

# **amir mogharabi**

## **Interior 0111110**

January 14th – February 13th 2010

**unosunove**  
arte contemporanea

A large, bold, black graphic of the number '19' is positioned below the gallery name. The '1' is a simple vertical bar, and the '9' is a thick, rounded shape with a circular cutout at the top.

contents

images

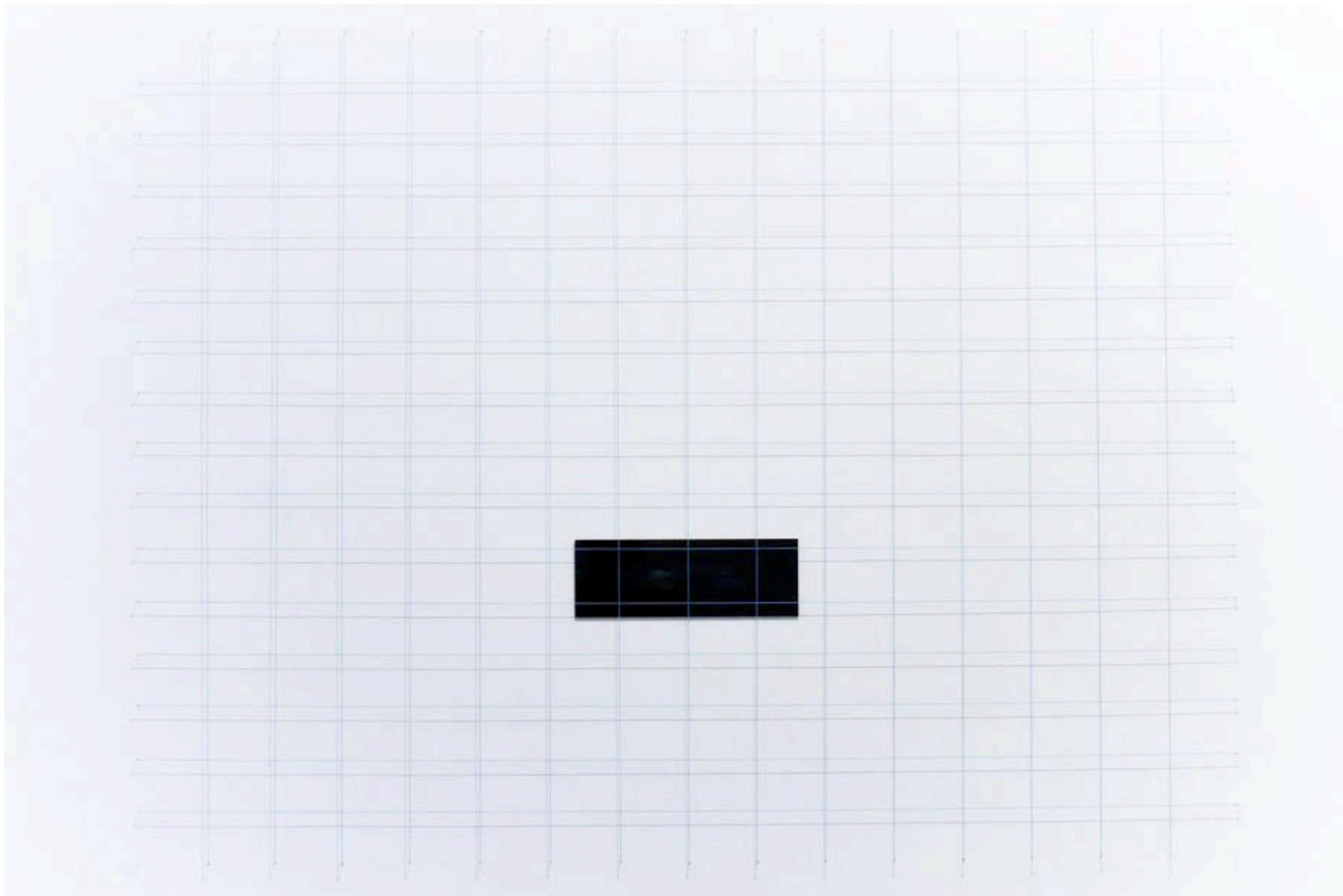
interior (by Amir Mogharabi)



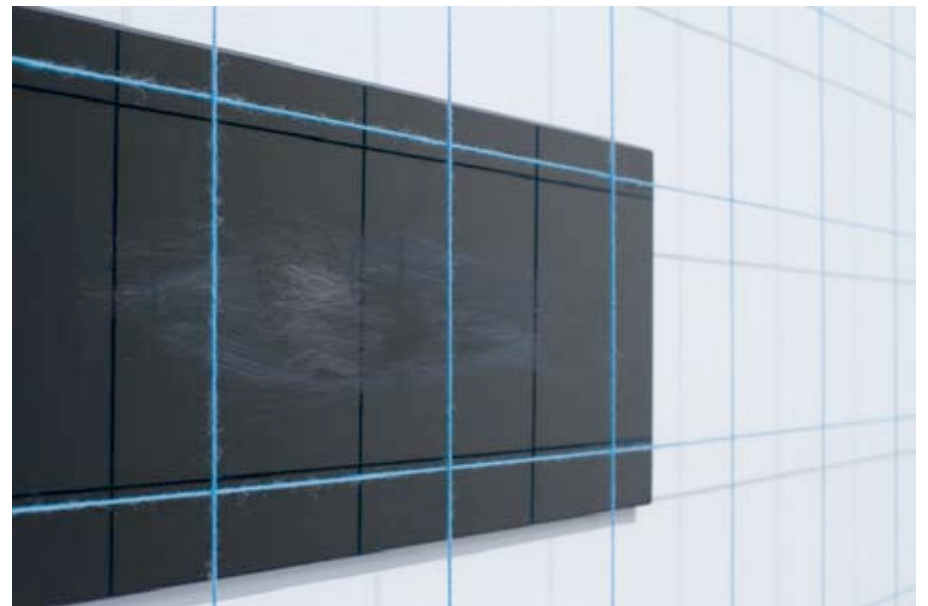
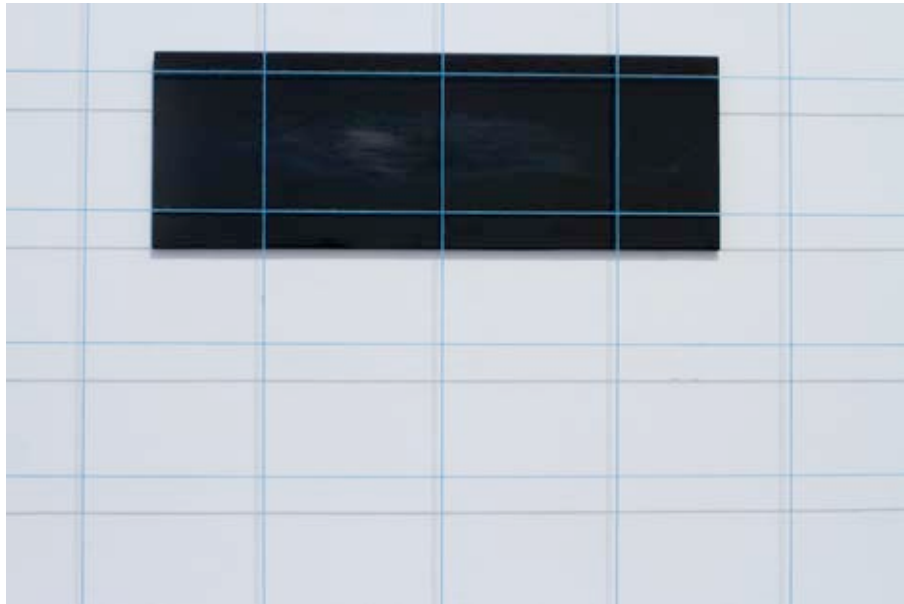
amir mogharabi – interior 01111110 – installation view



amir mogharabi – interior 01111110 – installation view



coco du nom, untitled (for adrian piper) #2/7, 2010, 64 silver-coated nails, blue thread, black scratched mirror, 214 x 162 cm



coco du nom, untitled (for adrian piper) #2/7, details



amir mogharabi, woman without object #2, 2010, metal pocket knife, broken glass;  
oil based enamel and cigarette ash on linen, 100 x 134 cm



amir mogharabi, woman without object #2 (detail)



amir mogharabi, atsev #1, 2010, liquid glass, broken reflective glass, oil based enamel, ash, strand of hair, silver leaf, liquid morphine on canvas; silver leaf on wall, variable dimensions (canvas 100 x 150 cm)





amir mogharabi, atsev #1, details



amir mogharabi, atsev #1, 2010, liquid glass, broken reflective glass, oil based enamel, ash, hair, silver leaf, liquid morphine on canvas; dry oil and mirroring glass on wall, variable dimensions (canvas 100 x 150 cm)



amir mogharabi, atsev #2, details



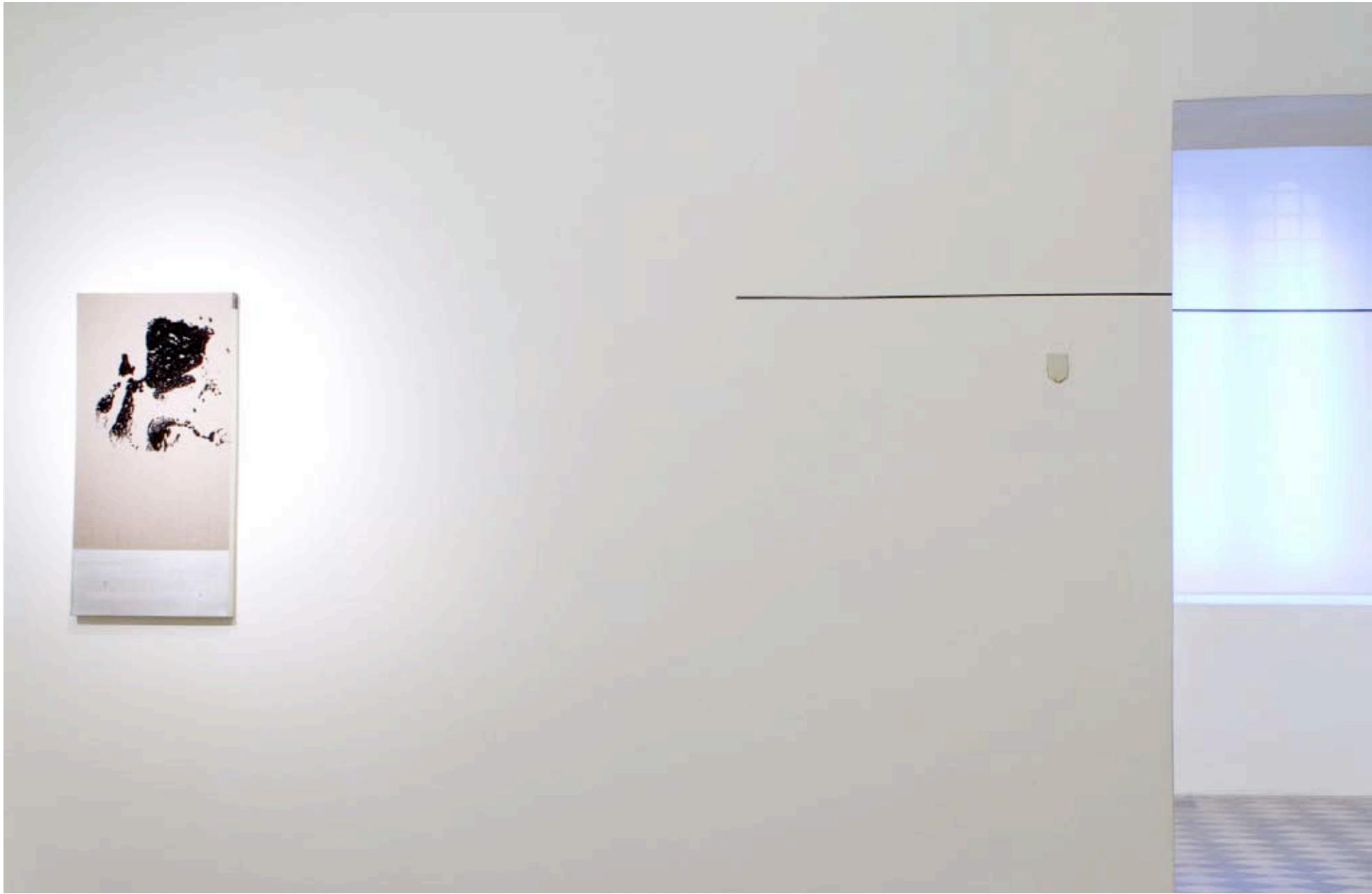
amir mogharabi, untitled, 2010, scratched polished glass, gold-coated nails; opalescent acrylic and oil based enamel on cotton, broken glass, 11 gold coated nails, variable dimensions (glass 70 x 70 cm)



amir mogharabi, between #1, 2010, oil based enamel, opalescent acrylic, sandpaper, on wall, variable dimensions (wallpainting 40 x 40 cm)



amir mogharabi, between #1, detail



amir mogharabi, a form and a face #2, 2010, oil based enamel, opalescent acrylic, cigarette ash on linen; broken reflective glass, silver leaf; sandpaper, variable dimensions



amir mogharabi, a form and a face #2, details





amir mogharabi, a form and a face #1, 2010, oil based enamel, silver leaf and opalescent acrylic on linen; marble stone, silver leaf; variable dimensions (2 canvases, 40 x 80, each)



amir mogharabi, a form and a face #1, details



amir mogharabi, between 2, 2010, acrylic, cigarette ash and oil based enamel , 40 x 80 cm



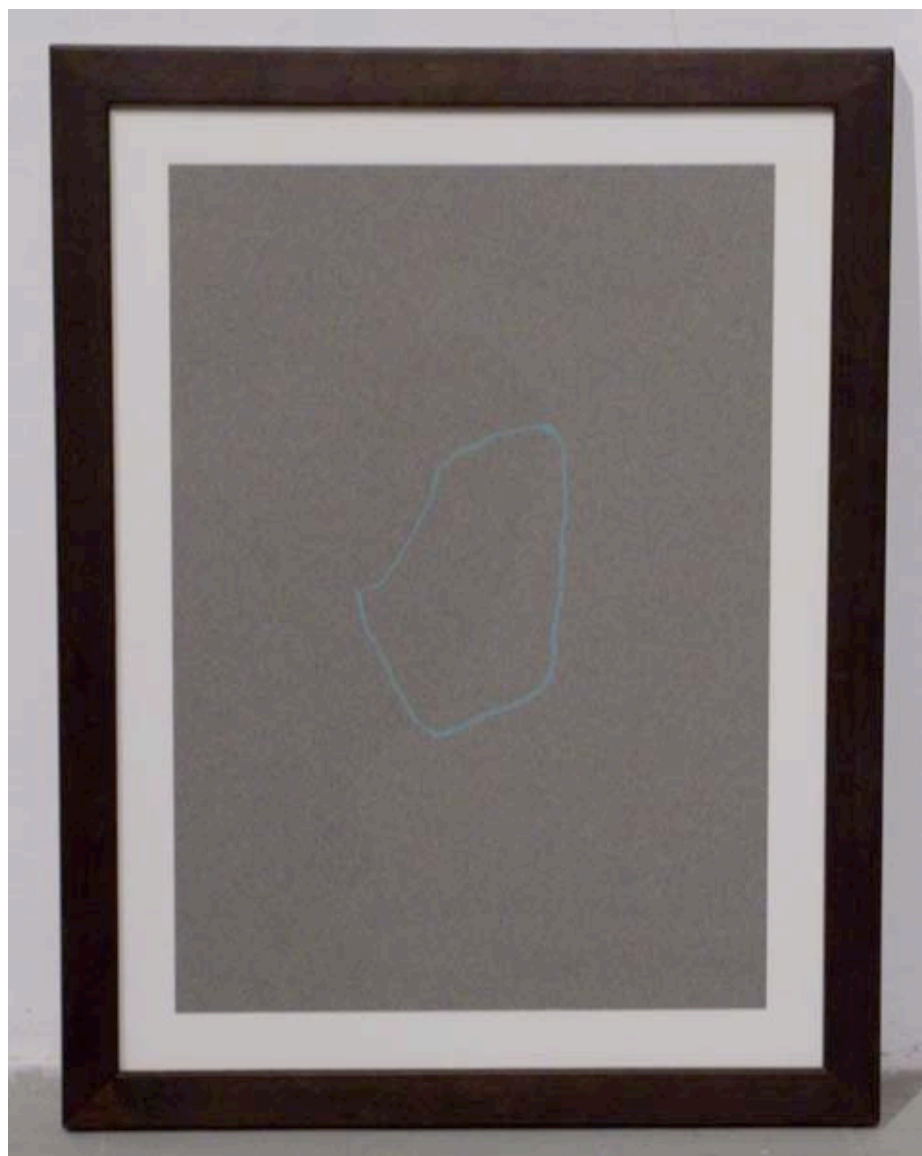
amir mogharabi, 11=11 (Margaret Wittgenstein), 2008, text on 11 cotton paper pages



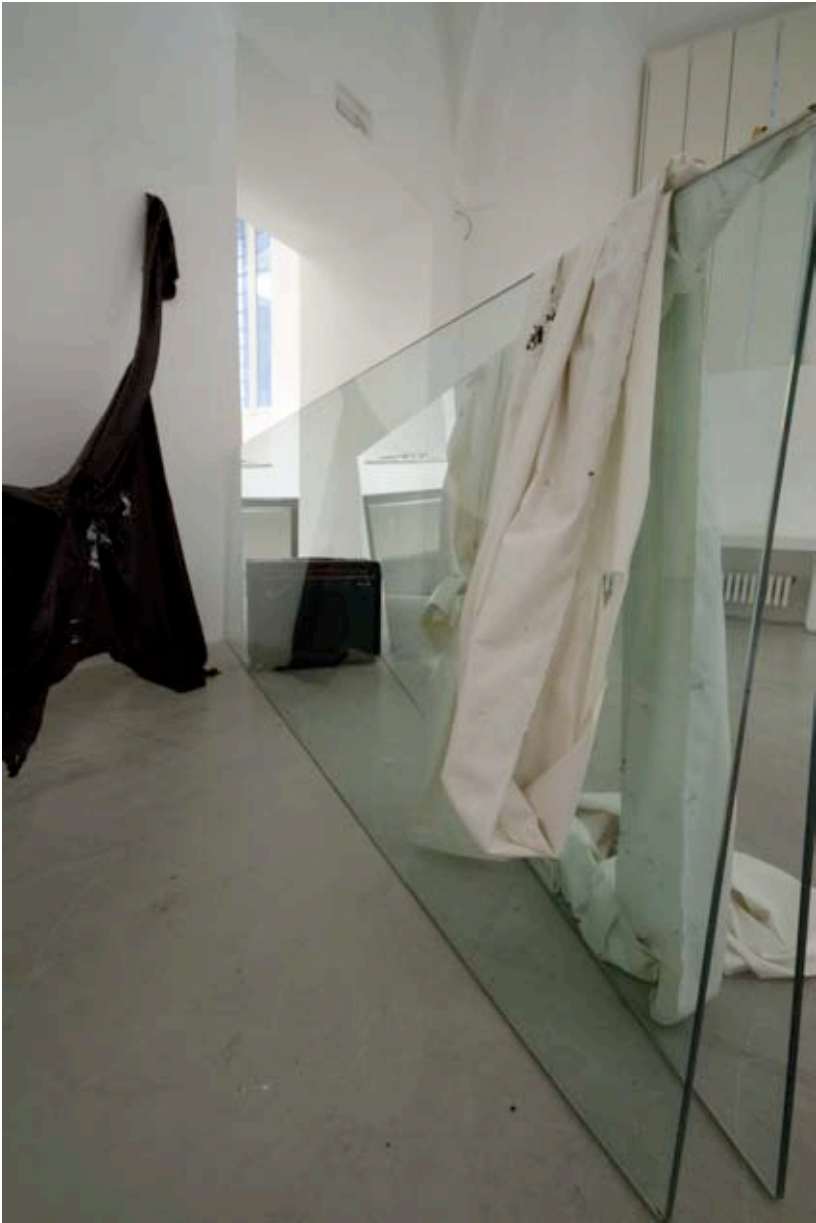
amir mogharabi, 11=11 (interior), 2010, 7 broken glass panes, black satin, burnt painted cotton fabric; table, amplifiers, digital reading of 11=11 read by *Roberto Caracciolo*, hammer; silver tray, stone, silver leaf, resin; bitumen, broken glass, silver leaf on gesso panel; burnt painted cotton fabric, paper, stone; pencil on paper, variable dimensions



amir mogharabi, 11=11 (interior), details



amir mogharabi, 11=11 (interior), details



amir mogharabi, 11=11 (interior), details





amir mogharabi, untitled #1, 2010, polished glass, burnt cotton fabric, 91,4 x 277,5 cm (right)

amir mogharabi, untitled #2, 2010, broken polished glass, burnt cotton fabric, 91,4 x 277,5 cm (left)



amir mogharabi, untitled #1, detail



amir mogharabi – interior 0111110 – installation view

Interior 01111110  
Amir Mogharabi

At first I wanted to create four languages. Actually, four large paintings. The number four came to mind, immediately. I wanted them to be grand, triangular, and top heavy. Facing the ground. Grand and facing the ground.

I had a small picture of the vacant space. I imagined, too, something small in the center of it. Something small and delicate, made from, or with, something transparent.

From or with.  
Either or.

Possibly glass. Coupled with another element, an element already crafted by hand. Already used by hands. Possibly broken.

The intersection of the two objects, still indeterminate.

One invented geometry, figural or literal, allowing them to support one another, simultaneously.

A knife, for instance, could sit with an ivory handle, and a broken tip, across from a glass rotary, or even on opposite sides of the same wall, fabricated for the center of the space.

Making the room now behind it, inaccessible.

Except, maybe, through the window. From outside, in the adjacent garden, where there is a pre-existing sculpture of a woman, of a woman's head, of her face, and her features, in particular her eyes. They would also be looking in.

Being as it is, that her outline was made in the image of her original.

Facing forward.  
Toward you and me.  
From outside, in the garden.  
She, made of stone, and enframed by stone.  
Set in the building, across the garden, with its facade towards the interior.  
She, made of stone, and enframed by stone.  
From outside, in the garden.  
Toward you and me.  
Facing forward.

And then I found an 'inventory' while reading Jacques Prevert:

Une pierre  
Deux Maisons  
Trois ruines  
Quatre fossoyeurs  
Un jardin  
Un minute de silence

- *The Necessary Meeting of Either-Direction* -

I still do not know who the woman was, and continues to be. In this way, made of stone, across the garden, outside. Im sure somebody does, and I am sure some others will, if we decide to look for her again, upon our meeting, you and me, whoever we may be. Its hard to ask a stranger for someone elses name, someone who otherwise stares quietly upward.

up  
stares  
up

or

under  
stands  
under

Again, just outside, across the garden, facing the window to her right, across from it, across from what will be 'we.'

She will be looking through the window, when open; unless I place a mirror on the other side. I considered doing that.

On the outside, facing her, so that the interior will now be less with light. Less light to deflect the glass rotary, that potentially existed, on the other side of the wall, fabricated specifically for the space...had I not already spelled it out.

- *Invention* -

The cross-section of my discontent, of craft and illusion (hand and glass), of one possible form (a new form, whose image never pre-existed its final and ever-changing appearance in the world. Always a contradiction: always final and ever-changing) becomes also a point of vulnerability.

A vacant, and shrunken space, within a much larger space. Much larger than any combination of arches or horizons, or columns or steps. Much larger than any geometry and its resonant history. Much larger than any number.

Besides the number 11. Doubled, mirrored, interruptive, vertical, opposing an axis on which the chronology of our greatest masterpiece continues to lie. Upon which 11 never equals eleven, but always opposes it.

- *Confusion* -

At this point four women appeared as voices. They had no pre-determined association to the original four paintings. They came from nowhere. Perhaps from that aforementioned 'immediacy;' which is always paired with amnesia and disassociation. An amnesia that maintains affect as its only guiding principle. The way the forgotten, continuously structures the creation, unbeknownst.

To the dead, of course.

They were entangled in a center-less web of stories. Flows, or gusts, of meaning, meeting where dust stops at dust. Then falling, onto the pages. There were, there are, leaves on the pages, there are cigarettes, there are accidents, there are trains, and they all arrive unannounced. One of the original cigarettes, or the original pictures, was of my mother. She too was smoking, reclining, facing the facade

this facade

her elbow rested on her crossed legs, almost smiling, also stone, but without reference, like the rest of the nameless women, the four of them, all one, interrupted, by the chronology of an 11 page story, with painted black outlines of other documents, once covering these, now cyclical, important in order, but without beginning or end.

This cycle, denoting the contrary of the analog, this analog. Never analogous, always with a gap, between each letter, each space to change direction towards. Each ash caught in the wind. Each chance only to learn, to know, that the cycle can't break a pane of glass in the same way twice, can't breathe through the same space twice.

- *(Ana)Logos* -

The incompleteness of experience.

The experience of a totality.

The 1 between the 1.

I know it is there.

Nowhere, in this way becomes somewhere.

I resist.

The Logic of Love.

Inscribed into patterns.

'Nature speaks to us in a ciphered language.'

A stone speaking on behalf of itself.

A woman speaking on behalf of an illusion.

- *Combination* -

The dagger became their combination. It occurred to me as affect, I felt reflected in its figure. Unlike the face, I comprehended it as a whole.

But then I took it apart, before ever completing it, the dagger that is.

Originally I intended to paint its figure also on the face of four panes of glass. It was a simple composite of two pre-existing geometries. A triangle towards the sky, a rectangle across the horizon, and another rectangle towards the mud.

The horizon, then, breaking idealism from materialism. The sun from the garden.

The intention was a mistake. The only mistake an artist can make. To tell a lie, to advance its repetition.

To attest to the completeness of a figure: whether a column, a performance, a stone, a dagger, a face, or a history.

Precisely the 'between' that Ranciere mistakenly posited as a syllogism for an ambiguous form, and Kant's portrait. Arbitrarily placed beside us during our first 'discussion around a stone.' The stone, itself, a composite of two forms: One geometric and smooth, labeled (X). The other, formless and striated, labeled (Y).

The stone (X and Y).

(X) became, remains, Descartes.

Except he is on a tilted axis, universally doubting his asymmetry.

(Y) became, remains, a mockery of Duchamp.

And the point where the vertical axis meets its divide, in (Y) itself, became, remains, Rose Selavy.  
Always ready to be stripped bare.

Always unexpectedly.

The stone then broke into (X or Y).

I threw it against a piece of triangular glass (itself another lie, justified by an alibi), later placed in a corner, itself creating another (Y), to disrupt each deductive constellation.

Its teleology, of course, considered in retrospect.

*- The Chance Meeting of Form and Figure -*

Then I broke her apart, before her completion, the dagger that is.

I began to paint fine lines upon each pane. Fine enough to simulate linear cracks in the glass without traversing the frame. Waiting for them to successively dry. Considering what it means to break a dagger, after realizing it was imprinted upon a surface not qualified by its 'flatness,' but by its fragility.

Itself

broken into broken.

Smoking cigarettes.

While the lines dried under nature, reason was manifest, and I grew increasingly disturbed.

Disturbed with formalizing an end, a completion.



Disturbed with finishing the figure of what otherwise functions as an anti-aesthetic.

As a cut through the color of the indivisible. While looking in either direction.  
One eye guided by reason, the other towards the sun.

My idea confuscated by an earlier image, maybe the one we began with here, maybe one  
I am returning to now.

Maybe their combination. Maybe blind. Maybe black.

The dagger became, remains, a composite of four forms.

None of them named.

Four forms where intuition envelopes the ontology of chance, and the material quality of glass (its reflections, or its transparency), serves to  
autonomize what is otherwise an impossible, and therefore ongoing attempt, to make affect immediate.

That is, affect without (a-f-f-e-c-t).

Affect as incomplete. As mis-understood. Never understood. Always spoken of or about. Always resisting analysis, the same way I am resisting the  
intentional meeting of nowhere and somewhere.

Reason, logic, mathematics, and their complete figures...all fiction. All themselves stories, within and without this story Organizing inner-experience  
and an eternal incompleteness. An eternal misunderstanding on behalf of the ever-present, however conjectural, end of human history.

So I am left with light, and its partner in crime, shadow. The possesor and thief of gardens from flowers, not flowers from gardens, causally related, by  
way of experience, in order to reconcile what makes art insatiable.

The figure essentially the same as its inverse. The interior essentially the same as the exterior. The eye essentially the same as the spirit.

(Y), an upside down blade on a dagger repeatedly mistaken for a letter, one composite part of many possible words and worlds, words and worlds,  
words and worlds, words and worlds.

Encore  
Et  
Encore.

And then I found an 'interior' while reading Paul Valery:

Un esclave aux longs yeux charges de molles chaines  
Change l'eau de mes fleurs, plonge aux glaces prochaines,  
Au lit mysterieux prodigue ses doigts purs;  
Elle met une femme au milieu de ces murs  
Qui, dans ma reverie errant avec decene,  
Passe entre mes regards sans briser leur absence,  
Comme passe le verre au travers du soleil,  
Et de la raison pure epargne l'appareil.