

On the Wall:

Selections from The Drawing Center

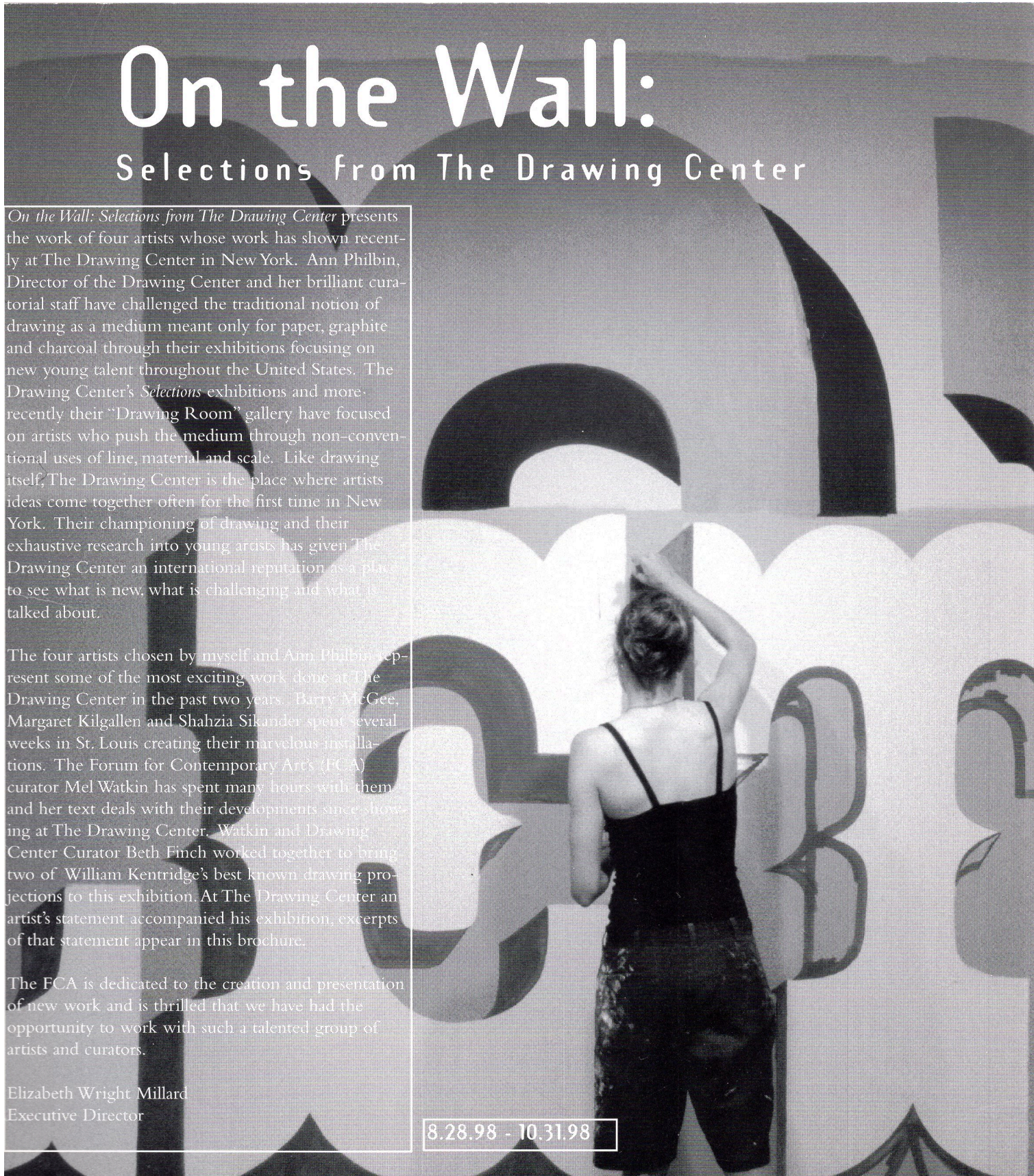
On the Wall: Selections from The Drawing Center presents the work of four artists whose work has shown recently at The Drawing Center in New York. Ann Philbin, Director of the Drawing Center and her brilliant curatorial staff have challenged the traditional notion of drawing as a medium meant only for paper, graphite and charcoal through their exhibitions focusing on new young talent throughout the United States. The Drawing Center's *Selections* exhibitions and more-recently their "Drawing Room" gallery have focused on artists who push the medium through non-conventional uses of line, material and scale. Like drawing itself, The Drawing Center is the place where artists ideas come together often for the first time in New York. Their championing of drawing and their exhaustive research into young artists has given The Drawing Center an international reputation as a place to see what is new, what is challenging and what is talked about.

The four artists chosen by myself and Ann Philbin represent some of the most exciting work done at The Drawing Center in the past two years. Barry McGee, Margaret Kilgallen and Shahzia Sikander spent several weeks in St. Louis creating their marvelous installations. The Forum for Contemporary Arts (FCA) curator Mel Watkin has spent many hours with them and her text deals with their developments since showing at The Drawing Center. Watkin and Drawing Center Curator Beth Finch worked together to bring two of William Kentridge's best known drawing projections to this exhibition. At The Drawing Center an artist's statement accompanied his exhibition, excerpts of that statement appear in this brochure.

The FCA is dedicated to the creation and presentation of new work and is thrilled that we have had the opportunity to work with such a talented group of artists and curators.

Elizabeth Wright Millard
Executive Director

8.28.98 - 10.31.98



WILLIAM KENTRIDGE

Felix in Exile:

Geography of Memory

Felix in Exile, 1994, is the fifth in a series of animated films. The films all use the same charcoal technique of additive animation. Unlike traditional cell animation which uses a different drawing for each frame of the film, this technique uses a single drawing for each shot of the sequence. The charcoal drawings, usually 1 meter by .5 meters in size, are altered frame by frame—either by the addition of further drawing, or by the erasure of parts of the image. So instead of thousands of different drawings constituting the film, there are thousands of alterations to a few drawings.

Felix is alone in a room in a city. The landscape of the East Rand (South Africa) fills his suitcase and walls. The terrain is filled with bodies. These corpses melt into the ground. A new character in the series, Nandi, surveyor of this landscape, meets him across his mirror. She is absorbed into the ground. Felix returns to her pool.

This film was made between September 1993 and February 1994, in the period just before the General Election in South Africa. On the one hand, *Felix in Exile* fits into a series of films to be a part of an ongoing story, on the other it functions as a diary. That is to say, a record of images and thoughts occupying me at the time of making it. As with the other films, *Felix in Exile* did not start with a coherent script or storyboard, but rather with one or two images or phrases which needed to be pursued. As an ongoing question, I'm interested in the origins of images and the generation of meaning—specifically, in the space between random images and a present program of work, and in the coherence, or incoherence, that working in this way generates.

Artist's Statement

Panic/Picnic

In the case of *Felix in Exile* there were a number of starting points. The first was in a series of phrases or word games, a kind of kinetic, concrete poetry I was playing with on a computer. Simple transitions such as exit/exist, historical/ hysterical, the sweet smell of Jasmine and hysteria.

FELIX

EXILE

ELIXIR

AMNESTY

AMNESIA

I have a contradictory response to these word games—on the one hand, I am wary of the particularly Anglo-Saxon tendency to rely on puns and alliterations as a substitute for ideas. One cannot really justify launching a film on the basis of an anagram but, on the other hand, I do rely on and trust in things that at the same time seem whimsical, incidental, unauthentic. This is not to say that the starting point will transform itself from something ephemeral to something solid, but rather that it gives an entry point.

Let me stress here, that it is in the process of working that my mind gets into gear—by which I mean the rather dumb physical activity of stalking the drawing, or walking backwards and forwards between the camera and drawing; raising, shifting, adapting the image. In my case it is vital (and in a sense explains the need to spend these months, or years, involved with what at times was perilously close to being a form of occupational therapy).

Bodies in Landscape

The central starting point was a friend's description of police forensic photographs of bodies in landscapes. In fact, nearly all of the photos are of bodies in small rooms or small open spaces, alleys, corridors. But in my head, sight unseen, the description of them as bodies in landscapes preceded this understanding. The photographs served as references for drawings which in a sense had already constructed themselves.

Reprocessing the Landscape

The landscape of *Felix in Exile* is that of the East Rand, the mining areas near Johannesburg. Virtually all the mines in this area are now derelict. This was also the center of manufacturing in the country, but a large number of the factories have not survived the various recessions of the last few years. So it is an area that has a nostalgia built into it. Everything in it alludes to the past. It is an area I have known vaguely since childhood, but in detail since I worked as an art director on a film there in which the yellow sands of the mine tailings stood in for the Namibian desert.

Barry McGee

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Photo credit: John Hilgert

Barry McGee, untitled wall painting, installation view: 12' x 42', FCA, 1998.

Barry McGee
Drawing Installation

Windblown briefcases, angst ridden men, disembodied suits, strange hooded animals, clouds of dust, microbes, newspaper boxes, a six foot long switch blade, clubs, empty bottles, huge heads, an hourglass, handguns, beepers all dripping white paint and floating in a sea of red.

—list of things in several recent installations

Barry McGee received his Bachelor of Fine Arts degree from the San Francisco Art Institute, but after talking with him for a few minutes it becomes obvious that he got his education on the streets. Taught by more experienced graffiti artists, McGee soon took the name Twist and set out to ply his trade. His teachers were people he encountered at three in the morning—prime graffiti hour. He learned mainly by watching the masters, when he could find them, and much of what he does now is influenced by his continuing street experience. The drips so prevalent in his work, come directly from tagging, which involves flooding a marker with ink and writing your name with quick gestures. A hit and run—so to speak. McGee's crisper images stem from a process known as a "throw-up": a somewhat slower image thrown up against a white spray painted ground.

Not wanting to restrict himself to exterior walls, McGee paints on "found surfaces"¹ of all kinds: old signs, empty liquor bottles, dilapidated books. In recent years, he has created a number of site-specific installations for arts organizations and galleries that set a different pace from his street work. These indoor installations afford him the luxury of time. The work takes on a less frenetic tone, but still has the edgy quality of the street. His goal is to capture the tension of urban life. Walking through one of his installations is like walking down the street in an old and long neglected neighborhood: you encounter blowing trash, huge advertisements for carcinogens, shards of glass, the stray insect or bird and perhaps a homeless guy sleeping on your apartment doorstep.

McGee's personal investment with graffiti becomes most obvious in conversation. His normally quiet manner is replaced by an unexpected level of excitement and authority. He speaks of a subject he knows very well, not as a scholar, but as a participant, an insider, a mover and shaker in graffiti art's recent history. An irritant to some urban dwellers, McGee emphasizes the bravura and ingenuity of graffiti artists as well as their good draftsmanship and technical skills. He also points out that graffiti is not only made to please (or disturb) the viewer, but it is also a sophisticated form of communication, a marking system by which taggers communicate their whereabouts, compete with each other or indicate their entry into a new city. Community incidents (murders, overdoses and homelessness) with direct impact on the taggers' lives are mapped out in layer upon layer of visual commentary. It is a complex language and culture understood only by the initiated. Like any culture it has its protocols, hierarchies and—despite its illegality—its own set of laws and mores. As an artist, Barry McGee is well aware of his art historical predecessors, his affinity for caricature and the tendency of critics to associate his work with underground cartooning, but he knows in actuality that it is his engagement with the people and culture of graffiti that really keeps him alive.

Mel Watkin
FCA Curator

Endnotes:

1. The phrase "found surfaces" was used by curator, Eungie Joo, when discussing McGee's 1998 installation at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis.

Condensed Biography:

Barry McGee has had solo exhibitions of his large scale, graffiti based drawing installations at The Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, Art & Design in Boston, The Center for the Arts at Yerba Buena Gardens in San Francisco and at the Museu Lasar Segall in Sao Paulo, Brazil. In addition to his inclusion in The Drawing Center's "Selections '96" exhibition, he has exhibited in group shows at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, the San Jose Museum of Art and Holly Solomon Gallery in New York, among others. In 1997 he received a SECA award from the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art and was a recipient of a Lila Wallace-Reader's Digest International Artist's Fellowship in 1993. He has created a number of public murals including a piece for Art in Transit in San Francisco. McGee received his BFA from the San Francisco Art Institute in 1991. He has lived in the Bay Area all of his life.

MARGARET KILGALLEN

Margaret Kilgallen
Drawing Installation

Born in Washington D.C. in 1967, Margaret Kilgallen gradually worked her way west stopping over at Colorado College long enough to earn her Bachelor's degree in Printmaking (1989). With a background in letterpress—old fashion printing with lead or wooden type—she also took a deep interest in the traditional crafts of sign painting and book conservation.

Her installations present an almost overwhelming avalanche of images—hand painted texts at various sizes and simple, line-drawn portraits, landscapes, plants and animals. The text is intentionally crowded with individual words overlapping or butting up against each other. Each word, painted directly on the wall has a flat, naive quality, but is loaded with complex references.

Kilgallen's interest in letter forms extends back through the history of early human mark making as well as to underground languages such as the symbolic markings left on trains by hobos and train workers. Hobos leave their mark wherever they travel and train workers regularly mark the trains that stop at their particular yard. A simple line drawing of a man in a ten gallon hat was Bozo Texino's imprimatur. A glass of bubbly indicated that The Rambler had passed through and a stereotypic Mexican snoozing at the base of a palm tree was Herby's mark. Trains—the hobo's life line—are a subplot in all of Kilgallen's work. Her installations have the rhythm of a condensed journey—advertising signs, town names, trees and farms passing by while the train continues its constant ker-klunk, ker-klunk, ker-klunk.

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Photo credit: John Hilgert

Margaret Kilgallen, untitled wall painting, installation view: 12' x 62' 6", FCA, 1998.

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Her fascination with train culture extends to other folks, especially women who have “seen the world”. The words SLAUGHTER painted 14 feet high in an installation for the Center for the Arts at Yerba Buena Gardens in San Francisco evokes all kinds of horrible visions, but actually refers to Matokie Slaughter, the legendary female banjo player from Appalachia. Rell is the name of a famous Hawaiian surfer who Kilgallen memorializes in a quiet section of the room. Linda Benson, a professional surfer who appeared in the Gidget movies back in the 1960’s, is the subject of many pieces. One, entitled “Backside”, is an homage to Benson’s famous backside surfing style.

Many of Kilgallen’s texts are tied to people she admires (Concha, Mollasas, or Lush) or to the names of towns with train yards she visits regularly (MTZ, Roseville, or San Lucas). She may choose words because of the way they roll off the tongue of a platform conductor trainside or she may pick them because they are loaded with other possible meanings. Sometimes a simple phrase catches her eye and she will proclaim “Let It Ride” eight feet high across 34 feet of wall space.

Taken from faded signs, hand painted on the sides of buildings, store fronts, barn roofs or sandwich boards, each of Kilgallen’s letters, be they 9 inches or 9 feet tall, are rendered freehand. She does not employ templates or even a sign

painter’s maul stick, but uses only the gesture of her body to form the smooth, curving, or jagged lines she needs. Starting with huge blocks of color (six feet tall by 20 feet long is not unusual), she lays down her major texts first, then fills in making visual and verbal connections between the installation’s major words.

Kilgallen’s choice of typefaces gives the work a nostalgic feel. But, it took me a while to realize that another reason her work looks old has to do with the expressive way each word is rendered. With the advent of computers, we rarely see hand painted lettering anymore. A slight wobble of the brush lends emotion to the letters depicted. Letters with a barely discernible backwards arch make a text seem aggressive, as if it is leaping out at us. If the letters cup inward, we see them as timid and receding. Kilgallen uses this subtle, but powerful technique to great effect. Each word is expressive in a formal sense, apart from the people, places and things it evokes. Kilgallen adroitly plays off of contemporary advertising’s manipulative ways. As we stand before her work, dwarfed by an avalanche of oversized text and images, she makes us see how much impact the simple combination of text and color has on our ability to interpret and consume.

Condensed Biography:

In 1997 Margaret Kilgallen completed a six month residency at the Marin Headlands Center for the Arts outside of San Francisco. Her other grants and awards include funding from the Fleishhacker Foundation and a cultural equity grant from the San Francisco Arts Commission. She has created public murals in both San Francisco and Sao Paulo, Brazil and recently completed a new work for No Name Exhibitions at the Soap Factory in Minneapolis. Kilgallen was also commissioned to create a work for The Drawing Center’s Drawing Room in the Fall of 1997. Her group exhibitions include shows at The Center for the Arts at Yerba Buena Gardens in San Francisco, The Santa Barbara Contemporary Art Forum and the San Jose Art Museum in 1996-1997. In addition to her work as an artist, Kilgallen is currently a book conservator for the San Francisco Public Library.

Mel Watkin
FCA Curator

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SHAHZIA SIKANDER

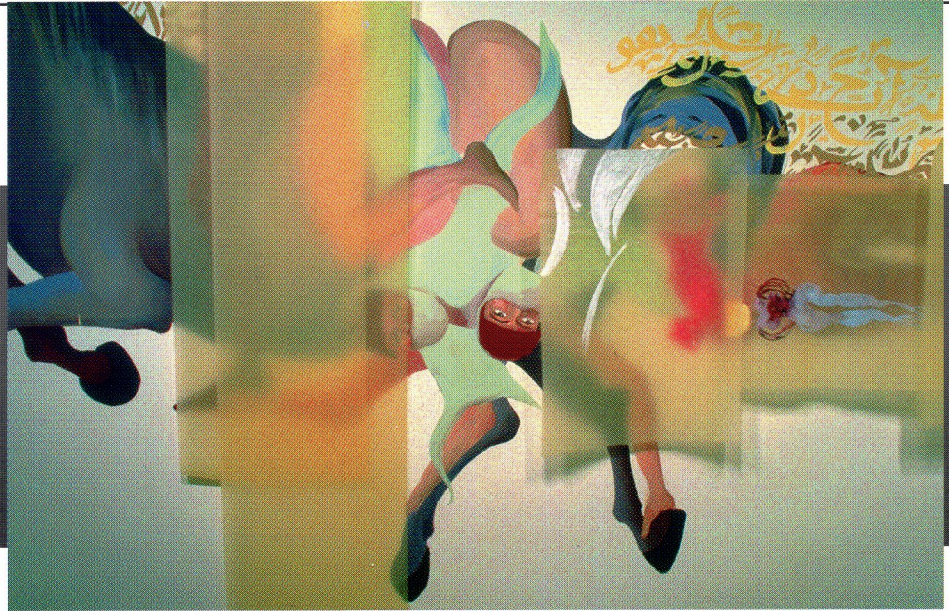


Photo credit: John Hilgert

Shahzia Sikander, detail from untitled wall painting, overall size: 12' x 45', FCA, 1998.

In 1990 Shahzia Sikander was one of two students to major in traditional Indo-Persian miniature painting at the National College of Arts in Lahore, Pakistan. Studying under master professor Bashir Ahmed, Sikander threw herself into an apprenticeship situation not unlike the guild-halls of old. Before her, no one at the National College had majored in miniature painting for many years. Considered “tourist art”¹ by her fellow students, miniature painting was thought to be a dead end without the latitude offered by more contemporary approaches flowing out of such art centers as London and New York.

Sikander however found the rigorous study of materials, process, iconography and format presented her with a “foundation on which to experiment.”² Besides, she points out, her rigorous apprenticeship took place within the walls of a progressive institution. Given this context, her early decision to use a tradition-based method to depict contemporary life seemed to come quite naturally. In her 1992 thesis project entitled “The Scroll” Sikander depicts everyday events rather than the court scenes or epic images of battle common to her medium. Like her predecessors, Sikander worked with hand made brushes, dry pigments mixed in clam shells, vegetable dyes and tea washes. Her 152 centimeter scroll was composed on traditional wasli paper and surrounded by a decorative border. Ironically—perhaps foreshadowing her future—Sikander states that the major influence in her decision to use a scroll format was contemporary artist David Hockney, not the traditional Chinese scrolls it resembled. She also laughs when she remembers that most of the books she used for research were published by the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C.

Sikander earned her MFA from the Rhode Island School of Design in 1995 and from there spent two years as a fellow in the Core program at Houston’s Glassell School of Art. During her final year in Houston she was included in the Whitney Biennial. Like many contemporary artists, Sikander now leads a “life of transition”³ and every bump and jostle along the way has become fodder for her work.

Sikander grew up in a predominantly Muslim country which struggled to separate itself from India’s Hindu majority. Even so, in Pakistan Islam’s monotheistic traditions have never completely overshadowed the Hindu pantheon. Sikander draws from both these histories and often mixes them—placing for instance the Muslim veil over Hindu goddesses. She subtly plays with the patriarchy, making all of her central figures females; sometimes huge in scale or with multiple arms bearing weapons. While not overtly political, these figures do deal with “issues of female identity, misrepresentation and cultural typecasting.”⁴ But each image is also a

summation of Sikander's life, a life of tradition interwoven with contemporary ideas. "With each new work I am navigating my lived experience, knitting this into my knowledge of tradition—creating icons that are neither personal, nor cultural—but a combination of both things."⁵

Sikander's use of the veil is a good example of how deeply interwoven historic and contemporary issues have become in her work. While Muslim, she has never worn a veil herself. When she moved to the United States she was taken aback to find that people expected it. She did a series of performances in which she would don a shuttlecock burka⁶ each morning and observed people's reactions. To her surprise, she also found her own movements and responses to strangers markedly changed. Acknowledging that her *choice* to don the veil was personal and temporary, she also found it protective and liberating. She could be aggressive, anonymous and yet stand out. Seen in the west as a stalwart symbol of patriarchal dominance, the veil evolved in Sikander's mind into a symbol of female culture. In her new work for FCA, a white veil trails back off the head of a red horsewoman. This painted veil soon gives way to long translucent sheets of architectural drafting paper which broadens out to cover the gallery wall. Within its folds it hides detailed images, painted gestures and swirling patterns—some vivid, some obscured by layers of yellow tissue. Under its sheltering space the veil "accommodates others", becoming a "collective space" for female characters. As the horsewoman rides, the veil accumulates "all the baggage of life". As a formal device the veil holds Sikander's composition together. Used literally and figuratively, it is intended to embody the full range of history and mystery that a veil evokes.

While not necessary, it is fascinating to know the genesis of some of Sikander's ideas. Within the Indo-Persian tradition of miniature painting men on horseback are a common theme. Sikander's humorous use of a strong female equestrian is as telling as her mischievous

blending of Muslim and Hindu traditions. Taking another cue from wall painting practiced by women in both India and Pakistan, Sikander fluidly combines the abstract patterns of Islam (Persia) with the figurative, narrative and sometimes overtly sexual images of the Hindu tradition. Autobiographical allusions are buried a little deeper. Her references to "baggage" and "accumulation" of experiences are a reflection of her recent nomadic life style. Under great demand, Sikander has spent the last two years in constant motion—traversing the country creating new works, conducting research and meeting the top artists and critics in her field. This exhilarating lifestyle leads to a feeling of both liberation and detachment. One female character that often takes center stage in her work is a red goddess figure whose legs gradually divide into multicolored strands joined together at their base. Sikander describes this figure as being "rooted in herself".

As Jessica Hough stated in a recent publication, perhaps the great draw of Sikander's work is her use of "what is thought to be a comfortable area—tradition—to tease, provoke, and push the viewer to consider these art forms not as an aesthetic locked in history but as a segue into larger questions about society and culture."⁷

Mel Watkin
FCA Curator

Endnotes:

1. Friis-Hansen, Dana. "Full Blown", ART ASIA PACIFIC, No. 16 (1997).
2. Iarrapino, Elizabeth. "Shahzia Sikander: Mural and Miniatures, November 1-29, 1997," exhibition brochure, Dietch Projects, New York City.
3. Friis-Hansen, "Full Blown".
4. Gregos, Katerina. "Global Vision: New Art from the '90's Part II: July 7 September 26, 1998," exhibition brochure, Deste Foundation, Center for Contemporary Art, Athens, Greece.
5. All unattributed quotes are from interviews with the artist in 1997/1998.
6. A shuttlecock burka is a white lace veil so named because it resembles the shuttlecock used in badminton.
7. Hough, Jessica. "Liberating Tradition: May 10 - 24, 1998," exhibition brochure, Center for Curatorial Studies, Bard College, Annandale-on-the-Hudson, New York.

Condensed Biography:

Shahzia Sikander was born in Lahore, Pakistan in 1969. Her solo exhibitions include shows at the Renaissance Society in Chicago and the Center for Curatorial Studies at Bard College in New York. In 1996/97 she has had solo exhibitions at Dietch Projects in New York, Hosfelt Gallery in San Francisco and Project Row Houses in Houston. Her 1997 group exhibitions include the Whitney Biennial, the Second Johannesburg Biennale, and "Selections '97" at The Drawing Center in New York. Sikander's work has been given accolades in *The New York Times*, *Flash Art*, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, *Houston Chronicle* and *Art & Antiques*, among many other publications. She is a 1998 recipient of a Tiffany Foundation grant.

Received Landscapes

The central thing about this landscape is that it is the very antithesis of landscape as received wisdom. One of the first art books I was given as a child was *Great Landscapes of the World*, which included Bruegel (*Fall of Icarus*), Corot, Courbet (*Forest and a Stream*), Constable's *Hay Wain*, and a jungle by Le Douanier Rousseau. These landscapes were utterly inviting and utterly removed from the land around Johannesburg. They functioned as pictures of verdant paradise, but one that did exist elsewhere and which I/we had been cheated of. The suburban garden I lived in was, I am sure, as lush as any of these paintings, but only as a miniaturized copy—not the real thing. The other received landscapes of my childhood were those of English children's books which contained a world of village-wood-stream-field. The experience of Johannesburg was completely other. The veld around the city had no trees, no waters, and, at best, only dry mealy stubble.

East Rand is landscape constructed rather than found. The structure of what one sees is given, not by natural phenomena such as mountains, rivers, lakes, forests, but by things that have been made—mine dumps, drainage dams, pipelines, abandoned road works. It is a landscape that is explicitly social. It is also temporal—everything in the landscape has the signs of having been put there and having been made. All features have the potential to be unmade; one of the features of my Johannesburg childhood were the yellow mine dumps all around the southern part of the city—almost every one of these has now been physically excavated, turned into a slurry and pumped through gold reprocessing plants.



William Kentridge, image from *History of the Main Complaint*, 1996.
Courtesy of Goodman Gallery, South Africa.

This terrain therefore stands in bleak opposition, not only to the verdant landscapes of children's literature and of European utopian painting, but also to other strains in South African landscape painting, such as the geological approach to landscape one finds with painters like Peirneef.

Amnesty/Amnesia

The landscape hides its history. The general nature of terrain and landscape as image is to appear as fact. The power of both the childhood landscapes I have referred to and of the paintings of people like Pierneef is that they appear out of time. I am getting into tricky terrain here. I want to claim there is a similarity between a painting or a drawing which is oblivious to its position in history. I am not particularly interested in the art historical point here, though I think an interesting investigation could be made into the successive depopulation following the conquering of these terrains. I am really interested in the terrain's hiding of its own history, and the correspondence this has, not only with painting, but with the way memory works. The difficulty we have in holding onto passions, impressions, ways of seeing things, the way that things which seem so indelibly imprinted on our memories still fade and become elusive is mirrored in the way in which the terrain itself cannot hold onto the events played out upon it.

I mean this in a very crass and simple way. To give an example: the word Sharpeville conjures up, locally, and I would imagine internationally, a whole series of things, the center of which is the infamous massacre of 69 people outside a police station in the township outside Vereeniging. But at the site itself, there is almost no trace of what happened there. This is natural. It is an area that is still used, an area in which people live and go to work. It is not a museum. There are not bloodstains. The ghosts of the people do not stalk the streets. Scenes of battles, great and small, disappear, are absorbed by the terrain, except in those few places where memorials are specifically erected, monuments established, as outposts, as defenses against this process of disremembering and absorption.

In the same way that there is a human act of disremembering the past, both immediate and further back—that has to be fought through writing, education, museums, songs and all the other processes we use to try to force us to retain the importance of events—there is a natural process in the terrain, through erosion, growth, dilapidation, that also seeks to blot out events. In South Africa, this process has other dimensions. The very term “new South Africa” has within it the idea of painting over of the old, the natural process of disremembering, the naturalization of things new.

In *Felix in Exile* the bodies in the landscape are connected to this process. I was interested in recording the people. Giving burial to these anonymous figures in the photographs. And planting a beacon against the process of forgetting the routes of our recent past. It is also a way of fighting against the vertigo produced by looking around and seeing all the old familiar landmarks and battlelines so utterly shifted and changed.

History of the Main Complaint

"...my physicians by their love are grown Cosmographers, and I their map, who lie Flat on this bed..." —John Donne

Soho Eckstein is in a coma. In his hospital bed. Surrounded by surgeons trying to rouse him. This film—the sixth in the series of short drawings for projections that chronicle the history of Soho Eckstein and Felix Teitlebaum—was made in 1996 at the time that the Truth and Reconciliation Commission started hearings in South Africa. This commission is charged with investigating abuses of human rights during the apartheid years. The film was not made as an illustration of the processes of the commission, but the questions of guilt or responsibility (and the fine and shifting line between them) were in the air and certainly found their way into the film.

One of the starting points of the film was the range of new systems and technologies for looking at the body—MRI scans, CAT scans, sonar [ultra sound], and of course, X-rays. There was both the pleasure of making drawings based on these images (there is a great affinity between the velvety gray tones of an X-ray and the softness of charcoal dust brushed onto paper) and also a sense that these ways of looking inside the body function as a metaphor for looking inside thought processes or conscience. The murky world of sonar scan does two things. In its fractured shifting black dots and gray swirls, it feels like a piece of crude charcoal pointillism (like the X-rays it is a natural for the "Stone Age" animation technique I use). And in its very obscurity, its demand for "seeing into" (as we "see into" a cloud to make a familiar image from it), it points to the world of interpretation of drawing, uncertainly, provisionally, offering a sense or meaning from the glimpses we get of our unconscious.

I think there is a way in which we desperately hang onto the surface of things, particularly the surfaces of our bodies. Our insides are a foreign terrain, we take them on trust but resist being led there. The same way that we resist (both consciously and unconsciously) looking too deeply into our fears, hopes and consciences.

As with my other films, *History of the Main Complaint* was made without a script or story board. The idea is for the film to develop in the way a drawing might. The hope is that, without directly plunging a surgeon's knife, the arcane process of obsessively walking between the camera and the drawing-board will pull to the surface intimations of the interior.

William Kentridge

This text was excerpted from the brochure documenting William Kentridge's exhibition at The Drawing Center in January, 1998.

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On the cover: Margaret Kilgallen,
work-in-progress, FCA, August, 1998.
Photo credit: John Hilgert.

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