

THE
GORGEOUS
NOTHINGS

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CURATED BY SUSAN MORRIS

Gorgeous Nothings

Susan Morris

Anna Barham

Florian Baudrexel

Erica Baum

Moyra Davey

Tacita Dean

Mathew Hale

Folds

Rye Dag Holmboe

Stefana McClure

Susan Morris

Matt Mullican

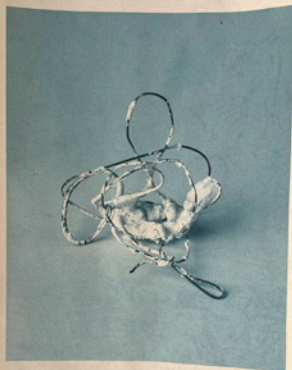
Celia Pym

Allyson Strafella

Ignacio Uriarte

Charlotte Zinsser

TATE LIVERPOOL



Jocelyn Pook, Untitled (1985),
wire, glass, plaster and paper, 7.5cm high

GORGEOUS NOTHINGS

In making an exhibition of artworks that ‘correspond’ with Emily Dickinson’s envelope writings, I’m picking up on Susan Howe’s suggestion that the manuscripts be understood as ‘visual productions’, a theme developed more fully by Rye Dag Holmboe in his essay ‘Folds’, published below.¹

The thinking behind this show started many years ago with an image I tore out of a magazine and taped to my studio wall. Now stripped by the sun of all colour but blue, it shows a piece of twisted wire dipped in plaster and paint. Just 7.9 centimetres high, it is Jackson Pollock’s *Untitled*, 1949. I envied whatever it was that it took to make this piece, and wished for something of its compact energy in my own work. Visitors to my studio — other artists, usually — told of similar things hanging around in their own studios.² *Not necessarily meant to be viewed as art*, but key to the other things that they were trying to make. Something gorgeous; (next to) nothing — a throwaway, perhaps.

By the time the opportunity to curate an exhibition on this theme had arrived, use of text had crept into my thinking. I had started to get interested in writing and in ready-made printed words; in artworks that ‘brought the world in’ by incorporating traces of the quotidian, such as advertising or newspaper copy, pages from beloved books, or things that pass through the postal system.

Maybe what I like best about the Pollock image is its placement on the page and the way the page curls as it hangs on my wall. The ripped edge, where it was torn from the magazine. So now I can add *papery things* to the list of things that interest me, especially folded or otherwise manipulated ‘found’ papers — flyers, receipts, newspapers and magazines. Commercially available stationary such as calendars, diaries and year planners, too.

There is something disruptive about artworks that turn their attention to the detritus of the everyday, especially when that

day has just passed. Yesterday's news seems so innocent. In James Joyce's *Ulysses*, Throwaway is the name of the horse that wins the Grand National on the day the action in the book takes place. It's also the word for an advertising flyer. *A sombre Y.M.C.A. young man, watchful among the warm sweet fumes of Graham Lemon's, placed a throwaway in a hand of Mr Bloom* — which is later crumpled, blows away, ends up in the river Liffey.³ In fact 'throwaway' crops up repeatedly throughout *Ulysses*, in various different guises, directing or interrupting the events of the day while remaining in itself a kind of empty, unrepresented, void.⁴

But what is held onto, what is shored up? In the works in this show there is an emphasis on material paraphernalia, the kind of litter that is slowly disappearing as we are more and more directed towards digital versions of everything — tickets, (invite) cards and almost all our correspondence. Like Dickinson's envelope writings, the works I have selected could generally be classified as 'hybrid' objects:

half object, half poem. Many are made from found material or are the result of failure — in the technology or in the materials used — or from the impulse to mend. Without engaging in nostalgia for these things, I hope this exhibition offers a resistance to the kind of obsessive hygiene that can result from eliminating the things that hang about, whether crumpled-up paper or accidental juxtapositions of printed text — chance operations that reveal unconscious truths about language and subjectivity.

SUSAN MORRIS



Susan Morris

A Memory of the Future, 2022

Paper and card

39.7 × 30.1 × 4 cm | 15.6 × 11.8 × 1.6 in

Anna Barham

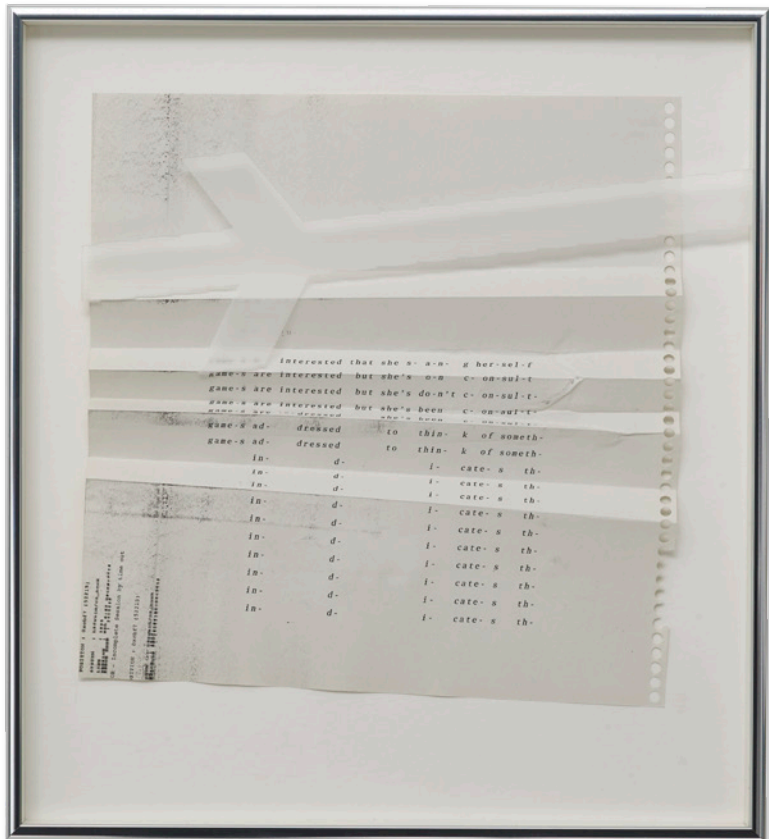
Anna Barham

s dark blank, a littlest song sang herself, 2021

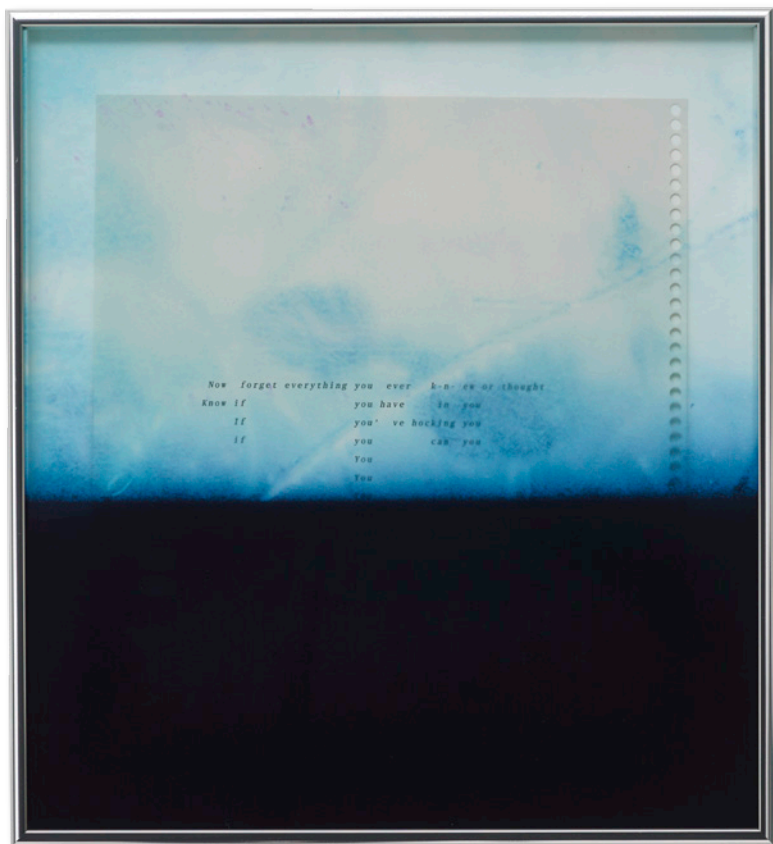
Ink on paper, plastic, engraved acrylic, aluminium frame

35.8 × 32.8 × 3.5 cm | 14.1 × 12.9 × 1.4 in

s dark bl- ank, a littlest song sang herself. And
s-ti- ll want to listen to the song-s yourself
s-ti- ll want to listen to the song-s yourself
s-ti- ll want to listen to the song-s yourself
don't want to listen to the song-s yourself
don't want to the song-s yourself
don't want to some to self
don't want to suck to self
did-n't want to suck some
did-n't want to suck some
did-n't want to suck some
did-n't want to suck some
sucks
sucks
s



Anna Barham
 came so interested that she sang herself, 2021
 Ink on paper, engraved acrylic, aluminium frame
 35.8 × 32.8 × 3.5 cm | 14.1 × 12.9 × 1.4 in



Anna Barham

Now forget everything you ever knew or thought, 2021 |

ink on paper, printed acrylic, aluminium frame

35.8 × 32.8 × 3.5 cm | 14.1 × 12.9 × 1.4 in

Florian Baudrexel

Florian Baudrexel

Untitled, 2022

Printed cardboard, wood, acrylic glass box

40.8 × 40.8 × 11 cm | 16.1 × 16.1 × 4.3 in



Florian Baudrexel

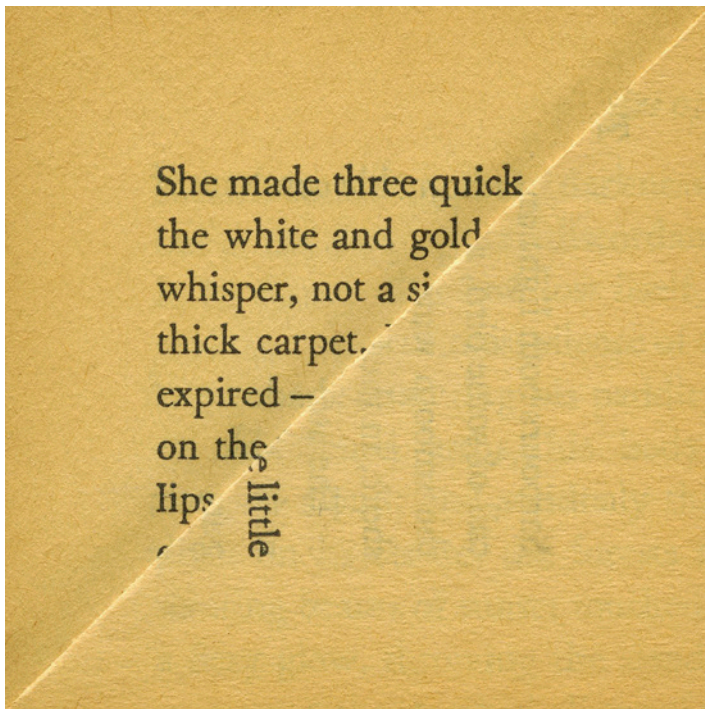
Untitled, 2022

Printed cardboard, wood, acrylic glass box

40.8 × 40.8 × 11 cm | 16.1 × 16.1 × 4.3 in



Erica Baum



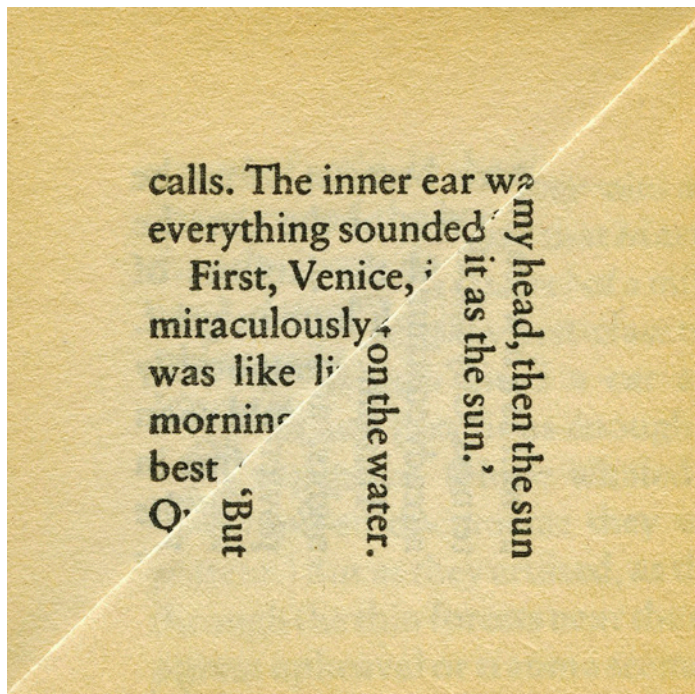
Erica Baum

Wishes (Dog Ear), 2014

Archival pigment print

Edition 1 of 6 + II AP

22.9 × 22.9 cm | 9 × 9 in



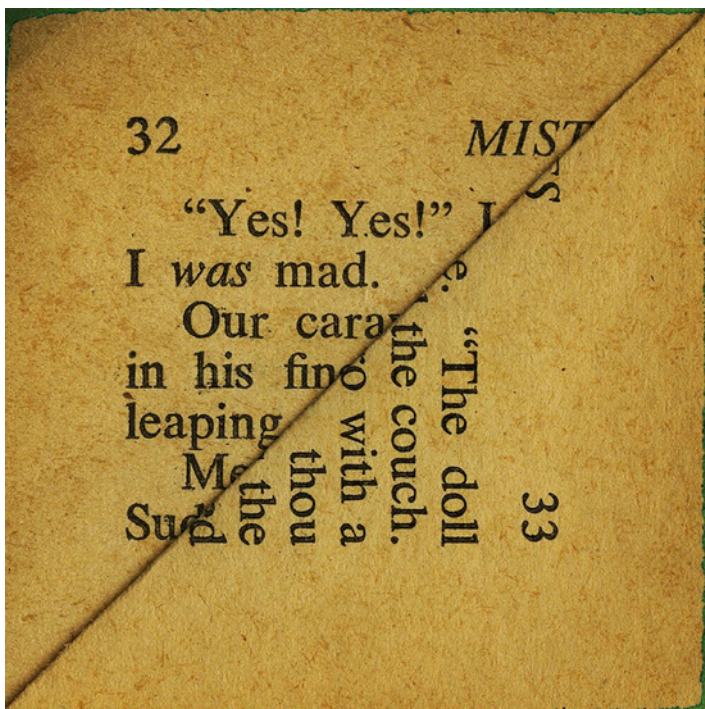
Erica Baum

Venice (Dog Ear), 2014

Archival pigment print

Edition 1 of 6 + II AP

22.9 × 22.9 cm | 9 × 9 in



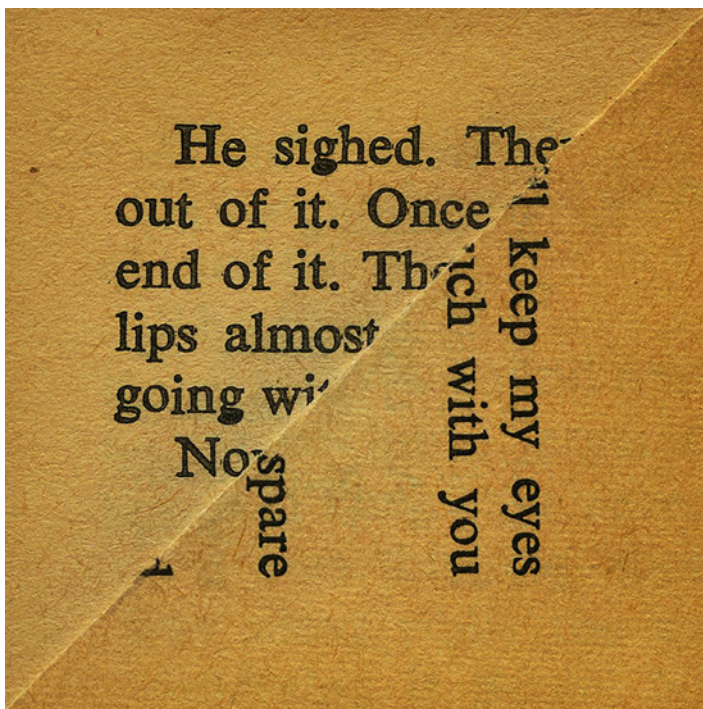
Erica Baum

Mad(Dog Ear), 2009

Archival pigment print

Edition 1 of 6 + II AP

22.9 × 22.9 cm | 9 × 9 in



Erica Baum

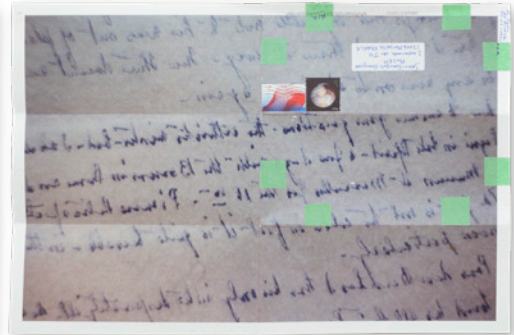
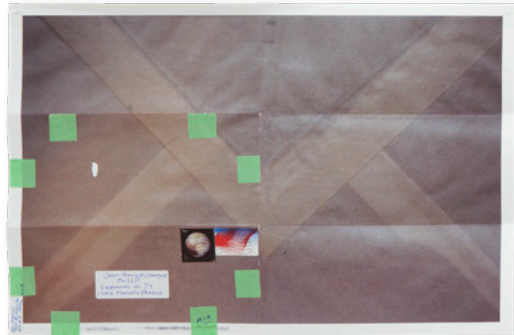
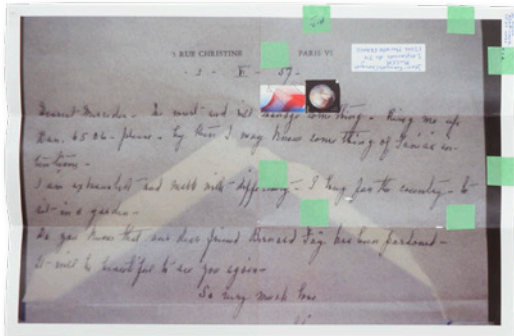
Spare (Dog Ear), 2009

Archival pigment print

Edition 1 of 6 + II AP

22.9 × 22.9 cm | 9 × 9 in

Moyra Davey

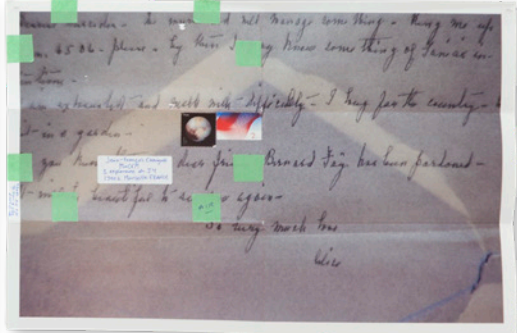
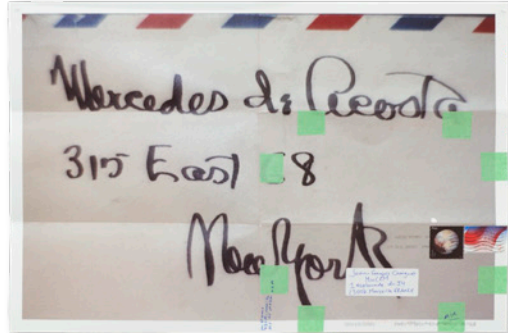
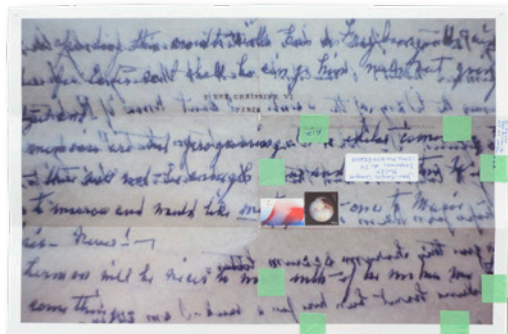


Moyra Davey

Endless Love, 2017

Eight C-Prints, tape, postage and ink

63.6 x 188 cm | 25 x 74 in



AIR

15 Chouquet
n 54
le FRANCE



00110-0001

Jean-François
Mucet
1 esplanade d
13002 Marseille

M. Dany
300 Allevard
NY NY 10032

M. G. M.

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Tacita Dean



Tacita Dean

The great god Pan is dead, 2021

Collage on vintage index card

10.2 × 15.2 cm | 4 × 6 in



Tacita Dean

Pan (not in evidence), 2021

Collage on vintage index card

10.2 × 15.2 cm | 4 × 6 in



Tacita Dean

Panselinos, 2021

Collage on vintage index card

10.2 × 15.2 cm | 4 × 6 in



Tacita Dean

Pan (rhubarb), 2021

Collage on vintage index card

10.2 × 15.2 cm | 4 × 6 in

Mathew Hale

Mathew Hale

The Origin of the Work, 2018 - 2022

Printed and cut paper collage, pencil, silver pen, tag and cotton string

22 × 22 × 0.7 cm | 8.7 × 8.7 × 0.3 in

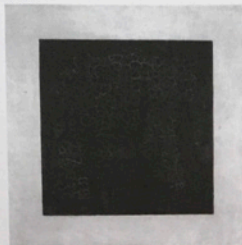
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Figs. 6, 7



Mehretu has wielded a macroscale and
through individualism is exemplified by her
long view of the world. She also had her
own brand of modernism.

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not for sport.

Mehretu said
that came into
terror that you
face, and I feel
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Under
genitals



NARLINGTON SC



triangle



Malcolm
Contradicted by
one of his ~~two~~
daughters at
his own
funeral.



Mathew Hale

"May the 6th, 2023" (Page 61 of TWO MIRIAMs & THEIR MOTHER), 1992 – 2022

Printed, typed and cut paper collage, acrylic paint

45.7 × 45.7 × 5 cm | 18 × 18 × 2 in

It was later when
the summer went
than when the
Cricket came.
And set me then
that gentle Clock
meant nought but
going Home.

It was sooner when
the Cricket went
than when the
Winter came
but that pa-
thetic pendulum
keeps
esoteric
time

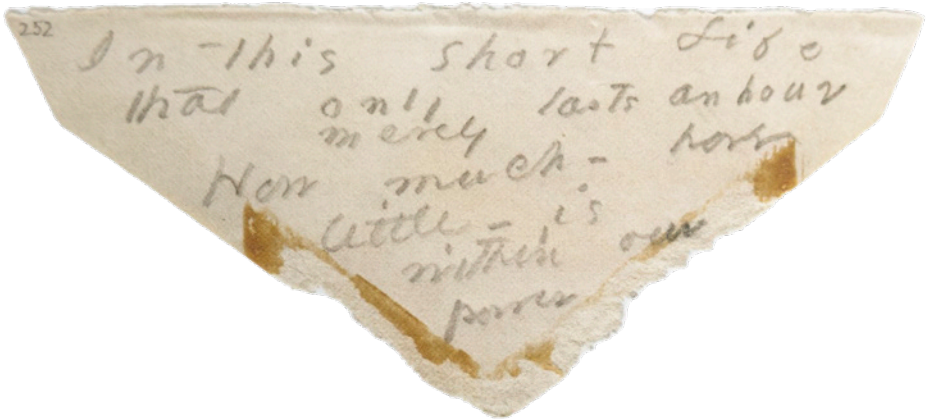
FOLDS

One of the most striking things about Emily Dickinson's envelope poems is the way in which the shape of the support helps to decide the shape of the text. To make the poem on the left, dated 1873, an envelope was carefully unfolded, and a scalpel was used to incise a rectangle, a little bit of paper left dangling from a corner. The paper surface was turned to a 45° angle on a wooden lap desk and only then did Dickinson begin to write, allowing the interventions to determine where each line started as well as the spaces between words. The envelope's shape even impacted on the integrity of words. 'And yet we know / that gentle clock / Meant nought / but / going home.' When it reaches the incision, the word 'meant' is cut in two: 'me – ant'. A small violence is inflicted on meaning, invisible when the poem is reproduced in print. Likewise, 'Esoteric time', with which the poem ends, is also time out of joint: 'tim / e'.

It would be interesting to know how much Dickinson improvised, if she knew what she was going to write before putting pencil to paper. Did a crease, fold or cut change the content of the poem as she wrote? Was the line 'going home' written next to the incision to suggest that home was, for Dickinson, something akin to an absence, a void, a cut? Or did the poem take shape in her mind and according to the characteristics of the support, only then to be written down? I would hazard that she used the envelopes as constraints, which, paradoxically perhaps, gave her the freedom to improvise. This helps to account for why, when a word gets close to an edge or corner, letters are sometimes twisted out of shape, bunched up, or forced down a line. The problem Dickinson faced was not only how to end but how to continue.

The folds used to make an envelope typically take the form of a rhombus, a short arm cross, or a kite. In Dickinson's poems these structures were sliced or steamed apart, gently pulled out of shape, flattened, and cut. While the support she chose to write on can make the poems look throwaway, unspoken for, like flotsam and jetsam, as if she had just picked up any old scrap of paper and decided to write on it ('scrap' is a word often used to describe these poems), the artist Jen Bervin was right when she observed just how deliberate and meticulous the preparatory process was. 'What looks simple, simply is not.'¹ The surface of Dickinson's lap desk, now at Amherst College Library, 'is positively riddled with myriad fine cuts.'² Envelopes were treated like specimens in a natural history museum, dissected and decomposed, then carefully stored in a draw.

The envelope poems are at once deeply personal and anonymous. To read them is to be invited into an intimate paper world usually reserved for the recipient of a love letter. I have only ever seen them in facsimile, but it is easy to imagine how delicate they would feel in the hand, how the smaller fragments would ask to be held in the palm, as might a bird, or a butterfly. This intimacy is belied by a sense of distance or detachment, a common experience when reading Dickinson. It is unclear for whom they were written – a prolific writer, she published only ten poems in her lifetime, all anonymously – and while Dickinson uses words to become her own observer, she does so in an elliptical, almost encrypted way. Even when you get this close you never really feel like you know her. That the poems were written on the surface of envelopes adds to this affect: meaning would usually be concealed within an envelope and not without, which suggests that a surface reading, where your eye just follows the shape of the letter, could be as appropriate as a search for deeper meaning.



As the envelope poems intimate, Dickinson wrote many letters: at least 1150. Only one half of the correspondence survives, because Lavinia Dickinson, following her sister's wishes, burnt the other half after her death in 1886. Few copies of Dickinson's own epistles exist, and the ones that do were victims of 'scissored deletions',³ as one of her biographers put it. Details were literally cut out by Lavinia to protect her sister's privacy. Most obscure are the three 'Master letters', which were addressed to the Master, who Dickinson never names. These letters are unusual for adopting a tone both passionate and pleading. Nobody knows who the Master was, or indeed if the Master ever existed. Was the Master a lover, an omnipotent object, like God or the Devil, an alter-ego? We will never know. What matters, though, is that for Dickinson the process of writing needed an addressee – in phantasy or in reality – with which to commune. Though she worked alone, within the confines of her bedroom, often at night, the epistolary form facilitated that process,

Western Union Telegraph Co.

WILLIAM ORTON, Pres't.

No. _____

Charges _____

Since I have been
I gave him leave
to live
for gratitude
revive the snake
thought you
my - his
reprieve
I gave him leave
to live
for gratitude
revive the snake
thought you
my - his
reprieve

in both her internal and external worlds. We never write to no one; a letter always has an addressee, even when it doesn't.

In the digital era, it would be easy to lend the envelopes a nostalgic character they were unlikely to possess. The historian James Ward has described how it was only after 1840, with the invention of machines able to tessellate, cut, fold, and press sheets of paper, that envelopes were commonly used when sending letters.⁴ Until then the page was simply folded in half. When Dickinson was working on her poems, machine-made envelopes were current; the stationary was modern, not nostalgic. Her decision to write on envelopes was due to her 'New England thrift,'⁵ as Bervin noted, and to her pragmatism. We know that the envelopes she used were produced by machines because of details such as the bands of gum mechanically applied on the sealing flap, which replaced the wax seals used in the first half of the nineteenth century, when envelopes were still handmade. Others were embossed by a machine, and, as in the first example above, you can sometimes make out the presence of a grid in the sheet, which shows that the format of the page was predetermined, printed to be turned into a standard sized envelope. Dickinson's handwriting is constrained and enabled by the grid, and enters into tension with it. Strokes, swashes, finials, Cs curling into the open counter, all remind you that handwriting is first a form of patternmaking, only later pressed into the service of meaning. One contemporary described her writing beautifully as 'the fossil-tracks of birds.'⁶

Paper and letter-writing were not as cheap as one might think, moreover. Born in 1830, as a teenager it would have cost Dickinson 20 cents, or roughly \$6 in

today's money, to send a letter that travelled more than 150 miles by railroad.⁷ In the 1840s, American citizens turned to cheaper private carriers, which almost put the Post Office out of business. Congress responded by subsidising the postal service, which in 1845 slashed letter postage to 10 cents, depending on the distance travelled. This decision was practical but also ideological, aimed at integrating the United States through the establishment of post routes that connected western and southern territories, the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. The railway network used to deliver post and other goods was responsible for the standardisation of time across America.⁸ Until 1883, time was measured according to the movements of the sun, maintained by a public clock; powerful rail companies put paid to these natural cycles and their local expressions in the name of accuracy and efficiency. Standard time, then known as 'Railroad and Telegraph Time', was resisted by meteorologists, who thought it inaccurate and artificial. Time was indeed out of joint.

In 1863, postal prices were standardised at 3 cents per half ounce. 1863 also marked the first time letters were delivered to the home; unless they were carried on horseback, a mode of transport still cheaper and faster than stagecoaches or trains, Dickinson would have needed to walk to the local post office to send or receive letters.

The time such journeys took were factored into the letters Dickinson wrote. Knowing that you need to wait changes what you write. This is true of all forms of communication, where, as a rule, the less time a message takes to reach its recipient the more compressed it is. Time shapes space. Dickinson was keenly aware of this.

What struck her most about the telegraph, a technology invented in 1837 and implemented over the course of the mid-nineteenth century, was its ability to transcend time and space, to make information almost instantly available, so making messages shorter. “I see Thee” Each responded straight / Through Telegraphic Signs,⁹ goes one poem. ‘The Ropes – above our Head’ are always ‘Continual – with the News,’¹⁰ goes another. One envelope poem was drafted on yellow telegraph paper, which bears the heading: ‘Western Union Telegraph Co.’

Like the railroads used to deliver post, telegraphs were seen to symbolise the union of the country. Dickinson wrote the earliest envelope poem in 1864, at the height of the Civil War. Amhurst, a town in Massachusetts, lost many men conscripted to fight for the Union, and the war corresponded with Dickinson’s most productive period as a poet. The myth that Dickinson was not implicated or aware of the goings-on in the world around her has long been put to rest.



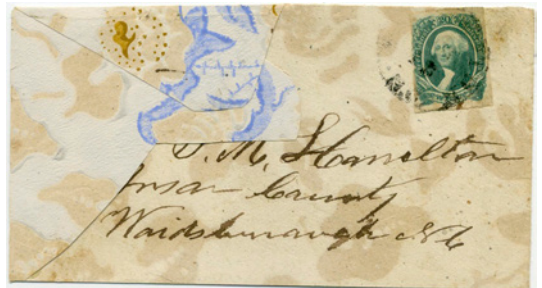
The Civil War impacted letter writing in a particular way. In the mid-1860s, blockades were enforced by Unionists and their European allies, designed to cut off the confederate South from trade and resources. This led to rising costs and to a scarcity of writing materials, envelopes in particular; the machines needed to make them only operated in the industrialised North. Women were compelled to handmake envelopes using other materials, such as wallpaper, maps, marine charts, song sheets, invoices, or train and ship schedules. Philatelists know these envelopes as ‘adversity covers’ because of the difficult conditions under which they were made.

In 1885, one Miss Anna Simpson of Pendleton, South Carolina, described how she made these envelopes during the war and the materials she wrote with:

A favorite night’s employment was found in making envelopes. No bits of white paper suitable for writing with pen and ink could be wasted on envelopes. Thus it happened that wall paper and sheets with pictures on one side, taken from ‘United States Explorations,’ served to make envelopes, neat enough. These we stuck together with gum from peach trees. Ink was made from oak balls and green persimmons, with rusty nails, instead of copperas, to deepen the color. The noisy goose supplied our pens.¹¹

Such resourcefulness was widespread. Patricia Kauffman, a leading authority on Confederacy letters, has recounted how, towards the end of the war, the adhesive quality of gum on stamps deteriorated. The problem was solved by using needle and thread to fasten the

stamps to covers. Adversity covers were also washed and reused. 'Charlotte says be sure to wash this envelope & send it back', reads one such letter. 'We have a mania for economy just now as you perceive.'¹² Kauffman compared these practices to the famous scene in *Gone With the Wind* where Scarlett O'Hara makes a dress out of a green velvet curtain.



The adversity covers were born out of hardship, if not abjection. Yet, like Dickinson's envelope poems, they reveal an aesthetic sensibility. Mostly the wallpaper was reversed so that the blank side could be used for writing on, but there are rarer examples in which the wallpaper design is on the outside of the envelope, where its decorative aspect is more pronounced. The pleasure and surprise felt when finding coloured pattern on the surface

242
As there are
apartments in our
own minds that -
we never enter
without apology -
we should respect
the souls of
others.

of an envelope or in its pocket is easy to imagine. This may explain why, to my eyes at least, the adversity covers always look like love letters (envelopes made with care have a particular resonance, at once emotional, psychic and bodily). There is in fact one example made of floral wallpaper, owned by Kauffman, which did contain a love letter, together with a small pressed fern leaf that plays, unconsciously perhaps, on the relationship between folds and foliations.

‘As there are / Apartments in our / own Minds that – / we never enter / without Apology – / we should respect / the seals / of others’, wrote Dickinson in one envelope poem, in the last decade of her life. There are no doubt many such apartments whose doors will be forever closed to us, and that is as it should be. When Dickinson died her death certificate listed her occupation as ‘at home.’¹³ It may be more than a matter of chance that, in the mid-nineteenth century, at the same time that the bourgeois domestic interior became a private refuge from the outside world, the mass-produced envelope should have privatised the letter.

Dickinson’s envelope poems play upon and invert these tropes, turning them inside out and outside in. Likewise the adversity covers. Wallpaper covered the walls of rooms or apartments in the privacy of the home, providing them with an internal envelope. A room was also an interior whose own exterior could be cut, pinched, creased, and folded into an envelope. ‘The Inner – paints the Outer – / The Brush without the Hand,’ to borrow Dickinson’s words from another set of poems. Though she was writing under different constraints, the adversity covers help us to see that the epistolary form Dickinson adopted was itself a fold – a fold in history, a fold within a fold, so to speak.

It takes a certain kind of sensibility to make such things, to feel free to repurpose materials as the means to communicate with others. A modernist paradigm is found in the figure of the ragpicker, who has long been connected to the modern poet.¹⁴ Finding value in detritus, the historical leftover, what gets cast out or abjected, all of this matters, and not only to poets. As many in this exhibition show, artists can be ragpickers, too, revealing the same wish to salvage, the same mania for economy. After all, the envelope poems are visual things concerned with shape and pattern as much as they are textual things. Processes of unfolding and cutting were as important to the composition of the poems as writing, and the experience of reading them hinges on how the support is held in the hand, whether you decide to turn a poem over, or around – they can be read in many ways.

Yet, like their Southern counterparts, Dickinson's envelope poems offer a different paradigm with which to think the modern, quite unlike the ragpicker. Patternmaking is as important as form, continuity as discontinuity. What counts is not only the fragment in its relation to an imagined whole or totality – melancholically held to be lost – but rather the fold, a figure of topology which, like the crease that secures it, opens up distinctions between the private and public, the interior life and the exterior one, the sensible and the intelligible.

RYE DAG HOLMBOE

Stefana McClure

Stefana McClure

Brahms: A German Requiem, 2016

Cut printed paper

39 cm circumference | 15.4 in circumference



Stefana McClure

Dragonball: a manga by Akira Toriyama, 2009

Cut printed paper

28 cm circumference | 11 in circumference



Susan Morris



Susan Morris

Plumb Line Drawing no.15 (Snow White/Spirit Level), 2010

Pure pigment (Sinopia) on paper in perspex box, erasure debris

26 × 21 × 154 cm | 10.2 × 8.3 × 60.6 in





Susan Morris

Tickets to and From my Analyst, 2003

Bus tickets, bespoke plinth and perspex box

141 × 26 × 26 cm | 55.5 × 10.2 × 10.2 in



Matt Mullican

Matt Mullican

Untitled, (Representing the Work 1973 - 2022), 2022

Gesso, paper, glue and pencil on cotton sheet

260 × 153 cm | 102.4 × 60.2 in

1. The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold. It was a sharp, biting cold that seemed to penetrate my bones. I shivered as I walked towards the building, my hands tucked into my pockets. The air was thick with the scent of old books and the faint, distant hum of the city.

2. As I entered the room, I was greeted by a warm, golden light that seemed to emanate from the walls. The air was thick with the scent of old books and the faint, distant hum of the city. I took a deep breath, feeling a sense of peace and tranquility that I had never experienced before.

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8. As I entered the room, I was greeted by a warm, golden light that seemed to emanate from the walls. The air was thick with the scent of old books and the faint, distant hum of the city. I took a deep breath, feeling a sense of peace and tranquility that I had never experienced before.

9. The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold. It was a sharp, biting cold that seemed to penetrate my bones. I shivered as I walked towards the building, my hands tucked into my pockets. The air was thick with the scent of old books and the faint, distant hum of the city.

10. As I entered the room, I was greeted by a warm, golden light that seemed to emanate from the walls. The air was thick with the scent of old books and the faint, distant hum of the city. I took a deep breath, feeling a sense of peace and tranquility that I had never experienced before.

11. The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold. It was a sharp, biting cold that seemed to penetrate my bones. I shivered as I walked towards the building, my hands tucked into my pockets. The air was thick with the scent of old books and the faint, distant hum of the city.

12. As I entered the room, I was greeted by a warm, golden light that seemed to emanate from the walls. The air was thick with the scent of old books and the faint, distant hum of the city. I took a deep breath, feeling a sense of peace and tranquility that I had never experienced before.

9
 Traveling to a large city
 Her sons graduation
 Taking a photograph
 Reading a book in the study
 Her husband's current income
 Dropping a dish - watching it break
 Kissing her husband
 The day's seemed to be going by
 Fast!
 Having trouble breathing
 The new living room furniture
 The sidewalk around the corner
 Touching the wall
 Her father dies, sudden grief
 The backyard flooded during a
 heavy rain
 Looking at ~~other~~ self in the mirror
 Her sons marriage
 Brushing her teeth
 Starting a garden
 Her daughter's graduation
 The brother's graduation
~~under~~ door
 Summoning
 An itch in the lower part of
 her back.

10
 Her daughter's school in a foreign
 country
 Spending half the year at the ocean
 Looking at a photograph of herself
 as a child
 Being scared ~~to~~ to enter a dark
 room
 Having a grandchild
 Feeling older
 remembering schooldays
 A glass of water
 They have retired
 Their sons independence
 Teaching herself
 Cooking a "Hearty meal"
 forgetting her age
 Their house
 Going for a trip around the world
 Hair turning white
 Her daughter's marriage
 working at her desk
 Wondering where that person lives
 Being visited by her daughter-in-law's
 parents
 Noticing that the sky is a light
 shade of blue

Celia Pym

Celia Pym

Mended Ibuprofen Bag, 2022

Paper bag, wool and acrylic

26 × 18 × 18 cm | 10.2 × 7.1 × 7.1 in





Celia Pym

Mended Baguette Bag, 2022

Paper bag, wool and linen

31 × 13 × 8 cm | 12.2 × 5.1 × 3.1 in

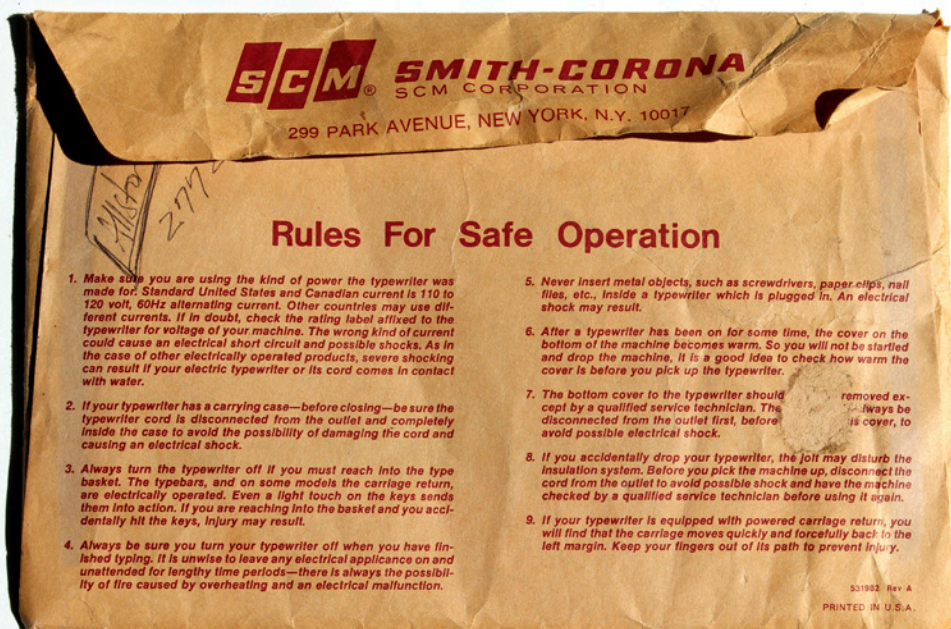


Celia Pym

Mended Parsley Bag, 2022

Paper bag, mohair, paper yarn and cotton

20 × 20 × 9 cm | 7.9 × 7.9 × 3.5 in



Dear Customer,

Congratulations! As an owner of a new Smith-Corona typewriter, you will experience a new feeling of confidence in all of your typing. Typing ease, speed, and convenience will be realized as you become familiar with your typewriter.

This envelope has been provided as a handy reference packet to conveniently hold and protect all papers, instructions, and receipts pertaining to your typewriter. Printed on the outside of this envelope are your Warranty statement and, on the reverse side, Rules For Safe Operation. Please read them carefully.

Inside this envelope is your Owner's Manual which contains operating instructions, care and cleaning guidelines, and servicing information. Please read through your Manual before using your typewriter to become familiar with all the features. Should your typewriter require servicing, check the Service Points insert inside this envelope for the point nearest you.

We hope you enjoy your new typewriter for many years to come!

Smith-Corona

The following serial number and model prefix information should be recorded here and in another safe place and retained for your records. Record it for use in ordering supplies and accessories and for identification in case of theft.

6 LEA
model prefix
4/24/58
date of sale

56036
serial number

Coro 51
type 01
45-AB 1063
D/F 0
P/F 117

The model prefix and serial number are stamped under the cover, to the left of the typebars, and can be seen inside the machine without removing the cover. On Coronet models, the serial number is stamped on the bottom of the typewriter on the right side. The model prefix is the first number and two or three letters (depending on model) preceding the serial number.

WARRANTY

Full 90 Day Warranty

SCM Corporation warrants this typewriter to be free from defects in material and workmanship. If this typewriter needs service during the first 90 days from the date of purchase, take it to one of the Smith-Corona Service locations listed on the insert in this envelope. SCM will repair the typewriter and replace defective parts. Be prepared to show proof of date of purchase.

Limited 5 Year Parts Warranty

Following the first 90 days from the date of purchase and thereafter until 5 years from the date of purchase, SCM will replace any part that proves defective at no charge for the part but with the standard charge for labor and the cost of transportation.

Limited 1 Year Rubber Parts Warranty

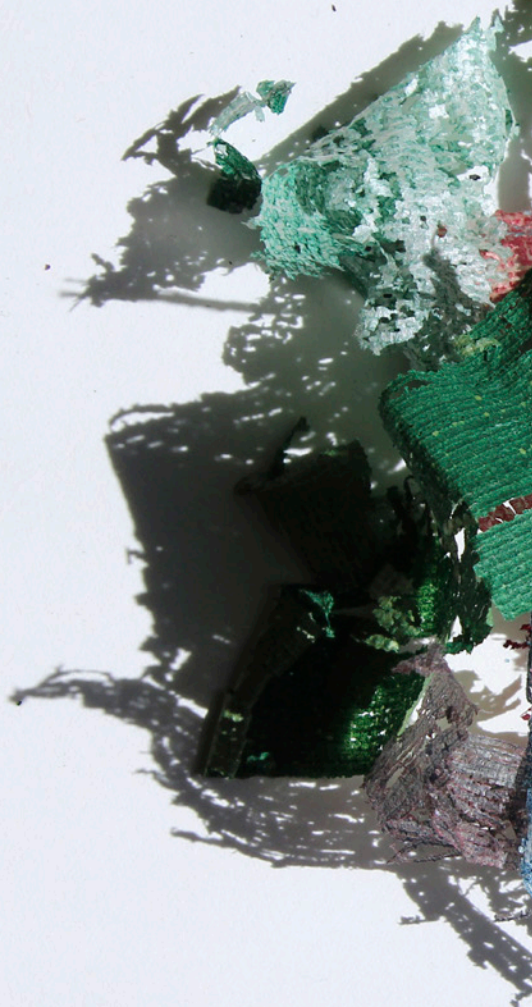
Following the first 90 days from the date of purchase and thereafter until 1 year from the date of purchase, SCM will replace platens and other rubber parts which naturally deteriorate with age at no charge for the part but with the standard charge for labor and the cost of transportation.

General Provisions

This warranty applies in the United States only. It does not cover accident, neglect, misuse or abuse, nor does it cover ribbon replacement or cleaning of the typewriter.

This warranty gives you specific legal rights, and you may also have other rights which vary from state to state.

SMITH-CORONA
SCM CORPORATION
831 James Street
Syracuse, New York 13203



Allyson Strafella

after, 2000 - 2022

Typed marks on Abaca and carbon paper

Size variable



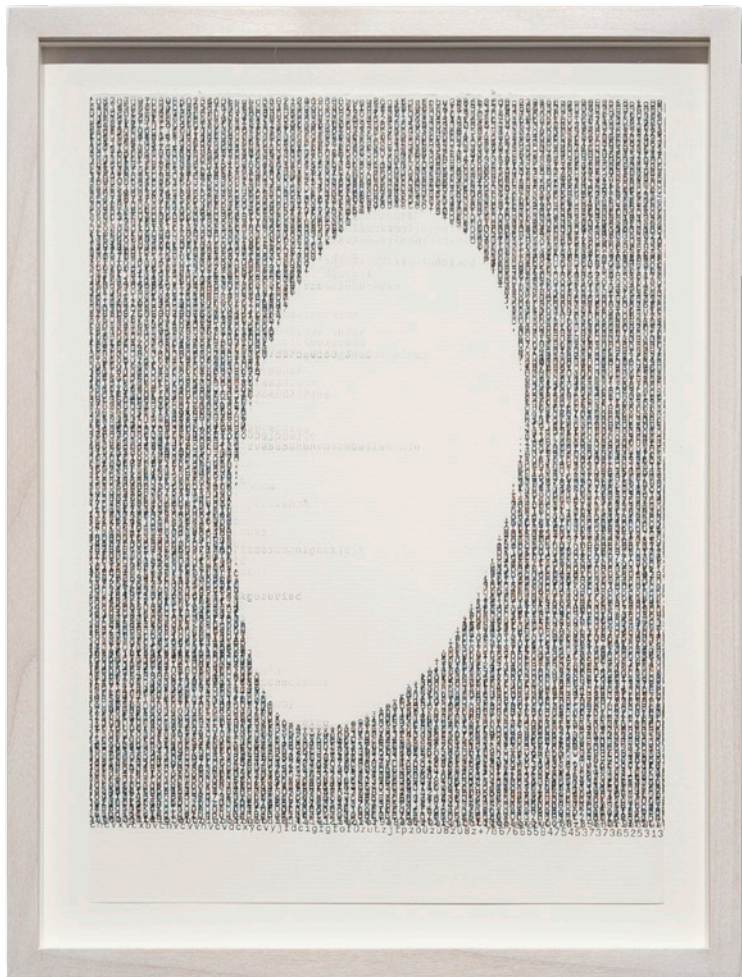
Ignacio Uriarte

Ignacio Uriarte

Untitled, 2022

Typewriter on paper

21 × 29.7 cm | 8.3 × 11.7 in



Charlotte Zinsser

Charlotte Zinsser

LUCKY, 2021

Gesso and collage on found lottery tickets

38 × 10 cm | 15 × 4 in

Lucky



Lucky

Lucky

Lucky





Charlotte Zinsser

EGO, 2021

Marker on found paper

8.5 × 11.8 cm | 3.2 × 4.6 in

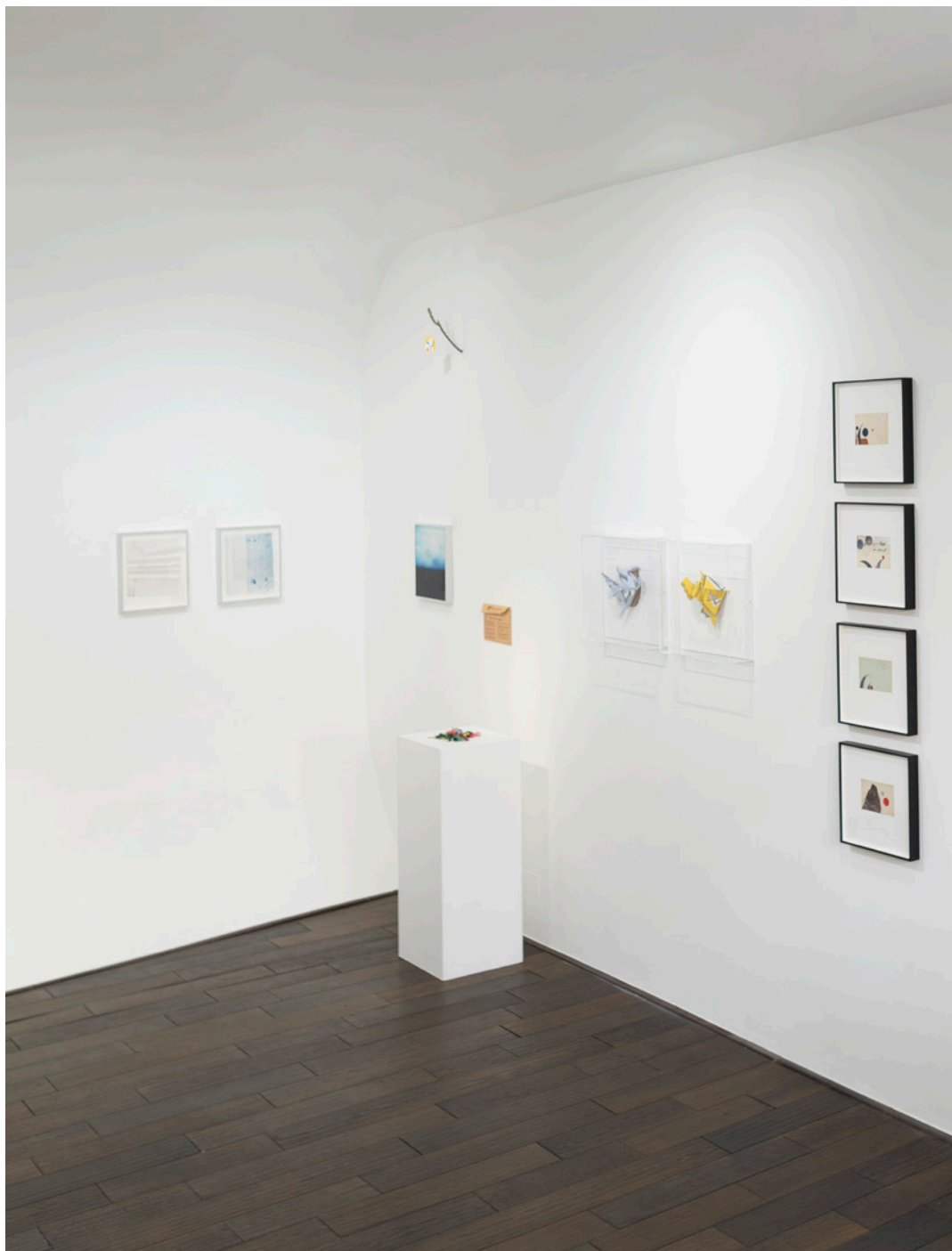


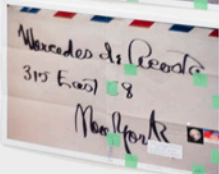
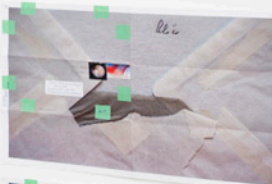
Charlotte Zinsser

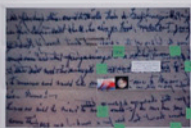
FAIRNESS, 2021

Marker on found paper

21.5 × 15 cm | 8.4 × 5.9 in















Anna Barham (British, b. 1974)

Lives and works in London

Courtesy Arcade, London

Florian Baudrexel (German, b. 1968)

Lives and works in Berlin

Courtesy Linn Lühn, Düsseldorf

Erica Baum (American, b. 1961)

Lives and works in New York

Courtesy Galerie Crèvecœur, Paris

Moyra Davey (Canadian, b. 1958)

Lives and works in New York

Courtesy greengrassi, London

Tacita Dean (British/German, b. 1965)

Lives and works in Berlin and Los Angeles

Courtesy Marian Goodman Gallery, Paris

Mathew Hale (British/German, b. 1958)

Lives and works in Berlin and Los Angeles

Stefana McClure (British, b. 1959)

Lives and works in Newburgh, NY

Susan Morris (British, b. 1962)

Lives and works in London

Matt Mullican (American, b. 1951)

Lives and works in Berlin and New York

Courtesy Mai 36, Zürich

Celia Pym (British/American, b. 1978)

Lives and works in London

Allyson Strafella (American, b. 1969)

Lives and works in Hudson, NY

Ignacio Uriarte (German, b. 1972)

Lives and works in Berlin and Valencia

Courtesy Philipp von Rosen, Cologne

Charlotte Zinsser (American, b. 1999)

Lives and works in Brooklyn, NY

Endnotes

Susan Morris: *Gorgeous Nothings*

1 Susan Howe, 'These Flames and Generosities of the Heart: Emily Dickinson and the Illogic of Sumptuary Values,' *The Birth-mark: Unsettling the Wilderness in American History*, Wesleyan University Press, 1993, 141.

2 Mel Bochner, *Working Drawings and Other Visible Things on Paper Not Necessarily Meant to be Viewed as Art*, Walter König, Köln, 1997

3 James Joyce, *Ulysses*, Oxford University Press, 1998, 144.

4 Geoff Ward, 'Throwaway: Joyce's Heroic Inutility', *Re: Joyce. Text. Culture. Politics*, Palgrave Macmillan, 1998, 146-160

Rye Dag Holmboe: *Fold*

1 Jane Bervin, 'Studies in Scale' in: eds. Marta Werner & Jen Bervin, *Emily Dickinson: The Gorgeous Nothings*, Christine Burgin / New Directions, New York, 2013, 8.

2 Bervin, 'Studies in Scale', 9.

3 Alfred Habegger, *My Wars Are Laid Away in Books*, Penguin, London, 2002, 436. See also Hillary Kelly, 'Master Narrative: Who Did Emily Dickinson Write Her Love Letters To?', *Los Angeles Review of Books*, July 22, 2012.

4 James Ward, *Adventures in Stationary: A Journey Through Your Pencil Case*, Profile Books, 2014.

5 Bervin, 'Studies in Scale', 11.

6 Thomas Wentworth Higginson, cited in: *The Gorgeous Nothings*, 12.

7 See Winifred Gallagher, 'A Brief History of the United States Postal Service', *Smithsonian Magazine*, October 2020.

<https://www.smithsonianmag.com/smithsonian-institution/brief-history-united-states-postal-service-180975627/>
See also Boyce Upholt, 'The Tumultuous History of the U.S. Postal Service – And its Constant Fight for Survival', *National Geographic*, May 2020.

<https://www.nationalgeographic.com/history/article/tumultuous-history-united-states-postal-service-constant-fight-survival>

8 See Chapter 4 of Alexis McCrossen, *Marking Modern Times: A History of Clocks, Watches, and Other Time Keepers in American Life*, University of Chicago Press, Chicago and London, 2013.

9 Dickinson, cited in: Jerusha Hull McCormack, 'Domesticating Delphi: Emily Dickinson and the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph', *American Quarterly*, volume 55, no.4, December 2023, 574.

10 Dickinson, cited in McCormack, 'Domesticating Delphi', 574.

11 Patricia A. Kauffman, 'Resilience in Hard Times: Adversity Covers' in *Stamp Collectors Quarterly*, issue no.12, np.

12 Kauffman, 'Resilience in Hard Times', np.

13 Martha Ackmann, *These Fevered Days: Ten Pivotal Moments in the Making of Emily Dickinson*, W. W. Norton & Company, New York, 2020, xiii.

14 The most well-known example is Walter Benjamin's essay on Charles Baudelaire.

Susan Morris
Expenditure II, 2012
Folded paper
Dimensions variable



Published on the occasion of:

The Gorgeous Nothings

Curated by Susan Morris

October 6 - November 2, 2022

Photocredits

Anna Barham: Andy Keate

Tacita Dean: Alex Yudzon

Susan Morris: George Kraniotis

Celia Pym: Michele Panzeri

Allyson Strafella: Maximilian Goldfarb

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Daniela & Niklas von Bartha

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