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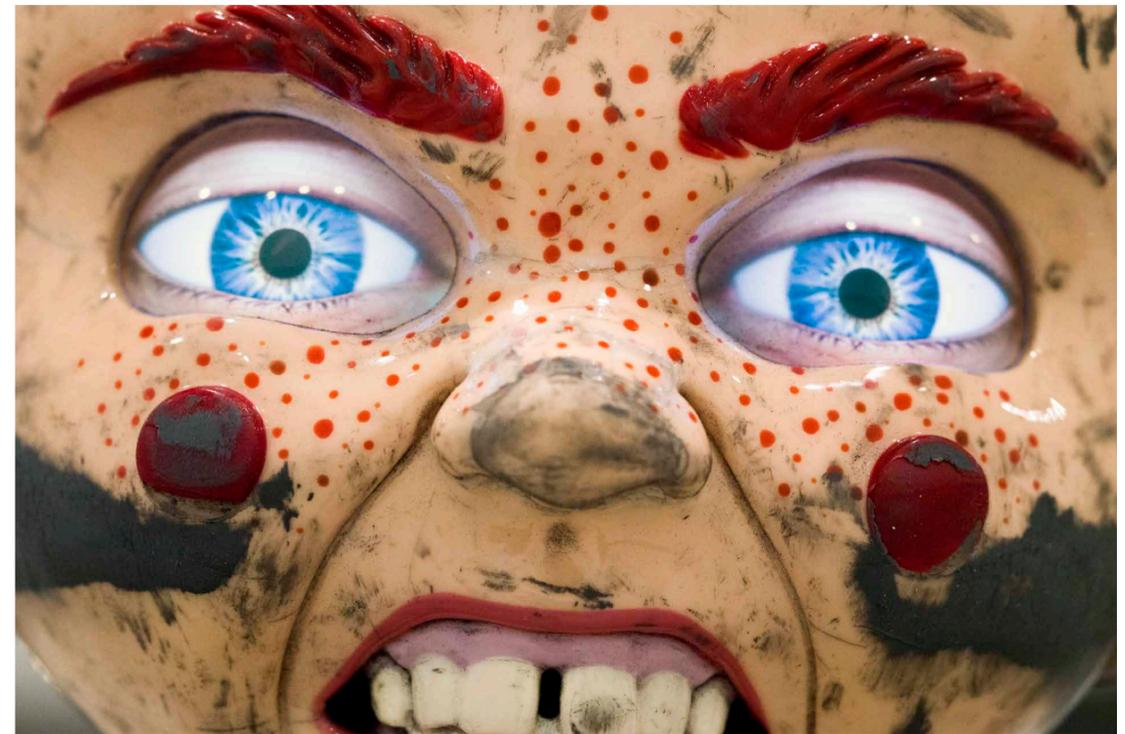


ENCOMPASSING FILM and PAINTING but BEST KNOWN for TWO BREAKOUT ANIMATRONIC SCULPTURES, the PRACTICE of YOUNG AMERICAN ARTIST JORDAN WOLFSON BEARS THE LEGACIES of JEFF KOONS— WITH its ARCANE MIXTURE of ABSURD HUMOR, SPECTACLE and DESIRE— and, LESS BLATANTLY, of CADY NOLAND— CHANNELING a DARK STRAIN in AMERICAN CULTURE. His UNIQUELY CONTEMPORARY ANGLE MAKES HIM ONE of the MOST RELEVANT ARTISTS of his GENERATION, ONE who AIMS to MAKE the VIEWER LOSE THEIR MIND and BODY, and to CREATE SOMETHING THAT'S EQUAL to NATURE.

PHOTOGRAPHY  
JASON NOCITO

CREATIVE DIRECTION  
ALESSIO ASCARI

PRODUCTION  
CAMILLA VENTURINI



**M**y first exposure to Jordan Wolfson's *Colored sculpture* (2016) occurred by accident, while scrolling through my Instagram feed during the height of Frieze Art Fair Week in New York. I had heard gossip about the opening, the long lines to see the work and how the piece involved a gigantic animatronic installation. But as I scrolled through my feed, a video of the work appeared amid the sea of selfies, images of art, photos of food, model glamour shots and memes that populated my screen.

**P**osted by an art journalist who I happened to follow, I came across a horizontally cropped low-resolution video of a large animatronic mannequin dangling over the ground, suspended from huge chains that snaked across the floor. It was presented without a title, its only descriptors reading *#jordanwolfson #david-zwirner*. Taken at the opening, it showed the mannequin tortuously dangling, as if crucified, while the Percy

Sledge song “When a Man Loves a Woman” boomed over speakers installed along the gallery’s perimeter. The music cut abruptly, and the giant redheaded robot boy, equal parts Rainforest Café, Chucky and Dennis the Menace, smashed to the ground, interrupting the scene with the force of a punch line. Its music and violent editing were not terribly dissimilar from the videos that I am deluged with whenever I open Instagram: short, seemingly authorless, darkly comic videos with text captions that show scenes of car crashes, people fighting, kids being pranked. Something abrupt or bizarre happens after a few moments of tension, often scored with pop music.

**S**eeing the work in person a week later, on an off-day when the gallery was nearly empty, I watched the mannequin contort in a choreographed sequence throughout the space, at times hanging in tense anticipation, at others flailing around the space before smashing down to the ground with overt fury, the clanging of



ject of pity,” but rather that the very instruments of torture did not themselves revolt in protest of the ends to which they were used. I remember wondering how it was that the instruments of torture themselves felt no pity, that the physical material itself remained in cold resolution. I was first exposed to such images while watching cartoons. In cartoons, too, the regular laws of matter often do not apply—but of course, in reality, objects do not move with an intelligence of their own. It is not difficult to extend the disturbing complicity of physical matter in its own use to some questions about the power (or lack thereof) in works of art. Watching the mechanical mounts of *Colored sculpture* moving back and forth with extreme facility, dragging the robotic boy across the room, their movements inexorably programmed (in contrast to the lumbering, at times comical movement of the mannequin), evoked in me a familiar, almost nostalgic feeling of dread.

In interviews about his work, Wolfson regularly speaks about the “inability of humanity” to reconcile with the “indifference of the natural world.” In a conversation with Kate Guggenheim on the advent of an exhibition at Chisenhale Gallery, he said, “The great dichotomy of being human and being conscious is that we are not indifferent and the bodies we inhabit are so indifferent and they punish us constantly... The universe is a mechanical place. There will always be that problem, that dichotomy because we struggle and search for reason in our lives... That’s why I think indifference is so beautiful, because it’s the mechanical way of the universe.”

A very early video work titled *Dinosaur* evinces the beginnings of an interest in this theme. Produced in 2001, it is a fifteen-minute video of a robotic pool cleaner snaking through a swimming pool in the dead of night. The robot moves through the lit water, its long sinuous body furling and unfurling as a chorus of crickets hums in the background. If it were not to run out of batteries, or if its joints and compounds were not to wear down and degrade from use, it would move through the pool forever. To an untrained eye, it might give off the appearance of being guided by reason—sensing and responding to its environment with some animal intelligence, even experiencing some feeling of tranquility. But, of course, that is not the case.

the chains thunderously reverberating throughout the gallery. The soundtrack—silence, then an obtuse poetic monologue by Wolfson that evoked a kind of competitive sexualized violence between a couple (“...ten to end inside your hair, eleven you’re right over my shoulder, twelve your mouth full of coffee, twelve I knew you, thirteen I killed you, fourteen you’re blind, fifteen you’re spoiled, sixteen to lift you, seventeen to show you, eighteen to weigh you...”) before being abruptly cut off by Sledge—seemed designed at once to provide a narrative for, mock, and sympathize with the pathetic scene. Every so often, the robot caught my gaze, and through facial recognition technology, would lock eyes with me before being hurled across the space.

I have very strong memories of torture scenes I witnessed in films as a child. To an eight-year-old boy, the most disturbing thing about witnessing torture was not, as Foucault postulates in *Discipline and Punish*, that it served “...to show the frequency of crime, to make the executioner resemble a criminal, judges murderers, to reverse roles at the last moment, to make the tortured criminal an ob-

Many of the same themes recurred throughout Wolfson’s 2014 debut exhibition at David Zwirner. In one sequestered room of the exhibition, which only a single individual or small group could enter at a time, was the animatronic sculpture *Female Figure* (2014). A grotesque cross between a platinum blonde RealDoll and fantasy goblin, the figure danced on loop in front of a large mirror, its movement bound to a vertical axis due to the moving metal pole affixed to its center. Performing a kind of exaggerated striptease more abject than titillating, it speaks with Wolfson’s voice (“...My mother is dead, my father is dead, I’m gay, I’d like to be a poet, this is my house...”) and dances and grinds to a pop music soundtrack, one that culminates in a frenetic routine set to a slowed-down version of Robin Thicke’s “Blurred Lines.” Using facial recognition, the sculpture periodically makes eye contact with the viewer through their reflection in the mirror.

The sheer number of self-operating machines that we encounter on a daily basis has brought to the forefront of pop culture questions of the difference between man and machine. But *Colored sculpture* and *Female Figure* instead explore an area that is more the native provenance of psychoanalysis. Wolfson says about *Female Figure*: “This work is about a physicality I experienced within my own body in relation to a third body, an artificial body. I’m not interested in AI... I’m interested in the experience of seeing something.”

Exchanging gazes with Wolfson’s sculptures is a deeply alienating experience. It is an experience of outrageous spectacle, of viewing matter that has a designed end and only imitates human connection. There are strange material disconnects and interventions: the mirror in *Female Figure* functions as a second mask and source of misdirection (with a nod to *Las Meninas*), while the smashing of the mannequin onto



*Colored sculpture*, 2016  
Installation view at David Zwirner, New York  
Photo credit: Dan Bradica

*Female Figure*, 2014  
Installation view at David Zwirner, New York  
Photo credit: Jonathan Smith



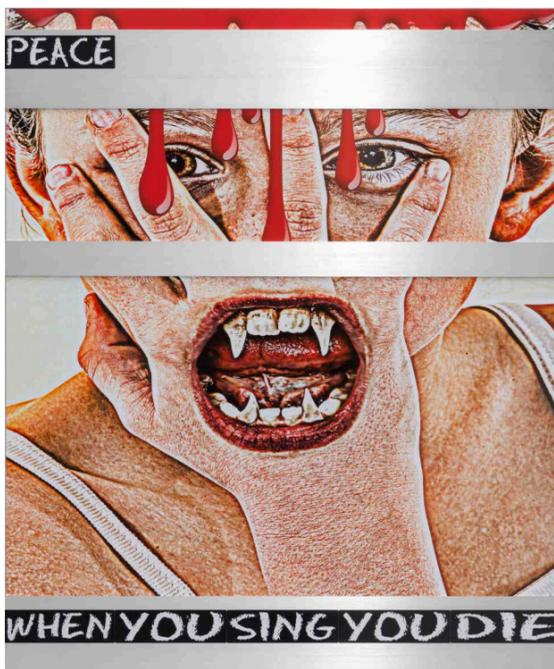


the floor in *Colored sculpture* suggests some strange psychic eruption or violation—the bursting of a cartoon character into its separate celluloid background. The floor of *Colored sculpture*, streaked with dirt, grime and what seems like mechanical blood, becomes not unlike a painting, albeit one repeatedly assaulted.

Formally, much of Wolfson's work exhibits these kinds of divisions. His paintings are commonly separated into two or more layers—one work, *Untitled* (2014), shows Wolfson's hands caressing a CGI face of a beautiful woman, aluminum bars creating yet another layer over the painting. As in the sculptural works, an impossible distance exists between the human figure and an artificial body. Likewise, in his 2012 video work *Raspberry Poser*, floating condoms filled with hearts, bouncing animated versions of the HIV Virus and an animated boy not too dissimilar to the character of *Colored sculpture* drift over stock images, the foreground impossibly separated from the background.

The desire expressed by a human subject towards an “indifferent” object also mirrors some facet of the experience of using a cell-phone or browsing the Internet, a dynamic that is perhaps exemplified in the impetus behind the following of the most popular accounts on Instagram: sexual desire aimed at a person whom you will most likely never meet, their image widely distributed and moderated through an entirely different object. It is no surprise that Wolfson's sculptures themselves have been the subject of wide distribution on social media; they lend themselves to this distribution and ape a new, nefarious sensibility (political and aesthetic) that facilitates their rapid consumption, even if they are nominally intended to be viewed alone, in person and in direct visual exchange with the gaze of the object. Like many of the most successful viral images and videos, the work possesses some arcane mixture of absurd humor, cruelty, spectacle, desire and sexual shame that captivates audiences online.

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The legacy of Jeff Koons has been brought up with respect to Wolfson's work before, but it's clear that if Koons' work (to paraphrase Scott Rothkopf's essay "No Limits") speaks to "things" and their industry, Wolfson's work bears this influence strongly but with a uniquely contemporary angle. Whether it is through the adoption of visual rhetorics native to magazine or billboard advertising, store displays or even pornography, Koons consistently interrogates the way that objects are distributed (and, in many instances, distribute themselves). Similarly, Wolfson's *Colored sculpture* takes an archetypal pop image (Huck Finn/Howdy Doody/Dennis the Menace) and heightens the object's commercial potential by staging it in an act of extremely well-produced theater, but does so with a contemporary undertone of comic agony and sexual shame. It's no accident that it gazes at the viewer like Koons' figure does in the centerpiece of his pornographic "Made in Heaven" series.

Wolfson's 2011 video *Animation, masks* again features a character exchanging a protracted glance with the viewer, as an overt caricature of an orthodox Jew, his features grossly exaggerated into a stereotypical anti-Semitic image, exchanges glances and grimaces with the viewer while leafing through a copy of *Vogue* magazine. In the background, a series of stock images of interiors zoom in and out: an old New York loft, a prefabricated home, a luxury interior, the sort you might see in a DWR catalog. At times, he holds his hand in the shape of a gun, variably pointing it at the viewer and then at himself; at other moments, he punches himself in the face or throws his arm over his shoulder in a cartoonish state of rest, his nose and ears stretching out in a gross exacerbation of his features. Over the video, sound plays; Wolfson talks with a sultry voice to a young woman, an actress or a lover. At Wolfson's request, she describes what it is like to have sex with him, the size of his penis, and so on. For the most part, the character mouths the words. A cascade of different voices read "Love Poem by Richard Brautigan: "It's so nice / to wake up in the morning / all alone / and not have to tell somebody / you love them / when you don't love them / any more." A large series of different images are displayed

over the character's face: Sponge Bob, Louis Vuitton logos, Hobbes (as in *Calvin &*). The video concludes as Charles Trenet's "La Mer" plays.

Like *Raspberry Poser*, *Animation, masks* can be seen as a protracted formalist experiment in appropriation: a work that uses the medium of animation as fertile territory for an aesthetic undertaking, that assumes its visual language from cartoons, art history and a "classic" racial stereotype all in the same gesture. Images of the bourgeois Jewish male with a joint class/sexual anxiety (and specifically that of the Male Jewish New Yorker, amongst whom I count myself) are codified enough into popular culture at this stage for them to be rife for use in this way; the sex obsessions of figures like those created by Woody Allen and Philip Roth have become cliché, stereotypes in their own right. The "indifferent" aesthetic logic of these works (that the images are presented with a stated degree of distance) is something that they and Wolfson make the case for: "I believe that my role as an artist is as a conduit. I can't take responsibility and I'm not going to be able to intellectualize the whole thing. I don't have a political position on all this. I try and open myself as a conduit to look at reality and re-process reality and see the world."

But many of these images have recently reentered a common visual language (and specifically an American one) with new force. Like Cady Noland's *This Piece Has No Title Yet* (1989), a large installation of American flags, scaffolds and Budweiser beer, Wolfson's *Colored sculpture*, which is formally similar in its own construction, recasts a classic image of Americana with an overtly foreboding male sexualized violence. The prototypical cartoon Jewish caricature, almost identical to the figure in *Animation, masks* with its sexual connotations and securities, is one that is now readily deployed by the American alt-right in attacks on liberal politicians. (On pro-Donald Trump forums, the meme is even given a name: "The Happy Merchant.") Of course, the far right has always wielded images like this, but it has been a long time since they've been on such regular publicly display; digital technology has obviously been instrumental in their widespread return.

Wolfson's "Bumper Sticker Paintings" overtly express and offer reflexive comment on the contemporary political and sexual climate suggested in his sculptures—one untitled work from 2014, for instance, presents a cartoon boy shitting into a bucket while looking into a mirror. Phrases like "AMERICAN TEETH AMERICAN BOSS AMERICAN BOSS AMERICAN BOX AMERICAN BLACK" are printed onto labels set in horizontal relief across the painting. Recurring throughout Wolfson's paintings, the stickers presage the aesthetic of Pro-Donald Trump decals and campaign ads that feature phrases like "HILLARY FOR PRISON" or "TRUMP 2016: FINALLY SOMEONE WITH BALLS!"

The torment, sexual angst and extravagant spectacle characteristic of much of Wolfson's work channels and critiques a dark strain in American culture, a collective id that has emerged in the epicenter of a new political and social battleground. It should come as no surprise that amid the cascade of racism and sexual revenge he propagates, Donald Trump himself so often appears in public not unlike a human caricature, a grinning cartoon. ☹

Alexander Shulan is a writer and independent curator based in New York, where he is the founder of LOMEX. He is Associate Editor of KALEIDOSCOPE.



# REPRESENTATION, AROUSAL, VIOLENCE, THEATRICALITY— ALL are CALLED into QUESTION by the ARTIST'S WORKS, CREATED by CHOOSING to ALWAYS FEEL MORE.

Jordan, I was wondering if we could start with *Infinite Melancholy* (2003). When I first saw *Colored sculpture* (2016), I was reminded of all the works you have done with melancholy, sadness and anger, but also of the tools you used for creating a space where you deal with melancholic content.

I never set out to make melancholic, sad or violent artwork. I just found that there was a kind of euphoric physical expression one could have when looking at things that carried a certain kind of movement, a certain type of spectacle. For example, with *Colored sculpture*, the violence isn't simulated violence. It's real violence, and I think that has the potential to have a euphoric effect on the viewer. And in works like *Infinite Melancholy*, there's a similar type of dropping sensation, and also a formal or visual expansiveness that's happening, which also makes a kind of encounter with the viewer's body. I won't say the works aren't melancholic or sad, but I never think of them that way. I've never tried for that.

So melancholy not as a goal, but as part of a movement, almost as a theatrical element?

It's just the shape the work took as it came out of me. Maybe it's the shape of my paintbrush, or even myself at the time—and that shape changes; it becomes different because I'm different too. I think the emotional texture of my work now that I'm 36 is different than it was when I was 24.

**But some things come back. The film with the endless waves taken from Walt Disney movies, *Dreaming of the dream of the dream* (2004), has the Hollywood frame in common with some newer work. Can you talk about that context a bit?**

Well, that earlier work somehow related to *Female Figure* (2014). I thought the idea of people creating the representation of water was very interesting; there's this formalist object that people are rendering, making representational images of. It also had these

Jungian links to the unconscious, death, drowning—all these things that water carries around—but the fact that human beings were so obsessed with creating this representation was beautiful to me. And then with *Female Figure*, I was interested in how the representation of the female form—like a drawing of something, a sculpture of something, a rendering of something—could be equally rousing. I was fascinated by that; I've been deeply fascinated by that since adolescence. For example, I used to be obsessed with this kind of pornography that was comic pornography. I remember thinking, isn't it interesting how human beings can be aroused and moved so strongly by representation? Especially when it's not even real—it's translated and re-represented through another sentient being, for another sentient being. But I was never interested in looking at Hollywood as other artists have. I think there was this movement in art where you'd look at cinema, look at it as this meta-representation of some kind of cultural unconsciousness.

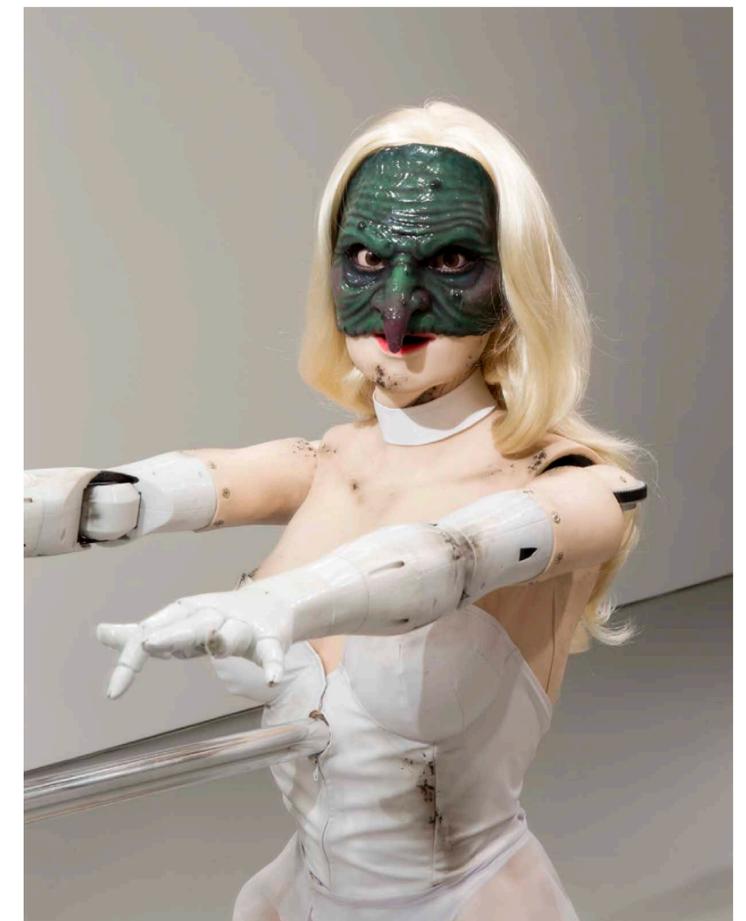
This was a trend in contemporary art from approximately the mid-'90s to I don't know when, maybe 2005. There were a lot of artists who believed that cinema had mutated into this indifferent unconsciousness of contemporary life. If that kind of art was made today, it wouldn't be looking at cinema—it'd be looking at Instagram and Facebook, looking at social media as a new representation of this social unconsciousness. But I was never interested in that kind of thinking. I was interested in individuals. It has to do with human beings: our brains, our bodies, what's pre-programmed.

**Interesting. "Pre-programmed."**

It's the same as when someone sets up a fake fox in their yard, frozen in a pose, to scare away geese. Through representation, this fake, plastic, totally inanimate fox will still create anxiety for the geese, and they'll stay away from that area. It's the same thing as people getting aroused by representation of a certain physical form. It's primitive, which is really the difference between those two works. *Female Figure* is primitive, and *Dreaming of the dream of the dream* is maybe more analytical.

**It is interesting because in *Female Figure*, there is actually no attractiveness. It's quite dirty, in a way.**

It's dirty, but it has the mask. The mask is about inverting that sense of titillation, inverting that primitive sense of arousal, almost defuncting it. The arousal could be tangentially or even directly related to fertility,



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JORDAN WOLFSON



and the mask could be tangentially or directly related to infertility. You could say the witch maybe represents the infertile woman. So with a woman wearing the witch's mask, these two things sort of charge each other as opposites charge each other, creating a kind of distortion.

**Can we talk about *Animation, masks* (2011)? The directness of addressing people in your work is quite prominent, but with *Animation, masks*, I find it extreme, how uncomfortable one is when presented not only with representation, but with the reading of representation. It's interesting because it distracts somehow from the direct and brutal content you're talking about.**

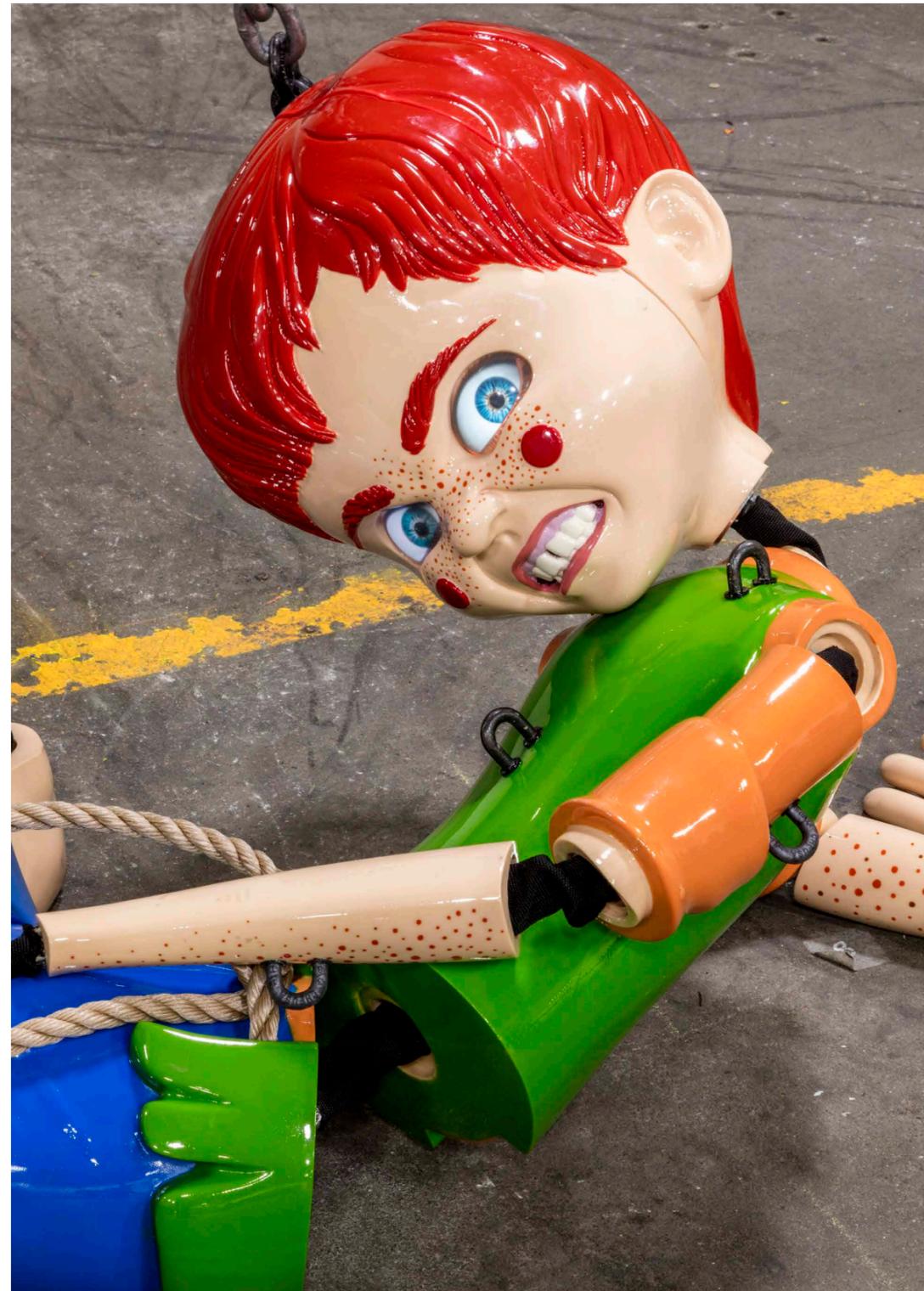
A few years before I made *Animation, masks*, there was this project I was working on. I think you saw it—it was two people in the park, and they're looking directly at you. I realized that if the viewer had eye contact with the subject of the artwork, then it somehow created this formal bridge that allows almost any kind of content to pass through indiscriminately. So with *Animation, masks*, the question was, how do you look at this character, then how do you take away the objectivity of looking at this character, and how do I have these two different versions of content travel through to the viewer? But I never actually thought of him as a "character"—I thought of him always as a sculp-

ture. I always saw the work in terms of its sculptural qualities.

#### **How?**

When I was making that piece, what I thought I was really up against was Jeff Koons' *Rabbit*. It might sound funny, but I really thought this shylock character had to be as powerful as that rabbit. So not only did I treat the character as a sculpture, but I also considered the monitor a sculpture, which was always an oversized monitor in a naturally lit room, leaning on the wall. I never treated it as cinema per se.

**Let's look into animation further. There lies the beginning of**



Colored sculpture, 2016 (detail)

**your work, and it continues to be present in your more recent film works—there's always animation.**

It's funny, because I'm not an animation-phile or cartoon-phile, but I've always been interested in the fact that people were making these things and that it's representation. There's something contrived about it, which I always found to be interesting and profound. Even as a little boy, I always felt that the greatest achievement one could ever have was to make a cartoon, just because it seemed so unattainable. It's one thing to shoot something with a camera, but to actually organize and produce a cartoon would be the greatest achievement, creatively or artistically. There's something very alien about making a cartoon that has the quality of the world outside of art, that has certain commercial qualities and a sort of abstraction to them.

**What do you mean by "commercial quality"?**

I mean the level of contemporary cinema, like Pixar or Disney. I always saw it as unattainable, so it fascinated me.

**So then what makes you use the animatronics? I'm particularly curious how it relates to theater, because it's very difficult to hold back from the idea of theater when you see those works.**

I was never really interested in animatronics. I'd seen artists like Paul McCarthy use it in their work, and I thought that was interesting,

but I was never really interested in it for myself. But then I saw these animatronics at Disney World, in the Hall of Presidents. There was one of Barack Obama, just talking and moving his hands. It was like a sculpture, but it carried this physicality that I became infatuated with. It moved me; I felt more from this physicality than I'd felt from animation or other things that had inspired me. This physicality overwhelmed me, and I immediately became impregnated with the obsession to make something that had this physicality.

**Does this still have to do with representation?**

Yeah, I guess it does, because everything we're seeing is made. It's not organic, it wasn't born naturally—it was made by human beings, contrived and made to be looked at by other people. Everything is made, everything is contrived.

**Is the cartoon interesting because it enhances specific identifiers: our fears, our anger are presented and heightened?**

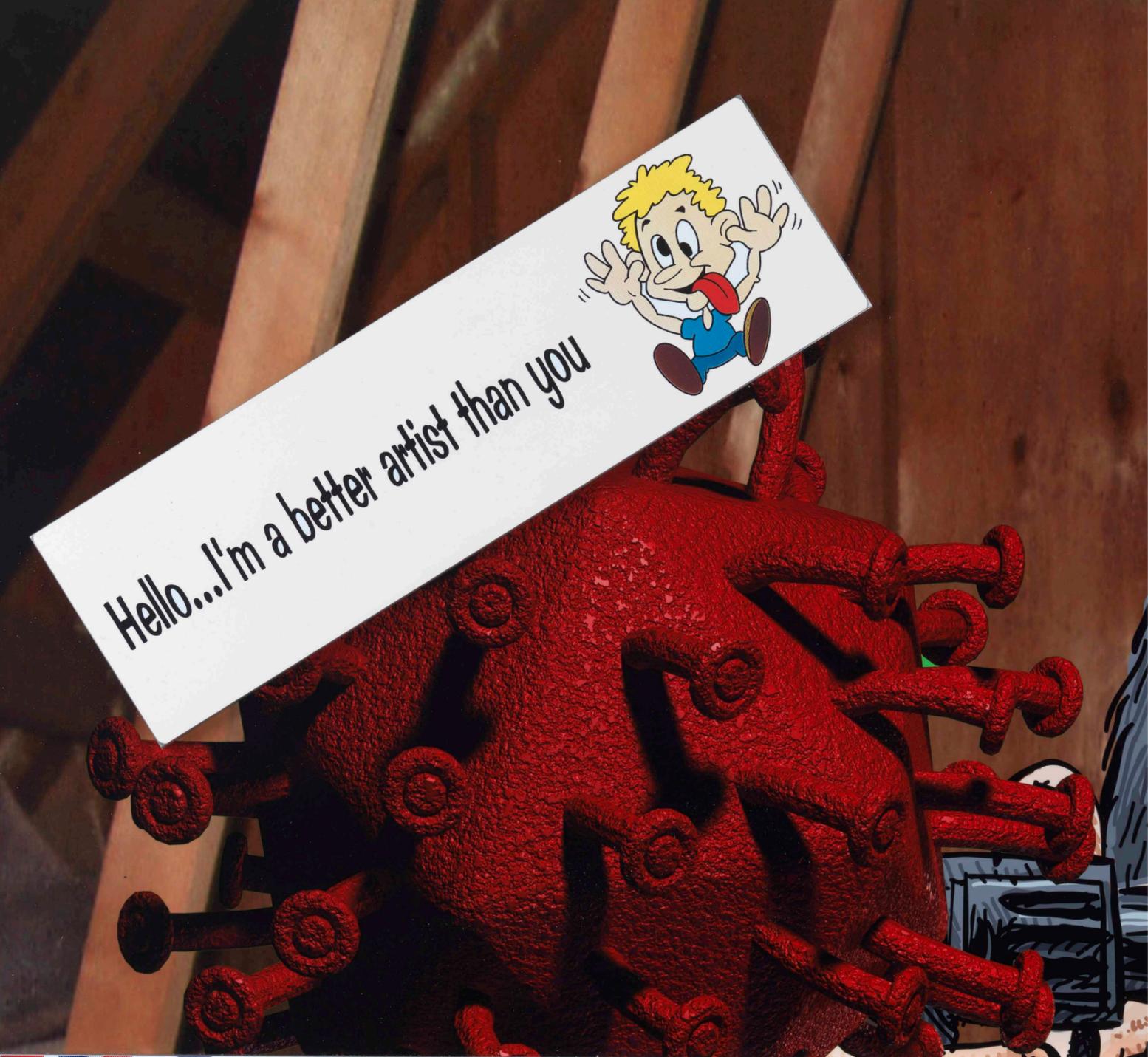
Well, it's a dream world where anything is possible. It's a completely distorted world, and I think that's the magic of cartoons: there's this constant potential for distortion and mutation. It's an incredibly profound art form. So yeah, the cartoon of an angry wolf is the signifier for something, and a cartoon of a gentle sheep or a naïve pig signifies something else. That's the nature of distortion in cartoons—it can represent a character in a linear way.

**I know you are not the biggest fan of the word "theater," but to encounter highly condensed, abstract characterization is something that comes back in your work a lot.**

Well, I don't dislike the word "theater." I just think that what people fail to recognize is that art is theater. It is purely theater. They'd want to deny it, but it is. The only difference is that here, the audience is onstage with the objects, whereas in conventional theater, people enter and sit in the auditorium. I mean, if you don't think Walter de Maria had it in mind how the viewer approached the work with perfect symmetry and rhythmic organization of objects, or Donald Judd with the boxes... I mean, that's theater. It might not be "theatrical" in the conventional sense, but in art, it's the viewer onstage with the object, for sure.

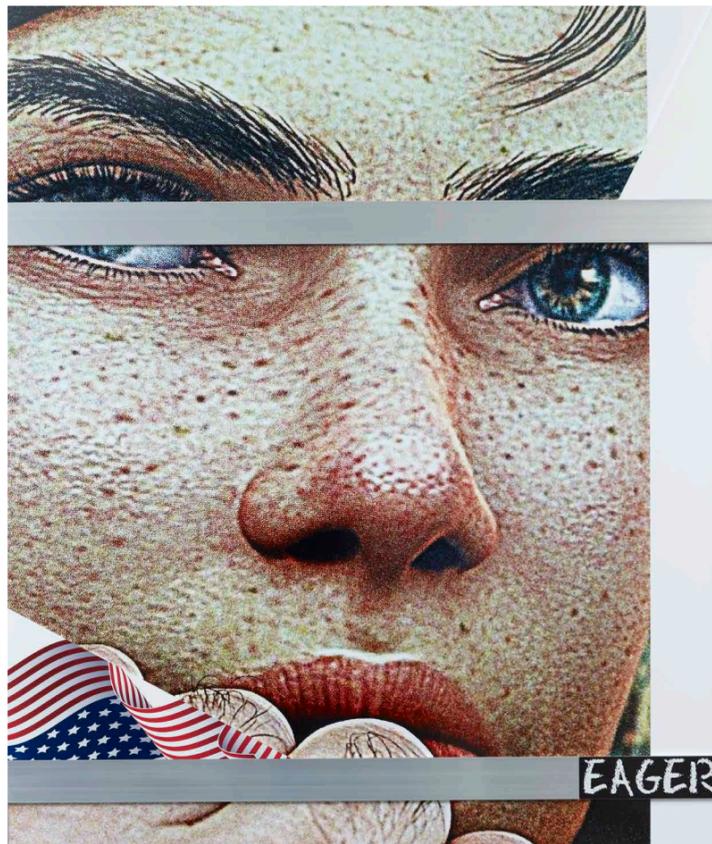
**Let's talk about the shift from *Female Figure* to *Colored sculpture*. With *Female Figure*, when you enter the space and these eyes are spotting you, there's no escape from this direct involvement. But with *Colored sculpture*, there are more elements at play. You have the bigger setting, more space where something can happen; the figure can still spot you, but there is animation happening in the eyes; and of course the amazing musical element of the chains moving. The chains are dancing, almost more than the figure itself. What were you thinking?**

Initially, I was thinking the eye contact in *Colored sculpture* would



# BODY RESPONS





be equally impactful. It didn't play out that way, but it was still OK. I was also thinking about this idea of a figure going between figuration and abstraction. Then, as I was making it, I realized very early on that it wasn't just the figure that was the sculpture: it was a total sculpture, where the chain was just as much a character as the boy. It wasn't just the boy being controlled by the chains; it was also about the chains having a relationship to the sculptural figure. Both elements were equally sculptural; what was important was looking at the entire artwork compositionally. Of course, there was a number of specific details that were very important. For example, reaching a level of detail where you obtain real violence, obtain true eye contact, or silence, or abstraction. But then it's also about conventional ideas of composition, chronological composition and timing to the whole piece. There's also the idea of the artwork actually doing what it does—being able to withstand being dropped, to handle this abuse, because it is real abuse, real violence.

**This cartoon character looks angry, he is a nasty little boy and definitely a real character. That's something that comes up in your work a lot: it's always about a character.**

I never thought of that. I mean, it is. But what else would it be about?

**Well, it could be about many things: abstraction, narratives...**

I guess I've always liked characters.

### Is it personal?

I'd say it isn't actually personal, but it's almost personal. I think if it were truly personal, it would be mine, for me alone. But it's not—it's a composition. And if I do say so myself, I think I have this ability to brush the almost-personal with the indifferent. That's maybe a small talent of mine. With *Colored sculpture*, it was about feeling *more*. Every decision I made in making this artwork, I didn't ask myself intellectually, I asked myself intuitively and physically, what did I feel more for? Did I feel more for it being shiny or matte? Did I feel for more speed in a violent scene or for less? Did I feel more for it having red hair or orange hair? Should it have color, or should it be monochrome? What *felt* more? What do I *feel* more? That's really how I gauged the whole piece: just using my gut and always choosing to feel more. That was really my compass.

### Where did the boy's character come from?

He's kind of a hybrid of Huckleberry Finn and Alfred E. Newman and Howdy Doody. He's really kind of a "nothing" character, more of a type or a caricature.

**With *Colored sculpture*, I felt the most brutal moment was when the music started in. It's so much against what music usually does, in terms of supporting images, supporting atmospheres or a narrative.**

Right. That's an example of feeling more. It's like throwing a wrench in

the motor. Isn't it interesting when the music comes in, that it's not at the beginning of the song? Maybe it's interesting intellectually, but the immediate physical reaction for the human mind is to track: what's the song, where are we in the song, knowing it's not the beginning of the song. It's like starting a dialogue mid-sentence: you distort the dialogue and it becomes more interesting. In the end, we're really just coordinating things for the viewer's mind and body. We're trying to create this moment of presence for the viewer, where they lose their mind and their body, and they have this present experience with the object. That's really all it comes down to in making art. It's not about proving a point or teaching a lesson. It's about really making contact. You don't have anything without that. But for me, it's not about punching them in the face, or kicking their teeth in, or tickling them. It's about taking this contrived thing, this work of art, and actually processing it intuitively. When it's successful, it's equal to nature. Because when you look at a cliff, you never wish that a rock was moved from one place to another. It's perfect as it is. That's the highest achievement for art—when it can be reprocessed through intuition, taken out of this contrived humanness that we all have, and have it come out as nature. I believe that's what all great artworks carry.

### Big words!

But it could be anything, you know? It could be a self-portrait

of Rembrandt, or a video by Bruce Nauman. It's about this delivery, this contact, where you're letting go of the contrived self and making contact with intuition, and it comes out, and that's it. I think that's the greatest achievement that man can have artistically. ☺

**Beatrix Ruf** is the Director of the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam and, since 2010, a member of the think tank core group of the LUMA Foundation. Previously, she was Curator at Kunstmuseum Thurgau, Warth, from 1994–1998 and Director of Kunsthalle Zurich from 2001–2012. In 2006, she curated the third edition of the Tate Triennial in London and in 2008, she was Co-Curator of the Yokohama Triennial.

**Jordan Wolfson** (American, b. 1980) is an artist who lives and works in New York. He is represented by David Zwirner, New York, and Sadie Coles HQ, London.

Wolfson's *Colored sculpture* is currently on view at LUMA Arles through 10 October. Later on, the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam will present Wolfson's two-part solo show "manic / love" from 27 November 2016–5 February 2017 and "truth / love," opening on 4 March 2017.