

GEORGE GROSZ

HINTERGRUND

17 ZEICHNUNGEN ZUR AUFFÜHRUNG DES "SCHWEJK" IN DER PISCATOR BÜHNE

UDOP

MALIK-VERLAG BERLINW 5.

Published on the occasion of the exhibition Jake Chapman - HINTERGRUND 10 September - 8 October 2022.

turntable gallery, 8 Victoria Street, Grimsby, DN₃₁ 1DP

Web: turntablegallery.uk

Email: info@turntablegallery.uk

Instagram & Facebook: @turntablegallery

turntable gallery is run by artists Darren Neave and Dale Wells.

Published by turntable gallery.

Photography: Jake Chapman.

Design: Stuart Shackleton, Darren Neave and Dale Wells.

With special thanks to Jake Chapman and Dr. Barnaby Adams. Finally, an extra special thank you to Lucy Wells and Stuart Shackleton for their love and support.

All images © Jake Chapman. All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced in any form without permission from the publisher.



'It seems to me that all there is left to do is to colour-in unfinished art, a kind of revisionist sprucing up, so that all of the crimes of the past are rendered innocent, Disneyesque even...' - Jake Chapman, 2022.

Dr. Barnaby Adams

Jake Chapman: painting the ceiling of the hollow laugh

When you stand in the shoreline and survey the eastern sea, you see just its movements, the hint of a rising sun catching a trillion wave forms as it glints on their tiny peaks from their emergence out of petrol grey funds. The ocean is in constant motion, its movement constantly creates these peaks, and their glints. Georges Bataille called this movement 'evil,' by which he meant a perpetual process of continuous creation. Not a kind of evil that corresponds to the idea of a good, of course, and not one that corresponds to an idea of an idea either. Just, movement.

Where does this evil stop? Does it ever stop? What happens when its creation produces something? Something banal perhaps, like human existence, or something sublime like a work of art, perhaps both, in the same arrest: the banal work of art.

Jake Chapman has no sense of humour. That's why he's laughing. Perhaps he cannot help but laugh, perhaps it's an involuntary thing. It just kind of bursts out. It's how he laughs however that is so funny, although, of course, a funny that doesn't correspond to an idea of humour. Jake Chapman laughs in a burst. It's a big burst, like a dome, big and hollow as its architecture stops us, and we marvel at the sublime banality of the oceanic movement that creates its glister, whilst wondering how it came to stop, here, in front of us. Jake Chapmen doesn't care that it's stopped, this burst of laughter. He's inside its hollow dome, painting its surface with the myriad jewelled hints of those evil wave peaks. Stippling its surface with models and manikins.

He tiles away, fantasy ceramics of all hues and none, each little jewel a homage and an acknowledgement of the bright darkness at the depths of creation's evil. Sometimes he applies an image of the outside of the hollow dome, like wallpapering a place with a postcard of its exterior, and this is a sign that he knows he's inside, decorating the burst of laughter, and we know from these signs, the logo of the corporate behemoth, the swastika, or the face mask of perpetual ecstasy, that we are inside the burst too, and these signs are the pictures of its architectural grandeur, this hollow laugh. Where it's located, where we are located, inside it, looking up at its convexity.

By rights Jake Chapman should be painting this dome for decades, perhaps forever, in tangled perpetual lines of production of the feint and the fowl, the fake and the facile, but he does not. He stops. And he laughs. And here we are, And here he is.

Kunstwerk 1 - 17

o - HINTERGRUND

1- Schwejk: "Melde gehorsamst, dass ich blöd bin"

2 - Seid untertan der Obrigkeit

3 - Volkes Stimme

4 - Der Lebensbaum

5 - Ich liebe Dich!

6 - Das ganze Volk ist eine Simulantenbande

7 - In drei Tagen sind Sie Felddienstfähig!

8 - Ein bischen gut zureden 9 - Die Ausschüttung des heiligen Geistes

10 - Maul halten und weiter dienen

11 - Bitte recht freundlich

12 - Mir ist der Krieg wie eine Badekur bekommen

13 - Mit Herz und Hand für's Vaterland

14 - Bald wieder: "Je grausamer, je humaner"

15 - Rechtsordnung

16 - Wofür?

17 - Wir sind zum Geharchen geboren!

Works 1 - 17

- o Cover
- 1- Schwejk: "Beg to report sir, I am an idiot"
- 2 Bow to the Authorities
- 3 The voice of the people
- 4 The tree of life
- 5 I love you!
- 6 The entire population is a bunch of malingerers
- 7 In three days you'll be fit for duty
- 8 Just a little persuasion
- 9 The outpouring of the Holy Spirit
- 10 Shut up and do your duty
- 11 Lease look friendly
- 12 The war did me a lot of good, like a spa
- 13 With heart and hand for the fatherland
- 14 Once again: "The more cruel, the more human"
- 15 Order of the law
- 16 For what?
- 17 We are born to obey!



Schwejk: "Melde gehorsamst, dass ich blöd bin"



seid untertan der Obzigkeit

2









Der Lebensbann

4





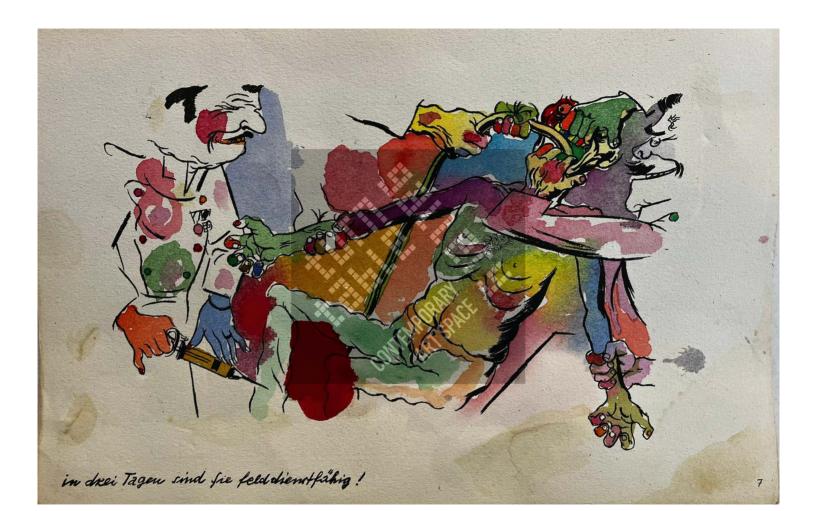
7th liebe Dich!

5





Das ganze Volk ist eine Simulantenbande



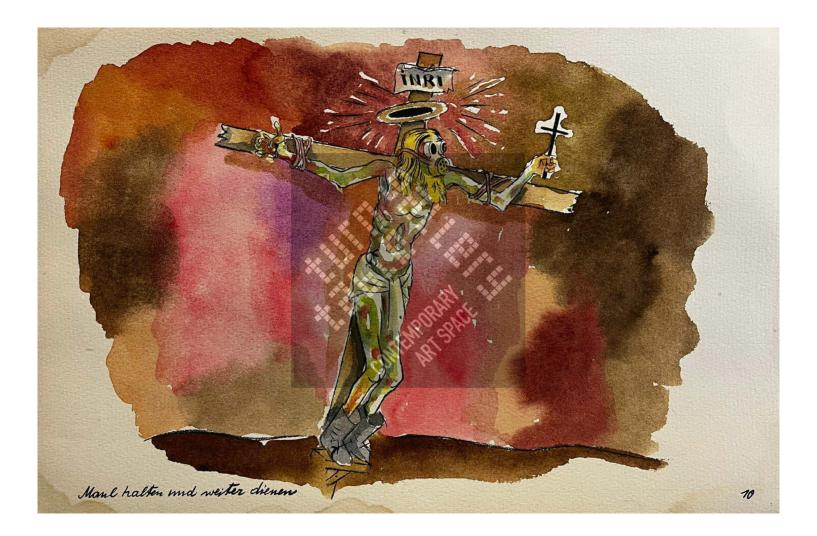
In drei Tagen sind Sie Felddienstfähig!



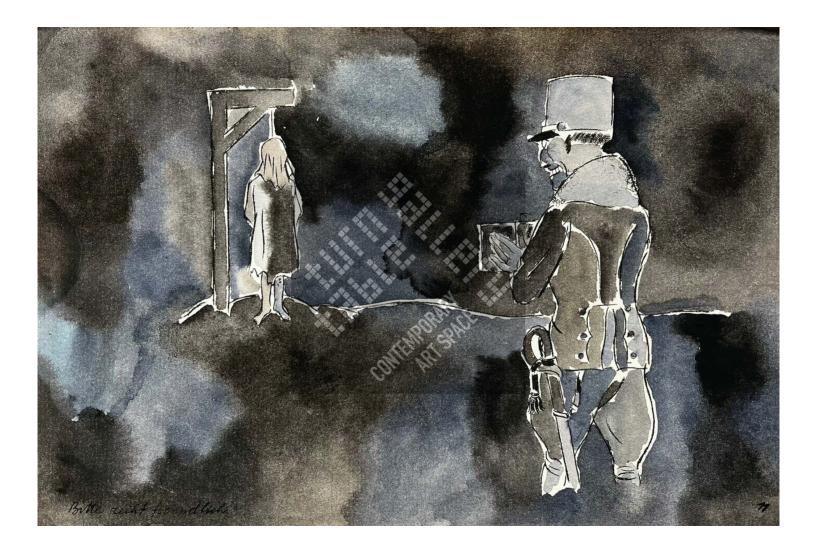
















Mir ist der Krieg wie eine Badekur bekommen



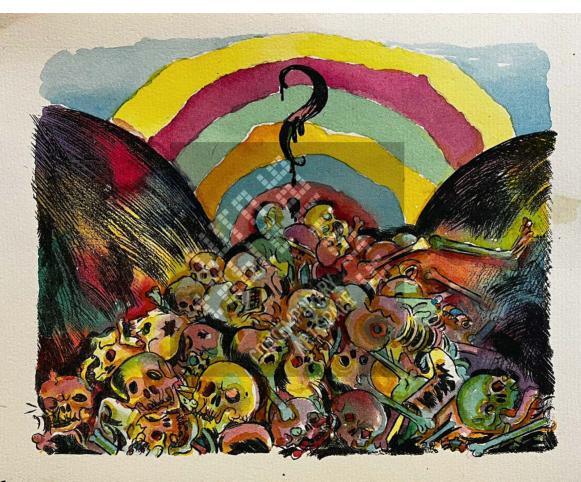




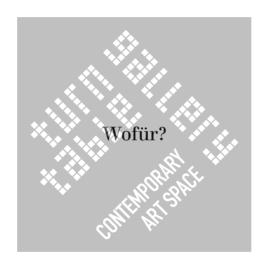
Bald wieder: "Je grausamer, je humaner"







Wofie ?







Dale Wells

Jake Chapman: the triumph of the un-ceiling

Hammer upon hammer, chisel blade bifurcating the before, veins opened, gouting into pressed channels of Weimar era satire. Vital paint splashes on reclaimed decks. Violence is wrought, and at once a thing is wrenched from its casing, to fall clean to the ocean. Things housed within the honeycomb of once-hidden spaces are revealed to the ocean air.

As the second demi-sphere sloughs off, shed by nuclear separation, it's brother arch rights itself and comes to rest against the vertical. The discarded architecture loops in an erratic arc towards the hungry water. Beyond, the evil motion is joined by a sky of bled colours, each one alien and terrible; each a spectrum cast from Pharosi from distant shores. Them, a cluster of photons, glitter gilded and seeping like attic-flung batteries, seemingly in recognition, or realisation of malignancy.

As the passage of night veils the scene, the dust of partition is illuminated by bruise hued moonlight. Vomitous, riotous pigments fire off light waves, both beautiful and strange, comedic in parts and tragic in others. High above this canvas, constellations form nut-faced, proto-gods and grinning roundels of leering emojiclasts, weeping bodies and hacked polygons. All this, pinned in place like moths in a vitrine. Though not dead. For through this industry, death itself has died, made vivid by the Al Azif of an unsettled nocturne.

