

# Why Red ?

Boris Oicherman

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WHY RED?

Boris Oicherman, PhD

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*Today is such a time, when the project of interpretation is largely reactionary, stifling. Like the fumes of the automobile and of heavy industry which befoul the urban atmosphere, the effusion of interpretations of art today poisons our sensibilities. In a culture whose already classical dilemma is the hypertrophy of the intellect at the expense of energy and sensual capability, interpretation is the revenge of the intellect upon art. Even more. It is the revenge of the intellect upon the world. To interpret is to impoverish, to deplete the world - in order to set up a shadow world of 'meanings.' It is to turn the world into this world. ('This world!' As if there were any other.)*

*The world, our world, is depleted, impoverished enough. Away with all duplicates of it, until we again experience more immediately what we have.*

Susan Sontag, *Against Interpretation*, 1966

## Introduction



I began to work on this text on the San Gregorio beach on Highway One, laptop on my knees, in an inconvenient pose on the piece of driftwood, watching the waves as I typed. A sea lion stared at me from several feet away, we looked at each other for a while. Feeling unproductive I left, scaring the animal away as I walked past, got my feet wet, drove further towards Santa Cruz, bought a pie, parked in front of the surf, wrote some more, drove some more. Took a nap, got a coffee, deleted all that was written, started from scratch – now writing this as I sit on another beach at the picnic table. Years of

coping with attention disorder taught me that the inability to focus on a single task for long is not a handicap but an advantage: all elements of the life routine are perceived in one nicely arranged package where the accidental encounter with a sea lion takes as much room as the setup of my studio, as the article on the action painting that I read in the morning, as overhearing the conversation of old bikers at the next picnic table. The interconnectedness of all events here is not a high-brow philosophical concept or a spiritual agenda but a simple consequence of the fact that all these events are experienced by the same body, stored in the same memory and processed by the same consciousness that is incapable of compartmentalizing.

The implication of this integration on my experience of art is straightforward: the picture on the wall is inseparable from the broken AC in the museum, from the crack in the floor, from the traffic that has delayed my arrival, from the noisy breathing of the tourist standing next to me. The implication on my own work is just as straightforward: it does not make any practical sense to think of my art as isolated from the place where I make it, the gallery where I show it, the people who experience it. This integration is the starting point, the origin to which all my actions and decisions refer. This is the core of my drive for site specificity: not the attraction to art of other artists; not the theories or histories; not the resistance to politics and economies of art: it is my mind that is site specific.

This is the license I appropriated by becoming an artist: my experience is the single most reliable reference. My experience is the site.

Learning to take experience seriously was daunting.



Robert Irwin, *1° 2° 3° 4°*  
(fragment). Apertures in  
glass windows. San  
Diego Museum of  
Contemporary Art, 1997

I met Robert Irwin about three months ago in his studio in San Diego. He asked: what is it that is unique for art – what can artists do that no other professionals can? I had my answer ready, the one I had deduced from his own art: it's the freedom. Art is the only profession that allows an absolute freedom to do absolutely anything. He disagreed: art is the only profession that allows basing one's actions entirely on one's subjective "feel" – he illustrated this by rubbing his thumb against the middle finger. Now I think that the two answers stand for the same thing: both are implied by addressing experience as the site of a "site-specific art".

When subjective experience is the site, all other considerations – media, materials, visual language – are secondary derivatives of that experience. Thus the freedom of media, of materials, of language – all these are nothing but tools, means by which the experience is addressed, mediated and created.

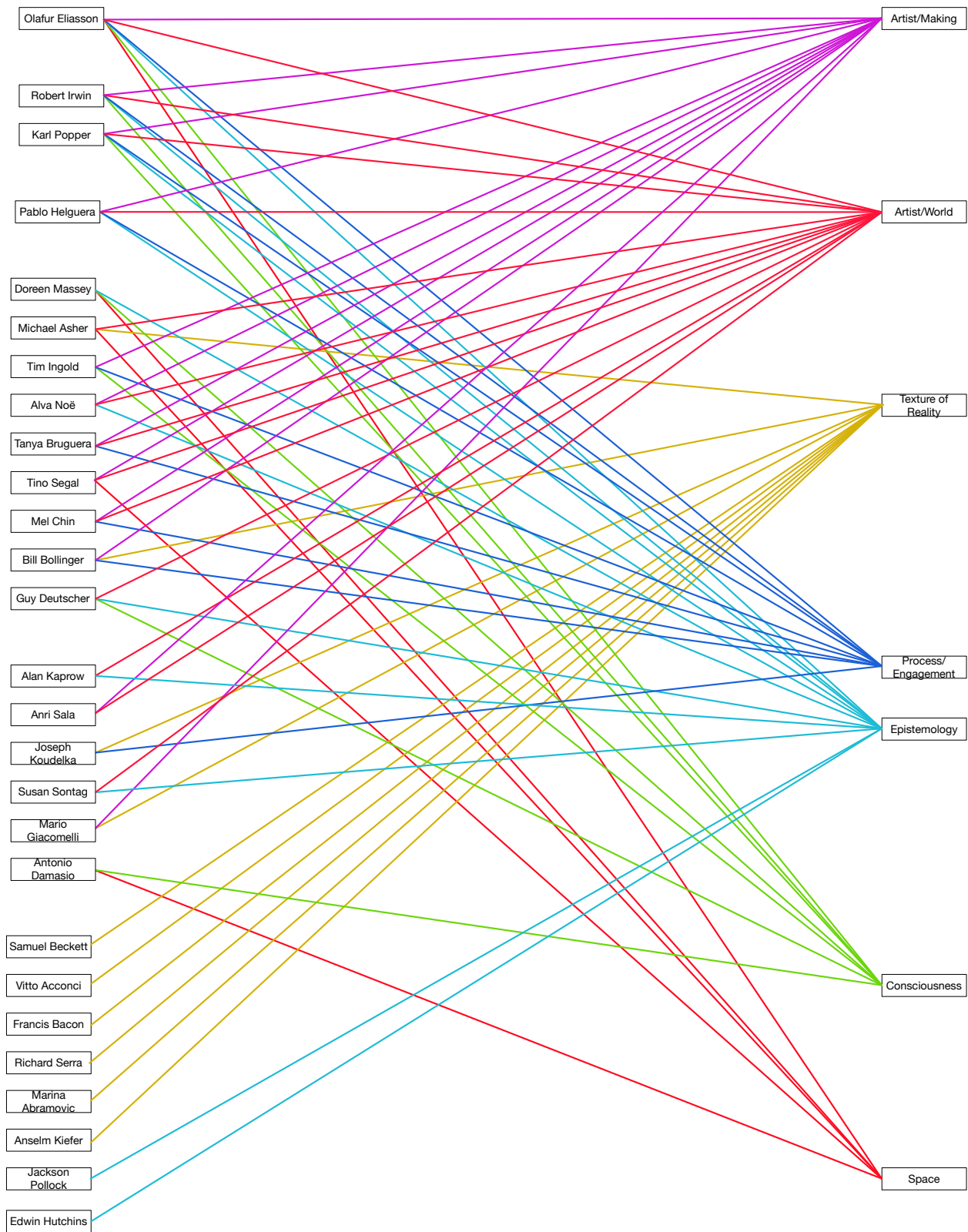


When subjective experience is the site there are no disciplines – there is knowledge that is applicable to experience and knowledge that is not. What we take as an “interdisciplinary” approach stops making sense because the very notion of a discipline is irrelevant – that is, beyond the practicalities of dealing with stubborn conventions. Thus the freedom of attaching my art to any discipline – or to none: the freedom of specializing in not being a specialist.

When subjective experience is the site, the references are derivatives of experience as well. Art, theories, philosophies, science – are all put through the glass of experience. Those that make it through help formulate agenda, sharpen statements, suggest methods and approaches. Thus the freedom of referring to all knowledge regardless of its source.

So, an unlikely list of references is composed: photographers Mario Giacomelli and Joseph Koudelka; theorists Susan Sontag and Doreen Massey; philosophers Karl Popper and Alva Noe; play writer Samuel Beckett; anthropologists Tim Ingold and Edwin Hutchins; linguist Guy Deutscher; performances of Vitto Acconci, Marina Abramovic and Tino Segal; paintings of Anselm Kiefer, Francis Bacon and Jackson Pollock; sculptures of Richard Serra and Bill Bollinger; installations of Olafur Eliasson, Michael Asher and Robert Irwin; video art of Anri Sala; social projects by Tania Bruguera and Mel Chin. Whatever categories, styles and interpretive contexts are assigned to them by disciplinary

approaches is largely irrelevant for their use in my work: their relevance is determined first and foremost by the logic of my practice, and by the framework of my experience. I tried to lay this framework out, and map the references to it.



The diagram connects people's names to the categories of experience they have had effect on. Each category has lines of its own color. The category connected to the most names is on top; the one that is connected to least is at the bottom. Names are ordered likewise by the number of categories they are attached to. Thus, the name that's related to the most categories of practice is Olafur Eliasson; the category that's affected by most names is Artist-Making. I will evoke some of these artists and categories as I proceed.

## 49 Days for Space



Boris Oicherman, Laura Steenbenge, *49 Days For Space*, Stanford, California, 2016

Discovery of the peculiar acoustical features of the passage in the Stanford’s new Art Department building unfolded into “49 Days for Space”: a seven-week private music crash course in the public space, an experiment in site specific composition and in art pedagogy; an intense cross-disciplinary collaboration; a story of interconnectedness and of failure.

The passage connecting Roth Way with the atrium is the main entrance into the departmental compound. An elongated rectangular tunnel with office windows and orange-painted steel panels on the one side, and a massive glass wall on the other – the geometry and the mixture of sound-reflecting materials create a reverb that is constantly changing as one passes through, from dead-

dry at the edges to a cathedral-like refracting echo in the sweet spot about two-thirds of the way through. The acoustical features strongly suggested a sound intervention which required the skill of sound organization: the skill of music composition. Thus I invited the composer Laura Steenberge to collaborate.

### **Insert 1: Site-Specificity and Collaboration**

When I left my research job at HP in 2010, I did not do it because I disliked color science, or had anything in principle against corporate work. What I realized was that dedicating my life to a single task defined entirely by some predetermined disciplinary and economic boundaries, histories and conventions of little relevance to me personally was deeply unsatisfying.

The decision to quit was the culmination of the gradual eight-year transition period with a clearly defined starting point: Olafur Eliasson's "Weather Project" in the Tate Modern in 2003.

One particularly striking feature of one of the most visited artworks in London's history (about 2 million people in half a year) was its inclusiveness: Eliasson had converted the private enclosed museum space into a public one where sophisticated art consumers coexisted with tourists popping in from their South Bank promenade, with the

Olafur Eliasson, *The Weather Project*. Tate Modern, London, 2003. Photo: Studio Olafur Eliasson



bankers crossing the bridge from the City to have lunch on the cold concrete floor under the artificial sun. In the museum that expects the viewer to accept the imposed logic of art in order to adequately consume its exhibits this was a breath of fresh air.

A student of science at the time, I was trained to see any knowledge as part of a progression of ideas: Eliasson's art must have had a history. Research into his talks and writings led me to Robert Irwin and his "Conditional Art": an extremely site-specific approach to making where all the artist's decisions – materials, methods, media etc.

– are outcomes of the research into the specifics of the place where art happens. Instead of deciding, say, “I’m a photographer therefore I photograph”, an artist is free to decide “It does not make sense for me to decide in advance what I will do: I will come to the place and figure it out”. What took me eight years to realize was that the *conditional art* was exactly the approach to professional practice I was looking for: the complete freedom of adapting my actions to contexts and circumstances of life.

The fundamental element of this approach is that the knowledge the artist needs changes with every new site, with every new artwork. “Light and Space”, “Phenomenology”, “West-coast minimalism” and other art-historical compartments into which Irwin’s art is usually assigned have never satisfied me as adequate with respect to his real achievement: the logic of practice that gives an artist the absolute freedom to engage with any knowledge.

The need for collaboration directly follows: as I cannot know everything, I need to work with people who know things I don’t. The necessity for collaboration is the inevitable consequence of site-specific approach to art making.



My discussions with Laura revealed a mutual lack of interest in issues specific to the medium and the technologies of “sound art”. Thus, our discussion transitioned from “How to make a public sound installation?” into “How to compose *for* public space?”. We realized that nothing obliged us to produce a finished piece for the beginning of the show. This led to the idea of using the entire duration and the location of the exhibition, and shifted the question, again: “How to compose *in* public space?” We further realized that the space in question is a complex web of spatio-social relations between the street, the privacy of the department office, the communal space of the art classes and the library, and others. This led to the decision that what we needed was not a music piece but a process of learning to cope with all that complexity – further shifting the question to: “How to compose *with* public space?”. The place itself being an educational institution, the framework of a learning course seemed to be the most logical solution: I would learn how to play music; Laura would teach me how to play music; together, over the course of seven weeks, we would learn how to compose music for the passage.

In each of the 49 days of the exhibition we were present in the place. A 25-meter-long vitrine was made into a loudspeaker that amplified my electric guitar. The glass surface filled the space with quiet omnidirectional sounds with no distinct source, creating an impression that the entire building itself emits music. Practicing for

several hours a day I learned to play the guitar under Laura's tutelage, who in turn learned how to compose for someone who learns in public. The products of this mutual learning were played back into the space, constructing a continuous 24-hour soundscape that was absorbed by the ambience of the street.

By taking the classroom outside we merged the interior and exterior of the University to create a process where the learning and the needs of public space mutually influenced each other: to learn was to perform in public; to teach was to compose for space. As we discussed the metaphor of a building as a musical instrument the questions shifted from "how to make a piece" to "how to learn", and the passage turned into a public research laboratory where the composer and the artist learned to transform the stories of the place into an organized simultaneity of sounds, of stories, of space.

I like to think about this piece in terms of Jackson Pollock's action painting. For him, *what went on canvas was not a picture but an event*.<sup>1</sup> For me, what was played in space was not music but an extended 49-day-long durational process of learning.

I also like to think about "49 Days" as belonging to what Pablo Helguera calls Transpedagogy, the process by which art-making and education blend into one:

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1 Harold Rosenberg, *The American Action Painters*, ArtNews, December 1952



Jackson Pollock painting.  
Photograph: Hans  
Hamuth

*In contrast to the discipline of art education, which traditionally focuses on the interpretation of art or teaching art-making skills, in Transpedagogy the pedagogical process is the core of the artwork.<sup>2</sup>*

Thus a blend of mid-century action painting with socially engaged art of the 2000s is created, a hybrid justified by the logic of my practice.

“49 days for space” was an attempt to build a working model of artistic engagement with the academy, one where both artists and art departments could be catalysts in the democratization of

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<sup>2</sup> Pablo Helguera, *Education for Socially-Engaged Art*, 2011: p. 77

learning, teaching and knowing. The mechanism that allows for this is unique to art as a profession: the complete freedom of the artist to attach one's practice to any discipline, acting on hunches and developing speculative insights and connections not otherwise possible. But this can happen only in an environment that supports this kind of artistic activity, not by passively allowing it to happen but by actively developing a long-term platform for artistic engagement with knowledge.

Blurring of art and life cannot happen in the form of isolated sporadic initiatives of individual artists. The failure of "49 days" lies in the impossibility of scaling its model up: unlike with art made in studio for gallery consumption, here the success could not rest only on the effort of an individual artist. In order to grow beyond a symbolic statement and have actual, tangible consequences, the act of "49 days" would have to be institutionalized within the university. Without the university's active interest and support, this project has nowhere to go and remains a curiosity, the product of eccentric artists' imagination.

Olafur Eliasson, *Seeing Yourself Seeing*, 2001.  
Photograph: Studio  
Olafur Eliasson



## Insert 2: Art as Knowledge

The involuntary smile that I catch on my face when seeing art that I like is the same one I have when successfully cracking a difficult problem in statistics. The commonality of the two experiences is learning, and smile is the result of the pleasure of it.

Olafur Eliasson's *Seeing Yourself Seeing*<sup>3</sup> evokes the feedback loop of learning, of gaining knowledge of oneself in the process of

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<sup>3</sup> Olafur Eliasson, *Seeing yourself Seeing*, 2001

knowing one's immediate surroundings. Good art reinforces this feeling.

Karl Popper's philosophy<sup>4</sup> explains how learning happens at the level of society: how the science ensures the progress of knowledge. *Falsifiability* is the mechanism that advances scientific knowledge: a proposition is only useful if it can in principle be shown as false. The statement "God does not exist" is therefore useless because it can't be shown as false.

The same might be said of the proposition "this painting talks about X and Y": being a metaphor to begin with – canvases smeared with paint don't talk – this proposition does not serve the knowledge of painting. Jackson Pollock understood this when he created a painting that was an event. Susan Sontag theorized this<sup>5</sup> when she denounced interpretation as the means for learning art: interpretation, she wrote, serves nothing but the needs of the interpreter.

Epistemology, in the broadest sense – the understanding of how we learn – is the framework in which the unlikely company Eliasson-Popper-Pollock-Sontag can become the theoretical engine of my

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<sup>4</sup> Karl Popper, *The Logic of Scientific Discovery*, 1959

<sup>5</sup> Susan Sontag, *Against Interpretation*, 1966

practice. I create events, occurrences<sup>6</sup> - rather than their interpretable representations and, if I want my statements to be useful, I can only hope to make ones that can be shown false – or say nothing at all.

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<sup>6</sup> Borrowed from Karl Popper, *A Realist View of Logic, Physics and History*, 1970. Full quote: “*Nothing is more real than an event, an occurrence; and every event involves some change*”.

## Class: Color Experience in Art and Life



Documentation image from class “Primaries and Secondaries”

The color class<sup>7,8</sup> that I taught in the Fall of 2016 was the direct development of “49 Days” in its fundamental approach to learning and teaching as a non-hierarchical process that is inseparable from the environment and from art-making – the approach of Transpedagogy.<sup>9</sup> I no longer treated color as a tool for creating artworks, but as a medium for non-verbal communication with space and as a medium for engaging with it. Consequently, I related to each class as to a public happening where the learning and the teaching merged with the routine of the campus, where the environment and the pedagogy merged into one.

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<sup>7</sup> Class brief, *Color Experience in Art and Life*, ARTSTUDI 135B, Fall 2016. <https://art.stanford.edu/courses/2016-2017-artstudi-135b>

<sup>8</sup> Class documentation, <http://colorexperience.wixsite.com/colorexperience>

<sup>9</sup> Pablo Helguera, *Education for Socially-Engaged Art*, 2011: p. 77



Allan Kaprow, *Yard*.  
Martha Jackson Gallery,  
New York, 1961.  
Photograph: Ken  
Heyman



### Insert 3: Art as Happening

Allan Kaprow structured his essay "Assemblages, Environments & Happenings"<sup>10</sup> as a user manual of sorts, a break-down of the logic of happenings into a list of properties and their rationales, beginning with this:

*The line between art and life should be kept as fluid, and perhaps indistinct, as possible. The reciprocity between the man-made and the ready-*

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<sup>10</sup> Allan Kaprow, *Assemblages, Environments & Happenings*, 1966

*made will be at its maximum potential this way. Something will always happen at this juncture, which, if it is not revelatory, will not be merely bad art — for no one can easily compare it with this or that accepted masterpiece.*

Kaprow then goes on to describe how we can structure the artistic process by temporarily rejecting conventions – not for the sake of rejection as such, but to free ourselves from “*window dressings, unconsciously held onto to legitimize an art that otherwise might go unrecognized*”. How can we break the structures of time and location in order to embed the artistic acts into living environments: to begin with, the audience must be eliminated (“*...a group of inactive people in the space of a Happening is just dead space...*”) so there is no distinction between the art, artists and the life routine. Then, the “*...composition is understood as an operation dependent upon the materials ... and phenomenally indistinct from them*”. Finally, it is “*... crucial to the Happening as an art, that they are not iron-clad rules but fruitful limits within which to work. As soon as they are found to be useless they will be broken, and other limits will take their place.*”

I believe it would be a mistake to treat these rules as the properties of genre or style unique to Happenings, statements relevant to a particular art-historical context. These are principles that are applicable to any artistic act and process that has the ambition of having consequences on any aspect of life outside of the enclosed and safe environments of galleries, museums and fairs. These were the principles that guided me from the beginning of my site-specific practice, well before I learned anything about Kaprow and his Happenings. These principles still guide me now, eight years later.

The course ran in weekly 4-hour studio sessions. We spent the first two hours in the computer studio where I introduced the topic of the current session, and students familiarized themselves with it through basic exercises in Photoshop and Premiere Pro software. The last two hours began in the lecture hall with very large windows (Oshman Hall); from here the students spread outdoors to the public spaces around the hall to work on the class topic. For example, in the class where we studied about simultaneous contrast, the students' task was to experiment with its effect in public space while using the colors of the surroundings as background. Students documented their experiments in photographs and video, and submitted this documentation as their weekly projects.



Documentation image from class “Primaries and Secondaries”

I wanted to teach how color is an individual experience and a cultural construct at the same time: while we might experience color differently, the way we use and communicate color is heavily reliant on the particular cultural tradition we live in. Therefore, a significant part of the syllabus was dedicated to exercises that challenged student’s cultural assumptions of color and exercised the skill of communicating color. Students created an animation based on afterimages, phenomenon that emphasized the individual differences in color vision, and practiced communicating individual color experiences to others. Still another example was the Ganzfeld experiment, which created a uniquely strong effect that can only be experienced individually and shared verbally. Students were asked to describe their experiences to each other and to create “ganzfeld animations” for other students using simple video editing tools and ping-pong balls cut in halves.



Documentation image  
from class “Ganzfeld  
Experience”

I wanted to teach students how to be more aware of their color experience. I was less interested, then, in teaching them how to use color in the context of art-making, the techniques of material manipulation or the conceptual or theoretical aspects specific to art. Therefore, I decided to restrict the choice of materials the students worked with on the one hand, and give them materials that would be very easy and intuitive to use on the other hand. Thus, the only material students used were the color gel filters in a selection of seven colors, in one 24”×24” size, and only natural light.

The large filters could be easily played with in the public spaces without the need for mounting or construction devices, but they necessitated group work: one person can only hold one filter. Therefore, the group interaction and inter-personal engagement became integral to the students’ work. The creative artistic process

here is a social one: the process of communication, exchange and negotiation, rather than that of individual making. The artwork, in turn, becomes integral to the world at large, surrounding the artist – rather hanging in front of him, as if it is a world in itself.

#### Insert 4: The Texture of Reality



Joseph Koudelka, from  
“Gypsies”, 1975



Mario Giacomelli, from  
“Paesaggi”, 1953-1963

Joseph Koudelka and Mario Giacomelli, both making black and white photographs, both autodidacts, one a celebrated Magnum photographer, another living a solitary life in a small Italian village – were the first artists that I consciously registered as significant to me. Koudelka’s collectable first-edition “Gypsies” was one of the first art books I bought and, after looking through it once, it occurred to me: I do not need to look at it again: I know it. About ten years later I read

this note, written by Robert Irwin and James Turrell in the report on The Art and Technology Project of LACMA:<sup>11</sup>

*If we define art as part of the realm of experience, we can assume that after a viewer looks at a piece he 'leaves' with the art, because the 'art' had been experienced.*

I've seen Koudelka's pictures and I know them. I know the feel of them, the texture, I have experienced them, and I know them.

In the first instance, the word *texture* refers to the literal, visual texture of the black and white film grain – smooth and warm in Koudelka, harsh and violent in Giacomelli. The subject matter of the images is there to hold this texture: texture is the foreground; the semantic content is merely the support. This feeling of this texture has something to do with the feeling of the ongoing routine; it is the visual metaphor of it, the non-semantic translation that seems to keep pressing the same button in the consciousness every time I look. Francis Bacon – the first non-photographer artist that caught my

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<sup>11</sup> M. Tuchman, *A Report on the Art and Technology Program of the Los Angeles Museum of Modern Art 1969-1971*, 1971: p. 131



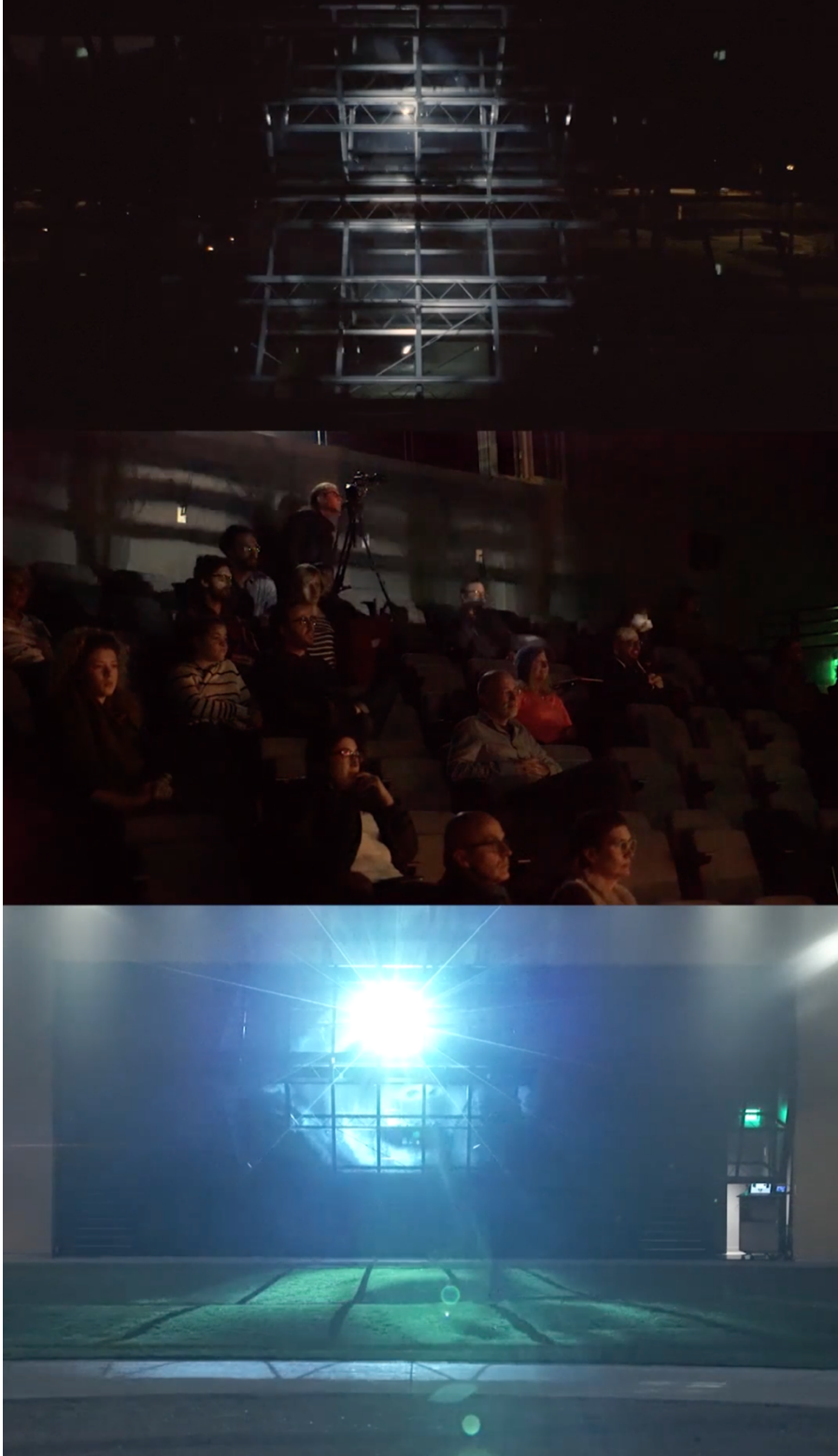
attention – referred<sup>12</sup> to this as to *emotion injected straight in the vein*. Sophisticated Olafur Eliasson calls this “Seeing Oneself Seeing” – the phenomenological description of the reflective process of consciousness that I have also found in writings of the neurologist Antonio Damasio. Richard Serra and Anselm Kiefer create these textures *en masse*, in physically enveloping structures that reach directly for some center in my brain that interprets the visual metaphor while bypassing free will. Bill Bollinger and Vitto Acconci have shown the power of de-skilling of an artistic act, obliterating the need for the visual metaphor to begin with – in favor of throwing themselves into the actual texture of the reality routine, one by bringing mundane materials from the nearest hardware store and using them as-is, another by just following strangers on New York streets.

I pick up from here: having little interest in creating metaphors of reality, I try instead to engage with the texture of reality on its own, so that even if the metaphors do show up – they are borrowed: borrowed from the real.

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<sup>12</sup> David Sylvester, *Interviews with Francis Bacon*, 1988

**11 minutes older**



*11 Minutes Older*, frame from 3-channel video documentation

The film “10 Minutes Older” (1978) by the Latvian filmmaker Herz Frank is a single-take close-up on the face of a child watching a performance.<sup>13</sup> We do not see what the child sees, but we do see the multitude of his emotional responses reflected on his face with the precision of a high-quality mirror. “10 Minutes Older” is a documentation of the intimate, closed-loop relationship between the spectator and the spectacle where the outside world ceases to exist, where all that matters is the unmediated connection, the inner, “this world” of the performance. This closed relationship characterizes screening of any any movie, but of “10 Minutes Older” in particular. “11 Minutes Older”<sup>14</sup> was an attempt to break this closed loop.

The original film<sup>15</sup> was screened as-is, until the screening hall began to transform in a precisely choreographed pace. First the screen went up, and the projection continued on the black curtain. Then the curtain opened, and the blinds became the new screen. Then the blinds rolled up, and the movie was projecting on the glass wall of the hall, penetrating it to the outside and reflecting from it to the inside, creating three moving images simultaneously: on the glass, on the grass outside, and on the spectators themselves. Finally, the glass wall itself was lifted, and the last seconds of the movie were projected directly on the grass lawn. The movie ended, and the

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<sup>13</sup> <https://youtu.be/BesHd0TN3Ok>

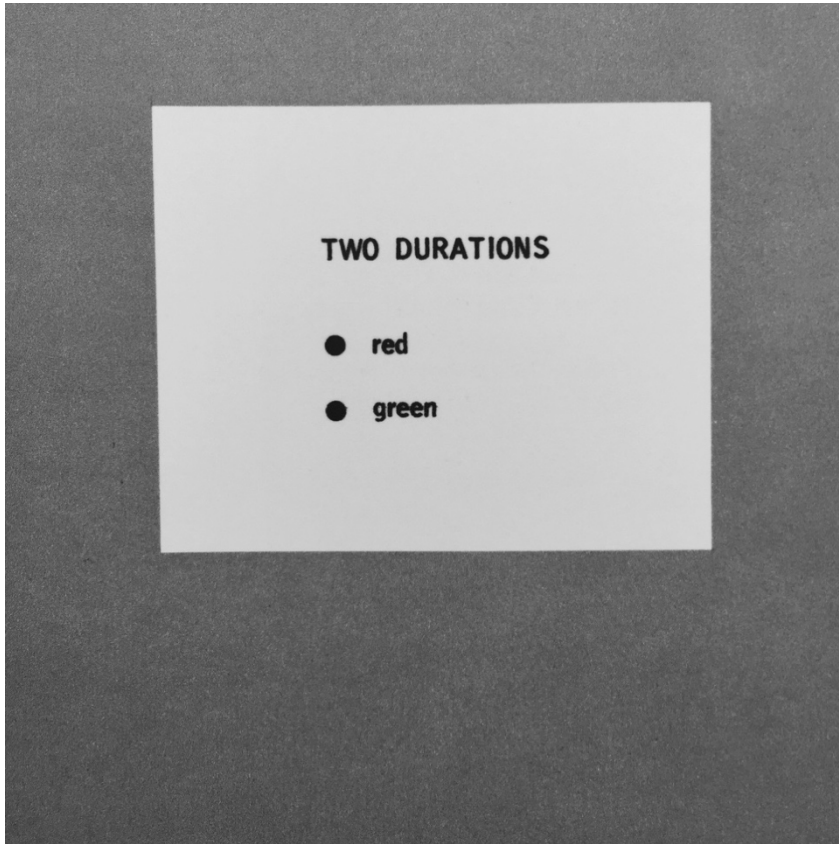
<sup>14</sup> [http://oicherman.net/boris/art/\\_2017/11-minutes-older/](http://oicherman.net/boris/art/_2017/11-minutes-older/)

<sup>15</sup> 3K scan of the director’s 35mm film reel, obtained with the assistance of the archive of the Jerusalem Cinematheque

spectators poured through the open wall onto the grass, into the projection of the last movie frame: white screen with the star in the middle.

I wanted to use the architecture of the building as the means to turn the idea of the movie screening on its head – or, more to the point, inside-out: to use the movie to re-connect the viewer to the immediate surroundings rather than to temporarily disconnect from them. The machinery of Oshman Hall, the same place that I have used for the color class, made this transformation technically realizable, turning the screening into a device that connected what happened in the movie with what happened to the viewers, with what happened to the McMurtry building and to its surroundings.

## Why Red?



George Brecht, Script for a happening. From Allan Kaprow, *Assemblage, Environments & Happenings*, 1966, p. 275

Red Flag Red Alert Red Light

Red Blood Red Herring Red Thread

Red Carpet Redneck Red Hand

Red Face Red Book Red Line

Red Tape Red Hot Seeing Red

In The Red

Republican Red

Cardinal Red

Red Letter Day

Red is the first chromatic color name in all languages

*My thoughts, what I saw, my memories, my eyes, all of it, merging together, became fear. I could see no one color and realized that all colors had become red. What I thought was my blood was red ink; what I thought was ink on his hands was my flowing blood.<sup>16</sup>*

Heat red glass till it breaks

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<sup>16</sup> Orhan Pamuk, *My Name Is Red*.



Documentation of work  
in progress. Glass,  
spotlight.

I am back on San Gregorio beach. It's high tide, the driftwood I sat on when I began this text is inaccessible, I am sitting at the picnic table, birds cry out for food. I came here after spending long hours in the studio trying to even begin thinking about:

Why Red?

The tool of interpretation provides endless possibilities for dealing with red, creating worlds of meaning for Red, of explaining Red, tracing its history through ages, linking metaphors, culture and

nature with the Red-lit gallery wall. Add to this the generalized discussion of color as such, with its cultural, psychological, physiological and art-historical aspects, and the possibilities become infinite. But the interpretation will forever serve the need of the interpreter, and I am not in need here, certainly not in need for alternative worlds – this one has quite enough material to work with.

I am out of vocabulary here, because to this day I have not encountered a satisfying example of artist's writing about one's own art that actually, adequately, really addresses the most basic and straightforward question: why does the artwork work as it does?

Why Red? Why glass? Why heat? Why break? Why gallery?

Art is event. Art is space, mediator and attractor.

Color is event. Color is space, mediator and attractor.

Red is event. Red is space, mediator and attractor.

*“What is the meaning of red?” the blind miniaturist  
who'd drawn the horse from memory asked again.*

*“The meaning of color is that it is there before us and  
we see it,” said the other. “Red cannot be explained to he who  
cannot see.”<sup>17</sup>*

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<sup>17</sup> Orhan Pamuk, *ibid*