

Galeria Estrany-de la Mota

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Douglas Gordon. The Rules Of The Game

Opening: Friday, March 24th 2006, 19.00 p.m.

Exhibition: 24.03.2006 – 13.05.2006. Tuesday to Saturdays from 10.30 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. and 4.30 p.m. to 8.30 p.m.

CUT; a cautionary tale (by way of an excuse for non attendance)

The scene; somewhere in Miami. A private view at a contemporary art museum. Crowds of people are drinking champagne, well dressed, witty, urbane, handsome beautiful. The artist is not there.

Camera fades to black, cut to last Tuesday, somewhere downtown New York.

so, last tuesday...

I found a great new place to watch the real madrid games in new york; the spanish centre on 14th street, between 7th and 8th avenue.

when i entered the place, i knew i had been there before; maybe in the middle of the night or early one morning, a few years back, playing pool and drinking beer.

i sat down and ordered a glass of red wine and a plate of jamon and cheese. just like 'old madrid'. the place was cold and empty apart from a few old worthies playing dominoes and smoking to try and keep warm, i suppose.

the football match was shown on two televisions, sat side by side at the end of the bar.

i felt strange to be there. i wasn't exactly uncomfortable but i felt like i'd rather be at home.

so i left.

i went home via a few grocery stores and bought pork, cabbage and onions to make dinner for my family and a few friends from scotland that had arrived in new york the day before.

i knew that if i hurried home i'd get to prepare dinner while catching the remaining 30 minutes of the manchester united v lyon game live on espn. it wasn't quite real madrid, but...

everything was looking good.

i arrived home, the nanny and my son were out for a walk, my girlfriend was working elsewhere, and so i switched on the television, tuned into the game, and put on my apron and sharpened my knives to prepare a feast for my friends.

i don't know how, but somehow it all went wrong within the next few minutes...

i was half watching the game on t.v. while half chopping the red cabbage and onions for dinner.

at one point i took my eyes off the food and watched the television for just a little too long. i hadn't stopped chopping the food, though.

as manchester united attacked the olympique lyonnais goal once again, i felt a cold shock on the thumb of my left hand.

i looked back and saw the tip of my thumb lying beside the slices of onion and cabbage on my kitchen counter.

it just felt cold.

i felt sick.

it hadn't even started to bleed quite yet.

i tried to stay calm.

i went to the refrigerator and took out a handful of ice.

i leaned over the kitchen sink and pressed the ice onto the wound.

it was very painful.

then, as soon as i took the ice off the sliced finger it started to flow.

and flow.

i felt really sick.

there were still 10 minutes to go until the end of the match.

alex ferguson was tense and nervous.

i felt really weak and nauseous.

...

the next thing i knew was waking up in a strange space.

i thought i was in a some hotel, somewhere else in the world.

i didn't recognise my own kitchen from the position that i woke up in.

i was lying on the floor, my head twisted to one side, trapped in between two kitchen counters. i could hear a familiar voice, from the television, celebrating that manchester united had indeed qualified for the next stages of the champions league.

so, the match was over.

i looked at all the blood dripping from my hand, now congealed on the kitchen floor.

i had a lot of blood around my head too.

and my mouth was burning hot and very painful..

i tried to feel the inside of my mouth with my tongue but i couldn't feel my tongue...

i tried to pull myself up and find a way to look inside my mouth.

i fell over again...

...

when i came 'round again i managed to reach the 'phone to call anna and tell her that i'd had 'a wee accident'.

she couldn't make out a word i was saying.

that's not unusual.

anyway, she rushed home to find me half conscious in a pool of blood, speckled with finely cut red cabbage, some diced onions and a large kitchen knife for dramatic effect.

...

i refused her insistence on calling an ambulance to go to hospital.

'but your tongue is hanging off', she said, as i tried to argue that a taxi would be cheaper..

...

i fainted once again in the elevator, while trying to get downstairs and onto the street to find a taxi...

...

the ambulance arrived almost immediately.

15 stitches in my tongue and it's almost one week later and everything is as back to normal as it will ever be...

yours,

douglas.x.

p.s. the pork was delicious.

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*For further information and/or images contact to galeria@estranydelamota.com.