From the catwalks above stage left I see bald spots in the orchestra pit, the first three rows of Saturday’s matinee shuffling in, two shadows flirting off stage right, and the side of the set married by two-by-fours.

I worked as the master electrician of this theatre from ninety-two to ninety-eight. Every now and then I come in through the side door, past a group of chorus members smoking outside, and enter a hallway. A door around the corner leads backstage, the left door to the catwalks, and the door straight ahead to the greenroom. The orchestra’s instruments wax and wane as I slip through the left door to climb up the catwalks. When I reach the top of the metal stairway the musical warm-ups fill the theatre’s wide curve and for a moment I think about the way Greecian amphitheatres were built to hold sound. I then remember hearing the paintings in the caves of Lascaux were positioned in accordance with the cave’s acoustics. Lights lower and the opening instrumental begins.

-Enter Gepetto, Jiminey and Pinocchio from stage right
-Spotlight on pale prepubescent boy playing Pinocchio
-As he lifts cage containing cricket, cue stage left speakers:
“Like a bolt out of the blue, fate steps in and sees you through”

I lean my head on my hands and elbows on a beam – when the speaker by my head boomed I flinched. Shit. I swear I hear my skin sear when it touches a light. The burn begins to cool against my palm and I look down to see that I’m not as invisible as I once was. When the skin of my forearm seared on the light, it also moved the light a fraction of an inch to the right, now lighting a crescent of the audience. A few people squint up at me.
1- *Untitled*, 2015
Oxidized paint on baltic birch, stainless steel, copper
29 7/8 x 29 7/8 inches
(decide to act as the audience)

We were enjoying the first scene when a light from the far left corner of the theatre came beaming down unexpectedly. I felt my face light up and blood rise to the surface of my cheeks. We are now on view. My husband exchanges the same nervous look I have as we must decide: do we disrupt the play and move seats? Are we part of the chorus now? Without speaking, we decide to act as the audience.

Like a swimming shark, the show must go on.

I didn’t flinch when the light shifted - I was trying to think of my line. The audience anticipates my faux-wood painted body.

“I’d rather be smart than be an actor”, I remember just in time. Surely the director will notice this pause, I’m not sure the audience will. The scene ends, I exit stage right, and sit on the stage director’s stool. I slap up and down my makeup-covered legs to relieve them without smudging the makeup when I feel a splinter in my calf. Drawing my foot to the stool I examine the splinter closely. It’s deep but with the top of the splinter poking out it looks like I’ll be able to get it out.

The cinderblock-lined backstage is much cooler than the stage. The cricket’s chirps become less frequent. I squeeze the skin around the splinter to push it out from the inside with no luck.
2- *Untitled*, 2015
Oxidized paint on baltic birch, stainless steel, porcupine quills, gaffer tape
60 x 60 inches
I grab the stagehand’s nearby pliers and clamp around the wood. This is going to hurt. As I begin to pull I can’t feel a thing, it glides out of my skin with ease. With the splinter out I examine the puncture. I press down to open the new wider gap in my flesh and poke my finger through. More wood.

-Marie Heilich
3- Untitled, 2015
Oxidized paint on baltic birch, stainless steel, copper, bread
if high cirrus clouds, halo around sun or moon
if high cirrus clouds forming tight ring or corona around sun or moon
if “cap” or lenticular clouds forming over peaks
if thickening, lowering, layered flat clouds

a deeper hue is a perversion of the color from which it hues, the deeper hue is a cut in at the edge between one color and the perversion is soft precipice. the drop here is evidenced by a color change that grades as it descends. pas fat, if the gradation reaches pit, and pit is bone, then bone chances coal black.
4- Untitled, 2015
Oxidized paint on baltic birch, stainless steel, copper, over baked bread
then precipitation possible within 24-48 hours

then precipitation possible within 24 hours

then precipitation possible within 24 to more than 48 hours; strong winds possible near summits or leeward slopes

then warm or occluded front likely within 12-24 hours

then cold front likely within 12 hours

sweat beads there at the back of the neck and we call this perspiration. as when speech chances evaporation.
5- *Untitled (We give back credit...)*, 2015
Industrial fan, aircraft cable, bread
78 1/8 x 77 x 30 1/2 inches
check for lowering, thickening clouds

check for lowering, thickening clouds

check for lowering, thickening clouds

check for wind shifts; pressure drops

a chance at going collects on a surface. a collection chances going and the going is dispersal.
6- *Untitled (We give back credit...), 2015*
Industrial fan, aircraft cable, bread
78 3/8 x 27 x 18 1/2 inches
pressure decrease 0.02-0.04 inch (0.6-1.2 millibars)
pressure decrease 0.04-0.06 inch (1.2-1.8 millibars)
pressure decrease 0.06-0.08 inch (1.8-2.4 millibars)
pressure decrease more than 0.08 inch (more than 2.4 millibars)

threat is the cavity there in the sitting waiting for fire. the men around the fire are cloaked and masked for what might leak. one of them is upside down. he floats there watching what evaporates, the upside down one, cloaked and masked from what might leak, is holding a pit between his thumb and forefinger.
7- *Untitled*, 2015
Mohawk clinker, bowling ball, gaffer tape
10 1/2 x 53 1/2 x 140 1/2 inches
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Altimeter Increase</th>
<th>20-40 Feet (6-12 Meters)</th>
<th>40-60 Feet (12-18 Meters)</th>
<th>60-80 Feet (18-24 Meters)</th>
<th>More than 80 Feet (More than 24 Meters)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

A knot is insurance from what goes by and holds it there. When what goes by is held in stoppage from the going it becomes farce. As when <hold-this-and let-that> chances a cut edge, a piece of meat is set aside to let rot, and we get mosquito.
8- *Untitled*, 2015
Mohawk clinker, gaffer tape
7 1/2 x 69 3/4 x 56 1/4 inches
what leaks sits. think of the surface below the leak, on which leak collects and becomes pool. pool sits but look: evaporates in the sitting. as the leak spills into pool and pool sits the surface is changed, but only hardly. the imprint left by that which evaporates is-as-when incision chances pit. but more slowly this time.
9- *Untitled*, 2015
Oxidized paint on baltic birch, copper, dyed bread
60 x 60 inches
at each depth the gradate is damned over the spill. this is the impossibility of hue. we use words for this, but more slowly this time. as when hue chances coal black.
10- Field recording August 2015, Chicago, 2015
.wav file
11 minutes and 59 seconds
the one floating upside down speaks, his words righting themselves legible for the listening but the space between listening and evaporate is indiscernible, before the spill we listen to words he spoke: “say ‘act of thievery’ aloud five times. Its nice, right?” - Max Stolkin, November 12, 2015
11- We decide to act as the audience, 2015
Digital print on vinyl
154 x 154 inches
then clouds lower, thicken; precipitation possible
then drying and clearing likely; showers on windward slopes
then winds likely to increase
then showers possible along windward slopes

-Max Stolkin
soft atlas (a field guide to andean clouds)
12- *Untitled*, 2015
Oxidized paint on oregano leaf, porcupine quills
3 x 3 x 2 1/2 inches
I remember a video called “the thousand-year climb”, which takes place through the iron-clad spiral stairwells of the Barney building at NYU. Carlos is crawling backwards up 5 flights of stairs. Climbing while descending, in perpetuity. There is no word in the English language that describes this movement of progressing downward as a vertical climb. Going up implies struggle, going down one loses the center of gravity, during which our subjectivity is both on hold and at vigilance. We lose ourselves, our proprioception, and at that moment of hollowness we can only be ourselves.

Perhaps this is how we could creep into Carlos Reyes’s tenacious work. With it, we approach our retrogression. Like New York’s Hudson River, in fact an estuary, “the river that flows both ways”, Reyes has us propelling simultaneously inside and outside of ourselves. It is a frictional coupling that dispatches us as witnesses to the force of our sentiments.

Rapprochement, adherence, excitation

Grapevines, grids to mayhem

Things that send me, leading back into arm’s length from intimate dangers

Reconciliation, acceptance, exaltation.
13- *Untitled*, 2015
Mohawk clinker, gaffer tape
5 1/4 x 23 1/2 x 76 2/3 inches
By dislodging material expectations and courting this misunderstanding, his work is a kind of psychic nourishment, a transfusion of failure, sustentation.

It is not the question of what is behind the work. But what is in front of it. Perspectives. I don’t mean seeing one view from another. Not how this day is the worst day, nor the best day. But how various strange days make up a life.

- Jo-ey Tang
Main Gallery
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 13

the one who is upside down speaks
7, 8, 9

White Flag Garage
10, 11

Library
12

Satellite Stage

Very Level Walls
About the Artist

Carlos Reyes has participated in exhibitions with Tomorrow Gallery, New York; Arcadia Missa, London; Croy Nielsen, Berlin; Bodega, New York; Tanya Leighton, Berlin; Bortolami, New York; Bed-Stuy Love Affair, Brooklyn; Praz-Delavallade/Palais de Tokyo, Nouvelle Vagues, Paris; and the Hessel Museum of Art, Annadale-on-Hudson, New York.

Exhibition organized by Marie Heilich

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