

*Iris* is a *torso*. As you might have noticed there are endless versions of linear torsos throughout my work, hardly ever a full human body.

The body fragments, (head, hand, torso, legs) came into my work from the beginning together with the buildings fragments: the ruins, the Bauhaus fragments, the settlers units, the communes, the cities, the landscapes bits and pieces... the whole mapping thing.

At a certain point, in the 80's, there was in Frankfurt a big museum exhibition called – I think – *The Body and the Fragment*, and in it anything from ancient Greece to Pop... Rodin's *Iris* was there, and it was very striking in its being both a fragment and a whole unto itself. Needless to say; it was also a *chosen* fragment, not an historical beautiful accident.

Of course Rodin was not the first *to choose* a fragment, not in history and not in the FFM show, but of the many examples to what had become of the fragment once it was made a deliberate choice, the *Iris* sculpture was for me simply extraordinarily brilliant, perfect, captivating and enigmatic.

Wholeness of the partial, or vice versa has been a central issue in my extreme *linear/contoured* drawings, before I saw her. The question itself has almost always been a question of Sculpture, not of Painting or Drawing. I made of it a question of a line.

The main thing is the deep difference in conception of volume and envelope in drawing and in sculpture. (I say *this*, particular linear one, mine, completely devoid of shadowing) .

So I have been always preoccupied with my one-line 'objects'/'non-objects', until later they became traces of a real act, sorts of 'beings'??, or events?? Or how should I name these *whole-parts*, both planer-flat, and yet always attesting to 'real' volumes, tried on paper, learned by heart, executed blindfold?

*Iris* was no exception to my old tasks, except the additional sharp aspect of movement suggested in this fragment and the extremity of both skeletal (anatomical) and surface (material) tensions.

I studied the sculpture. I went to this museum and did round tour drawings (classical copies in different media; sanguine, pencils, chalks, water-colors etc', just to understand Rodin better). After that, I continued with my regular schedules: only contours, only one-line, correcting only from former drawing, abandoning anatomy, abandoning all former drawings, closing my eyes to perform her blindfold, once again, and then again and again, doing this or that aspect (angel) of the *infinite angles* composing *Iris* in my hand/memory/and own body.

As for *Iris* sexuality:

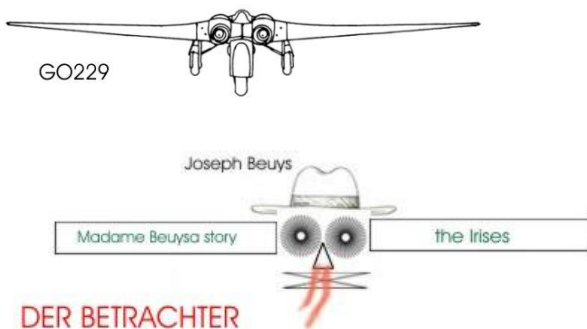
Of the many things Rodin and Balzac share, it is clear that erotics belongs with rhetoric long before it is any property of an object 'seen'; it is the act of the writer or the sculptor in and on the material, their 'touch' so to speak. I am devoted to this old notion of high Modernism, forever, probably, even with my dry, chalky, no sugar, no-fat, reduced and minimalized one-line creatures.

I think many of my blindfold *Iris* drawings (especially in the wall-work *Der Betrachter*, [look in the green book) often become a visage, a distorted one, the countenance of which often painful. I draw fast, so it is not planned or intended in any way; but so it appears.

Yes, I think I read the Diderot reference you mention, is it called: *The letter on the blind?*

*Iris, the non-perspective and repetition..*

Because I looked again, on DER BETRACHTER from 2002, (p.331) now with a considerable time distance, the first additional thoughts on my *Iris* are inseparable from what's going on in this particular piece, namely, how the multiple blindfold *Irises* that are here, on the right side of the wall-work, consist the right 'wing' of a sort of schematic *front view* of a 'Segelflugzeug', or rather the type of a World War B, double engine bomber – say - like the Bristol Beaufighter, or the Nazi Go229.



The 'engine' of *my* 'machine' is the huge caricature of a bleeding Joseph Beuys head, and the 'left wing' of which is the story of a dream on a conversation with an old Christian German Bäuerin – by her looks - a replica of Beuys, (I'll refer to her now as Madame Beuysa, o.k.,?) who driven by high moral converted after the war to Judaism, and then - back again to Christianity... (the story is my invention)

The story is on page 332.

The main thought on 'seeing', on 'sight', and the perspective issue, are dealt here (much like in *Susannas' Cities*) between text and drawings.

Obviously, *Der Betrachter*, is also the name of the work. And the work suggests at least 5 potential observers; (1)Mr. Joseph Beuys, (2) the Madame Beuysa, (3) her non-existing witnesses, (4) the narrator who listens to her (her only witness), (5) the all-seeing observer of the wall-work. Der Betrachter is also equally a German and Yiddish word, a name of a piece made by an Israeli, Hebrew speaker... In Yiddish, Der Betrachter was a socialist-Jewish newspaper in the 30's, But there's very little perspective growing from this multiple views.

In Madame Beuysa's moralist utopia one can correct the world with his/her body and soul, but the action is meaningless if it is not seen/staged/ acknowledged. She is like a defeated artist.