



Dana DeGiulio

Say Say Say

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**Iceberg Projects**

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*Nic nie wiem*

“so if this ends up about waves or language or tv or theater or jukeboxes or shrapnel, i’m in.”

Shrapnel, then. Or notes, not knowing much.

It doesn’t add up to ‘picture,’ says one. ‘Oh yes, but sure they do,’ from the other: blanks full of things: maps, landscapes, balloons, and moles. The latter as vulnerable, sensitive, soft volumes, body surrogates. Full, yes, of images, taking form: discrete letters and objects; full, too, of series of choices—one next, one next, and one next—usurping depth.

Landscapes, perhaps, but no forest, and no trees.

Bits of puzzle: fragments in search of a whole, a complete unity deferred in time and wholly uncertain, unfinished and unable to be finished. Or: like pseudo-letters, ideograms, buzzing with the possibility of making a word, a sentence, together, but unsure if they’re even letters much less capable of constituting a language. Or: like atoms, agitated by heat, but not yet linking with other atoms, not near enough to become an element, to diffuse or transform. “The atoms don’t touch,” one remembers, from some lecture or other.

Other questions follow, of a more attentive and less metaphorical tenor: Are the little diamonds and squares on the collages diegetic—in the picture—or added? Is it the source image, or did she add them later? Little geometrical holes puncture (punctuate) the hard bodies. There are screen shots, stills, cut up by hand. But here we are again with our metaphors: now cinema in place of physics.

Cut up by hand, yes. Misaligned? Rather, realigned: Like Bellmer's *poupée*, into something not human, or differently human. Another painting offers cancellation, negatives: black on black cutouts. We detect Matisse: organic and geometrical, assonance and repetition among the cells. An (inadvertent?) palette, the icon of the painter, appears—but rendered as flat, unromantic, logo-like.

Here is an edge flirting with an edge—gasp—Dana's a modernist!

But then there's Johns. The young girl–old woman illusion. In the young woman's place, kret, a mole, or, instead, a witch with a bloody horse-head. The poster of Otto Preminger's *The Man With The Golden Arm*, minus the arm. Blocks of black: figures and negative space both at once. Like language, but not. The body sans sex. Or not, again, maybe.

Everything's maybe.

Inherited knowledge.

Picture + picture + picture equals language, like a rebus: an image-alphabet.

Or like graffiti without the graffiti; white scraped over white.

Cancelling without any object of cancellation.

Cancellation, layer upon layer: double, triple, quadruple negative.

Yet there's sex to math, too—to control. But this is not sex, exactly.

This is tension, discussion and controversy. *Mów, mów!*

(And yet, still, just:) Cracking and spraying, pushing, pulling and lifting.

- **grupa o.k.** (Julian Myers and Joanna Szupinska)