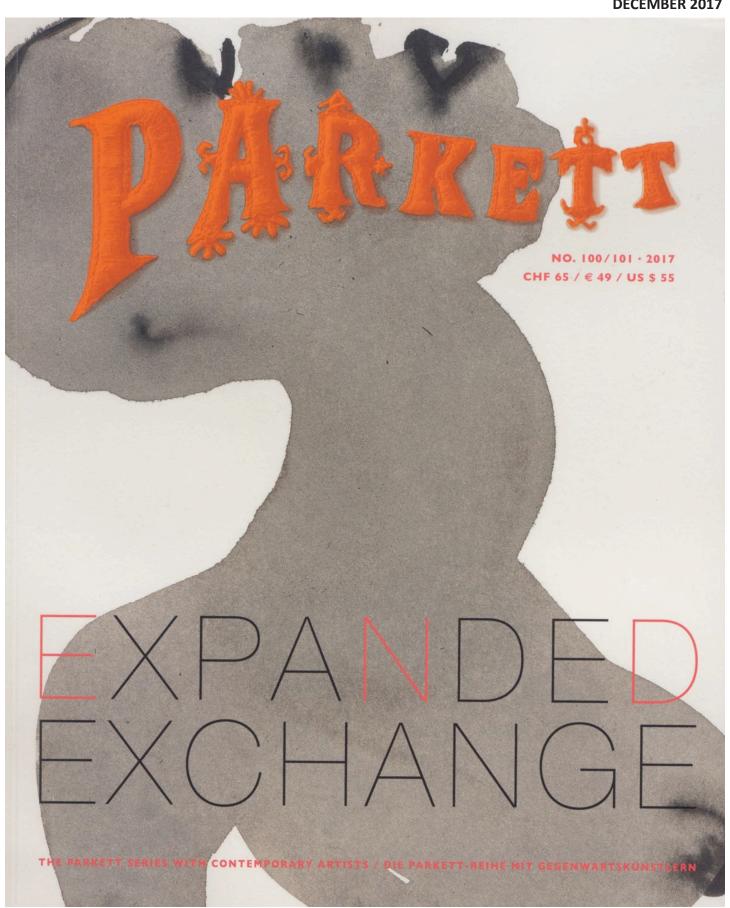
**DECEMBER 2017** 



## Artists' Statements for Parkett 100/101

Allora & Calzadilla, Christian Marclay, Carsten Höller, Anish Kapoor, Paweł Althamer, Helen Marten, Jeff Wall, Wilhelm Sasnal, Ed Ruscha, Enzo Cucchi, Laurie Anderson, Doug Aitken, Sue Williams, Nathalie Djurberg/Hans Berg, Abraham Cruzvillegas, Karen Kilimnik, Monica Bonvicini, Rashid Johnson, Andrea Büttner, Anri Sala, Ragnar Kjartansson, John Baldessari, Beat Streuli, Zoe Leonard, Paulina Olowska, Raymond Pettibon, Alex Katz, Ernesto Neto, John Waters, Jeff Koons, Urs Fischer, Thomas Hirschhorn, Christian Jankowski, John Bock, Tim Rollins + K.O.S., Rosemarie Trockel, Olaf Breuning, Cao Fei, Adrián Villar-Rojas, Fred Tomaselli, Rirkrit Tiravanija, Olaf Nicolai, Lawrence Weiner, Keith Tyson, Jimmie Durham, Mariko Mori, Pamela Rosenkranz, Andro Wekua, Albert Oehlen, Ed Atkins, Yto Barrada, Tacita Dean/Julie Mehretu, Tomma Abts, Nicole Eisenman, Haegue Yang, Annette Kelm, Robert Wilson, Philip Taaffe, Thomas Schütte, Josh Smith, Luc Tuymans, Beatriz Milhazes, Xu Zhen, Valentin Carron, Sophie Calle, Liam Gillick/Piper Marshall, Markus Raetz, Shirana Shahbazi, Liu Xiaodong, Kelley Walker, Dayanita Singh, Wade Guyton, Rebecca Warren, Thomas Ruff, Matthew Ritchie, Mai-Thu Perret, John Armleder, Jon Kessler, Roni Horn, Wael Shwaky, Bernard Frize.

## Tim Rollins + K.O.S.

ew that the principle was greater than the men the numbers and the vicious power and all the take myself by the throat and choke myself un-lged and my tongue hung out and wagged like the impty house in a high wind. Oh, yes, it made Epilogue to corrupt its name? Did he mean to affinch they themselves had dreamed into being darkness of the feudal past, and which the ry ad it made me sick. So I became ill of affirman d compromised to the point of absurdity ev s important. Or at least you almost have nan and it placed me in a hole-or she concer is, by the way, an area in which a man's recing concer rational than his mind, and it is precisely in that area at his will is pulled in several directions at the same time to might sneer at this, but I know now. I was pulled this ause we were the heirs who must use the principle is in, if you will-and I reluctantly accept lse could I have done? Once you get use rresistible as a club, and I was clubbed i I caught the hint. Perhaps that's the way could only thus find transcendence? Was it that we of most of all, had to affirm the principle, the plan in who we had been brutalized and sacrificed—not because we we also been called one thing and then another while no one ally wished to hear what I called myself. So after years of ying to adopt the opinions of others I finally rebelled. I am 't know. Nor do I know whether accept aced me in the rear or in the avant-gardi lesson for history, and I'll leave such decir always be weak nor because we were afraid or opport invisible man. Thus I have come a long way and returned and boomeranged a long way from the point in society toward exhausted in us, some—not much, but some—of the greed and smallness, yes, and the fear and superstition the kept them running. (Oh, yes, they're running too, run be honest with you-a feat which, by the So I took to the cellar, I hibernated. I got away from it all. But that wasn't enough. I couldn't be still even in hiber-nation. Because, damn it, there's the mind, the mind. It r themselves.) Or was it, did he mean that we should shapes that he confuses one with the or wouldn't let me rest. Gin, jazz and dreams were not enough linked to all the others in the loud, clamoring semi world, that world seen only as a fertile field for explo by Jack and his kind, and with condescension by Norto in it. I was never more hated than who N V I S I B L E M A N Ellison tired of being the mere pawns in the futile story"? Had he seen that for these too we Whence it's worse because you comust, and you can either diversity is the have no tyran business they'll become white the principle, lest they turn upon us to de or burn it out and go or ext conflicting phase. by forcing me, an invisible man ase? How often have I tried be gone up above to seek it weren't they their own death and their cept as the principle lived in them and a cream of the joke: Weren't we part of the ssness? But seriously, and without s world would lose if that should hap out. For, like almost eve many strands; I would recognize lt's "winner take nothing" that i and let it rom them and subject to die when they then "against" it, I assi such an attitude is very But my world has become ntry or of any country. Life is to and humanity is won by continuin defeat. Our fate is to become one. phrase-still it's a good good view of life, and a prophecy, but description. Thus of the world is the spectacle of the ways and becoming blacker every day laming anyone for this state of affairs, m ing mea culpa. The fact is that you carr strait jacket, its definition borders of what men cal rd whiteness, becoming quite of ickness and though for a long time I outside world, the attempt to write it at least half of it lay within me. It came that strange disease that affects those blace ng my sense of perturning slowly from black to albino, th sublimely wonderful as solid and all the relati

Parkett No. 20 published in June 1989 changed our collective life. The images, the essays, the dialogues were nothing short of revelatory and energized our work beyond belief.

You see, unlike most art journals that are about creative work, Parkett has consistently been a creative work of art in and of itself. Parkett is not a mirror. It is a looking glass that the KOS family and I had no hesitation to leap through.

We deeply appreciated the dialectical power of the journal as phenomenon and its motivation to build a critical community approaching the subject (our process and artwork) from all approaches (even some very critical of what we were doing at the time.) And so much hard fun working with Bice, Jacqueline, Dieter, Karen Marta and the stupendous designer Trix Wetter.

Parkett has been and certainly will continue to be Prescient... an in your face Gift.

Tim Rollins and K.O.S. South Bronx, U.S.A.

u're yourself to blame, and you stand