

FRIZE MATTERS (EIGHT PIECES BY FOUR HANDS)

Style

The signature style-- or the individual handmade mark, repeated consistently, like the signature itself-- has long been considered the defining characteristic of art. Nineteenth century artists used personal expression (feelings, ideas, and habits) in order to escape externally imposed academic conventions and clichés. This characterization of the artist

might conjure Manet, but Charles Baudelaire preferred the drawings of Constantin Guys:

Aucun de ses dessins n'est signé, si l'on appelle signature ces quelques lettres, faciles a contrefaire, qui figurent un nom, et que tant d'autres apposent fastueusement au bas de leurs plus insouciantes croquis. Mais tous ses ouvrages sont signées de son ame éclatante, et les amateurs qui les ont vus et appréciés les reconnaîtront facilement a la description que j'en veux faire. Grand amoureux de la foule et de l'incognito, M. C. G. pousse l'originalité jusqu'a la modestie.

The literal signature, easily counterfeited, doesn't matter; it is the artist's *spirit* rather than his pen that signs the work, rendering Guys' hand clearly identifiable to the knowledgeable viewer.

One hundred years later, another critic, Clement Greenberg, described another artist, Jackson Pollock, in terms both alike and different than those of Baudelaire: Pollock demonstrates that something related to skill is likewise unessential to the creation of aesthetic quality: namely, personal touch, individuality of execution, handwriting, "signature"... With a little practice anybody can make dribble and spatters and skeins of liquid paint that are indistinguishable from Pollock's in point purely of handwriting.

This may seem counterintuitive; we think of Pollock as having the most individual and expressive of styles. But Greenberg emphasizes the artist's distance from the canvas, the

degree to which materials determined his marks, the lack of training required for the drip paintings. Some younger artists, including the minimalists, would recognize this quality of distance in Pollock's paintings as well, and, like Greenberg, locate the artist's greatness in his compositional sense, his sensitivity to the painting as a whole object.

More recent avant-gardes challenged the values of expressiveness and originality altogether; those such as Daniel Buren pictured the artist as formed by social pressures, his consistent style demanded by the market. The conceptual and political art of the 1970s is the context in which Bernard Frize first found himself as an artist; and indeed, he has not developed a signature style, in the sense of a single recognizable mark or habit. He constructs programs or recipes in order to remove his taste and touch from the paintings; in fact, he often uses assistants to make his work.

So why, despite this, can we tell a "Frize" when we see it? Rather than an expressive style or mark, Frize has developed a particular way of working, and a set of preferences and procedures that bear a family resemblance to each other. His colors, however arbitrarily mixed and matched, register with a certain clarity and often transparency. When considered as a whole, his oeuvre develops several different categories of relationships or structures, though they are by no means all-inclusive or ordering. These recurring types include the continuous or single brushstroke, layered coats of paint (or conversely, formerly emulsified colors separated into their component parts), the changeable grid, the stroke that grows other strokes. Frize has an identity, if not a style.

You could copy Guys' signature, but not his spirit; copy Pollock's mark but not his feeling for composition. Bernard Frize goes one step further. In his own words:
A painting should make you able to figure out how it has been made, as though you could have made it yourself.

You could copy Frize's signature, Frize's mark—in fact, you could trace Frize's steps and copy his whole painting. But that "*As though*" gives pause: you could have made the painting, and yet something stops you— a lack of skill or aesthetic sensibility or concept, or the simple fact that it was Frize who did it, after all.

A man of his generation, he is skeptical of the limits of expression, yet he also resists the trap of grandiose claims for art as social critique. Instead, the artist makes art as if it were one possible activity among many, as if he were one man among many, and the intelligent, sensual impersonality of his paintings shows it. The bursting soul may be out of fashion, but, to reverse Baudelaire, Frize pushes modesty to the point of originality, where he becomes himself.

Natural Laws

Like many artists of his generation, Bernard Frize sees personal expression and the emphasis on the peculiarities of the individual self as no less confining than the academic conventions to which artists once submitted. And while he is very involved with the materials of painting, his work doesn't participate in any standard discourse of "modernism" or "abstract painting." Rather than return to pre-determined practices (whether of the avant-garde or the academy), he decided to create his own rules and structures, to set his own limits.

The rules Frize chooses to produce individual works can often seem very funny in their arbitrariness, as in the work where he painted blindfolded, following someone else's spoken instructions to move the paintbrush to the left or the right. But after all, these impositions are not that much more arbitrary or amusing than those of the critic who demands flatness or deductive structures from painters. Having decided on a system, such as passing brushes loaded with certain colors along a line of assistants, moving the strokes diagonally through a grid, the terms are set: "I opt for a way of working, and the painting is simply a result of that. Once I have decided how I want to work, I concede to the result. Though I cannot predict precisely the outcome of the working process, I will almost never change it."

Not only does Frize accept his own rules, he accepts those conditions which appear as givens, such as the physical properties of commercially available paint. Leo Steinberg once famously asked Jasper Johns whether he used the stencils of numbers and

letters because he liked them or because they came that way; Johns replied that he liked them *because* they came that way. Frize also takes advantage of even more basic, universal givens. In *Margarita*, for example, he chooses to submit to gravity, painting the surface pink and then suspending it upside down. In *Boswell, 2001* the painting's effect depends on how wet substances dissolve into and resist each other. The pretty strata of *Emir* are created by the way an emulsion of two non-compatible substances separates out again under the pressure of gravity. As he describes the group of paintings made with this last method, "Still more paintings born of chaos, of chance, whose forms depend solely on technological characteristics: liquidity, quantity of paint, angle of the surface over which it flows, etc. And yet the visual experience doesn't show it. The evocation of mountains and lakes predominates; landscapes open up to a kind of illusionist aberration, and fall apart." Why see this as a contradiction? Choosing the non-art rules of gravity, density, or viscosity, the artist taps into something bigger than all of us—what he calls "chance" we might call "nature."

As he hints above, Frize's work often calls up not only natural forces but natural forms such as rainbows, mountains, cut stones, fossils, and comets. This doubleness recalls the philosopher Spinoza's view of nature as both *natura naturans* and *natura naturata*: nature as active, creative agent and nature as the ensemble of things in the world. In thinking of nature itself as generative, Spinoza denies the existence of an overseeing creator distinct from the creation; *natura naturans* is simply the laws that produce the natural world. Similarly, Frize has spoken several times of his distaste for the

artist acting as a god or demiurge of his paintings; in a sense he has replaced himself as a determining force with the principles of the physical world. Those principles might be the conditions he creates for his paintings, or the more general laws to which they-- and he and we-- are all subject. And we, like the artist, might prefer these laws to those less neutral, less disinterested and more intentional laws of artistic or political institutions.

Categories

Some years ago Bernard Frize, together with Patricia Falguière, prepared a list of categories for the classification of his paintings. The list, headed with quotations from Aristotle's *Categories* and W.V.O. Quine's *Word and Object*, is philosophical in inspiration. Frize's categories are numbered in scientific fashion, reminiscent of the system Ludwig Wittgenstein used for the propositions of his *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*. Thus:

- 97.1 Surface laid down in a conventional way.
 - 97.2 Surface transferred onto the canvas.
- and
- 103.1 Decision to be lazy.
 - 103.2 Investment in toilsome stretch.
 - 103.22 Investment in virtuosity.
 - 103.2.2.1 Difficult.
 - 103.2.2.2 Fast.
 - 103.2.3 Ingenious.

One can easily think of examples that fit these categories: 97.2, for instance, describes the *Suite Segond* of 1980, or works like the *Suite C* of 1990, in both of which skins of paint allowed to dry in a container were cut out and laid on a canvas. But where Wittgenstein starts with 1, as one might expect, Frize's first item is number 95.1.1 (he ends at 116.2). The *Tractatus* claimed to provide a definitive solution to the major

problems of philosophy (while also demonstrating “how little was thereby achieved”). Frize’s list starts *in medias res*; incomplete at the beginning, it could no doubt be continued past its end as well. It is at once thorough and provisional.

In this we can recognize a kinship with both Aristotle and Quine, an ancient empiricist and a contemporary one. The former insisted on the systematic study of particular things as the way to discover fundamental principles. His list of “categories,” for example, seeks basic aspects of reality in a catalogue of the linguistic expressions— words for substance, quantity, quality, relation, place, time, etc.—we use to describe things in the world. Quine, agreeing with Aristotle that we encounter reality only in what is given to us through the senses, argued that this “given” can always be classified in different ways, so that there is always something arbitrary about the terms we use.

Both philosophers were concerned with language as a material form for thought. Both also saw limits to its grasp of the real. Aristotle did not claim that the structure of language mirrors that of reality, only that we use words to talk about the way things are. Quine insisted that our knowledge, shaped in every culture and historical moment by the words we use, is “underdetermined,” as he put it, by experience. Since concepts are made up, not discovered, it is the words available at any time that shape how experience is understood. Language is a medium of representation, not a window through which the world is seen.

Not only is experience richer than language, and any system of categories only a partial and temporary account of its elements, language is not the only means of

representing it. Painting is another. Unlike language, whose individual elements (sounds or letters) are arbitrary and create meaning only by way of the relations between them, painting can signify through every aspect of its physical substance, such as color, shape, size, or thickness of paint, alongside whatever image they can be used to produce. Any system of description, therefore, can prove inadequate; like other things language can describe, painting eludes its grasp.

Frize is unusual among painters in the variety of methods he uses to make a picture. Not only is this variety interesting to look at and think about, it provides a reminder that meaning is not given but constructed, in as many modes as people can invent. The production of meaning is not a mysterious or mystical process, but a matter of work done on particular materials, following stateable procedures. At the same time, it is never completed. Experience can always be reorganized by new ways of making signs in it.

Conducteur

Conducteur F, painted in 2001, 89 x 115.5 cm., is one of a set of pictures made by completely going over a rectangular surface with one continuous movement of the brush, without covering any area twice, and using at every point the full width of the brush. It's like one of those puzzles in which one must connect a number of dots with a line that doesn't cross itself. For a given size of rectangle and brush, there are a number of nonequivalent solutions, explored in the set of paintings titled *Conducteur*. All require that the brush turn on itself, as it were, to negotiate the corners of the canvas and the internal spaces created by its own movement. In *Conducteur F*, the brush has started well inside the rectangle; five turns take it around the starting point to contact with all four edges, at the same time filling the canvas. The dimensions of the canvas together with the width of the brush determine how long the stroke made with the brush will be. When the brush turns, the stroke narrows to a point; as the brush straightens out again, a triangle or rhomboid of paint is created. Because the intersecting shapes into which the rectangle dissolves all have their longest sides on the edges of the picture plane or close to them, an image is produced that suggests a view into a box, or down a spiral staircase, except that the perspective effect is always undone by the visibility of its manufacture.

For a picture made in this fashion not to be a monochrome, a selection of colors must be applied before beginning, either to the brush, or, as in *Conducteur F*, to the canvas. Dots of various colors are laid on the canvas; the brush moves over them while they are wet, smearing them into lines and at the same time blending them slightly with

each other. The application of color and the brushstroke, normally a single gesture long fundamental to painting, are distinguished by being first held apart and then brought together in a synthesis that reveals the earlier analysis even while annihilating it.

The progressive exhaustion of the paint as the dot is turned into a line, like a comet with its tail, together with the varying pressure of the brush—it increases, for instance, when it turns a corner—cause the pigment to move through successive decreases and increases of color intensity. Thus the movement of the brush, setting a once static design into motion, is also the path that color travels through time. As it goes through each dot, that path travels periodically not only from greater to lesser saturation but also from relative purity to the blending of colors inevitable as the brush turns and turns again. In this way *Conducteur F* is like *Parangon* (2001) and similar pictures Frize has made, sometimes with the help of assistants, in which pure colors individually enter the picture space from one side, to be changed by contact with other colors as they traverse the canvas to exit on the other side. In *Conducteur F* the colors move together, and their adventures in painting, which throw them into contact with each other, change them at once individually and in tandem.

The stripes of color narrow where the brush makes a right-angled turn, widening as it straightens out. Looked at in this way, the picture presents an image of its own construction. But it is also an image of the interpenetration of abstract and concrete: in this painting what amounts to a mathematical problem inhabits a construction out of a number of materials. It is also an image of the depths, both perspectival and

metaphorical, a worked flat surface can reveal. In this way it evokes the cooperation of the maker's activity and the viewer's, because it is the work of looking that transforms the visible into the meaningful. While the three-dimensionality of the image is illusory, the sensation of depth is real, a result of the way hand, materials, mind, and eye can work together.

Homo faber

A friend of mine, an electrician, was called to someone's apartment to repair an appliance. He looked at it for a moment, figured out the problem, and fixed it. The customer balked at the price: how can you charge so much for a couple of minutes of work? Oh, said my friend, you forget the know-how — that takes years to acquire.

Bernard Frize has suggested that anybody ought to be able to make a painting like one of his. Some have been made according to a recipe, which in principle someone else could follow. For example: pour forty cans of paint into a container, when a skin dries cut it out and affix it to a canvas, repeat until the container is empty. Of most of the others it is true that, as Frize says, a close look will reveal pretty much how they were made (it can take quite a lot of looking). Following the procedure worked out in each case should generate another picture of the same type.

This is a method of art-making that's like many ordinary jobs in that it is a matter of following a set of instructions. According to Frize, "the boredom that inevitably arises from the reading of such an assembly-line device manifests its share of the truth. Imbued with melancholy moments that aren't yet transformed into work, it bears witness to the energy deployed and the unbelievable amount of time passed inventing the most economical, lazy strategies, all to (finally) brush a canvas in just a few moments." The instructions constituting those strategies are, however, Frize's own. They are not given by a boss, or something learned in art school.

Still, training has a role here too. In some cases, if you try to do what Frize does

you discover that it takes a lot of manual skill. Painting a 200 meter square ceiling, using five brushes attached to a stick, to make a continuous design without a gap is obviously difficult; so is filling a canvas with a nonstop brush mark. It requires know-how.

But know-how is not what was supposed to make the artist a special kind of person, and Frize's remark has an interesting further meaning: he is shedding the idea of genius and even that of talent, the marks of the artist since the Renaissance. The genius was the special spirit, inside the person, that allowed him to transcend his time and place, to speak not for himself but for humanity as a whole, even when self-expression was the channel of his revelation. Talent set the artist apart from others, a bodily determinant of uniqueness. As Marcel Duchamp saw it, the artist's special nature endowed even his simple choices of ready-made items with artistic significance. Frize, in contrast, suggests that art, like anything worthwhile, is something anyone who is willing to put time and thought into it can do.

"The idea of the artist-as-god, of the artwork as being the embodiment of a transcendent experience, repulsed me," he said on one occasion. "I didn't want to create, but to participate. When I started painting again," having stopped for several years after completing art school, "it was on the basis of Marxist issues such as means of production and working hours, things which, for that matter, still play a role in my work." According to Marx's analysis in *Capital*, the factors of all human production are "(1) purposeful activity, that is, work itself, (2) the object on which that work is performed, and (3) the instruments of that work." All three elements are social products: the goals of the labor

process as well as the materials and means of production, however adapted by the worker for his or her own purposes, have themselves been produced by other people. This is true for the artist as well as for the electrician. Whether he paints with collaborators or alone, Frize depends on the work of those who produce the paints, brushes, and canvas he uses, along with the institutions, ideas, and cultural practices that give meaning to his activity as an artist. This is the condition for his participation in social production. At the same time, the assembly-line devices he uses are his own creation. The kind of work he does, as an artist, allows him to show this and enjoy it.

Bernard Frize does not wish to be a machine, and he succeeds in this.

One Thing After Another at the Same Time

Two kinds of time seem to dominate modern art. The first is that of the immediate, the now, the instant. From Clement Greenberg to Donald Judd, artists and critics have advocated images, designs, compositions, phenomenologies and systems that could be grasped all at once. Very different artists, like the colorfield painter Kenneth Noland and the conceptual artist Sol LeWitt, believed in common that the object should present a whole physical or conceptual structure immediately apparent to the viewer, in a kind of timeless present moment. And maybe Bernard Frize would agree. His paintings present a clear structure, such as a grid, as well as a concept that underlies the work, such as all possible permutations for a group of five colors.

The second kind of time in modern art is durational, that of process or creation. It operates in the action painting of de Kooning or Hantai, process-oriented sculpture like that of Eva Hesse and Franz West, as well as in performance art and video. In Frize's painting, this is the time needed for the artist to enact his originating idea. The two primary clues that allow the spectator to follow this process are the layers of the image (an overlapping that indicated spatial depth in older paintings, like those of Giotto, now indicates temporal distance), and in the directional and durational movement of the brush stroke. *Otona*, 2002 contains both layers and vectors. We can see the marks that were made first are underneath, and those that came later lie on top; we can also follow the individual brush marks as they cross the canvas.

Apprehending the overall structure at first glance, we see a curtain of curved

strokes draped across a ground of vertical strokes. Pulling apart the process, we might assume that the painting was done from left to right; the strokes grow smaller as we read the painting to the right, seemingly squeezed into the decreasing amount of remaining space. It is intuitive to think that the artist first makes big, sweeping marks, and then shortens them as he runs out of space, much as we might write the letters in a word smaller and smaller trying to fit into a given space. Intuitive, but incorrect. Looking more closely, we realize that if the strokes were done from left to right, each upward, vertical stroke would cover part of the previous downward diagonal stroke. One we have untangled the process, it contradicts our original understanding of the whole.

Another temporal contradiction flares in Frize's more recent painting. Most (successful) artists employ assistants today; some hide the fact, as if it cast doubt on their skill or authenticity, while others happily confess to the division of labor, emphasizing the difference between thinking and making. Frize employs assistants, but to a slightly and importantly different end than most artists: rather than using the extra hands to spare himself tedious labor or speed up production, he has generated paintings that simply could not be made by one person, that clearly need several hands working simultaneously. *Copie*, 1998 and *Parangon*, 2001 (as well as others of this type) resemble fish bones, with ribs to the left and right of a central spine of marks; the number of strokes indicate that these paintings are made by four or six or eight hands, one of which makes the central marks while others pass brushes moving from the left or right, which emerge on the other side. The strokes in works such as these are too interwoven and

overlapping for them to have unfolded in a strict, single-file sequence of one stroke at a time, one after another.

When Frize uses assistants, all working simultaneously with him, he creates a time where process is not measured in a strictly durational, extended narrative, but coordinated into simultaneity. He often presents an image of process and work that cannot be traced separately but must be seen as a whole, returning us to the vision of the all-at-once system to understand the painting. Neither time contains the truth of the picture; they depend on each other to be understood.

Promesse de bonheur

Barnett Newman famously stated that if his work were correctly understood neither capitalism nor Communist state-capitalism could exist. “This is difficult to believe,” Bernard Frize has observed, “as it is rather mystical, but it’s worth discussing. I wonder whether it’s possible, in this day and age, to uphold such a standpoint. Active political involvement may only be possible outside the work.”

It was once easier, it seems, for artists, like other cultural producers, to believe that their professional activities might shape history. Piet Mondrian, impoverished in his studio, imagined that his neo-plastic painting had the power to transform its environment: Hung in a room, it would demand the redesign of the apartment; this would reveal the need to rebuild the house, which would expose the architectural inadequacy of the street, and eventually of the whole city. The rebuilding of the city—which would, of course, require the cooperation of its entire population—would realize social harmony; individuals, their fate no longer tragically opposed to that of their fellows, would lose the need for art as a separate element of experience. Art, which had made visible the inner tendency of modern life, would be absorbed by the material environment within which that life is lived.

Newman’s remark expressed, perhaps, a more realistic avatar of this idea. To understand his work, not to attend to it as a luxury commodity, a sign of sophistication, or most generally as “art” understood as something sealed off from the rest of life, but to take it seriously as the self-expression of a fellow human being, implied a critical attitude

towards the alienation and oppression definitive of social reality. However, his pictures, like Mondrian's, were easily absorbed by the bourgeois culture their makers opposed. While a socialist may recognize a fellow spirit in a Newman painting, it's not the painting that makes the socialist.

“If my political convictions end up in the work,” Frize said in the interview quoted above, “it's probably on the level of my way of working, my stance with respect to my work. Ultimately painting has to do with contemplation.” Politics has to do with action, what people actually do with and to each other. When a painting has come into existence, in contrast, the action of its making is over; it has entered the less determinate sphere of interpretation and multiple uses that owners and viewers can make of it.

Looked at with a political will, however, Frize's pictures, revealing his way of working, suggest his convictions. This can be seen, for instance, in what may well seem a paradoxical affinity for the rococo. Particularly visible in works like *Marmara* (2000), with their combination of neoclassical order and exuberant gesture generating an elegant unity at once massive and airy, and in the chinoiserie of *Emir* (1993), this affinity is present in all his production. Since David's time, serious artists have tended to dismiss the rococo as superficial. Its willingness to decorate seems the antithesis of classical modernism's exaltation of the material self of art, not to mention the political ambitions of artists like Mondrian and Newman. But there is nothing more materialist than its love of fabric, gold, paint as physically loved as the flesh and things it is used to picture. And why should pleasure be the preserve of an aristocracy? Frize, enjoying his tools and

materials, shows that seriousness can live with a sweet tooth, that intellectual rigor consorts naturally with humor. Unlike the candlesticks and boudoir paintings of the Régence, his works are destined not for the palace but for the relatively public space of the museum. To whomever regards them carefully, the combination of wit and labor that brought them into being, and especially the power of decision exercised by their maker over their mode of production, can suggest the pleasures a society run by its producers to suit their own wishes might afford to all.

Finish

If a painter decides to paint a tree, he declares the painting finished when he has represented the tree either to the best of his abilities or according to the current conventions of representational painting. But if a painter decides to make an abstract painting, how does he decide when it is finished, when his work is over? This problem of finish notoriously plagued the abstract expressionists; if the act is the point, and there is no goal or image in mind, how do you know when to stop? Some artists, like Barnett Newman, Jackson Pollock, and Willem de Kooning, consulted with wives, friends, or dealers.

Bernard Frize doesn't have to wonder— often he knows when he will be finished with a painting before he begins. For some works, the painting is over when the system is exhausted, when all of its permutations have been worked out, either internally, as in *Suite Automatique No. 4 Prime*, 1996, or over the course of a series such as the one that encompasses *DCAB*, 1994. In other paintings, it might be simply over when the canvas is completely covered with the mark made by a single brushstroke as it folds in on itself, as in *Aran II*. He plans a design, and when it has been executed, the painting is over, as in *Halma*, 2001; *Lucky II*, 2000; and *Slim's*, 2000—all winding, braided skeins of paint that go from saturated to ghostly as the painter spends the paint. Because he only loads the brush once, the painting seems to become less finished as it nears the end, as paradoxically less and less paint is left on the surface. The sense of the painting fading or dying as it nears completion reveals the proximity of finish and exhaustion.

To make the *Suite* paintings of the early 1990s, Frize poured paint into a rectangular box, and pulled off successive skins are pulled at intervals; in *Indivisible*, the skins set every 6 weeks or so, and it took over a year to finish the group of 13 canvases. Each painting therefore took six weeks to make, but at the same time was finished all at once, equally on all parts of the surface— like a developing photograph. The series itself was over when the company changed the paint formula, and the paint would no longer develop into those skins. As the artist put it, the discontinued paint was “the signal that this work had come to its natural end.”

The abstract expressionist painters didn't want their paintings to end; they were always adding and subtracting, or growing one painting from another, shifting a bit of drawing or paint from a heavily worked canvas to a clean new one in order to begin it. Or like Pollock, making paintings that seemed to continue beyond the frame, skeins and drips that didn't finish with the edge of the canvas. There is a sense in which these artists didn't want to finish anything— perhaps because the paintings were metaphors for life. Even today, some of de Kooning's paintings are still wet, as if he could return to them at any minute to adjust and rethink.

Frize accepts the finite nature of each work. He often tells the story of a recurrent dream: “The promise of obtaining a brushstroke that resembles a rainbow.” He cites this dream as his motivation for making *Tipper*, 1997, a painting of one multi-hued stroke larger than the canvas itself. Why would such a sophisticated artist want to paint such a saccharine and clichéd image? A rainbow contains all the colors, the complete visual

spectrum, arranged in a non-arbitrary but non-artistic way. It shows everything all at once; its form seems both to trace a vector of movement and embody a geometrical shape, an image; the rainbow achieves both duration and multiplicity, simultaneity and completeness. And afterwards it vanishes: as much as it the rainbow represents wholeness, it also represents evanescence. But the analogy to Bernard Frize's paintings doesn't hold perfectly: it is not the painting that disappears when it is finished-- it is the artist, who walks away.
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Charles Baudelaire, *Le Peintre de la Vie Moderne*, 687-88.

Clement Greenberg, "Jackson Pollock: 'Inspiration, Vision, Intuitive Decision'" (1967), *Clement Greenberg: The Collected Essays and Criticism*, vol. 4, ed. John O'Brian (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1993), 245

Bernard Frize, *5.9.1998 – 3.1.1999*, exh cat. (Tilburg: De Pont, 1998).

Bernard Frize, *5.9.1998 – 3.1.1999*, 14.

Bernard Frize, *Size Matters* (Nîmes: Actes Sud, 1999), 71

Bernard Frize, [get reference from BF].

Size Matters, p. 111.

Bernard Frize, *5.9.1998 – 3.1.1999*, 8.

Karl Marx, *Capital*, Vol. I (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1976), p. 284.

"One should be able to follow the trace of the slightest brushstroke, somewhat like a news report." And

maybe we should exercise a degree of skepticism in both cases. Sm, 137

Bernard Frize, *5..1998 – 3.1.1999*, 34.

Ibid.

Frize uses the terms twice in the catalog *Size Matters* (pages 78 and 111, respectively): “The mechanism of the series sets something to be done into motion. In a system of permutations, only exhaustion has any reason to exist. Both take over for the will.” “Ultimately that’s quite difficult to describe and its only interest is to set into motion an anticompositional mechanism, tools included, without any oil leaks, feeding on itself until the exhaustion of possibilities.”

Size Matters, 49.

Size Matters, 51.

Size Matters, 45.

“Yet another avatar of this dream I caress, obtaining a multicolored brushstroke, just one, an apparition on the canvas.” Frize, *Size Matters*, 140.