

David Armstrong Hrafnhildur Arnardottir aka Shoplifter Mark Borthwick Philip-Lorca diCorcia Judith Eisler John Giorno Katerina Jebb Sarah Lucas Joe Maloney Adam McEwen Jessica Mitrani Jack Pierson Genesis Breyer P-Orridge Ugo Rondinone Collier Schorr

INPUT #4 SUMMER 2012

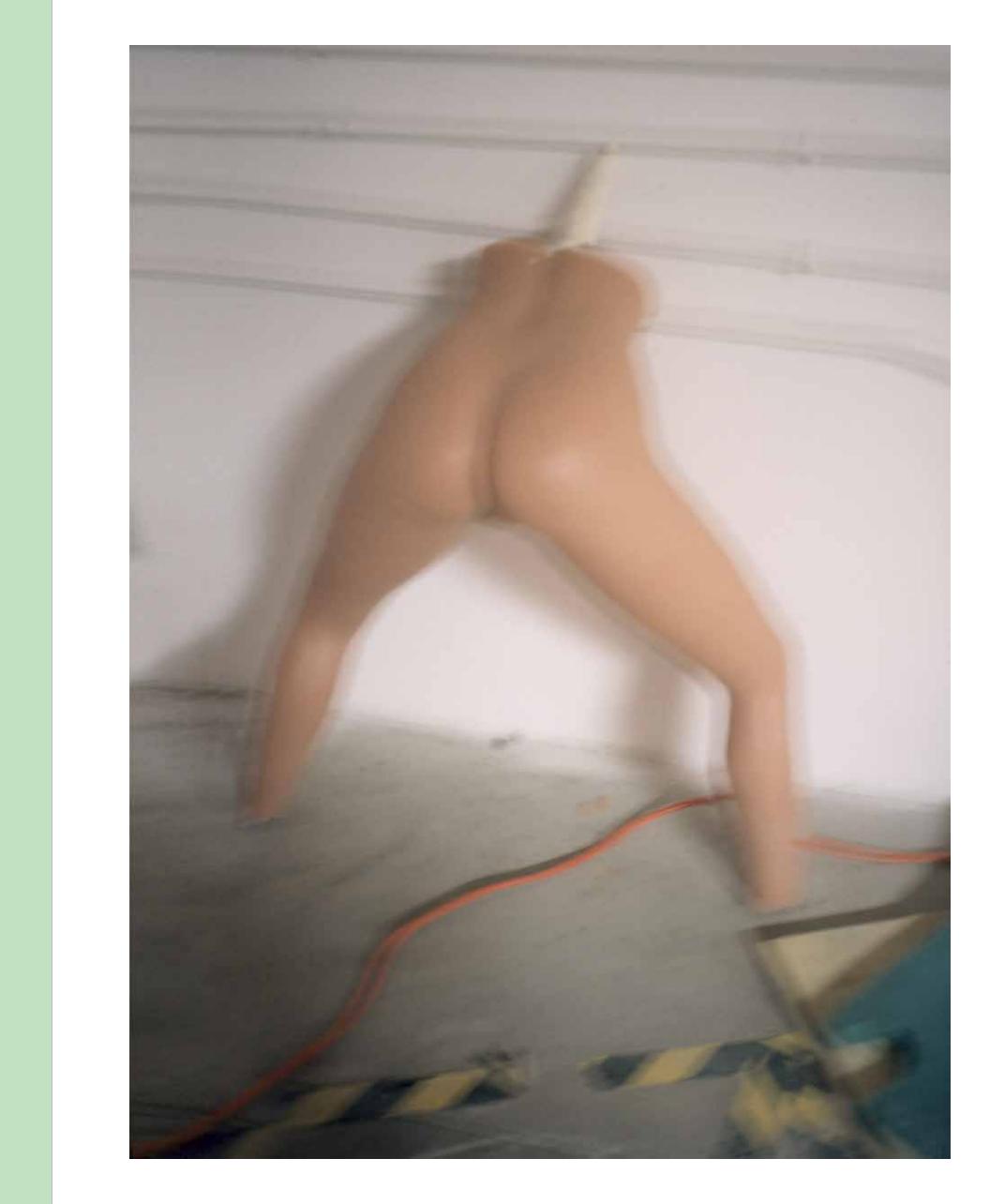
The Body Beautiful/the Body Ugly/the Body, Ours.

Chris Townsend

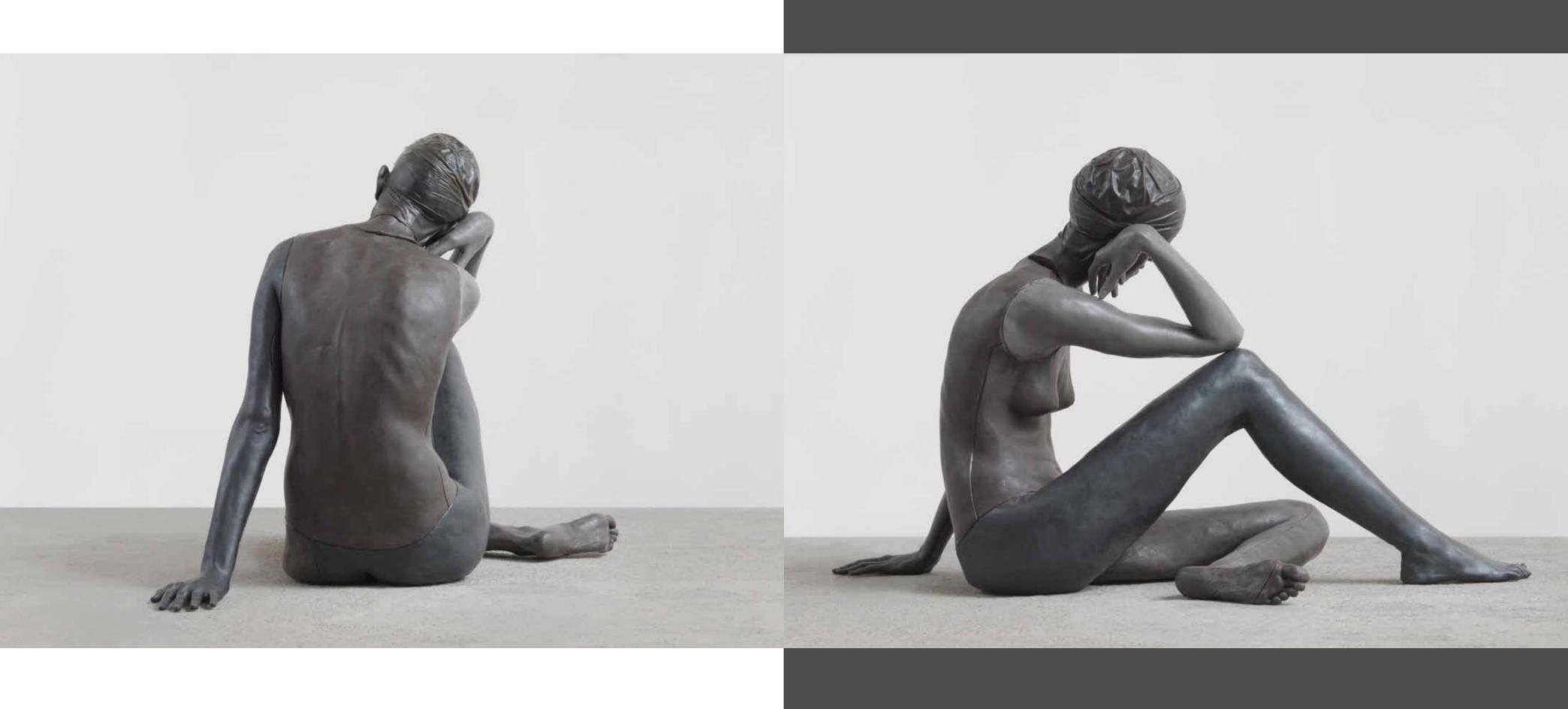
How fragile it is, this vessel, this barely sealed cup that carries our essence, our soul, our being, our "our-ness", an identity that is at once unique — it's about me — and collective — this is who were are. A certain art for centuries insisted on the body: our originating mark of beauty in the west is still the marble statue of the naked youth or diaphanously-draped maiden, who once gazed from a bleached-white headland over a wine-dark Mediterranean. Most often that beauty is damaged, comes without head, or arms, or with surface scalped, rough marble grown like scar tissue where smooth skin was. That body is nonetheless our ideal or our enemy, what we cannot be even if we want it. It is beautiful because it is mortal, not because it's perfect; beautiful because it is sensate and reminds us that we are sensory, tactile beings — we taste, touch, see, smell ourselves and others. Sometimes, too, we hear voices... Above all it's beautiful because it's temporary, gets damaged easily, gets worn, and we cannot, eventually, evade the experiences that it will bring us.

Conceptual art hid all this: loathed touch and experience, and at the same time performance art recalled it, with excess. If conceptualism yearned for pure infinity, its alter ego ugly as Expressionism promised finitude and feeling. Fashion, as a modern art, and as its own performance, similarly calls to attention imperfection and sensation, for all the freakishly imperfect perfect bodies used to model it. Fashion, as Leopardi noted in *The Moral Essays* (1824) comes with death built in: "Madame Death! Madame Death!" her sister called, and it took Death a while to recognize their shared sorority from decay. Style and mortality go hand in hand, and Fashion knows this. Fashion calls to heed our beauty and our transience, the inevitability of experience, whether that is sexual passion or its gentle morning aftermath, the scar of accident or design, the smell of animals or trees in country or smoke in city. Yes, affirms art, in the call and response: this is our body, our experience, because it is mine. This is the body in which we live and die.

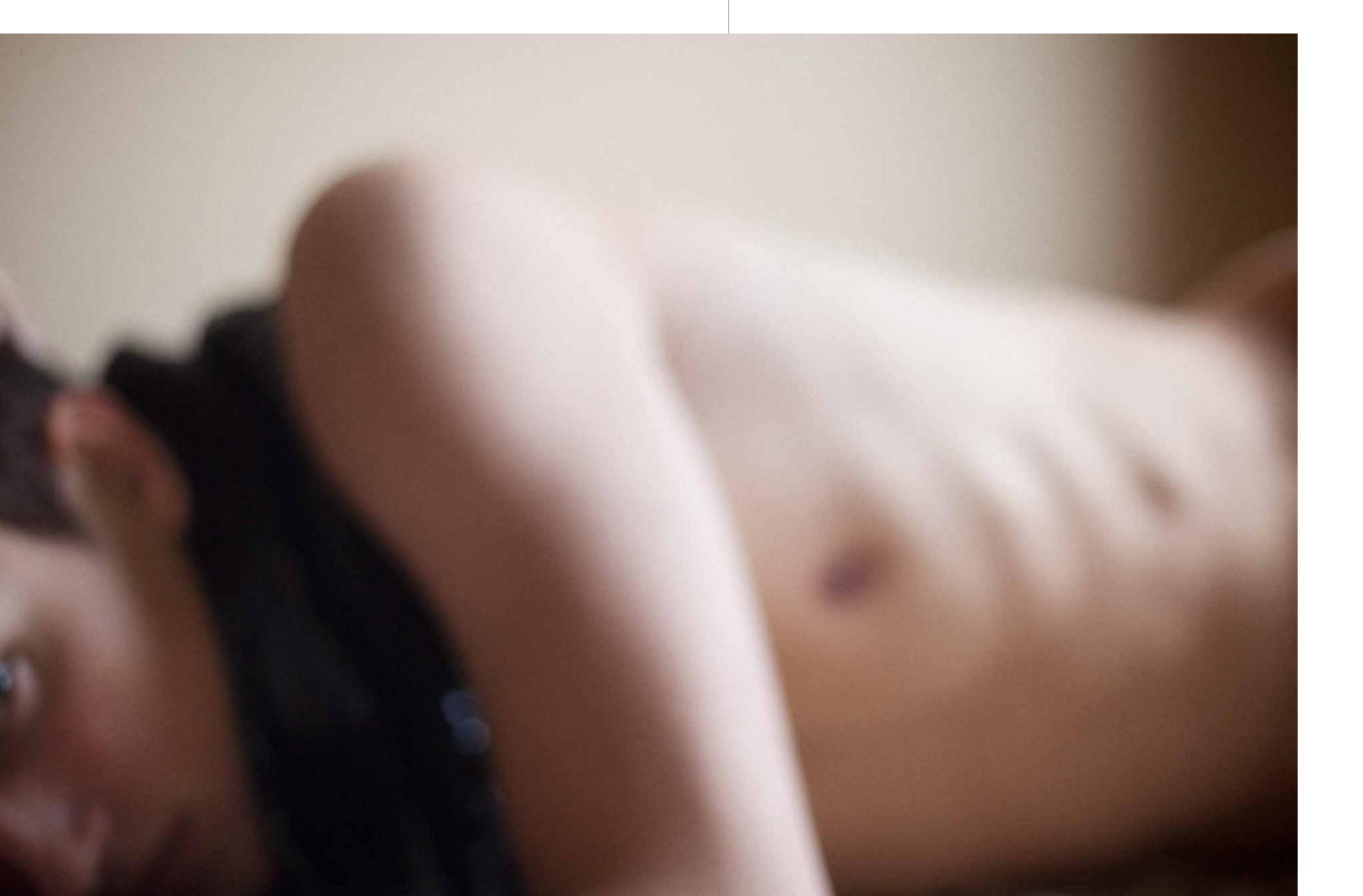
Live with it.



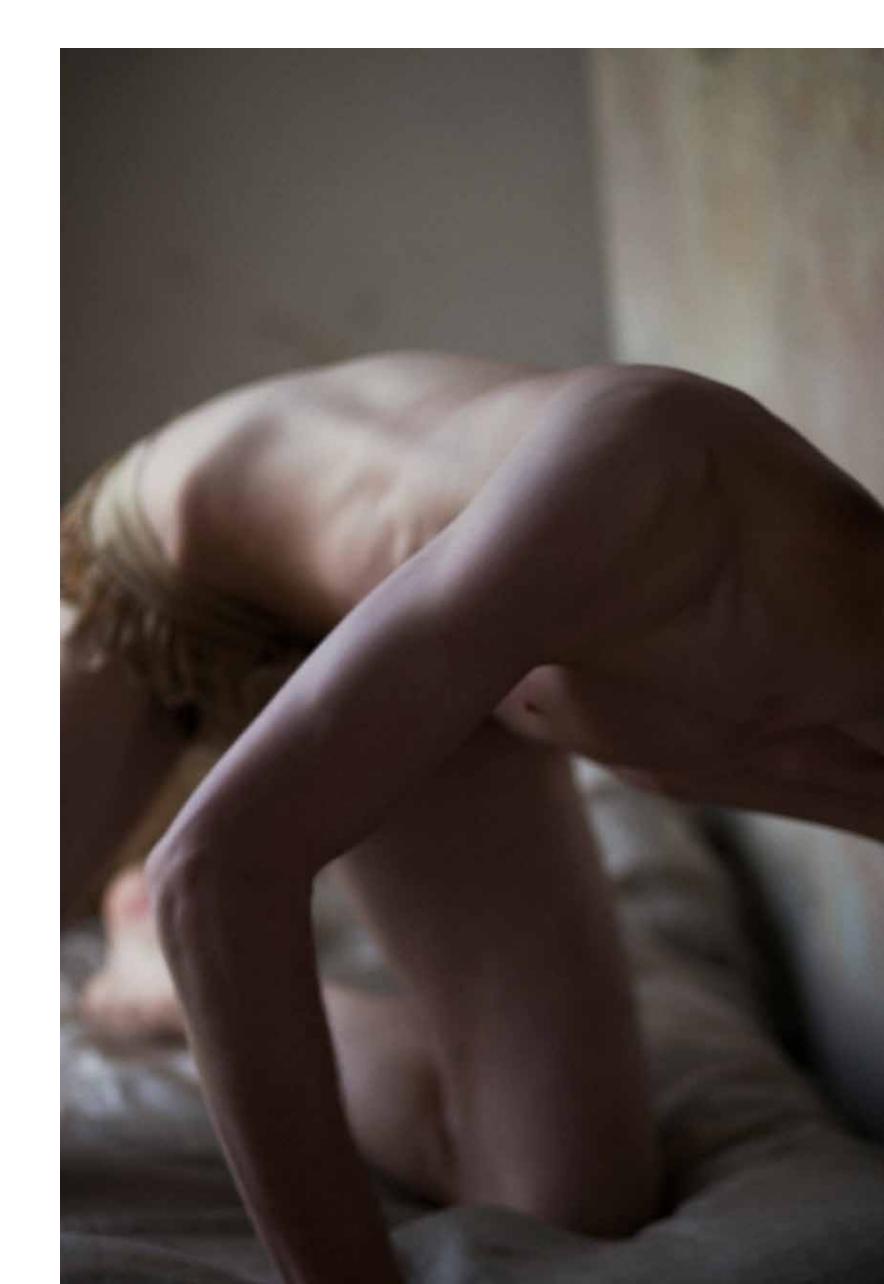


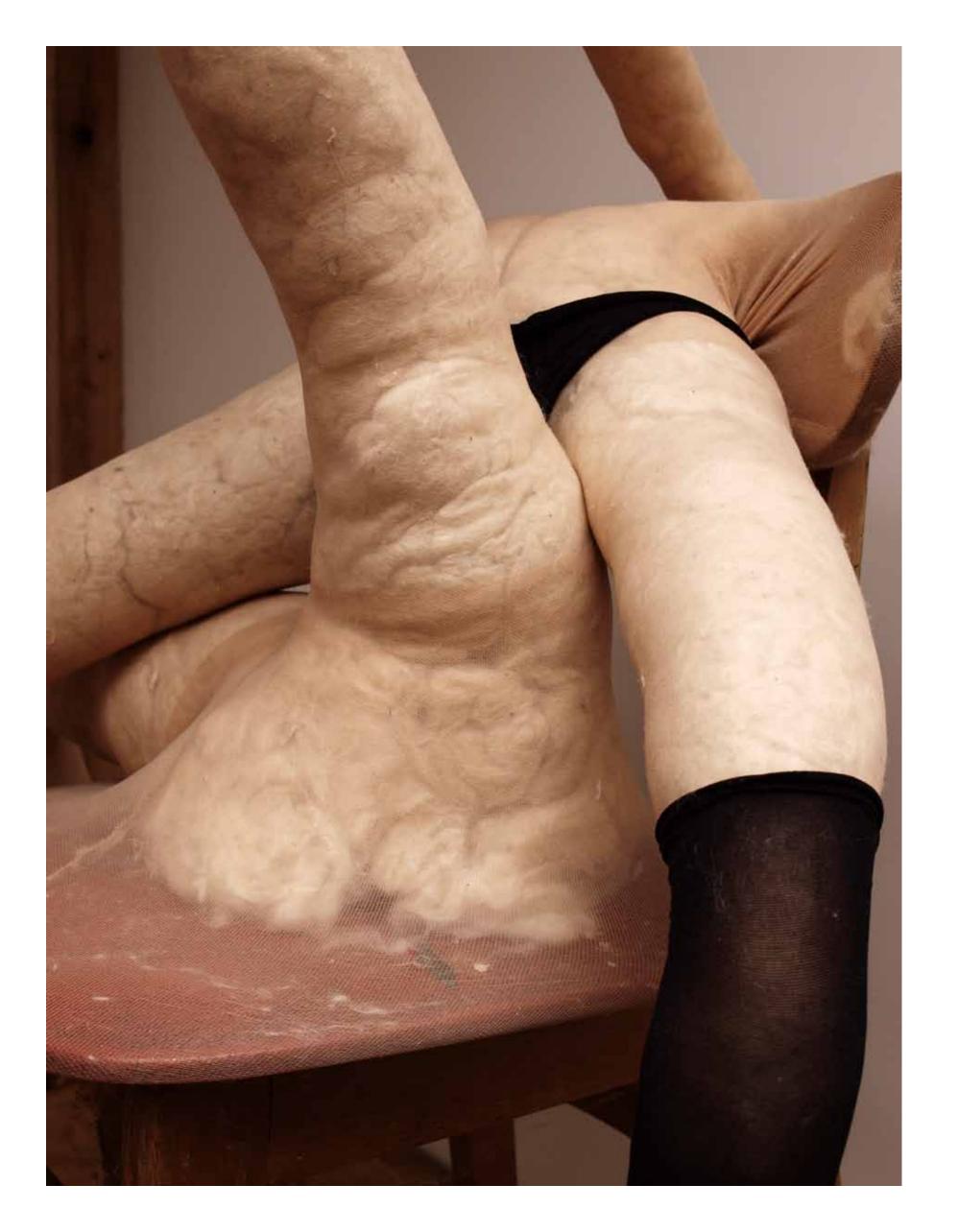


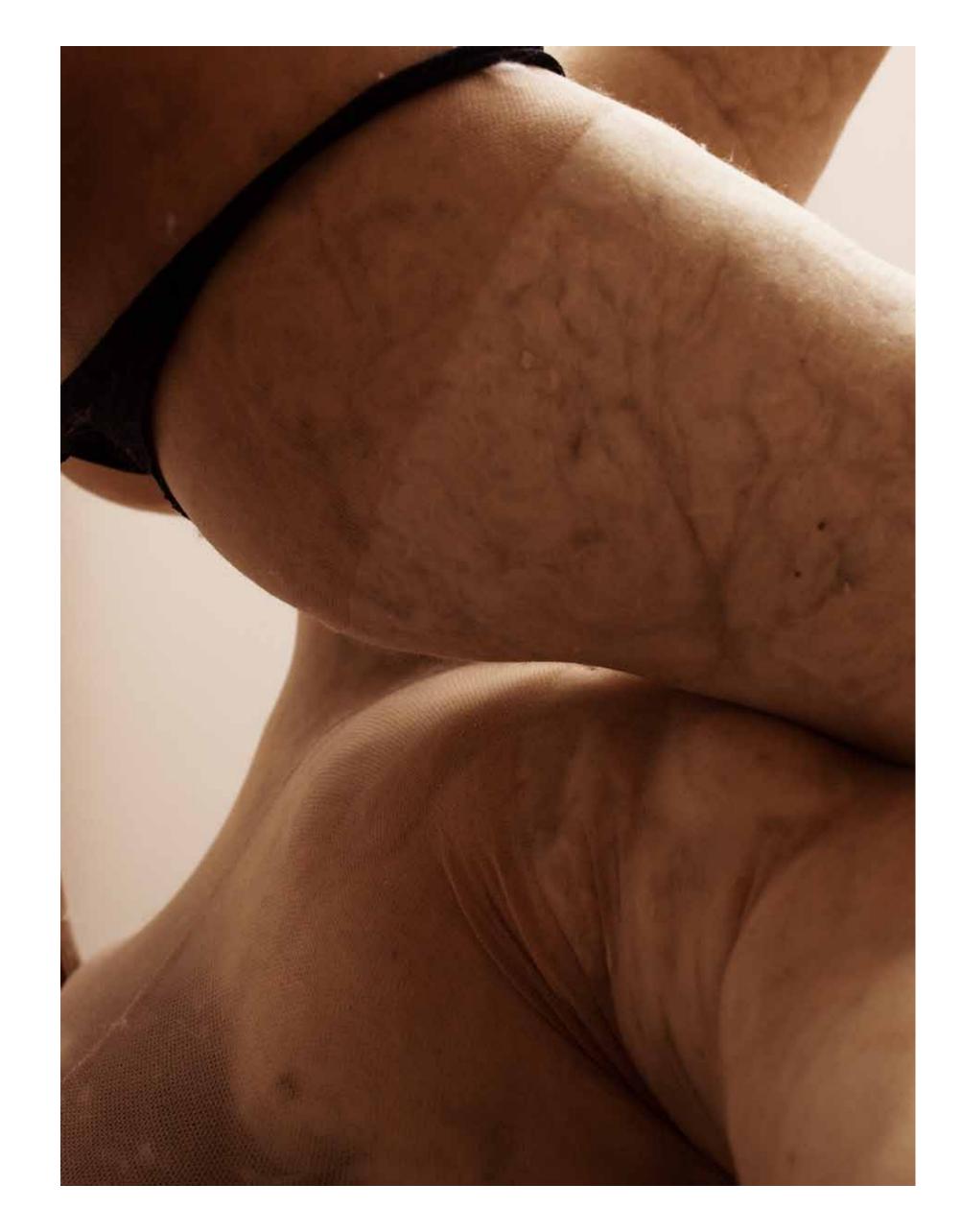


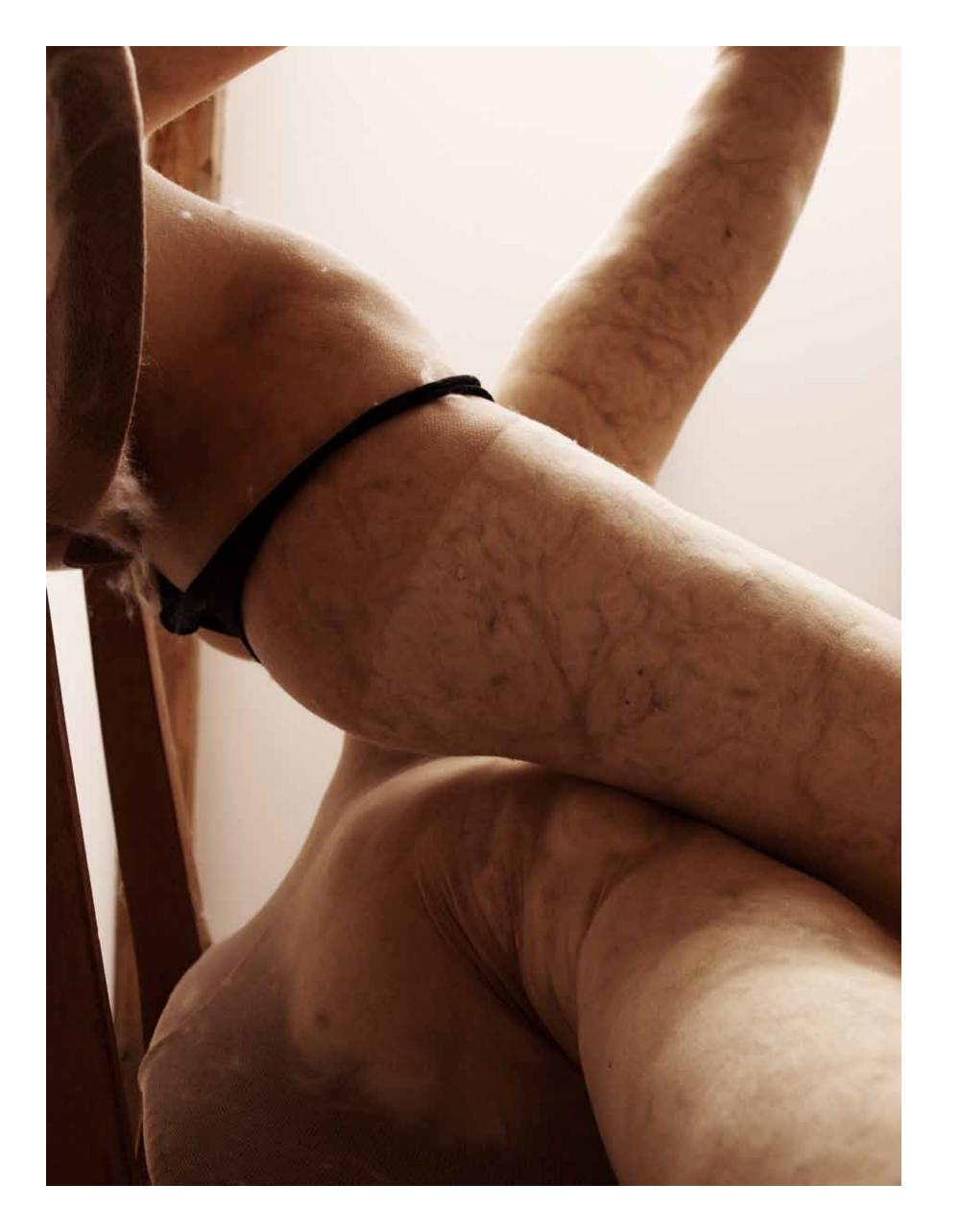


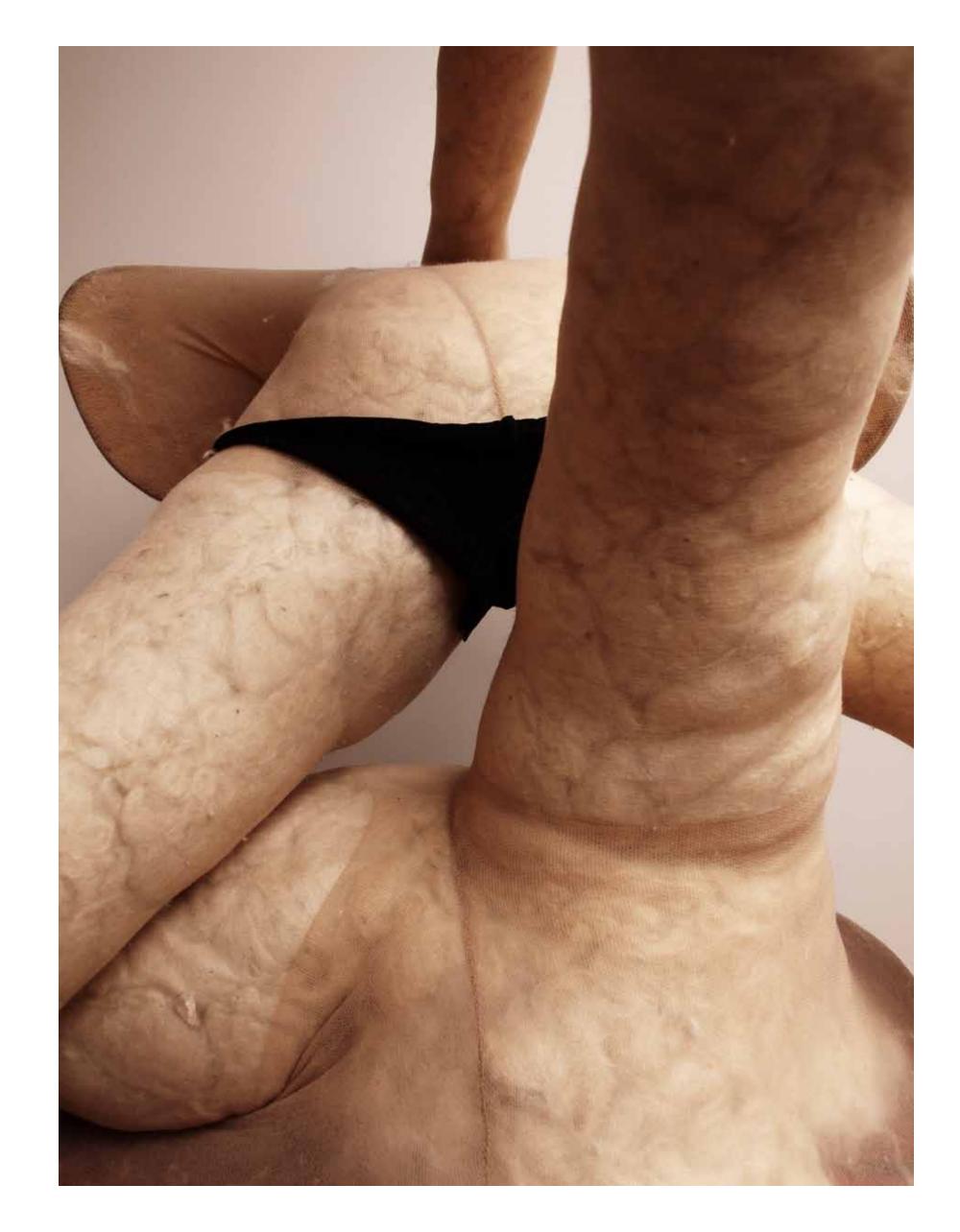






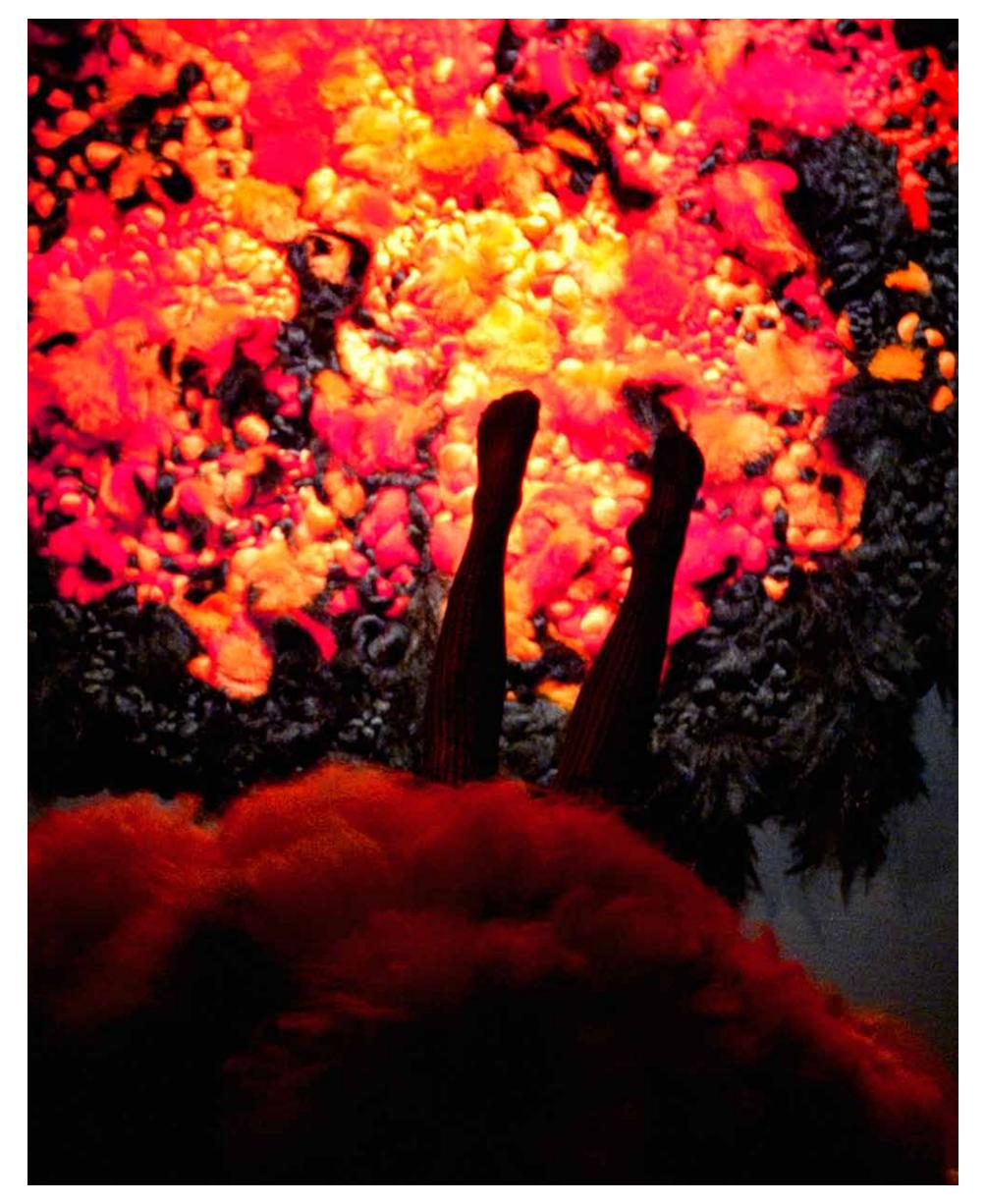












"cork's out in spring"

So never the lest of this man erd jest
ey'l confess among all this mad ness
eye am one whom lay's were no naked un aware
as ey'm rendering this fest in hand
ey'm drawn from nature's gland
so proud to gallivant an explore
whist more ing grant's me all the more
so to escape me dear nature you rape me

So to luce me seduce me
is to light thee all night thee is to aware thee an lay in thee is to cales thee your sweet
sweet gental you
nature's bode ly glue

For it's your star lu'ci'far
so lucid from a'far
s'jar were inna place that's bearly known un known
us drawn onna stone
among truth's truest prizum as an izum
an illuminous oblivion
so to reflect where your truest feeling's dweel
one yell's
"ahhh"
sweet sweet lucidity

An illuminous awakening through sensual illuminocity's whom's fertility your sweet est fluency an intangable clarity

"shhh"

An your smell's

an air anna rose to petal till dawn
so to digest me conquest me
to luce me seduce me
so to touch me agile my'n touch
as one touches one touches to be touch't
by what's know un known:
is to touch upon one's soul's artistical gestation
an illuminous sen say shone
an invaltation to surender
your voices whom shadow one's choices
so to jeer one's expression
cheer's one to listen

Inticing

desiring lover lies in
empathizing your love ing eye z in
reflect's never to question why z
ones wize to celebrate lifes never
never never with out doubt
never with out

"with out love"

Need'less to say
ey'v wonder'd out loud
smong these ti'dal sound's
whom cork's me out till cok's will spring
my'n fiddle willing
to love whom mark's my'n will

"singing"

.

So to bay'th me by night me
to the terrace midnight me
whoms rituals delight me
to light me my'n spasm'
an blast me your cum

For your hair is my'n golden your pond is my'n globe whom wills your reflection till echos in fold among story's un'told

For your souls whom's reflection, jeers ones expression so to voice ing ones choices enticing ones vice ing

So to breast me digest me un'dress me conquest me to blues me seduce me is to un'dress you caress you in fest you

So to balm me an opean by'n roving by'n joving whom weaves me ey'm woven by'n joving by'n roving so to weave you an ocean

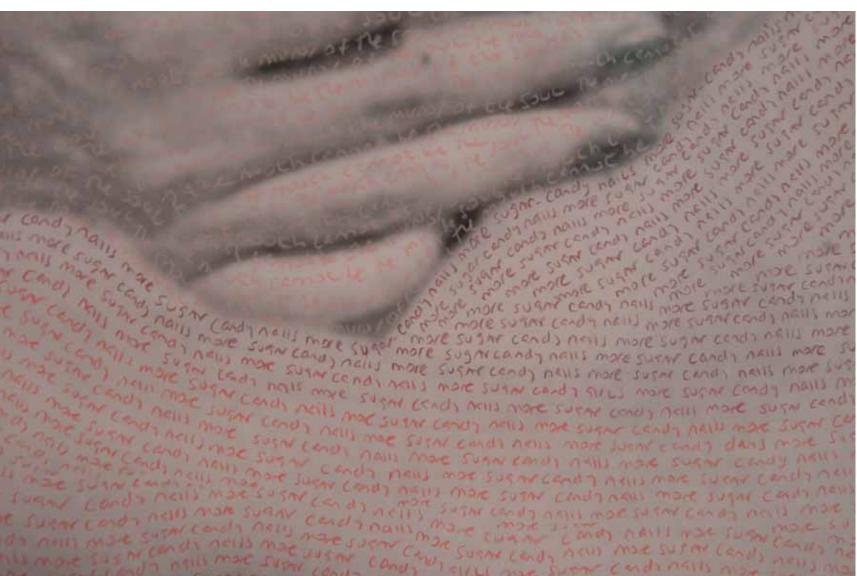
So to noze me my smell is to blast me your cum is to bellow my ne charm thath sparkle begun

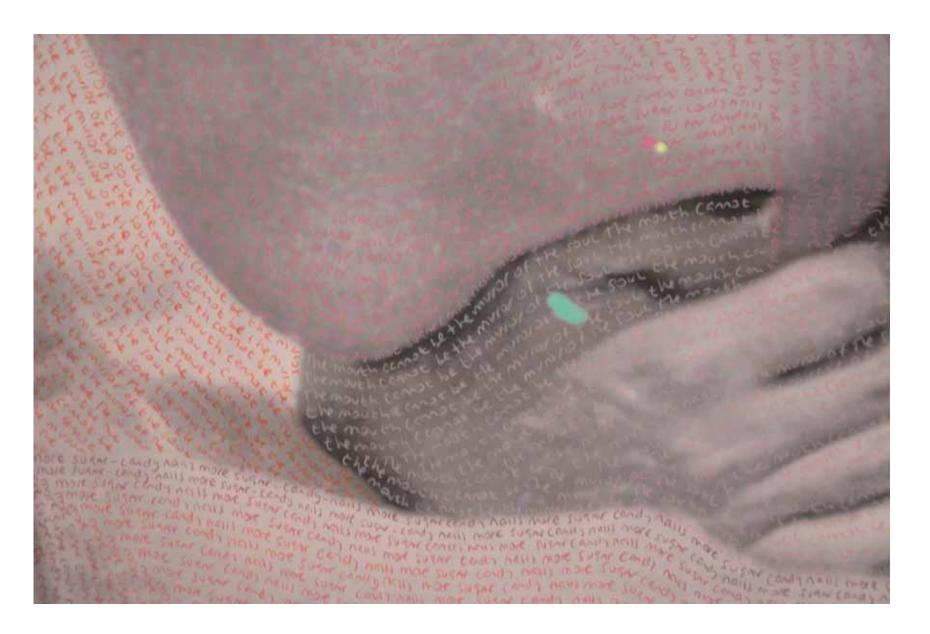
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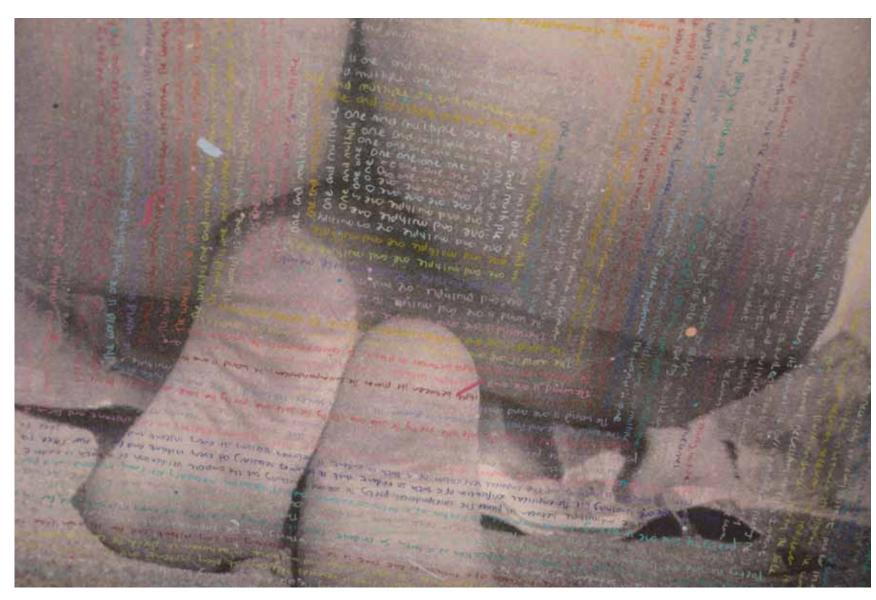






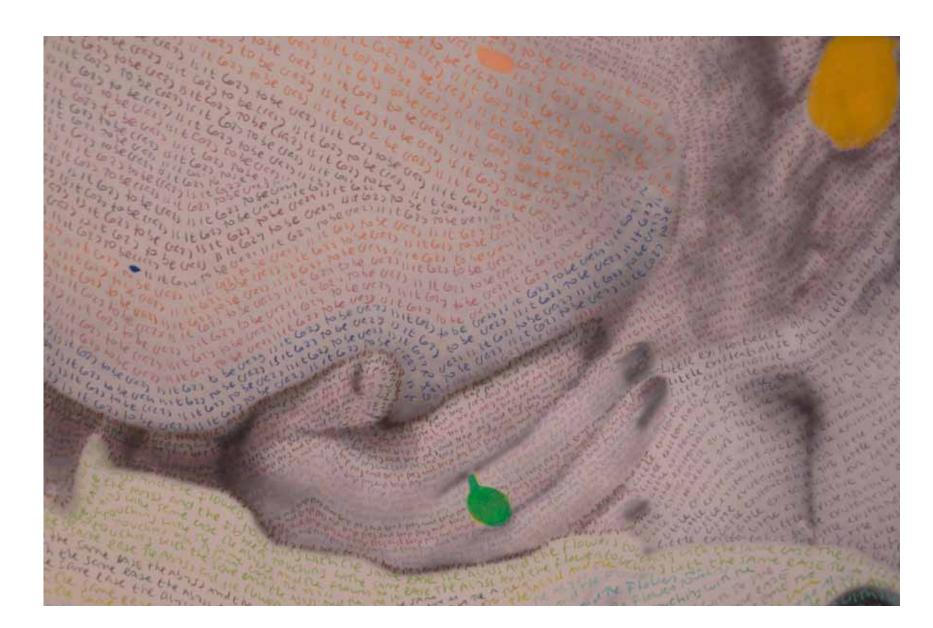


















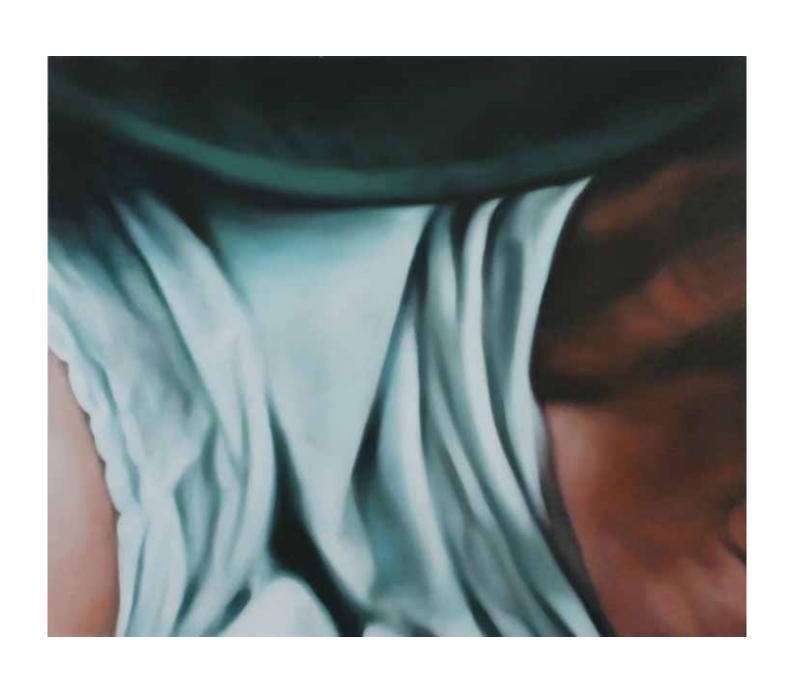












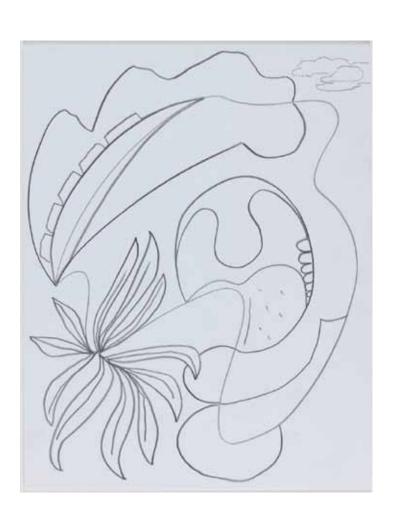




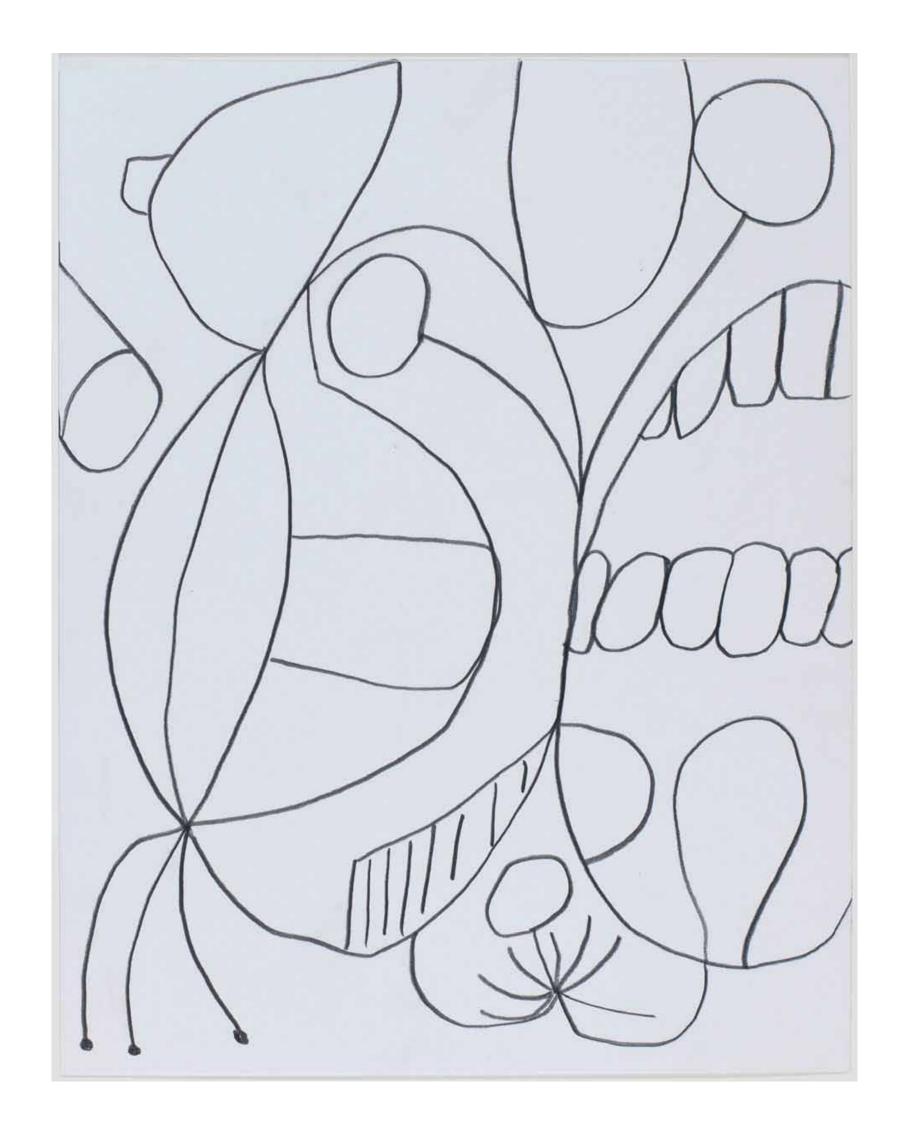










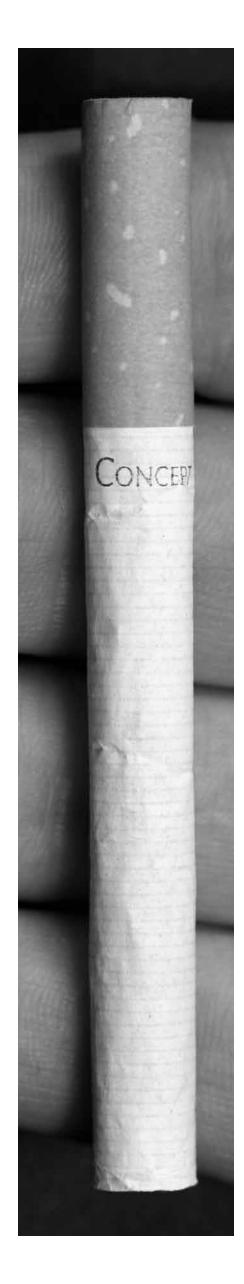






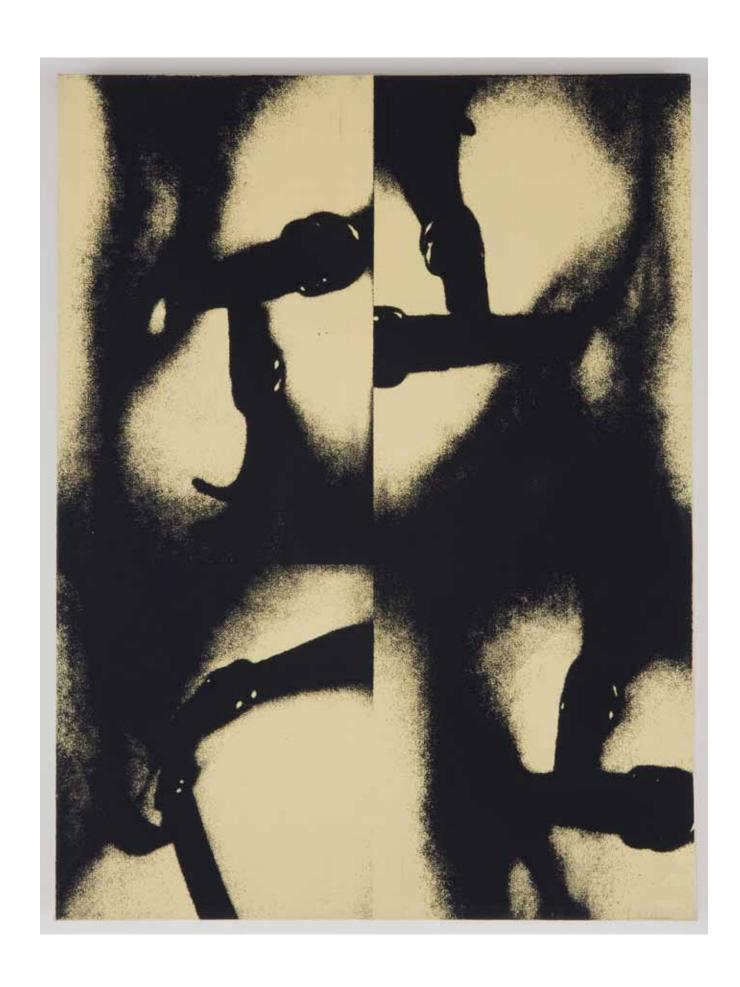
I WANT TO COUNTY OF THE STATE O

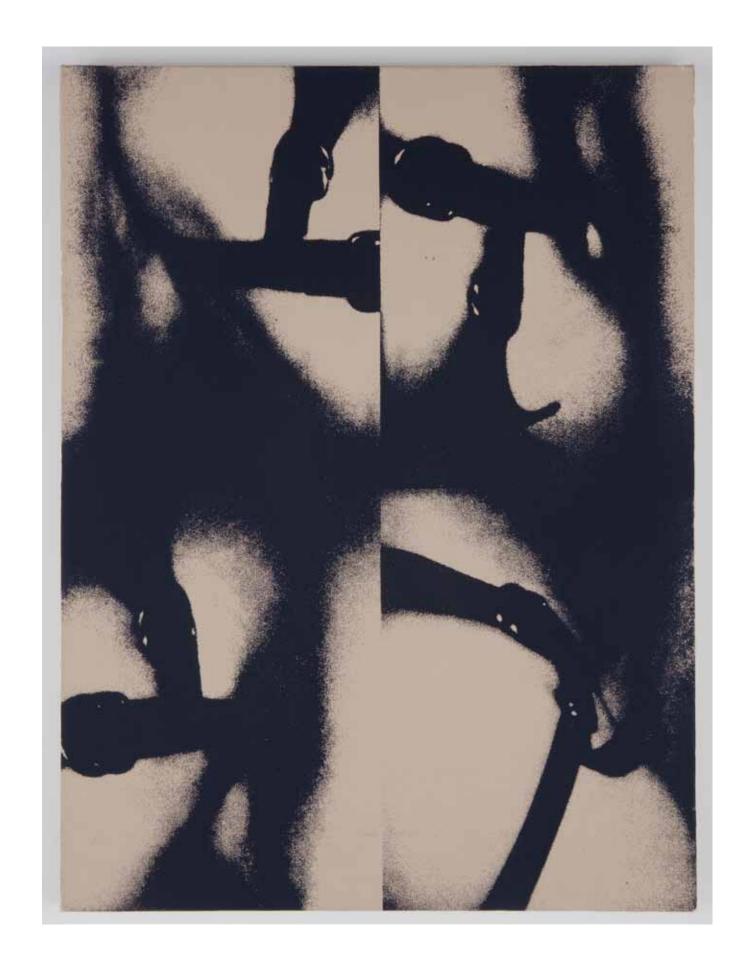
I WOULD CRAWL THROUGH A MILE OF SHIT TO SUCK OFF THE LAST GUY WHO FUCKED HER

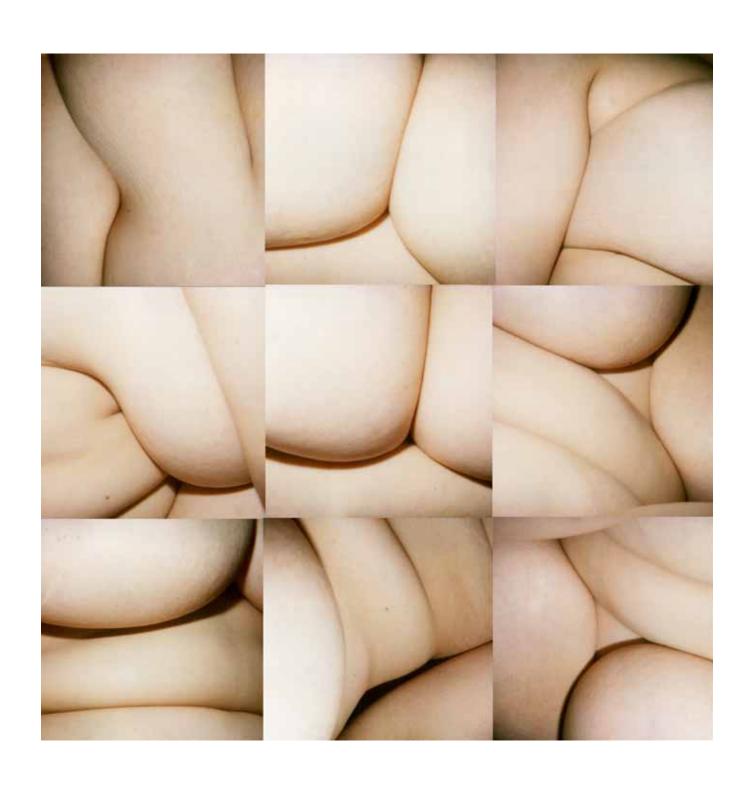


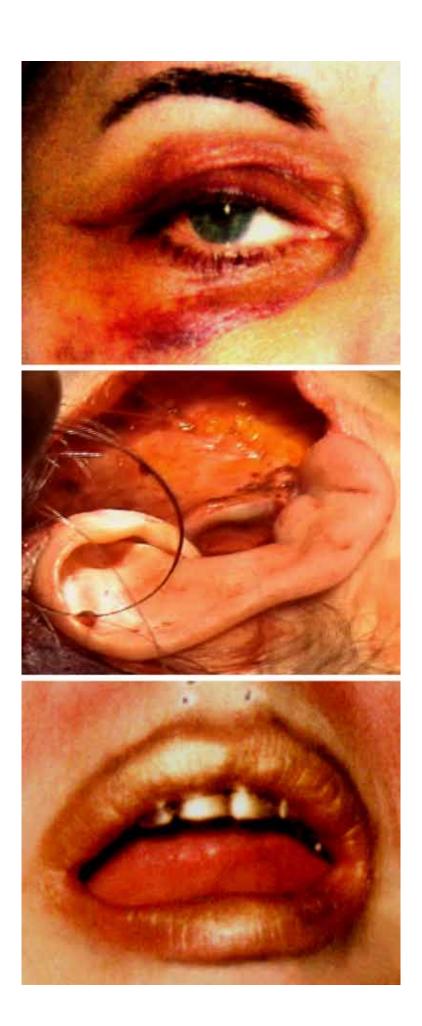














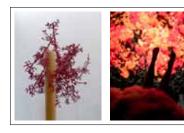
Katerina Jebb, Real Doll Body Part, 1999, digital print. Courtesy of the artist.



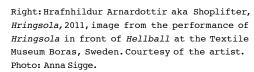
Hrafnhildur Arnardottir aka Shoplifter, Sleeping Beauty, 2012, artificial skull, synthetic hair, nylon sock. Courtesy of the artist. Photo: Michal Jurewicz.

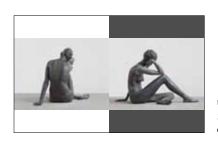


Katerina Jebb. Mouth of a Sex Doll. 1999. digital print. Courtesy of the artist.



Left: Hrafnhildur Arnardottir aka Shoplifter, Raw Nerves, 2007, dried grape vine, paint, wood stand. Courtesy of the artist.





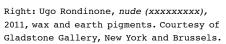
Ugo Rondinone, nude (xxxxxxxxxxx), 2011, wax and earth pigments. Courtesy of Gladstone Gallery, New York and Brussels.



Mark Borthwick, cork's out in spring, poem. Courtesy of the artist.



Left: Ugo Rondinone, nude (xxxxxxx), 2011, wax and earth pigments. Courtesy of Gladstone Gallery, New York and Brussels.





Mark Borthwick, diary extracts, 2010. Courtesy of the artist.



David Armstrong, Jacob, Bed-Stuy, 2009, pigment print, edition of 12. Courtesy of the artist.



Jessica Mitrani, nora on the beach (series), 2011, inkjet and colored pencils on watercolor paper. Courtesy of the artist. Photo: Britt Kubat.



Left: David Armstrong, Marcel, Bovina, 2011, pigment print, edition of 12. Courtesy of the artist.

of the artist.

Right: David Armstrong, Mattias, Bed-Stuy,

2010, pigment print, edition of 12. Courtesy



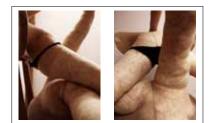
Jessica Mitrani, nora on the beach (series), 2011, inkjet and colored pencils on watercolor paper. Courtesy of the artist. Photo: Britt Kubat.



Sarah Lucas, Pepsi & Cocky, 2009, C-print. Courtesy of Sadie Coles HQ London and Gladstone Gallery New York. Photo: Julian Simmons.



Philip-Lorca diCorcia, A contact sheet from the Lucky 13 series. Courtesy of the artist and David Zwirner, New York.

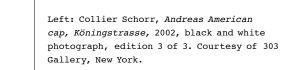


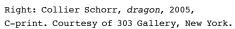
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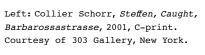






oil on canvas. Courtesy of the artist.

John Giorno, I would crawl, 2012,



Right: Collier Schorr, shrapnel, 2005, black and white photograph, edition 2 of 5. Courtesy of 303 Gallery, New York.



Left: Adam McEwen, One Concept (Hand), 2007, C-print. Courtesy of the artist.

Right: Adam McEwen, One Feeling (Steak), 2010, C-print, concrete frame. Courtesy of the artist.





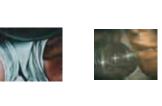
Left: Judith Eisler, Faye & Steve 3, 2007, oil on canvas. Courtesy of the collection of Cameron Martin, Seattle.

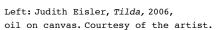
Right: Judith Eisler, Back (The Tin Drum), 2003, oil on canvas. Courtesy of the collection of Gregory Papadimitriou, Athens.



Left: Adam McEwen, Woody Allen, 2011, graphite on aluminum panel. Courtesv of the artist.

Right: Adam McEwen, Twiggy, 2011, graphite on aluminum panel. Courtesy of the artist.





Right: Judith Eisler, Julie, 2006, oil on canvas. Courtesy of the artist.





Left: Genesis Breyer P-Orridge & Eric Heist, Untitled (from Candy Factory series), 2001, acrylic silkscreen on canvas. Courtesy of the artists and INVISIBLE-EXPORTS.

Right: Genesis Breyer P-Orridge & Eric Heist, Untitled (from Candy Factory series), 2001, acrylic silkscreen on canvas. Courtesy of the artists and INVISIBLE-EXPORTS.



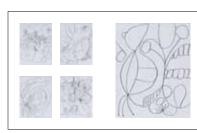


Jack Pierson, Untitled, 2011, graphite on paper. Courtesy of Cheim & Read Gallery.



Left: Genesis Breyer P-Orridge, Amnion Folds, 2003, C-print on plexiglass, edition of 5. Courtesy of the artist and INVISIBLE-EXPORTS.

Right: Genesis Breyer P-Orridge, See Hear Speak No Evil, 2004, three C-prints on plexiglass, edition of 3. Courtesy of the artist and INVISIBLE-EXPORTS.



Jack Pierson, Untitled, 2011, graphite on paper. Courtesy of Cheim & Read Gallery.





Left: Joe Maloney, Dark Eddy, Delaware river, 1986, digital inkjet print. Courtesy of the artist.

Right: Joe Maloney, Odell Spring Creek, Montana, 1996, digital inkjet print. Courtesy of the artist.



John Giorno, I want to cum, 2012, oil on canvas. Courtesy of the artist.

Editor and Publisher: Renée Vara Curator: Victoria Bartlett Essay: Chris Townsend Art Direction: Berger & Wild

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