

Diena Georgetti

The Civilisation of the Abstract

In the paintings of Rousseau, Picasso, Leger, Matisse, Miro and Kandinsky I will myself to give and give, until the one painting has so much, I wish any painting I created before it had never been made, and that any future painting could never be, because there would be nothing to make another with.

In the self-conscious, neurotic, risk-taking reportage and writing of Violette Le Duc, I forgive myself and make amends to her, and promise to harm myself again, since last year's scars lay restful upon my arm.

In the sculptures of Archipenko, Calder, Arp, Boccioni, Brancusi, Rodchenko and Le Corbusier I learn the skeleton within my volume, and develop a desperate need to trace the shape of every object made.

In the residence of Rudolph Schindler, his colleague and wives, I invite myself to warm wine and communal sex.

In the Maison de Verre and tapestries Pierre Chareau designed for his wife, and in the interior furnishings and architecture of Eileen Gray, Neutra, Gaudi and Lloyd Wright, I make an aesthetic pledge to see the beauty of a real true thing, not in something presented as 'must have-able' in the consumer way, and to make the decision in myself and for myself on what has value.

In living a parallel existence with these modernists, and all they have gifted me, I am provided more familial relevance than any blood or gene.

The Humanity of Abstract Painting

In making these paintings a desperation is felt. In starting there is a yes, yes. Days pass, and disappointment begins. The painting isn't as you need it to be. I take it with me through my day, and night life. I set it in the bathroom while I bathe. I arrange it amongst my interior furnishings, and invite social events for it to be present at. I look for it in the glow of the TV. I catch it in the mirror, all the while telling myself, 'If you catch it unguarded, and you like it, it's good. It's a good painting'. I continue testing it like this until it proves to indeed be a construction made of every activity, design, thought, object of the situation. If I am forced to cry in that time and the painting comforts me, it has passed and will survive. If it fails to comfort, it mocks, and will be destroyed.

I need you to be there, so that I can be here 2005
synthetic polymer paint on wood, 54.0 x 49.0 cm
private collection, Wellington, New Zealand
photograph courtesy Hamish McKay Gallery

