

APALAZZOGALLERY

All Rainbows in a Brainstem

Our dark times are kaleidoscopic.

What a beautiful spring it was in NYC, in terms of the air quality. With no one driving and few subway goers (aside from the essential workers), pollution plummeted. The sky was the bluest I've seen. The scent of sweet grass swayed through my studio window, which literally overlooks the Long Island Expressway, a major highway. At times the highway stood silent.

When the sirens rang, I could feel their redness. I had already become obsessed with red prior to Covid, but with the onset my inclination towards redness ebbed into orange. What was it about that saffron? It represents fire, and therefore purity, according to the Hindus & Buddhists, because impurities are burned in the fire. Release.

I burned a lot during that period. I burned sage (can you smell it?). I burned candles bought from the bodega. I burned up my pre-conceptions around what a painting is allowed to be, what parameters a drawing must exist within, where sources can come from... dream and vision became acceptable, inevitable.

Breathing, choking, squeezing, intertwined. We are so intertwined. Fear started dying around me like flies on their backs, wiggling their feet before finally letting go. A hardened, translucent snakeskin had encased me, and I slid right out. The calcified fear lay on the floor behind me, fragile keratin soon to disintegrate.

I feel I have innumerable eyelids; every so often a new set opens up, and WOW. What a surprise to see, AGAIN!

Time breathes on me and licks me with its orange tongue, its breath warm. The brush is a keratin tongue.

The dragons often have open mouths and tails tied. Choke holds of sorts. Organ music is how it looks, which is how it sounds, which is how it feels. Organs playing, together. Warmth.

Colorful times we live within.

*Nathlie Provosty
20 November 2020*

APALAZZOGALLERY is proud to announce the opening of the second solo show of Nathlie Provosty as well as the presentation of her collaboration with the legendary American experimental poet Anne Waldman, in the form of a book published by NYC based Hassla (hasslabooks.com): **all rainbows in a brainstem / that we be so contained**
The exhibition name derives from Waldman's poem. About the genesis of the project, they each wrote a short text:

Anne Waldman: "Something about finding pathways through chaos seemed relevant in making this work. I had started the poem on the way to protest the treatment of immigrants at the border in El Paso. I had had the dream image of a small life form tugging at sleeve to trigger the hand start writing, lift the pen, the brush. As if we might be condemned to a long sleep where we lost so many things of this world. Then with more writing and revision as daily life got weirder, stasis of sequester became a clear portal. What was allowed to enter felt like a call, moral struggle, a reckoning, a provocation, to break the silence. Nathlie Provosty's amazing subtle fields of color in parallel collaboration were an inspiration for our inexplicable existence: vibrant, humming, affirming. I was responding within an antithesis reality we shared."

Nathlie Provosty: "The image came from reading Anne's poem situated at the US border. The gesture leans into a central boundary, then folds, slips down & away. Her poem generated heat: ((((((((((huddle in duration)))))))))). Though conceived before, the piece itself was made during peak Quarantine. I sat at a desk in a friend's apartment, in a tiny room with one window that faced onto a brick wall. Sirens played in the background. Time changes in the drawing, like a re-play. I sent the finished piece to Anne. Waldman modified her sonorous, unruly text, and among other things, added more red."

"We are ignorant of the meaning of the dragon in the same way that we are ignorant of the meaning of the universe; but there is something in the dragon's image that fits man's imagination." - Jorge Luis Borges, Book of Imaginary Beings

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