

HOLLY MORSE

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At a time when criticism has made much, in the minimalist strategies of the moment, of the figure of the father, my work locates the origin of a different regressive tendency: the desire for restitution of an imaginary mother. This desire, manifest in all minimalist practice (the ironic as well as the earlier heroic variety) represents, in part, a longing for the original perfect object -- the mother's breast. To the extent that this powerful infantile yearning exists unacknowledged in the act of making, it fouls any other expressed intentionality. In *Simulations*, the text that influenced much new minimalist work, Baudrillard describes the debility of the imaginary in Disneyland as originating in its function of proposing that "the adults are elsewhere." I see parallels in the practice this writing inspired (Meyer Vaisman, Tishan Hsu, Jeff Koons). There seems to be an overdetermined motivation to create work that, in its preoccupation with toppling the "father" of modernism, misunderstands its own hidden agenda. This is the agenda of the ubiquitous, unsatisfied child whose presence is felt in a diminished aspect. By addressing this child, the infantile imagination, I articulate and parody these impulses.

Most recently I have turned my attention to issues of sentiment and sentimentality. The interdiction of sentimentality in "high" art interests me. Here too I see the power of the mother. Sentimentality is the artifact of feeling. It can be seen productively as the mirror of what irresistibly remains. In progress are designs for work made from fresh flowers that will accompany images painted on panel and copper intended to die in the course of exhibition.