

GEORGE NAMA
TWO PORTFOLIOS OF ETCHINGS,
DRAWINGS, SCULPTURES

POEMS

by

Yves Bonnefoy, Alfred Brendel, Charles Simic

WONDERS OF THE INVISIBLE WORLD AND OTHER POEMS

by

Charles Simic

February 28th - April 1st, 2006

Exhibition organized by Robert Kashey and David Wojciechowski

Catalogue edited by Elisabeth Kashey

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TECHNICAL NOTES: All measurements are in inches and centimeters; height precedes width. All works on paper are framed. Prices and photographs on request. All works subject to prior sale.

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THE EXHIBITION

This is the third exhibition of George Nama's portfolios, drawings, and sculptures, presented at Shepherd Gallery. It appears to us a milestone in Nama's life-long commitment to books and poetry. From the first exhibition in 2001, of a book of poems by Alfred Brendel, to a second exhibition of its companion book in 2003, to the present collaboration of three poets and the artist, friendships have grown, artistic concerns have been shared, and the Gallery's record as a home for works outside the artistic mainstream has been augmented to our deep satisfaction.

Exhibitions in Brussels, Vevey, and Paris (all 2003), Los Angeles (2004), and Tours (2005) have created a wide audience for Nama's work. Two exhibitions in cooperation with Shepherd Gallery, one in Brussels and one in Munich, are in preparation.

THE PREVIOUS EXHIBITIONS

In Spring 2001, the George Nama-Alfred Brendel team produced *Von Teufeln / Devil's Pageant*, a portfolio of ten sheets of poems in English and German, each poem accompanied by an etching. Charles Simic wrote an essay about his fellow-poet Alfred Brendel, Yves Bonnefoy contributed an introduction to the work of George Nama.

In Spring 2003 the same team created a companion piece, *Dreizehn Engel / Thirteen Angels*, with essays by Charles Simic and Yves Bonnefoy.

It was a natural step that the three poets would eventually share the stage for the present Nama production: *Poems* (by Yves Bonnefoy, Alfred Brendel, Charles Simic). The most recent member of the group, Charles Simic, wrote the poems for the second portfolio, titled *Wonders of the Invisible World and other Poems*.

Each of these exhibitions is documented with a catalogue which includes all the poems as well as the etchings, drawings, and sculptures by George Nama. We feel the inclusion of works in different media, sparked by the creation of the portfolios, are necessary in a presentation of Nama's work.

The catalogues of Spring 2001 and Spring 2003 include extensive listings of Nama's biography and career. The catalogue of Spring 2003 includes a bibliography of Alfred Brendel's publications as well as short entries about the authors. We are adding new information in the present catalogue about the translators Richard Stokes and John Naughton.

THE TRANSLATORS

JOHN NAUGHTON, the translator of Yves Bonnefoy's poems in the present exhibition, is Professor of Romance Languages and Literatures at Colgate University. He has been a longtime associate of Yves Bonnefoy, as an editor, critic and translator. His publications include, in addition to numerous articles, *The Poetics of Yves Bonnefoy* (University of Chicago Press, 1984), *The Act and the Place of Poetry*; ed. (University of Chicago Press, 1989), *In the Shadow's Light* (translations from French, University of Chicago Press, 1991), *Louis René des Forêts* (Amsterdam, Rodopi, 1993), *Yves Bonnefoy: New and Selected Poems*, ed. (University of Chicago Press; Carcanet Press, London, 1995), and most recently *Shakespeare and the French Poet* (by Yves Bonnefoy, translated and introduced by John Naughton, University of Chicago Press, 2004).

RICHARD STOKES, the translator of Alfred Brendel's poems in this exhibition, teaches languages at Westminster School, England, coaches singers in the interpretation of Lieder, and gives frequent lectures on song at St John's, Smith Square, Wigmore Hall, Queen Elizabeth Hall, and the Edinburgh and Aldeburgh Festivals. His publications include: *The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder* [with George Bird] (Gollancz, 1976); *Interviews and Encounters with Verdi* – a translation of Marcello Conati's book (Gollancz, 1984); *Mahler's Unknown Letters* (Gollancz, 1986); *Wozzeck* – a singing translation of the opera by Alban Berg (Opera North, 1993); *Lulu* – a translation of Berg's libretto (Glyndebourne Productions Limited, 1996); *Parsifal* – a singing translation of Wagner's opera (ENO, 1999); *One Finger Too Many* [with Alfred Brendel] (Faber and Faber, 1999); *Lulu* – a singing translation of Berg's opera (English National Opera, 2001); *The Veil of Order* – a translation of conversations with Alfred Brendel (Faber and Faber, 2002); *Metamorphosis* – a translation of Kafka's Novelle (Hesperus Press, 2002); *The Complete Bach Cantatas* (Scarecrow Press, 2004); *Cursing Bagels* [with Alfred Brendel] (Faber and Faber, 2004); *The Trial* – a translation of Kafka's novel (Hesperus Press, 2005); *The Book of Lieder* – a collection of 1,200 Lieder, chosen, translated and introduced by Richard Stokes, with an introduction by Ian Bostridge (Faber and Faber, 2005).

WHAT LURKS BEHIND GEORGE NAMA'S DRAWINGS?

George Nama makes books and he paints sketches in other people's books. For instance, he found in a thrift shop Lizzie Brunner's *Landscape Album* of the 1880's, bound in red imitation leather and inscribed by her beau with *Lines to Lizzie* ("Can memory forget the hours..."). In his studio, Nama paints over the right hand pages with gesso, then uses the pages to draw and paint sketches of forms and shapes as they float through his mind. The process is symptomatic of the way Nama works.

He has created over one-hundred sketchbooks, always found objects, sown together, others patched with old gold embossed book covers, or bound with bits of fabric. Nama collected books and made books all his adult life, beginning in 1966, in Paris, when he made a book about the *Métro*, stitched together by himself. He enjoys the intimacy of working with his hands on something he can carry around. He does not transform a preconceived idea or emotion into an image, but he starts with something that is already there. His given object can be a book with blank pages or, for instance, a collection of *Voluntaries and Interludes for the Melodeon*. It has to be an old book, though, and it should not be precious. Time and wear remove the book from its original usefulness, thus the artist can appropriate the pages for himself, turning them into something new. The flow of a handwriting, a fragment of a headline, a name can anchor a stream of images that have been sparked off by reading, re-reading and contemplating a poem. The drawings in turn trigger further creations of sculptures or etchings.

The fragments of reality in an old book, which ignite a vision of shapes that belong to a vastly different realm, are like words, sentences, or sounds that are the embryonic beginning of a poem. In poetry, words send arrows in unexpected directions, connecting remote layers of associations. Who else would understand that better than an artist who paints over a layer of text (or printed music), catapulting his imagination into far removed spheres, but letting the footprints of his take-off peek out around the edges of a page?

George Nama was friends with poets all his life. In 1968, he made a book with Richard Shelton for the Kayak Press, distributed by City Lights. In 1969 he met Yves Bonnefoy in Pittsburgh, an encounter that Nama sees as somewhat fateful, after the artist and the poet had been neighbors on Montmartre without ever crossing paths. Since 1969 they produced nine books together, and at

present they are working on a new, enlarged edition of *The Ace from all Sides*.

Alfred Brendel, a keen viewer of exhibitions along the far flung routes of his tours as a pianist, discovered Nama's etchings for one of Bonnefoy's books in an exhibition in Vevey, purchased a set, and eventually met the artist in New York. Since then he produced three books with Nama, an undertaking of voluminous work which requires a deep commitment. Early on, as a bonus for his enthusiasm, Brendel had discovered to his great amusement the hidden musical notes in Nama's sketchbooks.

It was a natural step that Charles Simic, who wrote introductions to Shepherd Gallery's previous exhibitions of Nama's portfolios, became a friend and collaborator in due time. The present exhibition presents the first book made by Simic and Nama.

In preparation for every portfolio, Nama fills up to ten or more sketchbooks. The numerous drawings have a kind of family likeness, certain elements that connect them to the poems chosen for the portfolio. These connecting elements are so subtle, convoluted, and elusive that one hesitates to describe them. Some kind of antagonism seems to be the theme for Brendel's poems, which circle around the duality of the farcical personae of Buddhas and Santas. Mirror images are Nama's response. The human condition might be the general concern of Bonnefoy, reflected in the dominance of figural elements in the etchings. The marriage of two incongruent elements - a body and a doll's limbs - characterize some of the imagery accompanying Charles Simic's incongruous *Wonders of the Invisible World*.

Nama claims that all his images, whether drawings, etchings or sculptures, are figurative. If they don't show something that really exists, his configurations "might exist". Of course not in the sense of replicated real objects, but parts of them - a torso, a wing - are united with disparate elements. Which brings us back to the associations between found words in Nama's sketchbooks and new images, made real by the leap of the artistic imagination. To put it in Yves Bonnefoy's words:

"Poetry is less the seizing of immediacy beyond words than an experience of solidarity with these words, which conceptual thought deprives of the fullness of things. Poetry is between language and presence... George Nama's art is emblematic of the essential contradiction, of the ambiguity, of the pain, inherent in poetry."

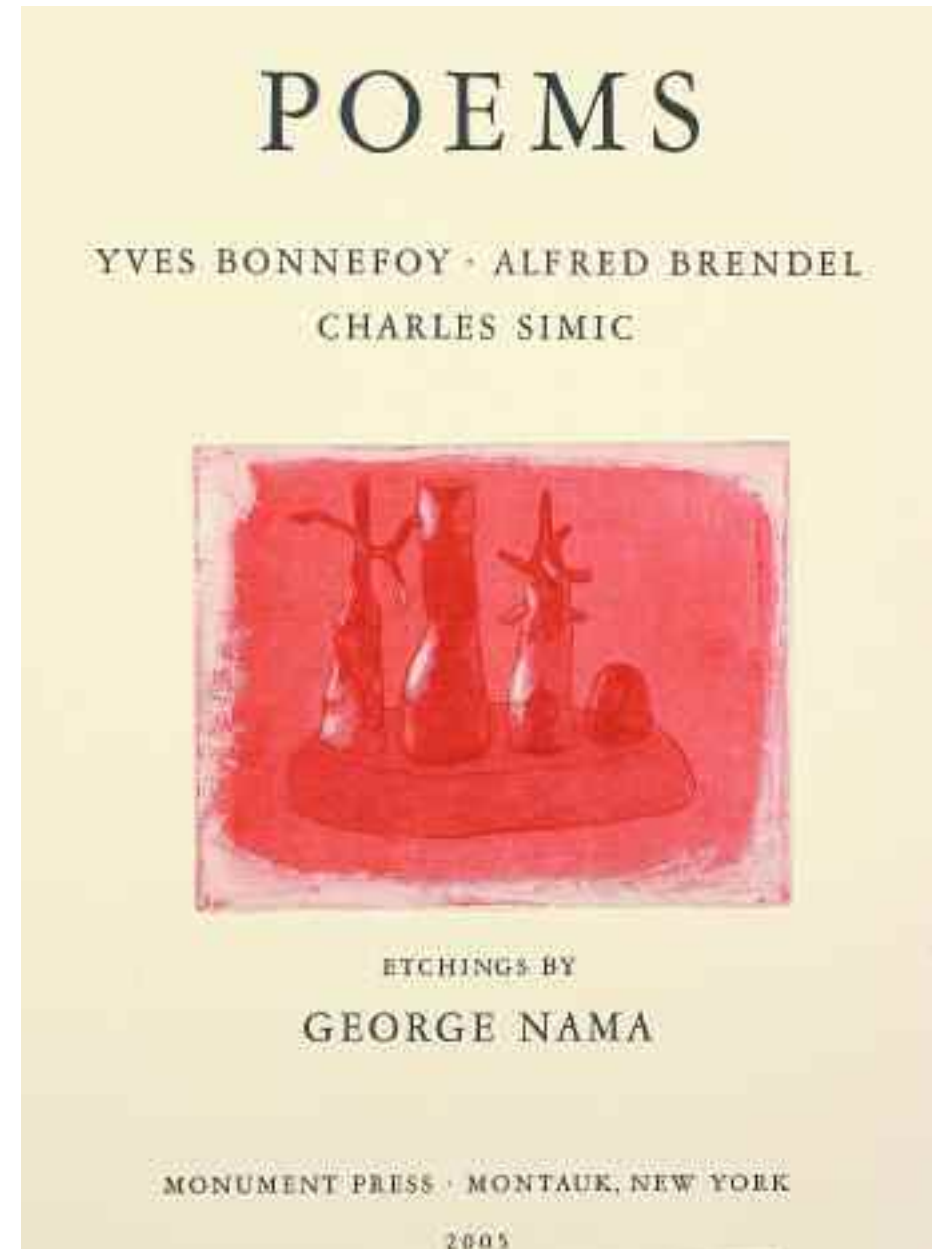
CATALOGUE

Presented are sheets I through XII of the book titled *Poems*, comprising four poems each of Yves Bonnefoy, Alfred Brendel, and Charles Simic, accompanied by an etching on each page. Each sheet is unfolded and framed. For this catalogue the poems have been set in the same font as the rest of the catalogue, not as they appear in the portfolio.

Poems and etchings are printed on light cream *Arches* vellum paper.
Size of the etchings within plate marks: 10" x 8" (25.3 x 20.3 cm).
Signed in graphite below etching in graphite: *NAMA*.
All etchings are dated 2005.

The portfolio consists of twelve folded sheets with an etching and a poem each, a title page and a colophon. The colophon is signed by the authors. The text is set in Linotype and foundry Garamond and printed by Darrell Hyder, the Sun Hill Press, North Brookfields, Massachusetts. Bindings were made by Jim DiMarcantonio, Hope Bindery, Providence, Rhode Island.

All prints are signed by the artist in an edition of thirty-four sets. The regular sets are numbered 1 - 20. Twelve artist's proofs are numbered A. P. 1 - A. P. 12. Two copies of unfolded sheets are numbered I and II.



The Axe from all Sides

1 She put
The three or four photographs in the drawer,
And told him, smiling,
Give up remembering.

Our words?
Ah, like swirling smoke,
And these scraps of charred paper, our life,
Where some sparks still remain.

He goes off, but she runs,
Catches up to him.
Take this chest, she tells him,
Take this chest I'm holding,
The open chest where colors are streaming.
Oh love me!

He takes the chest.
The blue, the red envelop them.
Simpler the color than even life.
And through the color the form is broken.

La Hache, de toutes parts

Elle a rangé
Les trois ou quatre photographies dans le
tiroir,
Et lui a dit, souriante,
Renonce à te souvenir.

Nos mots?
Ah, comme un tourbillon de fumée,
Et ces débris de papier carbonisé, notre vie,
Avec des étincelles encore.

Il s'éloigne, mais elle court,
Le rejoint.
Prends, lui dit-elle, prends le coffre
Que voici dans mes mains,
Le coffre ouvert dont des couleurs ruisellent.
Oh, aime-moi!

Il prend le coffre.
Le bleu, le rouge les enveloppent.
Plus simple la couleur que même la vie,
À travers la couleur la forme se brise.

YVES BONNEFOY



I went out,
 Snow barred the earth.
 Here and there lay pools of night,
 The path limped along with the crow.
 And I dreamed of giant flames,
 In dream I stirred up another sky.
 I wanted to be everywhere the axe
 That would split the mass of what is,
 The dull, the infinite axe,
 You can hear in the valley.

God, god of others,
 Look in my long day,
 Look in my weariness where no one comes to
 take me.

Look in this blood
 I've stained myself with to the point of dying.

Look in the palm of my left hand,
 Look in my right hand,
 Look in my fingers
 That I play at spreading open and closing
 for you.

Je suis sortie,
 La neige barrait la terre.
 La nuit restait ici ou là en flaques,
 Le chemin boitait bas avec le corbeau.
 Et je rêvais à des flammes immenses,
 Je fomentais en rêve un autre ciel.
 Je me voulais de toutes parts la hache
 Qui cliverait la masse de ce qui est,
 La hache sourde, infinie,
 Dont on entend le bruit dans la vallée.

Dieu, dieu des autres,
 Regarde dans ma longue journée,
 Regarde dans ma fatigue où personne ne
 vient me prendre,

Regarde dans ce sang
 Dont je me suis tachée jusqu'à en mourir.

Regarde dans la paume de ma main gauche,
 Regarde dans ma main droite,
 Regarde dans mes doigts que je joue pour toi
 à écarter puis à réunir.

YVES BONNEFOY



We are a photograph one tears up,
 The moment we will have loved on this earth
 But that the bolt of the tearing sets fire to.
 Look, it's that photograph of an evening
 At the end of summer on the beach,
 You can see naked children running toward
 the sea.

And those newspapers!
 We took pages and made balls of them
 That we pushed beneath the logs, so hard
 to light.
 Smoke, smoke our life.
 And now the fire runs through the image,
 The flame catches the mouth, the smile,
 Catches the hand
 That seeks to keep the dress from falling on
 the naked shoulder,
 Catches the look that no longer hid desire.
 Ah, memories: our Erebus,
 A great shapeless sob is deep within us.

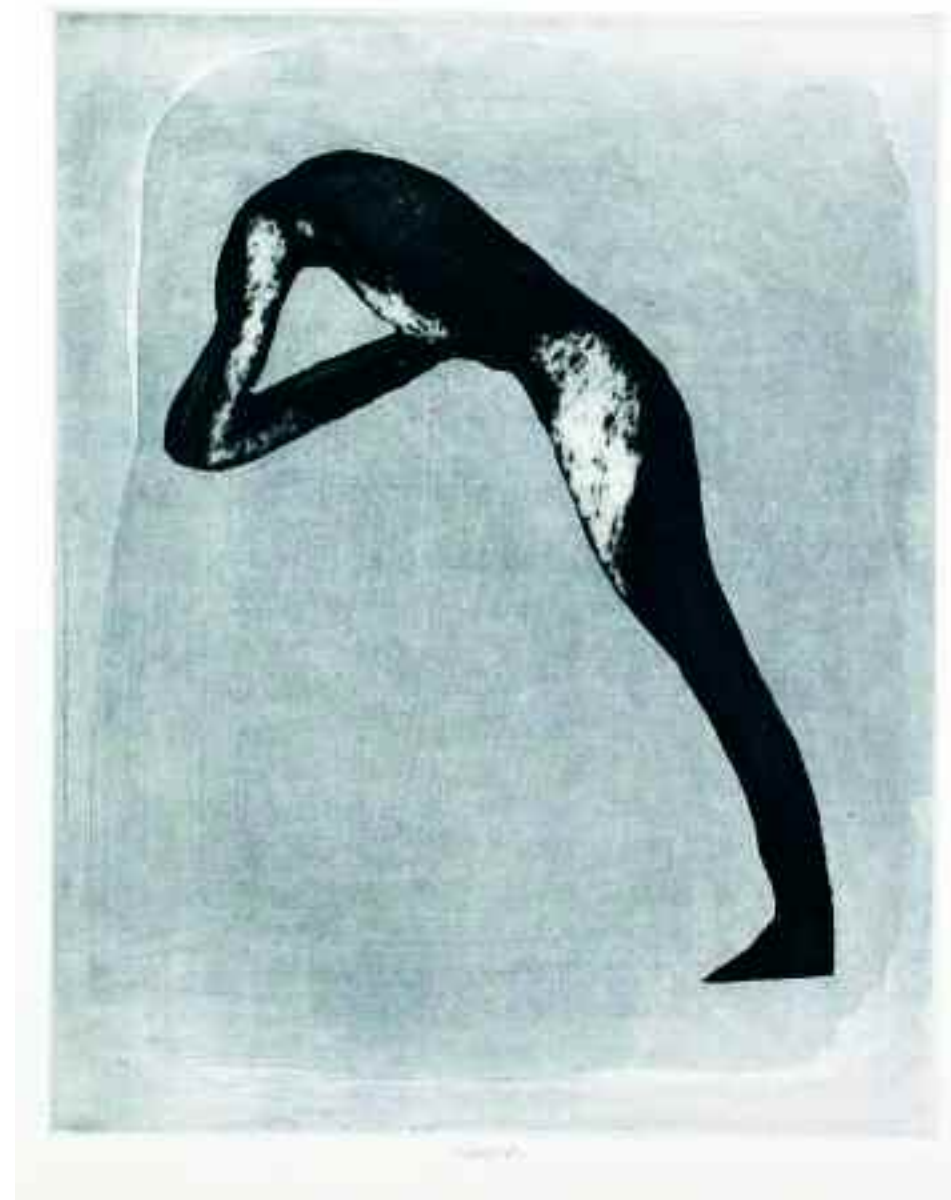
I went out, into the cold, I weep,
 Oh my friend,
 All I have for you are these chapped lips.

Nous sommes une photographie que l'on
 déchire,
 L'instant que nous aurons aimé sur cette terre
 Mais qu'enflamme la foudre du déchirer.
 Vois, c'est cette photo d'un soir de fin d'été
 sur la plage,
 On voit des enfants nus courir vers la mer.

Et ces journaux!
 Nous en prenions des pages, nous en faisons
 des boules, serrées,
 Nous les pouissions sous les bûches, qui
 prenaient mal.
 Fumée, fumée notre vie.
 Et maintenant le feu court dans l'image,
 La flamme prend la bouche, prend le sourire,
 Prend la main qui veut retenir l'étoffe au bas
 de l'épaule nue,
 Prend le regard qui ne cérait plus le désir.
 Ah, souvenirs: notre Érèbe,
 Un grand sanglot informe est au fond de nous.

Je suis sortie, c'est dans le froid, je pleure,
 O mon ami,
 Je n'ai pour toi que ces lèvres gercées.

YVES BONNEFOY



And yet, know,
 One can think in another way,
 Think as when things are seen in the light
 of beaches,
 Think as if the three Graces were there,
 With Apollo and Marsyas, the flute-player.

Be, in the dazzle,
 Like a row of reeds between earth and sky.
 And down there, in the sand,
 The bird about to die, but stirring still.

Be,
 As a voice grows still at the height of a song,
 When others join it. A book
 With all its pages white.
 Some would say: here are hands that hold a
 book,
 Others: all the pages are white.
 Others: beauty today,
 Nothing but this water forever breaking on
 the beach.
 Nothing but its fringe of foam.

This song
 So beyond itself, so much higher
 Than breathing, than remembering.
 This song, the wounded bird
 The sand already is covering.
 It stirs fitfully, death fills it.

Et pourtant, sache,
 On peut penser autrement,
 Penser comme quand les choses sont vues
 dans une lumière de plage.
 Faire que les trois Grâces soient là,
 Et Apollon et Marsyas le joueur de flûte.

Être, dans l'étonnement,
 Comme une ligne de roseaux entre terre et ciel.
 Et là-bas, dans le sable,
 L'oiseau qui va mourir mais bouge encore.

Être
 Comme une voix s'immobilise au sommet du
 chant,
 Où d'autres la rejoignent. Un livre
 Dont toutes les pages sont blanches.
 D'aucuns diraient: voici des mains qui tien-
 nent un livre,
 D'autres: toutes les pages sont blanches.
 D'autres: la beauté aujourd'hui,
 Rien que cette eau toujours à se briser sur la
 plage.
 Rien que sa frange d'écume.

Ce chant
 Si au delà de soi, tellement plus haut
 Que respirer, que se souvenir.
 Ce chant, l'oiseau blessé
 Que déjà le sable recouvre.
 Il remue par à-coups, il s'emplit de mort.

YVES BONNEFOY
 TRANSLATION: JOHN NAUGHTON



Buddhas and Santas

1 In front of the tourists
they contrive to keep still
practicing thirty-three varieties of ecstasy
a thousand aspiring Buddhas
At night though
when no one's looking
they stretch their limbs
become restless
and pant
a powder-keg
ready to burn to ashes
the wooden shrine

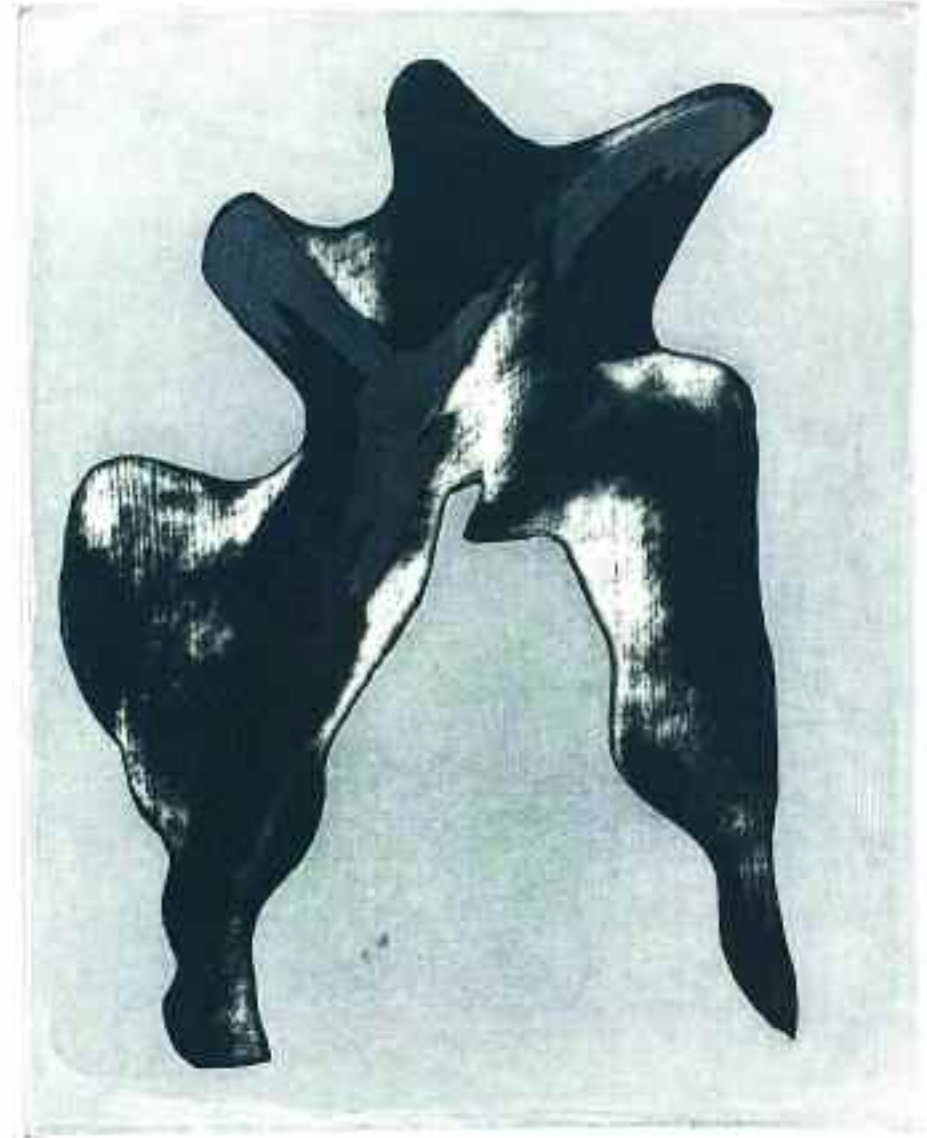
Perhaps they only bicker
because they all covet the front row
craving
to be seen in close-up
But in all likelihood
they are simply bored
standing there like ornamental plants
lined-up lookalikes
rivals in the hothouse of holiness
See
how they watch each other
clandestinely counting the golden arms
which
as befits a Buddha
sprout from their bodies

ALFRED BRENDEL



In the recent football match
between the Buddhas and the Texan Santas
the Buddhas
truly surpassed themselves
With undreamt-of sprightliness
they laid siege to their opponents' half
and scored
their corpulence notwithstanding
several spectacular goals
After their defeat
the red-capped do-gooders
can be heard singing Jingle Bells
while scaling
out of remorse
the giant Christmas trees
with which the island
exasperates its pedestrians
in late autumn

ALFRED BRENDEL



3

Santas
have recently
occupied the temples
Singing heartily
they swarm over the balustrades
wade through waterlilies
or
suddenly silent
play hide-and-seek in the rockery
Watched by flabbergasted monks
they vanish behind the boulders
where they huddle
hiding their heads
little realizing
that their red and white cloaks
shoot up like arrows

ALFRED BRENDDEL



4

Stepping on stage
I was greeted by a fanfare
whereupon
through the loudspeakers
they announced me to be
the one millionths Father Christmas
Roared on by the crowd
I was presented with a clone
Tearfully we embraced
the clone and I
and sang Silent Night in unison
At home
he lives in the attic
When I travel
he stands in for me
between the marital sheets
Sometimes we speak to each other
in monologue
Just once
when a mouse ran up his leg
he turned nasty
Since then we compete in swearing
I in Croatian
he in Hungarian
though
never in front of the children

ALFRED BRENDEL



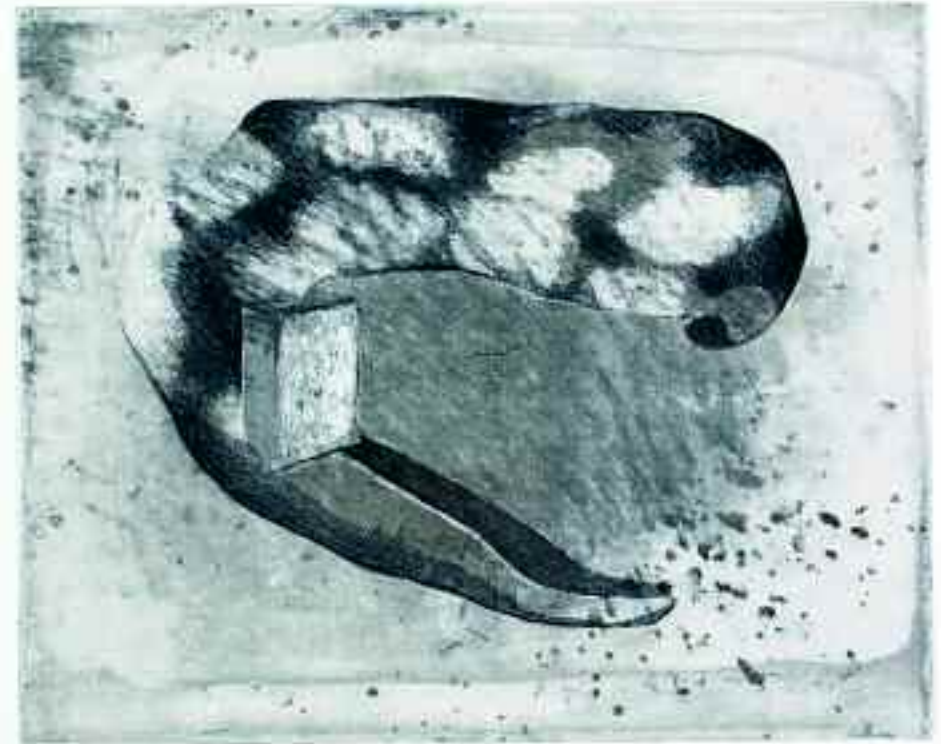
The Loons

In that little burg where they hoodwink
One another, trick every visitor
Into seeing things, the main street
Seemed moonstruck in broad daylight.

On a porch of a country store
They sold loons made out of blocks of woods,
The same dead-set loony look
Replicated in hundreds of eyes.

The chuckling youth who pumped gas
Held a fat white cat under his other arm.
Did they know what they were?
Loons! I shouted, as I drove off.

CHARLES SIMIC



Prowling Memories

The moment you shut off the lights,
There they are again:
The bird that flew into our classroom,
The used condom in the toolshed.

You fancied you'd see tonight
The two dead people
You called your parents
Tucking in your covers.

Instead, here's that key in a saucer of small change
That wouldn't open any lock,
The crackle of a distant radio station
Broadcasting a prizefight.

Go ahead and make a funny face, a voice says.
Leave me alone, you reply.
Here is a fly you tortured,
A rock you threw at your best friend.

CHARLES SIMIC



The Bather

Where the path to the lake twists
Out of sight, a puff of dust,
The kind bare feet make running.
A low branch heavy with leaves
Swaying momentarily
In the dense and unmoving shade.

Some late bather disrobing for a dip,
Pinned hair coming undone soon to float
As she turns on her back letting
The sleepy current take her as it wishes
To where the sky opens in its vastness
Over the dark water, night blurring

Her nakedness. In the deepening hush
Treetops like charred paper edges.
Even the insects oddly reclusive.
The rare breath of wind in the leaves
Fooling him to look once more,
Until the chill made him rise and go in.

CHARLES SIMIC



Evening Birds

The sunset over the lake
Made one of them squawk
And cause another to join in
In comparable distress

“Even birds detest poetry.”
I remember you saying
Just as they fell quiet
While the shadows lengthened on the water
Putting out the fires.

But though we waited
With baited breaths
They voiced no further complaints
From their nests.

CHARLES SIMIC



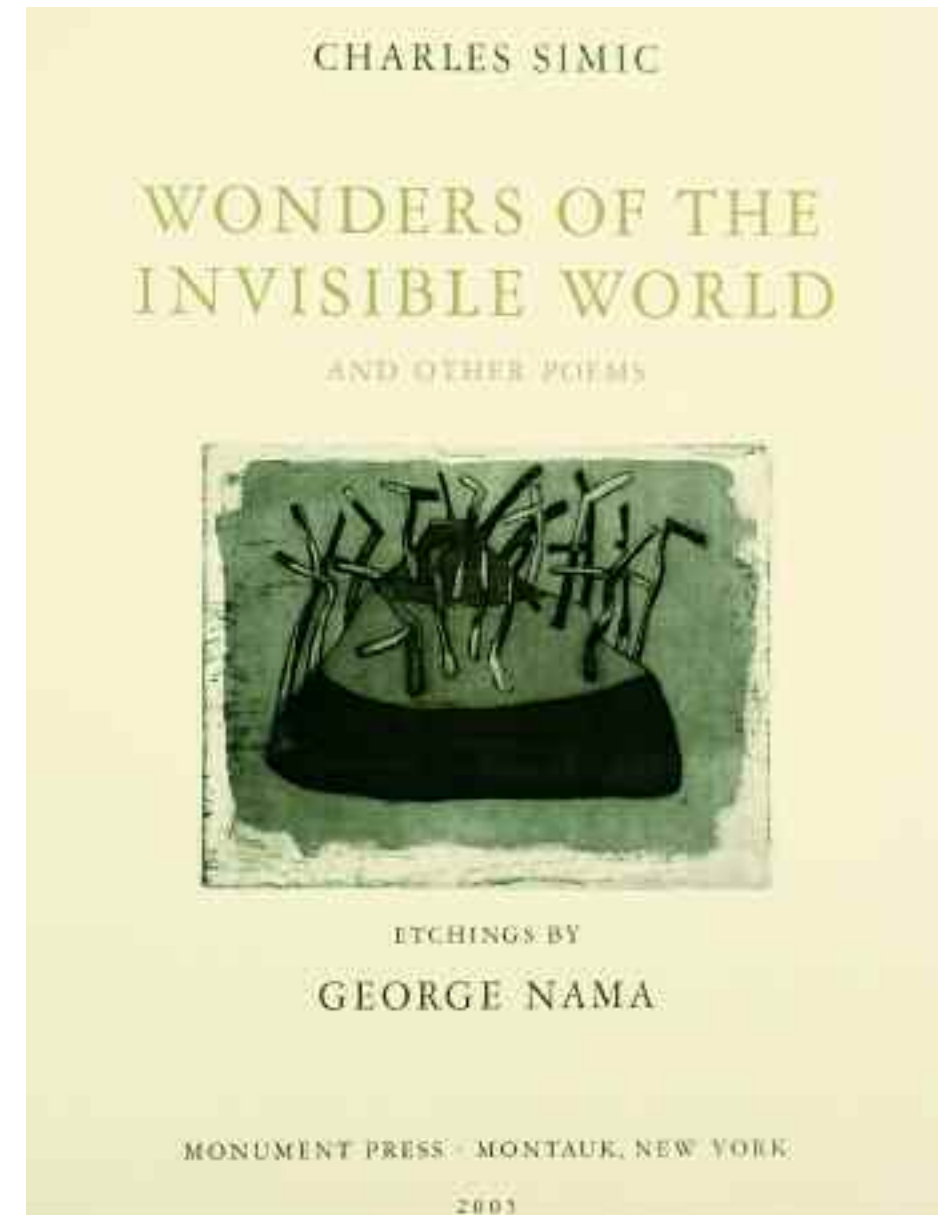
CATALOGUE

Presented are sheets I through X of the book *Wonders of the Invisible World and other Poems*. For this catalogue the poems have been set in the same font as the rest of the catalogue, not as they appear in the portfolio.

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Signed in graphite below etching in graphite: *NAMA*.
All etchings are dated 2005.

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Wonders of the Invisible World

Wine that bloodies the lips and tongue,
Then your half-whispered tale
Of how young witches
Used to ride married men
Through the sky on a night like this.

The stars were like lit candles
That had wandered away on their own,
And the misty woods
Were a floating white nightgown.
It seemed only yesterday, I said,
Old Scratch tucked us into a bed of dead leaves.

You turned into a black cat
And I ran after you on all fours
Into a church - or was it someone's parlour
Where a dog chased us,
The one we now hear barking in the village.



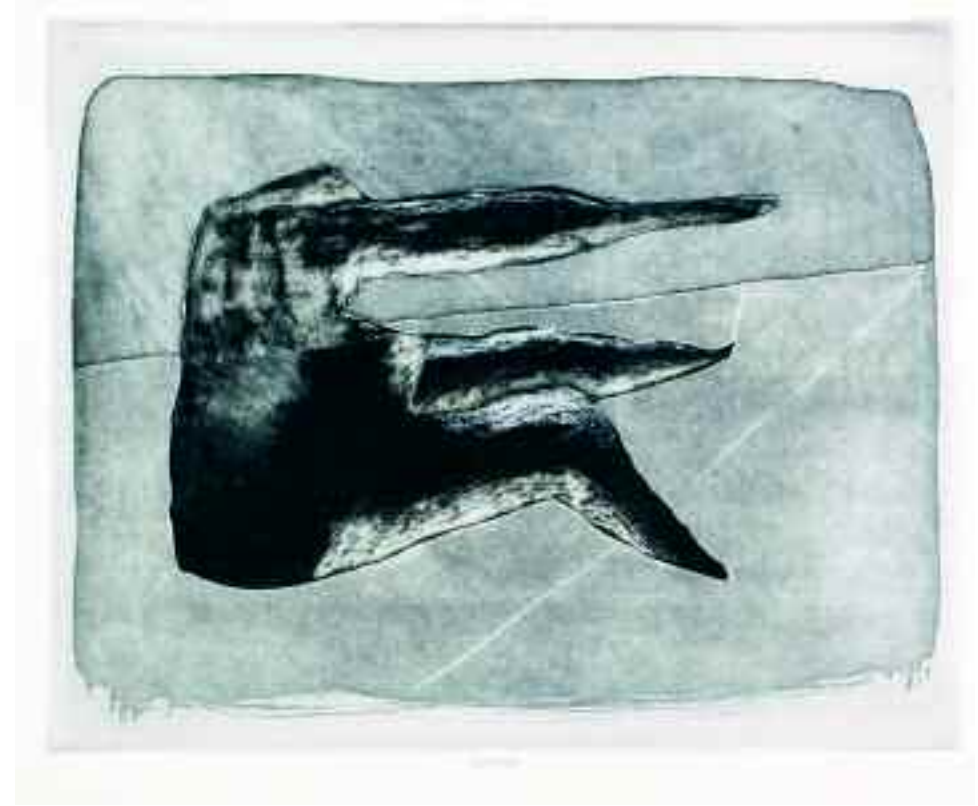
Description of a Lost Thing

It never had a name,
Nor do I remember how I found it.
I carried it in my pocket
Like a lost button
Except it wasn't a button.

Vampire movies,
All-night cafeterias,
Dark barrooms
And poolhalls,
On rain-slicked streets.

It led a quiet, unremarkable existence
Like a shadow in a dream,
An angel on a pin,
And then I lost it.
The years passed with their row

Of nameless stations,
Till somebody told me this is the one.
And fool that I was,
I got off on an empty platform
With no town in sight.



Starlings in a Tree at Dusk

Spooked me. They had heard a rumor
We had not yet,
And were collectively
On the verge of panic.

The few of us passing the park,
Quickened our steps,
With a wary, sidelong glance
At each other

Bent under some obscure burden,
We were fleeing,
Crossing the avenue and dispersing
As if we, too, had wings.



Calamity Crier

Of this much you can be sure:
Shadow lengthening among shadows
Of other hurried pedestrians,
The more innocent you believe you are,
The harder it'll be for you.

In this store window full of musical instruments,
I could not make out their faces
Nor could they make out mine.
Golden trumpets accustomed to blowing dust,
I thought, and turned my back with a shudder.

What a grand parade of phantoms -
Or were they mourners?
Carrying signs made illegible by the darkness
And the sun going down
Setting the pawnshops on fire.



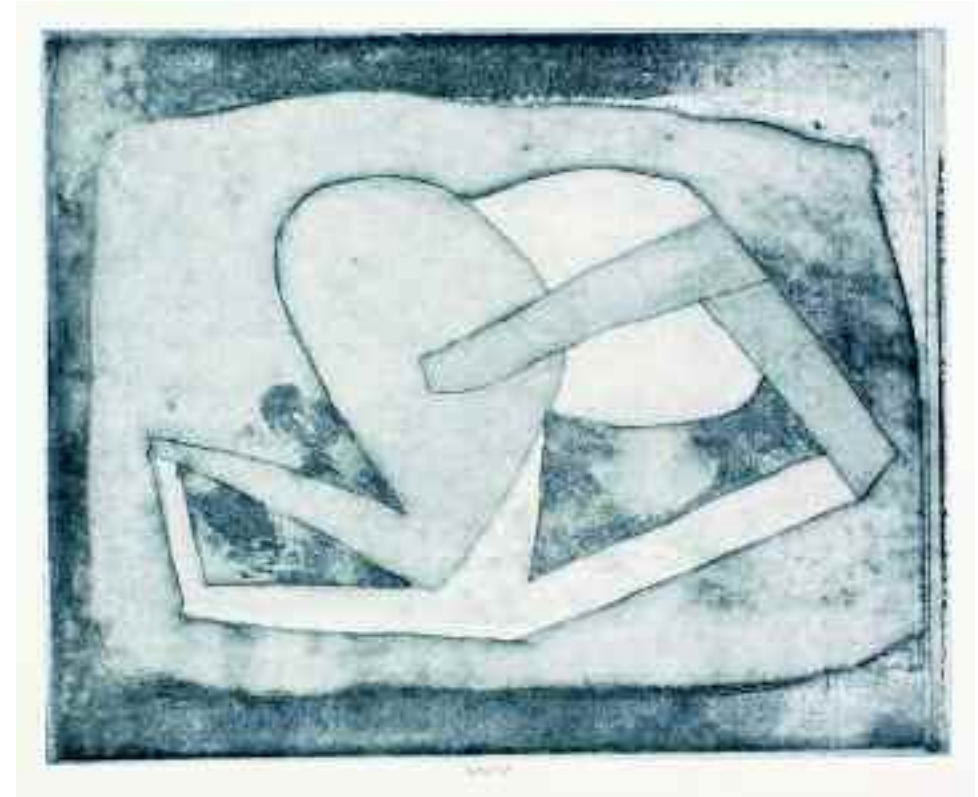
Insomnia's Cricket

I'll set you up in a tiny cage over my pillow.
You'll keep me company
Warn me from time to time
As the silence deepens.

My father spent nights in the bathroom
Thinking about the meaning of his life.
We'd forget all about him,
Find him asleep there in the morning.

O mute walls, ceilings
And mirrors in the dark,
I heard his pocket watch tick on his grave -
Or was it a cricket?

In the same tall grass
Where eternity was being made
By a few solitary fireflies
In the tails of his black coat.

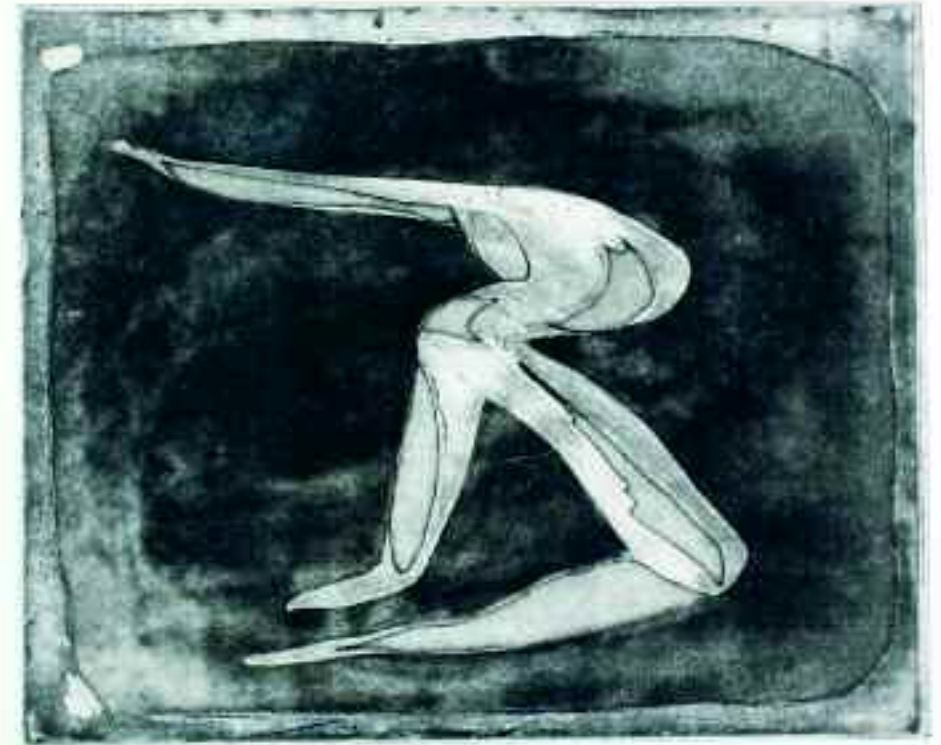


My Noiseless Entourage

We were never formally introduced.
I had no idea of their number.
It was like a discreet entourage
Of homegrown angels and demons
All of whom I had met before
And had since largely forgotten.

In time of danger, they made themselves scarce.
Where did they all vanish?
I asked some felon one night
While he held a knife to my throat,
But he was spooked too,
Letting me go without a word,

It was disconcerting, downright frightening
To be reminded of one's solitude,
Like opening a children's book -
With nothing better to do - reading about stars,
How they can afford to spend centuries
Traveling our way on a glint of light.



Shading Exercise

This street could use a bit of shade
And the same goes for that small boy
Playing alone in the sun
A shadow to dart after him like a black kitten.

His parents sit in a room with shades drawn.
The stairs to the cellar
Are hardly used any more
Except for an occasional prowler.

Like a troop of traveling actors dressed to play Hamlet,
The evening shadows come.
They spend their days hidden in the trees
Outside the old courthouse.

Now comes the hard part:
What to do with the stones in the graveyard?
The sun doesn't care for ambiguities,
But I do. I open my door and let them in.



The Vices of the Evening

It's the way the light and shadow
Pair off at the corner
While the night crowds to see
Behind our backs,

Perhaps catch us by surprise
With a single burnt matchstick
Left in someone's hand,
Who forgot why he lit it,

Unless it was for a lost dog
To find his way home
Through weedy lots
And past the painted women.



Hanging Bridge

Because all things write their story,
No matter how unimportant,
You retraced your steps in the street
Fingering the frayed end of a thread
On your coat looking right and left
When the sight of a bridge hanging
In the sky strung with lights of cars
Moving slowly in the rain made you forget.

All your life you've been easily distracted.
You stood knocking on the door
Of a small dark store that by the appearance
Of its window sold only cobwebs
And evening darkness when once again
You felt a chill and went to button your coat
Only to find one of its buttons missing.

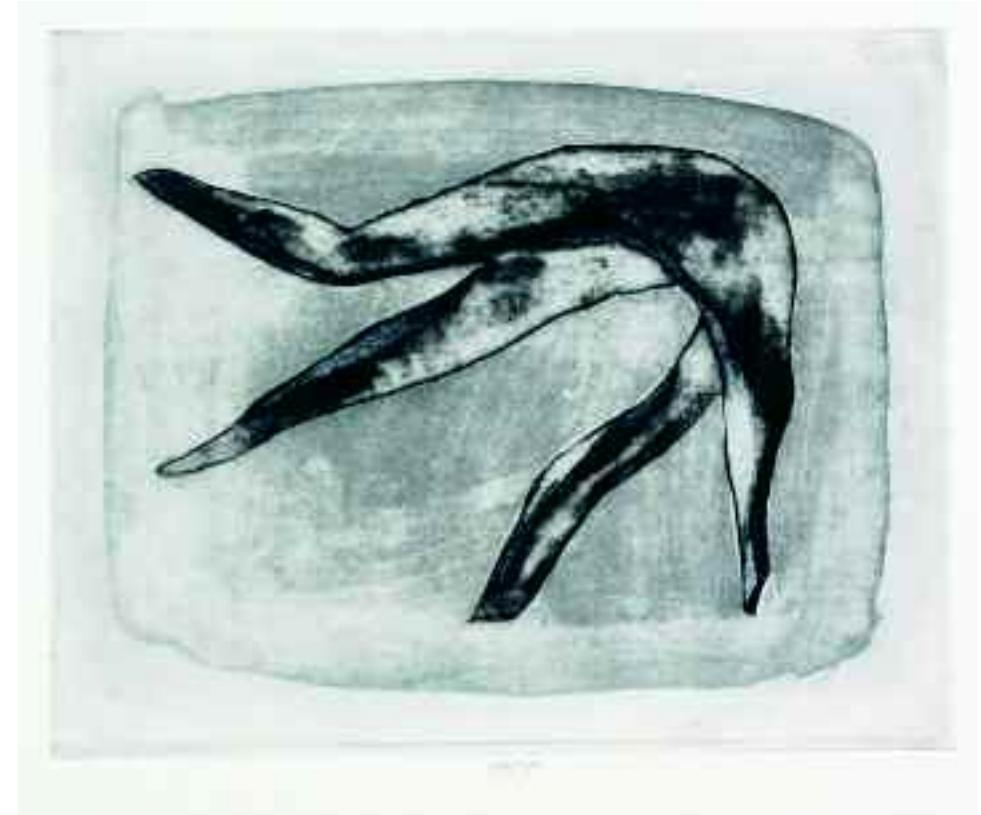


The World Runs on Futility

Sea waves destined to repeat yourself,
Forever stammering excuses
To the gulls lining up your shores.
Or you, gusting wind, troubling these pines
With your wild oratory.

Even you, coming darkness,
And you tumbleweeds rolling over,
Through a ghost town
With the bug that lives one day
On a torn window screen
And a sky full of white clouds.

One torn photograph after another
Whose pieces do not fit -
And why should they, grim whispers,
With all your seasonings of folly?
Every time I went to the sea and sky
To seek advice, this is what I got.



DRAWINGS

The drawings in this exhibition come from five different sketchbooks. They are all executed in gouache with black chalk, on printed or blank pages from old bound books.

Drawings D 15 through D 17 are executed on two sheets of paper, attached along the middle by the artist.

Each drawing is stamped with the artist's stamp: *NAMA* and signed in graphite: *NAMA*.

All drawings were executed in 2005.

The sheet sizes are as follows:

D 1: 8 1/4" x 6 7/8" (21 x 17.4 cm).

D 3, D 5, D 6: 8 1/8" x 6 5/8" (20.6 x 16.8 cm).

D 2, D 4, D 7: 7 1/2" x 6 1/8" (19.2 x 15.5 cm).

D 10, D 11, D 12, D 13: 7 7/8" x 10 3/4" (19.9 x 20.2 cm).

D 8, D 9, D 14: 9" x 11 1/4" (23 x 28.6 cm).

D 15, D 16: 22" x 17 5/8" (56 x 44.8 cm).

D 17: 20 3/4" x 17 5/8" (52.7 x 44.8 cm).



D 1



D2



D3



D4



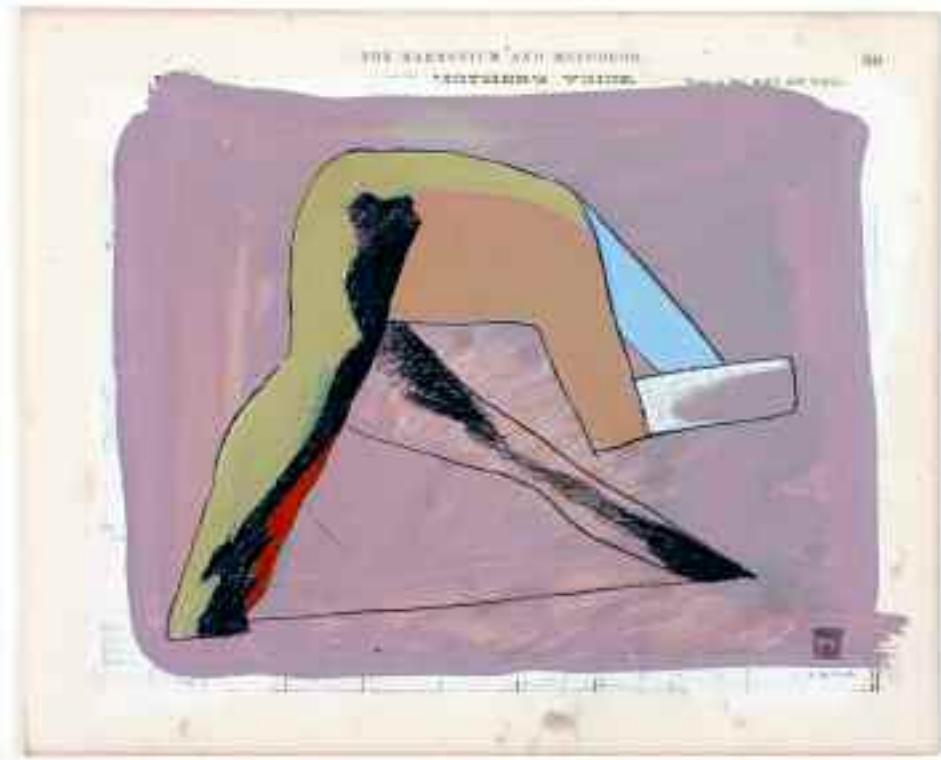
D5



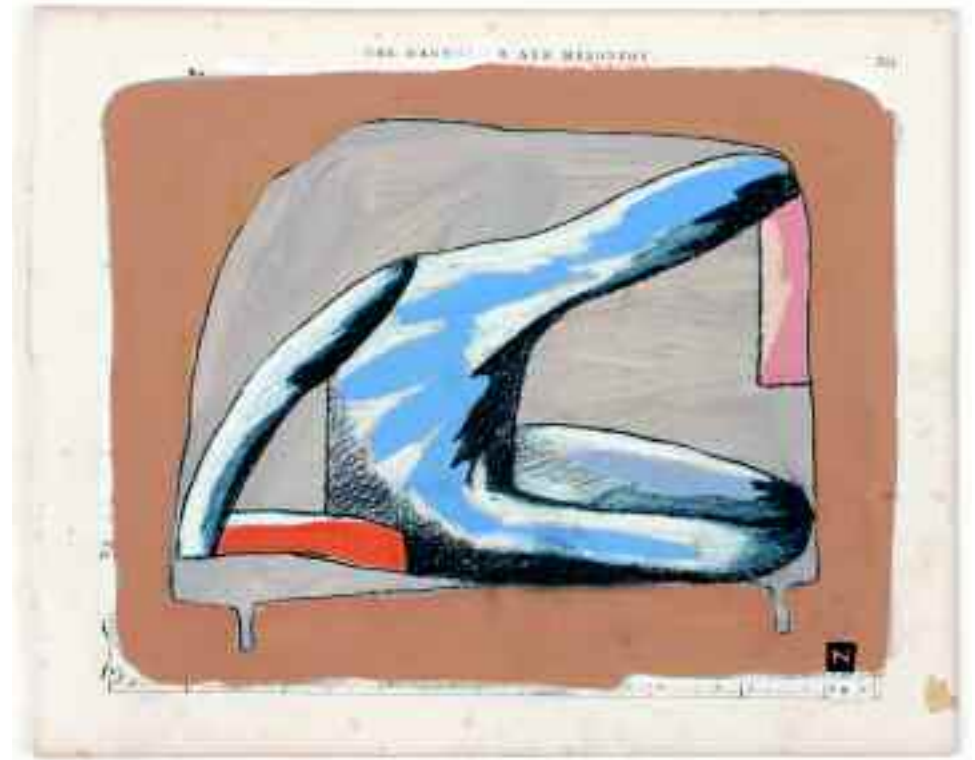
D6



D7



D 8



D 9



D 10



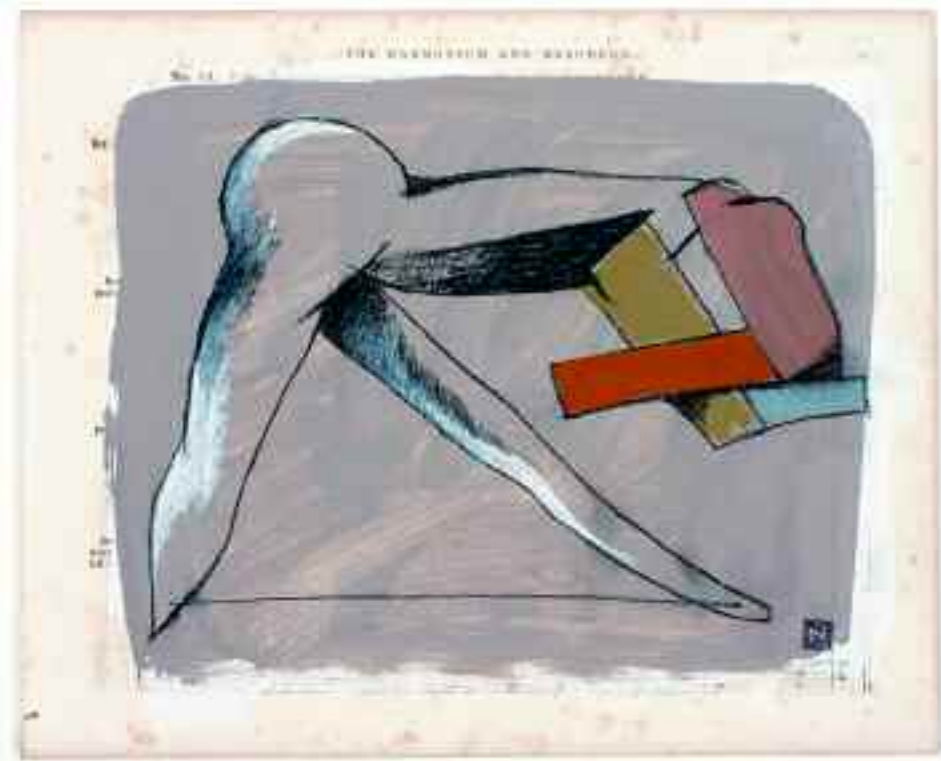
D 11



D 12



D 13



D 14



D 15



D 16



D 17

SCULPTURES

The sculptures in this exhibition are bronze sculptures with different color patinas. They were conceived in the context of creating the two portfolios. The artist's working method takes him through several stages of developing an image or a form, during which process he changes media. Several sculptures are closely related to individual etchings from the portfolios. Several prints, in turn, are very sculptural.

S 1 Height: 14 1/4"; width: 7"; depth: 3 1/2" (36.2 x 18 x 9 cm).

S 2 Height: 9 1/2"; width: 4 1/2"; depth: 12" (24 x 11.5 x 30.5 cm).

S 3 Height: 11"; width: 6"; depth: 10 1/2" (28 x 15.2 x 26.7 cm).

S 4 Height: 13 1/4"; width: 7 1/2"; depth: 10" (33.6 x 19 x 25.5 cm).

S 5 Height: 12"; width: 5 1/4"; depth: 7 1/2" (30.5 x 13.3 x 19 cm).

S 6 Height: 7 1/2"; width: 6 3/4"; depth: 7 1/2" (19 x 17.2 x 19 cm).

S 7 Height: 14 1/2"; width: 6 1/4"; depth: 11" (37 x 16 x 28 cm).

All sculptures were executed in 2005.



S 1



S2



S3



S4



S5



S6



S7