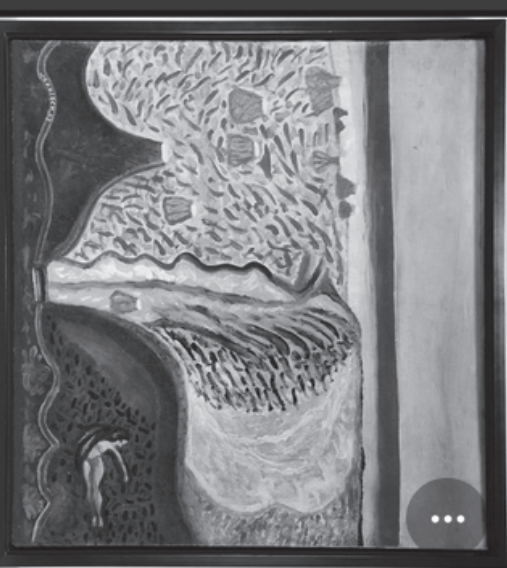
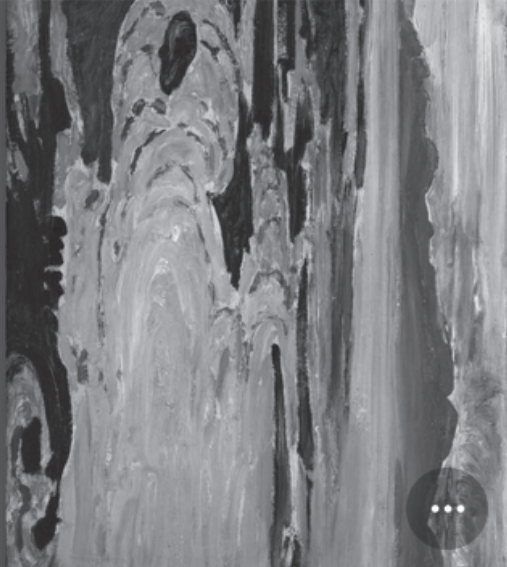
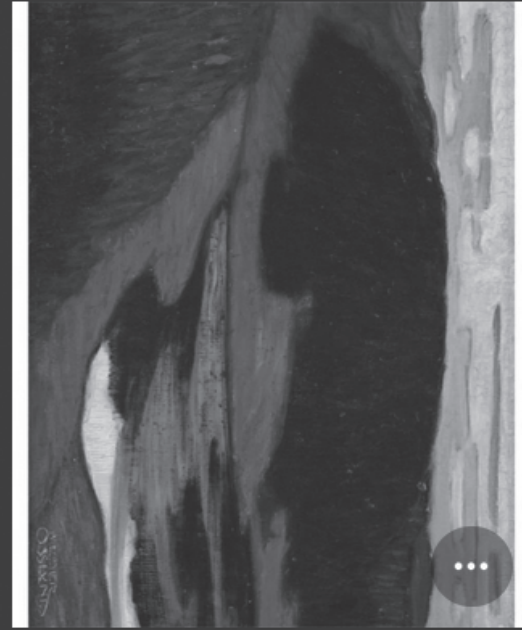
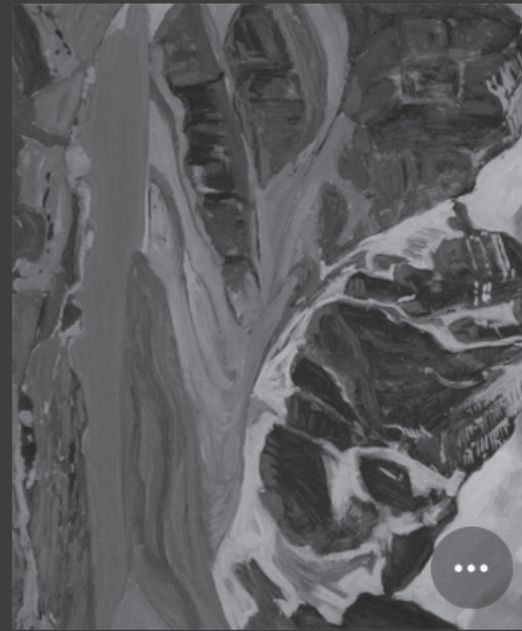
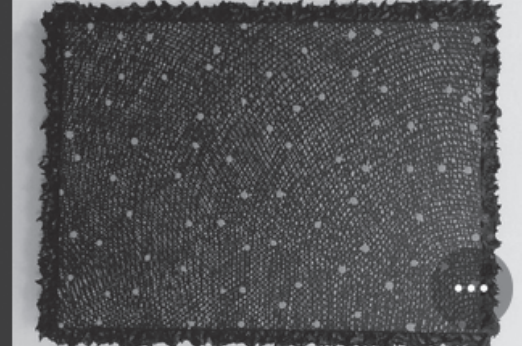
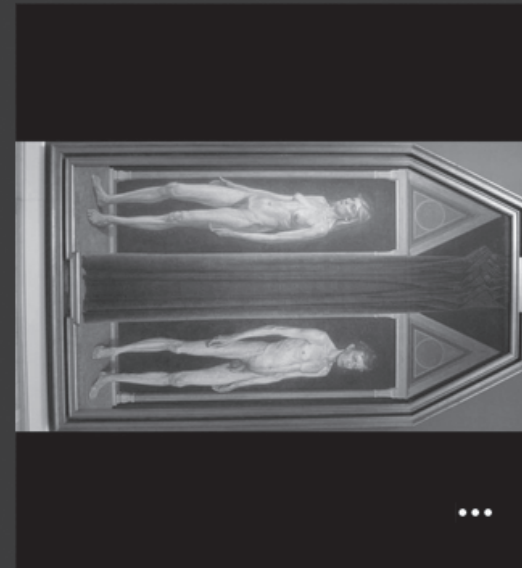
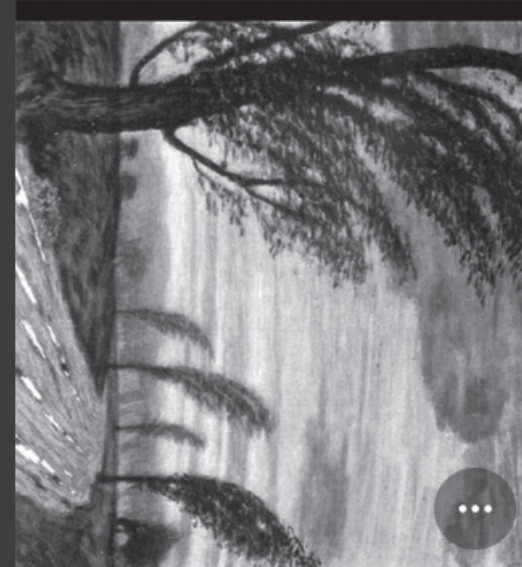
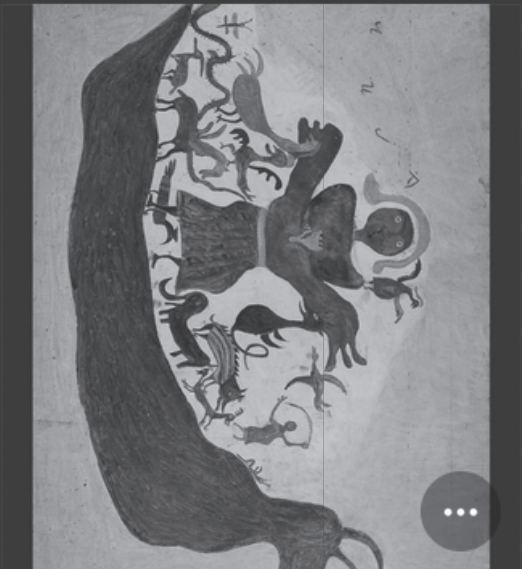
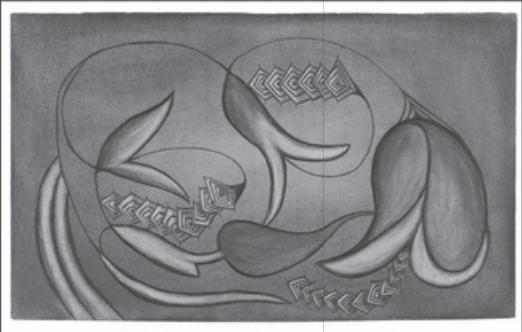
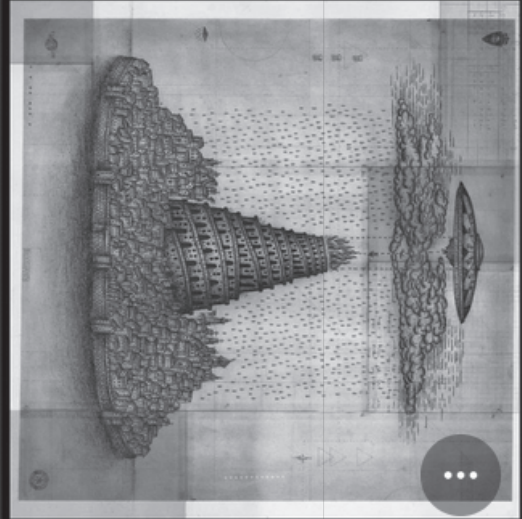
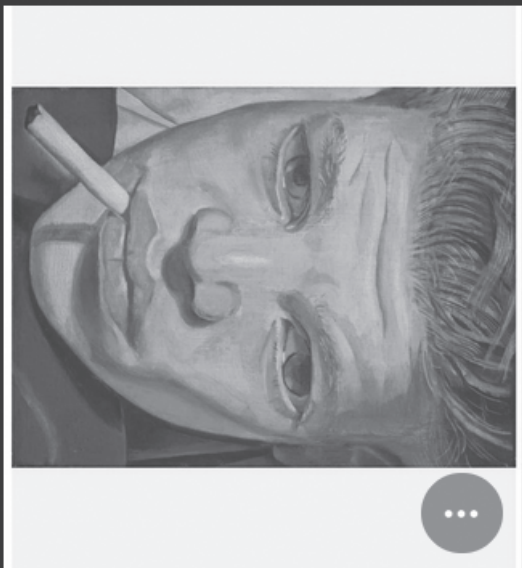
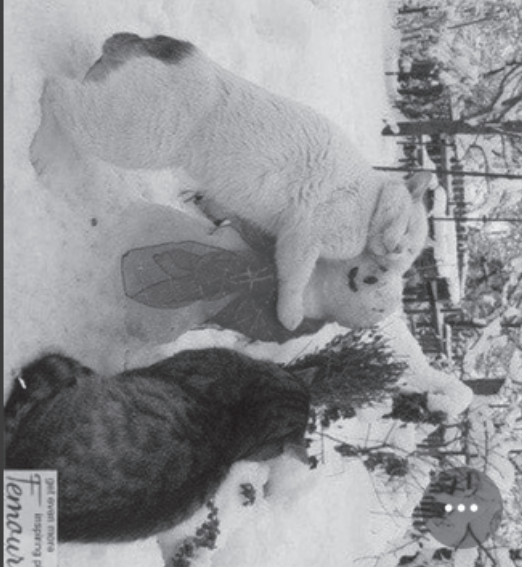
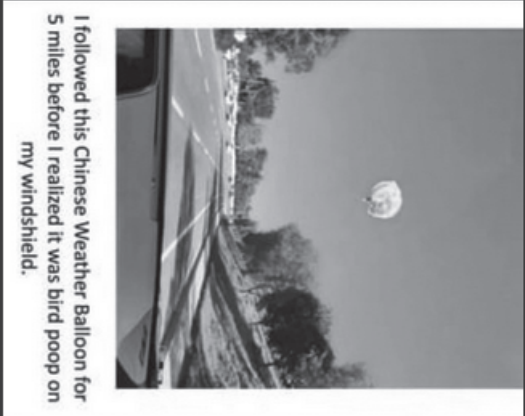
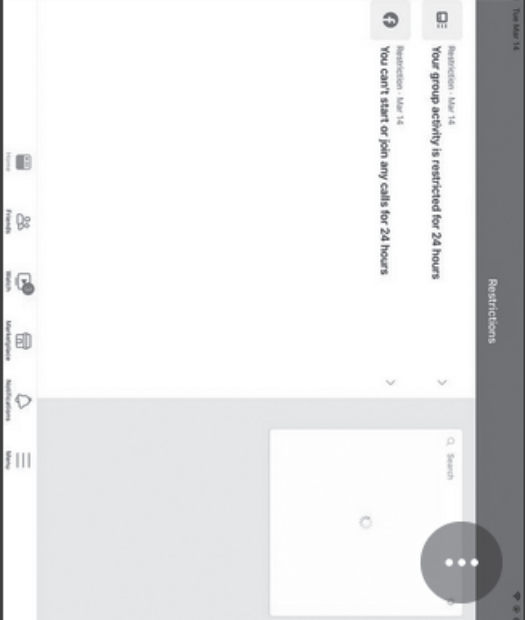




Marie Holst

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mamie holst: before dying

6572 SW 40th Street, Miami

April 8–May 20, 2023

(As I lay) [in the] Landscape Before (Dying) Jesse Bransford

Pinwheeling into a place of thinking. Or of not-thinking. I can never truly tell which is more relevant, and one ebbs and flows into another. I saw some of Mamie Holst’s works many years before purposefully looking into the void. But I think I had looked into it before; I just hadn’t realized it. It is a verbal place at first, but it quickly deepens into images, a cacophony of flashing, pulsing, pictures fading in and out, before ultimately settling into a slower, more pensive set of images. Womblike in feel, but harder in presentation; a geometry of impossibilities that my mind tries over and over to reconcile, eventually surrendering into the subtle shifts and undulations that never release themselves to my desire to fully understand.

I think of the swastika shape, a shape that long predates our dumb ideas about politics and machines and other people. A rotating grid that honeycombs into vast lattices and frothing whorls. I get the feeling when I’ve descended into this place that we have stumbled into it over and over again. To describe it in more comparative terms: it’s a series of universal forms, kinds among many that appear when your eyes are closed, or you have a migraine headache, or you are hallucinating intensely for any number of reasons. It’s very specific, even though it emerges from so many different vantages. But all that is to say that anyone can go there. And all of us will sometime, sooner or later...

Mamie talks online often about our shared friend and art dealer Hudson. And Hudson talked to me about her on many occasions. I feel like he was always gently pushing me to consider the work, which of course I did and would have done without his nudges. I feel like I know her the way I knew other folks at the Feature Inc., Hudson’s gallery, but this knowledge was only from the work and from my conversations with Hudson. I’ve never met her in person. As I sit here thinking about the work, I wonder how well I actually know it, although I can easily pull remembered images to mind. It gets tricky when you play the memory game. Especially when considering stories of friends who are dead, and Hudson died ten years ago. Wow, that time passed slowly and quickly, as the sayings go. I certainly know the paintings in a capacity that stays with me, accurate or not. And there is something in the paintings, their intimacy, that reminds me of the dead, and reminds me that I’m on the same path.

Mamie’s paintings seem fragile and ubiquitous, like spring flowers. I’m writing this in the UK in late spring, and the buttercups are in bloom. Every morning I pick one and put it in the leather band on my hat. The hat betrays its function, fading slowly from a forest green in blotchy yellowing spots. I keep having fantastic luck on my late spring trips to the islands, and the sun is present in a way that would turn me a beet-red, like many of the folks I pass on the streets and trails, were it not for the shade and sacrifice of the hat. It’s not usually like this here, and the buttercup is wilted and limp at the end of the day.

I realize this metaphor is more about my thoughts as I look at Mamie’s paintings, and less the paintings themselves. The paintings, are actually sharp and bold, crisp in their intent and actuality, and the material they establish themselves in holds in an unsettlingly crystalline way. They persist. It’s our gaze and memory that are so fragile. I look away, my mind wanders, and I look again to start another spiraling reverie.

Works on view

Landscape Before Dying (The Knowledge)

2011
Acrylic on canvas
17 1/2 x 17 1/2 inches

Landscape Before Dying (Mirage #2)

2004
Acrylic on canvas
36 x 36 inches

Landscape Before Dying (Ghost #3)

2004
Acrylic on canvas
37 x 35 inches

Landscape Before Dying (Fraudulence #2)

2001
Acrylic on canvas
14 x 14 inches

Landscape Before Dying (New York Destruct)

2000
Acrylic on canvas
15 x 15 inches

Landscape Before Dying (New York Night)

2000
Acrylic on canvas
17 x 14 inches

Landscape Before Dying (Fraudulence)

1999
Acrylic on canvas
16 x 16 inches

Since the early-1990s, **Mamie Holst** has been working on an on-going series of paintings titled Landscape Before Dying, in which she uses only black, white and gray paints. The works rely on soft-edged geometric forms and often suggest cosmic panomaras, astrophysical events, and sci-fi scenarios. Holst received a MFA degree from the School of the Visual Arts in New York and has exhibited internationally for over three decades. Represented by the legendary gallery Feature, Inc. before its closing, Holst has exhibited her work at Kunsthalle Bern; Artists’ Space, NY; Anton Kern Gallery, NY; Bortolami, NY; the Contemporary Museum, Baltimore; and Blondiue Fine Arts, Geneva.

Founded in 2008, [NAME] Publications is dedicated to making books with an emphasis on histories and practices often marginalized in dominant art and design histories. The press facilitates the production of books by artists, designers, curators, and scholars with practices anchored in the Americas. It disseminates these titles and builds new audiences for them through exhibitions, public programs, and the salvaging of archival materials. *Mamie Holst: Before Dying* is made possible by Teiger Foundation.

[NAME]