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*for SJ, JS, JB, DJ, NP, SR, ES, EW, CC, SN, AE, AH, CA, HO,
SM, EM, and everyone, so much*

I

February 2008

you want to hear something really fucked up that i did while you were gone? it's funny because i constantly think about like, how we are good people and then like that one time you remember, that time you told me, you were like yeah i just walked into Niemans in New York and just stole those wingtip shoes and left my old ones? and i think about it because it's just not, to me it's not... i know it's not in your nature. do you know what i mean? and so i think about it, and just how you were about it all, made it seem like, just a prank, like this harmless thing even though weren't those shoes like six-hundred bucks? its not like petty theft i mean like, i hope you understand that i don't judge people, i'm just not, i don't know, i'm not gonna say that i haven't stolen from goodwill out of like total necessity, do you know what i mean? and i'm not proud about it. at all. but i've done it. and i'll probably always do it, if i need like, if my shoes blow out, and i don't have thirty dollars to fix my shoes, i gotta go up there with some shitty shoes and get some new shoes like, i don't have a choice, do you know what i mean? if i did i totally wouldn't take shit, like i hope you know... i think you know that about me at this point,

after this time, that it's not anything insidious. well anyway, um this package came to my house like two weeks ago, like not long after you left, like someones beating on the fucking door, people are always beating on my door, and you know i don't ever even go to my door unless i know who's there, and you were out of town and theres like no people supposed to be coming over. i mean it could be Mike because he still shows up here sometimes, but then it could be any number of crazy people that somehow fucking found out where i live, because you know i don't tell anyone where i live. and um, then i'm like, you know what, if this is Mike i'm going to face up to him, even though i'm like wearing some ridiculous nightgown, like i looked probably about like i do now. and i go down there and there's no person there, there's this little package there, and i will never admit this to anyone other than you Jacob, and i'm so sorry i did it but i don't know how to undo it. so the package says Mike Johnson and my address. well you know Mike used to live here, and he uses all kinds of fake names, and Mike Johnson is one of them. so i'm like ooh shit, what did that fucker get sent to my house now, because he still gets dumb ebay shit sent there all the time, so i took it, the package was like this big, and i literally threw it into a corner, and it sat there for like four or five days, because i knew he would show up for it. but then one day Brenda was over, who knows all about the Mike thing, and i was like oh yeah, i think this box came for him, and i was like let's open it, wouldn't that be funny, let's see what it is, because i was just going to give it to him unopened which is what i usually do, but Brenda was

there, and i was thinking about you, and all of a sudden i was like: i don't ever want to see Mike again. So i open it up and i'm like holy shit, it's like the lens of all lenses for a Cannon, it's like the long one thats white and silver and got a super big hood that comes with it, its like, i was like, and Brenda didn't even know, didn't appreciate what it was, and i was like, no thoughts even ran through my head, no thoughts and then i was like, oh shit someone or somebody sent somebody or Mike this bomb ass lens, so i went downstairs to get my moms Cannon body because you know with Cannons, like, everything fits everything, through the course of time, like all the cameras and lenses since nineteen-fifty-three fit each other, which makes them so awesome, and i'm like taking pictures, and oh my god, Jacob i'm like, i resolve that Mike is not getting this lens, i don't know who sent it to him or if he had it sent to me, i even thought that too, because he's crazy, he's been in west virginia and all that shit so i was like oh fuck but it might not have even been the same Mike...

...

Yep exactly, it was my fucking neighbors. like four days later, no like six days later they came, they came like a day after i opened it and i seriously wouldn't have opened it if they had come one day sooner, and i seriously wouldn't have thrown it if i had known it was a lens, even though it was just the plastic lens hood that got fucked up, i literally threw it, like this, into the corner of my room. so anyway they come, i hear people beating on the door, of course i don't answer it, Kelly goes to answer it, even though i'm always like telling Kelly don't answer

the fucking door, and she goes to the door because she had just gotten home, like they were waiting for one of us to come home to come and beat on the fucking door, and they're like oh, did you get a package? my husband Mike bought something on ebay and he thinks he had it sent to the wrong address, and but apparently i guess the wife or whatever never told Kelly what it was in the package, i mean i'm sure she wasn't going to insinuate that we had opened it even though she probably thought that we had it and we were sketchy looking people or something...

...

No Kelly never saw the box or the lens and there wasn't even a packing receipt in the box or anything and i never signed for the UPS or whatever because it was just sitting at my door, you know? thats the thing, no one knew i had it at all. and i feel so bad but what am i going to do? be like... but really the worst part of it all was like two days after that, when Kelly finally asked me if i got some package that was for the neighbor Mike Johnson, and i was like no, i lied to her, i guess just because she would have thought it was really weird, or something. not that she would have tried to get me to give it back... anyway by that time it was long past the point of giving it up to the real Mike Johnson, because what am i going to do, go to their house with it and be like oh, i opened your shit and oh um yeah i threw it against the wall, and then needed like so many days to get up the courage to give it to you, and its really all because you have the most generic fucking name ever? i do really want to give it back but i'm so mortified, because i honestly

thought it was Mike Pecoro's , because one of his stepdads was named Johnson and i swear he goes by that name, like do you know what i mean? isn't that ridiculous? it was an honest mistake. you know if i had any, like any idea that it belonged to someone else, like a neighbor of mine or Kelly's neighbor i would have never opened it, i swear to god. because that's happened to me before, someone taking my shit, and it sucks. but anyway i have it, i feel like, well, it's really nice and takes great pictures with my mom's body, really, i'll bring it to the studio tomorrow, i mean i feel horrible but i'm keeping it and all, and it doesn't even seem so bad when i think how you stole those shoes...

II

June 2012

I will tell you about Jacob: He is a person that divides his life up into periods, and they are always beginning and ending. He was b. in 1981. He has reached a period where he is always sitting up late in his chair, home alone.

Mary is a very old name which is thought to have originated in ancient Egypt, but the Mary he knew was very young and b. in the 1990's. Most of the girls who were around belonged to what some older people will call the "y generation", which simply means that they were not b. before 1983. Mary: she spent the night two weeks ago (May), after the show but he did not have actual sex with her. Really: the last time he had actual sex was February, with Emma (The name Emma became common in Europe during the 18th century and saw renewed popularity in English speaking countries in the mid 2000's [over one-percent of newborn girls in 2006 {probably due to that Emma of the Harry Potter movies}]). Maybe it was the first week of March, the last time; it was now June. April, May, June, three months, at least three months since the last time. This he would qualify as a period. (His) Emma was b. 1984

when less than point-one-percent of baby girls were given that name. She was a museum guard and had a scrapbook in her studio with all crumpled/flattened little drawings of the paintings she guarded/transcribed. She did the drawings one-handed in her pocket. She was the type of person who had lots of odd things in the many pockets of her (ill-fitting) blazer and was always giving him something. He would come in to see the Derain (landscape in provence), but really to see her, and it was always “check out this thing i made, it’s for you”. She smoked cigarettes and got high with him but (he suspected) *only* with him (eg. she did not smoke on her lunch break or around any of her friends). He thought it was lame that she would do these things in the hope of pleasing him, but then again he tells himself that he would not-smoke or not-do-coke to please someone. (Not taking pleasers to please probably wouldn’t be very healthy for him either, it causes a lot of bitterness, perhaps even an eventual hostility, but nevertheless he often thinks that he could probably find a girl who he thinks is really cool, but who in turn thinks that getting high is really lame, so maybe that way he won’t smoke so much or perhaps he will totally quit all the drugs altogether just to please her. He wants to really want to please someone, real bad). Emma: had paint on every single item of clothing he ever saw her in, (shoes, socks and bras included) so they lasted (she and him) a few months (two). He wanted her to get some new jeans but did not know how to tell her. He didn’t foresee her arguing the point much when he said that maybe you know we should stop seeing each other which she did; he did not think she would

cry after two months. He let her stay that night which was also a big mistake because when she fell asleep and he could not fall asleep he wanted her gone, real bad. Of course he stopped seeing the painting then. He does see her. Last week after the opening (Mary's arms and legs pretty much covering him on the sofa), she came over and dropped a burnt up barbie doll in his (their) lap: its for you, cool, and thanks so much, Emma, for coming to the show.

At least three months. He tried to foresee a new period with Beth, Lisa, Kate, Maddy (Madeline), Tiffany, maybe next. Beth, can't even bear to think about her, with all those things she wore: several times a day it made him stop whatever he was doing, thinking about her in the days immediately following his fucking (it up with) her. Beth is actually named Elizabeth, which is also of course a very old name and has been used widely and consistently throughout the western world ever since biblical times. She was very attractive and always getting a lot of text messages. He often thinks he hears her voice around him but it is always just someone with her same alert-tones. Also around that time (winter) Lisa was trying to hang out. Lisa's name is actually Elisabeth as well (spelled with an s instead of a z, this variant reflects the spelling used in most authorized versions of The New Testament). Lisa lives with Kate (Katelyn, a variation on Caitlin that did not even exist before 1981). After he went to their place he thought maybe Kate. Their place: They had a cat and dogs and paint peeling off their tin ceiling in like a cool historic way. They had an herb garden, an herb drying rack, and they cooked fish at home.

They composted and did not drink coffee (tea) but they owned a french press for when company was over. Jacob is the type of artist that spills coffee on his work (by accident). He asked her to please teach him how to live a life; Lisa was smart but she didn't get any jokes and she was so fucking dorky about sustainability. (The most FAQ: Are you serious?) He (secretly) fears that he is the type of artist that is getting to a point from where no one gets any of his jokes anymore.

No one smokes cigarettes anymore: it's gross and better to run or work-out, these things make you a better lover. Cocaine does not make you a better lover which is contrary to what many people think. Taking care of the artist's body through good nutrition and exercise builds physical and mental strength. Depression is not simply a mood, but an illness that can be controlled through treatment and healthy habits. Keep this in mind and also be careful of that crouching posture. He is the type of artist who smokes with dirty hands. He's never been to the farmers' market near his home. He doesn't listen to public radio or podcasts or watch the television shows on the internet which everyone talks about constantly. He is the type of artist who spends a lot of time driving his car.

Maybe Tiffany next despite the fact that she liked (good) food a lot and also was an art teacher (he knew most girls named Tiffany were American and b. in the 1978-1985 period [as was she, though she would not be considered a member of the aforementioned y-generation]). He doesn't eat or sleep. Nor did he (used to) eat or sleep after sex. He drinks decaf on the threes and fours and regular at all other times, and smokes

cigarettes in the house. He is always doing a drawing *for someone*. One milligram Klonopin, two puffs finest cheeba, three cups auto-drip, pause and serve, lick-a-shot and do a drawing for someone. Also he takes anti-convulsant pills for (potential) mania. This is his mantra. Maybe Tiffany seems a little mature for all this being a teacher though. He sort of hopes she thinks he is something like a hack because she has been to his studio twice (her being a college professor and all [adjunct {digital tools and concepts}]) and he considers his approach to be somewhat *heretical* or at least *unorthodox*. He always acts a certain *way* when people visit his studio and he wonders what they all think of it; then again, he sees himself as a painter who is not currently nor ever will be committed to any *image* or *way* and he hopes that this somehow apparent to his audiences, even though he just paints the same (dumb) painting over and over.

He is also the type of artist who is neurotic in the sense that he is always high and never drunk, and therefore not ever able to forget about himself. He is always checking for his pulse even though he can feel it in his collarbones. (Q: does your heart always beat this fast?) He does everything (painting, eating, sleeping, fucking) hastily, as if he needs to get through with it as quickly as possible and then sometimes (often) wonders why he doesn't have anything to do. He is always thinking about one of Eddie's paintings which depicts a dude trying to fall asleep and which is titled *back-looker*. Jacob understands that this phrase can mean either looking *back in time* or looking *at someones back*. Often now when he hears any slapping sound

he remembers sex (not a bad remembrance, but more some abstract and creeping sense of a missing-out, [still wasn't the slap evidence of abandon? it must have been rad]) but not the who or when. Tiffany was so thin that they probably wouldn't make this cupped slapping sound but maybe they would.

Really: Three months at least and before that the two (months) with Emma, (he thinks it was just fine with her [the sex] and probably the slapping was heard during that period for sure, but he could not be sure, just remembers thinking she was real sexual but somehow not real sexy: all of them being real sexual [more eager to please than he was, wanting it real bad]). Then like another period of several weeks off, then last summer (he doesn't remember how many times [three or four]) with a girl named Hayley (b. 1989, this particular way of spelling the name [*Hayley* instead of *Hailey*] being used primarily if not strictly for girls b. 1989-1994) Then last winter around Christmas (once) with Ailsa, (d.o.b. unknown, and she said her name was Scottish [he never looked up the name but there is a street here in this smallish city that had that same name and he had taken note of the name even before they had met]), then more months without and before then it was the two-thousand zero's: he was with Jen (on and off) for a period of eight years, broken into several sub-periods when they were coming up, together and then not (she was about two years younger than him and therefore b. [1983] at the end of a two decade long period in which many, many people [over four percent some years] named their baby girls Jennifer. [Jen for around five years {cumulatively}: He couldn't really

remember her growing up but just that she had no trouble in bed {sleeping} and towards the ends of the periods they only fucked when she was drunk. They had not lived together but he wonders how many hours {cumulatively} he had looked at her {sleeping} back. Also she always slept wearing a t-shirt. He wonders how many hours {cumulatively} they had spent cooking and/or buying food {for home}. And then all that time wasted eating and cleaning up. This was the entire 2008-09 period {4th time around}: back-looking and Whole-Foods. During that time and immediately after he often thought of that early Mike Kelly piece at the Whitney which is called *More love hours than can ever be repaid...* {1987, which is some sort of fucked up monument to abuse})). Before then was Sofia, for a year, on a year off from Jen (usually most American girls named Sofia were born after 1990, but this was not the case with her because her father was Greek [Sofia being the other artist that he had dated; they briefly shared a studio after she graduated from the art-school, which was problematic for many reasons, namely because any material anywhere close to her area somehow got used in her artwork, and once she even tore up one of his favorite t-shirts for some (dumb) collage project only because he had left it somewhere within her reach; but also the shared studio situation was trouble because he thought her work was pretty *sophomoric*, if you will, which proved hazardous to the relationship owing to the fact that she demanded feedback from him every goddamn day]), and then Angela (sometime during Jen) (an old-timey and empowered sounding name to him, and Angela was a

very mature woman even though she was exactly the same age as him- as in born on the same day), and then before that a couple of girls in the college (1998-2002) period (Kelly, Carrie, Heather, Amanda, Courtney and possibly *et cetera* [all b. 1981 or 1982]), then Rachel (the favorite wife of Jacob, according to The Old Testament) back in high-school, and there it all is, maybe fifteen or less periods *in tot* when he *looks back*, which he often does, when he is sitting in his chair.

We can see him now (alone) sitting in his chair. He is never very busy or tired. The drawing he does does not take much time or effort, and there are many others spread out (arranged) on the floor beneath him. It is only recently that he has begun to feel moments of panic after completing his afternoon or early evening tasks; at a time that should be reserved for relaxation and decompression, he often fixates on the coming hours as they stretch far, far ahead of him and beyond: early-evening into dusk into prime-time, into late night-time into the witching hours and into the after-hours and in through the infinite pre-dawn hours until it will be able to be said that it is early once again. He is the type of artist who wants less time in the day. We are able to guess what his thoughts are because it seems like he only has a few, and he always thinks them when he sits in his chair: It is so late here in the city, but so long until it will be early. There is not much to do here in the (smallish) city (late) and there is no diner to go to. He wonders would he like watching someone sleep right now. When we see him he is staring at his computer, staring at his inbox.

III

June 2012

What we know about Sofia : We are not friends with her on Facebook and she only shares some information publicly. The information we find on Facebook is that she has two-hundred and fifty-three friends and likes many, many diverse things ranging from the movie *Gummo* to a local natural foods store to the “Stop Pit-Bull Discrimination” community to *sophiajacob*. The only image that we can see here is a panoramic view of a whitewashed and decaying castle that looks like it is on the cliffs of the Mediterranean somewhere. While all of her likes could be useful in creating a portrait of the artist, we can forgo Facebook for now because right here near the top of our search results we have “the artists website”.

We can see immediately that she is currently and proudly working in sculptural installation art, with materials that look very heavy and maybe dangerous, as evidenced by this jpeg here on her “home page”, this face of her website and therefore of her entire practice. We always click on the section labeled “info” first, on “the artists website”, and we know that this section can alternately be called “bio”, “c.v.”, “resume”, or simply “about”.

She was born twenty-six years ago in a suburb of the smallish city from where we read about her. She received a BFA degree in “general fine arts” from the art-college in the smallish city. We read right here that she currently lives and works in this same smallish city. And would we believe that she’s never left this city but for the time she spent as a “programing intern” at someplace called *I-beam*, in New York, during the summer of 2007, it says here. She’s been in only a few exhibitions in a few years, locally, mostly minor group shows at the minor non-profits or city arts festivals. “Info” states that she was involved with co-organizing and co-curating that exhibition of contemporary woven refuse tapestries, held in a parking garage downtown during the fringe festival last spring, in which she was also a participating artist, and we remember that show.

The most important thing here: She is currently in a show at the Emma van Dernin gallery in New York, downtown. She’s in this good group show that’s called *Leaning on a Windowsill*, opened last Sunday and through July twenty-fifth at the van Dernin spot on Orchard, and we can follow the link from her “info” page to the beautiful and uniquely easy to navigate site of Emma van Dernin, who’s URL is funnily vanderninny.com, where we find out more information about *Leaning on a Windowsill*, particularly that it is a good group show that features a bunch of cool emerging artists, some of whom we know as friends and some whom we have only read about in our magazines or on our blogs. A good group show and she’s in it, she’s presented a pert little piece on the floor, something

funny and sad down there, she of our smallish city, and we should try and go to New York and see the show.

The title of the exhibition, *Leaning on a Windowsill*, is totally typical for this type of group show, we can agree, in its dualities, its ironies, and in its verbal/visual puns, however it (the title) immediately appeals to us because we know the line to be taken from a Bob Dylan song, the 1964 ballad to boredom, “It takes a lot to laugh (it takes a train to cry)”, which we agree also might be a good name for an art exhibition. But mostly we enjoy the title because it makes us imagine a dreamy narrative about some artist in their studio, in solitary, idle, steeping in the melancholy of looking out the window, being alone, loneliness, et cetera. In addition to its poetics, the title *Leaning on a Windowsill* is also appropriate for the current van Dernin show because most every object in the exhibition is either leaned up against the wall or at least depicts something or someone at rest. Later, we will want to check out the text that van Dernin offers up about the show, download the press release, open the PDF or perhaps even save it to our desktop for future reference, one because we have always found a certain interest in comparative interpretation of Dylan lyrics, but two because the document is sure to contain a however brief bio of our artist, b. 1986, a general fine artist who is the only exhibitor in *Leaning on a Windowsill* that does not currently live and work in Brooklyn.

And here we are now, vanderninny.com, within the installation views of *Leaning on a Windowsill*, image 12 out of 21, a smallish looking corner piece, *untitled*, made this year and

attributed to her, liker of us on Facebook.

Why we love *untitled*: it looks like a rough slab of concrete that she propped up against the wall and then broke in half, possibly by kicking it and then just left it as is, in two pieces; but there are also a bunch of mirrored broken shards that are sticking out of the cement in like a treacherous, porcupine type way so as you really would not want to try to pick it up; so in reality she probably made the piece in a corner of her studio real carefully and put the shards in one-by-one all delicate like while the cement was hardening, even though it looks more like the piece was broken in a most violent and aggressive manner. But also, instead, if we think about it, it's almost as if the tired little thing just couldn't continue to defend itself against whatever forces in the world it perceived to be so threatening, so it just caved upon the wall.

If we return to “the artists website” and click through the section labeled “work” and select the sub-section “recent” (2011-2012), sure enough we can learn that the rainbow-mirrored shards sticking out of *untitled* (2012, cement and compact discs, 10”x18”x7”, currently on view at van Dernin gal.), are actually broken compact discs. So we realize then again she had to break the CDs, which isn't a very easy thing to do by hand or without scratching them, and right there is a kind of violence again; but then we wonder what CDs she's specifically chosen for destruction, which is totally dumb for her to make us think about that, and we probably don't like that aspect of the piece unless we change our minds later after thinking about it. Ultimately though, Emma van Dernin helps

us recognize that *untitled* is a “jewel”, that the artist “knows what she is doing”, that we should give her “the benefit of the doubt”, and that perhaps we need to “suspend our belief” that artists who are living and working here, in our smallish city, in solitary, “bachelors of fine art” and “general fine artists”, do not full well understand or even consider the implications of presenting broken compact discs as their artwork. Yet *untitled* is not here in our city; *untitled* is currently on the floor of the Emma van Dernin gal., NY, downtown, existing there on the floor even after Emma turns off her lights and locks up, in what’s a good group show, with a bunch of rad brooklyn artists, and the piece looks pretty cool in photos, and the piece actually has a heavyhearted beauty about it that we are increasingly endeared to, the more we look, and maybe the thing is even a kind of masterpiece.

There are no photographs of her on the “artists website” nor is there a statement, and in this way she is mute, but here is what else we know about her: She organizes her artistic output (“work”) into two-year long periods, of which she acknowledges three: “recent”, (being this year and last), followed by “2009-2010”, and “2007-2008”. By comparing dates we can deduce that the latter and bottom-most sub-section contains works completed when she was still an art-student; she was doing paintings then, big ones, 64”x80”; they weren’t works on paper, she made the stretchers that big and she painted and collaged the canvases, she razored out and pasted what looks like thousands of mascara darkened magazine eyes into a composition and then filled in large areas of the canvas with

drippy neon paint. She was infatuated with eyes for a time here. She also did that piece that was like a huge xerox of a girl pasted on the canvas but the eyes were missing and had been cut out, and we had seen it somewhere, that piece, way back in the day. She started making more sculptures then, after she got out of school, maybe she got more studio space, and this speaks to the fact that with a bachelor of fine arts degree in the “general fine arts”, one is not married to any “specific fine art”. Right here we see her painting, sculpting, sewing and casting her way, right through the two-year sub-sections, weaving her own narratives, encountering many pitfalls on the way along to her own advanced plastic-art. We see a large outdoor piece commissioned by the city, which is a cement sculpture of a fish with a mirrored mosaic surface. She did that. We see many other mosaics, monochromatic wall pieces and sculptures, boxes and organic forms, decoupage surfaces as well as textiles, fabrics, torn and sewn and pinned, a pile of straight pins, a quiet circle of broken glass, broken lightbulbs, and then the pierced and savagely decorated molded forms, the crumbling casts, the concrete, the plaster, the ceramic, and of course now the broken compact discs.

This is what we know about Sofia: she is a maker who has always had a penchant for the brash and the pointed, the visually acute and the sharp-edged and also now, seemingly, the discerning and the profound.

IV

August 2012

SOFIA

I missed you...seriously it was so good seeing you, I missed you and give me a hug, give me a call if any of that shit comes up, because I'll be up there... I have so many more friends in New York than I have here, everyone left here is so insipid, I mean they're just awful, they really are, I mean the only people I hang out with here anymore are like these twenty year old emo boys, I guess you'd call them, they like follow me around, and while that would be cool sometimes, I'm like a twenty-six year old lady, it sounds really cool but its a high maintenance situation. (laughs) Shit, you still have that thing on your keychain too? Ok, I thought those were my keys the whole time. Awesome I still have this bracelet also. Yeah it's been good... I have a couple friends there who are pretty much doing good selling work or at least showing it, and Mike is up there, even though I pretty much gave it up on him even though he's like the coolest person... I know you always look at me like that when I talk about him (laughs) but he's so much cooler than you'll ever know (laughs), 'cause he doesn't let people know it. But yeah he's just, you know,

going for broke I guess you call it. That's what they call it going for broke. Jesus, alright I know I didn't lock my keys in the car, they must be in here. I've been selling shit at the sale a lot and I found this like playboy bunny bag that was pink and you know how I like to spray paint everything black, it took like a couple times but I still always carry it turned around this way because i don't want everyone to see this dumb bunny, but its not a bad bag, its like the perfect size

JACOB

Cool

SOFIA

It's usually my work bag but I cut some of the leather off because I've been making these corsets and weird stuff also, I guess bondage gear is what it looks like , and bracelets, that's what I want to start doing a lot more of, some wearable shit (laughs), because some places are asking to see new work and I'm probably going to be showing some stuff at that new gallery here, I mean its whatever, so I'm going to be like heres these rad hog-tie cuffs and hardware I made (laughs), jk I have some interesting stuff, but it's all more subtle than that, and nice I think, nice things...

JACOB

Cool

SOFIA

I was selling leather at the craft league up in Brooklyn also, and they only take like twenty-five percent, so I made like at least a hundred bucks every weekend I had stuff there, so obviously that's not bad, I don't know... plus I got seven

hundred out of selling that sculpture, It's whatever, it's just all shit that's laying around my house now that I have to use or throw away before I move anyway. It's awesome though, I feel like I can use all this shit that I've been collecting for years all of a sudden, do you know what I mean? (laughs) I told you that I would need all that stuff for something, and you never believed me, o ye of little faith, you never let me bring any junk home! (laughs)

JACOB

(laughs) It's true and I'm sorry.

SOFIA

You would never stop the car when I saw something! even to investigate... (laughs)

JACOB

I just don't like the idea of it...same reason I can't go to the book thing. (nervous laughs)

SOFIA

...oh look at you... give me a hug goodbye, you're crazy

JACOB

Be careful tomorrow, have a good time.

SOFIA

It was so nice to see you again.

JACOB

I'm glad you stopped by...

SOFIA

... and we should hang out again because... oh shit, let me make sure I don't leave this... I'll be around for a few more weeks anyway and after that I'll be back in town to work

on this show and I'm helping Chris with a show, I mean good things are happening and I've been trying to work on a lot of things, there are some things up there that might be happening, I just don't want to talk about anything until it really happens or whatever, just because I don't want to feel especially good or anything (laughs). My friend Camille's show is probably the most guaranteed awesome thing this month, that guy I made the rug for, that show, yea and everyone is super excited for that, next weekend, I mean he's not a super good friend but pretty close, I think he can get me some more of the type of work where you don't have to know how to do anything (laughs), like going to get coffee or cigarettes. Ok now I'm leaving, I just have to make sure, I just hope I'm not leaving anything...ok making sure...let me just rearrange a couple things in these bags, make sure I have my pot. I thought I had my pot right here... actually did I have it in here? Yea I packed us a bowl.

JACOB

No I packed it.

SOFIA

Ok the only place I was was right here so...there's no place it could be unless the cat stole it.

JACOB

I seriously didn't see you have any.

SOFIA

I meant to bring it from home but I don't know if I did, or maybe it's just in the car or fell in the street, you know? Let me just look in the bright light here one more time... jesus

dude I just bought that yesterday, that would be bad luck...
Did I imagine just seeing it in here a minute ago? Where's
the pipe at? Ok right there.

JACOB

I'm sure its home, you didn't have it in here.

SOFIA

It's in a ziploc bag, like one of those half size ones, the snack
size is what they call it. Yeah, it was like two grams.

JACOB

You should take this nug with you just in case.

SOFIA

Maybe I just didn't bring it, I mean I came right in and sat
down here and didn't go anywhere else, right? Dude! I don't
even know why I brought both these bags, it's confusing with
all this shit. Kitty what did you do with my shit! (laughs) Ok
now I'm just looking where I've already looked. Whatever,
you know I always lose shit in when it's in plain sight, I just
don't get frantic or angry at myself anymore... it'll turn up. if
you find... God kitty please don't rip on that, it's my favorite

scarf!

JACOB

Here just chill out and put this in your cellophane.

SOFIA

Alright thanks. Anyway...

JACOB

I'll keep an eye out... email me about all these shows because
I am going to forget.

SOFIA
I will, I'll call you.
JACOB
Bye

V

Let me try to explain how everything folds in upon me.

Steve Martin had a stand up bit that he did in the 1970's that was about smoking weed, and it was making fun of potheads; Mom had the Steve Martin comedy LP probably ever since it came out, (mom always loved Steve Martin) and I was able to listen to her records when I was in high school, because even now my parents have a sweet record player. The record sleeve had Steve on the front dressed in a white suit and wearing bunny ears. I don't have a record player but even if I did, I wouldn't bring the record up here to my place in New York, I wouldn't listen to that bit that I remember. Anyway, the joke was Steve saying that he smoked pot but only in the nighttime, like after dark. Then he says but oh yeah sometimes he smokes in the evening or early evening, and sometimes occasionally in the afternoon, and it goes on like that until he admits to periodically smoking in the morning, like as soon as he gets up. That's the joke, at least as I remember it. Get it? I didn't get the joke when I was in high school, but I always remembered it and now I get it. Or now it hits pretty close to home with me... strikes a few chords if you know what I mean. Still, I wonder if you have to be a pothead to really get the joke (or write the

joke?), or if the joke is about the way that stoners appear to the non-drug using folks. I guess the joke has different meanings to different people, like all the best art has, like it's both funny and sad to me; that's what I want to say the best art is, then, both funny and sad. I probably only heard the joke once or twice, but I also sort of think that the best art only has to be experienced once, like more than that can be too much; just remembering it makes you feel something, and you can develop ideas about the piece of art in your head without experiencing it, you absorb it over a long period of time, you live with its memory and eventually you think you get it, or something more is revealed about it. Maybe this happens because some changes in your life help you relate to the piece, or you have a new experience with art that helps you understand what you remember about it, or maybe you just get smarter and/or more sensitive.

I kind of have a similar thought about that Eva Hesse rope piece at the Whitney, the rope that's soaked in latex, that really stringy one, that really famous one that's reproduced a lot, it's in all the books. You know it? *No Title* from 1970. I always liked pictures of it and then not too long ago I got to actually see it hanging up, and actually how shitty and old looking it was, which I will not pretend was an illuminating experience for me with regard to the piece. But after I saw it, as a matter of course, my life went on, as you know, and of course lots of things happened after I saw it; I moved to a big city... maybe I got a job or a boyfriend and then got severe depression and couldn't make a go of it; or maybe I became a super successful

sculptor and started showing all around, and actually got my own show at the Whitney; maybe I contracted brain cancer myself just like Eva did, or lung cancer, or maybe I watched some video where the Whitney's conservators talked about the piece and how it's literally disintegrating and how in the near future the piece will only exist as a pile of frayed rope that's kept in museum storage in a cardboard box. Whatever happened, at present I have developed what is (in my opinion) a very complex and multi-layered reading of the Hesse piece, and just how it relates to my world. I find it both funny and sad. Just like with the stoner joke, it's about my life.

I watched an interview on the Vice Magazine website with the painter Jonathan Meese in which he says that sentimentality and nostalgia are the enemies of art, and that what we should always be striving for as artists is neutrality; that we should try and make things without sentiment. I know that a lot of my work looks totally sentimental, serious, affected, poetic, sappy, et cetera, but I agree with dude in the sense that when things are presented as art and get looked at or read or listened to by other people, a lot of the sentiments and corny meanings of the artist are absorbed by the audience, and therefore neutralized, and ultimately I think I make my work in hopes of defeating those melodramatic meanings. In other words, I put the feelings into my art so I don't have to feel them so much, to take the edge off; I put a lot of stuff into a piece and then hopefully the piece goes away somewhere and I feel a little better that it's out there and gone from here. I do it to be a part of this give and take...Do you understand?

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