

MAX HOOPER SCHNEIDER

SHOW No. 1

June 27 - July 27, 2013

In a casual conversation surrounding the favored topic of marine mammology Max once claimed to me 'I could write a thousand page treatise on those soulless little black beady eyes'. Encountering Max's drawings in person, especially if lucky enough to hold one in your hands, engenders a similar esteem for that which is somehow unapproachable, fundamentally alien. The unreality effect of the drawings derives not from the seemingly endless register of detail, but from their incessant dispersal and profusion of syntagmatic orders. Of course there are the countless joyous disturbances to color/line and positive/negative polarities; but also an interrogation of the very materiality of his chosen vernacular markers, whereby the fragility of the fibrous page is supplanted with an impenetrable warp and woof of programmatic drawing with its spontaneous fluid other. Like the multiple sculptural and architectonic extension of Max's drawings, he is an ambassador for the monist Spinozan generative principles from which he sprang forth.

Caleb Considine