

Georgia Sagri

Greetings from the Mouth

28/2- 9/3/2013, opening 28/2, 7pm

Each of us have exhausted their mouth at some moment. Each of us have been repulsed to appear in some group photograph, on a plane of chemical prints, on a repulsively made, strategically good-looking advertisement. If for so long the effort was free market now it is about the liberation of the object itself, its liberation from labor, production, symbolic and use value. Well, in order for this to happen there is a need for each sentiment of each and every step of the object's creation and consumption to be eliminated and any possibility for us to feel sad about the object is a pretty bad idea. This goes along with the huge increase of the humanitarian sentiment. As we lose the love for the object and we develop a similar love for the human as that for the object, an arm from a pen has no difference and a smile's greeting is as warm as a nice cup of coffee on a clean table in the morning. I am here but I am not, my mouth and my arm are counting numbers of calculating financial prediction, kiss, love, air, breathing, my leg the extension of the dripping coffee machine, reminding me of a movie I saw ten years ago, again then will it be the movie or my mouth speaking? It doesn't matter. One more image stacked to the other images, life scenes, kind of words from the mouth, spellings as the leaves are falling.

The title comes from a Peter Heard's poem. Yes, the poet's real name will maintain covert, the wondering body of NY, what he always wanted to be, the poet, what else, the ill male poet. What else can a poet be but ill, romantically predictable and safe. It is what all the rest want from the poet to be, poor, male and ill and that's exactly what he is. And the poet continues to write on paper, although I believe words carry within themselves something more than signs on the page, words can save the object from its elimination, words enable monstrosity with a finer excuse than giving us straight humanity. The words, more importantly translate into figures, lines, shapes, lights, steps and give me strength because they transform constantly into something else- a thought, a pitch of a vocal chord, a touch, a chill- I do not forget these aspects which make me interested in words, these are weapons.

Some, while discussing all of these, will find a reason to complete nineties nihilistic looking banners for protests and for galleries. Others will decide to make heavy materialized backdrops for a performance, which is like saying: 'I want to sell some art with a pro-active context'. What is left then when you don't want to give the performative? Is there anything I can do with the gaze that sees through me, meaning the gaze that opens a hole sees through my stomach and stares at the wall behind me? What can you do with the informational knowledge, the commentary opinion, the like, the unfollow and the no future? I do need to find a name for trying not to give anything to anyone who is very sure they know what I do. The 'I' it's 'it' as well. The object and the subject distinction is not the basis to understand the world anymore for the same reason that it is not the basis for us to organize. Someone told me on a bus that I shouldn't get too upset because we are almost there to create the perfect society. I didn't reply, I thought my answer would become my own mouth.

G.S

Athens, 2013

Obertraustrasse 21 Haus 17
D-10963 Berlin
+49-(0)30-25 80 06 67
gallery@circusberlin.de
www.circusberlin.de

CIRCUS