

Middlemarch

Chaussée de Waterloo 550, 1050 Brussels Belgium
www.middlemarch.be

Episode 11

EN-TRÉE

A GROUP SHOW CURATED BY CHRISTOPHER GREEN

January 25 to February 22, 2014

En-trée

Served
before
the main course
the
act
of
entering
into
a suite

Introducing nine artists; Bobby Dowler, Sophie Giraux, Oliver Griffin, Ralph Hunter-Menzies, Robert Janitz, Shaun McDowell, Nicolas Roggy, Sofia Stevi, John Tremblay, living and working in London, Athens, New York, Paris.

Here, works by artists who have entered my life during recent travels are introduced to works by old friends. Some of them already know each other, some do not. I have met everyone involved, and have invited them. I am excited by these artists. My line of interest is rooted in their individually varied approaches to making, and the consequent affinity I feel with their works. It is their coming together for the first time that intrigues me most.

Like a dinner party.

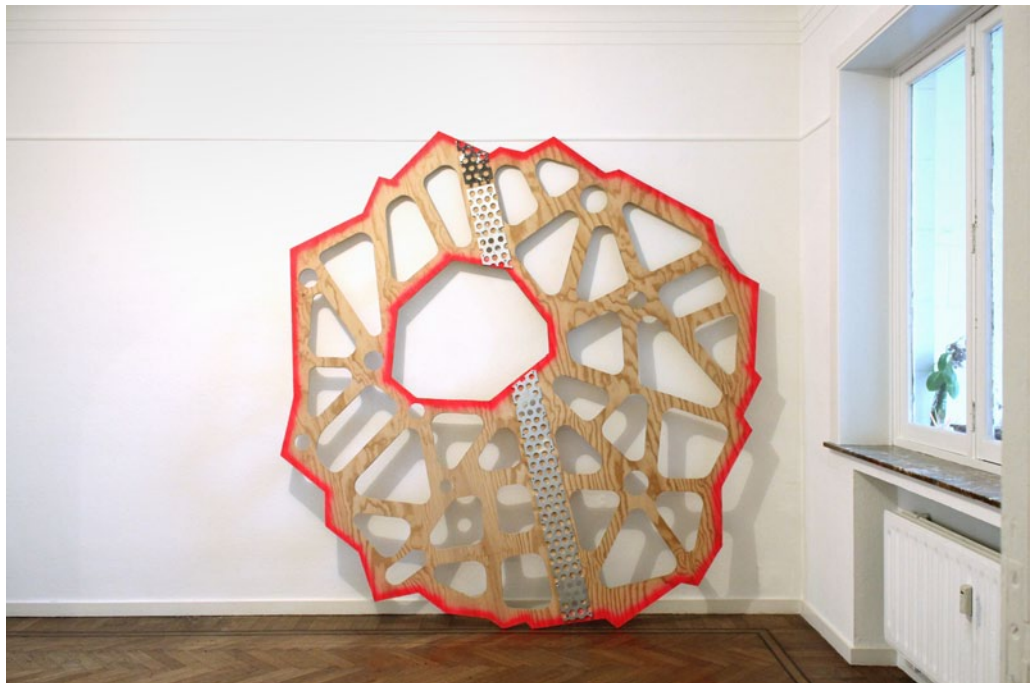
From some I have selected specific works - from others I have left it for them to decide. Each work has a distinct manner and makes no promise to be courteous to its neighbour. The works included; books, paintings, sculptures, projection - inhabit the space, interchanged with the apartment's usual furnishings. A show of slides, a photo album, the travel of time, a postcard and the experience, a souvenir collected, that mysterious bottle.

I'll be in the kitchen.

Christopher Green
January 2014

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Installation View

Top: OLIVER GRIFFIN

Bottom: JOHN TREMBLAY

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Installation View

Top: JOHN TREMBLAY, ROBERT JANITZ, SHAUN Mc DOWELL

Bottom: SHAUN Mc DOWELL, SOPHIE GIRAUX, BOBBY DOWLER

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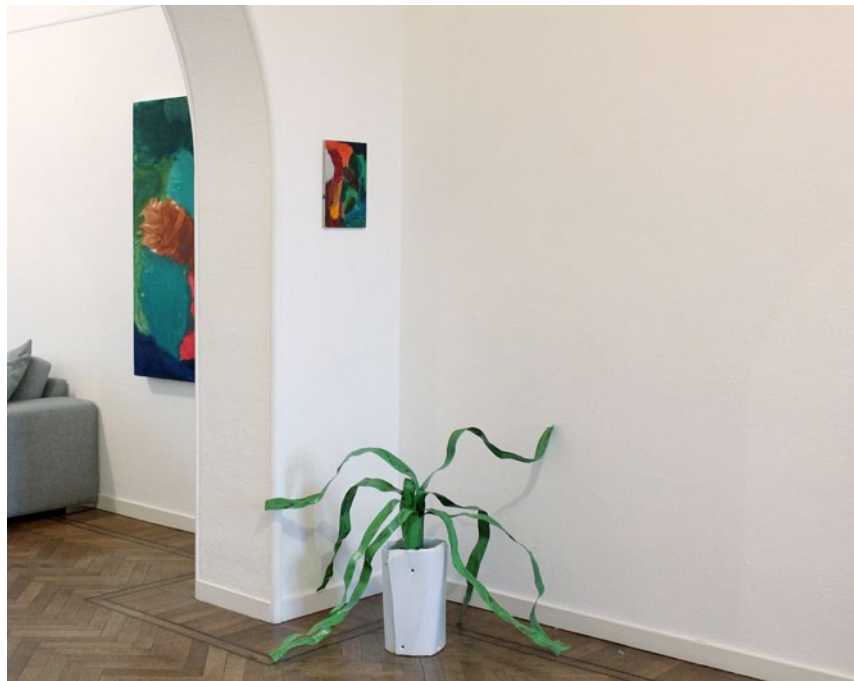
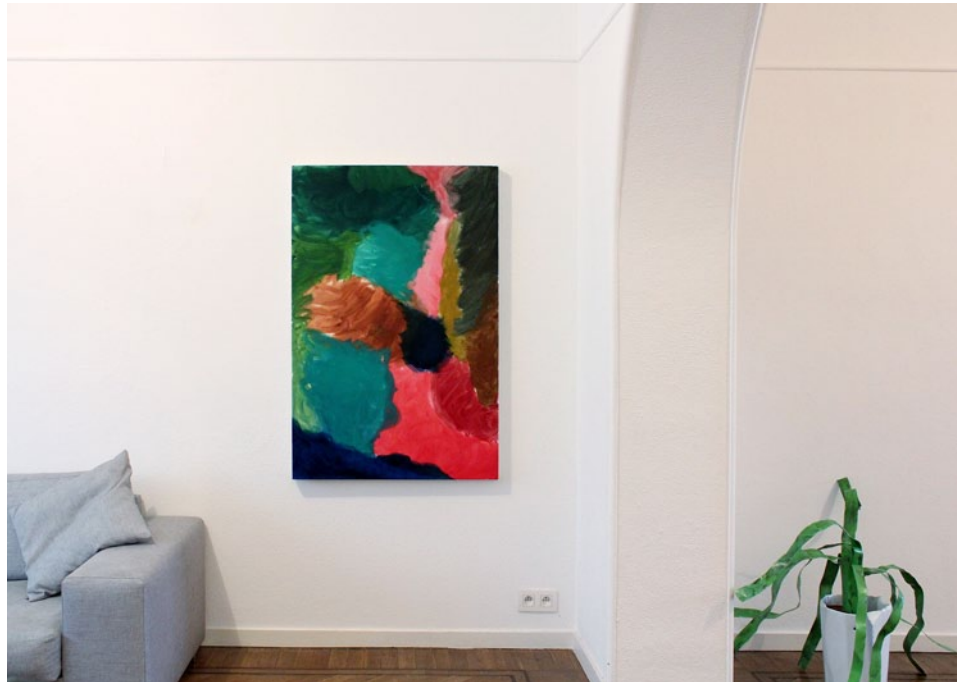
Installation View

Top: BOBBY DOWLER, OLIVER GRIFFIN, SOFIA STEVI

Bottom: SOFIA STEVI

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Installation View

Top: RALPH HUNTER-MENZIES, ROBERT JANITZ

Bottom: RALPH HUNTER-MENZIES, ROBERT JANITZ

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Installation View

Top: CHRISTOPHER GREEN

Bottom: CHRISTOPHER GREEN

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OLIVER GRIFFIN

E.S.: 9b Fig.3 - Brunel Lab "Lab coats"

2012

B&W Xerox on paper

113 x 83,5 cm

Edition 1/9 AP

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SHAUN Mc DOWELL

Tell Me A Story

2014

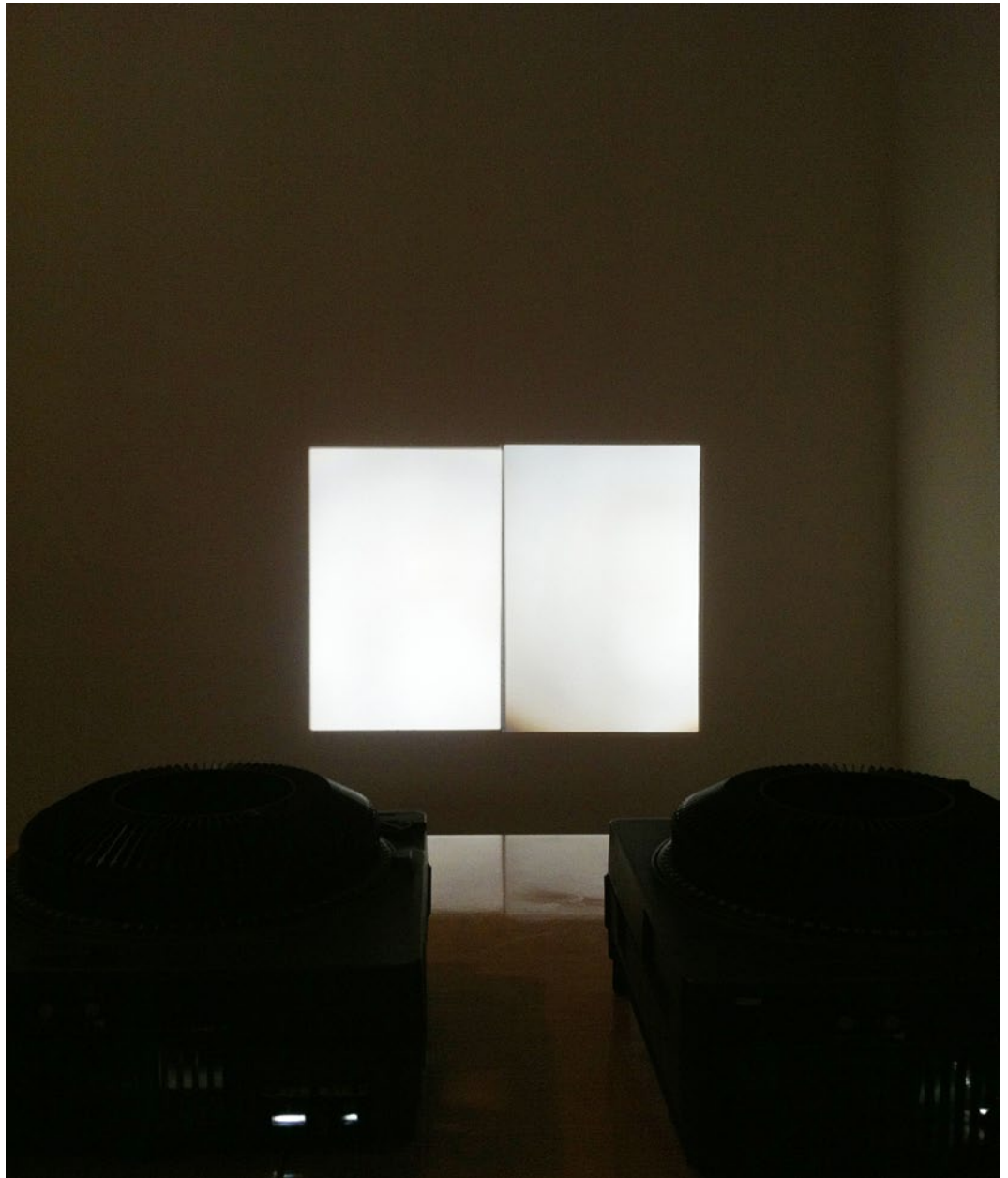
Oil on birch plywood board

18 x 14 cm

Courtesy Hannah Barry, London

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SOPHIE GIRAUX

64 Seconds

2014

Two slide projectors

Dimensions variable

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RALPH HUNTER-MENZIES

Further Beyond I

2012

Oil stick on board

30 x 21 cm

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ROBERT JANITZ

Fontainebleau

2013

Sheet metal, wood, corrugated vinyl, enamel paint

68 x 55 x 55 cm

Courtesy Sobering, Paris, and TEAM NY

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JOHN TREMBLAY
Operation Freak-Out
2012
230 x 230 cm
Courtesy Triple V, Paris

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ROBERT JANITZ

La farinee

2012

61 x 50,8 cm

Flour and dough on Belgian linen

Courtesy Sobering, Paris, and TEAM NY

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BOBBY DOWLER

Painting-Object_(10.01.13)

2013

Paint, objects, canvas, wood

91 x 81 cm

Courtesy Hannah Barry, London

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OLIVER GRIFFIN

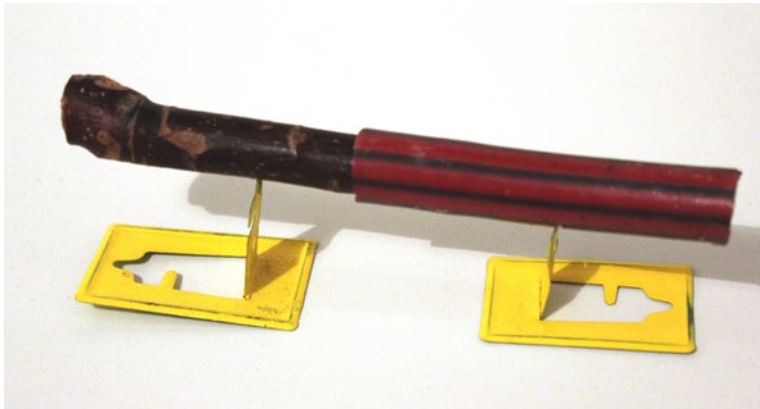
Book of Books & various other book works

Various years

Various dimensions

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SOFIA STEVI

Monument For an Egg, maquette for public sculpture no1
2012

Wood, marble, metal, acrylic paint.

Untitled, maquette for public sculpture no3
2012

Plastic, metal, acrylic paint.

Soupa-Su-Pa, maquette for public sculpture no4
2012

Wood, plastic, metal, acrylic paint.

Untitled (Red Shower), maquette for public sculpture no2
2012

Wood, metal, acrylic paint.

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NICOLAS ROGGY

Untitled

2014

Gesso, modeling paste, acrylic, pigments and print on wood

39 x 30 cm

Courtesy Triple V, Paris

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RALPH HUNTER-MENZIES

Further Beyond II

2013

Oil paint on canvas on board

122 x 84 cm

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CHRISTOPHER GREEN

Untitled

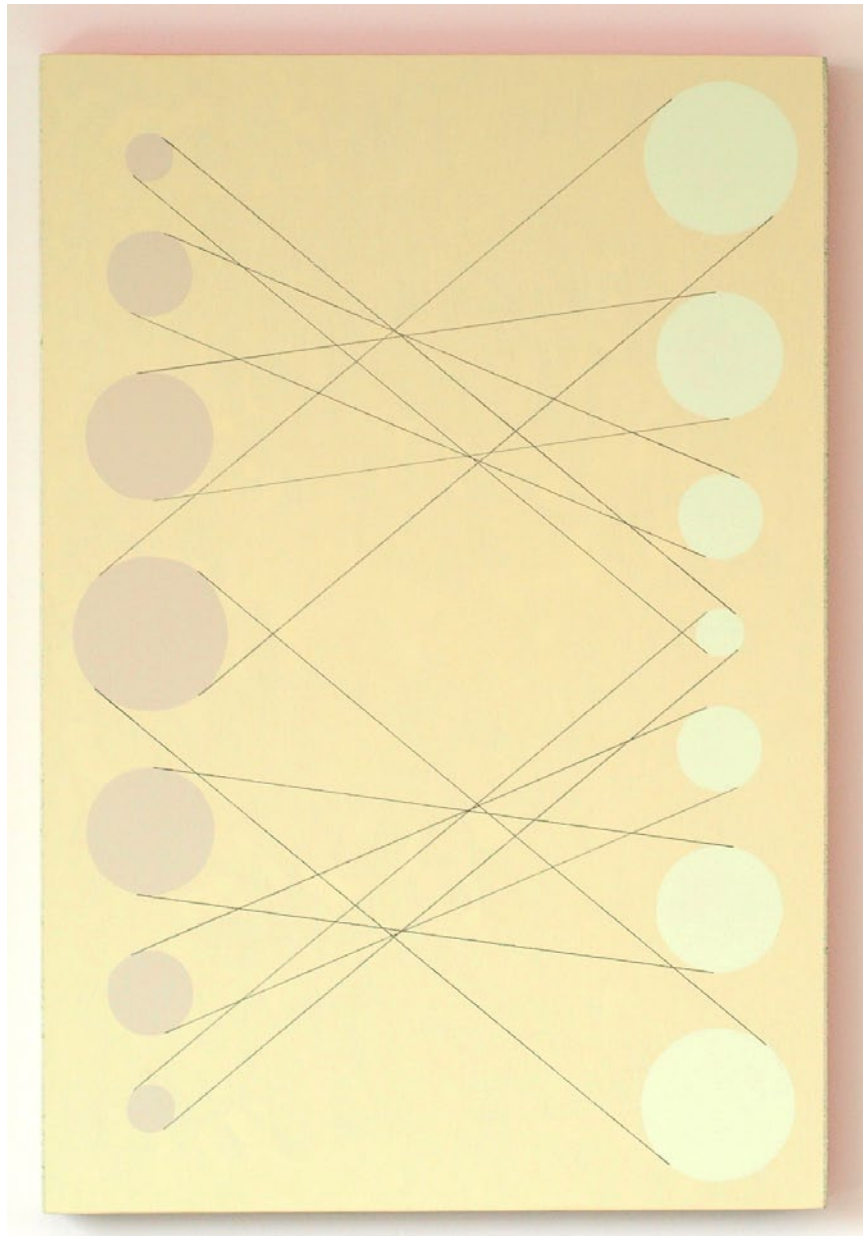
2012

Ingrain wallpaper adhered to birch plywood board

59 x 39 x 3 cm

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CHRISTOPHER GREEN

Between Together and Afar (Yellow #3) - Rams

2010

Acrylic and graphite on board

50 x 34 x 3 cm

Courtesy Hannah Barry, London

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EN-TRÉE

FINISSAGE EVENT WITH PERFORMANCE BY VINCENT CLAY

February 18, 2014



VINCENT CLAY

Dinner at Middlemarch

February 18, 2014

An evening-long performance. Individually, guests were blindfolded and led through the apartment by the narrator, pausing in front of each piece.

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Dinner at Middlemarch

for performance at the finissage of *Entrée*, 18 February 2014

Landing

In from the dark and the rain now, about to enter. You always had the winter sense that this was an invitation that happened to you; that you would be without proceedings while within them. And something like a voice is now arriving up in you – soft, but surer of the place than you are – more connected. At the door your eyes are wide but your thoughts are inward.

Hallway

Opened up by Glyph. You've not met, but you know who he is – you know his store of meaning.
Stepping in, you see the coats hanging: vacated body bags of the living. The other guests have arrived before you, then. Is that the time? You shrug out own coat, and the greeter hands you straight off through the door to the tiled kitchen.

Kitchen

In here, the host – the face you know. He welcomes you with smile, but the feeling this space uncertain. He is not forthcoming, situating you amongst the guests; you know he rarely is so.
He seems occupied with things either side of the fridge – which, concede, is fair: his hands should be there on the textures: ceramic sink, smooth appliances, painted worktops. His talk should be back over his shoulder as he prepares the nourishment.
He seems interrupted, your expectations contradictory. He stands to face you, plain. You notice a bottle, half full, his empty glass. He faces you, calming. This is a thing you like about him much: consideration, reticence. But you start to wonder – what relics are contained in his passivity? He clearly intends colour to come from the guests: they will supply.
You turn to leave; he remembers his duties, presses glass into your hands. As he does, you see briefly in his other concentration – the organising intelligence absent from the interactions you will walk into, but cause of them. He has ideas, will set certain parameters; will let you go out blind. He is plotting. You take a step back towards his experiment.

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Hallway

Ahead, voices. You dawdle in this under-lit corridor, reflect: the host should not seem too proprietor when he is but a temporary occupant of this apartment. Quite a marvel, then, all these guests together in a city that isn't his – and the names they straddle, which he likes to line up: London, Athens, New York, Paris.

Ahead, their voices. Here, your eyes lick the spines of the mute bookcase: its tight compression of meaning tempts you with ideas of burial, and it's Babel enough to tumble – to a long solitude of represented company, where you can be surer of the worth of sentences already said.

There are more doors off the corridor. They proffer their alternative settings for silence.

Then this character Glyph is of a sudden behind you – the rooms can be a circuit – and moves you through, into the living room.

Living room

You bring your glass to lips, a shield – realise you've drunk half down straight; place it neatly to table.

Glyph starts to open up, press you with his thoughts. You hang back – you know he will outdo you. You lift your ears wider, and push in to the encounter of two facing men.

[Move]

A kiss of greeting to either side. In this brief close you think the second – the more compact – must have been caught in the storm: his clothes are still drying.

He doesn't really look at you. His eyes are somehow carved away; but in his manner, something rigidly singular, concentrated, projecting.

The other has reserved his structure – clothes are craters hung over long straight limbs. You see what he shows, but not what he has covered up.

These two, if you observed them on the metro: you would play that game where you speculate on their histories and present mission.

One surface: artefacts: colours are a record of events, perhaps are the events themselves.

The other: voided, scraped, like ski slopes abandoned in a strange and arid spring – but with this vivid thread of dripping intention whose object you cannot define.

Something happened here, between these two, or has done somewhere past – a tension between the ways they bring forth their making. But ease, you know, is not the friend of energy.

Like this, briefly, they belong together.

[Move]

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The girl at the window steps forward now.
Something light: it seems she understands the courtesy of play.
Something about her of beach, of bed, summer colour.
In your conversation, her ideas come formed, given to you to hold and weigh, to consider an application: I present you with this ovoid; do with it what you will (but always: transform the world).
Now, a shaft unexpected says today her head is full of Samurai material from cult drive-in movies: she has made a compendium of shots of putting away the sword. Such things you find invigorating:
you want to complete your introductions.

Dining room

Hello, hello. One you think you must come back to; the other
a wonder of ersatz crazy radial, rooted but bursting up from centre: propel! propel! Or slither
low, but anyhow, go from me further to explore.
You start to feel like some sort of social pinball,
kinetically charged but without control.

[Move]

This is a more careful conversation; you arrive in middle again.
The speaker: definitive in declaration if smeared in articulation – he develops his story like a series of marks.
The listener: contained, surly almost, but breathing – marked by kitchen work, he is attractive for sharing
some of the sentiments ascribed to your host.

[Move]

But you get drawn away by something larger, looming; absorbed straight into talk that is bending disciplines. It seems he spent too much time in the lab; things got out of proportion. Cell biology moves on to naturally occurring shapes, such as bubbles in Swiss cheese – caves unto themselves, he says.
You want to add something – standing in a grove of ginkgo trees, examining the forms of the leaves – but he keeps talking, swinging subjects vine to vine in a personal jungle of gathering velocity. He is taking on a touch of pink, his lips now almost erotically flushed: you get drawn further in. Your thoughts become more sensual too: that he will surely turn out to be a noisy eater. You wonder what the host has made, think of the sound of spaghetti being sucked in, into this sphincter that modulates ingestion and outpouring of wet information. O mouth of mouths, macrophage! agent of autumn putrefaction.
Whilst being engulfed, you are relaxing, dimly aware of your hunger –
and knowing that this thing is ravenous.

[Move]

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And just when about to be swallowed up entirely, the host arrives and says – sit down
everyone, it's time for the entrée!

You're saved, but dazed, and all uncertain still: the entrée
is surely the beginning of the meal, but you know in America it means the main – and
common understanding is not assured in this crowd: you think you have it, then it shifts.

Did you miss something as you gazed into that mouth? Were you yourself a course?
You take a seat. The sustenance brought forth
is pure, unsteady illumination.
Is this the prelude or the main event?

It matters not:
a fork is set at last to reach your mouth.