

Mathew Hale

A PICTURE AND ITS PRICE: « ... et enfin la précieuse matière du tout petit pan de mur jaune. Ses étourdissements augmentaient; il attachait son regard, comme un enfant à un papillon jaune, qu'il veut saisir, ... »

September 7 - October 11, 2017

The gallery is pleased to present Mathew Hale's third solo exhibition after *DER WILLKOMMENE FREMDE* (2012) and *Tasuk! Tsukku-san!* (2007).

On the *Love is a silver dollar / Bright as a church bell's chime Paintings by Mathew Hale**

Over the past year and a half in Los Angeles I have made a series of paintings on strung yellow paper price tags. On the reverse of each tag I have written a price in U.S. Dollars, in silver. These paintings are exhibited hanging from the facsimile of a branch of a rose bush.

Each day that I have been in L.A. and working in my studio I have taken one of these paintings to the mausoleum where Marilyn Monroe is buried and photographed it there twice. Once hanging from the rose bush in front of the mausoleum, and once outside the cemetery, in front of rear wall of the mausoleum, which stands anonymously on the edge of an adjacent cinema car park.



Love is a silver dollar / Bright as a church bell's chime, 2017
documentary photograph



Love is a silver dollar / Bright as a church bell's chime, 2017, 3D print sculpture, paper, acrylic paint, silver pencil
documentary photograph

The two resulting photographic prints that document each painting in situ at the burial site form an integral part of each artwork.** The title of each work is: *Love is a silver dollar / Bright as a church bell's chime*, followed by the date on which that particular tag was photographed at the site. The price on the tag corresponds to the day of the month when it was photographed there.

The title of my exhibition at Galerie Michel Rein, which will include several examples of these works, is: *A PICTURE AND ITS PRICE: « ... et enfin la précieuse matière du tout petit pan de mur jaune. Ses étourdissements augmentaient; il attachait son regard, comme un enfant à un papillon jaune, qu'il veut saisir, ... »****

Mathew Hale, Los Angeles - Berlin - Los Angeles, July 2017

Mathew Hale (b. 1962 in Swindon, Wiltshire, UK, lives and works in Los Angeles and Berlin) studied at the Winchester School of Art and Goldsmiths College London. Selected exhibitions included solo show *NO RECTO // no verso* at José García, mx Gallery, Mexico City, Mexico (2016), *5TH HELENA, P!*, New York, USA (2015), *ALONE, LES VOICI A PARLER*, Center for Contemporary Art, Kitakyushu, Japan (2014), *MA THE WHALE*, Ratio 3, San Francisco, USA (2013) ABC, Berlin, Germany (2013), *THE WELCOME STRANGER*, WENTRUP, Berlin, Germany (2012), *DIE MÜNZE*, Mondern Monday, MoMa, New York, USA (2011).

* *One Silver Dollar*, Darby/Newman, 1954

** Each artwork therefore consists of: 1 painting on a strung yellow tag, 1 colour 3D print made using the scan of a branch cut from the rose bush that grows in front of the mausoleum, 2 colour photographic prints of that painted yellow tag in situ at the burial site, front and rear.

***There were many possible titles for this exhibition, my list of alternatives included the following: "Like everything, like all photos, they all die young." (Boris Mikhailov); "I think it's nice to look at images that aren't dead yet." (Boris Mikhailov); "We Live in a Dead C[unt][!]", Hans Jurgen Syberberg, 1977 [Transl]; *The Relics of Love*; Is it worth it, let me work it / Put my thing down, flip it and reverse it; Mourning my Mother; NO VERSO // no recto; The Gift of Painting; "un petit pan de mur jaune"; The Topography of the Burial Site of Marilyn Monroe Echoed in the Form of a Strung Label; ~~My Daily Tribute Paid~~; "||"; TESSA; Paintings for the Dead Not the Blind; Laudomia; Mary Meerson; The Pilgrim Brings a Future Relic; Priced Paintings for the Sighted Dead; "The Good Enough Mother", or "The Good Enough Son", or "The Good Enough Painting"; ~~MY DEBT PAID~~; "The buried body was happy, and was myself."; *The Burial of the Dead + Vision in Motion = Living*; Adelmia; When Touching the iPic Parking Lot Wall; "... the dampness destroys peoples' bodies and they have scant strength; everyone is better off remaining still, prone; anyway, it is dark."; Melania; Tails||Heads; *DIE MÜNZE*; 1926-1962; 26.62; \$26 in his hand; INA, \$27; Adelmia; ATI ROSA FC Yellow, \$19.99; My password for this computer is the name of the village where my father is buried; Marion Milner; "My Mummy's dead"; French for (Your) Bottom; 18th July, 1962; Frame 62; *The artist out walking is thought of his mother*; The Gifts I Took Back to Sell to You; "... to live in Parisian society today, one is forced, at whatever level, whatever stratum, to prostitute oneself in one way or another, or what's more, to live according to laws that resemble prostitution."; Marsh Mallow; A rose would smell as sweet by any other name; *Ike Cole, 38 years old, Los Angeles, California, \$25*: A real blooming species and its price (at Orchard); Homage to Wallace Berman's Radio Set; Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe; "I'm still, I need no life / To serve on boys and men / What's mine, was yours, is dead / I take my leave of mortal flesh; A Beautiful Child; I miss you; EAST VIRGINIA; *Janus*; "Henri holds them up like coins before he projects them."; Argia; "The side which things turn towards the dream is kitsch."; "That one, she took flowers from the cemetery to resell them. And this one, he's adding some thorns so that it's nicer for the woman." (Boris Mikhailov); *Upwards at 45 Degrees*; *Love is a silver dollar / Bright as a church bell's chime*; *Happiness In Church*; "He likes to visit cemeteries"; In a Moonlight Like Milk; Madame Magritte; You came / I think / 'Cause the marble made my cheeks look pink; I'm so much in love / Like a little soldier catching butterflies; "Momma Marilyn, From Norman Monroe, I'm very glad to consider you my mother. Your son, Always ☺"; Agapanthus Peter Pan, \$16; I hope you went out like a child into the cool remnant of a dream; FLIP IT AND REVERSE IT; As they dance it is like a playing card revolving. The jack of spades vanishes slowly, the queen of diamonds is revealed. Their mouths come together in the dark.