

UNDER ERASURE

CURATED BY HEATHER +
RAPHAEL RUBINSTEIN
PIEROGI GALLERY, NEW YORK
NOVEMBER 28, 2018 – JANUARY 6, 2019
www.under-erasure.com

Joe Amrhein	Christian Hawkey	Tom Phillips
Jenni Baker	+ Uljana Wolf	Niina Pollari
Jean-Michel Basquiat	Dennis Hollingsworth	Richard Prince
Joshua Beckman	Janet Holmes	Edouard Prulhière
Gene Beery	Jenny Holzer	+ Raphael Rubinstein
Charles Bernstein	Emilio Isgrò	Sylvia Ptak
Luca Bertolo	Samuel Jablon	Archie Rand
Jen Bervin	Ray Johnson	Stephen Ratcliffe
Joseph Beuys	Ronald Johnson	Robert Rauschenberg
Lisa Blas	Kim Jones	Srikanth Reddy
Mel Bochner	Joseph Kosuth	David Reed
Ariana Boussard-Reifel	Cody Ledvina	Ridykeulous
Pierre Buraglio	Tony Lewis	+ AL Steiner
Doris Cross	Glenn Ligon	+ Nicole Eisenman
The Deletionist.com	Mark Lombardi	Heather Bause Rubinstein
+ Amaranth Borsuk	Suzanne McClelland	Mary Ruefle
+ Jesper Juul	Travis Macdonald	Jerry Saltz
+ Nick Montfort	Arnold Mesches	David Scher
David Diao	Dan Miller	Mira Schor
Dana Frankfort	Donna Moylan	Teresa Serrano
Peter Gallo	Kristen Mueller	John Sparagana
Guerrilla Girls	Loren Munk	Antoni Tàpies
Ann Hamilton	Bruce Nauman	Shane Tolbert
Jane Hammond	Joshua Neustein	Betty Tompkins
Harmony Hammond	Bruce Pearson	Jim Torok
Matthea Harvey	+ Mónica de la Torre	Xiaofu Wang
+ Amy Jean Porter	M. NourbeSe Philip	

INSIDE COVER

UNDER ERASURE

A book by Heather + Raphael Rubinstein

Printed on the occasion of “Under Erasure,” an
exhibition they curated at Pierogi Gallery, New York
November 28, 2018 - January 7, 2019

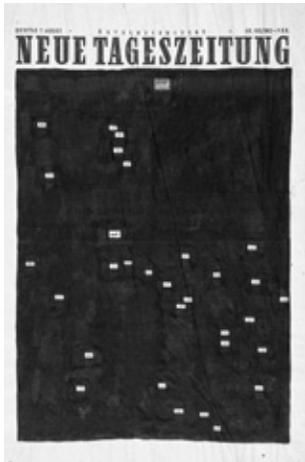
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Missing: erasure | Must include: erasure

Raphael Rubinstein

“The essence of an object has some relation with its destruction.”
– Roland Barthes

1. During the 1960s, a growing number of artists and writers, in disparate locations around the world and mostly unaware of one another, took up the practice of erasure and effacement: in New York City, Doris Cross started painting over dictionary pages; Tom Phillips in London began to partially obliterate pages from an obscure Victorian novel; in Italy, Emilio Isgrò commenced his *cancellatura* (cancellations), in which he methodically blacked out lines of text; Austrian concrete poet Gerhard Rühm used India ink to largely obliterate a newspaper front page; in Belgium in 1968, Marcel Broodthaers crossed out selected words in an anti-Minimalist, black-board-like painting and, the next year, published his version of Mallarmé’s “Un coup de dès jamais n’abolira le hasard,” in which every line of typeset words was replaced by a black band of equal length. (Interestingly, both Isgrò and Broodthaers were lapsed poets, or, rather, poets who decided to continue poetry by other means.) In 1967, Jacques Derrida



Gerhard Rühm, *reduziert zeitung (neue tageszeitung)*, 1962, Title page of the daily *Österreichische Neue Tageszeitung* (Tuesday 7 August 1962), painted over with India Ink, Generali Foundation Collection



Marcel Broodthaers (Belgian, 1924–1976). *Un coup de dès jamais n’abolira le hasard (A throw of the dice will never abolish chance)*. 1969. Artist’s book, offset lithograph on transparent paper, thirty-two pages, page: 12 3/4 × 9 13/16 in. (32.4 × 24.9 cm).

published *de la Grammatologie* in which he put the word “Being” *sous rature* (under erasure) by overlaying it with a typographic X, a chiasmic device he borrowed from Martin Heidegger, but which he employed with intentions and meanings distinctly different from the German philosopher.

For both Heidegger and Derrida, the continued legibility of a term placed under erasure is crucial. As Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak explains in the introduction to her translation of *de la Grammatologie*: “Since the word is inaccurate, it is crossed out. Since it is necessary, it remains legible.”¹ But while Heidegger puts “Being” under erasure in order to signal his rejection of the notion that “Being” stands apart from the realm of objects, that it’s not in the world, for Derrida this critique hardly goes far enough. Putting the word “Being” under erasure is part of Derrida’s larger project of questioning transcendent meanings, systems of authority, faith in the power of origins, and Western ethnocentrism.

It is a condensed instance of deconstruction, the self-un-doing of language, the way in which every philosophical contains its own unraveling. For Derrida, the sous rature mark is a visualization of something that is a condition of writing, which “structurally carries within itself the process of its own erasure and annulation, all the while marking what remains of this erasure.” All writing is under erasure whether it has been branded with an X or not because the condition of erasure, of not being there, is built into writing, which is always a matter of absence, of trace. In Derrida’s usage, “trace,” as Chakravorty Spivak explains, refers to “a word that cannot be a master word, that presents itself as the mark of an anterior presence, origin, master.”²² It is, ultimately, the ethical implications of Derridean “under erasure” that continue to make it useful to artists and writers, as well as to many others, more than half a century later.

Another influential French writer, Roland Barthes, also has relevance to this project, in particular through his writings on Cy Twombly, whose work exemplifies a kind of painterly writing that has animated painting since the 1950s, evident here in the work of Antoni Tàpies, Charline von Heyl, Dana Frankfort, Samuel Jablon, among others. What Barthes said about Twombly can be applied to many of the artists who have followed him: Twombly, Barthes observed, “alludes to writing . . . then he goes off somewhere else.” And allusion, Barthes reminds us, is a rhetorical figure that “consists of saying one thing with the intention of making another understood.”²³ Our reading of the many words inscribed in so many of the works in this show should never be literal: erasure in all its gradations knows how to suspend a word in the gap between sign and gesture.



Still from Jean-Luc Godard, *La Chinoise*, 1967.

The same year that *de la Grammatologie* appeared, Jean-Luc Godard released *La Chinoise*, a film about a cell of young French Maoists who spend their days holed up in a bourgeois Paris apartment debating the role of culture in politics and vice versa. *La Chinoise* is notable for its innovative use of collaged-in Pop imagery and inclusion of cinematic apparatuses (clapperboards, the director’s off-screen verbal directions etc) as well as for its striking foreshadowing of May ‘68. In one famous sequence, one of the actors, Jean-Pierre Leaud, carefully erases the names of several dozen playwrights from a blackboard. As each name is obliterated, the moist eraser in Leaud’s hands leaves behind a dark mark that looks like a brushstroke. By the end, the blackboard has been transformed into a kind of modular abstraction, with only a single name left untouched: *Brecht*.

It was also in 1967 that Robert Smithson signed the press release to the exhibition “Language to be Looked at and/or Things to be read” at Dwan Gallery with the nom de plume “Eton Corrasable,” a reference to the Eaton

company's popular brand of typing paper, which allowed the user to erase typed errors but was notorious for its tendency to become badly smudged.

Another key work of under-erasure art is Malcolm Morley's painting *Racetrack* (1970), in which a large red X has been painted on top of an exacting depiction of a South African tourist poster. A pivotal work in Morley's career, *Racetrack* marked the end of his photorealist phase. He has described how this came about:

*"The painting of the racetrack was really the jump. It's an interesting story. I'd gone with, actually, Toni Shafrazi, a very close pal, to see a movie called Z. Yves Montand plays a Greek politician in the time of the colonels in Greece, and he gets assassinated. And in the meantime I had finished the racetrack. And Ivan Karp had arranged for Time Magazine to come and photograph it on Monday. That was Friday. So Tony and I were so pissed when we came out of the movie — you come out mad — and so I got this idea of putting an X on the racetrack. And instead of just taking some paint and poom-poom, making an X, we got sheets of plastic and put them on the painting and rehearsed the X, and it got thinner and thinner. Because the painter didn't really want to totally destroy the painting, you know. So it was really quite a thin X. And then we reversed the plastic, printing the X on the painting. And low and behold it was Malcolm's X on a racetrack in South Africa. And because that was a pun that came out afterward, which sadly Lawrence Alloway claimed as his own discovery—but anyway, writers do this. So that was the beginning of the end. Not only was I exing out racetrack, but I was exing out Photorealism at the same time. And I'm a tremendous believer in the unconscious as an activity and have been devoted to psychoanalysis for most of my life."*⁴



Malcolm Morley, *Race Track*, 1970. Liquitex on canvas, 67 × 86 2/3 inches. Ludwig Museum Budapest—Museum of Contemporary Art. Copyright the Estate of Malcolm Morley, Courtesy Sperone Westwater, New York.

The introduction of erasure into poetry is usually credited to Ronald Johnson, an American poet who in the 1970s set about deleting passages from the first four books of John Milton's *Paradise Lost* to produce a book titled *Radi os*. (This exhibition includes a copy of the first edition of *Radi os* inscribed by Johnson to Jonathan Williams, who was a key figure in Johnson's life, as lover, publisher and friend.) Although, as Travis Macdonald has pointed out, erasure-like elements appeared from the 1960s on, in the work of experimental poets such as Jackson Mac Low and Armand Schwerner, but it wasn't until the early 2000s that the potential of erasure poetry was realized by large numbers of poets.⁵ For some of them, their embrace of erasure was linked to the political climate of the Bush Administration and the invasion of Iraq. Poet Janet Holmes found a parallel between Emily Dickinson's Civil War-era writings and

21st-century geopolitics:

*“When the second Iraq war started, I was reading Dickinson, aware of the violent edges her language could have, and I got interested in seeing whether she was using more of this kind of language during the Civil War’s beginning. I myself had had a very difficult and unsuccessful time trying to write about the war, and was seeking a way to do it. Her writing opened up a way for me, and seemed to permit a collaboration with my intentions.”*⁶

Another poet, Srikanth Reddy, also discovered in erasure a means of responding to current events:

*“Like Janet, I was having a heck of a time trying to write in the wake of political developments with Bush in the White House, and I started fiddling around with erasure as a way of getting words on the page as a result. I myself wasn’t very conversant with the growing tradition of erasure poetics at the time—I’d heard about Radi os and A Humument, but hadn’t really delved into either text—but after building up a head of steam on my own erasure, I went back to those texts and was quite blown away by them.”*⁷

This was the same period when, in the wake of the U.S. invasion of Iraq, Jenny Holzer began incorporating redacted U.S. government documents into her paintings. Since then, her “Redaction Paintings” have been continually evolving and the redacted portions have assumed greater importance. As she explained in an interview with Paul Laster:

“Initially, the silkscreens looked rather like Warhol’s Disaster paintings. They were pretty straightforward,

*with painted backgrounds and the text screened on top. Recently, I’ve been more interested in what’s not there, so I’ve chosen almost fully redacted documents. Lack of content is the message.”*⁸

Others have explicitly linked their interest in erasure to the subject of race, at times deploying “erasurist” strategies to depict and critique the injustices of colonialism, just as artists Jean-Michel Basquiat and Glenn Ligon have, in their different ways, wielded language as a witness to the insidious damage of racism and potential tool of its redress and repair. In M. NourbeSe Philip’s *Zong!*, erasure becomes a means of grappling with the history of the Slave Trade through ironic mimesis:

*“I was deeply aware at the time I worked on Zong! that the intent of the transatlantic slave trade was to mutilate—languages, cultures, people, communities and histories—in the effort of a great capitalist enterprise. And I would argue that erasure is intrinsic to colonial and imperial projects.”*⁹

Robin Coste Lewis, whose book *Voyage of the Sable Venus* seeks to undo what she describes as the “historical erasure of slavery” from American museums and libraries, warns against overly narrow definitions of erasure that miss the larger narrative of cultural appropriation and linguistic colonialism:

“Even sillier than thinking of erasure as an arts and craft exercise, is the avant-garde desire to locate erasures beginning in the 1960s, or to suggest that language poets were the originators of the post-modern (read: post-colonial—when you hear ‘post-modern’, read ‘post-colonial’...) shift in western literature. It’s not only a historically silly idea, but it misses much of the exquisite point of the

*vastness of erasure's reach, and, even more importantly, the vastness of literatures by people of color. Like Pablo's glorious appropriation—Im trying to be sarcastic—like Picasso's glorious appropriation of African forms; glorious but appropriation, but glorious, but appropriation, but glorious, but appropriation... all over the world, from so many camps, writers of every genre who had been haunted and hunted, pursued mercilessly by a very fixed, tight, finite *ideal* of English (this part I really want to connect to the practice [of erasure]), these writers from countries all over the world, who were colonized by English, finally one day slowly turned around and began to pursue English. English became the prey. Not just since the '60s, but for centuries....Erasure is as much about the politics of English, and its colonial history, as it is about form and object.”¹⁰*

A second wave of erasure poetry, some of which is represented in this exhibition, has appeared since the rise of Donald Trump. In a 2017 article “The Trump Era Boom in Erasure Poetry,” *The New Republic*, 2017, Rachel Stone sought to explain why:

“In these poems there is a desire to re-examine the institutions and narratives that shape Americans' lives, from government bureaucracy to new media. The poems' authors reassert power over language that has typically been used to determine who does and does not belong. And while poets have been reassigning meaning to texts in this way for at least a century, erasure has gained new energy at a moment when the country is deeply polarized—when official documents may hold radically different consequences and meanings for different people.”¹¹

2. By including both artists and writers, is this exhibition arguing against making strict distinctions between visual art and literature? Although this was not part of the original intention behind “Under Erasure,” it is a question that needs to be addressed. Does it matter whether an object is identified as a poem or as a drawing, as a conceptual text piece or as a concrete poem? Obviously, such labels carry with them specific kinds of interpretations and contextualizing, and affect how we experience the works. By eliminating, at least temporarily, the boundaries between art and literature, this exhibition hopes to draw attention to some of the ways in which various art forms converge. The flourishing of erasure poetry, for instance, brings contemporary poetry closer to the fields of painting and text-based conceptual art. A similar convergence has been happening in recent years with the growth of so-called conceptual writing, which originated in the importation of techniques from Performance and Conceptual Art into literary production. “All art aspires to the condition of music,” Walter Pater wrote well more than a century ago. If art (meaning literature as well as visual art) aspires to any universal condition today, textuality may be that condition.

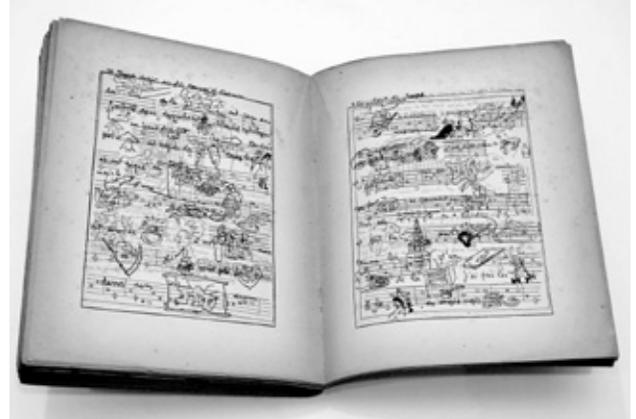
At the same time as it juxtaposes contemporary artists and poets, “Under Erasure” also acknowledges the many precedents for such dialogues, especially in and around the history of concrete poetry. In the past, text art and concrete poetry have sometimes intermingled, sometimes developed in parallel directions and sometimes been separated by mutual suspicion, by a need to take an exclusionary stance. As our understanding of these histories deepens, and as boundaries between mediums, and stylistic modes within those mediums, increasingly break down, it has become more common for scholars

to take an inclusive approach when it comes to art and literature. We've come a very long way from the time when literary critic Harold Bloom could refuse to recognize John Ashbery's poem "Europe" as a poem because its inspiration came from "De Kooning and Kline, Webern and Cage."¹²

It should be noted that outside of Western culture, such divisions and distinctions are far less prevalent. One needs only look at the history of Chinese art in which the distinction between painting and poetry, between the painter and the poet, is often nonexistent.

This is not the first time that poets and artists have been invited to exhibit in an art gallery. In early 2001, Charles Bernstein and Jay Sanders curated an exhibition titled "Poetry Plastique" at Marianne Boesky Gallery in New York. Among the 30 or so participants in this groundbreaking show were three who are also in "Under Erasure": Bernstein, Tom Phillips and Mira Schor. One aim of "Poetry Plastique" was to focus on works (mostly by poets, but in some cases by artists working with language or in collaboration with poets) that required being exhibited in a gallery space to be fully understood. Also important to the curators was the act of bringing the work of poets into the realm of the art gallery. As Bernstein and Sanders explained in their catalogue essay:

*"To the curators of this exhibition, mounting such a show in a commercial New York gallery is an important component. It annexes these poets and their works into the context of contemporary art, and generally restates the importance of poetry in the realm of the visual arts. In organizing and presenting these works, we have taken every measure to acknowledge them as equally compelling as any grouping of artworks."*¹³



Isidore Isou, "Jacob benit ses fils Manasse et Ephraim" (no. 48) and "Mort de Jacob" (no. 49), from *Les journaux des dieux* (Lausanne, Switzerland: Aux Escaliers de Lausanne, 1950).

It is certainly the contention of "Under Erasure" that the works of the poets in the show and the works of the artists are "equally compelling." There have, of course, been many exhibitions devoted to the relations between artists and writers, from "In Memory of My Feelings: Frank O'Hara and American Art" at LA MOCA in 1999 to the recent "Philip Guston and the Poets" at the Gallerie dell' Accademia in Venice. In contrast to those exhibitions, "Under Erasure," like "Poetry Plastique" before it, does not posit the inclusion of poetry on any biographical relationship between artists and poets; instead, poetry—in this case, poetry that emphasizes its typographic and alphabetic qualities—is presented as an autonomous entity. This doesn't mean that the very real differences between a painting and a poem, even an erasure poem, should be ignored. Rather, that a visually oriented work by a poet, in whatever form it might take, can operate in the same realm as visual art. While not represented in this exhibition, the activities of the Lettrists in France, Weiner Gruppe in Austria, Poesia Visiva in Italy, Brazilian concrete poetry, and all the other

countless migrants between the open-border realms of art and poetry, are deeply relevant to “Under Erasure.”

3. Another distinction to be considered is between erasure as literary device and as political statement. In a 2010 article on the history of redaction, Michael G. Powell comments on a 1924 poem by Man Ray, which is plausibly an early use of redaction:

*“While Man Ray may have objected to the workings of the American or European governments in his time, his poem was not a critique of government secrecy or censorship policies. It was, instead, a reflection on the nature of writing and the power of the text.”*¹⁴

An obvious but crucial point: in order for an act of erasure to occur there must be something to erase. Whether it is a question of crossing-out, redaction, excision or over-writing to the point of illegibility, there must always be some preexisting mark for the eraser to engage. It’s impossible to erase ex nihilo. One consequence of this necessary condition of posteriority is that some kind of dialogue must happen between present and past. What came before must be acknowledged, if only as a target of assassination.

A second point, perhaps so obvious that it doesn’t seem worth dwelling on: in the practice of erasure, especially literary erasure, the “something” that gets erased is rarely made by the person who is doing the erasing. Another way of putting this is to say that erasure almost always involves appropriation. First you appropriate, then you erase what you have appropriated.

Why does it seem more effective, more significant, to erase someone else’s words or someone else’s art?



Man Ray, Paris, May 1924, poem published in 391, *Trois cent quatre-vingt-onze*, created by Francis Picabia, published by Ribemont-Dessaignes.

When, in 1953, Robert Rauschenberg made what is arguably the inaugural work of erasure art, *Erased De Kooning Drawing*, the fact that he wasn’t the author of the drawing was crucial. As he later told Calvin Tomkins, before acquiring a drawing from De Kooning and embarking on its erasure, he had first tried to erase

one of his own drawings:

*“It didn’t work, because that was only fifty percent of what I wanted to get. I had to start with something that was 100 percent art, which mine might not be, but his work definitely was.”*¹⁵

Every generation inherits a culture, a mess of artifacts, just as every speaker in a language must enter into that existing language. Erasure is one way of dealing with such impositions. It’s perhaps no accident that the rise of artistic erasure happened as art and literature were coming to terms with the end of modernism. The act of a young artist attempting to rub out a drawing by a revered master or of a not-so-young poet-turned-artist/curator blacking out a canonical text of modern poetry were not so much acts of Oedipal vandalism as they were acknowledgments that henceforth the tasks of poetry and painting would involve the manipulation of existing material produced by the surrounding society. As Joshua Neustein describes his practice of erased drawings: *“My premise is that I don’t change anything, I just move it or shift it around”*¹⁶ or, in the phrase that Marjorie Perloff has used to characterize conceptual writing: *“moving information.”*¹⁷

Seen from this perspective, such acts of erasure are similar to the ancient practice of scraping away existing texts written on sheets of papyrus or parchment or simply writing over them in order to inscribe a new text. In other words, every erasure is a kind of palimpsest. Yet there is a fundamental difference between palimpsestic overwriting and artistic erasure. While the medieval scribes who reused Classical manuscripts for the transcription of Christian texts were not concerned with

the content of the text-to-be-erased, or only to the extent that it was of lesser value than the text they were replacing it with—this is rarely the case with an artist who paints over a word or a writer who attacks a printed page with White Out or a collective that savagely annotates some objectionable document—that it was a De Kooning drawing he was trying to erase mattered to Rauschenberg, just as it mattered to Broodthaers that it was Mallarmé’s famous poem he was blacking out and not some random scattering of words. A similar dynamic is at play when Derrida crosses out a foundational term of metaphysics.

And yet, for all its kinship with critique and iconoclasm, erasure is not simply a form of negation. Jasper Johns, who has periodically crossed out his own signature or parts of a composition, once referred to Rauschenberg’s *Erased De Kooning Drawing* as an “additive subtraction.” In *Undoing Art* (Quodlibet Elements, 2017), a recent book of dialogues with Michel Delville, Mary Ann Caws likens erasure to sculpture, describing the erasure artist as someone who is engaged in *“chipping off bits of textual or visual materials in order to give shape to new semiotic patterns.”*¹⁸ Poet Lyn Hejinian’s description of how she composed her book *The Fatalist* also stresses the process of removal:

*“Over the course of exactly one year, I saved (in a single computer file) everything that I wrote to anybody: notes to students about their writing, or comments on dissertation chapters, letters to friends, e-messages. No matter how trivial, I saved it. And then about eight months into the saving I went back and, starting at the top of that file with the earliest material, I began sculpting away stuff that just wasn’t going to make anything useful as poetry.”*¹⁹

If erasure in all its forms now appears to so many artists and writers as an irresistible tool, it may have something to do with the fact that we live in an era when it is easier than ever to make documents and data and history disappear. Does it also reflect the larger fact that so much of the planet's life and matter is under immediate threat of vanishing? The fact that recycling is taking on an ever more urgent ethical dimension? The fact that hands-on analog contact with *matière* in all its resistant and abiding beauty feels like a daily necessity? The fact that the claims of enthroned privilege and theocratic authority cry out more than ever to be slashed into doubt? The ubiquity of "additive subtraction" has many causes. If some of them remain obscure, it's blindingly clear that putting something under erasure isn't about making it disappear. Just the opposite. As one of the artists represented in this exhibition, Jean-Michel Basquiat, put it:

~~"I cross out words so you will see them more; the fact that they are obscured makes you want to read them."~~

Notes:

1. Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak, Translator's Preface, in Jacques Derrida, *of Grammatology*, Johns Hopkins University Press, Baltimore and London, 1976, p. xiv.
2. Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak, Translator's Preface, in Jacques Derrida, *of Grammatology*, Johns Hopkins University Press, Baltimore and London, 1976, p. xv.
3. Roland Barthes, "Cy Twombly: Works on Paper," *The Responsibility of Forms*, Farrar Straus and Giroux, New York, 1985, p158.
4. James Chad Hanna, "Painting for Glory: Malcolm Morley on the World War II Origins of His High-Flying Art," artinfo.com (Artinfo), 1 April 2011.
5. Cf. Travis Macdonald, "A Brief History of Erasure Poetics," *Jacket 2*, 2009.
6. Janet Holmes in Andrew David King, "The Weights of What's Left [Out]: Six Contemporary Erasurists on their Craft," thekenyonreview.org, Nov. 6, 2012
7. Srikanth Reddy in Andrew David King, "The Weights of What's Left [Out]: Six Contemporary Erasurists on their Craft," thekenyonreview.org, Nov. 6, 2012.
8. Paul Laster, Jenny Holzer Interview, timeout.com, Sept. 8, 2014.
9. M. NourbeSe Philip in Rachel Stone, "The Trump-Era Boom in Erasure Poetry," *The New Republic*, Oct. 23, 2017.
10. "On Erasure: Quotes from Robin Coste Lewis's Lecture 'The Race Within Erasure,'" www.de-canon.com, May 9, 2017.
11. Rachel Stone, "The Trump-Era Boom in Erasure Poetry," *The New Republic*, Oct. 23, 2017.
12. Harold Bloom, *Figures of Capable Imagination*, New York, Seabury Press, 1976, p. 174.
13. Charles Bernstein and Jay Sanders, "Introduction," *Poetry Plastique*, Marianne Boesky Gallery & Granary Books, New York, 2001, p. 11.
14. Michel G. Powell, "Blacked Out," *The Believer*, Jun. 2010, p.27.
15. Quoted in Calvin Tomkins, *The Bride and the Bachelors: Five Masters of the Avant-Garde*, New York, Penguin Books, 1968, p. 87.
16. Catherine Craft, "A Conversation with Joshua Neustein," www.nashersculpturecenter.org, 2012.
17. Marjorie Perloff, "Moving Information: on Kenneth Goldsmith's *The Weather*," marjorieperloff.com, originally published in *Open Letter*, 2005.
18. Mary Ann Caws and Michel Delville, *Undoing Art*, Quodlibet Elements, Macerata, 2017, p.18.
19. Quoted in "I am suddenly aware that phrases happen: Lyn Hejinian at Kelly Writer's House," Feb. 22, 2005, *Jacket 2*.



JOE AMRHEIN

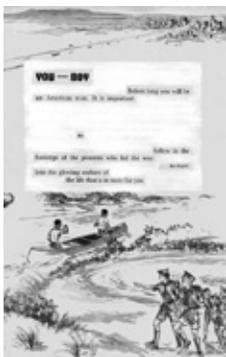
Language layered over itself with the techniques of sign painting learned on a day-job that turned into art-work; rolled up for easy transportation and storage, leaning in a corner like one of André Cadere's "sticks," a see-through scroll, never to be unfurled, an unreadable poem to hoist on your shoulder.

Scroll 2

2009

Enamel and goldleaf on mylar
42 inches high, 4 inches diameter





JENNI B. BAKER

Unable to convince literary magazine editors that found texts she submits could rightfully be considered as her own work, a writer founds her own magazine called *The Found Poetry Review*. She spends hours each day prospecting the Internet for old erasable texts that she can make her own, make new.

You — Boy (above)

You — Member of a Troop (right)

2014

Paint on *Boy Scouts of America Handbook*

8.5 x 11 inches



YOU — MEMBER OF A TROOP

Your patrol does not stand alone
it is part of a troop that consists of several
patrols that work together. As a mem-
ber of a troop, you are a member of
the Boy Scouts of America as well.
It's fun to take part in a great troop
meeting under a capable Scoutmaster
—but it's even more fun to participate
in a camp with the whole troop learn-
ing new Scoutcraft skills, singing in the
accompaniment of the campfire at night.





JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT

(for Duncan Smith)

All caps or is it *all cops* or is it *ill* cops? What is the scope when an *ill cop* grabs a skidding kid writing glass shards in *all caps* on a wall and wails on him? The wall is the law. Crossed-out caps, star-crossed kids, art-star crap.

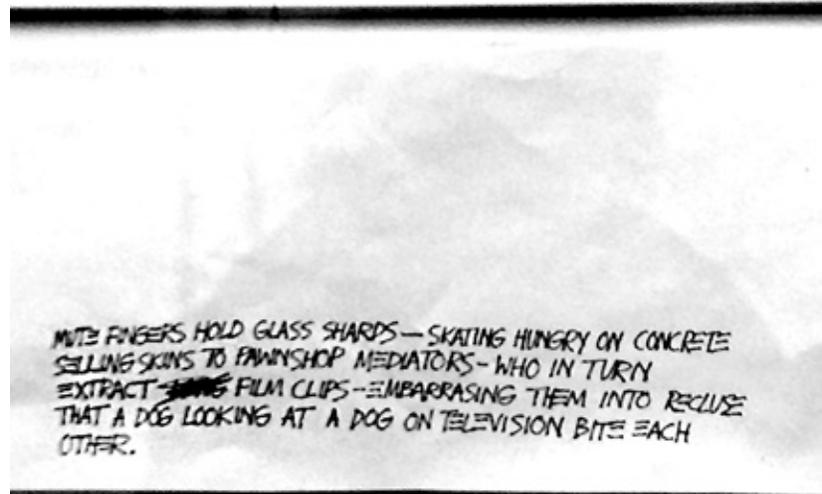
Untitled (text)

ca. 1982

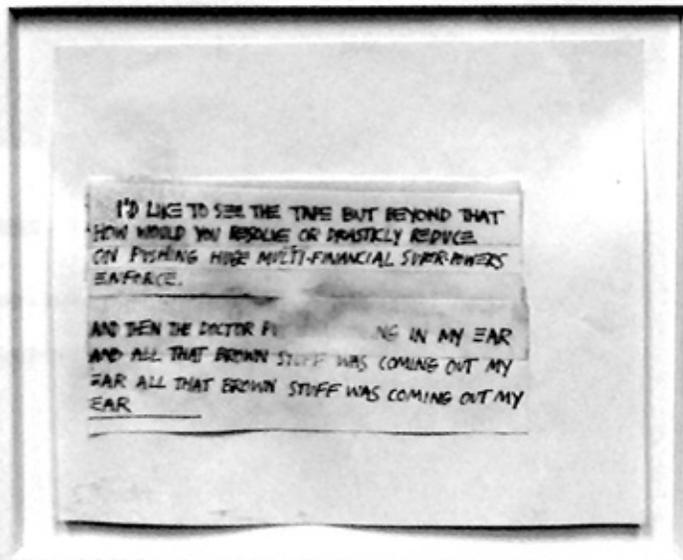
Ink on paper, 2 fragments

3 1/2 x 8 3/4 inches and 2 x 3 1/2 inches

Private Collection

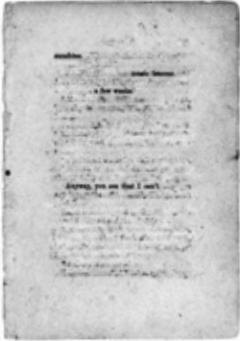


MUTE FINGERS HOLD GLASS SHARDS — SKATING HUNGRY ON CONCRETE
 SELLING SKINS TO PAWNSHOP MEDIATORS — WHO IN TURN
 EXTRACT ~~THE~~ FILM CLIPS — EMBARRASING THEM INTO RECLUSE
 THAT A DOG LOOKING AT A DOG ON TELEVISION BITE EACH
 OTHER.



I'D LIKE TO SEE THE TAPE BUT BEYOND THAT
 HOW WOULD YOU REBORN OR PRACTICALLY REDUCE
 ON FISHING HIGH MULTI-FINANCIAL SUPER-POWER
 ENFORCE.

AND THEN THE DOCTOR FI... NG IN MY EAR
 AND ALL THAT BROWN STUFF WAS COMING OUT MY
 EAR ALL THAT BROWN STUFF WAS COMING OUT MY
 EAR



JOSHUA BECKMAN

A poet (in New York) conceives the idea of erasing (partially) Federico García Lorca's *A Poet in New York* and publishing the results. A (big) publisher in New York threatens the poet's (little) publisher with legal consequences. The (partially) erased book thus remains partially buried, one book of abraded pages.

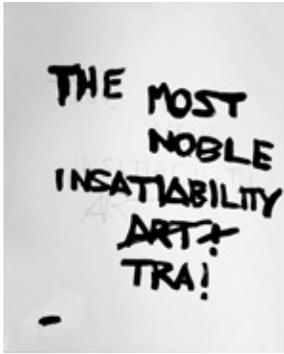
Erased page
n.d.

sunshine.

music lessons.

a few weeks.

Anyway, you see that I can't



GENE BEERY

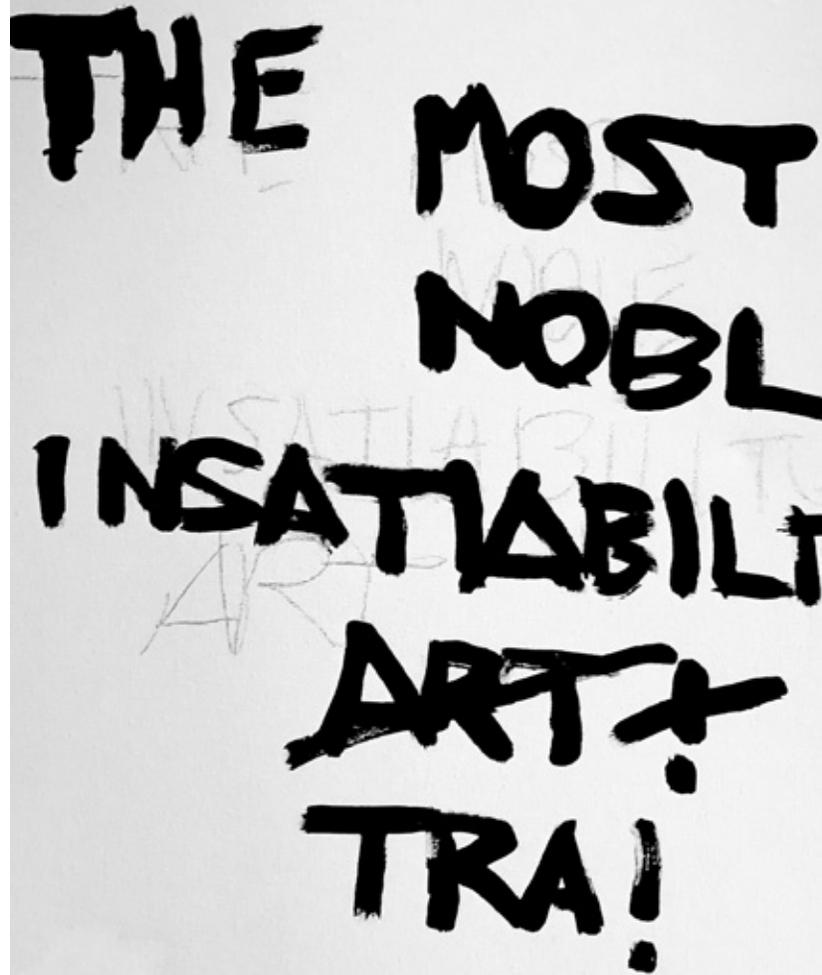
“*Words alone are certain good,*” as the poet once said. And “*words alone*” are even better when laced with satirical joy and joyful satire and the just plain joy of being a creature with the ability to write, the miracle of always having more to say. Think fast, paint faster.

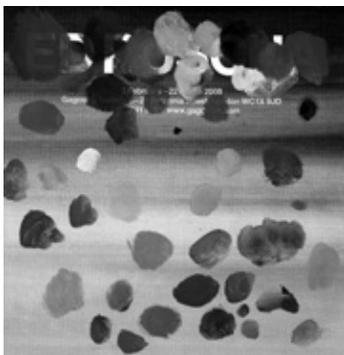
The Most Noble Insatiability

n.d.

Acrylic and pencil on canvas

16 x 12 inches





LUCA BERTOLO

Posthumous entry to Flaubert's *Dictionary of Accepted Ideas: ARTFORUM*. Nobody actually reads it, they just look at the ads.

Invariably, Bertolo improves the ads he defaces, while rendering them nonfunctional.

Like studio floor scraps.

The strange allure of old art magazines.

The “*Domain of Painting*” or the “*Domani of Painting*”?

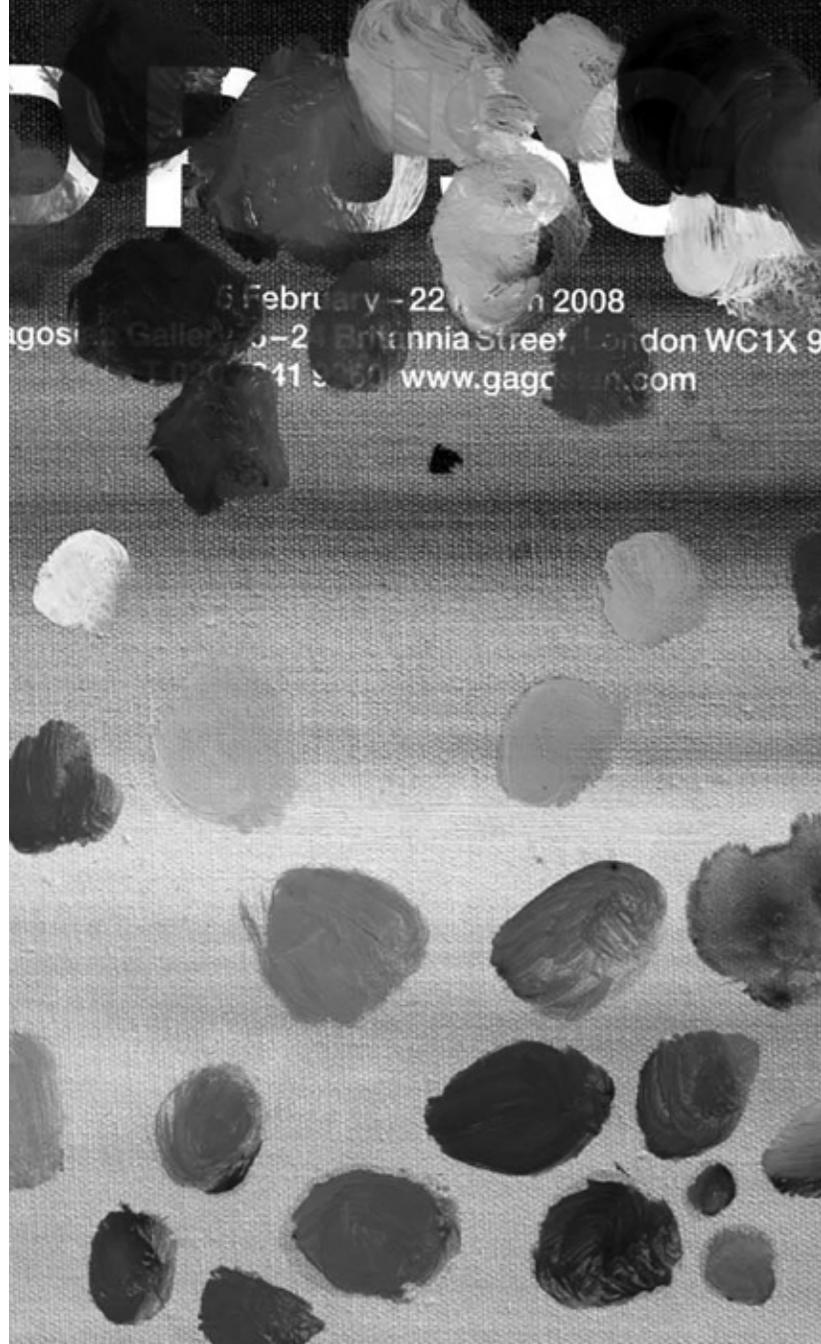
The Domain of Painting #43

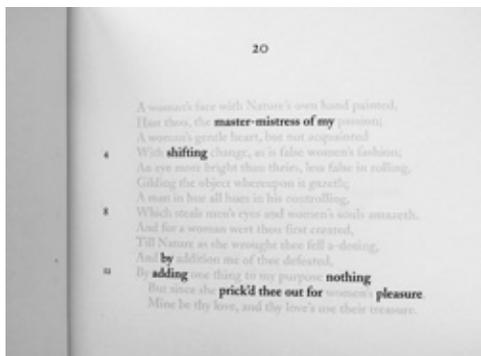
2008-2009

Paint on *Artforum* Page

8.5 x 11 inches

ARCADE London





JEN BERVIN

The long, rich history of poets who make art, artists who write poetry, from Victor Hugo and Marsden Hartley to Elizabeth Bishop and Agnes Martin. A shorter history, at least in the West, of those whose work can inhabit either and both realms, art and poetry stitched together, one garment.

Nets (detail, above)

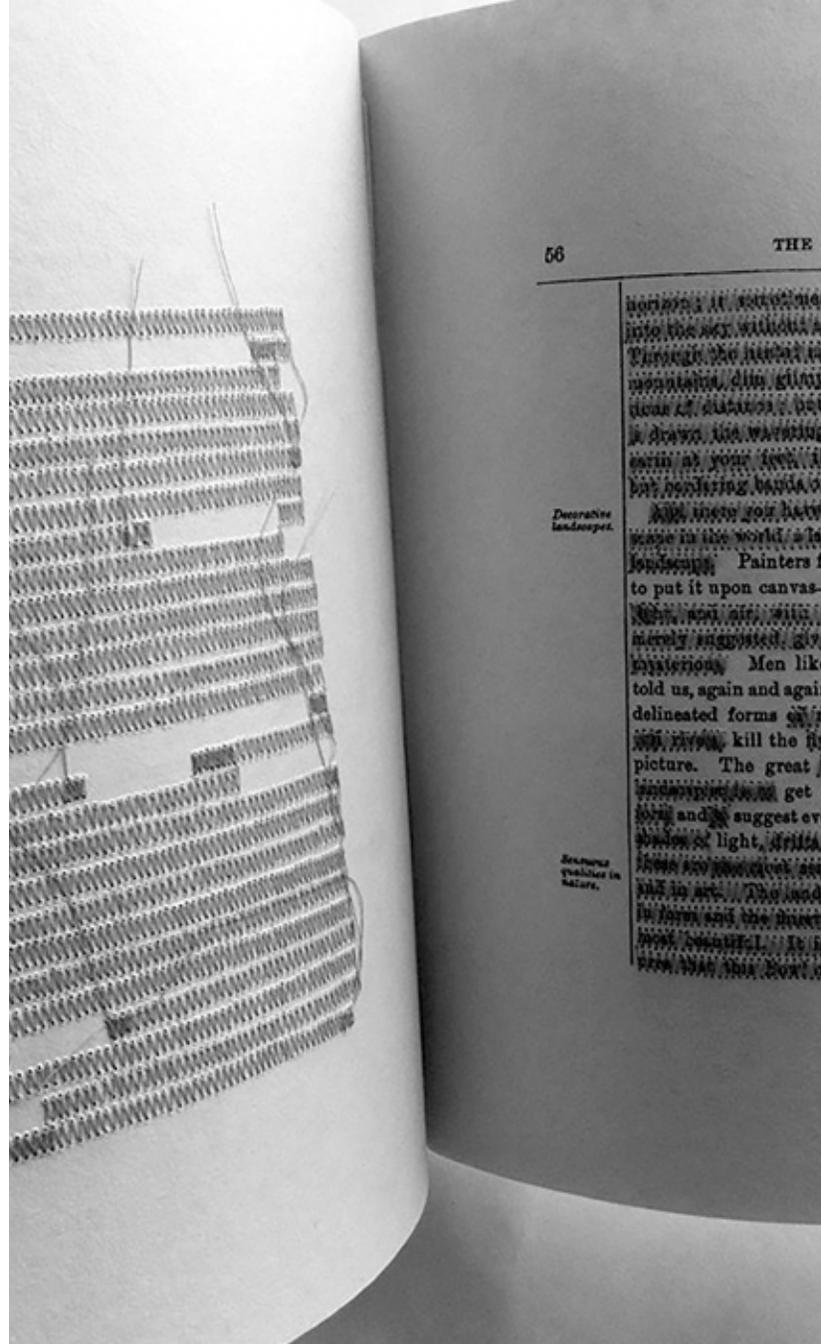
2004

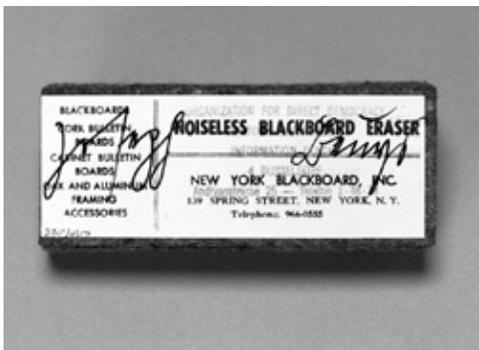
Poetry/Artist Book, Ugly Duckling Presse

The Desert (detail, right)

2008

Artist Book, Edition of 40, Granary Books





JOSEPH BEUYS

It's January 1974, Joseph Beuys is making a 10-day speaking tour around the U.S. advocating his "Energy Plan for the Western Man," which he details on blackboards; the oil embargo by Arab States on exports to the U.S. continues; Nixon refuses to hand over tapes to the Senate Watergate Committee.

Noiseless Blackboard Eraser

1974

felt blackboard eraser with stamp additions

2 x 5 x 1 inches

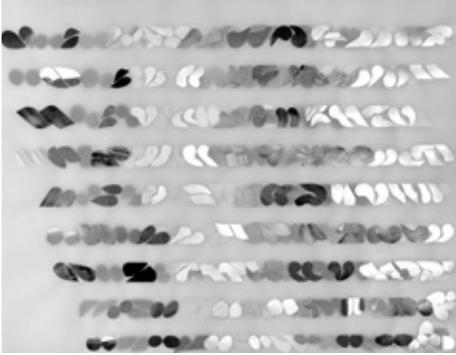
Edition: 99/550

Courtesy Ronald Feldman Gallery, New York

© 2018 Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York /

VG Bild-Kunst, Bonn



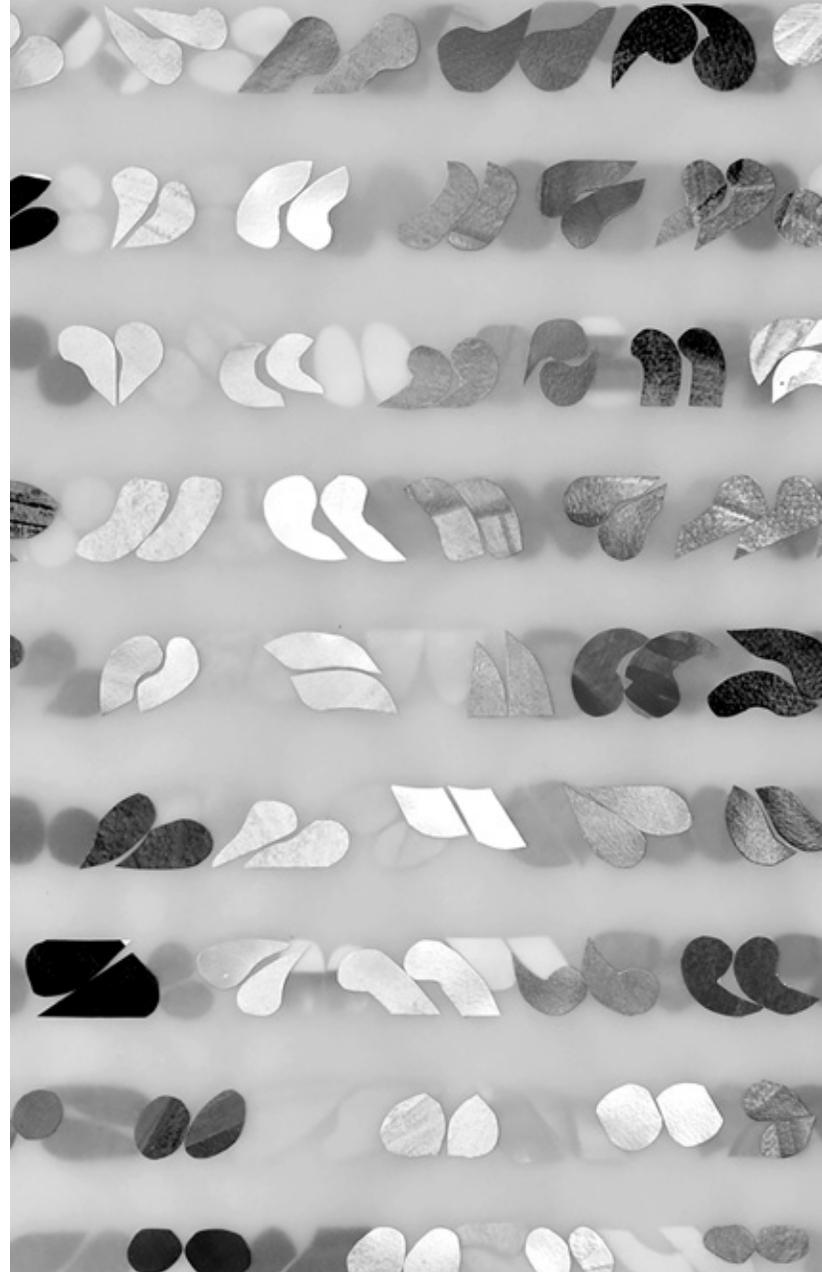


LISA BLAS

Since the beginning of the 20th century, at least, artists have been fascinated by daily newspapers, whether collaging fragments of war reportage or inserting ads as conceptual art projects. As print newspapers seem to be at the end of their road, Lisa Blas deftly excavates new meanings from them.

Lost punctuation, Flag v. 2
2018

Acrylic and interference color on watercolor paper,
on opalux vellum
19 1/2 x 25 1/2 inches





MEL BOCHNER

Five Propositions & One Command

1. The treachery of words is overrated.
2. The painting is everything that is in the painting.
3. The treachery of words is overwritten.
4. The painting is unalterable and substantial.
5. Commentary is not identical with as looking at or viewing.
6. Translate *Signal-Rausch*.

If the Color Changes

2003

Monoprint with engraving and embossment on Twinrocker handmade paper, 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches

Published by Two Palms, New York © Mel Bochner

Photos: Ellen McDermott & Laura Mitchell

Private Collection

OBACHTEN IST NICHT
BETRACHTEN ODER
NACHTE DIESE FARBE
KANN SICH ERINNERN
EMINDE FARBE, SO BET
ANGES MEHR ARE NO
KING MAN BEUBACHT
TEN, OBSERVE MAN N
AT, MANE NICH WOULD
E DID NOT OBSERVE



PIERRE BURAGLIO

The French word *redaction* means “editing” rather than “redaction” (watch out for those “false friends”!). Instead, the French refer to *caviardage*, which alludes to the heavy censorship practiced in Russia under Nicholas I. The word neatly conflates the blackness of the censor’s ink with the blackness of Russian sturgeon eggs.

Les très riches heures de P.B.

1982

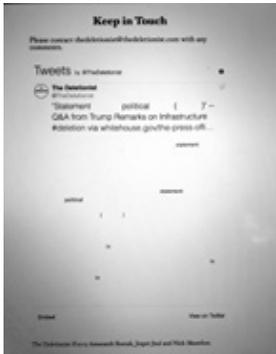
Page from *Le Monde* newspaper redacted with

color pencils and adhesive ribbons

39 x 28 inches

Ceysson & Bénétière, New York





THE DELETIONIST.COM

Somewhere in these words, somewhere on this webpage you are now in the process of looking at, there is a poem that The Deletionist is designed to extract. It might (or might not) include the word "surreptitious" and the phrase "poetry is a means of redemption" and the number 50.

<http://www.thedeletionist.com>

JavaScript bookmarklet

Collaborative online project created by
Amaranth Borsuk, Jesper Juul and Nick Montfort

Keep in Touch

Please contact thedeletionist@thedeletionist.com with any comments.

Tweets by @TheDeletionist



The Deletionist

@TheDeletionist

"Statement ()" --
Q&A from Trump Remarks on Infrastructure
#deletion via whitehouse.gov/the-press-offi...

statement

political

statement

()

in

in

in

Embed

View on Twitter



DAVID DIAO

A quick search on the Web offers various attributions for the well-known aphorism, “*History is written by the victors*,” including, in descending order of plausibility: Winston Churchill, Hermann Göring and Walter Benjamin. We would do better to look at, once again, Bertolt Brecht’s poem “*Questions from a Worker Who Reads*.”

Synecdoche

1993

Collage and silkscreen on canvas

84 x 84 inches

Courtesy of the Artist and Postmasters Gallery, New York

DIAO'S

~~RICHTER'S~~ FACTURE: BETWEEN THE SYNECDOCHE AND THE SPECTACLE.

Benjamin H.D. Buchloh



Buchloh, 1967
42 x 113"

Mechanical and organic aspects of the painterly procedure—these are two oppositional terms between which modernist painting has shifted since Manet with ever increasing radicality and exclusivity. Whenever the seemingly *mechanical* aspect of the application of pigment on canvas—the brushwork as labor, the brushstroke as fragmented unit of a repetitious activity—was emphasized and foregrounded, the approach was cyclically hailed or condemned (dependent off the ideological investment of the critics and audiences) as the end of painting. Whenever the apparently *organic* aspects of painterly procedures and materials were reinstated—brushwork as gesture of symbolic liberation of unconscious forces, the brushstroke as the immediate tool and record of expressivity—this was again cyclically and with equal fervor of conviction condemned by the opponents as a betrayal and falsification of the means and the tasks of *modernist* painting (see for example Cézanne's critique of van Gogh as a “madman”) or it was celebrated—as is currently again the case—as a recovery of the ties between the aesthetic, the emotional and the sensuous experience against the positivist rationality of the modernist approach to the practice of painting.

While the extremes of this dichotomy might have been less pronounced in the actual work of the painters than in the claims of the critics associated with a particular reading of painterly procedures (cf. Rosenberg's interpretation of Pollock with those of Greenberg and his followers) it seems nevertheless appropriate to address the cyclical nature of this opposition: the various claims that have been associated with it in order to clarify some of the underlying conditions in ~~his~~ ^{DIAO'S} series of large-scale gestural “Abstract Paintings.”

Already in 1886 the critic Félix Fénéon had observed the mechanical nature of painting in Seurat's work and he had explicitly distanced it from the traditional values in painterly performance such as *patte* and the bravura of *facture*:

Monsieur Georges Seurat is the first to present this new painting in a complete paradigm. Wherever one examines his gigantic painting *La Grande Jatte*, it spreads out in a monotonous and patiently speckled surface, like a weaving actually here “the hand” is superfluous and tricks are impossible. . . . Let the hand be numb but the eye be agile, aware and knowing; be it on an ostrich, a bottle, a wave or a rock, the manoeuvre of the brush remains the same.¹



DANA FRANKFORT

If the painterly side of this work looks back to Willem de Kooning's practice of hanging abstract compositions on letter shapes, and the linguistic aspect engages conceptual art, it's the apparent nonchalance of these word paintings, their complete lack of pretense or fussiness, that marks them as belonging to NOW.

Written Word

2018

Oil on canvas

20 x 24 inches

Inman Gallery, Houston





PETER GALLO

“This drawing is a grave attempt to give life and existence to what until today had never been accepted in art, the botching [*gâchage*] of the subjectile, the piteous awkwardness [*maladresse*] of forms crumbling around an idea after having for so many eternities labored to join it.”

—Antonin Artaud, 1946

Untitled (Writing and Difference), (above)

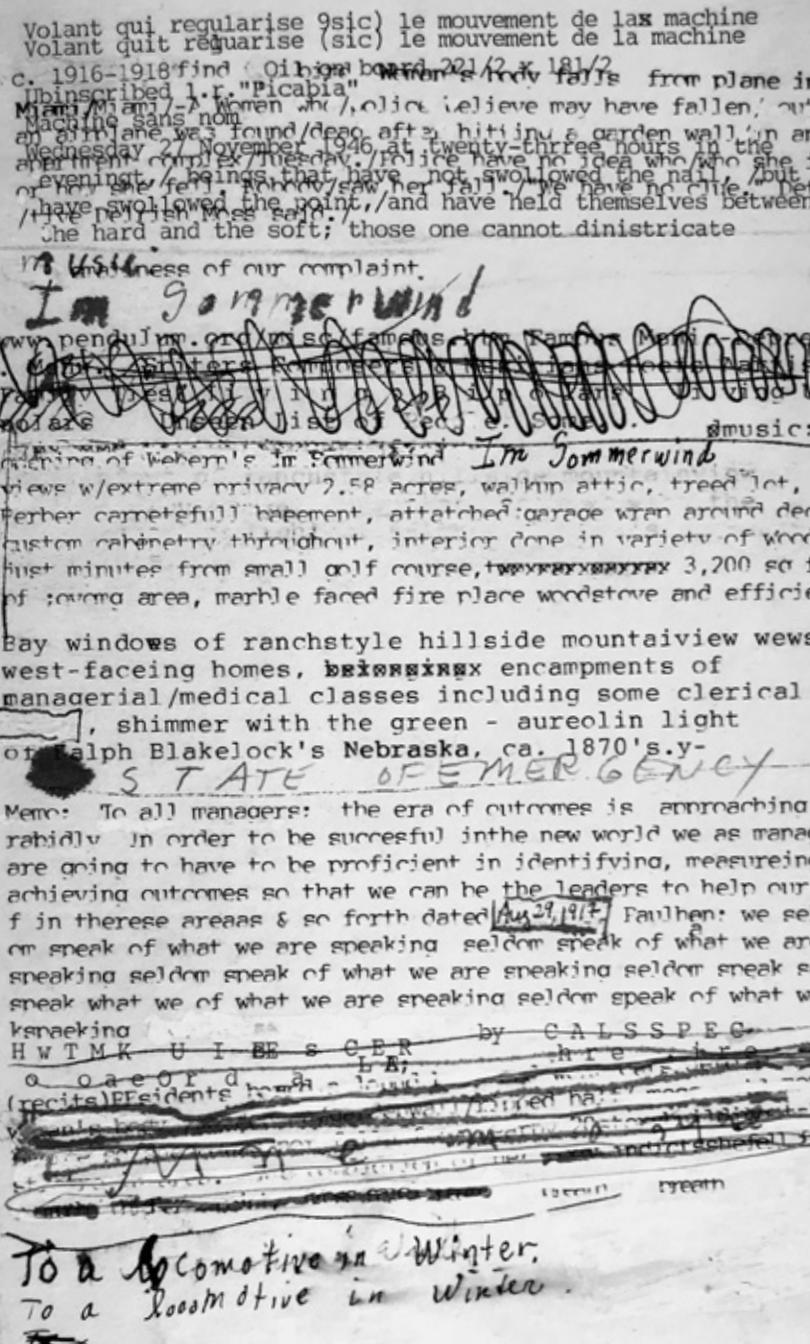
n.d. (1999-2015)

Oil, dental floss, book cover, kindling, 9 x 13 inches

Volant qui... (right)

(Plate 6, *DAYTRMNT*), ca. 1990,

Typewriter, ink, whiteout on paper, 9 x 6 inches



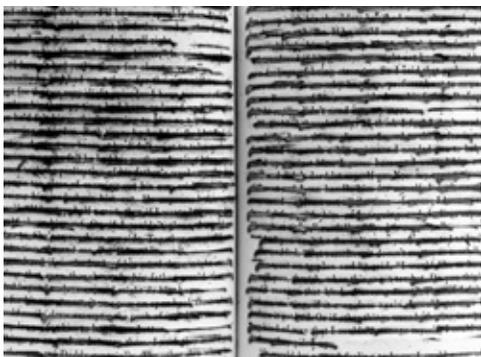


GUERRILLA GIRLS

“‘Satire’s kind of become reality’ The most recent season [of *South Park*], which coincided with the bitter final throes of the election season, tried at first to mock current events—before admitting that their efforts ‘couldn’t keep up’ with the unfolding reality.”
—*Vanity Fair*, 2017

President Trump Announces New Commemorative Months
2016
poster
18 x 24 inches





ANN HAMILTON

Suppose that as soon as you have read these words you will be obliged to do away with them by pressing a dangerously hot device into the paper. When you're finished, nothing will be left on the page except a thin brown scar, that mute trace of your destructive labor.

tropos • books

1993-1994

book with burned away text, performance / installation

at Dia Center for the Arts, New York

Private collection, New York





HARMONY HAMMOND

Dear X,

Please do not reproduce my work. Please do not quote me. Please do not compare me with any other artist, living or dead. Please do not venture any interpretation of my work that I haven't authorized. Please do not include me in your exhibition.

*Sincerely Yours,
[name withheld]*

Erasure I

2002

Mixed media on archival board

47 1/4 x 35 3/4 inches

Alexander Gray Associates, New York





JANE HAMMOND

Speech bubbles that say what you want them to say and not speech bubbles that say what someone else wants you to say. Sorry, we can't give you any more space. Could you try to be more concise? Are you really sure you want to say that? Shhhhh, they're listening.

In-Visible

2018

Oil on canvas

21 x 29 inches (two panels)

Galerie Lelong, New York





MATTHEA HARVEY + AMY JEAN PORTER

“With many an ‘alas,’ with rhetorical questions and a few discreet exclamation points, Lord David Cecil offers a brief, informal, handsomely illustrated study of the great essayist. . . . Not very probing, perhaps, but a clear, sympathetic, evocative portrait—supported by generous excerpts and well-chosen illustrations.”

—*Kirkus Review*, 1984

Of Lamb

2011

Published by McSweeney’s (July 5, 2011)

Hardcover, 120 pages



Lamb

did not always make a good first impression in conventional society.



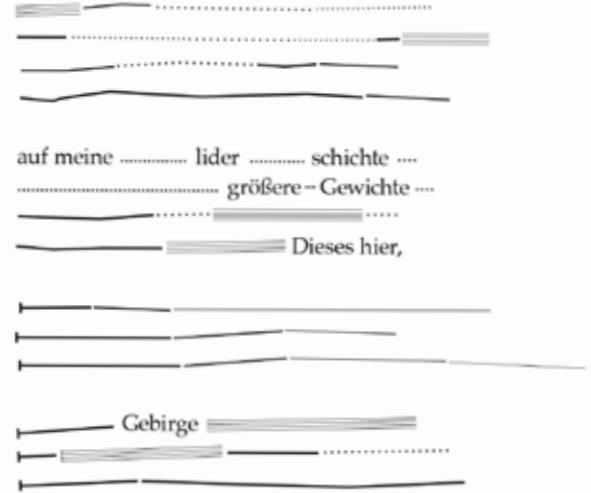
CHRISTIAN HAWKEY + ULJANA WOLF

Denn das Schöne ist nichts / For Beauty's nothing
For Beauty's nothing / For beauty is only
For beauty is nothing / For beauty is only
For Beauty is nothing / Because Beauty's nothing
Beauty is only / For Beauty is just
For beauty is nothing / For beauty is nothing
For beauty is only / For

Sonne from Ort

2012, Published by Kookbooks, 96 pages, with book designer
Andreas Töpfer's graphic translation of the white-out redac-
tions from the original *Sonne from Ort* manuscript.

II





CHARLINE VON HEYL

Mallarmé never published his prose work “Igitur.” The manuscript was only discovered in 1900, two years after the poet’s death. In the manuscript, the title is followed by the word “*déchet*” (waste or trash). Wallace Fowlie finds it “*curious*” that this discarded text has become “*a work of considerable importance.*”

An erasure of ‘Trample the Annuals’
(from the book *John the Posthumous* by Jason Schwartz)
Acrylic (interference colors) on linen
20 x 18 inches
Collection of the Artist
Petzel, New York





DENNIS HOLLINGSWORTH

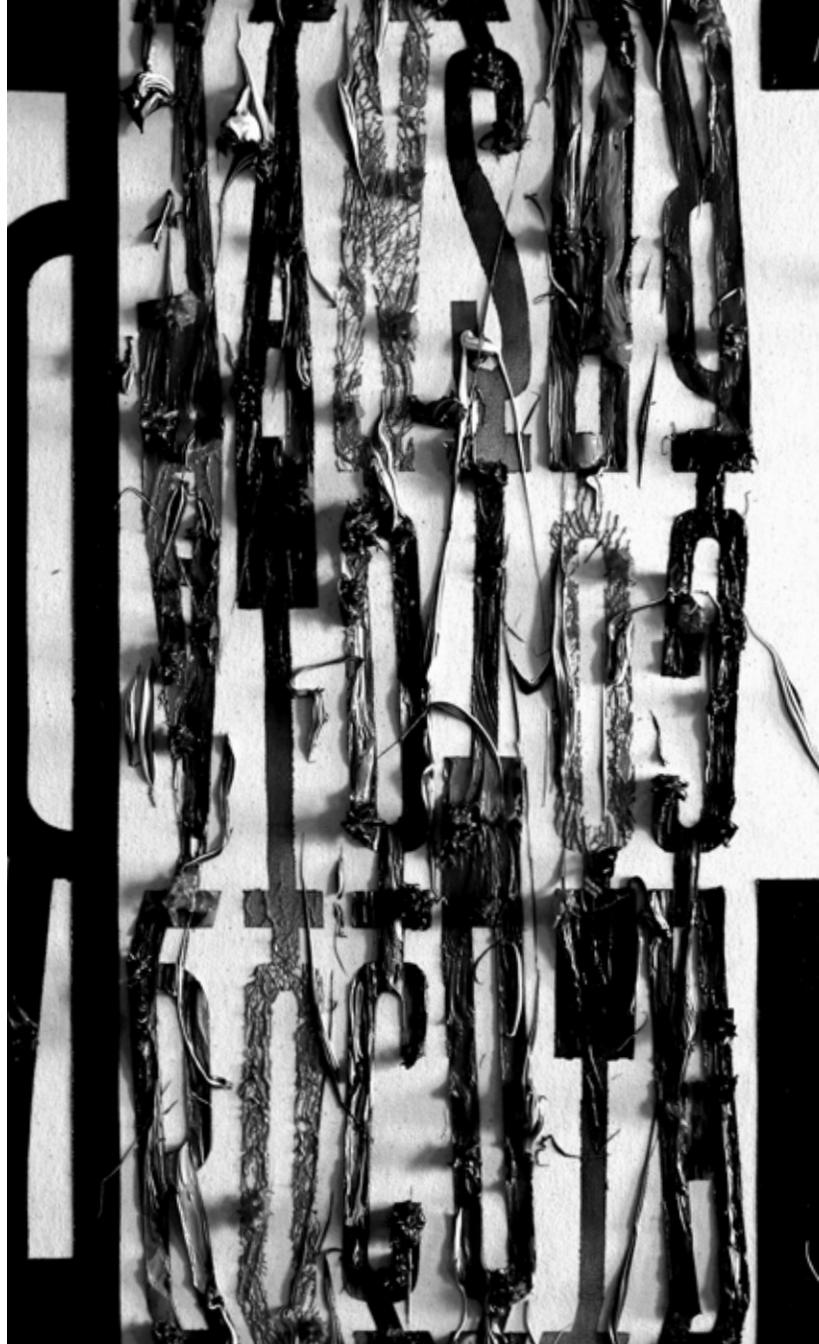
"We are incipient language," the first one said, advising: *"Erase impasto and facture, read the political dimension of language, the war of materiality."* *"My anxiety?"* the other asked, rhetorically, and without waiting for an answer, explained: *"Experiencing painting, civil foregrounding, the way textual election and composition reflected a last arrangement."*

It's only restraint

2018

Oil on linen

30 x 20 inches





JANET HOLMES

Emily Dickinson and the Civil War,
Compression Poem

The years corresponded to intense
thought, written roughly, precise, a puzzle.
Friends fought; the war, her substitute.
The son of death, a whole letter above
and also, possibly, the poem. Late news,
satisfaction of the capture, rumor disguised
in a woman's skirt.

The Ms of My Kin
Published 2009, Shearsman Books

Janet Holmes

from The ms of my kin

1861.3 (192-199)

Transport

clad in

a trick

Does'nt — move —

without

me —

God gives us

Victory —

lips

take it —

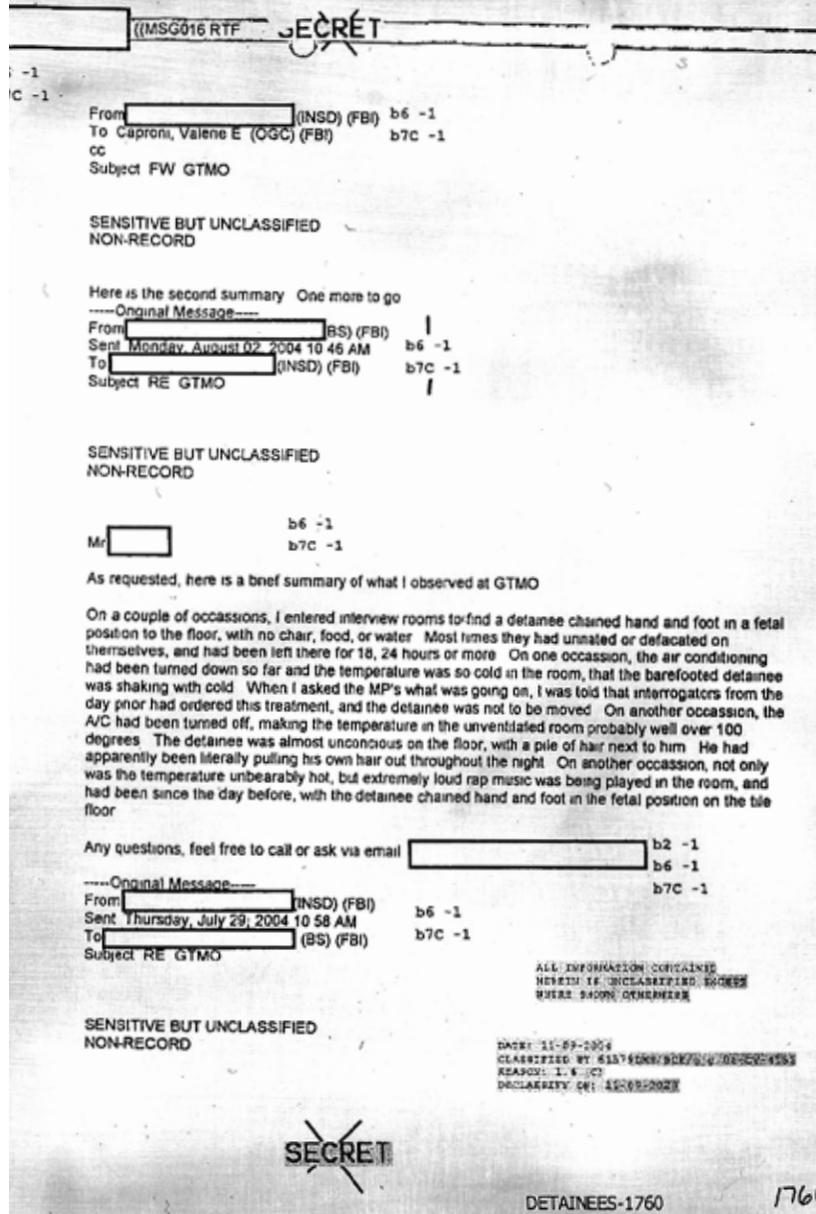


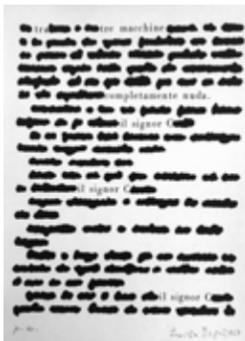
JENNY HOLZER

At a certain moment the xxxxxx began to appear to one American artist after another as an arena in which to act—rather than as a space in which to reproduce, re-design, analyze or express an object, actual or imagined. What was to go on the xxxxxx was an event.

As requested blue
2006

Oil on linen
33 x 25 1/2 inches
Cheim & Read, New York

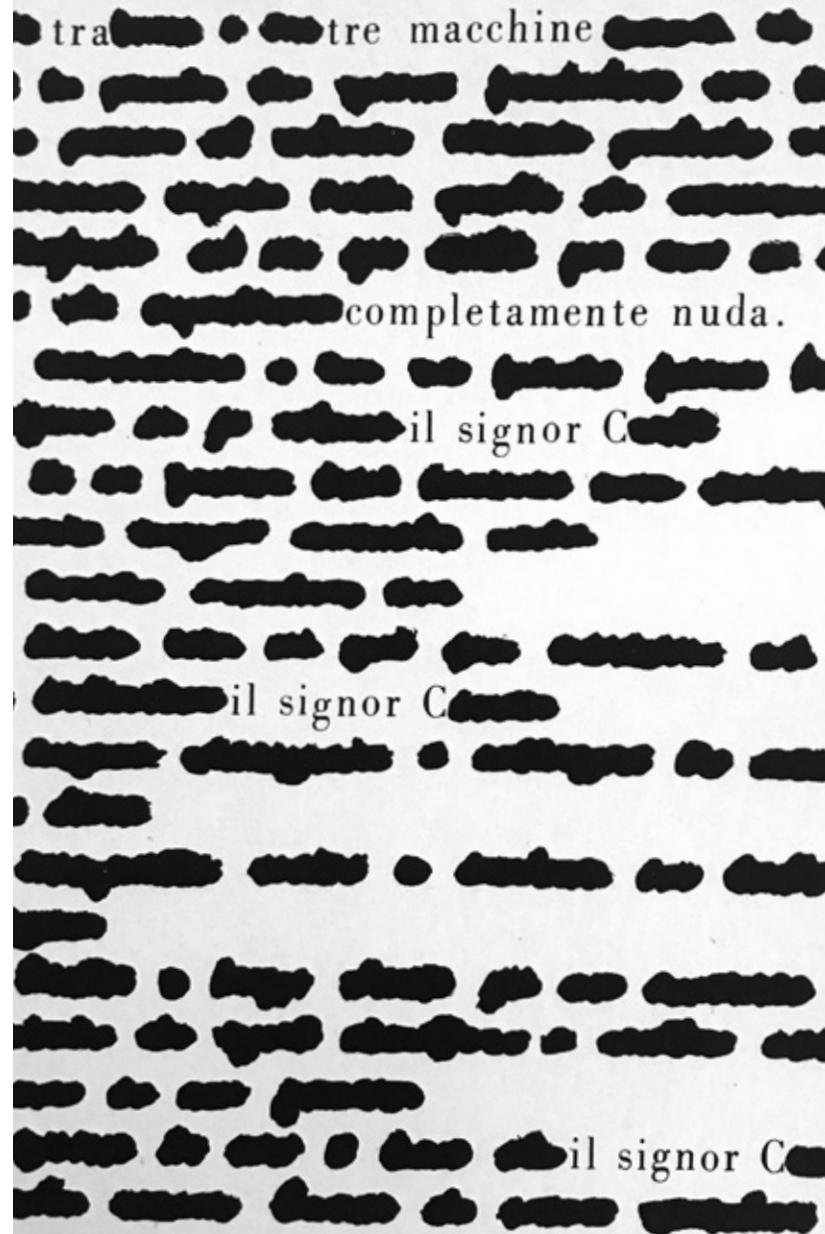




EMILIO ISGRÒ

Erasure is “a homeopathic therapy against censorship.” Isgrò’s purpose is not to destroy the word “but to preserve it, by interrupting the way in which it was emptied of meaning.” Further: “Erasure is a brick for rebuilding communication.” “I understand your doubts,” he has Vittorio Sereni write to Paul Celan.

Tre
1968
Lithography
10 1/4 x 7 1/2 inches
Courtesy of the Artist and Archivio Emilio Isgrò, Milan





SAMUEL JABLON

“So much for self-analysis. Now,
About what to put in your poem-painting.”

“Erratum: Due to an unfortunate type-
setting error, a line has been printed in an
incorrect position. Line 6 on page 83,
‘falling back to the vase again like a
fountain. Responsible’ should be deleted.”

—John Ashbery, *Houseboat Days*

Half Destroyed

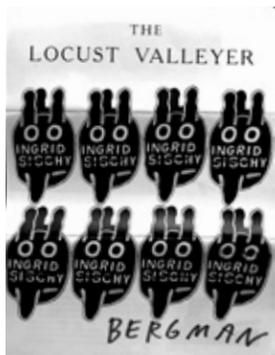
2018

Oil and acrylic on canvas

38 x 34 inches

Freight + Volume, New York





RAY JOHNSON

Ring Ring.

"Hello, Editorial. This is Raphael."

"Hi, it's Ray."

"Hi, Ray."

"Did you show Betsy the letter I sent you?"

"Yes."

"Show Ingrid, too. Did you tell Betsy about Ana May Wong?"

"Umm, I showed her the letter."

"Ana May Wong was great. Do you know Robert Delford Brown?"

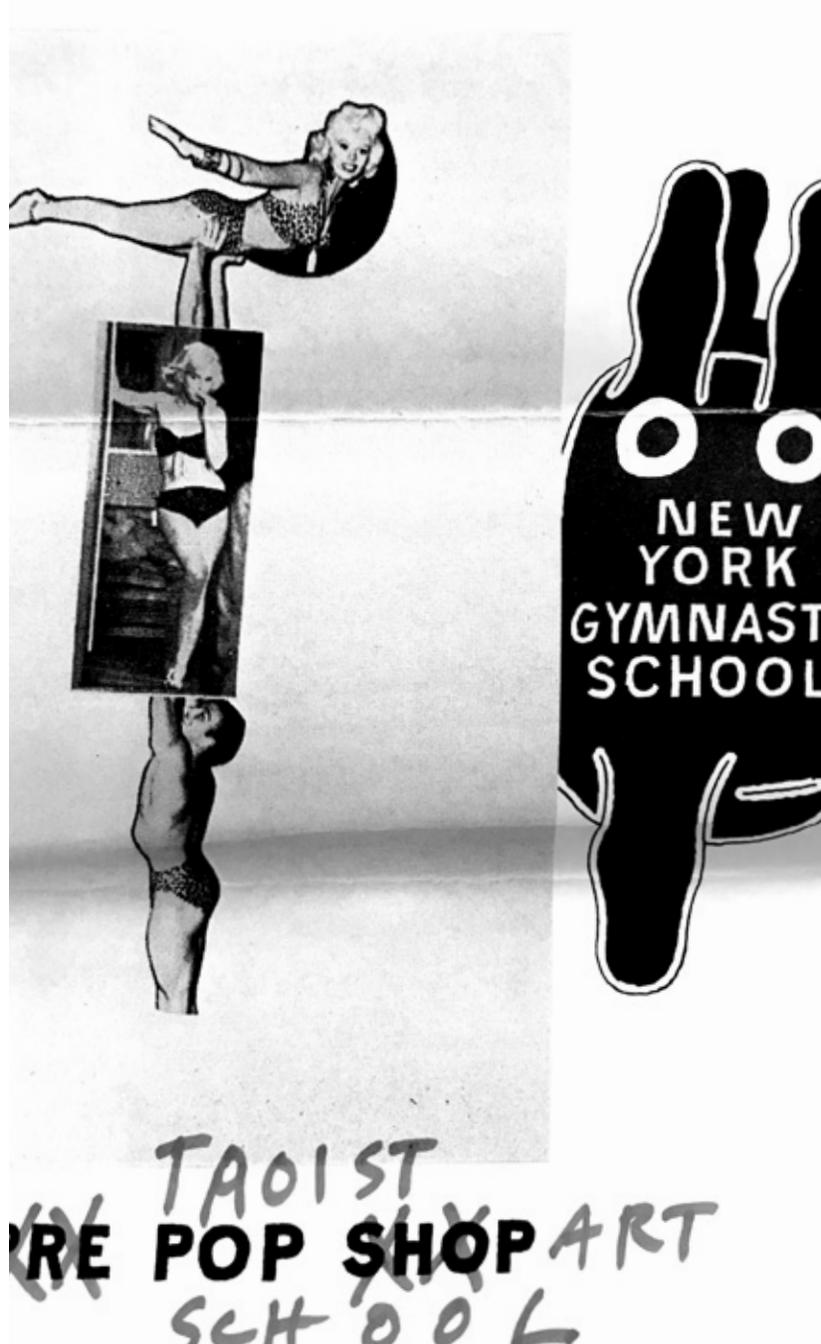
Dear Raphael Rubinstein at Art in America

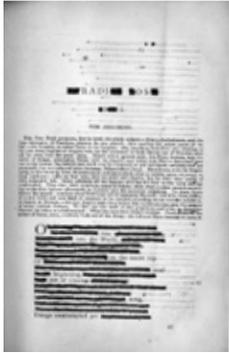
Mail art + Ephemera: from Ray Johnson

December 1995, 8 1/2 x 11 inches

Photo-copied letters with crossing out of images,
writing and correspondence

Collection of Heather + Raphael Rubinstein





RONALD JOHNSON

“Went to a party at a student’s one night and they played a Lukas Foss record . . . his strategy was to take Handel and erase things so that it had a modern, modish feel. . . the next day I went to the bookstore and bought *Paradise Lost*. And I started crossing out.”

The Poetical Works of John Milton, adapted by Ronald Johnson during the creation of *Radi os*, 1977
Kenneth Spencer Research Library,
University of Kansas.

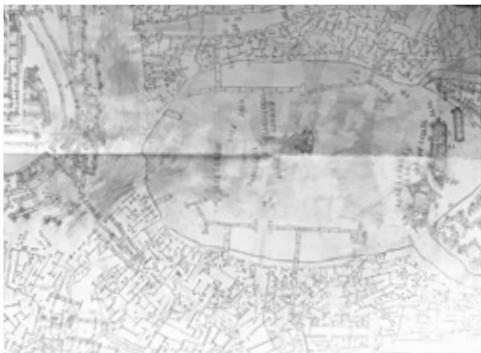
RADI OS

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

This First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject—Man’s disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed: then touches the prime cause of his fall—the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of Heaven, with all his crew, into the great Deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastens into the midst of things; presenting Satan, with his Angels, now fallen into Hell—described here not in the Centre (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in a place of utter darkness, fittest called Chaos. Here Satan, with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion; calls up him who, next in order and dignity, lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise: their numbers, array of battle; their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech; comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven: but tells them, lastly, of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy, or report, in Heaven—for that Angels were long before this visible creation was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full-council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: the infernal Peers there sit in council.

Of Man’s disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the World, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Stung in the side with thy wound, O serpent
Of Eve, that first transgression, rise
From out of Chaos, or, if thou wilt
Dight in the lower part of Hell, that frown
Down on the heads of Gods, I thence will
Lead thee, to some advantage, song,
That with a middle flight intend to reach
Above the Architect, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Verse.



KIM JONES

Just as in *Flatland*, there's an "X" and an "O."

Move the troops five steps forward. STOP.

Erase, move them six steps back. STOP.

Erase, move them four moves left, STOP.

Erase, three moves back. STOP.

This is victory. This is defeat. This is war.

This is a war drawing.

Untitled (War Drawing)

2007-2008-2012-2013, Graphite on paper
PIEROGI Gallery, New York





JOSEPH KOSUTH

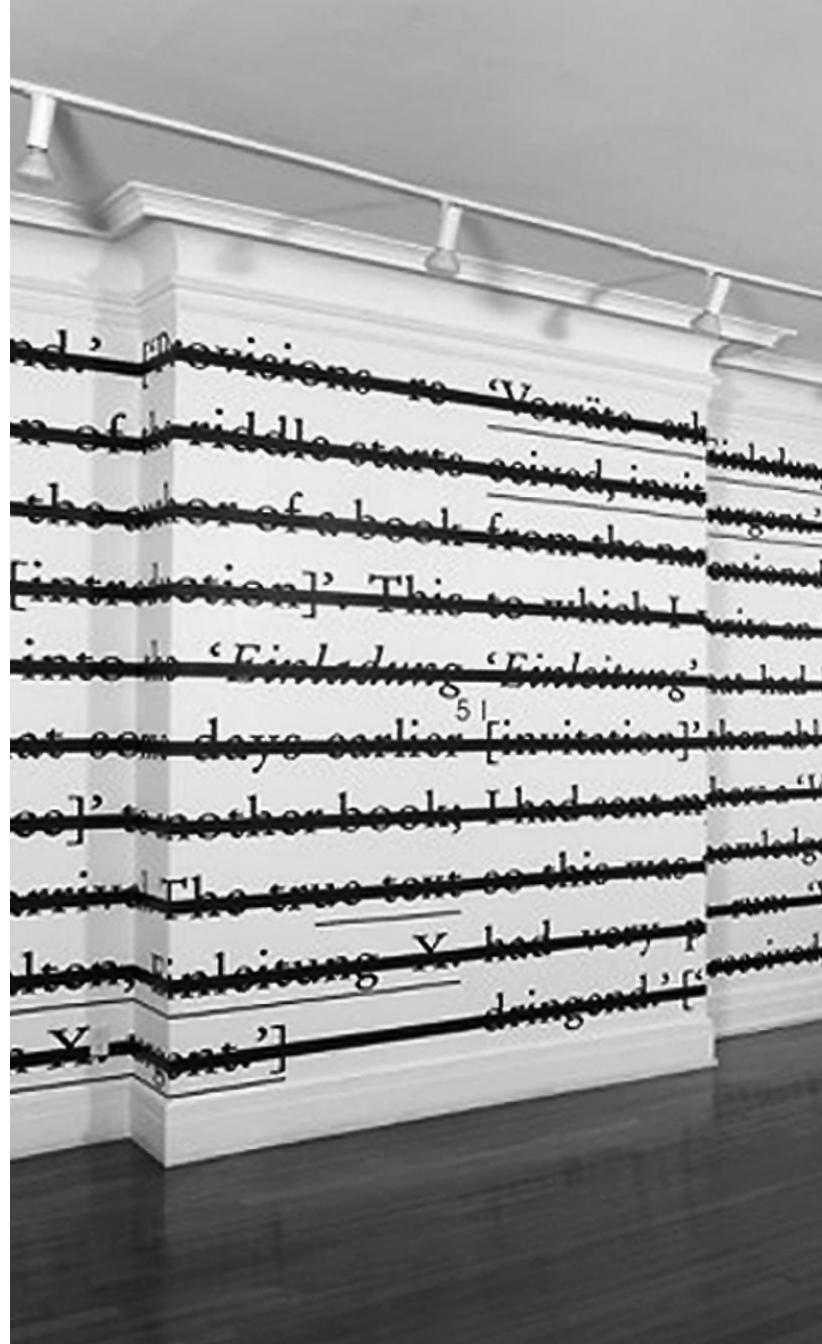
We see, quite clearly, even in an extracted section of the wallpaper installation, the cancellations that the artist has imposed onto the text of the psychoanalyst, but we do not see the “*other syntax*” of the installation, that is, the “*architecture of rooms*,” the doorways and windows, “*gaps and omissions.*”

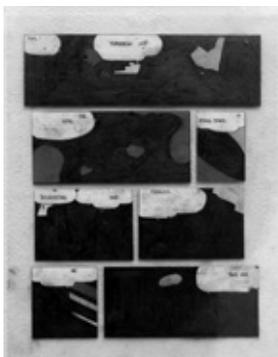
Zero & Not

1986

30 x 30 inches

Collection of Jean Castelli, New York





TONY LEWIS

“A painting. Moving. Spiritually enriching.
Sublime. ‘High’ Art!”

“The comic strip. Vapid. Juvenile. Commercial
hack work. ‘Low’ art.”

“A painting of a comic strip panel. Sophisticated
irony. Philosophically challenging. ‘High’ art.”

“Suppose I draw a cartoon of a painting of
a comic strip?”

“Sophomoric. Intellectually sterile. ‘Low’ art.”

—Bill Waterson

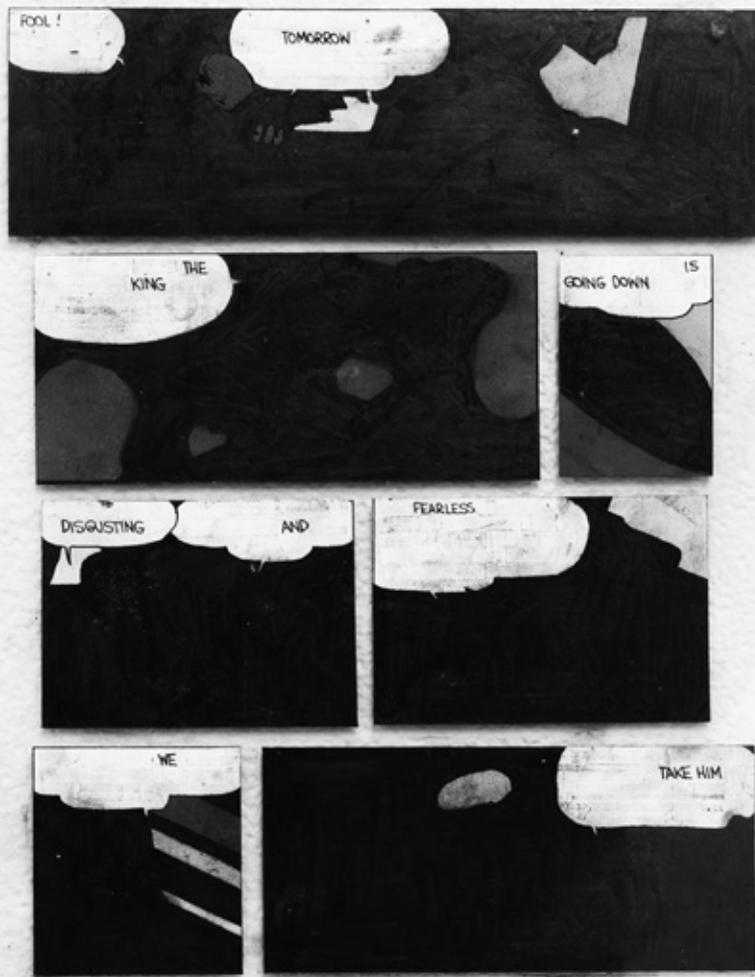
Fool! Tomorrow

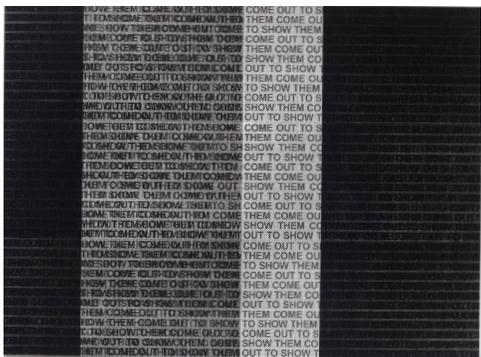
2018

Pencil, graphite powder, and correction fluid

11 x 8 1/2 inches

Courtesy of the Artist





GLENN LIGON

“The loops go out of phase, splitting onto four channels and then onto eight. After a while the words become unintelligible, although the pitches inherent in them—E-flat, C, D, C—persist. You are essentially listening to an electronic canon for eight seething voices in the key of C minor.”

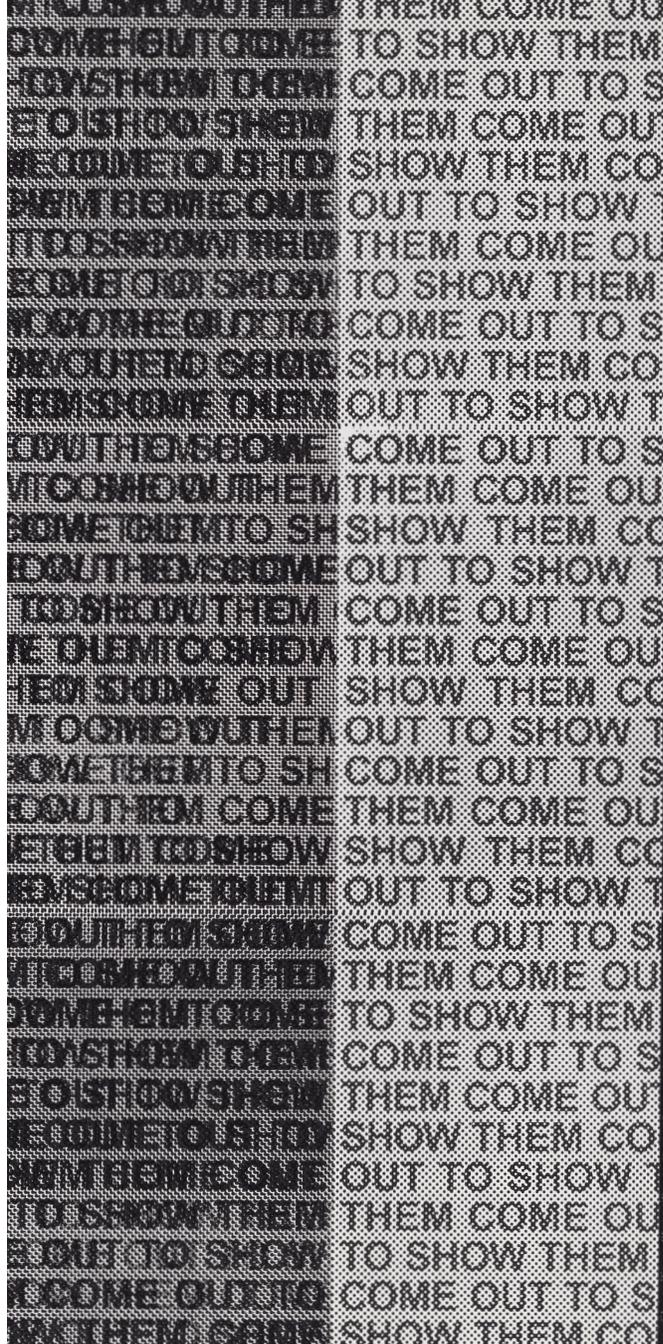
Come Out Study #8

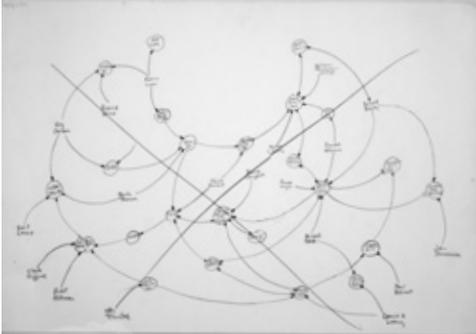
2014

Silkscreen on canvas panel

35.69 x 48.75 inches

© Glenn Ligon; courtesy of the artist, Luhring Augustine, New York, Regen Projects, Los Angeles, and Thomas Dane Gallery, London, Photo by Ron Amstutz





MARK LOMBARDI

He is working late at night, as always. The bunkerlike space is windowless, dark, except for the small pool of light over the desk where he is sitting. His hands rest on a piece of paper. Under the light and immobile they look strange, but then they begin to move.

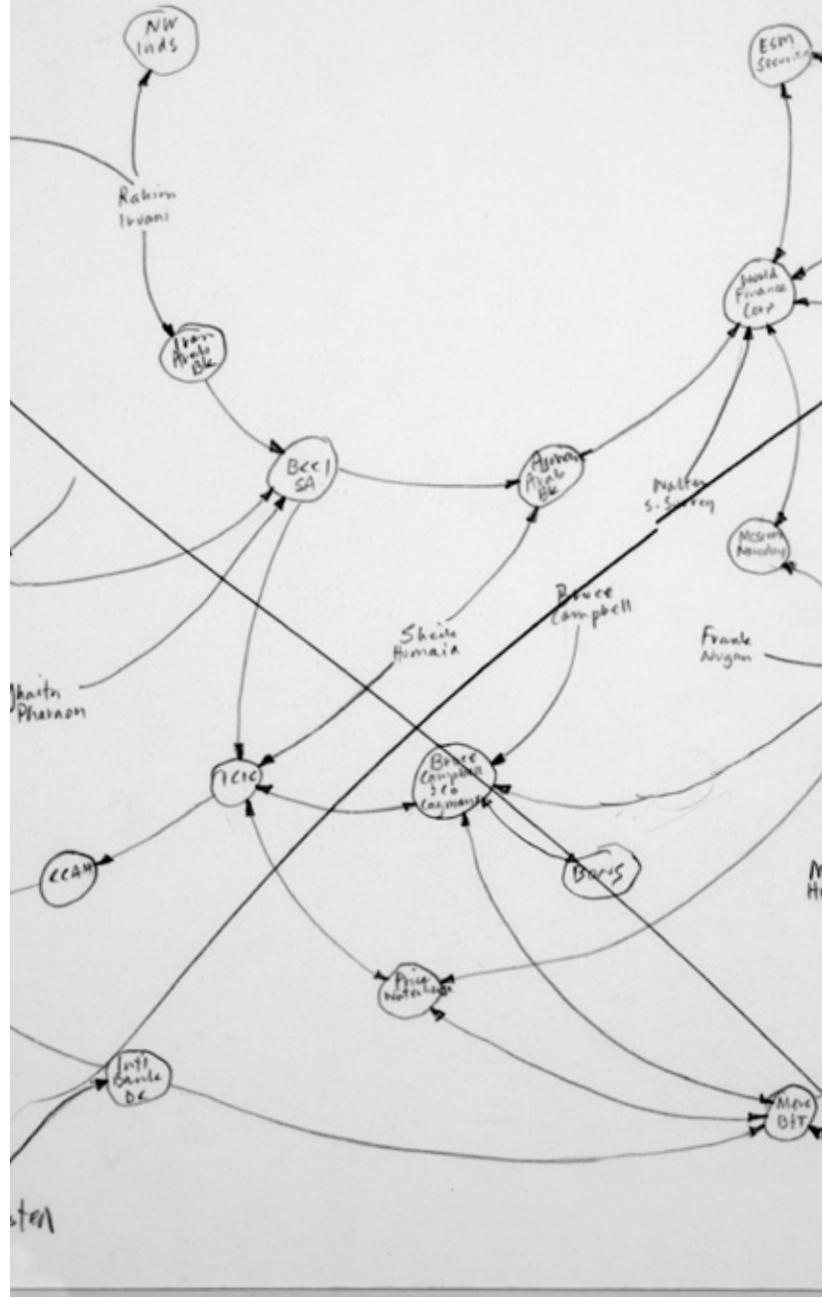
Mezzaluna X

n.d.

Graphite on paper

17 3/4 x 23 3/4 inches

Pierogi Gallery, New York





SUZANNE MCCLELLAND

September 26, 2018: "Senator Grassley, . . .

. We will not produce copies of Dr.

Christine Blasey Ford's medical records.

These records contain private, highly sensitive information that is not necessary for the Committee to assess the credibility of her testimony. Our client has already been forced to compromise her privacy and safety."

AddressFrontAddressBack

2018

19 x 16 inches

Edition of 500, Space Sisters Press for Suzanne McClelland

102 "Was that the extent of the conversation between July 10 and July 30, which was the date of your letter to Sen. Feinstein?"
103
104 "You met with Congresswoman Eshoo, did you meet with her alone? Or did someone come with you?"
105 "You talk about with congresswoman Eshoo and her staff on July 18 and the 20th?"
106 "I understand correctly that when you first reached congresswoman Eshoo and to the Washington office, that was before he was nominated, is that correct?"
107 "You understood your testimony earlier, you were by a sense of civic duty and frankly a hope that a highly qualified nominee would be picked, a motivation at a late stage to have an impact on the final decision?"
108 "Two-thirds of sexual assault survivors don't report their assaults. Based on your experience, I would like to hear from you about this, because this alone. You bore this alone for a very long time. It would be helpful for me to better understand the ways that that's impacted your whole life. How did you go on to get a PhD from USC, is that correct?"
109 "I appreciate your reaction to the excuse that boys will be boys."
110 "I have written about how it's common for sexual assault survivors to remember some facts about the event very sharply and very clearly but not others. It's important to do with a survival mode that we go into to deal with trauma. Is that your experience and is that something you can help the lay person understand?"
111 "I can talk about your allegations with any Republican members of Congress or congressional staff?"
112 "I communicated to you by your counsel or someone on the committee had asked to interview you and offered to come out to California to do so?"
113 "On July 30, the date on your letter to Sen. Feinstein, did you retain counsel with regard to these allegations?"
114 "I did Sen. Feinstein to maintain confidentiality and have had further opportunity to speak, and then I was unavailable for a long time, from the time I left the mid-Atlantic until Aug. 7, is that correct?"
115 "I talk to anybody about this letter before you sent it?"
116 "I did why did you talk to Congresswoman Eshoo about that letter?"
117 "Did anyone help you write the letter?"
118 "Did anyone on your behalf speak to Sen. Feinstein personally or with any Senate staffer?"
119 "And when was that?"
120 "What did you talk about?"
121 "What were the costs incurred?"
122 "Have you seen any of the questions that I asked you today?"
123 "You've been asked a few questions. Well. Have you seen any of those? Have you been told them in advance? Have you seen any of those questions that I asked you today?"
124 "You mentioned that there was a connection between you and Judge Kavanaugh?"
125 "How long did you know this person before this took place?"
126 "How would you characterize you both before and after this took place?"
127 "Was this person the only common link between you and Judge Kavanaugh?"
128 "Can you describe all of the other connections you had with Mr. Kavanaugh?"
129 "Did anything happen at these events besides the time we're talking about?"
130 "Was there anything else that was inappropriate sexual behavior by Judge Kavanaugh towards you at any of these events?"
131 "Which of your two lawyers did you recommend?"
132 "And when you did leave that night, did you go up with you and say, hey, you know?"
133 "Are you aware that the three penalties that you and Brett Kavanaugh have received, the penalty of felony to the committee, the penalty of perjury, and the penalty of contempt?"
134 "Are you aware that they say that you have knowledge of such?"
135 "Do you have any particular motivation for not being more forthcoming?"
136 "Have you also educated yourself on the memory and truth in terms of interviewing?"
137 "Would you believe me if I told you that you were setting in five-minute intervals to do that?"
138 "Did you know that the best way to do an interview is to let you one-on-one to let you do the talking, just let you know that?"
139 "And to follow up, obviously, to do a clarification, does that make sense?"
140 "Did anybody ever advise you from the Rep. Eshoo's office to go get a polygraph?"
141 "Is that right?"



TRAVIS MACDONALD

“The poetry of erasure is taking place all around us. Underneath the pavement, behind newspaper headlines, on paste-layered billboards and graffiti-laden walls, our communal landscape is continuously peeling away and papering over itself. Its very surface is a living thing.”

— Travis Macdonald, “A Brief History of Erasure Poetics,” 2009

The O Mission Repo

2008

Published by Fact-simile

on 9/11. The Hijackers, sitting in 5E and 5F, joined Hijacker in the first-class cabin.¹⁷

Newark, United 103. Between 7:02 and 7:30, Saeed al-Ghundi, Ahmed al-Nawsi, Ahmad al-Hamawi, and Ziad Jirani checked in at the United Airlines ticket counter for Flight 03, going to Los Angeles. Two checked bags, two did not. Hamawi was checked by GADPS. Hijacker checked bags screened for explosives and then loaded on the plane.¹⁸

The four men passed through the security checkpoint, owned by United Airlines and operated under contract by Angel Flight Security. Like the checkpoints in Boston, it had closed circuit television surveillance as there is no documentary evidence to indicate when the hijacker passed through the checkpoint, what alarms may have been triggered, or what security procedures were administered. The FAA interviewed the screeners later, none recalled anything unusual or suspicious.¹⁹

The four men boarded the plane between 7:30 and 7:48. All four had seats in the first-class cabin; their plane had no business-class seats. Jirani was in seat 1B, closest to the cockpit; Nawsi was in 2C, Ghundi in 2D, and Hamawi in 2B.²⁰

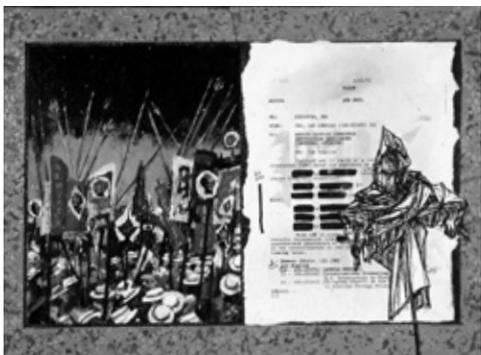
The 40 men were aboard four transcontinental flights.²¹ They were planning to hijack those planes and turn them into long-guided missiles, loaded with up to 11,400 gallons of jet fuel. By 8:00 a.m. on the morning of Tuesday, September 11, 2001, they had defeated all the security layers that America’s aviation security system then had in place to prevent a hijacking.

The Hijacking of American 11

American Airlines Flight 11 provided nonstop service from Boston to Los Angeles. On September 11, Captain John Ogonowski and First Officer Thomas McGuinness piloted the Boeing 767. It carried its full capacity, minus flight attendants. Eighty-one passengers boarded the flight with them (including the five terrorists).²²

The plane took off at 7:50. Just before 8:14, it had climbed to 26,000 feet, not quite its initial assigned cruising altitude of 30,000 feet. All communications and flight profile data were normal. About this time the “Fasten Seatbelt” sign would usually have been turned off and the flight attendants would have begun preparing for cabin service.²³

At that same time, American 11 had its last routine communication with the ground when it acknowledged navigational instructions from the FAA’s air traffic control (ATC) center in Boston. Sixteen seconds after that transmission, ATC instructed the aircraft pilots to climb to 35,000 feet. That message and all subsequent attempts to contact the flight were not acknowledged. From this and other evidence, we believe the hijacking began at 8:14 or shortly thereafter.²⁴



ARNOLD MESCHES

When they were shoving the Rosenbergs into the execution chamber, I was there, saying no. When they were ordering scared young men to kill Vietnamese babies, I was there, saying no. When they were warning me to watch my step, I was there, saying no. I was an American artist.

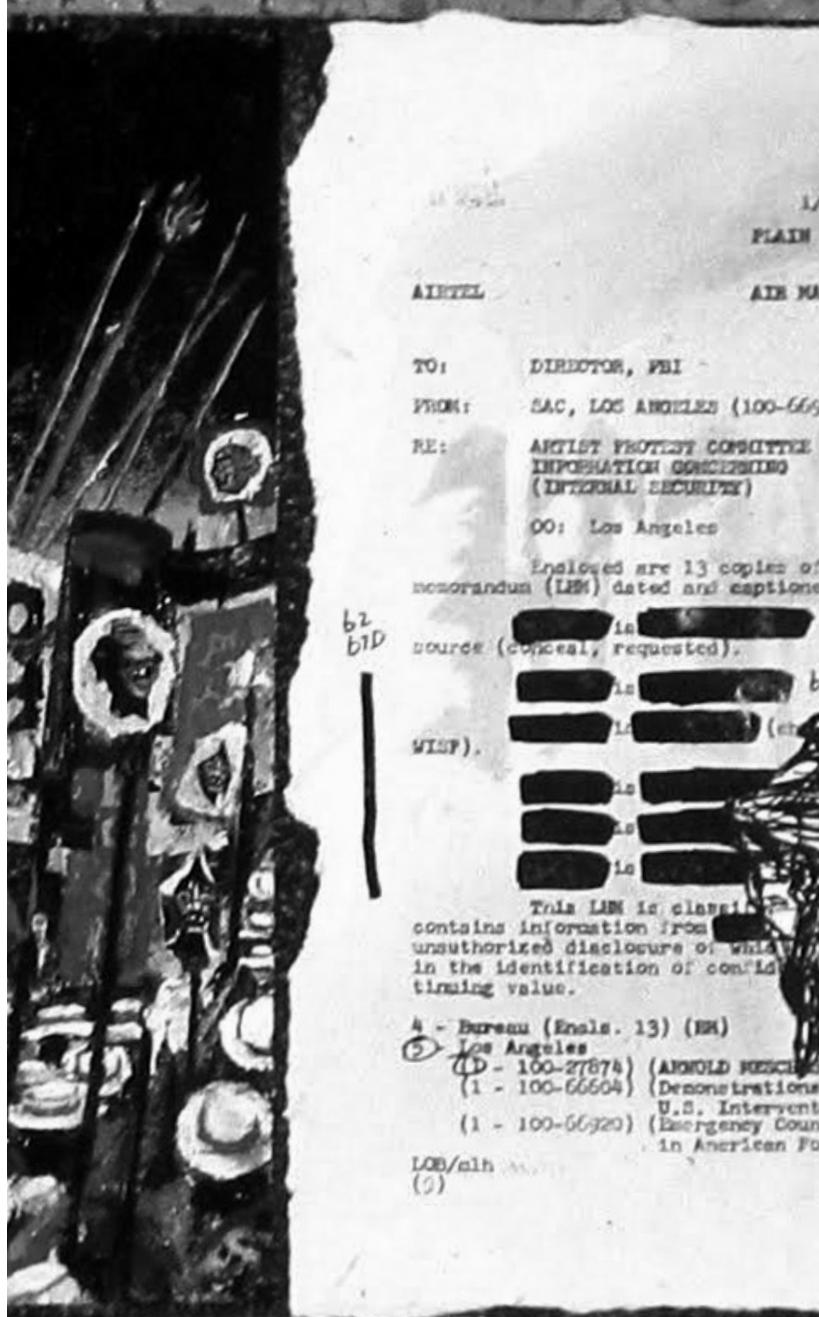
The FBI Files 31

2002

Acrylic and paper on canvas

14 3/4 x 20 3/4 inches

David & Schweitzer Contemporary, New York



AIRTEL

PLAIN

AIR MAIL

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI
 FROM: SAC, LOS ANGELES (100-665)
 RE: ARTIST PROTEST COMMITTEE
 INFORMATION CONCERNING
 (INTERNAL SECURITY)
 OO: Los Angeles

Enclosed are 13 copies of memorandum (LHM) dated and captioned:

b2
 b7D
 source (conceal, requested).

WISF).

This LHM is classified
 contains information from
 unauthorized disclosure of which
 in the identification of confidential
 timing value.

4 - Bureau (Encls. 13) (RM)
 ⑤ - Los Angeles
 (100-27874) (ARNOLD MESCHES)
 (1 - 100-66504) (Demonstrations
 U.S. Intervent
 (1 - 100-66320) (Emergency Coun
 in American Po

LOB/alm
 (5)



DAN MILLER

“What is the significance of these similarities, overlaps and coincidences? Are they rebuses of memory, delusions of the self and of the senses, or rather the schemes and symptoms of an order underlying the chaos of human relationships . . . which lies beyond our comprehension?”

—W.G. Sebald on the writer Robert Walser

Untitled

n.d.

Acrylic and ink on paper

22 x 30 inches

Andrew Edlin Gallery, New York





KRISTEN MUELLER

“In reality, the illness, Bartleby’s syndrome, has a long history. Today it is a disease endemic to contemporary letters, this negative impulse or attraction towards nothingness that means that certain literary authors apparently never manage to be one. . . . I remembered another artist of the No.”

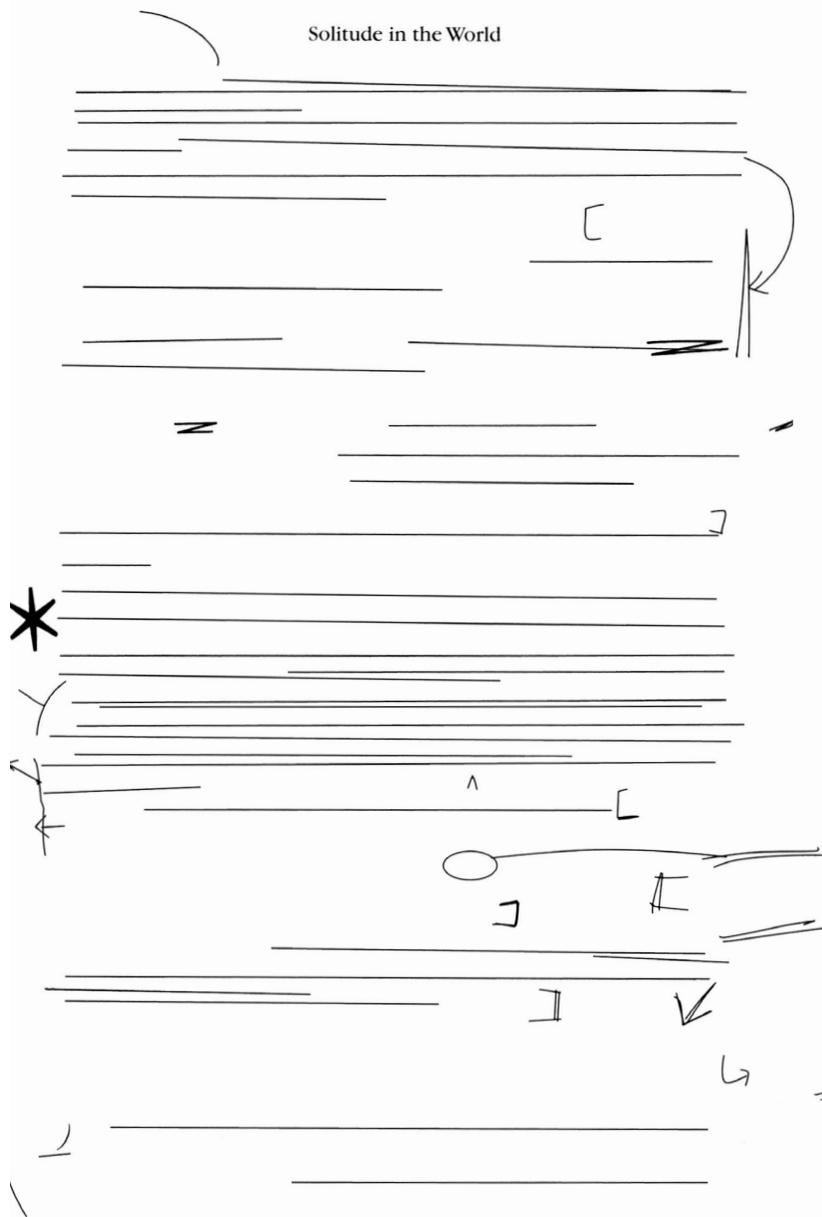
—Enrique Vila-Matas, *Bartleby & Co.*

Appendix I: Solitude in the World (from Partially Removing the Remove of Literature)

2014

23 x 33 inches

Publisher: & So, New York





DONNA MOYLAN

“Chairs” (preliminary notes for an exhibition)
 Donna Moylan, Alex Katz, Kippenberger’s
 Happy End of Franz Kafka’s Amerika, Kafka’s
 own sketches, Doris Salcedo, Kosuth, Matisse,
 Fairfield Porter, John Berger on Rietveld’s chair,
 which he says is “*as haunting as a painting by
 Van Gogh*,” Hockney’s “Three Chairs” (a swipe
 at Kosuth?)

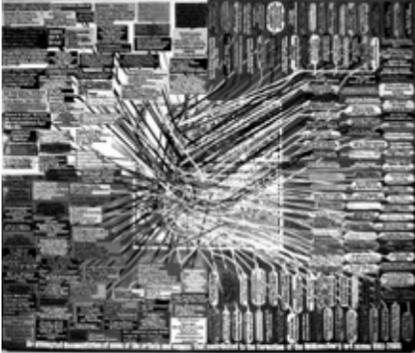
People Sitting Down

2002

Paper, watercolor and acrylic on canvas

72 x 84 inches





LOREN MUNK

The Small Business Jobs Survival Act (SBJSA) would give New York's commercial tenants three specific rights:

- ~ A minimum 10-year lease with the right to renewal.
- ~ Equal negotiation terms when it comes time to renew their lease.
- ~ Restrictions to prevent landlords from passing their property taxes on to small business owners.

An Attempted Documentation of Williamsburg 1981-2008
2008-2011

Oil on linen
60 x 72 inches





BRUCE NAUMAN

The story goes that while Malcolm Lowry was writing *Under the Volcano* in a beachside squatter's shack near Vancouver, directly across the bay was a Shell oil refinery marked by a large neon sign in which one letter sometimes failed, thus presenting the writer with an ominous reminder of "HELL."

RAW/WAR

1971

Lithograph

Collection of Jean Castelli, New York





JOSHUA NEUSTEIN

Drawing something you plan to later erase is different from erasing a drawing that you expected to last, at least for a little while. Erasing something you have made yourself is different from erasing something someone else has made. Perfect as well as imperfect images sometimes need to be erased.

American Sfumato

2017

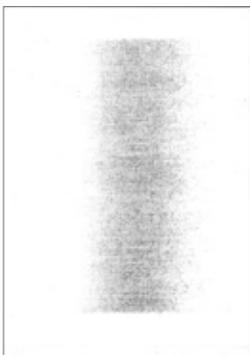
Graphite erased and glassine envelope with erasure crumbs

22 1/2 x 28 1/2 inches

Erasures (detail right)

1971-1973, 16mm black and white film





NINA PAPACONSTANTINO

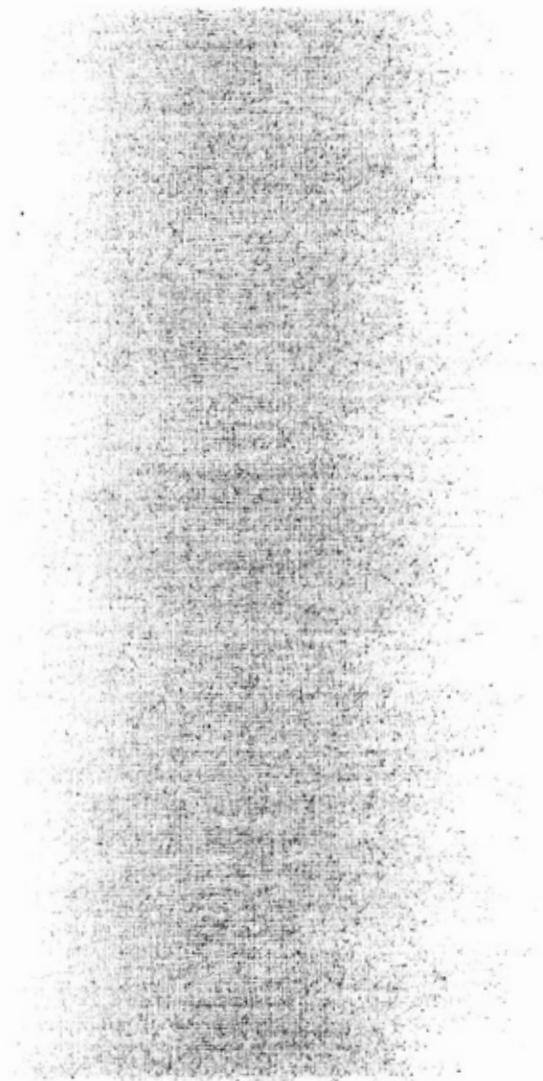
Upon entering the Room of Writing the visitor is told that the material requirements of any system of writing are a substance on which to write, and a tool with which to write. Upon leaving the Room of Writing, the visitor is told that it is impossible to ever leave.

K. Cavafi, Hidden Poems 2

2015

38,5cm x 29cm

Kalfayan Galleries, Athens-Thessaloniki





BRUCE PEARSON + MÒNICA DE LA TORRE

“Conjecture is a critical reconstruction of the original reading of a clearly corrupt, contaminated, nonsensical or illegible textual fragment. Conjecture is one of the techniques of textual criticism used by philologists while commenting on or preparing editions of manuscripts (e.g. biblical or other ancient texts usually transmitted in medieval copies).”

Food Love Air Light Trees and Architecture

2000

Gouache on paper

22 1/2 x 30 1/4 inches



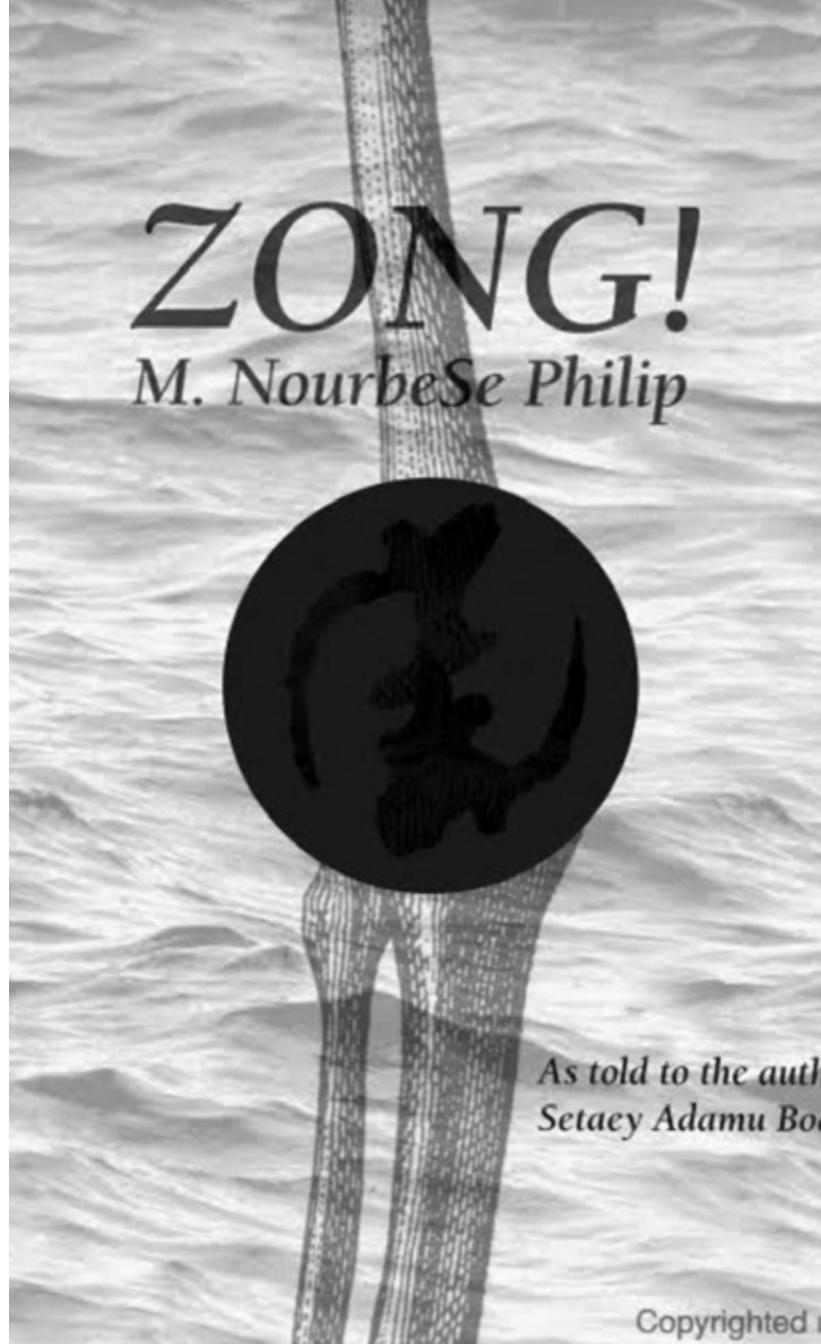


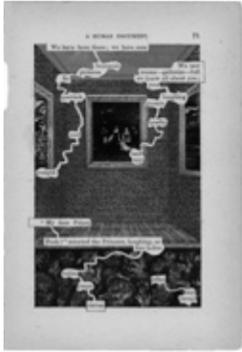
M. NOURBESE PHILIP

“My vocabulary did this to me,” poet Jack Spicer once said. What happens when it is someone else’s vocabulary that does *“this”* to you? The lexicons of power know how to enmesh and enslave us, but sometimes they can be turned back on themselves, slowly taken apart, reassembled as truth.

Zong!
2008

Published by Wesleyan University Press and
The Mercury Press in Canada

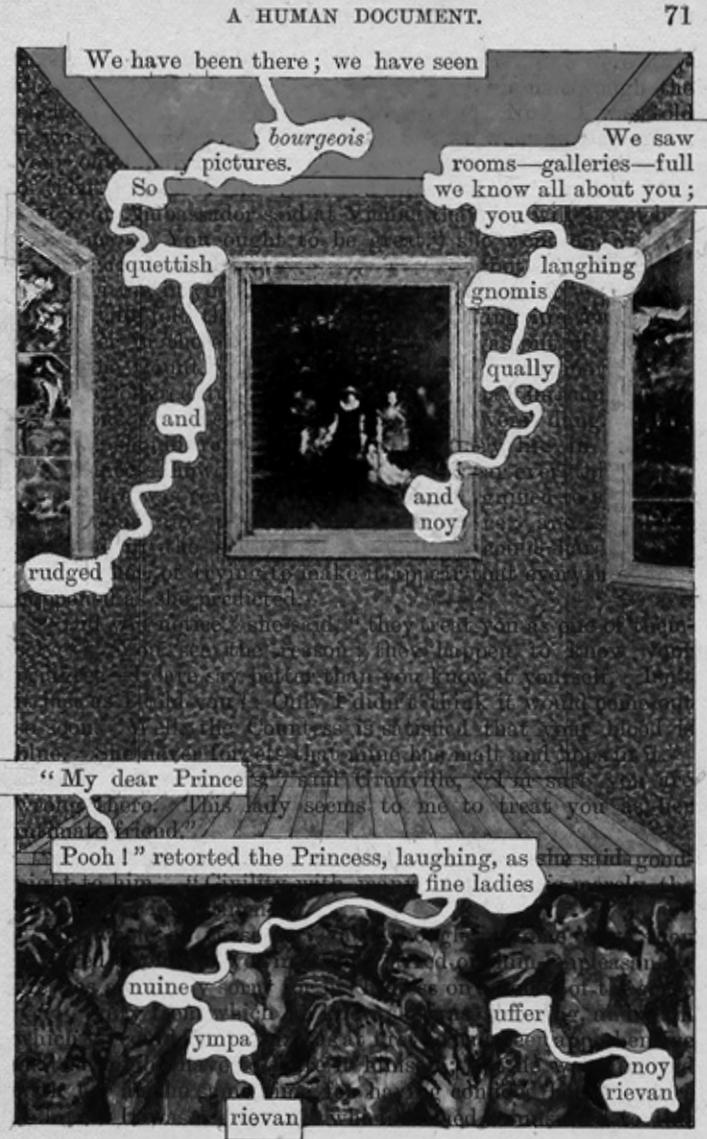




TOM PHILLIPS

“Conceived as stars, the rather dark holes streamed from every eye. The shapes assumed heroic meaning. That’s how Tom Phillips is cosmologized. The word we cannot see from page to page, telling its own tale, now disappeared; the word which tells us arbitrary ironies is a discovered fact, a version.”

A Humument p.81: Bourgeois Pictures
 2013, Screenprint, 29 x 22 cm | 11 3/8 x 8 5/8 inches
 Edition of 100 (#29/100)
 Flowers Gallery, New York





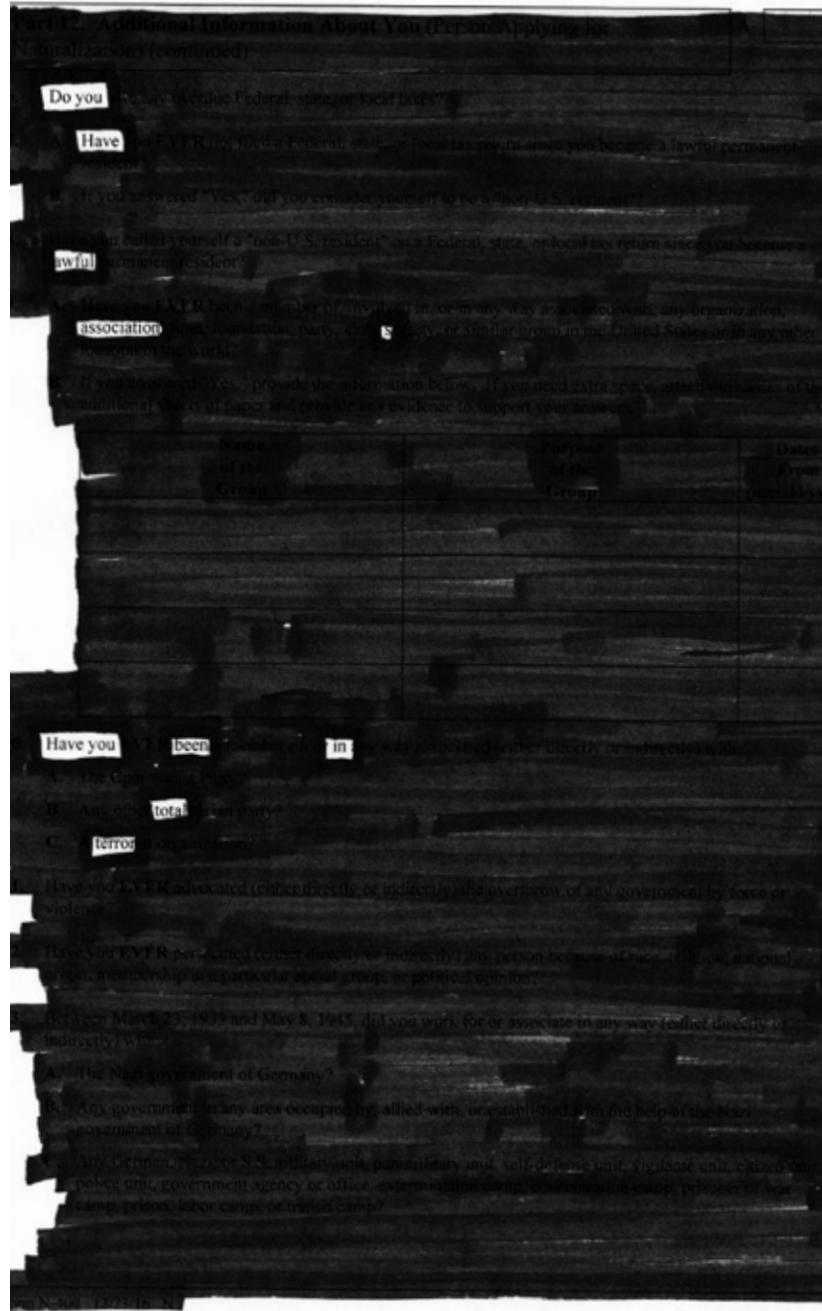
NIINA POLLARI

“We remained stuck at immigration for hours. My sister and I napped agitatedly on the ground in between rows of seats as my parents tried to translate to the youthful officer what exactly we were doing in the country and why, sharing a single dictionary between them.”

— Catapult.co, 2018

Form N-400 Erasures

Feb 23, 2017





EDOUARD PRULHIÈRE + RAPHAEL RUBINSTEIN

“Edouard Prulhière has the ability, in some degree necessary for any work of art, to ignore all of those (himself included) who are waiting for the work to be successfully achieved. If I had to think of one word to describe his [approach] it would be *‘nonchalant.’*”

—Raphael Rubinstein, 1993

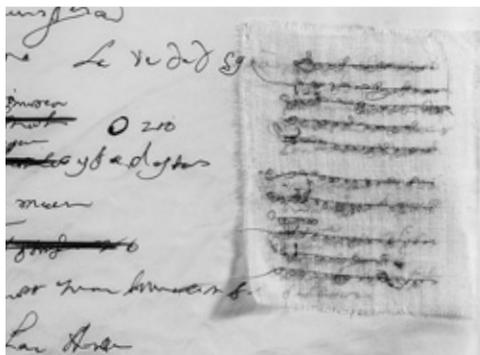
Sold my soul

1994

Acrylic on canvas

48 x 42 inches





SYLVIA PTAK

What do we hope to find in an author's manuscript? It is proof of the great artist's imperfection, evidence that they, too, make mistakes, pursue dead ends, mess things up? Or is it that we so admire them and their works that even the slightest detail, the smallest revision, matters?

Luis de León, Lode Que Descansada Vida

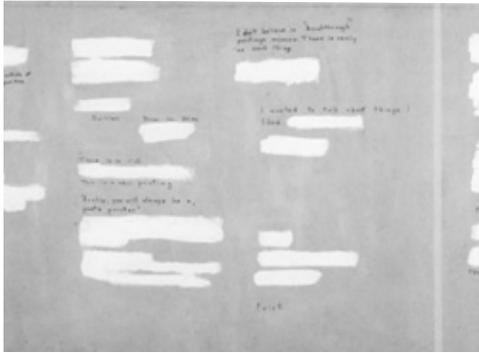
2012

Vellum, ink, gauze, pigment

17 7/8 x 9 7/8 inches

David Kaye Gallery, Toronto

después del mundo ~~no gatin al) - no ríen la~~
 Abrazame de con los quita ~~be y il gatin al) - no ríen la~~
 papa que con la cansada vida ~~be y il gatin al) - no ríen la~~
~~Es bpe bpe el no ríen la~~
 Vique la espondida No 25
 serado pudonj an ydo
 Cos pa saber y el mundo torrido
 que no lo entaba al fecto
 J delos soberbios grande ~~del mundo~~
 ni del dorado ~~del mundo~~
 se a forma fabricado
 que abo mozo en fajas sato
 excusa si la forma
 Canta can d' s m m a l r e p r e s e n t a
 no una ~~no una~~
 f a p a m s e e n e a r e m e
 la b e r g o a l u n g u e r a
 f a g u e r o d e r e L e y u d á
 O campo ~~g m o r e~~ 0 210
 O d e r e s o ~~g m o r e~~ ~~g m o r e~~ y a d o f a s
 que ~~g m o r e~~
 y o f o ~~g m o r e~~ d e m u n
 g a r a l o u r d e r e
 e ~~g m o r e~~ ~~g m o r e~~ ~~g m o r e~~
 f a c e r e d e f a c e r e n o n b r u n a n t e
 d e r e s o m e L a s A r e s
 C o n r e d e a r o ~~g m o r e~~ m e a r o d e d e



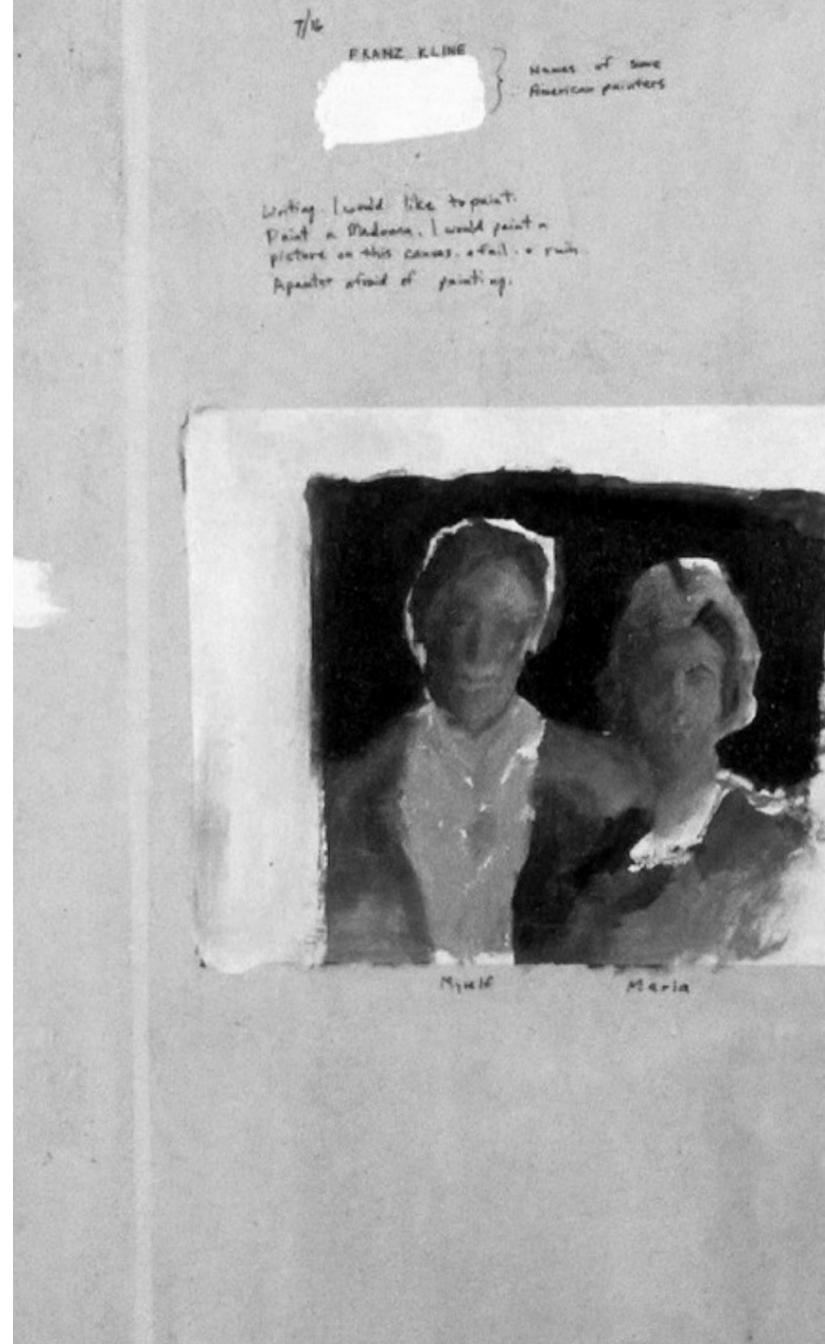
ARCHIE RAND

Somewhere in a big diaristic text painting by young artist you stumble on the statements: "I don't believe in breakthrough paintings. There is really no such thing." Well, you want to ask, as you look at the canvas, which is one of a very extensive group, what about "breakthrough series"?

Letter Painting

1971

32 x 88 inches



Unlooked on diest unless thou get a son.

8

Music to hear,⁸ why hear'st thou music sadly?⁹
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
4 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy? 4
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
8 In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.⁸
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,⁹
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire, and child, and happy mother,
12 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing; 12
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, "Thou single wilt prove none."¹⁰

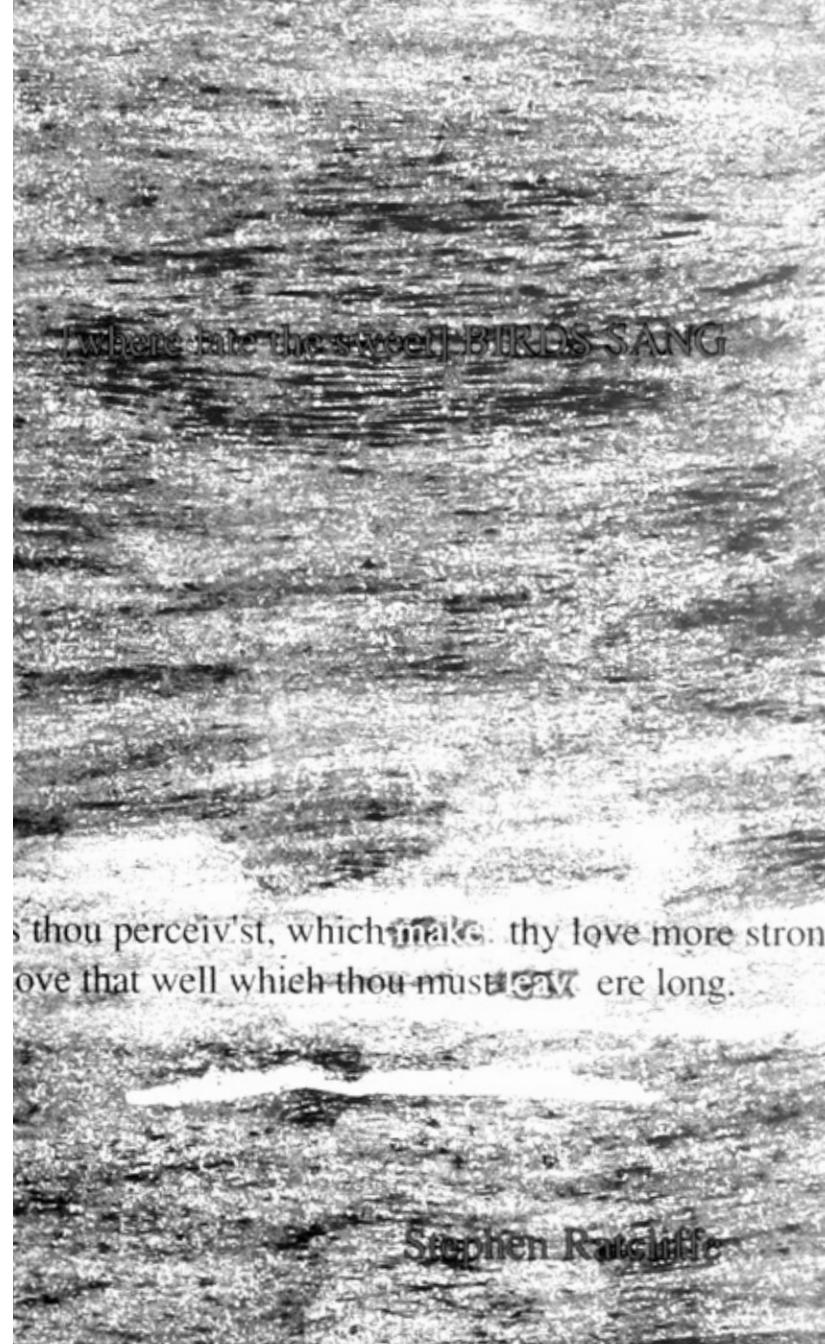
STEPHEN RATCLIFFE

It's as if Shakespeare shared the fate of Sappho, only worse: his texts transmitted riddled with blank spaces; it's as if Shakespeare came to the same conclusion as Mallarmé some 300 years earlier: the spaces between words and lines matter as much as the words themselves: "*not painted itself air.*"

[where late the sweet] Birds Sang

1988

Published by O books, Brooklyn



thou perceiv'st, which make thy love more strong,
Love that well which thou must love ere long.

Stephen Ratcliffe



ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG

Burned, tire-tracked, soot-stained, ink-saturated block of obscurity, shades of Piranesi Carceri shot into space, zipping from Florida to Texas to Florida, with a detour to some cold satellite, like a rubbing from a tombstone of the future, but what was it
The Stooges sang?
— “1969 OK, war across the USA”

Rack (from Stoned Moon portfolio)

1969

Lithograph, printed by Gemini G.E.L.
Redbud Gallery, Houston

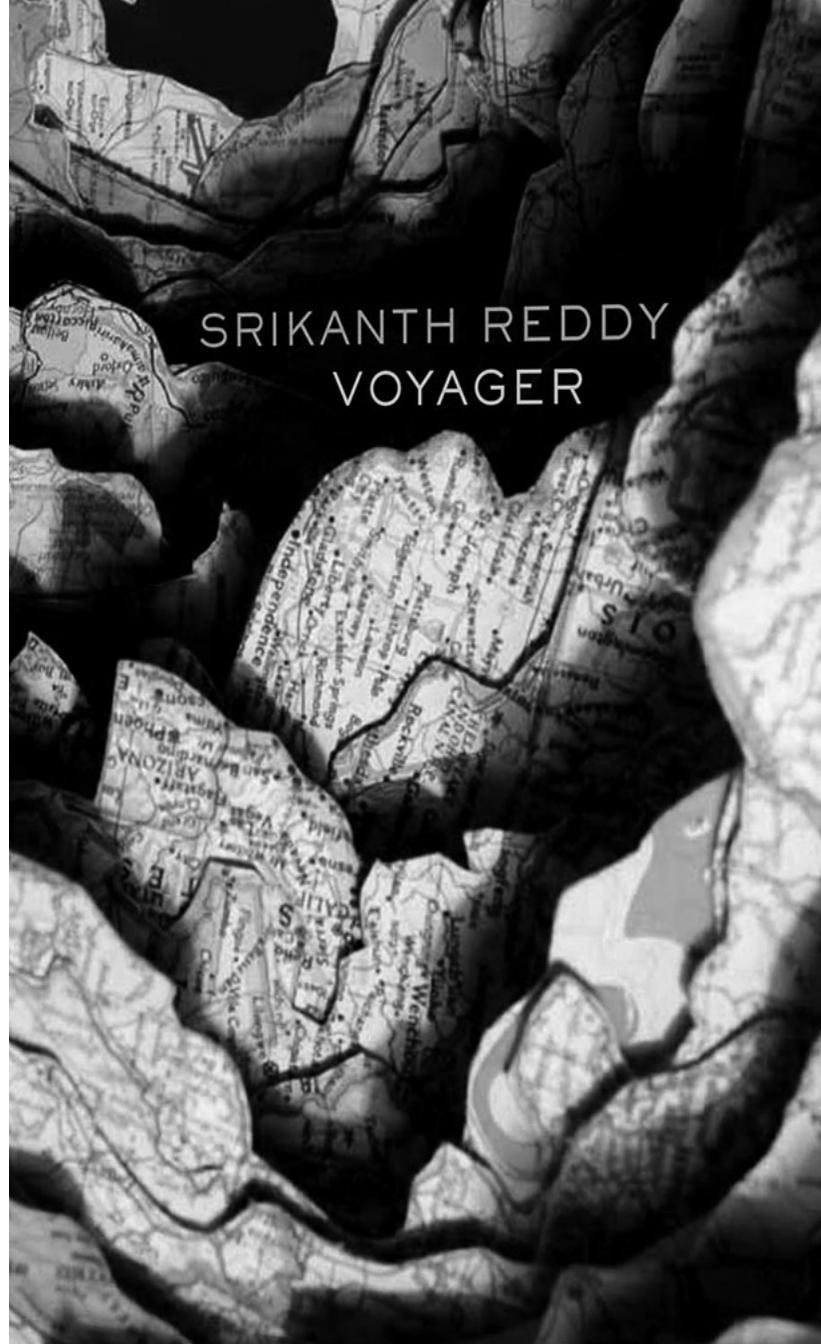




SRIKANTH REDDY

“I don’t think I’ll ever try my hand at literary erasure again. Deleting this passage [Waldheim’s book] into existence was one of the most difficult things I’ve attempted as a writer, and now that it’s done, I’m glad I did it—but now I’d like to try speaking for myself.”

Voyager
2011
Published by University of California Press



SRIKANTH REDDY VOYAGER



DAVID REED

In one fell swoop, in one foul swipe, in
one felt swish, in one fine swamp, in one
flat slash, in one feint smash, in one flung
slope, in one phased song, in one full swat,
in one forced sting, in one fake slip, in one
failed slide, in one.

#54
1974
oil on canvas
23 x 11 inches





RIDYKEULOUS

“Here’s the thing about supremacy: using that language, especially in the show’s introductory wall text, doesn’t do what it looks like it’s doing, which is to highlight our version of it. It actually highlights all versions of supremacy that are invisible.”
—A.L. Steiner at the Contemporary Art Museum, Saint Louis

The Advantages of Being a Lesbian Woman Artist
2006
Screenprint
16 x 20 inches



e of success. *sucking dick.*
 ith men. *that don't exist.*
 rt world in your 4 free-lance jobs.
 pick up after you've ^{suicid} eighty. *— five million per*
 er kind of art you make it will be labeled
~~teaching position~~ *right seat.*
~~the work~~ ^{PUSSY} of others.
 loose between ^{cunt lapping} ~~career~~ and ~~motherhood~~. *first*
~~big cigars or paint in Italian suits.~~ *big^{OR SMALL} de*
 ter your mate dumps you for someone you
~~stions of art history~~ *CASTRATION.*
 nbarrassment of being called a ~~genius~~ *A str*
 rt magazines wearing a gorilla suit. *havin*
 RIDYKEULOUS!
 GERRILLA GIRLS *— SCIENCE OF THE*



HEATHER RUBINSTEIN

Forced to write a poem based on an artist's work while in graduate school, I write one about LCD Soundsystem's track "I'm Losing my Edge," for I am aptly of age, and feel I have clearly lost mine. The band inspires the professor, who then writes a poem for me, which I alter and make into a painting. At the time, we have no idea how relevant the resulting poem/painting will be to our lives.

Painting as a Non-Professional Experiment

2018

Acrylic on canvas

36 x 28 inches (2014 version, 72 x 84 inches)

PAINTING
POETRY AS A NONPROFESSIONAL EXPERIMENT

(for, and from, James Murphy)

PAINTING
Being in a ~~poem~~ is a tough thing

because I don't like leaving my life
PAINTING
and being in a ~~poem~~ means you leave your life.

It's just the truth.

You leave your home

you leave your friends

and you leave your dog

you leave your habits, your reading

and everything.

And that's always hard.

But I love being in a ~~poem~~ **PAINTING**

and this is a ~~poem~~ **PAINTING** about being in a ~~poem~~ **PAINTING**

that was never supposed to be this big a part of my life.

It was always supposed to be a nonprofessional experiment

and I think it is still a nonprofessional experiment

but it's a nonprofessional experiment

that takes up a much bigger part of my life than I expected.



MARY RUEFLE

White clouds of unknowing, leaving only outcroppings of a poem that wasn't one until now, eerie fragments that soften the frontier between the act of reading and the act of writing. An economy of absences, a magic act that doesn't try to hide how things vanish. "No real word yet."

A Little White Shadow

2006

Published by Wave Books, Seattle

8

A Little White Shadow,

seven centuries of

sobbing

gathered
in the

twilight.

and

had their

pages

wandered,

through



JERRY SALTZ

Long shrouded in controversy and criticism, booted off Facebook, Instagram and the like, a Pulitzer-prize winning art-critic-turned-political-activist has gone to the streets to reclaim what is OURS from THEM. Get off your lazy asses we say, we're all in this together — protest, prostration, protect what we must!

Climate Change Denier Plaza (Erasure of David H. Koch)
2017

Printed paper placed over Metropolitan Museum of Art's
David H. Koch Plaza signage





DAVID SCHER

In the written word, we read stories of our mythologized past. In the marks of the artist we also read mythologies, thick with questions. What does it mean, for instance, to x-out Poseidon, God of the Sea, son of Saturn and Ops, leaving the God of the Underworld to prevail?

Pluto Neptune

n.d.

Collection of Jean Castelli, New York





MIRA SCHOR

The state of writing in 2002, likely fugitive,
at least in the long run
a trace of velocity, a trace of some of the
chemical properties she was using
the state of oil in 2002, the state of ink in
2002, the state of gesso in 2002
the velocity of her hand

Writing

2002

Ink, oil and rabbit skin glue on gesso on linen

24 x 28 inches

Lyles & King, New York





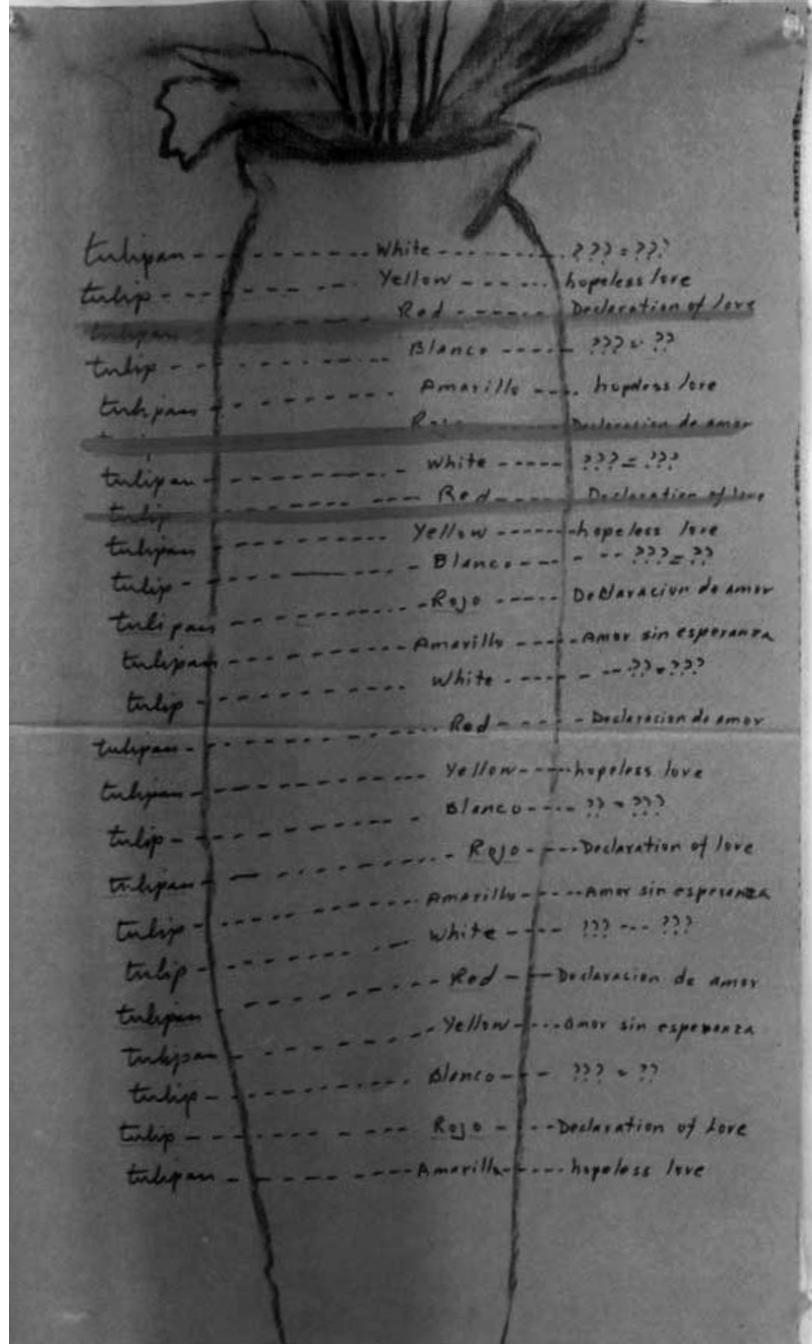
TERESA SERRANO

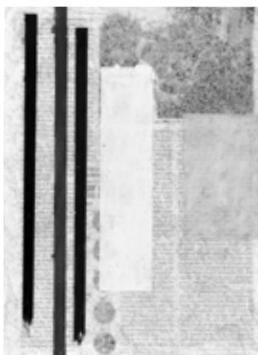
Tulips. Those damn Dutch and their tulip-trading-ways. Do flowers mean love? Is a tulip a declaration of love? Or is it merely a red tulip that equates with the *Declaration of Love*? A rare and delicate flower to grow, its season coming out of frozen ground, its lifespan too short. Does that mean your *Declaration of Love* is as well?

Declaración de amor

1993

Acrylic and pencil on cardboard and paper
26 x 31 inches



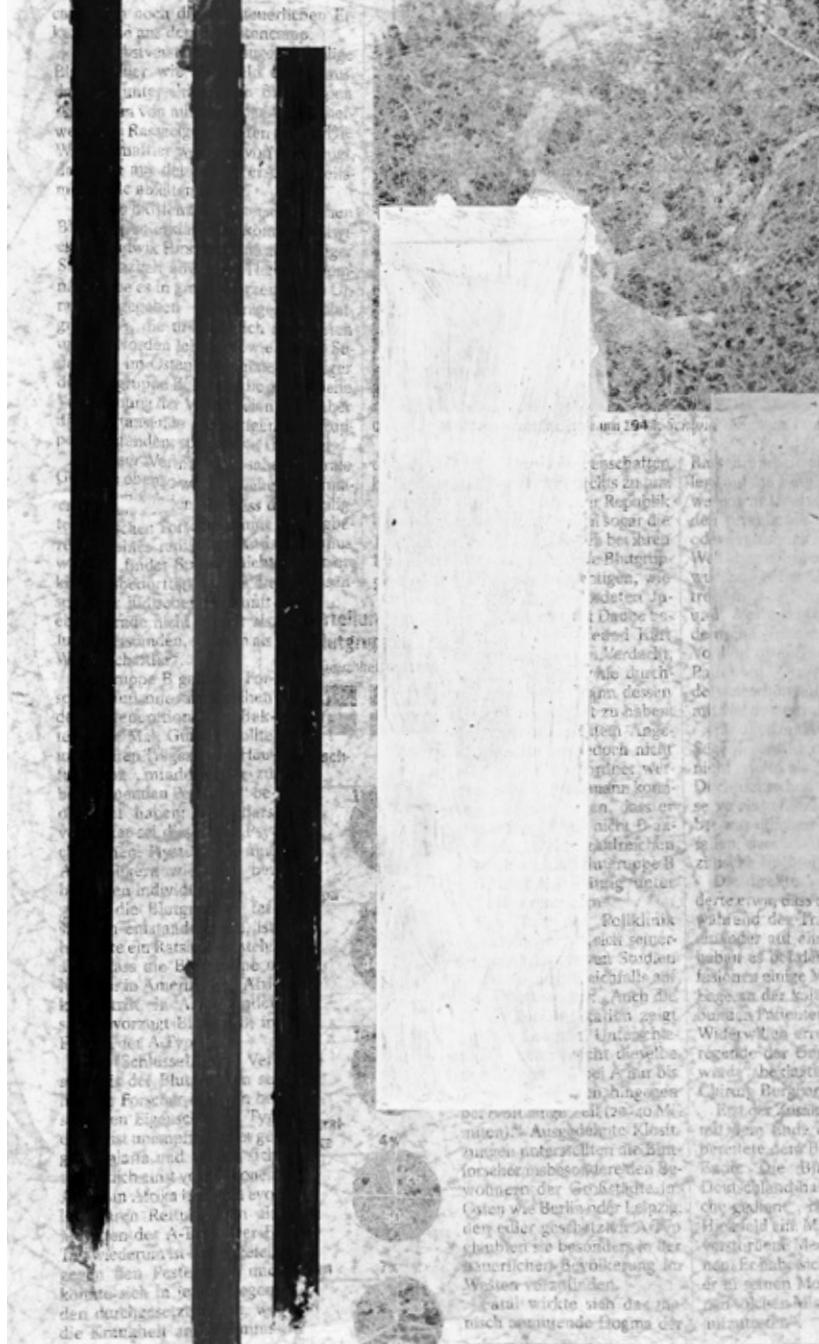


JOHN SPARAGANA

Beautifully adept, erased beyond readability, what is it about *Der Spiegel* that is worth reading? Columned letters rubbed out are met with the language of paint – a heady combination – and you wonder, what was in the image box above? How does *Burgoyne Diller* come into this? A distilled sentiment of the past, or perhaps the future.

Study for Der Spiegel with Burgoyne Diller
2013

Oil stick on inkjet print, mounted to paper
10 3/4 x 7 3/4 inches
Corbett vs. Dempsey, Chicago





ANTONI TÀPIES

“Tàpies, by superimposing graphic signs on the human body, replicates the poet’s (José Angel Valente) efforts to achieve a material or in this case a corporeal writing. The difference between painting and poetry is thus provisionally dissolved . . . because painting itself can be envisioned as a form of writing.”

— Jonathan Mayhew

Xi ulls

1995, Carborundum, varnish tender, silkscreen

13 x 19 3/4 inches

Edition 5 of 45

Pace Prints, New York





SHANE TOLBERT

The old adage of taking something low and making it high is present here, in Warholian terms—yet we are reminded of the cultural impact of our everyday materiality in today's terms—and Tolbert's political refusal of this fact, is presented as a fabric-like pattern of redaction.

Wal-Mart Greetings

2017, Acrylic and ink transfer on canvas

14 x 11 inches

Courtesy of the Artist and David Richard Gallery,
New York & Santa Fe, McClain Gallery, Houston





BETTY TOMPKINS

Postcard-size, typically inscribed with daily nothings and museum sightseeing, mailed to loved ones and friends or saved as keepsakes. In Tompkins' case, they emblaze and erase the image with language describing the history of foul-mouthed men engaged in the rampant degradation of women. Women words? Men's words, motherfuckers.

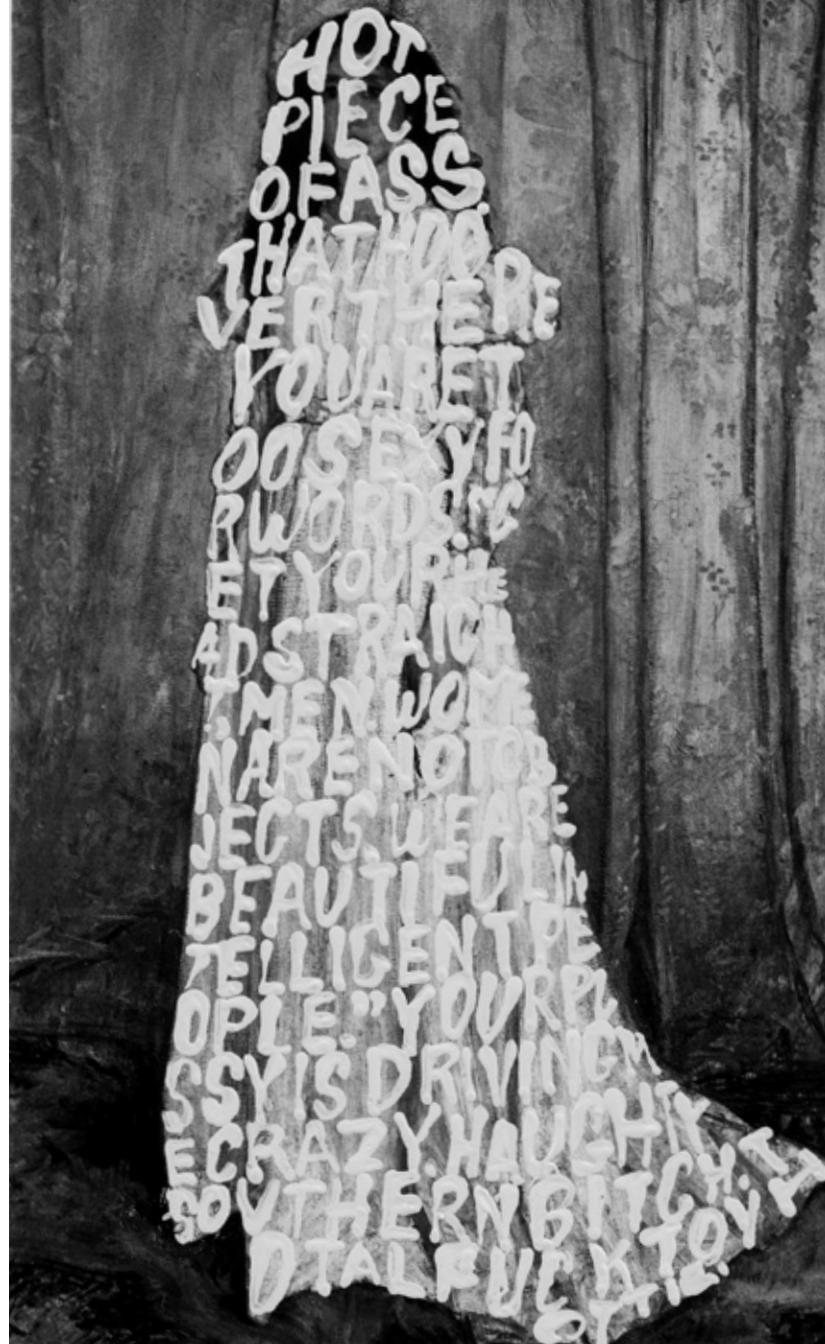
Women Words (Whistler #1)

2017

Acrylic on paper

11 x 9 inches

PPOW Gallery, New York





JIM TOROK

There's a weird similarity between Jim Torok's diaristic image-and-text paintings and Charlotte Salomon's "Life or Theater?" that epic of family trauma that leads to the Shoah. Weird because on the surface nothing could be more distant than the life of a 21st-century New York artist and that doomed girl.

Sometimes I Think 'Bad' Things
Acrylic on Panel
PIEROGI Gallery, New York





XIAOFU WANG

Found Notes. What language is this? Did the wind bring this to me, here out in the middle of this field....I will paint the bugs that no longer scare me, I will paint the dragonfly I saw yesterday, I will paint the small people in the distance, I will add the boat from the old man on the river, I will add my name as symbol.

Expired Exhale

2018

Acrylic and colored pencil on found note

11 x 8 1/2 inches



“The ubiquity of ‘additive subtraction’ has many causes. If some of them remain obscure, it’s blindingly clear that putting something under erasure isn’t about making it disappear. Just the opposite. As one of the artists represented in this exhibition, Jean-Michel Basquiat, put it:

~~‘I cross out words so you will see them more; the fact that they are obscured makes you want to read them.’~~”

—*Raphael Rubinstein*