

failed.

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Chisenhale

**64 Chisenhale Road
London
E3 5QZ**



Buried deep in workshops, with no say or mention in the vastness of Art history, irrevocably lesser, could failed art still tell us about creation and process; matter?

Perhaps a leaning question, Failed yet lifts the veil and shame on these hidden yet essential artifacts.

On those unseen moments, where research stutters. When, lost in the vicissitudes of attempts, art remains a series of efforts.

With these rejects, pouring down labour, resistance and frustrations, 12 artists tackle the alluring figure of the genius, instead offering us the scribbles, the erasures dwelling within the processual dimension.

For digestive reasons, Art History often cobbled the artistic occupation and the flattering genial into synonyms.

Born gifted, impervious to doubt, shrouded in secrecy, we wish him failure-proof, so distant and above he no longer looms.

Only then 'we are exempt from competition'.

This fiction, contemporary neighbor of the schism between art and craft,

shrinks down the former to an endless striving for perfection which spreads throughout the Renaissance under Vasari's quilt.

Equalling art and production and production to an uninterrupted sequence of masterpieces, turns the artist into the hero he often paints and relocates creation with the divine.

Came Avant-Garde, where such axioms rely rather on collective acceptance than artistic statements.

Such mythos, arching back to early 20th century and Ernst Kris and Otto Kurz seems rooted in other fantasized biopics.

It would be integral to a human psyche craving epics and heroes.

Artists can't do no wrong.

Failures are misunderstandings, on our part; enduring ones, a curse from the blind, the jealous and talentless.

Even then, they avoid the anthropomorphic likeness: they're not us, profanes and gentiles, but anti-heroes, failing yes but daringly, with splendor we cannot but marvel at.

To challenge the pedestal is to break the curse into which it often morphs.

Stretching the ethos allows a glimpse into the latitudes of creation.

The new, or better put, original prism reconsiders art as research, artists as a sort of academics, their work as just that.



Jouni Airaksinen
'Perhaps, V3, 2015

Sadder, perhaps.

Yet only when allowing into view the scribble, snaps and clumsiness, atonement after denial, chance or forfeit, and the desperate failure,

Should we see them not as mistakes but structuring parts of his practice.

Global if imperfect, such stance reveals the entirety of the artistic gestation, pulling down creativity from illusory heights to the rumbling stomach.

Freeing creation liberates us from a posteriori, reconstructed linearity.

It calls for dialogue, both inwards and out and through which, we observe the journey, and crucially, movement.

Sometimes backward, sometimes forlorn, never static.

To see art as research allows to envision artworks as the manifestation of intent that is not, though essential, always sufficient.

Whether a crack or gaping hole, the distance between intent and realization permits experience, try, but also dislocation and failure.

Between the initial spark and completion, what's undertaken hobbles, concurrently, between two states not unlike a coin tossed in the leaden air.

In this endemic uncertainty creation reveals itself.

The act is, therefore, risking, daring, inviting failure to happen whereas the art object becomes the milestone of an artistic geography, mapping its bursts since inception.

It is the medium, the sum again, between the artist and his work, between his work and the world.

Though no medal, the Object yet signifies a syncretic movement and constitutes the very fabric of progress.

If all this stands, why not considering, at once, both her success and failures?

To question what she swept, to probe the discarded and where realization veered from might.

By accepting success as merely a failed failure, we evade the univocal, perhaps unfair, selection process from institutions.

By presenting us with only the successful yet fractional part of an artistic production, the trained and professional eye sure fulfills its mission.

Yet because historically significant works so defined History, and with their importance nearing fame, museums et al entertain the illusion that success is natural, the logical outcome of creation.

Instead, *failed* intends on representing the failure not as an ignored counterpoint to the chosen but a necessary steppingstone within the larger practice of the artist.



Petaar Versinof
'Thorns', V3

Throughout the exhibition, failures take on several meanings, all stemming from their creator. They

can be visible or not, internal or external, to do with form and concept or engineering.

Here, the distinctive feature lies in the capacity to question failure without first relying on critiques, curators or the public.

Parallel to the will to replace the artist within the human realm, dictating the status of an artwork appears to us as the artist's prerogative.

At its core, failed means to pass critical judgment in a didactic manner.

Pondering failure is to deconstruct fantasies embedded in our collective perception of creation.

To ask what failed is ultimately understanding what did not; grasping an artist's success standing on the thick bones of what he aborted.

Necessary and constitutive counterparts to the acclaimed, the failed one missed the mark sure but also drew the creator closer to it.

Rather than a history of the reasons, or the leaflet of excuses behind failure, the exhibition broadly asks about our own posture vis a vis Art.

Unshackled from institutional and social norms as Rothko wished us and his work to be, we are also released from the cultural dictat to see some.

Now, the artwork, its status isn't an overhanging finality but instead, an open confluence which must allow, in itself, the possibility to bar and drop.

And how to better stress the point than by gathering major artists recognized for being known, and whose works rotate and ornate the most important institutions?

The selection reflects how each artist intends on questioning the more general issues of place and role of artists today.

To them failure is the flames, fanning below, discouraging the fall.



Janine Antoni,
'Moore' V2, 2004