



CHARLIE SOFO, ()

Exhibition Dates: 5 September – 4 October 2014

Gertrude Contemporary and *ARTAND Australia*

Emerging Writers Program

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This catalogue has been produced as part of the Gertrude Contemporary and *ARTAND Australia* Emerging Writers Program. The Emerging Writers Program pairs four young writers with an experienced mentor each, culminating in the production of a catalogue essay for Gertrude Contemporary's Studio 12 exhibition program and a review to be published in *ARTAND Australia* magazine.

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This is not criticism (without a specific object, objects from photos, ‘as always’) this is not criticism, but a strange form of running of movement of movement therapy

a dangerous operation of turning the inside outside and I know how you like to feel light so sorry if this is heavy and leaky

object, without borders, we will try and keep this flexible, the diagnosis moving and I’ll bend my mind backwards (and we’ll run while writing)

run and we’re hot and sweaty, heavy and leaky.

And rough or smooth?

Charlie Sofo asks these questions silently around the corners of his neighbourhood. Or that’s what they all talk about, capital ‘P’ pleasure, used condoms marked on a map that clings to the corner, limbs and arms of a table, lube on a toilet-paper plinth, and give it to me right and the way I want, quick, jumping rhythms of zooming cats and neon strappy lacy shoes, wobbling. Moments gone and not remembered (too intense) but no scenes for viewing and sometimes I think I can really look on the other side of that screen

(you nearly let me inside).

and small adulterated sat-on used up expended expanded inflicted things objects residues anad traces slammed elegantly on the cool, sexy, shiny, embrace of glass.

Now let’s cool down

go for a swim

(a frame)

a swimming pool.

In the pool,

within the frame, more things come up to the surface (keep moving) pleasure is now contained within rectangles, now and sometimes weak and watered down (the risk of slipping) into ‘my charmed life’ the lines of ‘likes’, ‘makes me happy’,

and the ad-men will listen to the trams, the close cropped shots of friends’ faces and a voiceover I don’t think I can trust (there is no need to fear the medicine men anymore) no and they will listen to where pleasing is political and to ‘like’ is another form of anaesthetic.

Numb, bleary, medicated (and the packets of pills that sometimes surface) we use the rectangle as our friend (the screen, the photograph, the glass, the post, the map) to really forget what we are looking at (the steam from a coffee cup and condensed onto moving fingers) and sometimes the ‘work’ never happens.

Because there is so much pleasure in looking, in right angles, in being upright as the world rushes up and down and through my legs and the barrel of my camera up and down, click flash and flash flash flash, my body now slippery and smooth as a dolphin’s, teething, breaking the surface of the ocean, coming up for pleasure. Don’t flash blinding light, don’t damage the objects, harm the surroundings because a flash is a transaction between two things, like hands on the surface of a puddle and Charlie Sofo this is where your hand constantly hovers.

Transactions with the agents of the street that defy the order of the fences, borders, the ground that creaks, the modes of display that dwarf and undermine— for if there is a loop for this perpetual pleasure, enveloping, quick, sad, stained, minor, to repeat, a course for it to run, a place where it constantly makes itself

(the top of the stairs, in Autumn)

it is the site/sight of this small slight rupture and the rectangle you place around it.

opening is small enough to get an eye inside, a foot onto, where we’ve put our tongue, our finger, where we’ve left and crowned our cat. And this is where, after all this moving, I feel I can settle down, or at least sustain some sort of lingering and refuse to buy into that ‘pure moment of joy’. If/you pack up the pool and erect a fountain, ropes and ropes of water, excess, rupturing, and it is on the surface of that fountain, on the wet and throbbing ground, light and light, where I can slip from the outside in again, and the inside out, where the world, the street springs and falls back down, rendered rerouted reclaimed.