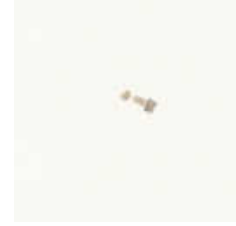


MOUNT INQUIRY

22.06.15

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FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Spaar & Partners: *Writing Mount Inquiry*

22.06.15 - 22.06.15

*There are no stupid mountains, only stupid climbers.
There were four of us.*

- A.

Spaar & Partners' *Writing Mount Inquiry* presents work resulting from a collaboration between New York-based artist Jocelyn Spaar and a small group of anonymous partners. Originally commissioned by Mount Inquiry to produce a two-week long series of the gentle but disturbing performative institutional critique interventions for which she is already well known and critically regarded, simultaneously staged for paying spectators in the gallery and in front of an unsuspecting and vulnerable public at off-site locations throughout the Marseille metropolitan area, Spaar sent instead, to the concierge of the Unité d'Habitation Le Corbusier, who delivered it by hand to Apt. 302 where Mount Inquiry is temporarily housed, taking one of the three elevators from the renowned modernist foyer up three floors to the building's interior commercial street, a small package which, we must admit, caught us off our guard.

In lieu of the many courier-delivered cases of legal waivers that preceded the installation of seminal masochistic dérives such as *it's my party you'll cry if i want you to cry if i want you to* (2012) or *hotel no haiku cry uncle say thank you* (2014), we found three ink-drawings on paper, two small-format and one larger, matched by three modified museum audio handsets and instructions for hanging. The drawings, three cutaway versions of Le Corbusier populated by an ayahuasca emoji fantasia of stylized inhabitants, shudder with an innate genius for detail, in which a Lovecraft-schizoid *horror vacui* and exactitude of line as rigorous and long as the telegraphic cables binding Schreber to his angelic operators meets the amorphous psychedelic fluidity one might ascribe to an enormous Golgi apparatus should one meet one wearing mirrored sunglasses, ambulating free of its plasm on a trip to Dalí's favorite Balearic island.

Spaar's drawings inspired in us a certain trepidation, even paranoia, not least because of their architectural exactitude concerning our current emplacement, and especially considering the long history of gallery case-and-run black ops glitter hex that forms the backbone of her market critical *emprise*. After weeks of living with these works, we have decided to hang them according to her specifications. Although her instructions indicate that it was left to us to provide an accompanying text, we have decided to let Spaar herself have the last words. We conclude by quoting from an explanatory letter that reached us by standard post some days after the pieces themselves, in response to an urgent message on our part:

"Dear MI,

I have no last requests - please hang the work as previously instructed. Since you asked, the drawings present an alternate history of your building, a real version of it, I might say. The handsets should be installed as well, or nothing at all. They are part of the work, a novella-cum-audio guide for the drawings and the space, and the whole building too. I commissioned it from four unnamed silent partners, previously unknown to each other, and left them to sort it out. I listened to it exactly once afterwards before I sent them to you, my impression was as if Ballard and Desportes had collaborated on takeout doorstuffers of a familiar future, or two. This is how it begins:

There are no stupid mountains, only stupid climbers.

There were four of us.

If you're hearing this now, we've either reached the final end of our ascent or met it along the way. A summit with the good grace to sink down to our level, these things are not unheard of. Let those with the requisite holes in your head and biosemiotic capacitor implants process what follows. Our embedded cortical mnemometers are set to automatically tumb back to base camp every five hundred feet, where Dorn Compiler WÖLFY recollects our feeds in immutable tranquility and reworks them into this speech via spontaneous stack overflow, the querying of memories beyond its or our own assigned bounds, those scripted in our bodies by their histories and the trajectory of our progress up the mountain, which results in a crash whose final incidence is as if endlessly purloined by a greedy recursion loop, a crash coterminous with this speech gradually produced by Dorn Compiler WÖLFY which does actually exist in the mind, by means of altering receipt and de facto consumption temporality where necessary for continuity-comprehensibility-currency (C3) or Vital-Rhetorical effect (VR), and set to auto-decrypt via zero-peer parthenogenic envelope lysis in the case of full transmit interruption. A crash which it goes without saying must, if you're hearing this, now have occurred.

We began the ascent on the ides of the sixth month of the twenty-first year of the Torrid Era; June 15th, 2035 by the old calendar. We began in a room like this one. In fact, exactly like it. Off an internal street wide enough for a milk float, white-walled against tile, gray cement, and a wood lunette, stripped of all its internal technology, shaped to what must have once been the human form. A machine for living in, quietly humming in solitude before the sun, a perfect receptacle set up far from the mass pharmacological extinctions in an extramural Red-Blue-Green Zone under the open-handed sky as the organic produce of its generosity of rigor, grandeur, nobility, happiness, and undying elegance. The very mirror of Hell.

I trust WÖLFY will insert the requisite information in the course of negotiating its absence in our feeds.

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