

# JORDAN MARANI PAINTING, WRITING, COLOUR AND PROFANITY BY STEVEN RENDALL

Oh fuck here we go again the whole writing fucking painting fucking thing. Fuck. We're fucking going to fucking need more fucking verbiage to fuck up our perfectly fucking adequate fucking ways of seeing art, the world, any fucking thing, fucking paintings. Fuck. Even. I have no real need or desire to reiterate any more stuff between or about painting and writing; I simply have a requirement to write a short 'piece' for Jordan Marani's 'show'. Whatever the fuck that means.

Any fucking way Painting and Writing, as Jean Luc Nancy says, are cat and dog in their encounters: forever chasing and barking and scratching and meowing at each other.<sup>1</sup> Do animals swear? How the fuck would I know? Ask Roger fucking Caillois...

Jordan fucking Marani shows us an encounter between painting and writing in terms of profanities and crystalline geometries.<sup>2</sup> Bastard. Crystal fucking shit. Profanities in the form of uttering swear words have a compulsive aspect. Swearing can be an autonomous utterance that crosses the borders between loss and gain of volition. Cunt Bastard Fuck Cunt Shit Arse Wanker.

Speaking of fraught fucking encounters: For Peter Cook and Dudley Moore swearing became a white noise of profanity, droning on through banality and unwarranted critique. Droning on and on and on. On and on and on and on. Listen to their final recorded effort: *Derek and Clive Ad Nauseam*, vitriolic, hateful, profane.<sup>3</sup> Fucking genius. Goes on and on though. Unlike them. Dead now. Pissed off. Fuckers.

Any fucking way, here's a shit equation: Painting + writing + colour = *Colourful Language*.

Colour defies philosophy as inadequate; swearing bursts language – fucking it up in a shitstorm of nonsense, scandal and conflict.<sup>4</sup> And painting, what the fuck are we supposed to say about painting these days? Its fucked, but really, its always been fucked. Or, if you prefer to have it Paul McCarthy's way, fisted.<sup>5</sup> And dead. Dead, fucked and fisted.

That other dead fucker, you know the one, Monsieur fucking Valdemar, well he uttered his words from the other fucking side, scandalously speaking out loud the words "For God's sake! – quick! – put me to sleep – or, quick! – waken me! – I say to you that I am dead!" whilst not being alive.<sup>6</sup> Fucking Poe.

Painting is supposed to be dead, but like Valdemar, it still fucking speaks – if only to fuck with our sight and shit in our ears.<sup>7</sup> Now piss off.

<sup>1</sup> Excuse my French reference, but: "All of this is known and written and has been for a long time, forever, for as long as there have been painting and writing (with regard to which, we may still ask ourselves which is the chicken and which the egg - but, of course, there is neither egg nor chicken in this case: more like dog and cat)." Jean Luc Nancy, "On Painting (and) Presence," in *The Birth to Presence* (Stanford: Stanford university Press, 1993), 342.

<sup>2</sup> Encounter, from the Middle English in the senses of 'meet as an adversary' and 'a meeting of adversaries', like a cat and a dog maybe?

<sup>3</sup> Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, "Ad Nauseam," (London: Virgin Records, 1978). Jordan has told me a story about two relations fighting. Jordan put a Cook and Moore record on (possibly a Derek & Clive one), which, after entering the fray so to speak, through its own profane antipathy, realigned the relations' mutual antipathy to that of mutual laughter and accord.

<sup>4</sup> "Colour is not a function of ratio, it's not an accidental effect caused by squinting or exhaustion or the peripheral, as Plato or Goethe convinced themselves it was, nor in any other way a product of what philosophy can in fact manage, which is the passage from black to white." Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe and Stephen Melville, *Seams; Art as a Philosophical Context* (The Netherlands: OPA, 1996), 17.

<sup>5</sup> See Paul McCarthy, *Painter*, 1995, Courtesy of the artist and Hauser & Wirth.

<sup>6</sup> Edgar Allen Poe, *Tales of Mystery and Imagination* (London: Chancellor Press, 1985), 352.

<sup>7</sup> Get the fuck over it, it's fucking never fucking been fucking alive, it's fucking always been fucking dead. For fucks sake that's the fucking point. Fuck. Mono fucking chromes.

## References

Cook, Peter, and Dudley Moore. "Ad Nauseam." London: Virgin Records, 1978.

Gilbert-Rolfe, Jeremy, and Stephen Melville. *Seams; Art as a Philosophical Context*. The Netherlands: OPA, 1996.

McCarthy, Paul. "Painter." Courtesy of the artist and Hauser & Wirth, 1995.

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