

Givon Art Gallery

With the aid of neither colleague nor friend I take pen in hand to write about my exhibit at the Givon Art Gallery, **That's the Third Dream that I Remember**. This writing's purpose is to broker between the paintings and those viewers who are not myself.

I painted these works in this exhibition in a particularly measured manner. On each canvas, I made no more than a single gesture a day--from midnight to midnight. What is a gesture? It's a flexible concept—but I didn't allow it to be overly flexible. I put down a spot of paint, sometimes thought-over, sometimes impulsive. Whichever, I waited until the next day to put down another spot. This is an experiment that I wanted to do for many years, just to see what would happen, for curiosity's sake. After my last one-person exhibit, in 2013, also at the Givon Gallery, I felt that time had come. I began the experiment when that exhibition was still taking place. These last five years comprise the total time.

Time becomes material. A day passes between one mark and the next. The possibilities of what will be the continuation to today's gesture are infinite, truly infinite. Only one will materialize.

The exhibition's name. I have, in the day, done many paintings with texts. I have invented only a few of them. I enjoy writing and I believe that I write not so poorly, and with originality, but texts for a painting I like to that receive as gifts. I gather texts. I take them from things that I read. In circumstances that vary I hear a text and grab it. If you want to grab a text out of the air--I'm saying the kind of text that interests me--you should be out in the streets, in the public spaces, and you can't stop up your ears with earphones that stream your personal soundtrack. You have to perk up your ears. You have to get out to where the texts are flying.

I was walking on the main street of my neighborhood. I heard a young man say this sentence to his fellow who sat opposite, "That's the third dream that I remember." They were sitting at a sidewalk café table. I recalled Thomas who taught dream interpretation. He would ask the group's participants, "Who wants to tell a dream segment?" He contended that always we remember only part of a dream, never the whole. We don't remember the beginning or the end. A man dreamt—I didn't know him. He had had other dreams. He made a picture with his hands. Could you, by means of reverse engineering, fly down his fingers and arrive at his dream?

Pesach Slabosky

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