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Unjustified

January 30 - March 2, 2002

apexart curatorial program

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Cover image: Saeri Kiritani *Imagine 21*, 2002 Still from video

ISBN: 0-9713961-3-2

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Proximity

Once, naked on gray-skinned boulders in an Indian fishing village, dried scales sequin every curve of our bodies sealing all that we carry within. When I play the saxophone I try to make myself something boneless blown through the horn leaving the inside incandescent.

I am the middle of the day, in the middle of the story, in the middle. For years every week every time outside the hospital a half-dressed man sings. Like a lyric poem, between music and speech, ecstasy and mourning, he whispers, "This is a lucky day. I'm a lizard who blends into the grass." He is the color that never disappears. The absence leaves space for him to bend out across the street.



Carrie Moyer *Solaris*, 2001 Acrylic, glitter on linen 58 x 68 inches

There is only the edge and everything on the verge of night, the dusk light crosses his legs, splits the sky like a sigh of relief. Whose identity couldn't be altered by the accelerated rate of invisibility, like dusk.

I leave sparklers, money, magazines under his tail each time. I think he is the one who tucks cut paper and wire balls between my car wheels.



Emily Jacir
Sexy Semite, 2000-01
Personals ads placed
in the *Village Voice*
50 ads

This seems like an unplanned conversation or a metaphor that has the most to do with proximity affirming relationships and discrepancies, the necessity to participate. This is not a completed experiment. Neither perishable nor yielding shadows of consensus.



Tim Fielder *Grimlight*,

A long illness starts to dry up all talk of itself, like a long sentence, a long weather front. It grows past all imagination as a low voice disappears from sight, still holds everything, silent like a horizon, the sky

still distant. I came with only what I knew to the treatments, a series of measured accidents. I penned poems across my stomach each time, words on the verge of silence - the brighter the source, the darker the darkness. After some time, sure I must glow from the inside - the poems back-lit projections marking the distance.



Lynne Brown *No More Heros* (detail from installation), 2002 Gelatin silver print



May Sun *Suit Case*, 1996-2002 detail of installation



Edgar Arceneaux
Richard Pryor, *Live at the Parisian Room*, 2001 41 x 36 inches Collage and drawing

Each poem from the time before is memory, unfolded paper still tending toward the crease giving direction to the next words to migrate across my skin. On the other side, in the fresh morning, the ink washes through the shower drain, the color, which never quite disappears.

Perhaps as a child I would have written poems across the elm trunks before I was distracted by their disappearance and something else.



Kwabena P. Slaughter *The Poetry of Facts*, 2000 Video projection



Raj Kahlon *Untitled from The Viewing Project*, 2001 C-Print 30 x 40 inches

Each of us know of random moments when our life is held - two blocks from the destruction, the car swerves, the illness retreats, the war subsides outside the door.

I call my parents to say the body they made still breathes. Reaching home, the smell of rotting fruit is like the tentative light of summer being pulled into autumn. On my bed, I line them all up, like algebra: apple (lizard man), banana (saxophone), pomegranate (outrageous acts), pear (elm tree), fig (essential gesture).

Jane M. Saks