

Zoe Barcza

DR AWKWARD

November 12 - December 23, 2016

A room that you simply cannot see, like the afterlife or the sublime or so; can you imagine anything more pointless to talk or write about? Although...

What's going on? How long will I live? Am I a baby? And in that case is it right to have a baby? Will there be a total war here or what, like w'zup with the politics now and so on... these people, really?

Society has wreaked havoc on my body, one way or another, or has it not? Let's find out. Did someone put poison in my food? Do I need that psycho-pharma or just kindness and coffee? I really have no clue, is my life living me or am I living my life?

But just being in the hospital, no matter what role you're given, is real and for certain. I don't really mind taking up these peoples' time, I'm paying for this I can do whatever I want.

I wanna be able to just pick up the phone and just fucking order something real, and I want love and attention, I don't want to be alone. Do I have to spell out that I absolutely hate pain and suffering? I wanna be good, I wanna be able to know right from wrong and with as little effort as possible.

And here we have some, I guess for lack of better terms, "post-conceptual" paintings by a new still-young female artist of eastern European blood. Height 5 foot 5, eyes blue, dirt blond hair. Parents came to America because of the war, there's so much to say about war.

Paintings are well made, thoughtfully presented, neat looking, smart and fun; what else could you possibly ask for, what is it that you are looking for? Are you some kind of detective?? I believe that if an artist sticks to using black and white, or at least more sparse colors, the art will probably look smarter. If you use peach and pastel you will more likely look like a fudgehead.

Mama's titty... is it the parental abundance of love or the absolute lack of it that makes a child pursue a career within the arts... the softies n the psychos. Can I no longer have a real job? Why do people feel bad for Prince and all these dead people, 15 minutes out of their life was better than my whole shit.

One day at a time is the way to do it. You're on earth in space and you can never be safe. Get out of bed, make a sandwich and you are good to go; you are a person lurking in your skull, peeking out, and that's enough.

Life starts at 50; sex amongst the elderly is cute. Fit people are miserable too.

- Alfred Boman

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