome, and will open a show there in November, and another with Rafaella Melson [?] in an apartment in Harlem. [laughs]

Alright. Here is [laughter], here is the poetic part of the preamble. Dana, given our short but meaningful acquaintance in almost two weeks, okay, from *Loose Women*, a book of poems by Sandra Cisneros. "Little clown, my heart." 'Little clown, my heart, spangled again and lopsided, handstands and Peking pirouettes, backflips snapping open like a carpenter's hinged ruler. Little gimp-footed hoorah, paper parasol of pleasures, fleshy undertongue of sorrows, sweet potato plant of addictions, Acapulco cliff-diver corazón, fine as an obsidian dagger, alley-oop and here we go, into the froth, my life, into the flames!' Alley-oop, here we go! Dana DeGiulio. [applause, cheering]

Dana DeGiulio That was so beautiful, thank you. And thank you, sign makers, for the best sign I've ever seen. [laughter] [video plays 00:04:14 – 00:06:48]

Hi, thanks for coming. [switches slide] [applause, cheering] Let's raise the bar slightly. [laughter] [switches slide] That's a painting of Jesus on a potato chip.

[switches slide] [reading text on slide] 'A perlocutionary act is an utterance taken at the level of its consequences. Yelling fire! In a crowd is illegal because the word instantiates alarm even if there's no fire and you only meant to help. Saying Here produces the feeling of Gone like the index of a moving body marking a surface says Now and means Was. The

Louvre previously held lepers and dogs and art is just the same grief bounding after you day after day, bringing you its wet toy.

Anything held still is an excerpt; the exposed rebar of syntax, or a comma, put to help you breathe.'

[switches slide] All the text in this talk is taken from *Nefertiti for the Blind*, a book that I wrote and published by Attendant. I am the attendant, I did it myself. [switches slide] Here's the book in an exhibition in Miami in 2019, curated by my friend, Rafael Dominic [?]. For the book to be in the show, for me, something had to happen to it, so we cut a hole in the gallery wall, so you could read it without ever going inside. [switches slide] And people did.

[switches slide] I want my paintings [mic pops] – oh. That's a material event. I want my paintings [mic pops] – paintings, paintings. This is why painting died. [laughter] You couldn't talk about it. I want my paintings to feel like a shoe in the street. [switches slide] *Winter garden photograph*. [switches slide] *Inside are a million of us*.

Unless otherwise indicated, the hand is there for scale. When the hand reappears, that means the scale has changed; otherwise, go with a sixteen by twelve, all the way through. *Inside are a million of us*. [switches slide] *Words and feelings. The palace is empty. 808*. [switches slide] *My whole waking life forgot*. [switches slide] *It was nothing*. [switches slide] *To our knees to our knees to our knees and, scene*. [switches slide] *But I'm so happy when you're happy*. [switches slide] *With what*. [switches slide] *We flew*. [switches slide] *Mom stay down*. [switches slide] *Send in the clowns*. [switches slide] *Soft brain*. [switches slide] *The least meaning*. [switches slide] *I was so good in our dream now i sleep all the time*. [switches slide] *Fucking lists*. [switches slide] [reading text from slide] A human kleenex box, tits like a billboard all night mouthing Erase me, all of it, no use for these stragglers, sick and sluggish, limping their armor back over the hill in regular light to assemble expertly into a name and drop like a roach onto the neck of another woman who gets up but not to go. Sympathy used otherwise only for the back of protest signs: duct-tape, yardstick, woman at window, light pencil-grid but the spacing was off, the glitter too much, all the things you wake up just to fear, are any of these the worst days of the century. [switches slide] (00:10:21) *Void sprint* – this is gaff tape, thirty minutes, field house, Chicago. [switches slide] [switches slide] Tape, after.

[switches slide] *Mock death*, Dovening [?] Project, Chicago, 2010. These are all – sorry about that popping, I don't know how to do this – these are all latex and rubber pours from the studio, some bike tires, and regular detritus. I wanted to make a huge painting without making a huge painting. [switches slide] Here it is. Super temporary, right, contingent, interdependent. [switches slide] This latex took about three months to dry, I just got the hardware store bucket and dumped it on the studio floor and left. [switches slide] [switches slide] [switches slide] It peeled, there was some heat. [switches slide] There almost all of it is, when it was over, I just went back into the black trash bag, and left.

[switches slide] [reading text from slide] 'x and y intersect at origin 0,0, an idea we have from Descartes.

At zero your anger is ordinary and one person (1) equals one person (i) until we are 0, Lear's O O O howled up into the rain but held like he was looking at it, a marvel of having accomplished nothing of something.'

[switches slide] *Free figure drawing*, Fire Island, 2014. I just stood there. [laughter] [switches slide] Until people came, and they did. [laughter] There was one rule, everyone who drew had to model. So, it worked. [switches slide] The charcoal – this is Evan Garza, he's a curator and art historian, on the left; he absolutely loved it. It was hard to get him off the model stand. The charcoal [laughter] – he has, I have his total permission to use this slide. He, the charcoal we used was from the Meat Rack; the Meat Rack in Fire Island is this place between the Pines, for the fancy gay boys, and the Cherry Grove, for everybody else, and the Meat Rack had caught fire, so it was full of charcoal. So I was able to use it for academic figure drawing class. And I had to rebuild the mound like every day.

[video plays 00:12:38 – 00:13:48]

[switches slide] *a middle-aged white dyke is a weird thing* – that's just a caption from a talk I gave with my friend Deirdre O'Dwyer.

[switches slide] *Our bodies*. [switches slide] [switches slide] Here they are at home; for the last ten years I've worked in an apartment, where I live, until I got married, and she was like, no, that was last year. [laughs] Slight change in venue, and compression, and the constraint of my work, but here they are at home. [switches slide] Here they are in Los Angeles. [switches slide] They're all perceptual paintings [mic pops] – pop, so many, fuck, I hate this. Sorry. Do I go, is straight in better?

Audience member You're very close to it. [laughs]

DeGiulio Okay, is this fine? Is this fine? Sorry. Jesus Christ, okay, thank you. Good, got it. Okay. Just want to make sure – I, I can't, I can't stress how important communication is to me, and this is why I'm panicking about this. I really, I mean, so often, in life, I know that many of you have had this experience, people look at you like, are those words? And they are words. I mean them. I rehearsed them, I made them for you; I want them to be clear. Thanks. That's all.

The title of the painting on left is *Analytics*, and on the right, the title of that is *Andy Kaufman covering Hallelujah*. Which is not a thing that happened, to my knowledge. [switches slide] [switches slide] [switches slide]

[switches slide] The gallery is an artist-run space, and they wanted to write something, and they produced kind of a, what I felt was a lovely but extravagant text, super academic, and I offered them the following for the press release, and they used it. So this is the entire text of the exhibition. 'After the fact, after saying I couldn't stomach one, anyone

else's words about hope or defiance or time or or what this is to them, or about me or touch, especially touch, worse, their ideas about tenderness and care and who can take it, here is a text for the show.

The body remembers without sympathy.'

The space was called Take Care. [switches slide] [switches slide]

[switches slide] This is Morandi's tabletop. He traced the butts of his vessels over time.

[video plays 00:16:24 – 00:16:49]

[switches slide] [reading text from slide] 'Hugo Ball performed *Karawane* the same week they started using mustard gas.

Matisse painted *Lemons on a Pewter Plate* in 1926. There are three lemons depicted a little smaller than actual size and a fourth partially hidden by a leaf, a table tipped slightly toward you, a few more leaves, and a red-and-white floral-printed sheet dropped behind. The sheet opens in the top left quadrant to reveal a small blue triangle contained in which is the rest of the whole world.'

[switches slide] This is called *Lemons on a pewter plate*. That little vertical – there's world out there, aside from the acuity of the like isolated, constraint-based, perceptual event. I forget sometimes, but I can hear it, always. [switches slide] This is a detail. *All the mornings you get are good*. [switches slide] *Flying bird in stone*. [switches slide] *Speech takes its place*. [switches slide] *Lozenge*. [switches slide] *The heart*. [switches slide] *The heart and artificial heart*, its twin. [switches slide] *A structure to pour into that wields nothing*. I made these in mid-October at the beginning of the war, one of the many wars happening on the globe right now, but I needed a structure, tremendously much, to pour my agitation and grief into, and that's why I built this practice in this way. I need it to hold me, and it does. [switches slide] *This is what genre can do for you*. [switches slide] *A body is the object of knowledge*. [switches slide] *Field of ash*. [switches slide] *Clarity*. [switches slide] *Certainty*. [switches slide] Detail.

[switches slide] [reading text from slide] 'Stunned gull, stunned white dog, not you, exeunt citizen an aggregate of holes holding up the white so you can see it for what is – a field of dirty feathers. It, like you, numbs easily and over and over: you push your dirty ice at its bee-sting understanding it won't cancel the shock but replace it, and that this is only temporary.

Once as a kid I had to gut this sinkful of fish and there was a hook left in one and I cut myself on it but didn't notice, up to the elbows in fishblood and freezing water and flat wet eyes until I pulled my hand out of the sink into the air and felt my wound open, screeching its tiny hurt, as on a kazoo.

The first strike demolished an office building. A second took out an entire city park. People have been found using the rubble of Palmyra to rebuild their houses, its ancient columns pulverized into use as bricks. That which was force becomes a field, bright green.

The kid tips backwards from the weight of her backpack into the snow.'

[switches slide] Thoughts and prayers and thoughts and prayers and thoughts and prayers and thoughts and prayers and thoughts and prayers and thoughts and prayers and thoughts and prayers – the ladies of Pompeii know, the ladies of Vermeer know that it's Pompeii outside. (00:20:03)

[switches slide] 3 2 1, 3, 2, 1.

[switches slide] [reading text from slide] 'Maupassant hated the Eiffel Tower so much he went there every day because it was the only place in Paris where he couldn't see it.' [laughter]

[switches slide] [switches slide] I've been doing this for a long time, building this genre-driven practice. [switches slide] This is the first one, from 2013. I had a huge crush on somebody, and I wanted to give a gift, and my art was too vile. It was probably utterly true, but it wasn't the person I wanted to be. It wasn't the kind of persuasion I wanted to inaugurate. But it turned out, I don't know, there's, yeah. [switches slide] [switches slide] [switches slide] First several. [switches slide] I showed them, right away, within a couple months, at Night Club, in Chicago, with Eliot Porter, the American naturalist photographer, who took lots of photos of birds in flight, which I thought was a little on the nose, but rad. The title is from Pasolini, which gave it a little bit of bite. Just a little. [switches slide] Yeah. Yeah, I think I spent some time trying to pretend that what I was doing was not what I was doing. It's all sweetheart [WORD UNCLEAR].

[switches slide] Prior to that, I was making these torso paintings on paper. [switches slide] Oops. [switches slide] That's William Gass, the writer, who's had his torso painted on by Guston. [switches slide] It's all dialogic relation, it's kind of urgency, seeking, seeking, not longing, I guess, with those. Contact. [switches through slides] Here are some of them, in a show called *Show*.

[switches through slides] Lots of things named after Antigone. [switches slide] I was making these, like, kind of contraptions, I guess, [WORD UNCLEAR] urgent contraptions, but even then, [switches slide] I was building in little hydration systems to try to keep flowers alive, and I was like, girl, paint them. [laughter] At the time - and still, perhaps - people thought I was, like, super dumb, and that's okay. The first gallerist I spoke to in New York was like, 'You should be bold. You should try abstraction!' And I was like, 'Wow, fuck.' [laughter] What? [switches slide] My own little [switches slide] tabletop dramas have always been enough; I think if my work is about something, it's about being unable to learn, and habit, and scale. And perception, right? All these things are perceptual.

[switches slide] [switches slide] [switches slide] This is called *Citizens*. [switches slide] Yeah, I'm a perceptual painter. Things look like the environment they were built in. So I have to build the environment, to let the paintings be what I need them to be. I'm interested in the material ecology of a studio, of a workspace. That's my actual stove that I, like, allegedly cooked on.

[switches slide] Yeah, I still, I mean, even, maybe three years into this – okay, here, I guess I'll tell you this – whatever, it feels kind of like, it's a little bit mawkish, but I guess it's all a little bit mawkish, and also, the other day on a studio visit, Daniel said that thing about mimetic exacerbation from that guy Hal Foster that I quite, that I quite like. Just like, it's through Hal Foster and Kristeva, like, doing a thing so much to get it the fuck out of yourself. Understanding, you know, that it's like, it's cliched, and silly, and ordinary, and available, a cartoon, even, but even three years into the – oh, yeah, so this is why I was making these flower paintings, is that I'm, I'm a teacher, and I've been a teacher for a long time, and I was going to class in Chicago, and I had prepared a lecture on Nietzsche and abstract painting, turns out, and active nihilism, and another kid had gotten shot in Chicago, and I just couldn't go to class and talk to kids the same age, like, about fucking painting. So I went to Walgreen's, and I bought this, like, cheap bouquet, and we all painted them. And then I gave it to the person that I had a crush on. I don't know.

So like, that's kind of how it started, is just like, I need a container. Like, I need something to hold me together, and if it's gonna be, like, super sentimental, and super gendered, and super, like, like, domestic, like, give it to me. Like, this big shit isn't, isn't working.

So, when I was making *Citizens*, even, I was still trying to make notes about they might be instead of just themselves. Maybe it's a mob, maybe it's a crowd, what is this group, like, how are they together? Does the, what kind of void is the black? Like, what kind of vessel is the depiction of the container? The water glass inside of the container, like, are they dead, are they held still? What is it to try to hold life still, is anything held still, an excerpt of this vastness, like, I was really, really working on it. But I think it took a while to be like, no no no, they're what they are. More faith, less love. More faith, less love. [switches slide]

[switches slide] [reading text from slide] 'Nobody ever asks me to stop. Hard as I look for you, fingers like a fish in a dry sink, whole body mouthing open for your hooks, everywhere, hard as I, nothing. Flopping freely in hard gold air, reading is hunting, sometimes there is nowhere else to take your love.

I go back looking for everyone, for you, others, strangers, for Sandra Bland once too for like a year. Try it, try to say the names of the living in museums, her face half-mistaken for Whitney Houston's. I go back cored and empty, and you're not they're not there. nobody is. Gutted stage all obdurate grinning glass not sugar, no substitutions, not the breakaway stuff I'm used to, crashing through coffee tables and smashing wine bottles over my head and come up smiling. We're shifting in our seats, sheets, in our seats, our phones are off, we're ready, we're the show. A little cloud of dust from a prop gun shifting slowly,

Gloucester's gouged-out eyes are usually played by eggs dropping, bright red yarn unspooling from the actor's fists, aghast agape again and again, 8 shows a week, everyone looks like someone else and nobody taken out of time is at home here among the living pawing at this zoo for their quick and their dead. Later he leaps blind off a small curb he mistakes for a cliff having heard the sea and sprains at worst an ankle and Edgar says oh Steep horrible steep, a miracle sir you survived that terrible fall. A traveler once asked the kind of the Lacedaemonians the number of his population and the king presented him with a huge empty bowl fashioned from a single coin taken from each citizen, saying *This is how many we are.*

[switches slide] Oh, and this is a piece made at the Suburban, in Chicago. [switches slide] The Suburban was located, in 2013, in Oak Park, Illinois, as now co-operated by Brad Killam and Michelle Grabner. For this piece I sold a silverpoint painting that Grabner gave to me as a gift back to her gallery, James Cohan, in NYC, and used the money to purchase a 1996 Buick LeSabre. On the morning of the opening, without an audience, and with the Suburban's permission, I drove the car backwards into the gallery at fifteen miles per hour, permanently destabilizing the structure and totaling the car. The vehicle was present for the duration of the exhibition. [switches slide] [switches slide] I want to see what things are made of. Shift, off register.

[switches slide] The building fell onto the car, so the car was holding it up, and I can't stress enough how consensual and mutual this was, between Michelle and I. Michelle was my advisor in grad school; we talked about this a lot. She asked me if I wanted to have a painting show, and I said no, I want to drive a car into your building. And she said yes, which was an act of trust and love that I have not gotten over. I want to believe that the car was holding up the building; it was, but, you know, I like need that, that kind of mutuality. [switches slide] But I fucked it up. [switches slide] You can see the grid. [switches slide] [switches slide] So many people who don't smoke were smoking at the opening. [laughter] And no one was looking at the car. [laughter] Turned away. [switches slide] Yeah, there's Michelle. The yard was actually surrounded by the little trees, so we dug up the trees, and then I crashed the car, and then we re-planted the trees the morning of the opening. So it was like the car fell from heaven, I don't know, it was funny. Representation! [WORD UNCLEAR]

[switches slide] I had a pit crew, of course, those are my friends, Illy Von Capriel [?] and Greg Bae, who like helps me – the air, the airbag popped out right before I did it, and Greggy tore apart the steering wheel and got rid of the airbag. And Illy talked to the cops, so they didn't stop me. [switches slide]

I wanted to explain, there's a little bit later about my, my wanting to explain, or urgency to explain, and part of the reason I, like, got a little pissy about, like, my inability to use a mic, it's like it's really important things are clear, even though I don't totally rust, trust the representation of language to hold anything carefully. [switches slide] So I made a pamphlet. Like as a car dealership, nice and glossy, for the opening. People had those in their hands while they were smoking, not looking at them. [switches slide] With no outside forces, this object will never move. With no outside forces, this object will never stop. You

have to be there, better than that, if you want them to let you go. There's the deed, the consignment form from James Cohan, the Craigslist ad for the LeSabre – it was already torn up, like a badger had been stuck inside. (00:30:04)

Michelle was my teacher, and I felt, after a while, in context, in Chicago, that I was her, like, fucked up, goth, gay, marauding teenager, so that was part of it. [switches slide] To feel it not to feel it. Action over image. That place utters its warring sigh, let us have peace and the shattered head answers back, I believe I was loved, I believe I loved. Who did this to us?

I didn't know what was going to happen. I had to do some math for this, and I'm not great at that, and I was like, I don't want the thing to fall on my head. Ah! That would not be the point. [laughs] But it was fine, but I had, there were little like boxes to check on the top right of the image, right now: structure withstands impact, with no apparent damage; a hole is taken amicably into the tissue; a mattress against a bullet; structure collapses, or other. So you could check in what happened to me if in fact the building had fallen on the car. [switches slide] [switches slide] There's the snow print; it was there for the duration of the show. [switches slide] Like it lost a tooth.

[switches slide] The piece has been shown a couple of times since, and I collected pieces of the car, and pieces of the building, and they're shown together like this. Together, equivalent.

[switches slide] [switches slide] [reading text from slide] 'To say that you are helpless is to admit you might be helped, or at least that you remember your condition as having been otherwise – a time before you were helpless.

Starting from the infant's *Are you there?* which issues from the same indignation required of all action, all cries are hopeful and even after our skulls harden into speech it is the same question. This whole helpless grid is a site of interdependency and the saying of No too is optimistic because it posits things might be otherwise and opens a little fissure in the other of things like the pupil which lets light in.'

[switches slide] [reading text from slide] 'And they say that Michelangelo could see the form inside of a block of stone and worked to release it. He called the forms "angels" and lived in a hell where he had to set them free.

Painting is the opposite of this. You bury the angel, you have to, especially if you don't believe. I tell the students that you don't "fill" the white surface, you empty it of history and authority and orthodoxy and language, of its ideas and hopes and punishments and substitutions but I am lying. It's for burying them so hard they don't erupt and kill you or anyone else. It's for turning them to stone. You looked at me, you looked right at me and said *That's not love.*'

[switches slide] [switches slide] [switches slide] [switches slide] [switches slide] [switches slide] *Let the right one in.* [switches slide] *Augustine taps his sternum and says to*

God This house is too small for you to enter and even if it were large enough it would be so dirty.

[switches slide] That's where this was built, I made, that's where everything in this talk was built, pretty much. [switches slide] Scale.

[switches slide] Ah, this is a show I had at the Zilkha Gallery at Wesleyan, in 2022, called *Live or Die*. This was the poster. [switches slide] In this big, dumb, brutalist building. Hubristic building. [switches slide] That's a bra on the floor. [switches slide] [switches slide] [switches slide] [switches slide] [switches slide] This is called *Wet Fur Froze*. The window was coated with dish soap, from the outside, by me, so it picked up debris and was blurry. [switches slide] Here's *Wet fur froze* from the outside, with the glue residue of a Lawrence Weiner that had been applied inside of the gallery several years before, maybe even ten. Amber will you marry me? I showed this piece to my graduate students I work with at Columbia, and they were like, 'That's so sweet, you asked your wife to marry you in a piece?' And I was like, 'No, amber is time.' [laughter] [switches slide] Like in *Jurassic Park*. Sorry. [laughter]

[switches slide] Dumb building from the outside. [switches slide] Here are all these days. [switches slide] Turns out the limestone was actually super sensitive to light conditions, changing light conditions over the day. [switches slide] [switches slide] There's a baby, for scale. These are called *Clean, Our bodies again. Our bodies* the first, and *Dissolvers of sugar*. [switches slide] Look at that limestone. Isn't that beautiful? Totally amazing. Totally sensitive, turns out. Brutalist material. [switches slide] *Wuthering heights*. [switches slide] *listening*. [switches slide] *There you are*. [switches slide] *We Belong by Pat Benatar*. [switches slide] *Pure wish*. [switches slide] *Listener*. [switches slide] *Not heat*. [switches slide] *Diver*. [switches slide] *Part of god*. [switches slide] *Greg*.

[switches slide] This is Greggy, we'd lost him like six months before. The first painting I made after trying to recover a little was this one, [switches slide] like he came out like the sun. And then like this is why the fuck to do this, like, this is why I can advocate for this. If one is this mawkish, sensitive instrument, like, if you like learn to listen, maybe. [switches slide] *I will pour in all I get of you*. [switches slide] *No signal*. [switches slide] *Listen*.

[switches slide] I went up, maybe six months before the exhibition, with my Sherman Williams gray cards, so I could match the walls, so I could get them to float [switches slide] on the limestone, get them to blend or float. There's a painting here. And this is called *Giotto's lamenting angels*. That thing above it was always there, the little like fill-in, the, another lost tooth filled back in, capped.

[switches slide] Yeah. [switches slide] Here's the show, it fits in these boxes. It's really important that my work fits in a car, or can be carried by myself and two friends. [switches slide] *We have nothing to say, we're like pigeons*. [switches slide] *Ride or die*. [switches slide] *The gulfs*. [switches slide] *Take me out*. [switches slide] *Danger bird*. [switches slide] Ah, here's Yuri, touching *Danger bird*. [switches slide] Because I had a

public deinstall of the show, I was told there was a pedagogical imperative for an exhibition at a college, and I didn't want to give a proper lecture, so we did this. [switches slide] I made a flier, it was still mask time, and institutions in March '22. [switches slide] Everybody's on the flier. I knew about half of these people. Some were students from Wesleyan, some were people who were local to the university.

[switches slide] Here's the flier that everybody's holding. [switches slide] [switches slide] The most important thing, maybe, is the FAQ, some words we can say. Just a list, just to help aid the Q&A. It's alright, I'll come back later. You won't be alone.

[switches slide] [reading text from slide] 'Rilke's comment on Chardin that he was the first not to care whether the fruit was eaten beautifully.

Jesus' face has appeared to people on a potato chip, on the forehead of a newborn calf in Sterling, Connecticut, in cooking oil, motor oil, on a rotten banana, in television static, and on the surface of Mars. In peeling paint outside of a bar in England. At the bottom of a coffee cup, in the sky, in an ultrasound. The image is just the surface of an event, a lid if we're lucky, no matter how much faith wobbles underneath it, you want company, it's real enough.

Norman Bryson called Catan's hyper-organized paintings of the contents of the rubbish heap quote 'a humiliation of attention.' Lynne Tillman says of On Kawara, a staggering temporariness. Each of my paintings takes a day – this is always true, that's the constraint. And I don't know if it matters. Simone Weil has a thing about the great tragedy of human life being that eating and looking are different operations. About the two birds of our split soul understanding all crimes and vice as attempts to eat beauty, but she was a warrior, and I'm grateful to call this work. Anyone can do this, and some do.

Genre is a container, cliches too. They circulate easily and are efficient and durable. The work needs you, and the rest is trivia.

Art is easily embarrassed. Some bodies having been humiliated are without shame. The world's not flat, this is a staging, a metaphor. Perspective as an attempt at ordering the world was codified coterminous with the popularization of the use of panes of glass for windows, which clearly demarcated the world into indoor and an outdoor you can see but are not of. I crush your head. Seeing is underneath naming. Apprehension is ungovernable. The freedom is freedom from fear. You can you to a tree, the best thing anyone ever said about my painting, they are like pigeons.'

[switches slide] Here's like some notes on why, but I can say that the title is from, the title, whatever, from Anne Sexton's book *Live or Die*. The epigraph for the book from Saul Bellow is 'Don't cry, you idiot. Live or die, but don't poison everything.' I want to tell you all these things, but, it's all online, you can do it. (00:40:03)

[switches slide] All the teachers in the room know that sometimes you're still talking, but students have stopped listening. That's what happened with public deinstall, I

had like, I was like, 'Alright, this is what we're gonna do, here it is, here's the list, follow this, no problem.' Chaos. Chaos. [switches slide] Chaos. [video plays 00:40:21 – 00:40:29]

[switches slide] There's Julia, dear Julia. [applause] Yeah! Who was here last summer, I made a sign outside my studio dedicated to her. She was in my seminars at Columbia as a grad student, fucking amazing person, and artist. But, there she was, and I was really happy that she was temporary custodian. She was a good wrapper of paintings. She was a good, a good helper. I needed help, and I asked for it, and they did. [switches slide] So here's everybody. [switches slide] [switches slide] Yeah, just taking, the institution supplied all the bubble wrap [switches slide] and glassine and everything. There's Julia, leading the way. [switches slide]

[switches slide] Oh, an awesome thing – I know this person now, but I didn't at the time, people wanted their pictures taken with their favorites. Which ruled. [switches slide] [video plays 00:41:27 – 00:41:31] [switches slide] [switches slide] [video plays 00:41:35 – 00:41:40] [switches slide] I think this is what I wanted, this is the image I wanted the whole time. Like, a table with some like stuff left on it, and some tape. This is the feeling I want, maybe from everything. [video plays 00:41:53 – 00:42:00]

[video plays 00:42:00 – 00:42:10]

[switches slide] This is a, called *Pina Bausch*.

[video plays 00:42:16 – 00:42:22] [switches slide] [switches slide] [switches slide] [laughs] Is she gonna read that? [laughter] Whew! Well, suffice it to say that there's a copy of this book in the library, and the whole thing's online on my website, as a PDF, and you can read it, and there's also an audiobook on Soundcloud of me reading it, and on Vimeo I had this opening where all of my friends read it out loud instead of me cause I couldn't bear to hear my own voice with my own words, but I'm doing it here for you, you see? At great pains.

The important thing to tell you about this, I guess, just so you don't think I'm like a jerk, is that there really was, in the Neues Museum, in Berlin, a bronze replica of Nefertiti, a cast, for the blind, situated in a dark sort of semi-circular recess that you could sort of touch. My friend went back last year, and it's not there anymore, which is astonishing to me. I'm, I've emailed them many times, like where is it, where'd it go, what's going on? But the book is about that, and I am going to read a little bit of it, which is this.

'There's a direct copy, a cast, direct cast made for the blind installed in a dark semi-circular recess about ten feet from the original. Anyone can touch it. It's black bronze, low enough to the ground to be accessible by people who use wheelchairs, and cold enough to be mistaken for wet. If you look back over your right shoulder, you can see the original while touching a copy, a feeling I wish I never had. Her ears are chewed to shit.

You threw all your love at now, desperate to miss and hit was, the [WORD UNCLEAR] of its cheek, the small scar he never asked about, touch it all day, it is gone. Your

gifts and garbage slide to the floor, and nobody gets hurt, or maybe they did, you can't remember now. Was will never give you its mouth. You want it only to want this and want it forever and be refused, to sleep in a fist and go to the world empty as a stripped-off latex glove, inside out, eyeballs beeline for the wound like a finger trying to see.

Knowing anything doesn't help, that most having disappeared, leaving a crowd of anxious Germans, Nefertiti rubbing her sick eye having disappeared, effloresced into a sign that says stop and you don't, because nobody else ever does. The western musicological project having delivered by sheer violence not the true property of civilization but something boring like a zoo, an absence and its mother, and already so hurt you want to go home, but this is home, and already so [WORD UNCLEAR] it lets you look and look, and you learn to let now disappear under your tongue without noticing, like Gonzales-Torres' candy, which we know is Ross' body because that's what love is. Was.'

[switches slide] [switches slide] [switches slide] Last year at this time I had a show up at PPOW, in New York. Called *Opening*. [switches slide] Deluxe. [switches slide] [video plays 00:45:12 – 00:45:59] I'm gonna take you through for as long as you can stand. If you're asking yourself, why does she want her work to feel kind of terrible, I do want that. That's all, just confirming, you're correct. Otherwise, you're the predicate. I'm gone. It means what it does to you.

Yeah, the constraint is a day. Each of these have taken a day. Seeing all of the days together is quite something. You get it.

[switches slide] *Anna out the window*, *Fucking lists*, and *Eaters*. Pigeons, right? [switches slide] I made these two and the gallery were like, okay, fuck. Yeah, these are my favorite paintings in the show. On the left is *Virgil*, on the right is called, it's called *The ground against*. [switches slide] I found this painting on the street in New York, [switches slide] so I made two copies of it. [laughter] And I, I made them in one of my undergrad studio courses, and the students were looking at me like, she has left the building. [laughter] But I was like really, I was really in there. They were like, why are you doing this? I was like, just wait. [switches slide] Yeah, so it's my, [switches slide], the best painting I've ever seen. [switches slide]

[switches slide] There it is on the, there it is on the left. That's a real feeling. Yeah. Scale.

[switches slide] Yeah, working in that little space that I showed you before, I made tiny, like, one-and-a-half by two-and-a-half magnets of everything, and arranged the whole show that way, from my tiny room, where you can't move. [switches through slides] And it worked, and it was really hard, and that's the whole show, in bankers' boxes. Ironic, bankers' boxes.

[switches slide] Right, so here we are, it was really tricky to have this kind of environment; as you may have noticed I've worked most in artist-run spaces, and sort of academic institutions, and this access to, like, big cash money was super harrowing for me,

and hard, and scary, and I didn't handle it well, and I was like, kind of like a sullen, barking, unreliable person [switches slide] during it.

[switches slide] But they did let me do the window, so it looked closed the whole time. Instead of the dish soap, this time – I'm super concerned, perhaps obviously, with the indoor/outdoor as a dialectic, and who has access to these spaces, and how it works, and what transparency is, and how glass operates, and what in fact glass is made of. So this is a mixture of Vaseline and dish soap, and [switches slide] yeah. This is I what I wanted, I wanted to sort of make a space [switches slide] out of the storefront, like make an enclosure, a little cupped hand. Martin Buber actually calls longing a cupped hand, which I think about every minute. [switches slide] So this is the, [switches slide] instead of just the broadcast [switches slide] selling point [switches slide] I kinda wanted a little container for the, the front.

[switches slide] These three paintings were there. [switches slide] *The world is a crying baby*. Which I feel. [switches slide] And this, the point of the show is *Honey, I was born to be tamed*.

[switches slide] Yeah, so I thought this was kind of lovely. The wildfires happened near New York, so it picked up a lot of like great debris on the street. [switches slide] There's amber, I was writing Amber's name everywhere. [switches slide] People like got kind of into it, passersby, [switches slide] over the duration of the show. From the inside it looked like this. [switches slide] [switches slide] There's Anna. [switches slide] *You have to go through me*. [switches slide] *Whole family of punishers*.

[switches through slides] Yeah, I wanted them to feel like the surface of the paintings, right? Like the kind of disruption of whatever transparency genre, the image, representation is supposed to give you. There's an idea of a flail, troubling, a rejection of closure, trying to get, [switches slide] keep something open. [switches slide] Open to the perceptual encounter. [switches slide] [switches slide] [switches slide]

Yeah, there's the opening, there's the artist Molly Zuckerman-Hartung, who some of you know. My old friend.

[switches slide] And that's my teacher, from undergrad, who came to surprise me. She is my substitute parent, her name is Judith Geichman, she's an amazing painter.

[switches slide] There's one of my students, who dyed her hair to match the work. [switches through slides]

[switches slide] That's me. (00:50:02) [laughter] [switches slide] That's my father, in the middle. [switches slide] Forty-fifth birthday painting. [switches slide] *Shake it off*. [switches slide] *Spring*. [switches slide] *Open your heart*. [switches slide] [switches slide] These are small. [switches slide] [switches slide] *Jumping*.

[video plays 00:50:47 – 00:50:57]

[switches slide] Here's a gesture key, for reading my work. It works. Delirious, confused, serious, happy, bored, worried, arrogant. I used to, cause I was a jerk, right after grad school, I would just xerox these and have them in my show, so you could walk through and read it. It's not untrue.

[switches slide] This is *August 23 2022*. [switches slide] And this is a day or two after I got here, [switches slide] so I had a kind of wild last six months, and I'm saying that to you all now because my body has changed pretty dramatically, and the kind of marked signifier of femininity, or womanhood, or whatever, has been eliminated from my bod, and I want you to know that all of the – I was asking my friends, being nervous about this talk, I was like, 'Shit, you guys, like, I think all my work was about boobs. And like, now they're gone.' And my friends very sweetly, said, 'No no no, your work is not about boobs, it's about life. And it's not about death, it's about life.' And that was very nice, because they love me. And temporariness is the other thing they said, and they were correct. So, I don't think I'm gonna re-do all these without boobs, but [switches slide] I'm working on it. *You don't have to kill your darlings*. [switches slide] *Our bed*. [switches slide] All these skulls are from a group called *Look at the giver*. [switches slide] [switches slide] [switches slide] *My friend came back*. [switches slide]

[switches slide] [reading text from slide] 'Frida Kahlo's chest opens to reveal the broken column of her spine, her body and face mapped everywhere by tiny nails, the cast shadows that would stay there even if you came and pulled the nails out. She used her hospital gown as a smock, painting flat on her back in bed, wiping the excess from tiny brushes onto her tits. Artists, love, are holes.

In the mornings the campus smells like shampoo. If you feel addressed you are. If you feel caught you are. If that which is after you is big, go somewhere it can't fit. If it is small, you have to keep moving so it doesn't slip inside you. You have to frighten it, and hope it forgets you.

darlin darlin I don't know what a partita is'

[switches slide] Is everyone okay? Like, temperature-wise? Everyone's, like, living life? Good, okay. Yeah, we're kinda moving right along, so we're good, it's not gonna be, like, too much longer. Just checking, checking in.

I am so, I'm a teacher, and I started teaching the year after grad school. I taught art history and appreciation in the city colleges in Chicago. And it was totally amazing, and totally great, and the students were brave, and smart, and clear, and had never been to the museum ever, and I learned more than I can possibly describe from them, and I feel like I'm in their debt, or its to their credit that I continue to want to be in the world in this way, and I know that my own teachers kind of picked me up by the scruff of the neck, from the middle of traffic, or I had just crossed a very busy street that was really dangerous, and didn't know it, and they picked me up anyway, and like, have really taken care of me, and like, found a way, they, they, they laid in front of me a way to get this life to take form, and I

needed it so much, and I don't need people to need me like that, and I don't, hope nobody needs anybody like I did, without the sort of consent, that I needed people, but they took care of me nonetheless, and I am super aware of, like, this is the way that I want to be in the world, understanding that the thing that we arrived at as artists, as subjects, at this historical moment is like, broken, and fragmented, and hurt, and injured, and the outcome of systems of enormous violence. These are academic props, innocuous, in the closet at NYU. Broken column, a headless woman, feet. This is where we are.

[switches slide] So I'm super grateful for my students, especially after having like a wild, pretty fragile, having a weird health time, they really let me, like, pretend that I was helping them [laughs]. I, I really kind of overdid it, I really poured in to the structure of my, of my job, this semester, and they, they took it, and I appreciate it, and I was doing everything I could to keep the questions open, but also explain to them, like, any possible treat about how the world might work.

[switches slide] Yeah. There's a class called What Is A Project? [switches slide] So these are just little like didactic teaching materials that come out to them in the form of prints, usually, and GIFs, and emails and things, to help them understand. It's not really administered, it's not taught, but they have it in hand, in case they need a guide. When Virgil leaves Dante in purgatory, he says, 'I give you to yourself,' which is like, the most beautiful thing.

[switches slide] [switches slide] I wanted to be a painter cause I wanted to be there without being there. And I feel like, teaching for sixteen years, I've like learned that like I can, I know how to get out of the way, I know how to deposit something, attention, care, love even, and get the fuck out, and like, let them use it. It's really something to like watch someone else use your tools, to use it upside down, backwards, strangely, in this like liberatory way that I never could have imagined. They're really generous, years of generous people, I'm like extremely lucky.

[switches slide] This is how to use a project, how to carry it, how to be with it. [switches slide] If you're filling this bag, the empty bag on the bottom, [switches slide] with all this stuff of world, what are you supposed to do? They nod their heads, and I'm grateful for that.

[switches slide] They let me explain these things, like how gesture works. [switches slide]

[switches slide] I always kind of wanted to be a teacher. This is me at, like, twenty-one, just like, I was working at a bar in rural Iowa, just like being on drugs, and shitty in general, and I was like, yeah, I'm gonna make a, a thing with Perseus and Medusa and Winnie the Pooh, and I'm gonna explain it, and it's gonna be like [laughs] it's like goofy didactics, these little schematics. I'm into it as a way, I like systems, and information. [switches slide] [video plays 00:57:23 – 00:57:42] Allegory of the cave, for painters. [switches slide] Entanglement. [switches slide]

[switches slide] Oops, sorry. [video plays 00:57:49 – 00:58:00]

[switches slide] Slides look like this. I'm not gonna read the slide out loud, but the stuff that we talk about, the stuff that they, like, permit dialogue about in class, it's something I'm really grateful for. I don't know how to think without interlocutors, so, yeah. That's what slides look like. [switches slide] It's [WORD UNCLEAR]. [switches slide]

[switches slide] [reading text from slide] 'What has the, the image of bodies in general made of life? What is it to re-present the world?

What a pile of bodies, actors at work, pretend suffering, why a fake wound?

Why the tragic mask? Anne Carson writes that Antigone's name means instead of being born, Plato hated the theater, Aristotle thought that it kept the state going happily, having expiated our grief and fury.

Maurice Blanchot in *The Writing of the Disaster* (1980) characterized the disaster as that which resists representation, in language or image. We know a photo of a bombed-out city is not adequate, cannot hold it, to the dead on your phone obviously are not stopping the world.

Flatness is a conspiracy against life, and a necessary keeper of its traces.'

[switches slide] [reading text from slide] 'This is a staging, these are people at work, pretending, arranging themselves and being arranged to instantiate a metaphor. This is that. This is what can stand for that.'

[switches slide] [reading text from slide] 'This is a staging. This is what can stand for that.'

[switches slide] [reading text from slide] 'The death of the author is the birth of the reader. A photographic document and a record of a response to the bombing of Guernica, 1937.' How heavy that is, how many people it takes to lift it, on the right.

[switches slide] [reading text from slide] Built on a proscenium, a stage left, a stage right.' Look at that figure ground. Figure ground is a relationship.

[switches slide] The table is prepared for you.

[switches slide] [reading text from slide] At work, a dispensary, the staging of an allegory, that boob for the infant might be the whole world. This isn't a mistake. It's perceptual.' This is a detail from Guido Reni's *Charity*, in the Met. 1630.

[switches slide] Two vending machines. (00:59:59) See, I need to be real about the boobs, cause I think about them all the time.

[switches slide] Mary Richardson with a meat cleaver to protest the incarceration of her friend and suffragist Emmeline Pankhurst, 1914. Going at the Rokeby Venus.

[switches slide] Kids, going at the Rokeby Venus. [switches slide] Poor Rokeby Venus. [switches slide] Boy.

[switches slide] *Are you involved?* Noah Davis, horizontal, almost [PHRASE UNCLEAR] material event and demand. Look at that door handle, that door knob, right there, for you, are you involved?

[switches slide] Albert York, Andy Warhol. One of the rare portraits of the subject, with his torso sort of frankly available, and his eyes closed. That's incredibly intimate, for all, like, the demand and acuity and sharpness of Alice Neel's encounter, and the sort of like tight painting space of that hallway. Usually the figures in Alice Neel are looking back with a kind of urgency that the painter herself has, but Warhol isn't.

[switches slide] And then there's this shit. The best.

[switches slide] Géricault, Artist's left hand, 1823. He could paint everything, except for his own left hand. [switches slide] This is my favorite painting on earth. Cecilia Giménez, her *Restoration of Ecce Homo*. In 2012. My favorite painting. [switches slide] This is the original, that she fixed. [switches slide]

[switches slide] It's wild, cause a couple years ago, maybe five, in one of my undergrad studio classes, there was a pastor who worked on campus, and he was maybe ten years older than me, and he was a really serious man, taking an introductory painting class, and I was, like, going off about this painting, and how beautiful it is, and he was so offended. And he was so mad. And he was like, 'How could you, this is my faith.' And I was explaining to him that I feel like this is what faith looks like; it's not a faithful representation [WORD UNCLEAR] about outcomes, it's as blind as can be. And Pastor Isaac came to an understanding by the end of the semester, but it took a while.

[switches slide] To understand something like this is beautiful. On the left is a figure painting that was made in my class by a student. I also think it's like super beautiful, and tender, and I'm interested – I'm not interested, I experience our abnormality, our fragility, our gravity-boundness, our stupid tender softness, our, the fact that we have been tenderized by the world, like, it's beautiful, I'm into it. On the left, and I was going off about the painting on the left in a critique, and the woman who made it was sitting cross-legged on the floor, like beneath me, and I looked down, and she was crying, and I was like, 'Liz, what is up?' And she was like, 'I, I hear you, I hear you, and I see it, but I don't want to be the person who made this painting.' And I learned a lot from that too, you know? Not everybody needs to do it like me.

[switches slide] [switches slide] We don't have to go through this, but, Géricault. Could do the hell out of this, but not his own left hand. Difference, not alive. These are still lives, perceptual, done from observation of severed limbs collected from the morgue, table

top space, the gentleness or the proximity of forms, the fingerprint tips and toes, the curl of the fist, almost like sleeping, the human is a matter at the end of the academy.

[switches slide] Sheep. [switches slide] Zubarán made six of these. He also made the painting of Saint Romanus holding his tongue. [switches slide] [switches slide]

[switches slide] [reading text from slide] 'A real fragile thing bound in the world.' It's recto verso. [?] [switches slide] [reading text from slide] 'Are we not.'

[switches slide] [exhales heavily] [laughter] It's almost over, there's like five slides left – is it okay? We're okay, right? Just painting class. Painting class. I'm so, like, I'm so, you know, I have such a, like, bone to pick with just like, people are like painting is like my phone, and I'm over it. It's like, no, it's not. It's not an image, it's not the image, it's something, something else, and it's like very intense and very tricky. I'm going through it. Just so you know where I'm coming from, not like you have to come from here.

[reading text from slide] 'A painting is a thing in the world, the result of an act of attention recorded on a flat surface, attention determined by interpretation, subjectivity, re-cognition. Not an illusion, a staging, an abstraction from the real, the product of the squishing around of little rocks in oil with a brush, the gesture elapsing shows too the flatness of the surface which opens in time if you follow the hand for the fissures: contour, edge, touch, form, names and even those falling away; a dialogic exchange between the act of painting in an expanded field of perception with address of a live human animal at its center' – this was about, the whole slideshow was about the figure model. I cancelled the last half of one of my undergrad courses, the assignments and stuff, and I just, we just did the model for the rest of it, because the cops were getting called on our campuses, and tearing up the kids' tents, and I thought standing in a room with another body in sympathy was the only way to get through it. So we did. I interrupted myself.

[switches slide] Yeah, so we just did figure drawing, in silence, to the end, and I think it worked. [reading text from slide] 'The act of perceiving a body originating from a body, like a picture of paint with paint, stretches out, it gets tangled up.

I don't know if there is anything more important at this historical moment than to stand in sympathetic attention to another body. This attention and its quietness, figuring on the ground of this world, is more important than the record which will mean how it will, contextually, temporarily, for as long as it can. Dasein means care, and being there, dasein, is being thrown.

Mrs. Dalloway is just a day and death is there but so is everything else, the potential for everything else. Is it now? The site of perception is always now, how it means is now.

The staging of this interdependence breathing the same air and excerpting from the real the sympathetic form of perishable us is part of how the world might keep from eating itself alive and why painting matters, verb and object.'

[switches slide] [reading text from slide] 'Have I painted the space heater because I'm a Marxist feminist.' [switches slide] 'Yes.' [laughter]

[switches slide] We're almost done, don't worry. [switches slide] *Six unfinished paths for Andy Carver.* [?] [switches through slides]

The day that, the morning after Columbia called the cops on us, on the grad students and the people that were there, I had a studio meeting with this graduate student, and we were both really upset, and I went and took all the office supplies, and we just made paintings on their office supplies. Which was [switches slide] the way to get through it.

[switches slide] This is one of Andy's paintings, *For real.* [switches slide] This is Sophia Sherapova [?]. I'm showing some student, some grad student paintings right now, [switches slide] cause I was just thesis chair for some people who really kinda helped me through it, and it was a great joy to think about their work while I was, like, physically recovering from some stuff [switches through slides] so, Andy really held me together [switches slide] just by giving me smart shit to talk about and think about and feel about. [switches slide] Sophia Sherparova. [?] [switches slide] The great Sharon He [?], whose name fell off. [switches slide] Kendall Botto [?]. These are the students I just worked with.

[switches slide] And finally, in summation, I'm gonna run through a bunch of paintings that I'm making right now, with the notice that when I don't know what something is called, it's called *September.* [switches slide] [switches slide] [switches slide] The gesture key works again, [switches slide] turns out. [switches slide] [switches slide] *When it's not my turn to talk, we sit and watch the wound drip.* [switches slide] [switches slide] [switches slide] [switches slide] [switches slide] *Leave like someone taking.* [switches slide] [switches slide] *Egg in winter along drive home.* [switches slide] *September.* [switches slide] *We came too late.*

[switches slide] And this is the last person to thank, this is my wife, Dr. Aurelia, who is coming on Thursday, and she helped me the whole time. [video plays 01:08:15 – 01:08:22] She gets it.

[switches slide] [switches slide] Okay, thanks. [applause, cheering]

Thank you for coming, on this hot day.

Audience member Okay. Hey. I guess I'll be the first question –

DeGiulio Sorry, hello. Hello.

Audience member Hi. First of all, thank you. Also, as a fellow educator who went through this bullshit, with RISD, I'm really appreciative to hear it from the other side, first off, that, you know, we're all feeling. But I do have a question about, how do you feel about this three-way tension between yearning, I guess nihilism, and also to futility, through not

only the making of the image, but the presentation of the image, the gestation of the image, and the metabolizing of the image? [laughter]

DeGiulio That is a beautiful and generous question, thank you.

I, how do I, how do I say it, or deal with it, or do it, it's, it's super fraught. I think that it's in the strain, the, like, palpable strain that it requires to keep things open. (01:10:01) You know, wanting to keep the questions open, understanding that, like, answers are death, answers are death to me. It's like, what can I do to keep the dialectic alive – does it mean that, like, I can be, like, gently satisfied with a presentation, like, is the container in trouble, is the image in trouble, like, I think that being con – I, I don't know if this is queerness or what, but like, having a paranoid intelligence has kept me quite safe in the world, and I think that there is something about not resting easy on the convention of how the thing means in the world, and understanding meaning as fugitive, and irascible, and contingent, and dependent on its interlocutor.

I am the subject, you are the predicate; I am out, you know? And it feels, if it feels difficult, if it feels tricky to you, I'm out even now, like I think that there's a kind of like rhetorical gulf in between us during these talks, and I want to be really frank about my own entanglement with these things that are super at odds. Like, wanting to do it, wanting to give, understanding it as half poison, understanding it as, like, maybe I can give you the antidote with the poison, or maybe, I don't know, maybe like I can chew your food for you, just a little bit more, all of that stuff, like, wanting to figure out – it's about how to be a person, for me, and I wish I could see you a little bit better, but the light is like in between us. [laughs] I can just see you, I can see your head. But are you, do you – does that make sense?

Audience member Yeah, it's pretty gay. I love it.

DeGiulio Okay, okay. [WORD UNCLEAR] pretty gay?

Audience member Yeah, I said I'm pretty gay, I'm pretty queer --

DeGiulio Gay, gay. Yeah, it's gay art. Not queer art, it's gay art, it's gay art. We just saw some gay art, everyone. [laughter] Thank you! Thank you for getting me to say that.

Everyone has died.

Hello? Hi, Jess.

Audience member Hey, Dana. [clears throat] Sorry. Thank you so much, that was really sweet. I, you said earlier in the talk that you wanted your paintings to be like a shoe on the street, and I was wondering if, one, you could say something more about that, and then, is that, do you think of that as like a container, or like in relation to the container of genre, I'm curious of where those meet?

DeGiulio Yes –

Audience member Thanks.

DeGiulio You've done it. Would you – you, you have the answer. Do you want to say it again? It was really good. You did it! It's a container, it's an empty container. It's alone. It's not shoes in the street, it's just one. Good.

Yeah, well, and, and pigeons are their own little vessels, that I can't communicate with, you know, that Donna Haraway writes beautifully about their, like, network of, off, of figuring out how to network and be in the world communally together, but I, the shoe, it's like, it's abandoned, and empty, and it fits you, and it's about scale, and you understand it's not quite garbage, but there's a sense of the catastrophic of having left one shoe in the, in the world. In the, in the road. And I think that, but it's also a little bit silly, and I feel like my work does kind of feel like that, or it feels like that to me, at least. And I see the shoe, and I identify with it. Just like, oh yeah, like, there it is; like, I have to fill it, I don't know if it's with my foot, though.

Go, yeah. Are – yeah? Yeah, okay. I'm gonna go back to find the shoe. [switches through slides] That was hundreds of slides that you survived. Wait, Rodrigo, I'm coming, I'm getting the shoe.

Audience member Yes. Oh. Yeah, yeah, that was a good one, yeah.

DeGiulio There she is. There we are.

Audience member It's kind of like a two-part question. Okay, the first part, there is, there is obviously a connoisseurship and a tension of that history of painting gives you. But I feel that there is leaning into what could be considered academic painting. Right? There is a precision in the color mixing, and like, an economy of the gesture that even if sometimes you have this kinda like chaotic improvisation of certain gestures, eventually become very precise with the color, and the application, and it's very economic. It's not as chaotic as the paintings present themselves. Right? It's very precise.

So, I would like you to elaborate more in between this kind of leaning into what is academic painting, and versus friction with the history of painting. And also, because of that, I noticed that there is paintings that go towards figuration, without being a figurative painting, in some way, so, I want to know where in the spectrum of figuration it's important to stay things.

DeGiulio I –

Audience member Even if we recognize it's a flower, or it's a rose, you know, recognition is beyond what do you want it from it, you know?

DeGiulio Well, I – thank you, thank you for all of that. I mean, I’m super interested in, in recognition, and naming, and, like, the amount of prior knowledge it requires to call something a flower, from one to the next. Like, there’s a trace, like, oh, yeah, I had, there was enough description here to carry. It can carry for a little bit of time before it’s fatigued, and lose, and kind of loses its name. The material event, or the fact of the object, is sort of there regardless of its name.

I think that the stuff about the, the bodies or the figuration or whatever sort of like happening, now, I feel like it’s, I don’t know, my friend, just, she was like, ‘Well, yeah, you were painting these flowers, then you got like kinda punched in the face by life,’ and I was like, oh yeah, then, I don’t know, I don’t, I don’t want to make a picture of a body quite, but I think, there’s a, there’s a, there’s a, I can’t figure out what that strain is. There is something about trying to turn my own body into a, in, into a legible gesture, into a kind of like silly sign for something. And it’s really easy, in the history of, like, western academic painting, to like, find the female form mobilized into a sign, instrumentalized into a sign. I’m like, oh yeah, I can just like be inside of that container, too, and like, that’s a genre too, and like, how is that gonna work, but academic versus history painting now is the question, right? Like, [sighs] I mean, I feel like a lot of, like, hard-edged things that look like iPhone screens, and that they’re lit from the back feel really academic to me, really like late nineteenth century French academic. I think of a lot of figure painting, large scale, that’s happening right now feels like that to me now, in its sort of conservatism.

Herbert Marcuse wrote this book called *The Aesthetic Dimension* about the uses of, the, the sort of liberatory potentials of abstraction and its ungovernability, in its kind of unnameability, and sort of like, looseness in terms of how the eye travels, and what the possible language apparatus could be attended to it. So I’m thinking about it.

Am I speaking to anything you’re saying? I think so. I’m trying. I’m trying. [laughter] She’s trying! [laughs] I mean, I’ll, I’ll keep thinking about it.

No, keep, yeah.

Audience member No, it’s almost just [PHRASE UNCLEAR] it’s actually becoming the thing that you will know, right? [recovers mic] Maybe [WORD UNCLEAR] as a comfort zone, as a, to like feel comfortable in a, in one part while letting your brain about improvise about something else, and kind of [snaps].

DeGiulio Is a proper response, I’m interested in habit.

Audience member Yeah.

DeGiulio Yeah, for sure, and then the habit that showed up in, in Nicole’s poem, too, I quite liked, you know, there is a little way that the body, the body remembers without, unsympathetically, without, like, attachment. There, there are like repetitions.

I remember, I was having this, I gave this job talk, and I had failed to achieve the job at the end, but someone asked me about repetition in my work, and I had no idea what she meant. Cause it doesn't feel repetitive at all. At all. It's like fucking new; that's, attention, perception, is absolutely like volatile. There is no sense of, like, even if I, like, walk to the same scene every morning, like, I'm not the same, like, it's not the same, the kids are smoking weed outside and now I'm a little bit high trying to paint. It's like, not the same. There is, there is no same, and I think that that's the like, the constraint of the day, trying to like, I can stay with one feeling for as long as a painting takes. And then it goes! Like, you know, John Coltrane's *A Love Supreme* is a day. *Mrs. Dalloway* is a day. *Ulysses* is a day. There's a lot, the unit is a day. You know? Sorry, thanks. I'm trying.

Professor?

Audience member Wow, that was an amazing talk.

DeGiulio Thanks.

Audience member Thank you, very much.

DeGiulio Thanks.

Audience member Why is painting the place where you bury the angel?

DeGiulio [off mic] Say it, why is it, what?

Audience member Did I hear it well that in painting, you bury the angel?

DeGiulio Yes!

Audience member Ah –

DeGiulio Yes, yes, yes.

Audience member -- okay.

DeGiulio Rilke has this thing about noises and angels, and then I really started reading about it, and was like, actually, noises are better than angels, because noises are newer than angels; noises are now. Angeles are [PHRASE UNCLEAR] [laughter]

Audience member Fantastic. [laughter]

DeGiulio Does that make sense? [returning to mic] Does that? I hope – yeah.

Audience member Hi. I guess this is a question for your paintings and writing, but
–

DeGiulio Where, where are you?

Audience member I'm over here. Hi.

DeGiulio Okay, thank you. Hi.

Audience member I was wondering if you could talk a little bit about rhythm, and also being understood through specificity, if that makes sense? Yeah.

DeGiulio [off mic] I think, it's a lovely thought. [returning to mic] Understood through specificity. In the, like, I've always depended on the kindness of strangers sense. Yeah. I don't know, oh gosh, like, I trust that what I'm putting there can be received in whole or in part, and that I don't get to determine what's received, and that what's, what the deposit is is attention or energy or spit or noise, then like, that's okay. (01:20:09) There's no, there's nothing to decipher, there's no code, there's nothing hidden; I have thoughts, but if they don't make it to the surface, they're not there.

Rhythm is, I don't know, nervous, nervous breathing. Painting is how I take care of myself. Writing is not how I take care of myself. I think that painting has a, methodologically, if it was as harrowing as writing was, I wasn't, I wouldn't do it, but it's like, being able to attend to things, and like feel my guts and my breath in the reptilian part of my brain is like what painting is for, about being in the world as a sort of bipedal featherless animal. Writing is something else, and I, I'm already distrustful of the form, which I think was related to the first question, too.

And I want to use it, and also, like, strangle it a little, and then be strangled by it, but that's what interdependence is. If I'm gonna mean in the system where that means, then we're both gonna get a little bit hurt. Does that make sense? Okay. Thanks for asking.

Audience member Hi. Is this – [mic turns on] hi, Dana, thank you so much for this lecture. I loved also learning about your students, and your classes, and your friends, through the lecture, and seeing your studio. And home. And I was wondering if you could tell us more about how you feel about, or how you compose titles, given your, given how much you write, and how you love language. What titles are to you. What flowers are to you, and then also, why, how come paintings must be something that can be carried by yourself and two friends?

DeGiulio Thank you, for all of those. If I lose one or forget one, I'm not trying to ignore it, so please shout it back at me. I'm starting from the back. I want to understand the – I want the material and, constraints, and the philosophical constraints, and the emotional constraints, and the economic constraints to line up. Like, I married a woman who has a car. It's a small car. My work fits in the car. I need that to happen. There's no, like, trucks in my mind, there's no, like, gallery taking photos for me, there's none, we don't have this. We have, like, can I carry it, can I do it.

I didn't show any slides of it for time, cause I was sort of thinking about what I was thinking about exactly today, but I ran a space with my friends in Chicago for seven years, and we did like 110 shows, we did so many shows, and I worked at Whole Foods for seven years while I was teaching. Like, that's where the money came from, to run the space, and it was totally worth it, cause we were in charge, and we were in control, and the artists didn't have to give us a cut if they sold something, and it was just like, let's do it. With the like, material ecology of people who are friends, at like a very sidewalk, bare feet on the ground level.

I need to be able to see things. It's a paranoid intelligence, but it's also probably a class thing. Like, I'm a bit of a vulgarian, whatever, I can handle it. You know, I'm just like, where, where's it coming from? Where's the money coming from? I need to be able to, like, trust where things are, and like, you know, is it buckled into the passenger seat next to me – yes. [sighs] I can do it. Does it fit in these two bankers' boxes? I don't know, I think that there's a, I think I have, like, a streak in me, a sort of elephantiasis of gesture that wants to like take place in a big way, in the big world, but like, capitalism kills people. Like, I'm not going to do that in that way, like, it's not enough, even though that big arena for action has been really satisfying for a lot of people.

I hope it wasn't too irritating, or like mawkish, I guess, I keep saying that, to have the students around, but like, they really did help me out, and they are – I'm not, it's weird, [laughs] it's weird to be shy and a bitch [laughter], true. Some of you know. [laughs] You know? But like, that's, that's my primary mode of, like, trusted interlocation, sometimes, besides my, my, like, intimate chosen family loved ones. So they're, they're around, and they're important to me, and I think the problem with the crisis in the institution of the last, like, several months is that, like, students are like, oh no no, I can't actually, like, love here, or like are about anything here, or attend carefully to things here. This is the international bank, this is, like, part of the apparatus of the state, and it's scary, and violent, I have to take it elsewhere.

And I think when like, when love leaves the negative, and, or its potential to be the negative, as sort of like critical optimistic move, that says no, that thinks the world could be otherwise – without love, that's something totally the fuck else, and it's really scary to me. So it's important for me to show up as a kind of like fragile, ardent, urgent person.

What are flowers to me? *Mrs. Dalloway*. *Mrs. Dalloway* is concerned about, I mean, I think this is like inside of Rodrigo's question, too, I mean, inside of my, my response to Rodrigo's question. There's this part like two-thirds of the way through *Mrs. Dalloway*, Virginia Woolf, and she's like, why, again, she's talking to herself, and she's like, why the fuck am I so worried about – that's Woolf's language, obviously, why the fuck – why am I worried about getting the flowers for this party? Like, and then she talks herself into this idea, oh, it's how I show that I love it. It's all I have to show that I love it. If I can do this well, this one thing, like, then they'll know that I loved it. I think about that in the studio all the time, like, hopefully not in a lugubrious way, but it's like, and I think love, for me, is real sharp. It's not like a snug, you know, it's like, it's like something else. Like, and I think that there's, there's a, the, having, having to be honest within it.

Because we hadn't had the pandemic yet when I started making flowers, I said this before, people were like, you are an idiot. That is, but I think that like, the amount of, like, gendered, like, disdain that it got, just like, this is so small, it's so light, it's so ordinary, the first time I showed them in New York, the guy who delivered the Chinese food was like, 'Yo, I paint flowers!' And I was like, yes you do. Anyone can do this in some due, and that's really, really important. As like an available genre, it's really, really available. Flailing within genre, seeing if it - it never breaks, it circulates, it bends, you can kind of squirm around it, and I feel very held by that restraint.

To apprehend is to understand, but also to be caught and to be held, and I feel like that's my entire relationship with the whole thing. It's like, I have some training, got super lucky, like, I did get scooped up off the street, and like, got to go to art school eventually. Like, there's a form, and I can take it, and I can share it, but it's not comfy.

Did I speak to anything you said, [WORD UNCLEAR] I think?

Audience member Only titles.

DeGiulio Only titles.

Audience member [PHRASE UNCLEAR]

DeGiulio Well, I, I was, [laughing] I, I meant to say this, I meant to say this in there somewhere: I, I am totally disgusted by how much I want to talk. [laughter] Like, I, I, I think that, I mean, my, my, my most honest friends are like - some of you know her, Molly Zuckerman-Hartung was like, I think you just paint to keep from talking. Which might be true, and like is a horrible thought to leave you with, but is probably real. [laughs] She knows me very well.

Yeah, the titles, they usually get their name on the day that they are made, unless they are *September*, in which case they are named in context for the show. Like I think that when I hung the big eighty painting PPOW show, maybe eighty percent of them had names, but the other ones I kind of filled in with what I wanted the feeling to be, as though I were writing something through the passage, through the titles.

Sorry.

Audience member Hi. So, your talk blew my mind. [laughs]

DeGiulio Thanks, [WORD UNCLEAR]. Thank you.

Audience member Thank you. And my question is probably not gonna be particularly articulate, cause my brain is like, swirling and swirling, as you talk, in a good way. But I wanted to come back to the question of repetition because that, what you said about that was so fascinating, cause I did think about that, when seeing the paintings, and

then it kind of occurred that they aren't the same, but you are repeating the motif, or the cliché, or the, the image, but each time it's different, and I was just, I think I'm, like, two questions: one, it is to do with language, and like, how, how we are, how we kind of define the words or the language that we use, and how it kind of changes, or it can change, in use. And, and I was just thinking about that in relation to the, the material, or the use of the cliché, and how maybe each time you might be able to change our relationship to it. And that sort of interests me because of the way that you talk about your work, it feels like discourse around your paintings is really important.

And then the other question was, again, about repetition in relation to the potential of making. Like, the potential of doing something outside of, like, the assembly line, even though, even when I say that, your statement about repetition makes me think that even when something is made on the assembly line, it might be different, because of the people who may be involved in making it. Cause at this point there's still humans engaged in making these repe, repetition, ugh, repetitive objects. So, I don't know if that's just like a ramble, but I feel like your use of repetition has to do with potential, and the potential of, of, I don't know [laughs] humans, or, or, yeah, like, what, what we could possibly be, if we just kept, like, I don't know, dealing with things in a, in a, in a way that could be anew, without being stuck with the same thing happening over and over again. (01:30:28)

DeGiulio That's a really – thanks, thanks for all of those. All of that feeling, and stuff, Danielle. Fuck.

I think, I think the first thing I want to say in response to that is that the mechanism that equates labor and time and value is the clock of the factory floor, and that's not what we're doing, we're doing something else, you know? But I think that like there's something about the limit, the iterative limit, too, about like, I'm back again, and I'm saying the same thing, and I'm like super, super conscious that, like, there's not a tremendous amount of – there's like, I don't know, I, I think it's almost like a, a, a disbelief in potential, you know? Just like, every day has to be it. It's got to be fucking it, you know? It's huge, it's a container, we can do it, like, things, incredible things happen in a day, but it's not, I think when I was taking those notes about like citizens and stuff, and it's gonna be like this, and it's like, actually, it can't effloresce into anything else. It's just kind of itself, it's just me squishing the little rocks around, trying to see something four feet away. And like, sometimes I'm up to it, and sometimes I'm not, and sometimes the image does not occur. Sometimes it occurs by habit, cause I've done it enough times, I know what the fuck a leaf looks like, or I know how to move a leaf into being. And I think that I'm interested in how fragile it all is, in like, being able to do it, not being able to do it, and then what of that the object holds, if anything? You know, I'm like, you guys are getting, like, subject to subject, but like, when they're there in the world, I'm not there, I'm not writing, I'm not talking, and it's just, people can have their feelings with these clichés that they still have feelings about. Like, give me a goddamn violin solo, like, I want to cry about this. The crying video at the beginning, the soundtrack was from this company called Paint Your Life, which is an online company that will make an oil painting of any jpeg you send them, and they have these unboxing videos, and it's, the angle is almost always commemorative, the pitch is commemorative, so people picture the living with the dead. The dead are with the living they never met, they're like in the wedding

picture, in an oil painting, they're holding a baby – holy mother of, sh, wow. Like, and I think that that, understanding all images as that kind of surface, the, like, well and tumult and wait and feeling underneath the surface of something like that, it's like, they're all like that. I don't know what people bring to my work. I love when people get bored, and they're like, this is so boring, and so repetitive, I'm not here for it, like, that is completely fine, it's like not, I am making a container. I am making a place. I am super interested in the place in front of the painting as a place that I have to leave for you to be. And once I'm gone, I don't get to say what happens there. You know?

And I think that, like, if you're in Fordism, or if you are with Benjamin, or if you are with Virginia Woolf, or if you are with, like, dumb '80s greeting cards, and telenovelas, or just like some sad, gay, forty-five year old who doesn't know what the fuck to do with herself, and is trying to, like, make the thing flail, but not break, you know? And I think that, you know, genre and gender have the same root, and I feel really close to that. You know, just like, what are the available signs for these things?

I always kind of had a sort of ironic relationship to my own boobs. The look looking back of itself – the look looking back at itself looking, in relation to the female nude and the painter, and who the author is. Mm.

Audience member Okay, we should be ending now. You know, I just, I just really wanted to say something about, Holly was talking about rhythm, but really and truly, it's more about a visual tempo. And, you know, [sighs] there's the argument about how much titles hold up paintings, right? But I'm also thinking about, now, three things: title, image, sound. And the way, so this visual tempo goes with the sound of your thinking - not your voice, of your thinking, and through this whole talk, I'm amazed at how my mind has kept up with that tempo, right? Yeah? I think it's, that is amazing. I think this talk was such a gift, I – you know, it's funny, I just was telling Ruth, I realized I walked into your show at PPOW just briefly last year, you know, and I giggled, right, and I came out – but I didn't know you, you know, and just like, I feel like, oh my god, my, I wish that, that there's a way, too, that you can always sort of give us that grouping of visual tempo. The sound of your thinking, and how much attention I am able to pay, more than I expect.

DeGiulio That's awesome, you're the best, thanks for saying that.

I don't know, I mean, like, we all listen to, like, rap music, right? Like, those people are speaking so fast. Like, I try to rap along, all the time, and I can't get there. Like, it's like, I think it's that we're, we're doing it, the apparatus is doing it, the sensual intelligence is doing it, you know? We are able to receive each other, in this way. You know.

I think, to laughter, I love it when people laugh at my work, when they think it's stupid – I love it, I love it. Because that means it's open. That means I'm out of the way. That means I'm gone, I'm not there with my fucking urgency and my valentines. You know, [laughter] I've left, like, and I think that's really, really good. And people are like, [fake laughs] 'Huh, yeah, cool,' and like, some, I don't know, I don't know. They want to be open. I don't want to be open. I am not a vending machine. [laughing] You know? But like, I think

that I get to decide. But the work, if it's going to risk being alone, with its face exposed in the world, like, let's have it, let's have a response, that's what art does, that's what it needs. It needs a response, it needs you, it needs you so much, that's what I meant in the bio, like, I don't need you, but the work needs you.

Audience member Just jumping from what you said, do you think the work needs each other?

DeGiulio [off mic] Yeah. Or it likes [back on mic] it likes the company. Yeah. I mean, yeah, please, yeah. What do you mean? [laughs]

Audience member I'm actually, I'm interested, because Nicole was talking about tempo, I'm very curious about your tempo in the studio for when the process, like, cause you seem to be very productive while you're painting, and I'm curious to know about the process of, like, do you put any ground rules of when do you finish a painting, are you working with multiple paintings at the same time? Yeah.

DeGiulio Almost never. The constraint is a day, like, I don't even turn on the lights, like, I get up, I have to get there, do it, and then, like, if the image is accomplished, it's accomplished, and if not, and it's 5:30, and it's winter, and it's getting dark, that's it, you know. So I –

Audience member [PHRASE UNCLEAR]

DeGiulio Yes, one day, that's it. And when the surface seems kind of distressed, it's because I've failed, and sanded it off, with a power sander. They're on panels, I didn't really say that, so they can take a lot of sanding, and a lot of, like, grit.

But yeah, I think that, like, that's part of, there are a lot of rules, it's part of the constraint of a day, it's part of the rules, but it's like, I, if you give me more than a day, as in this talk, or the endless white screen of like an email, I will keep going. [laughter] I need to stop, you see. And I'm like, oh, it's dark; it's over. I, I didn't even stop when the flowers died [laughs], you know? So, yeah.

Audience member Hi, Dana. This is a very anecdotal question, but I need to ask you. [laughs] Why Pina Bausch? I was very, I was very touched by this little performance, and, I mean, in a way, Pina used to ask, many times, her dancers to dance with blind eyes, or with the floor covered of soil, or full of chairs and tables, so, just to know a little bit more about this, because I think this is the only work that refers to a dancer, and I think you could be a great contemporary dancer, actually. So, yes, to you, to know more.

DeGiulio I love Pina Bausch. Pina Bausch is my favorite artist besides Agnès Varda, who keeps coming up. I don't know. I think she, like, knows how to do it. I think that her, I don't know, the like, warm, critical, sharp embodiment of the Brecht stuff is really important. Like, it's lovely; it's estranging, but lovely. It's like super in time, her relationship

to teaching, too, like letting teenage kids know that, like, they can do it, they can do *Kontakthof*.

I think that in terms of the legible gesture, and like how my own acting making body moves, and what of the surface is able to record and hold that. I think she's just a really beautifully instructed, instructive, about how to move in form. There are various studio things that I do that are either public or not public, I'm not quite sure what to do with them, that have to do with, like, a kind of disciplined movement, in relation to a surface, that either touches or doesn't touch, so she's like, I don't think about a ton of painters, that, from the last – I think about painters 150 years, and before. (01:40:13) Like, caves and Pina is like, where it's at. And Vuillard, the best artist. Sorry.

Thanks for, thanks for asking, Ruth.

Audience member I have a comment. I don't have a question. [laughs] Hi. Hi. I have a comment. I guess this word habit keeps, keeps coming up, and you said that that's maybe what the work is about, if we had to name it. I really appreciated the connection that you make between gender and genre, and I guess something that kept coming up for me, especially in your description of the installation and deinstallation of the work is habitation, and cohabitation, and your cohabitation, and the [laughs] habit of painting. So, I don't know, it's just something that I think can also enter this talk.

DeGiulio No, thanks, I like that. Also, the habitus. Right? The like, kind of like ecology, environment, that you're from, that shapes you. Yeah, I'm into that word.

Audience member [PHRASE UNCLEAR]

DeGiulio Yes, yes. And the coordinates of perception, what you're able to see, and take in, and feel, and apprehend being determined by this, yes.

Audience member And also, specifically, like, the body of a painting, and the body that is yours inhabiting the space together with the painting, the specificity of the body of the painting fitting within the space of a box, and then the specificity of the wall, or the gallery. Like, and I guess also, like, the smudges on the wall. Like, that aspect of the space that is being inhabited seems very considered.

DeGiulio No, yeah, it's all, it's all real. Well, they, they, the whole thing wants to be responsive. You know? Like, it's, it's soft wax, everything is like, you know, these are these, like, goofy – when, when a leaf falls, when a leaf falls onto cements and leaves its little print, but also adjacent to a dog paw, it's like, oh, the leaf is dead, the dog is still going. The dog's left the pawprint. I don't know. Do you see what I'm saying? You do. Sorry. [laughter]

Audience member Hi, Dana. Thank you. What a great presentation. Amazing. I also just had a comment. I love that you had all these repetition of flowers, then a single image of Andy Warhol, and that was great. You know, and I feel like Andy Warhol, through

repetition, he took the horror away from the car crash, and I think you put the beauty back into the flowers. Yeah, thank you.

DeGiulio Thanks, man. [laughter] Thanks for throwing that tomato. It's beautiful. [laughter]

Audience member I was surprised to see, on Instagram, your performance, this performance piece Skowhegan had posted, it was really fantastic, and I was, I was looking to see, like, how you address performance tonight, and, you know, is, I love the way in which the, the paintings coalesce with the performance, and that, you know, if there is like a tenderness inside the, the painting practice, it's this, these moments of choice, where you can choose life, and you can choose love. But, you know, at some point you decided to back into a building. And it, increasingly, it's like, you decided you had choice in this sort of a way – in the paintings you can juxtapose with the surface of the painting with the title, and these types of choices that you're making. So I, you know, I'd love to hear about, you know, just a little bit about just choice in your practice, but in particular how it, how it progressed into also performance.

DeGiulio Thanks. Well, I don't know about performance. [clicks tongue] This is life. Performance is bound, I think, typically. The video, I think I would call it, of me Wooster Grouping Pina's *Rite of Spring* in my faculty housing, not ever having watched it before, and trying to dance around wearing a Party City tablecloth, I don't know if that's video, I don't know what the disciplinary constraints that might hold that are. It's activity, for sure. I don't know that it's performance.

The car crash, no one saw me do it except for my friends, in the morning. It was a gesture, and I think as far as precision goes, I try to touch things specifically, and that was a really specific touch. The instrument was not a finger or a brush, it was a Buick. But I had to hit it just right, and I care about the surface, and I care about the relationship of the tool, the mark-making instrument, to the thing that's going to collect its trace. So that's why that went that way.

Choice is interesting. I think that, I don't know – I don't know, I was thinking about this the other day, like the first group show I was in after grad school was called *Vomitorium*. I kept getting put in these shows of just like [lowers voice gruffly] fucking crazy girls with appetites, you know, I was like [laughter] what! They like fuck up their paintings! Like what, what is the, what is this, what is this, like, I think that that's the, the point of thinking about Pina Bausch, and thinking about Brecht, and thinking about, like, the gestic in general, the mimetic in general, and what is behind a thing. As though the natural were natural. It's not. Like, things that look, like aggression, that look like violence, may in fact just be energy. Muscles directed to a particular point. So I think that like even the reading, or the codification around convention of what a gesture, how a gesture signifies is a super real thing that I'm interested in.

Someone wrote a review of the Suburban car crash and called me a narcissistic terrorist. Which might be true. Who gives a shit? What is this? You know, like, I don't know, like, I think that it, it takes a, it took a lot of form to get that to [laughing] take form.

I don't know, I think I'm trying to speak to what you're saying, but like, I don't like the idea that, like, artists are nice. I don't know that I'm nice. I'm just trying to be clear about these methods, and understanding them, not – well, maybe as precarious, maybe as built to be precarious, but not built to fail. It's bound and ongoing. And hopefully, things will change when and if they have to, I think that's something that I really admire and respect in the artists that are my elders, is agility. Being able to respond in different ways to how the world touches them, and then how they touch the world back.

Yes? Do you see what I'm saying?

[whispering] Have we done it? [laughter, applause, cheering] Yes!

END OF RECORDING