

MODERN PAINTERS

**ADAM
PENDLETON**

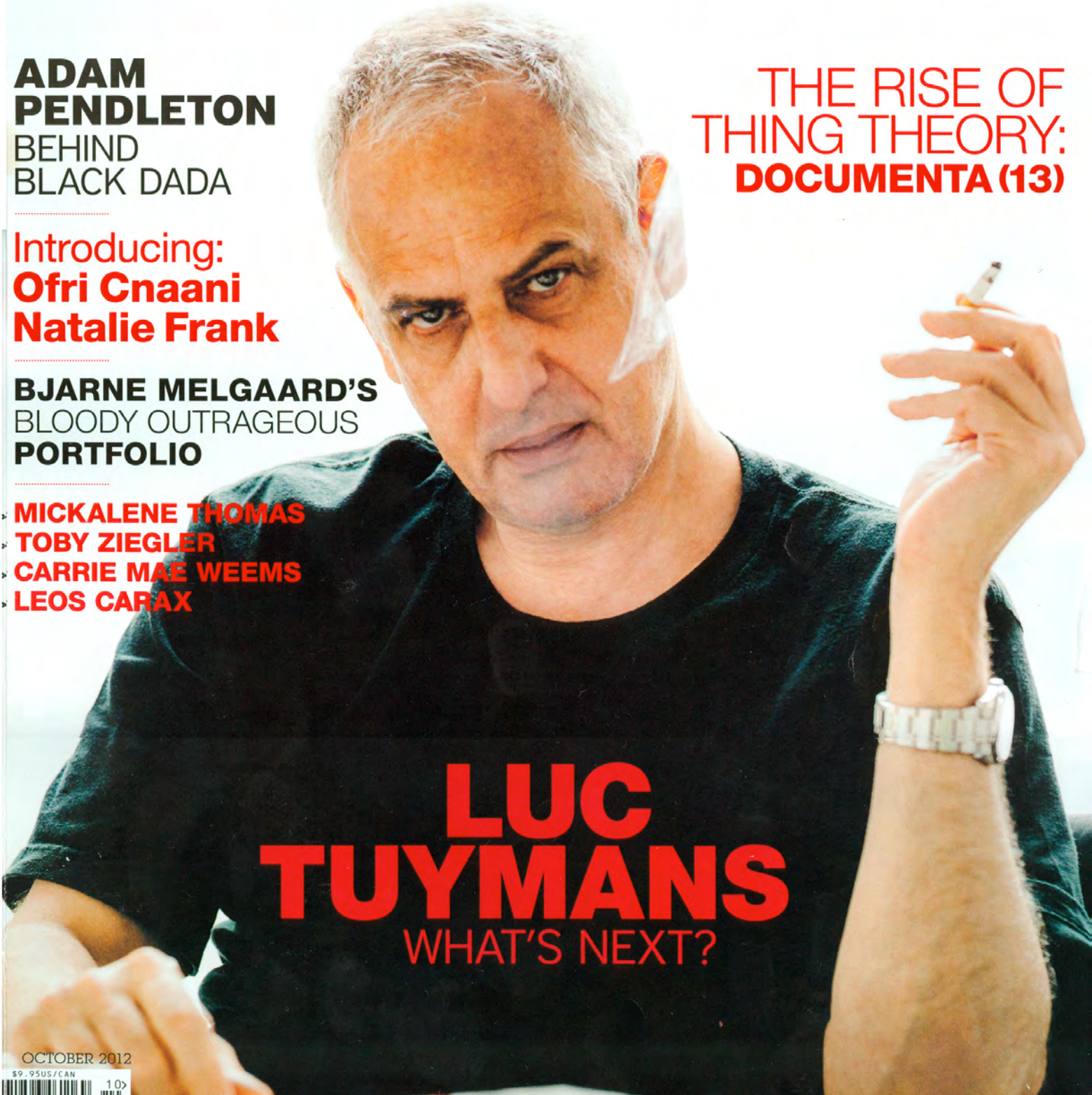
BEHIND
BLACK DADA

Introducing:
Ofri Cnaani
Natalie Frank

BJARNE MELGAARD'S
BLOODY OUTRAGEOUS
PORTFOLIO

MICKALENE THOMAS
TOBY ZIEGLER
CARRIE MAE WEEMS
LEOS CARAX

THE RISE OF
THING THEORY:
DOCUMENTA (13)



**LUC
TUYMANS**
WHAT'S NEXT?

OCTOBER 2012

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10





Nav Haq



Stephanie Bailey



Bjarne Melgaard



Paul Mpagi Sepuya



Jennifer Dalton

A curator at M HKA, in Antwerp, Haq's writings have appeared in *Kaleidoscope*, *Frieze*, *Bidoun*, and other periodicals, readers, and catalogues. "In recent years I've learned a lot about Antwerp's artistic legacy, but as a relative newcomer to the city's art establishment I figured it was only a matter of time before I would meet Luc Tuymans," he says of the artist he interviews on page 62. "Perhaps out of a sense of duty—or perhaps that should be audacity—I thought I would get into print the conversation from my first encounter with this much-lauded Belgian painter."

"It's the present-day Luc Tuymans that I wanted to find out about, rather than delve into his life and career."

Bailey lived in Greece for five years before she moved to London in 2011 to pursue an MA in the visual cultures department at Goldsmiths. Her work has appeared in publications including *Art Papers*, *Artforum.com*, *Frieze*, *Naked Punch*, *Leap*, and *Yishu*. "Kostas Sahpazis's show at Andreas Melas & Helena Papadopoulos this summer marked an exhilarating moment for Greek art," says Bailey of her review on page 97. "Several shows and indie events of equal caliber opened around the same time, all heralding a sense of creative renewal in a country struggling with its well-documented economic crisis."

"Kostas Sahpazis's work is of unexpected beauty: primal and alien."

"I just want to concentrate more on a beauty aspect of painting and expand my own ways of doing installations and new productions based in a poetic realm of a brutal reality, or fiction for that sake," says Melgaard, a Norwegian artist who lives and works in New York. His work has been featured in numerous solo and group shows, and in 2011 he represented Norway at the Venice Biennale. A frequent curator and collaborator, he has written more than a dozen novels and produced seven films. Melgaard's latest book, *A New Novel*, was recently published by Aschehoug, and excerpts from it accompany the new works presented in this issue, starting on page 67.

"Tigers seem just as relevant to me now as all those heavy, crazy subjects I've used in the past, or more so."

Sepuya is an artist and photographer based in Brooklyn, working mainly in portraiture. His recent project while in residence at the Studio Museum in Harlem (2010–11) explored the effects of the studio space on the creation and presentation of his work. "I am interested in exploring how the studio environment, as the site of creation, editing, and accumulation affects and frames portraiture, and the performance of portraiture," says Sepuya, who shot Adam Pendleton's Upstate New York workspace for Studio Check on page 44. "I like to see space's effects on the development of meaning and context in the resulting works."

"I wanted to make an extended portrait of Adam Pendleton in his studio that looks into his layered approach to image content and abstraction."

A visual artist living in Brooklyn, Dalton works from the feeling. "Is it just me or are things as ridiculous as they seem?" She finds it fun to represent information and statistics visually even on topics she finds repulsive, so she was excited when Tyler Green asked her to contribute an image to accompany his column on Mitt Romney's arts record, on page 36. "Absurdity is in abundance when it comes to 'Mittens' Romney and the American system that has elevated him to such prominence," she says. "The arts come and go as a symbolic battleground in the culture wars, always seeming more important than the amount of money the government spends on them."

"I enjoyed finding ways to illustrate Mitt Romney's time as governor and put the values and money involved into perspective."

AN
ARTIST'S
PORTFOLIO

Paintings and excerpts from *A New Novel* by

[BJARNE MELGAARD]

WITH DESIGNER BRENDAN DUGAN

“You really are a whore,” the guy says and buttons up his pants, laughing quietly.

Today he really needs to finish those paintings.

BOOK ONE : 5/25?





Part 2

Chapter 180

“Hi, Dopehead...”

When the so-called immersion blender goes into the chest of the guy with funny-looking legs, it meets resistance immediately. He tries to push it deeper, but it won't go. One of the guys in suits takes his arm and says, “Do it there,” pointing to the Guy on the Wall's lower stomach.

The small electrical device is making funny noises as it goes in.

Since he is starting to come down from the drugs, he feels tired. One of the guys

Scenario Four

What if he would have left when Claude started talking about how he wanted to take a scalpel and cut out the eyelids of those he was raping so they couldn't shut their eyes when the pain became too strong. What if he would have moved and changed his cell phone number when Claude showed him images of a guy with a machete up his ass.

Instead he said, "Oh, sounds hot," and stayed.

Back from Europe, he decides to send Pete a text message. It says:

Hi I am back
Do you wanna get
together tomorrow
nite with your friend
was pretty hot last time

Twenty minutes later he gets a text message from the American artist. It says:

You are so sad.
What a misfit you are.





totally gone somehow, but he snaps out of it and opens the black bag they brought with them. Jean Claude takes out a chain that looks really worn out.

“This is dangerous,” he says to Jean Claude. “It’s fuckin’ rusty. It’s going to give him infections in the cuts in his ass, Jean Claude.”

The guy taped to the sling says nothing, and Jean Claude starts to insert the chain up the guy’s ass. He snorts some more coke and watches while the whole chain is soon inside, except for a few links that Jean Claude grabs, slowly pulling the chain back out of the guy’s asshole. This continues for a while, and Jean Claude starts to insert and remove the chain faster and faster.

The guy is making funny noises, and he sees how Jean Claude’s arm and chain are covered in blood. Jean Claude is putting the entire chain up the guy’s ass this time without leaving anything hanging outside, and he lubes up his arm with Crisco and starts to insert his fist, almost as if to stuff the chain farther up there. The guy is passing out and nobody cares and then Jean Claude just rips the whole chain out.

He then takes the blood-and-Crisco-covered chain and wraps it around his hand and makes a fist. He then starts to punch as hard as he can into the guy’s ass.