



Bob Nickas

INDEPENDENT CRITIC AND CURATOR BOB NICKAS HAS ORGANIZED MORE THAN SIXTY EXHIBITIONS SINCE 1984. A COLLECTION OF HIS ESSAYS AND INTERVIEWS, *THEFT IS VISION*, WAS PUBLISHED EARLIER THIS YEAR BY JRP-RINGIER. HE IS CURRENTLY PREPARING A SHOW TITLED "EVERY REVOLUTION IS A ROLL OF THE DICE," WHICH OPENS NEXT MONTH AT PAULA COOPER GALLERY IN NEW YORK.

5 Alex Rose, "Deathrow Workshop" (Envoy Enterprises, New York) You've never heard of him, and he probably prefers it that way. Rose belongs not to the art world but to his own. He creates hauntingly beautiful drawings and collages that are mysterious, psychedelic, and at times disturbing. He often ritualistically burns and buries his work. Rose is a visionary. He bought a book of writings and drawings kept in 1872 by a fifteen-year-old named Richard Haynes, and added to the sketches in order to communicate with the boy. He may have succeeded.



Alex Rose, *Untitled*, 2007, collage on paper, 7 x 8 1/2".

[home](#)
[email me](#)
[subscribe via email](#)

Alex Rose with Envoy at VOLTA



About this Entry

Published on *March 6, 2009 10:15 AM*.
previous entry: [The Armory Show 2009 - Contemporary](#)
next entry: [VOLTA 2009](#)

[about](#)
[food blog](#)
[art not posted](#)
[all photo galleries](#)
[9/11](#)
[bloggy](#)
[artcat calendar](#)
[wish list](#)
[archives](#)
[syndicate me](#)







I don't really have enough time to explain why I think the art of Alex Rose is **something no one should miss seeing** this week, but I thought these few poor images might do almost as well.

Envoy is showing this Irish artist's **work** in their space at **VOLTA**, and I can't say enough about it - on virtually every level. This is a breathtaking body of work, and it has been curated with an artistry and sensitivity worthy of both its exceptional beauty and the unique story of its creation - and destruction.

Rose, who lives in a cottage in Cork, has been and remains a shy young recluse who has created art obsessively for most of his life. He did have some experience with art school, reportedly graduating in the end at the bottom of his class, but he seems to be more of an autodidact. He works compulsively with found materials, reworking them until they are fully invested with his own soul. He burns or buries the art he has created, documenting its destruction; the documents themselves may then be reworked and turn up in other work. Images are uploaded for a brief time on his blog, but they are ultimately removed, so that nothing survives in the end.

Fortunately he was persuaded by the gallery's director, the artist **Jimi Dams**, that letting go of some pieces, letting them be seen, would help other artists, and that is the only reason that we may see some of them here. But even this fragile window, a reluctant concession to visibility, was won only on the artist's understanding that the work which survives the ordinary terms of his practice (that is, always ending with its disappearance) no longer has anything to do with him.

When Envoy began to sell work during and after a solo show last June and Dams tried to send to the artist the money he was owed, it learned that he didn't want it. The physical objects no longer existed for him, and besides, he told them, he already had a secure, though very modest job and didn't need the money. Dams suggested, and Rose agreed, that his share of any sales could be left in a fund which would help artists who needed it to mount their shows in the gallery.

A most peculiar and wonderful artist.

March 6, 2009 10:15 AM | [Permalink](#) | [Culture, Queer](#) | [Comments \(1\)](#)

Comments

By lane on **March 7, 2009 9:55 AM**

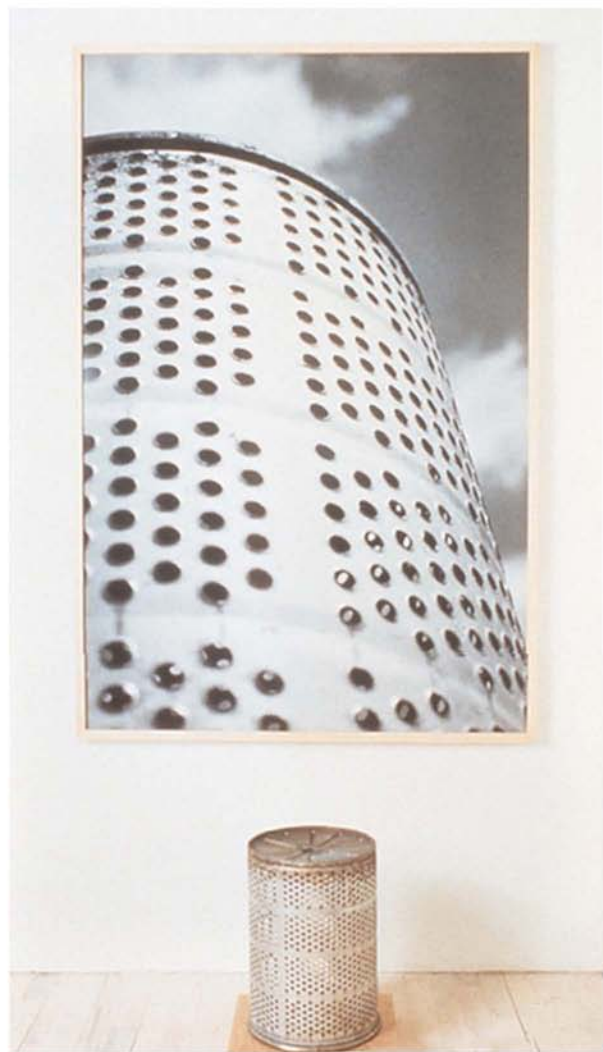
James, very interesting indeed. I'm glad you put this up. I was fascinated listening to Jimi describe this work and how he came to be showing it.

Really interesting insight into human creativity.

What's left after the end of art?
More art, of course.

Phot(o)jects Organized by Bob Nickas at the Presentation House in Vancouver

Published April 11, 2009 by aanews



B. Wurtz, *Untitled (container)*, 1988.

April 10 - June 7, 2009

<http://www.presentationhousegall.com>

From the press release

Alan Belcher, Walead Beshty, Gil Blank, Jennifer Bolande, Trisha Donnelly, Roe Ethridge, Guyton Walker, Rachel Harrison, Robert Heinecken, Matt Keegan, Annette Kelm, Louise Lawler, Carter Mull, Torbjorn Redland, Alex Rose, Sam Samore, Wolfgang Tillmans, Josh Tonsfeldt, Sara VanDerBeek, B. Wurtz

Beyond a carrier of an uninterrupted image, what else can a photograph be? This is the question at the center of this exhibition. With works in which an object that has been photographed becomes the support for the image — as in Alan Belcher's playground tire swing that is wrapped around a tire swing hung from the ceiling, or Jennifer Bolande's photo of plywood that has been mounted onto plywood as a rippled curtain — we have hybridized photo/objects. Rachel Harrison's sculpture is frequently put to the service of displaying a photograph, or an image becomes yet another element in her three-dimensional "combines." The installation of a photograph that takes into account both the image and its relation to space, as with Louise Lawler's photographs of Andy Warhol's "silver clouds," hung high up and at tilted angles as if floating in the room, is also means to animate the photograph. Another question is inevitably raised: Beyond the camera, how else can a photograph be made? Here, we have camera-less works such as Wolfgang Tillmans's "Lighter" series, pictures which are the result of accident, having been bent and crumpled as they came out of the printer. The resulting works, sculptural and revealing the photo's reality as a sheet of paper, are presented in Plexiglas boxes. There are also pictures generated completely in the darkroom, such as those Walead Beshty makes by bending a sheet of photographic paper and exposing sections to various colored lights. The show includes photographs in which images have been overlaid or made to collide, as in the pioneering art of Robert Heinecken, who is represented by works from the early 1970s, and more recently with Roe Ethridge, whose pictures of pages from mail order catalogs taken on a light table can be seen as Surrealist double-image. The show accounts as well for works which seem to occupy the "normal" space of photography, a picture within a frame hung flat to the wall, and yet problematize accepted notions by way of the image itself, as when Gil Blank distances us from a polaroid that appears tacked to a wall that is a purely fictive location. Finally, there are pictures as negations of an image that deliver another one entirely, best illustrated by Sam Samore's work in which photos have been put through a shredder and bagged for disposal, or Alex Rose's haunting pictures of collages that he sets on fire, and as they burn we see them go up in smoke.

[Check B. Wurtz book and multiple at onestar press](#)

[Check Sam Samore book and multiples at onestar press](#)

phot(o)bjects Organized by Bob Nickas



Featuring Alan Belcher, Jennifer Bolande, Walead Beshty, Gil Blank, Trisha Donnelly, Roe Ethridge, Guyton Walker, Rachel Harrison, Robert Heinecken, Matt Keegan, Annette Kelm, Carter Mull, Louise Lawler, Torbjorn Rødland, Alex Rose, Sam Samore, Wolfgang Tillmans, Josh Tonsfeldt, Sara VanDerBeek, B. Wurtz.

Beyond a carrier of an uninterrupted image, what else can a photograph be? This question is at the centre of an exhibition organized for Presentation House Gallery by New York-based independent critic and curator Bob Nickas. phot(o)bjects explores the multifaceted ways artists have and continue to consider the three dimensional possibilities of the photographic medium. Through a broad selection of works dating from the early 1970s, Nickas probes the continuing artistic negotiation between photographic form and content and the shifting nature of the photographic medium itself.

Framing multiple approaches to the ways in which photographs are made, the exhibition features twenty international artists, and includes foundational montage works by Robert Heinecken (1932 - 2006), as well as artists who came to prominence in the 1980s, with hybridized photo/objects of Alan Belcher and Jennifer Bolande and the contextual photo installations of Louise Lawler. The exhibition features camera-less works, pictures generated completely in the darkroom as well as work that seems to occupy the "normal" space of photography and yet problematizes accepted notions by way of the image itself.

Since 1984 Bob Nickas has curated a number of groundbreaking exhibitions including Pictures of the Real World (in Real Time) at Paula Cooper Gallery, NYC & Le Consortium, France (1994); Lee Lozano, Drawn From Life: 1961-1971 (2004) and Wolfgang Tillmans: Freedom From The Known (2006) both at PS1, New York. He was Editor of Index magazine between 1996-2000 and Curatorial Advisor at PS1 Contemporary Art Center, New York between 2004-07. He has published numerous critical texts and reviews, and has recently completed a major monograph on contemporary abstract painting, forthcoming from Phaidon Press in 2009.



phot(o)bjects



Exhibition: April 10 to June 7, 2009

Beyond a carrier of an uninterrupted image, what else can a photograph be? This question is at the centre of an exhibition curated for Presentation House Gallery by New York-based independent critic and curator Bob Nickas. phot(o)bjects explores the multifaceted ways artists have and continue to consider the three dimensional possibilities of the photographic medium. Through a broad selection of works dating from the early 1970s, Nickas raises provocative questions about the continuing artistic negotiation between photographic form and content, and the shifting nature of the photographic medium itself.

The show features work by: Alan Belcher, Jennifer Bolande, Walead Beshty, Gil Blank, Trisha Donnelly, Roe Ethridge, Guyton\Walker, Rachel Harrison, Robert Heinecken, Matt Keegan, Annette Kelm, Carter Mull, Louise Lawler, Torbjorn Rødland, Alex Rose, Sam Samore, Wolfgang Tillmans, Josh Tonsfeldt, Sara VanDerBeek, B. Wurtz.

For more information contact:

[Presentation House Gallery](#)

333 Chesterfield Avenue
North Vancouver BC V7M 3G9

You there God? It's me.

April 21

re: phot(o)bjects



phot(o)bjects @ [Presentation House Gallery](#), April 10 – June 7, 2009

Organized by Bob Nickas. Featuring: Alan Belcher, Walead Beshty, Gil Blank, Jennifer Bolande, Trisha Donnelly, Roe Etheridge, Guyton Walker, Rachel Harrison, Robert Heinecken, Matt Keegan, Annette Kelm, Louise Lawler, Carter Mull, Torbjorn Rødland, Alex Rose, Sam Samore, Wolfgang Tillmans, Josh Tonsfeldt, Sara VanDerBeek, B. Wurtz

Isn't it funny the way things go? A couple weeks ago, in Toronto, teaching myself about photography, I was reading about Wolfgang Tillmans. He's an interesting photographer who's made a mark in part by interpreting photography through the not-so-fine arts: fashion photography, magazines, books: an art, employing a width and breadth wider than the usual entanglement. My cursory inquiry in regards to this contemporary master revealed the following intriguing quote "A photograph is always seen through its content and rarely through it's presence as an object in itself, whereas when confronted with other art objects one always deals with both aspects." It sat in my head for days and days...

I arrive in Vancouver last week and there's an exhibition that's just opened about photography and its status as object. Isn't it funny the way things go? The show features works that aim to prove for us that photography is more than its content: it does indeed have status as an object. 4 works from Tillmans hang: 2 of them are near monochrome abstracts housed in a Plexi box, the orange one with a neat fold, the other, a green crumpled mess; then a photo of a flattened clothing shot from above emphasizing the flatness of the picture, and finally a photo of a curled photo seen from the side, nearly indecipherable, a gray and vague mess but one decides it's a photo of a photo from Wolfgang's angle and pointing as to his real medium: paper. Walead Beshty folds photographic paper and exposes it strategically, in the darkroom, to create a well dented, marked and dinged, but colourful picture that could rival any colourfield painting, old or new. Sam Samore shreds paper up in to strips and seals it in garbage bags. Alex Rose burns them. Guyton/Walker use the paper of photographs to wrap paint cans.

Object is considered less literally by Roe Etheridge, Carter Mull and Robert Heinecken: these 3 consider the layering of images as an object act, and point us to consider images as physical objects dense with layers of information. Trisha Donnelly forces us to look at how photos can densely veil their subjects: what is it we're looking at in pictures anyway? Matt Keegan takes another route and frames the corner of the walls in an inversion of Malevich's square and forces a highlight of the architecture with two framed photos of sky and tree tops. Alan Belcher uses photos as wrapping for his suitcase sculptures and reflexively wraps a photo of tire swing on a tire swing. Continuing the strain, Jennifer Bolande takes a photo of plywood's grain, prints it on fabric and slings the fabric back on to the piece of wood. Similarly B. Wurtz's work of a perforated cylinder in front of its photographed counterpart, draws our attention to the way objects are distorted in photographs, and in fact how photographs can make something so modest look so grand, powerful. Maybe it was the size of the photo itself, well over a metre tall. Or maybe I'm tired.

I remember the show as being fairly smart, but now considered anew and after reading Bob Nickas' statement, I'm not as intrigued by these formal investigations as I first was. Maybe they're necessary, it's true, and these formal experiments are opening another way to re-consider the familiar, fine fine fine okay. I recall a few other works in the show, for me the 3 strongest. Gil Blank presents a 3 foot square photo, in it a life-size Polaroid photo pinned up by a magnet: its brevity asks us to be skeptical about the construction in photos; Josh Tonsfeldt's installs objects in the gallery, photographs them and installs the photos elsewhere in the gallery and thus asks us to be skeptical about the frame around the presentation of photos and galleries; and finally Torborn Rødland's amazingly simple photo of a baby, sitting, simply sitting and looking back at us, destroying my, yours, our gaze with his newborn eyes. Silently, the baby asks us to be considerate of photos, pictures, objects and entirely *everything*. Torborn's *Baby*, seemingly lacking formal reflexivity and any tautology, is freshly engaging us in the everyday dialogue of looking, forcing upon us a space surpassing inherent formal logic and transcending what Artur Zmijewski calls "the autonomy of art," a space he says:

Instead of drawing enjoyment from the outcome of their actions, the visual and performing arts are content merely to dream of such outcomes: fantasy has supplanted reality. The autonomy of art has therefore made it "inconsequential." The actions of art no longer have any visible or verifiable impact. The deficit that Peter Bürger once discerned in bourgeois art has made its way into high culture: the exaltation of art above day-to-day experience [is] typical for the status of a work of art in a bourgeois society... Aestheticism is also a manifestation of art's failure to produce social consequences.

The consideration of photography's formal logic in *phot(o)jects* is necessary to create an infant understanding, like that *Baby* has, of looking at, being looked at, making and understanding the objects around us, those physical, symbolic and cultural markers which can and should have deep social ramifications.

WOE ONTO THOSE WHO SPIT ON THE FEAR GENERATION
THE WIND WILL BLOW IT BACK ...

WORCESTER SAUCE

About

SEARCH

Death Row

July 23rd, 2008 | Uncategorized



ARCHIVES

July 2008

June 2008

May 2008

October 2007

Be sure to check out this amazing show at **Envoy Gallery** before it closes on Friday.

Alex Rose, "Death Row Workshop."

Envoy

131 Chrystie St (between Broome and Delancey Sts)

Thanks to *Slava* for some of the photos

Written by scott | 1 COMMENT

DC'S

THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 2008

You are sort of at the openings of 'Deathrow Workshop' and 'Memories I'll Never Have'

Alex Rose

aka Porcelain Skull

'Deathrow Workshop'

Envoy Gallery, NYC

06/11/08

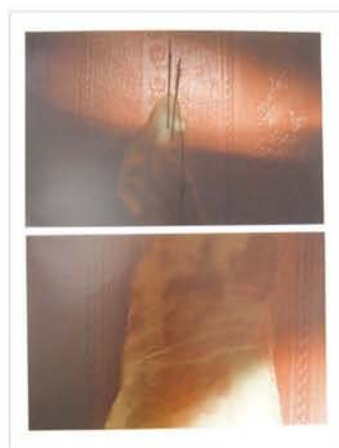
Photos by Math T

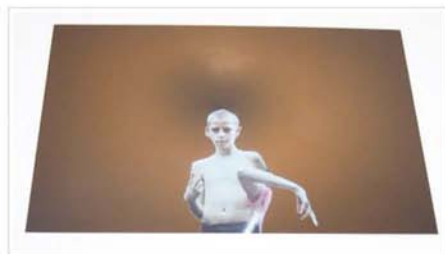
ORDER DC'S 'THE WEAKLINGS'















SLAVA MOGUTIN'S BLOG



THE PINKO COMMIE FAG BLOG. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED (IN HELL)

JUNE 20, 2008

ALEX ROSE'S PORCELAIN SKULL



ABOUT ME



SLAVA MOGUTIN
NYC, THE POLICE STATE OF
NEW YORK, UNITED STATES

I AM A CAVE-BASED,
SIBERIAN-BORN GAY MALE
ARTIST, WRITER, EXILED
DISSIDENT, PORN ACTIVIST, HOMO
TERRORIST, PINKO COMMIE FAG, "A
PROPAGANDIST OF BRUTAL VIOLENCE,
PSYCHIC PATHOLOGY AND SEXUAL
PERVERSIONS," THE CO-FOUNDER OF
SUPERM, AND A HORNY MOTHERFUCKER
WHO LIKES IT RAW! I HAVE 2 NIPPLE
RINGS, 7 TATTOOS, 3 EYES, 6 ARMS, 4
LEGS, 3 DICKS, 6 BALLS & 2 ASSHOLES
(ALL FULLY FUNCTIONAL). MY SKIN IS
WHITE, MY HAIR IS BLONDE, MY EYES
ARE BLUE, MY TONGUE IS RED...

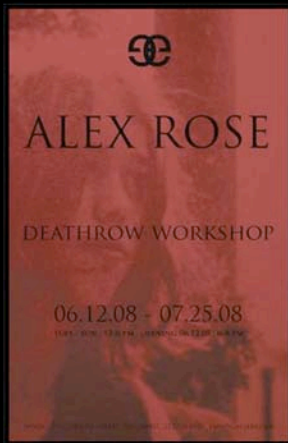






a photograph of him
sleeping, when he
was twenty one





Alex Rose's Deathrow Workshop at Envoy Gallery, NYC

Labels: [Alex Rose](#), [Envoy Gallery](#), [Porcelain Skull](#)

POSTED BY SLAVA MOGUTIN AT 3:35 PM 0 comments [links to this post](#)





TUESDAY, 10 JUNE 2008

Alex Rose terrifies me



MCGREGOR

[VIEW MY COMPLETE PROFILE](#)

DON'T NEED A CURE, NEED A FINAL SOLUTION.

LINKS

[My work on Flickr](#)

[Bitches in Heat](#)

[Dennis Cooper](#)

[Asthmabunny](#)

[Emma WOLF](#)

[Ewig und drei tage](#)

[Thomas Moronic](#)

[Johnny Scharonne](#)

[Porcelain Skull](#)

[Milkboys](#)

[Anthony Joseph](#)

[Chicken in the field](#)

[Sickness Abounds](#)

[Internal Camera](#)

[A circle, a sighting, a wound, a reckoning](#)

Porcelain Skull

POSTED BY MCGREGOR AT 10:34

LABELS: ALEX ROSE, PHOTOGRAPHY

[Search](#)

[Home](#) | [Apartments](#) | [Art](#) | [Books](#) | [Clubs](#) | [Comedy](#) | [Dance](#) | [Film](#) | [Games](#) | [Gay](#) | [I, New York](#) | [Kids](#) | [Museums & Culture](#)
[Music](#) | [Opera & Classical](#) | [Restaurants & Bars](#) | [Sex & Dating](#) | [Shopping](#) | [Spas & Gyms](#) | [Sports](#) | [Theater](#) | [Travel](#) | [TV & DVD](#)

[Blog](#)

The TONY blog

No Cameras Allowed

Published on 6/18/08

A promoter's event is only as good as the photographer capturing the moment. With the popularity of lastnightsparty and event photographer Nikola Tamindzic becoming a well-known name...

[More posts »](#)

Art

Alex Rose, "Death Row Workshop."

★[RATE THIS]★

Envoy

131 Chrystie St (between Broome and Delancey Sts)

Lower East Side | [Map](#)

212-226-4555

Subway: B, D to Grand St; J, M, Z to Bowery | [Directions](#)

Description

Works of photography are presented alongside avant-garde collage novels in this intensely personal exhibition. Through July 25.

[\[Skip to user comments\]](#)

When

Sundays noon–6pm , Tuesdays noon–6pm , Wednesdays noon–6pm , Thursdays noon–6pm , Fridays noon–6pm , Saturdays noon–6pm . Through Jul 25.

Recent Acquisitions

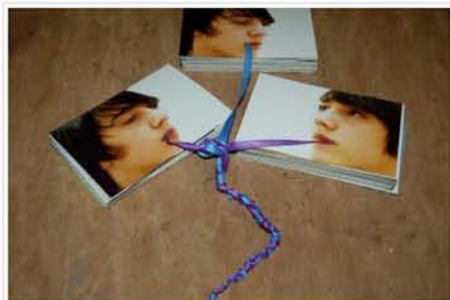
May 22 - July 12



Alex Rose
Untitled (for Jesper) (x 2)
2008g
Paper, collage and glass

FRIDAY, 4 APRIL 2008

Alex Rose interview



Perhaps the best thing I've found since I started blogging, is the amount of talented artists and writers out there, doing their work and using their own blogs as a place to showcase it. I found visual artist Alex Rose through his incredible Porcelain Skull blog.

I followed the progress of Porcelain Skull for a months before I made contact.

I liked the way in which Rose's art seemed so surreptitious, like it was trying to give clues to something far greater than the work itself - something dark, but something precious and inately beautiful. The collages that saw the fashion world spliced with pictures of nature, animals replacing photo studios, like the artist was admitting the beauty of the stylised world, but trying to take it back from commerce, trying to re-establish it as something sacred.

There is also a horror to Rose's work, a darkness that takes youth and drags it through sickwards, soiled hospital beds and abandoned buildings. Viewing the work on Porcelain Skull is often akin to digging under wooden floorboards in a haunted house. There is life and death in the work and there is fear. It feels like the artist is trying to work his way back through unknown events, and is scared of what he might discover.

I interviewed Alex ahead of his solo show at Envoy Gallery, New York which opens in June 2008.

I'm interested in your notebooks – can you talk a little bit about those please? You've sold a few at exhibitions right?

I've kept notebooks for years, mainly books of words, sometimes with images. I kept a diary for seven years but I felt it was keeping people too close to my door, so I threw the books in the river, in the last few years I've made notebooks, collages, photographs, poems. Some books I give away to friends, others I bury, my last notebook of four months I burnt last week. notebooks are a simple way to trap details that otherwise may pass. I've only sold two notebooks, both to German art dealers – I have no problem is letting the books go, as personal as they are.





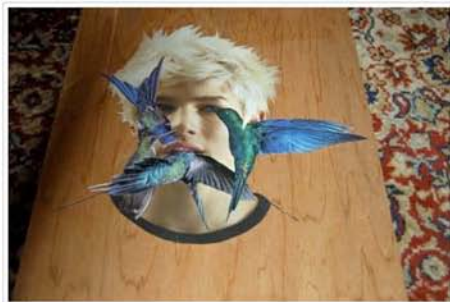
I like the way that you use a lot of (I presume) found images, cuttings from newspaper. What is it that makes you want to use a certain image? I guess with a lot of art there is no rational, premeditated though process, but when you look back over the images that you've chosen to use - do you see certain themes that run through what you do?

The coloured magazine boys within the collages are substitutes for people I don't know, people I know that I'll never be able to speak to. It's a trivial way of attaining towards something. I'm doing my best to let the collage work go as it doesn't work anymore, I want to do more portraits, but here where I live it's almost impossible – people are quite odd.

The black and white Newspaper clippings of boys – most of them are murderers or boys who have been murdered. I started to collect newspaper articles while I was writing to Dennis Nilsen. We wrote to each other for a year or so, It's difficult to explain why I wrote to him but I needed to, and his letters helped me so much.

You wrote to Dennis Nilsen? Can you tell me a little about your correspondence with him? You just felt compelled to write him a letter? What did you talk about? Is he aware of your art?

I started to write to Dennis Nilsen when I found it very difficult to understand ideas of relationships and I had problems with happiness. I sent him some photographs of my work and we wrote about ideas of beauty and romanticism. I didn't ask him about his past life as all our letters were read first by the prison and they would have been black marked out. Part of me wanted to knock on the darkest door – I wanted to know what it was like to live out the rest of a life indoors. He wrote about the daily violence and cruelty of the prison system. It's difficult and unfair of me to write anymore about Dennis within this interview as I can't answer you face to face. A year or so later I showed some of his letters and drawings in a show in Frankfurt.



You said about not having people around you to do portraits of – can you tell me a little about where you are from, are there any other artists that you know there?

I grew up in Limerick. I've been making art since I was 13 or 14, the usual things like burying family pets and making little shell and stone shrines. My older brother Ivan taught me a lot when I was young. He went off to join the Gurdjeff/Ouspensky community in California. I went to 3 different art colleges in Ireland, I dropped out of the first one after the first term as I had a mini breakdown. Between the 2nd and 3rd art college I went and lived in London for a bit, working on building sites and factories. I finished art college with a 2.2 degree the second lowest they can throw at you. There is a local art scene here, I know most of them on a nodding level, but no, I don't really talk about my work within that scene.



A self portrait of the artist.

One of the most powerful things about your use of found images is how they are taken out of their original context – it makes them kinda like a puzzle. Like you're trying to find some new meaning in them – you're making your own trail of breadcrumbs to follow, almost. I'm also interested in how you present your work in terms of its setting – the picture of a boy that is almost hidden and obscured under floorboards, the photograph left next to the ashtray. It made me think a little about the effect of galleries on your work. Is it ever the case that you find galleries to be stifling place, or if not stifling then perhaps sometimes they just don't seem suited or accommodating to some of the work that you're producing?

The black and white boy in the ashtray, the hand hidden faces and the boy beneath the floorboards (there is a meaning behind every photograph, Thomas, so I don't know how much I should say): those photographs and others are a way for me to try and unthread a knot. My feeling when I take those photographs is that I'm trying to re-glimpse the first image I saw. I work backwards constantly, I've see an image and then I try to re-remember it by photography. Years ago, I went through a period of hypnotherapy as I found myself repeating certain motifs and objects in my artwork. By re-photographing or obscuring my own images and then re-seeing them, I'm trying to work away the blackout and understand what it was. Those last few sentences are true but when I actually start to make work, before I pick up a camera or blade, I have no idea what I am doing.

I have no problem in showing my work in art galleries. I love the white cube. For me it's a chance to see my work in a clean space, as I've never had a studio, and it's a way of letting the collages and photographs leave. After an exhibition, the work is finished and I've very little interest in it.





Can you tell me about your upcoming New York show and how that came about?

The New York gallery emailed me out of the blue and asked if I wanted a show, so I said yes. It was as much of a surprise to me as it was to the dogs in the street. In the last four years I've only approached two Irish galleries to see if they'd show my work in group shows and both said no, so I made a promise to myself never to approach any gallery again – all the shows in the last two years have all come from Porcelain Skull.

Who do you consider your peers? What artists (in any medium, visual arts, films, writing etc) do you feel a kinship with? Whose work do you admire?

Books, I'm slowly reading Anna Kavan's "Sleep has his house" and "The diaries of John Dee 1577-1601". Music, I'm currently obsessed with Todd Rundgren's "Sometimes I don't know what to feel". Art, very little. I rarely go to shows. I work in an art gallery, as a technician, so whenever I do go to shows I just end up muttering to myself or the unfortunate person next to me about how the lighting is too bright and the spacing between the works is wrong and the labels are in the wrong font etc etc.



DC'S

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 2008

p.s. Happy Valentines Day and all that. The blog hereby celebrates the occasion by having distinguished local 5stringsA share his love for the tragically truncated artistry of Mark Sandman and his uniquely dark and much missed band Morphine with you. Please have a look, a listen, a think, and then utter something thoughtful to our guest-host of hosts. Thanks a bunch, 5stringsA. Oh, I want to give out the great news to those who didn't scour the comments area yesterday that the incredible visual artist Alex Rose aka this blog's own Porcelain Skull is now being represented by the terrific NYC gallery [Envoy](#), and will have his first solo show there this coming June. Alex's brilliance is no secret to the majority of the people who read this blog, and needless to say Envoy is a very wise and very lucky gallery to have snagged him. I'm still with head cold, but it hasn't gone all gruesome on me or anything. Still, it does give the brain pause, so I should probably use the limited power I seem to possess wisely and veer directly into the interactions at hand. ** Killer Luka, I think you might really like Denton Welch. I'd start either with the novel 'In Youth is Pleasure' or, if you want the real delicacy and hardship, with his quite amazing 'Journals'. Exactly, I think the mother who approached me just saw something about my book, and it created a situation where she could expel her terrible thoughts and feelings about what had happened to her son. I felt that at the time, and it was in a strange way a kind of honor or gift to have triggered the release. The suffering in her face is something I'll never forget. Yes, I know about Chikatilo. I think I have all four of the books about him and about the case, but I haven't seen the 'Citizen X' film. That aspect of Russia has not changed at all, as far as I know. It's just more buried than ever. ** Thomas, Hey, man. The museum does look

PREORDER DC'S 'THE WEAKLINGS'



[More information here](#)



THE NEWS AND EXTRAS AREA

Alert: People who are planning to see **Kindertotenlieder** during its Paris engagement (details below) are advised to order their tickets by phone (01 43 57 42 14) asap as it looks as though the shows will sell out quickly.

Upcoming performances:

NEW: February 21: Amsterdam, *Paradiso*, **Kindertotenlieder**

March 5 - 8: Brest, *Festival Les*