

Fragments

Fragments is a virtual exhibit curated from works in the Chazen Museum of Art's permanent collection, in response to the aesthetics and themes of the video work *removed*, part of *(De)constructing the Everyday*, now on view in the Mayer Gallery.

Formatted as a video triptych, *removed* documents artist Joy Episalla as they disassemble a couch and converse with their mother, revealing that the fabric of her fragmented furniture is to be sold and used to create teddy bears. Through the process of intentional dismantling, Episalla explores the transience of objects, which can take on unexpected forms and meanings.

Louise Nevelson's monochromatic wooden sculpture, *Cathedral Garden #4*, is a looming assemblage of abstracted forms. In Petah Coyne's lavish sculpture, *Untitled #1378 (Zelda Fitzgerald)*, the contours and

textures of assorted delicate elements emphasize ephemerality. Once located within a church, *Triptych of the Great Deësis* is an iconic representation of an enthroned Jesus Christ who is flanked by the Virgin Mary and St. John the Baptist. The capability of objects to shift between two-dimensionality and three-dimensionality is also highlighted by *Three Lace Doilies*, which are attributed to Dagobert Peche. Lesley Dill's *Throat, from A Word Made Flesh* reflects the intersection of vulnerability and strength; despite expressing unease, text by Emily Dickinson, written on an individual's exposed neck, also champions the power of the voice. *Untitled (Sometimes I Come to Hate People)*, the last work created by David Wojnarowicz, describes his state of profound desperation and suffering through words spread over an image of outstretched, bandaged hands. Ultimately, this virtual exhibit aims to consider the transformative nature and agency of objects as, and made up of, fragments.

– Sophie Stein



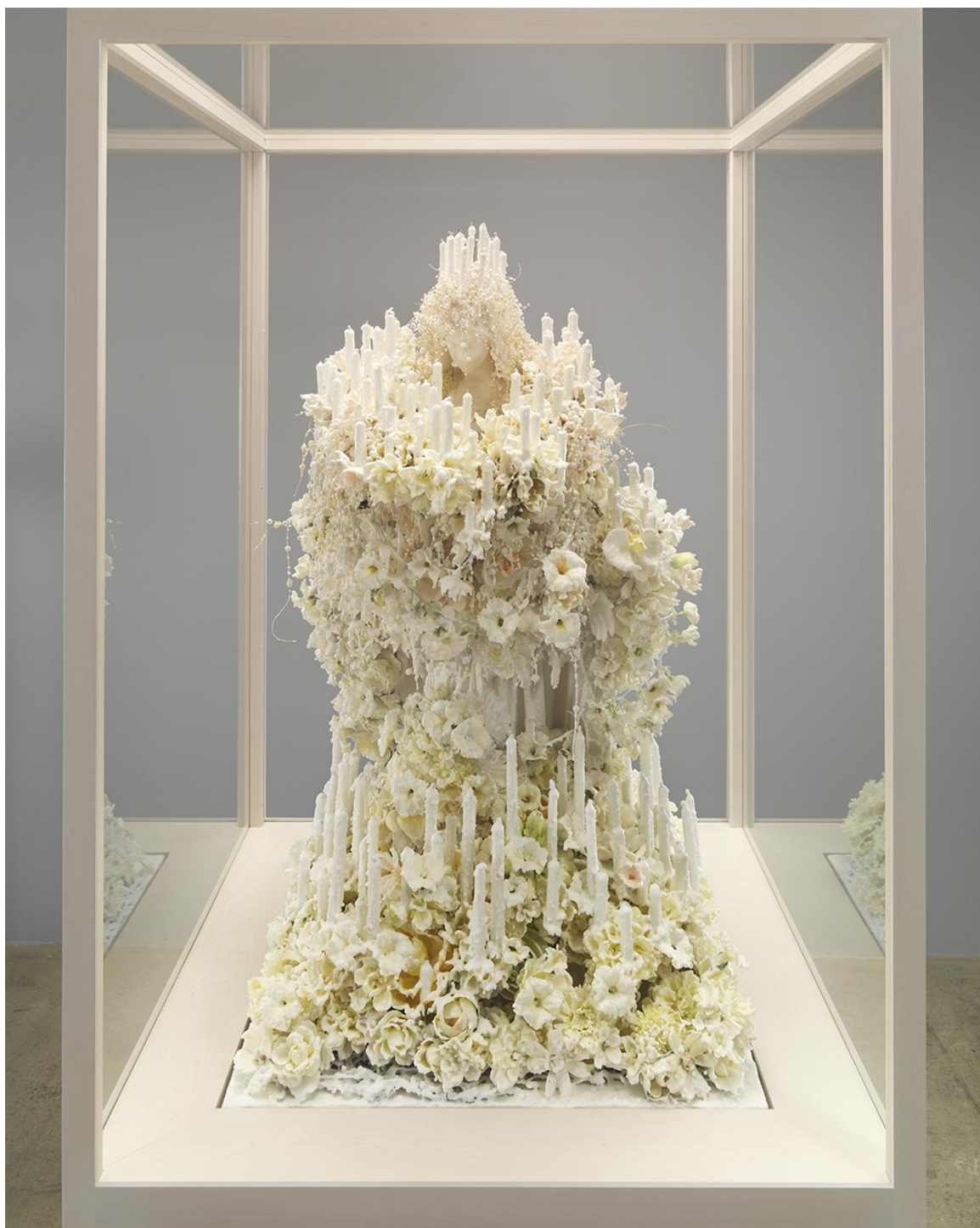
Cathedral Garden #4

Louise Nevelson

1963

wood, paint, Formica

wall: 90 x 44 x 17 in.; columns: 84 x 17; 66 1/4 x 10 1/4 in. overall, 2012.54.41.4,
on view Chazen, third floor, gallery 11

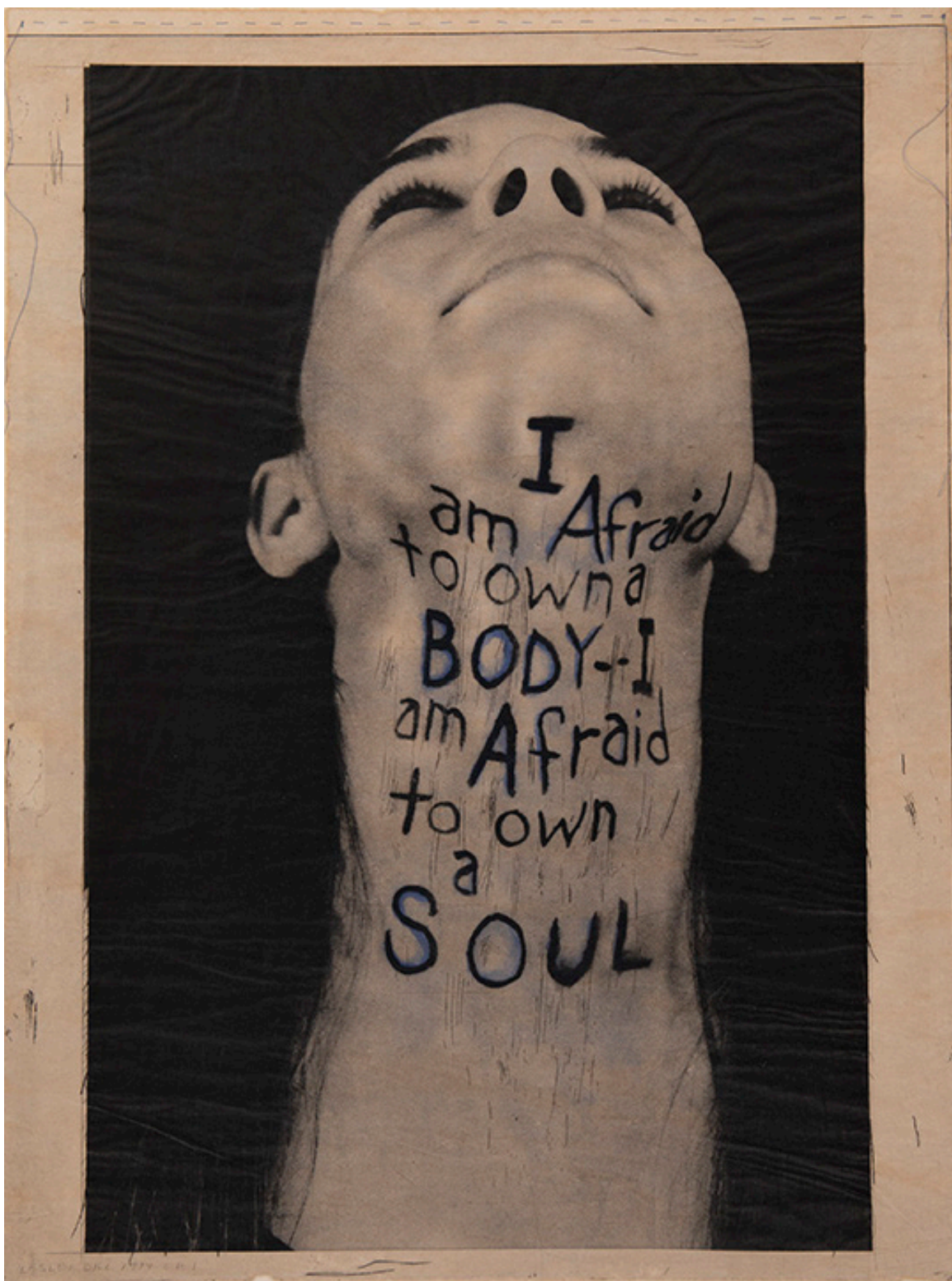


Untitled #1378 (Zelda Fitzgerald)

Petah Coyne

1997-2013

mixed media including silk flowers, wax, acrylic paint, pearl-head pins, artificial pearls, cast wax statuary figure and hand sculptures, ribbon, knitting needles, fabric, thread, wire, horsehair, drywall, plaster, filament, rubber, steel, wood, 81 3/16 x 35 3/4 x 35 3/4 in. overall, 2018.39a-b, on view Elvehjem, third floor, mezzanine



Throat, from A Word Made Flesh,

Lesley Dill

1994

photolithograph and intaglio

29 3/8 x 22 in. image

1996.20b

on view in the Chazen, first floor, Pleasant T. Rowland Gallery



Triptych of the Great Deësis

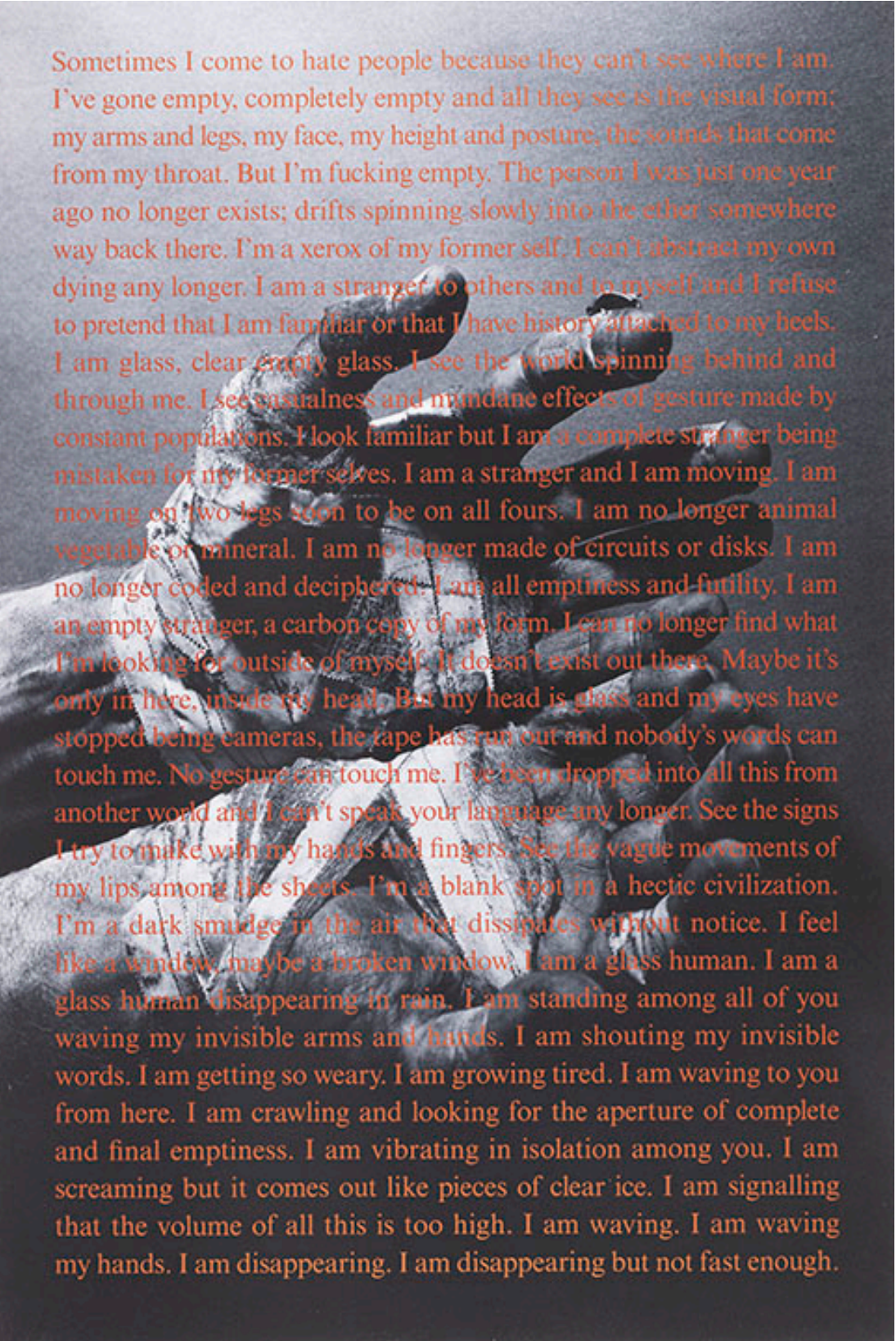
Unknown, Greek, Cretan

late 1540s

tempera and gold on wood panel

50 x 80 3/4 in. overall, 37.1.1

on view in the Elvehjem, third floor, between galleries 1 and 2



Sometimes I come to hate people because they can't see where I am. I've gone empty, completely empty and all they see is the visual form; my arms and legs, my face, my height and posture, the sounds that come from my throat. But I'm fucking empty. The person I was just one year ago no longer exists; drifts spinning slowly into the ether somewhere way back there. I'm a xerox of my former self. I can't abstract my own dying any longer. I am a stranger to others and to myself and I refuse to pretend that I am familiar or that I have history attached to my heels. I am glass, clear empty glass. I see the world spinning behind and through me. I see casualness and mundane effects of gesture made by constant populations. I look familiar but I am a complete stranger being mistaken for my former selves. I am a stranger and I am moving. I am moving on two legs soon to be on all fours. I am no longer animal vegetable or mineral. I am no longer made of circuits or disks. I am no longer coded and deciphered. I am all emptiness and futility. I am an empty stranger, a carbon copy of my form. I can no longer find what I'm looking for outside of myself. It doesn't exist out there. Maybe it's only in here, inside my head. But my head is glass and my eyes have stopped being cameras, the tape has run out and nobody's words can touch me. No gesture can touch me. I've been dropped into all this from another world and I can't speak your language any longer. See the signs I try to make with my hands and fingers. See the vague movements of my lips among the sheets. I'm a blank spot in a hectic civilization. I'm a dark smudge in the air that dissipates without notice. I feel like a window, maybe a broken window. I am a glass human. I am a glass human disappearing in rain. I am standing among all of you waving my invisible arms and hands. I am shouting my invisible words. I am getting so weary. I am growing tired. I am waving to you from here. I am crawling and looking for the aperture of complete and final emptiness. I am vibrating in isolation among you. I am screaming but it comes out like pieces of clear ice. I am signalling that the volume of all this is too high. I am waving. I am waving my hands. I am disappearing. I am disappearing but not fast enough.

Untitled (Sometimes I Come to Hate People)

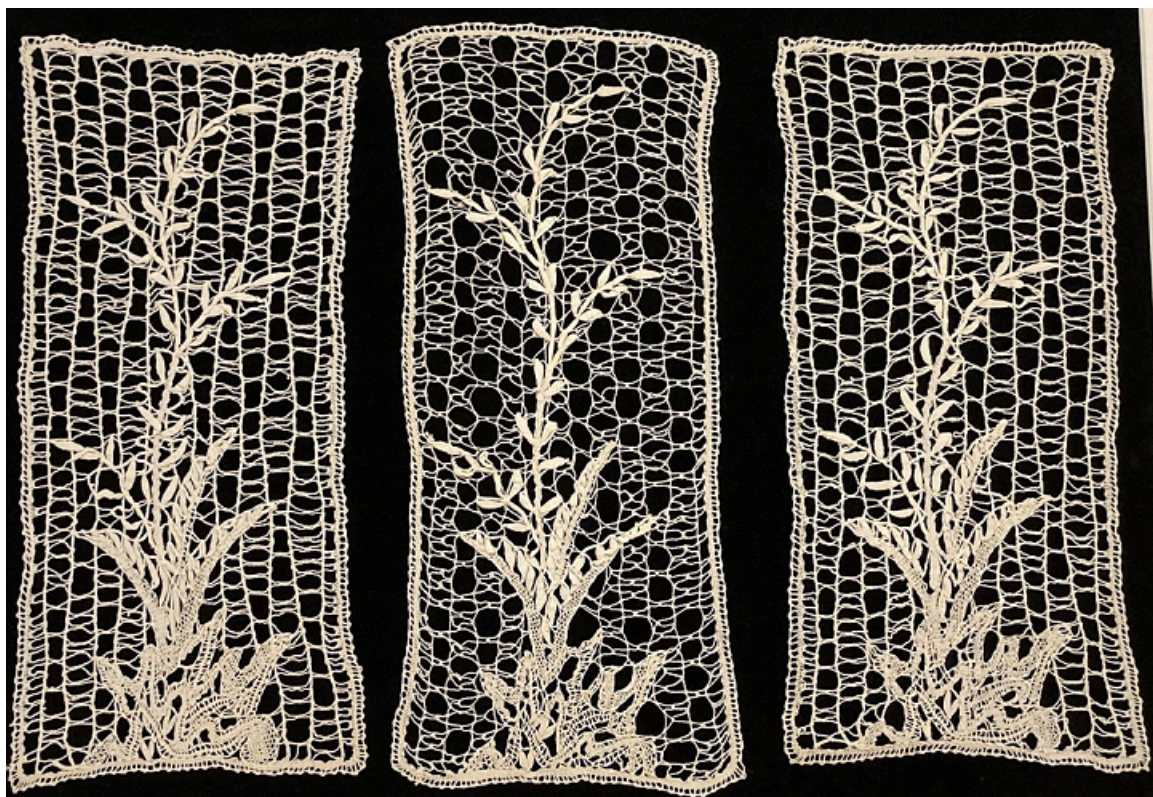
David Wojnarowicz

199

screen print on gelatin silver print

47 1/2 x 35 in. overall

not currently on view



Three Lace Doilies

Dagobert Peche (attributed to)

ca. 1920

embroidered lace, 11 1/2 x 5 1/2 in. each image

2003.37.9a-c

not currently on view