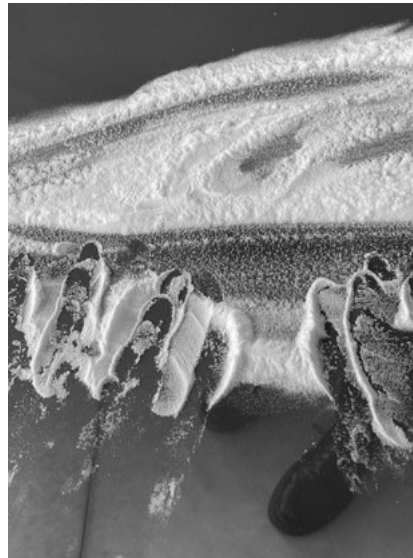




JASON DODGE  
COINS AND COFFINS  
UNDER MY BED  
May 15 - September 30, 2023  
Galleria Franco Noero  
Torino, Italy



Jason Dodge Coins and Coffins  
Under My Bed

The ingredients for this exhibition featured a lot of dead bees, small and smaller cut gems, and swaths of natron spread onto the surfaces of previously owned vitrines.

Gems I know. They come from the ground as rough rocks and are cut and polished into units of value. A succinct example of abstraction and the narrative that lends them their worth.

Bees are dying off, but have been around for eons, symbolise rather regal-like things, are organised, painful if encountered wrong, and create honey from their travels.

Natron. This powdery white vaguely crystalline substance was totally unknown.

In the line of time natron is a naturally occurring mineral harvested from dried lake beds in Egypt. The applied uses are immense, and sometimes spiritual: Metal crafting, antiseptic for cuts, mouth wash, ceramic and glass production, insecticide, and as the catalyst ingredient for a blue pigment used throughout

Egypt for paintings, sculpture, and clothing. The mineral was also used in mummification as a drying agent because it absorbs water.

So now we have MUMMY BEES.

Natron, in the present of now, is more casually known as baking soda.

The numerous vitrines in this exhibition (small and tall, long and round, glass and wood) originate from historical and fine-art museums. Each has their provenance labeled, and what they displayed before decommissioning towards Torino.

Arranged within the rooms of the gallery, like quiet structures on a silent plateau, spread out and minimal; diorama-like hallucinations unfold within each imported setting. A trilogy of items (bees, gems, natron) composing the internal thought-space of each vitrine.

The lights were always off, or at least that's how the space was remembered. A few sardine tins with small thin flashlights attached were plugged into a few of the available wall sockets.

Cruising through the space felt like floating, invisible. Like a ghost. Listening to things speak silently, in an inside-out kind of way.



Jason Dodge Coins and Coffins Under My Bed

## POPE FRANCIS FOR BALENCIAGA

An AI-generated 'Balenciaga pope' fooled us all. How much does it matter?

Look: The pope's clothes are almost always interesting. They're either surreal because they're arcane and generically holy (an old man traverses the world wearing a long robe and matching hat, like Gandalf) or because they're startlingly contemporary (the same old man also wears a Swatch watch). The very fact that his daily clothes and accoutrements have to be in keeping with sacred tradition can fascinate, too. His leather loafers should be red like martyrs' blood; the car he rides is often specially modified for him to stand up to greet the faithful who gather to see him.

So when a photo surfaced this weekend, just before the fifth Sunday of Lent, of Pope Francis in a long, white, trendy-looking puffer coat with his traditional pectoral cross and white zucchetto cap, it's not hard to imagine what happened next: People went wild. "OKAAYYY," wrote one Twitter user who shared the

image. "Ayo. Blessed be," wrote another. This particular puffer — gargantuan and gleaming, with a cinched waist and imposing oversize hood — landed in that slim Venn diagram sweet spot between "what the pope might actually, practically wear to keep warm on a cold day" and "what the wealthiest 26-year-olds are currently wearing around SoHo."

The image was completely fake. According to the fact-checking website Snopes, the image was created using the generative AI program Midjourney and later appeared on the subreddit r/Midjourney.

The coat, for anyone looking to Steal the Pontiff's Look, resembles Balenciaga's \$3,550 Long CB Down Jacket for women as well as Rick Owens's some \$3,000 Duvet Jumbo Peter Coat. Both are black, but one has to imagine that the designers, like the auto manufacturers who make each new popemobile, might allow a few custom modifications if it were Il Papa asking.

The fake coat fooled a lot of people — and it fooled a lot of people in the same week that saw fake, AI-generated images of cops accosting former president Donald Trump. Yes, suddenly it seems all too obvious how artificial intelligence could easily be used to create propaganda, how it could easily be weaponized as a tool of destabilization.

But, that said: The Pope Coat Incident makes clear that AI can and will also be used for the equivalent of making hyper-realistic cartoons. For dreaming up fantasy fashion statements, combining any given celebrity with any given clothing ensemble like an infinite set of paper dolls. For creating the photographic equivalent of fanfic. It may have been one of the first true mass AI misinformation events, in other words, but the



AI-generated Balenciaga pope

puffer-pope saga was also ... pretty low-stakes.

Last week, as rumors that Trump might be arrested imminently swirled, the realistic-looking images of that still-hypothetical event — also created by Midjourney — began to flood social media. While most images, upon closer inspection, were clearly generated by AI, many experts saw their arrival and proliferation as a harbinger of AI's power to intentionally mislead. On Thursday, Trump shared an image on his site, Truth Social, that depicted his likeness kneeling in prayer under dramatic lighting. It began making the rounds among his supporters but was revealed soon afterward to be a "deepfake," hallmarked as such by the strange not-quite-lifelike presences in the background and certain telltale distortions of aspects of fake-Trump's body.

The Popcoat, then, arrived at a moment of clear and justifiable alarm over AI-generated imagery, and when its realism had advanced perceptibly even from their capabilities a matter of weeks ago.

"The meme likely went viral because of the uncertainty about

whether it was real or fake," said Arvind Narayanan, a professor of computer science at Princeton University who studies AI. Because many more people have access to this kind of technology, it will be important for social media platforms such as Twitter, Instagram and Reddit to develop better tools to quickly label misinformation, he said. "It goes without saying that we can never again assume an image is authentic because it looks realistic."

Deepfakes have certainly fooled people before: a fake "drunk" Nancy Pelosi video in 2019, a Mark Zuckerberg "announcement" about Facebook ads, also in 2019. But the dripped-out pope, created by a 31-year-old Chicago construction worker who came up with the idea while on shrooms, is a reminder that not everything created by AI is made with the intent to pass itself off as authentic. ("I just thought it was funny to see the pope in a funny jacket," the construction worker told BuzzFeed.) There's a word, after all, for the depiction of things that aren't necessarily real: art.



RICHARD TUTTLE  
18 X 24  
Galerie Greta Meert, Brussels  
September 8 – October 21, 2023

To Jacqueline Mesmaecker.

The works do not hide what they are made from, their means are clear and simple. Made of foam boards, each work starts from a paper-cut-out-drawing it conceals. The foam is painted when needed. The title of the exhibition gives in inches the size of paper Tuttle departed from to draw on. Materially speaking, these works will last as long as their materiality, it is what they are.

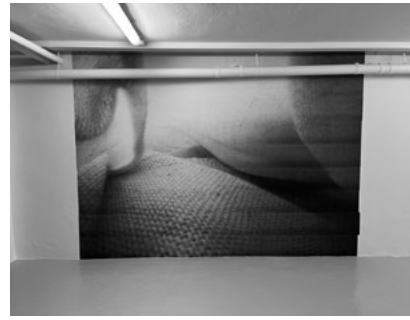
For this exhibition, Tuttle asked if he could re-appropriate the entry wall of the gallery and its purpose—the wall on which the gallery usually announces the name of the artist and exhibition title in black adhesive letters. Instead, Tuttle drew his name together with the exhibition title in pencil and highlighted it here and there with touches of colors.

What makes an exhibition an exhibition is sometimes this kind of act of generosity.



Richard Tuttle, 18 x 24

HENRIETTE HEISE  
RE: REFRAIN  
C.C.C., Copenhagen



Henriette Heise, Re: refrain

*I use every hour of the day and night to collect knowledge that informs me of suffering and death. I use every hour of the day and night. I listen to all the sounds that indicate death and Shiver: the news the ambulances in the street, the yelling and crying of the neighbours. I read about it in the*

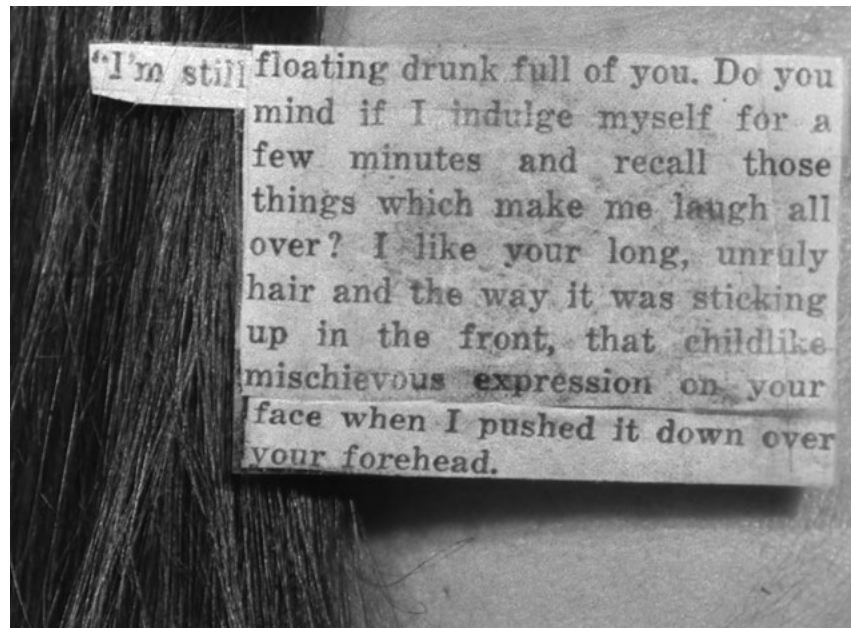
*papers. I use every hour. The stories we tell each other. I notice it around me. I use every hour or the day and night. The news the ambulances in the street, the yelling and crying of the neighbours.*

—A fragment of a text from around 2002 and an unused wall sized poster made for a show in 2010, both salvaged from the heaps of sketches and artworks that I have made and accumulated over the years.

The poster shows the interior of a pocket, and for *Re:refrain* at C.C.C. I have made a 2023 version of what that same idea looks like today.

I can't precisely date the short text that I originally penned on a small piece of paper. But it has been haunting me for years, like a refrain, a spell I can't get out of my head.

YVONNE RAINER  
FILM ABOUT A WOMAN WHO, 1974



« OK here goes: "This is the poetically licensed story of a woman who finds it difficult to reconcile certain external facts with her image of her own perfection. It is also the same woman's story if we say she can't reconcile these facts with her image of her own deformity. [Intertitle: Her shit got more attention than she did.] She would like to engage in politics but she can't decide whether to join the big women or the hunchtwats... [Intertitle: box-stops] What is this...boxtops? Oh... boxstops. Neither is she attracted to the naive notion of the hunchtwats that every connection brings bed-chains. . .How long can you go on this way,

CHRIS REINEKE  
Winona, Brussels  
25.02.-16.04.2023

"I'm more interested in dealing with holes in my own way." says Reineke (\*1936), who, in 1994, began making works with photographs, inks, crayons, paints and writings on pieces of stiff cardboard that she would then perforate, cut and precariously assemble by hand. These pieces were a pronounced departure from the more conceptual leaning and action-based practice that had made her reputation in the 1960s and 70s, as well as from the large-scale, narrative/mythic paintings she had been making during the 1980s.

Sabrina Seifried and Henry Andersen, who have curated the show at Winona and spent a



Chris Reineke

great deal of time with Reineke, not only helped put together the show carefully but also

Screened in Les Rencontres Internationales Paris  
November 2023



*mmmm? You still think it's all going to come out right, don't you? Just deciding which side you're on should insure that all the best things will beat a path to your door. Right? Her pretense of innocence must end. [Intertitle: She feels like a fool.] Nothing is new anymore, thank god. Now at last she can use her head and her eyes. . . Thanking you for your immediate attention to this matter. I look forward to hearing from you at your earliest possible convenience. Respectfully... blab, blab, blab." Yeah, I think it's pretty good. I think they'll get the message. »*

— Yvonne Rainer

provided insightful written accompaniment. They explain that at the time Reineke was growing up in Dusseldorf and studying at the Academy, West Germany had been full of holes: thoroughly bombed out by the Allies while quickly being reconstructed from new building materials and housing new wealth. In her words, the city was becoming "more American."

Simultaneously, the new works point toward digitality: Reineke held an early student job where she worked at a computer. At around the same time, she made a number of actions drawing textile-like patterns from sets of zeroes and ones for the duration of an eight-hour work day. This visionary conflation of digital code, textiles and women's labour (already in the 1960s) massively precedes the later theorisation of writers like Sadie Plant and N. Katherine Hayles. Though Reineke's new works are manifestly analogue (she does not own a computer herself) they share in one of the base truths of computing: that a series of small, binary decisions — yes/no, on/off, over/under etc.



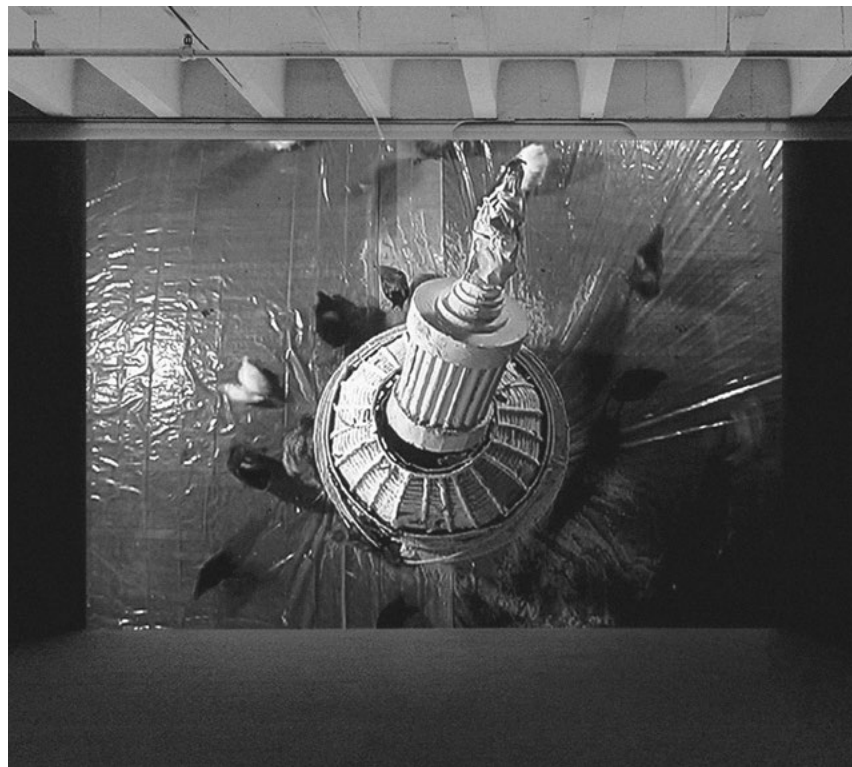
**POPE.L, HOSPITAL**  
South London Gallery



*Pope.L, Hospital, South London Gallery*

This show is still on till the 11th of Februari so if you hurry you can also see it.

The main hall of the South London Gallery is filled to a giant reworking of the wooden construction that was the site for Pope.L's performance *Eating the Wall Street Journal*, 2000. In the performance Pope.L sat naked, except for a jockstrap and covered in flour, on a toilet atop a wooden construction, reading and eating the Wallstreet journal, swallowing it with milk. the extended



*Pope.L, Hospital, South London Gallery*

version in SLG, stands silent like a ghostly queen-bee shipwreck-site of toppling wooden towers, each crowned with a toilet. There's a faint sick smell.

Across the street the exhibition continues in the Fire-station. The ground floor of the place is covered with flowers -dried marigolds- sprawling over the exhibition grounds. One of the rooms on the ground floor is without light and with a small torch you move towards what I saw as a wall, covered with some metallic reflecting material. The wall feels as if it's positioned in the room half-way. On the wall there are framed drawings, some of them are stuck with their front facing the wall, some are 'stabbed' with pieces of wood, others are 'regularly hung, but the reflecting wall -reflecting the torch light- makes everything confusing. The visible drawings show fragmented, partial bits of text. These are part of an ongoing body of text-based drawings.

The room opposite this one, you enter through transparent

red plastic slabs -the ones used in large refrigerated areas such as industrial butcheries. Inside plays the movie *Small Cup* from 2008. A delirious riot that takes place inside an abandoned mill somewhere in America. Outside shows a snowy desolated nature, taking its course, water running under the mill. Inside the derelict building, a big animal pen holds a scale model of the cupola of the Capitol in Washinton. The cupola is toppled from its base and covered with seeds, and other edible stuff. Chickens and goats are all over the site and going at it in a frenzy. Some of the cameras are placed inside the construction and the cupola and the angle offers a view amidst an incessant, nervous picking of chickens and goats trampling under-hoof, each oblivious of the other. It's hard not to see it as a premonition of the insurrections in the Capitol on 6 January 2021 -but it could be the French Revolution, or the October revolution. Then it goes back to the American romantic winter scenery, industrial archeology, and then back to the rickety rackety riot inside.

There's an inevitability in this scenery of the riot. Beyond ideology.

The work, as well as the whole visiting experience, is visceral - I don't think you can systematise this. It's worth to go and see it for yourself. The whole build-up of the exhibition is intens -swaying from a sensitive and silent to total instability. There's a lot of fallen cups and cupolas in this exhibition. There's a dedication (as in attention) to collapse or to (a poetry of) gravity in general. Which makes sense I guess, as the artist was known for his various iterations of the performance *Crawl*. Perhaps it's a romantic show.

Pope.L died on the 23rd of December 2023.

**DFDS FERRY FROM COPENHAGEN TO OSLO**



I give my pot to the small cruise ship which everyday travels from Copenhagen to Oslo. Small is not quite the right word; it is only small when compared to some other cruise ships. In reality it has twelve floors, on each of the floors, scattered amongst several hundred cabins there are a multitude of bars and restaurants, an immense duty free shopping mall, a swimming pool, and a nightclub. In October I had opportunity to ride on this small cruise ship, and it proved to be the best thing I saw in 2023. While half of my pot goes to the cruise ship itself, its mirrored ceilings, its hateful staff, its impassioned live cover band; the other half of my pot is divided into two parts: The first of which is dedicated to Henrik Olai Kaarstein's performance onboard the ferry, which involved an in-nightclub-wardrobe-change into a beautiful wedding dress sculpture covered in images of Jessica Chastain and Toni Collette. The last quarter of my pot is dedicated to the democratic array of friends we met en route to Oslo: An Argentinian architect named

Ludovico, who became Kaarstein's personal photographer for the evening. A large, brutish gentleman who followed us around the ship demanding to arm wrestle. An extremely drunk and proud bartender. And a Thai woman too paranoid of jacket theft to dance with her friends in a nearly empty nightclub floating somewhere between Denmark and Norway.

**ALESSANDRO CICORIA**  
**SOLAR DARK CLOCK**  
Fall/Winter works 2022/2023

The *Solar Dark Clock* series, gouache and silver salts on paper is a study of the interaction between colour, paint and photographic time. The cards are conceived as sundials, spatial calendars, and luminous self-portraits. The liquid colour, applied in transparency, is the background on which the chemical and photographic processes establish the final time of the work's creation, in a double movement of addition (colour) and subtraction (photographic negative). A light-sensitive photographic layer is applied to the painted paper in the darkroom.

A series of transparent objects are printed and drawn together with the movements and the choice of composition. At this moment, the images take place in the temporal dimension, as in a photographic self-portrait that blocks the conventional passage of time.

The works were seen in the studio of the artist on the outskirts of Rome in December on a very bright day.



*Monocromo Grigio, 140x200 cm, silver salts on paper, 2023*



*Monocromo Rame, 140x200 cm, gouache, tempera, silver salts on paper, 2023*

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