



Above: Robert Gober, 'Untitled', graphite on paper, 7 x 5 in, 2013. Courtesy Ibid Gallery and the Robert Gober Studio. Photo credit: Jeff McLane.

Overleaf: Detail of video still from Neha Choksi's 'Dust to Mountain'. Installation dimensions vary; 2' 50" single channel video installed on a wedge at the angle of the artist's kick, sheer curtains, sheer printed fabric, 2016. Courtesy the artist and Project 88.

cave (noun)

We are artists.

We are always already in a cave.

We are always dreaming.

We have blind memories.

When we wake up from a vision and stand up, we re-enact aeons later a simple motor skill that allowed us to go from quadruped to biped. This freeing of our arms is linked to the freeing of our mind.

We find we can both feed ourselves and our dreams.

We make parietal handprints.

We draw a bison.

We draw ourselves.

We are in a cave.

Our mouth is our cave.

Our mouth opens and releases the rock.

When we first learn about Sisyphus, the focus on Sisyphus's efforts and failures, we feel the injustice of his being out of time, experiencing time out of joint, the sensation of being trapped. Life is not a trap. We enter and exit. We have finite and historical limits. Art exceeds, pierces time. But what about the eternally rolling rock? Who thinks about how it feels, what it does, why it behaves as it does?

The rock kidnaps time.

The cradle contains the coffin.

Art collages the impossible, our places and temporalities come in contact, like aliens meeting.

A séance in a cave.

Neha Choksi

