

THE NAKED CIVIL SERVANT

ALBERTO GARCÍA DEL CASTILLO

WAVING

“10 février 189.

LA NEIGE, QUI N’A PAS CESSÉ DE TOMBER depuis trois jours, bloque les routes. Je n’ai pas pu me rendre à R... où j’ai coutume depuis quinze ans de célébrer le culte deux fois par mois. Ce matin trente fidèles seulement se sont rassemblés dans la chapelle de La Brévine.

Je profiterai des loisirs que me vaut cette claustration forcée pour revenir en arrière et raconter comment je fus amené à m’occuper de Gertrude.”

in the standards of documentation; this I am very aware of since I was invited to attend The Measurement Committee that was set-up at the time of The Declaration of The Genesis of The Era of The Objects Arrangement.

The boy turns back, I lay down on the couch: my legs up and exposed to the world my bottom under the jean-trousers.

He arrived to the gay street, open his arms, took a deep breath and said:

“THIS IS MY PEOPLE”.



CHAPTER I

IJUST WOKE UP TO A BEAUTIFUL MORN- ing in The Land of Sculptures: in the office they must be waiting for my last review. The Era of the Denial of The Material has passed away, leaving a green field for us, friends, and those early years of The Era of The Objects Arrangement are witnessing the return to the Classic Form.

A clerk from The Ministry of Education phoned me yesterday: they will soon present their new program for The Sculpture Archival Method expecting to fill up our galleries with new blood to measure the brand new objects. There has been serious changes

CHAPTER II

THE WOMAN TELLS ME: I KNOW YOU can do an opening in ten minutes. I say “this is business baby” and run out of The Gallery hiding a dozen of 10 dl. vodka bottles under my father’s jacket.

“THE NEW NEWSPAPER”, I read out loud. Apparently they have been working all night on this interlaced printing device; I open the first page and it shines like heaven. The black and white message of The Measurement Committee sounds the revival, I enjoy it because it feels mine. As soon as I get to the office I will phone B., he always knows how to share some fresh news.



Lately, the capitalized characters have been in vogue. Myself, I follow the new chart of redactional recommendations published by The Chamber of Typography: a C-sized theater-like auditorium where those guys answer to the language sign that was attributed to them. During the apogee of The Era of the Denial of The Material, the Lords of this chamber multiplied to fulfill the needs of a contemporary keyboard and "Question Mark" or "Brackets" marched drawing S-like paths -their shoes shinier than the rest's- to sit down on that impossible corners under the line of columns around the main sofas. The capital "A" to "Z" brought us back today to a more understandable system: B. always mentions the needless ostentation of the avant-garde -You have to hear this, something terrible happened last night; there was this man and I just showed him a pic of my dog: "you two look alike baby".

"There are several ways in which I title. One basic way is that the work is *Untitled* with the "U" capitalized. Then in parentheses I list the names of the objects, for instance: *Untitled (elephant, toilet brush, kong)*. The elephant is not really an elephant. The toilet brush is made of plastic and doesn't look like a toilet brush because it was designed to look like a Brancusi sculpture".

It takes me a little while every morning to find my chair in the office, we had this idea to make an anti-composition with our furniture the day of the raise of The Era of The Objects Arrangement! The Supervisor invited M. from The Gallery to do so, and he came with a sim-

ple system of cases where furniture could be displayed under some banana peel and close to a couple of hanging Metallica T-Shirts. I write "DRINK, DRINK, DRAMA" in capitalized letters to start my day; it is a quotation of B. I decided to use for my last review as I was climbing the ladder to my office -now the stairs are only one-way, what forced us to come up with a temporary solution to join our colleagues on the second floor.



CHAPTER III

THE PAINTER HAD PRESENTED A COUPLE of big canvases in The Gallery: The Measurement Committee unanimously declared the new era. Sometimes things happen fast in The Land of Sculptures although we are not used to sudden changes; a mass of people applauded in a chorus-like reaction and B., who had for decades been portraying a long list of respectable bearded men, whispered on my ear: you will now have to write about what I am doing. I could do nothing but nodding to this assortment and, the morning after the opening of The Painter in the gallery, B. was written on big capital letters on the cover of the newspaper.

At the middle of the party, I played your favorite song -that hit from the Eytan Fox first film- and we shouted it together to a tiny excited audience.

Yesterday night I told my teenager lover to shut the fuck up, it was the beginning of a long list of nights coming out of the blue to say "I LOVE YOU".

Tomorrow I have to attend the announced-to-be biggest *vernissage* of the very young Era of The Objects Arrangement. The Supervisor wants a long review and I am planning to get to compose a nice phrase and copy-paste it until I fulfill the double-page. I open now their press-release: a shiny image of a couple of men that portraits of The Chamber of Nocturnal Affairs. We have been brought back to portraying, but this the reader must have already noticed. B. phones me to tell me that he is horny, nothing was available yesterday in that auction in The Gallery: something terrible happened last night, it was all sold-out. Guy, I NEED A BOYFRIEND.

I am heading home after having some dinner in a restaurant, I cross a bridge and then walk in front of the longest billboard in town. The new people editing a review for The Gallery had this crazy idea to cover the city with the photo of a guy peeing all around. Someone is following me and I speed-up, I stop at the end of the street and try to breathe normally.

We are all living in this Black Theater of Pain.

They deserve it.





FAREWELL

“OVER THE ROOF OF THE EUROPA-Center in Breitscheidplatz in Berlin spins since 1965 the Mercedes-Benz Star ensign, an icon for the West-Germany Capitalism, the today’s divine aureole or the omniscient eye.

Today in Pinault Foundation in Venice, Jeff Koons’ pink balloon-doggy looks ravishing from the *vaporetto* sailing the main channel in town.

A discrete but colorful neon of Tintin and his dog stands on top of a modernist building near Midi/Zuid train station in Brussels. A theatrical view before them: the Tour de Midi/Zuidertoren acts as a flat future-like background for a bunch of decrepit houses surviving at its feet.

When I saw the first Fyra trains riding from Brussels to Amsterdam and back, I thought that such a bad design could never lead us anywhere.

Apple will soon open his biggest store in Sol square in Madrid. The healthy, big and whitened fruit of Eve will now substitute the neon billboard of Tío Pepe, a sweet spanish wine that would have for sure given you a headache. The building under it witnessed Ramón María del Valle-Inclán heroic loss of an arm while being drunk as a besom.

-Hey, are you in town? Let’s meet under the Coca-Cola neon sign in De Brouckère.

In 2011 we decided to unhang the hand-

made wooden sign announcing the existence of Komplot in 295, Avenue Van Volxemlaan. *Telling A Mind Stop Being A Mind* has blinded Komplot’s windows and two bearded guys are starring from the inside to the outside through a rift on the paint.

The new owners of MIDPOINT were too lazy to unhang the precedent sign and painted it black instead to then hung a blue and white plastic flag. Jurgen Ots third sign outside MIPOINT is waiting there to get ruined by the beautiful weather in Brussels.

While studying something like Corporative Visual Identity, I was strongly recommended to read Gillo Dorfles’ *Kitsch: The World of Bad Taste* (1969).

Macro-signage is said to suit brutalist buildings, I am not yet sure of that.”

Title from:
CRISP, Q. (1968): *The Naked Civil Servant*.
Chicago: Signet, 1978

Waving from:
GIDE, A. (1925): *La symphonie pastorale*.
Paris: Gallimard, 1986

The ways I title from:
HUBERMAN, A. (2012): “Not A Readymade. Haim Steinbach”. In *Mousse. Contemporary Art Magazine*, Issue 36, December 2012 – January 2013. Milano: Mousse Publishing

A certain allure of science-fiction from:
ABBOTT, E. A. (1884): *Flatland. A Romance In Many Dimensions*. New York: Dover Publications, 1992

Farewell from:
ROSS, DERMIENCE, GARCIA DEL CASTILLO & SLATER (2012): *Telling A Mind Stop Being A Mind*. Brussels: Komplot.

Exposed to the world my bottom under the jean-trousers from:
César Segarra: *Untitled (Berlin)*, 2011
Courtesy the artist

My desk in the office from:
Manfred Pernice: *interdependance I*, 2013
kassetten, cassettes, Galerie Micheline Szwajcer (Antwerp), 31 Jan. - 9 March 2013
Courtesy Galerie Micheline Szwajcer
Photo credit: Sven Laurent

The portrait of B. and me from:
“Portrait of Federico G. Lorca y Emilio Aladrén” in GIBSON, I. (2009): *Lorca y el mundo gay. Caballo azul de mi locura*. Barcelona: Planeta, 2010

The Painter in his studio from:
Giorgio de Chirico interviewed in *Come nasce un’opera d’arte*, 1973
Roma: RAI TV

The Painter couple of canvases from:
Ignacio Zuloaga:
La naine Dona Mercedes, 1899
120 x 97 cm
Oil on canvas
Courtesy Musée d’Orsay

Ignacio Zuloaga:
Mi tío y mis dos primas, 1898/99
209 x 167 cm
Oil on canvas
Courtesy Musée d’Orsay

The portrait of The Chamber of Nocturnal Affaires from:
Jos de Gruyter & Harald Thys:
So ist das, 2013
OPTIMUNDUS, M HKA (Antwerp), 08 Feb. - 19 May 2013
Courtesy the artists & Galerie Isabella Bortolozzi
Photo credit: M HKA

Me running before the biggest billboard ever from:
Leos Carax: *Mauvais sang*, 1986
Paris: Les Films Plain Chant