SHOE-HORNING,
CHARLATANS
& PANDERERS
an i-o-i-p graphic narrative, Mitchell Kane, 2013

For LAis

**Wick:** Rufous-colored blood seeping through the fibers of the periwinkle Polar-Fleece garment: a sweater to some, a jacket to others – puddles-pools-cools-coagulates – establishing a crusty ring at the perimeter. Nearby, sitting high, awash, amongst clumps of kelp rests an amulet of special circumstances: a pallid architecture of wills.

**Tours:** Why is this important?

I just don't know.

# Charlatans!

We sometimes get to witness decay in action. It can be beautiful, but often we arrive after the event began. It's hard to admit, but we can't be everywhere at once. Some words stick in the mouth while others fly out in all directions, the sweet letters are special and know their purpose resting before they quickly evaporate without sounding.

# Panderers!

Wick:

The depths of some actions seek their own rewards.

Tours:

That's appropriate.

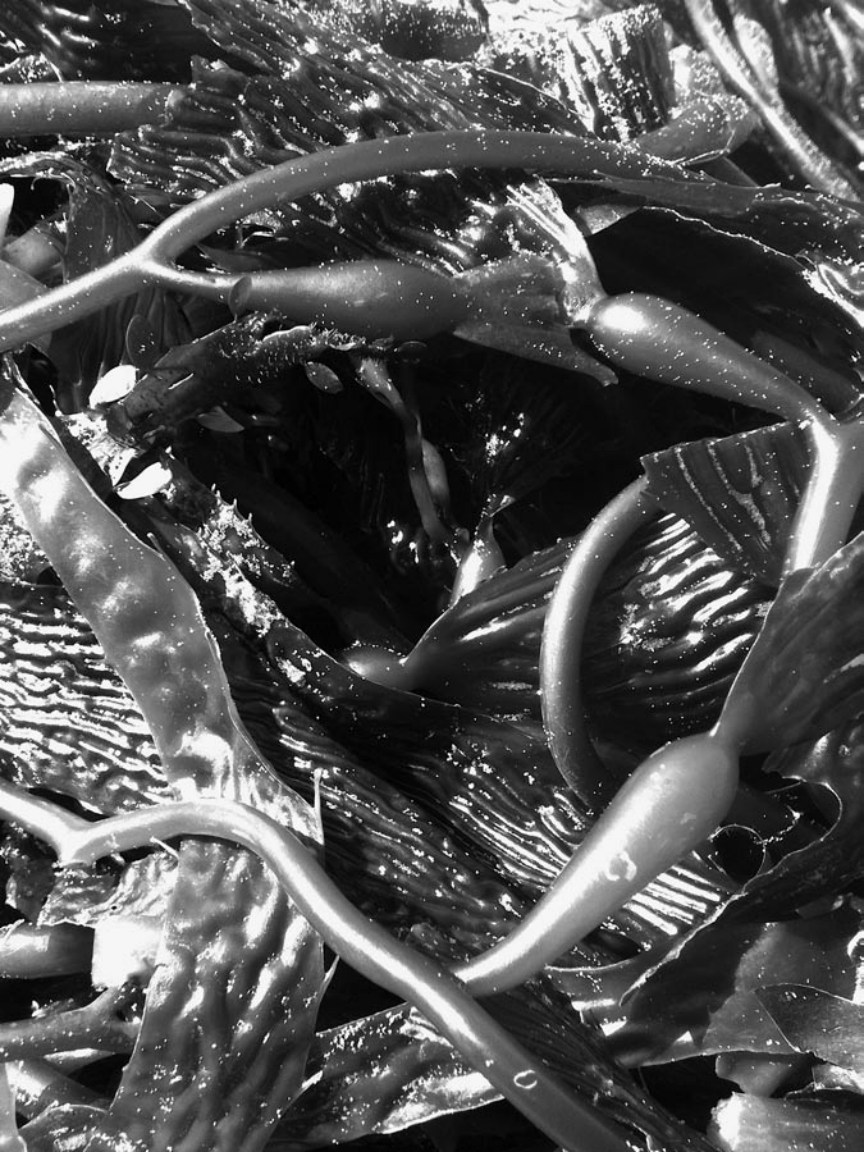
Wick:

Shoe-horning is a common occurrence. Shoe-horning allows us to believe in an alternative sense of reality. Purposely forgetting or selectively remembering is another quality of shoe-horning. Take a historical account and bend it to fit your truth. Charlatans regularly "shoe-horn" to make their point-of-view seem pre-ordained. It's a ubiquitous form of revisionary absolutism.

Tours:

# Slippity-slam, Make it fit.

Wick:



You slid into that situation way too easy.
As you were saying, tell me more about "green."

Green, as a color, does not define space or anything else for that matter. It is incapable of holding space in any form. It is neither shallow nor does it have depth. Poussin's Arcadian rhythm and Cezanne's tonal riffs constructed space using green, green, but it was not green alone that defined space. In general, green remains mostly symbolic, i.e., landscape-nature-field-vegetation. It is a humorless, nondescript entity: a background supporting role, such as the blood spurting stage right in 14th Century crucifixion paintings being caught by cherubim. There may be a reason for aiming right – perhaps to build a visual dimension in a space so flat. The background [sky] is conventionally blue or gold with the ground acting as pedestal. It might as well be seen as euangelion green.

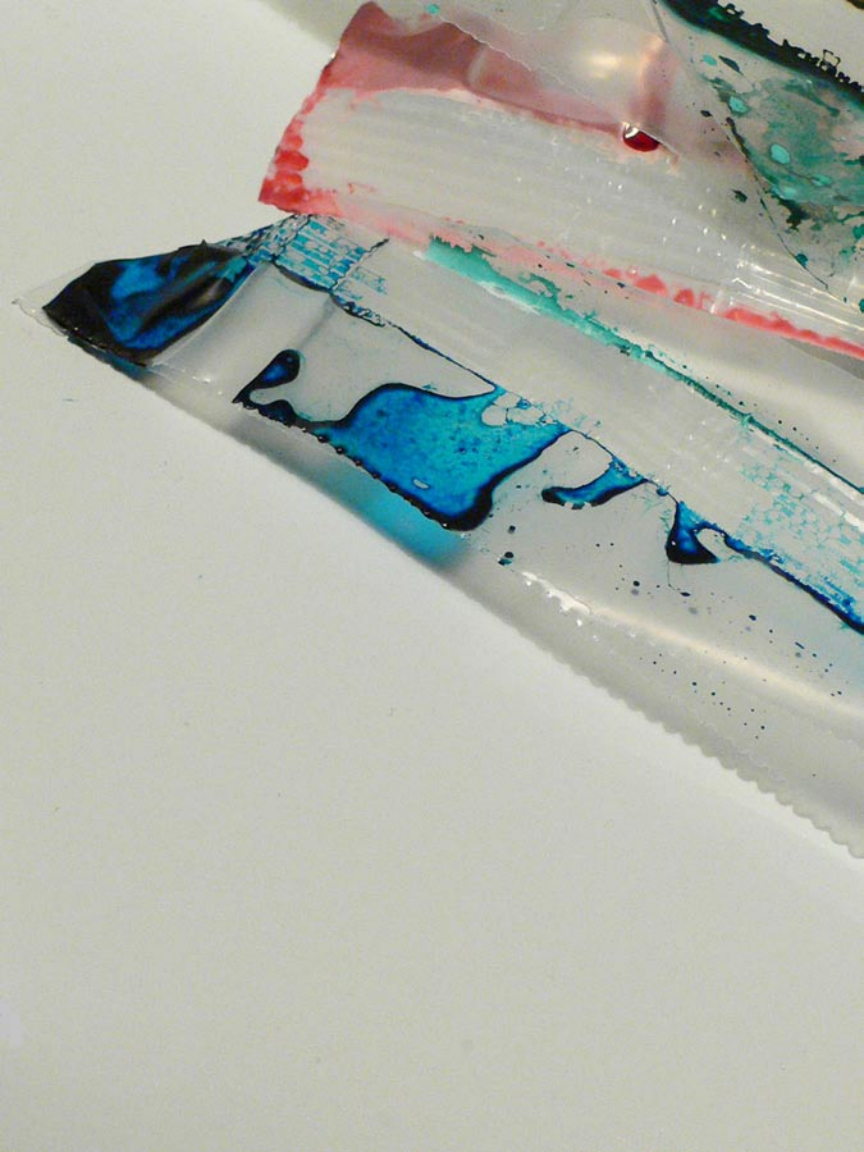
How exactly did you do that?

Wick: Do what?

Turn red into an euangelion green, redemptive. I'm still waiting for an apparition to appear out of the wild blue yonder.

Wick: For example?

I never liked the middle man – going to the original source is always better.



Ponyca, a master candy-wrapper artist, manipulates soft plastic detritus into intricate, smooth, non-angular forms. The work is sly, inert objects, identity neutral. Color here is sometimes used as a form of pandering, i.e., demarcating a particular aspect of space: never image.

Wick:

So much to consider... it's a magnificent day for pandering. Does that answer everything? It even smells like green.

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