

ALEXIS MARGUERITE TEPLIN

The Party

TEXTS BY MICHAEL NED HOLTE,
PABLO LAFUENTE AND RACHEL KUSHNER

SCENE SYNOPSIS

An ongoing party.

ACT I

The Chorus, (P., E., L. and U.)

by Michael Ned Holte

ACT II

The Party

by Pablo Lafuente and Alexis Marguerite Teplin

ACT III

Cut Off Your Shirt (Undine's Song)

by Rachel Kushner

COSTUME DESGN

Alexis Marguerite Teplin

SET DESIGN

Noah Sherwood

PRODUCTION

Nicola Lees

DIRECTION

Alexis Marguerite Teplin

THE CAST

(in order of appearance)

LUDOVIC, philosopher, art critic.....Jamie Bradley

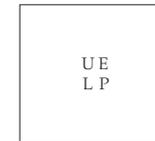
ELSA, artist, designer.....Martha Swann

UNDINE, Paul's younger sister.....Alexis Marguerite Teplin

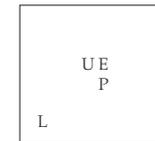
PAUL, painter.....Tom Mison

ACT I
by Michael Ned Holte

L., U., P., and E. are gathered in the center of the stage, paused.



L. suddenly steps toward the front left edge of the stage and stares outward and to the center, as if looking at an expansively-scaled painting from its side.



L. It's all-over!

(U., P., and E. re-animate.)

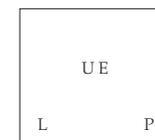
E. Over? What's over?

U. The party hasn't even started yet.

P. (to L.) What do you make of this?

U. I honestly don't know.

(P. steps forward to the right edge of the stage, mirroring L.)



PAUL or Madame Guimard, *Landscape*, 136 x 115 cm

L. (still staring intently.)
It seems unreal.

E. Or perhaps too normal?

U. I find it odd no one but us is concerned. And that's what worries me.

E. (To U.)
After last night's party none of us made the slightest effort to go home. Why? Was it normal for us to spend the night in this room, violating the most basic precepts of good etiquette? We turned this room into a gypsy campground.

L. (still staring intently outward.)
I find it very original.

P. (nodding approvingly.)
I love when things deviate from the routine.

U. (To E.)
I saw what was happening and I didn't like it. I kept quiet out of courtesy.

L. (Reluctantly turning his attention back to U. and E.)
Come now. No need to blow things out of proportion. We were all under the spell of the music, the friendly conversation, the good cheer. Nothing to be surprised at. (Pause.) My feet have swollen.

E. So, the party's all...over?

U. The party hasn't even started yet.

L. Not all...over: All-over.

P. He means the composition, not the party.

U. All-over?

L. Just as Schoenberg makes every element, every sound in the composition of equal importance—different but equivalent—so the “all-over” painter renders every element and every area of the picture equivalent in accent and emphasis. Like the twelve-tone composer, the all-over painter weaves his work of art into a tight mesh whose scheme of unity is recapitulated at every meshing point.

E. A tight mesh indeed. Unified...like lace. Or wallpaper. (To P.)
No offense.

(P. glares back in E.'s general direction.)

P. Haven't we had enough fracture?

U. I, for one, could get behind some unity for a change.

L. (nods and returning his gaze to the audience/painting, looking it up and down.)

The very notion of unity is antiaesthetic. Yet many all-over pictures seem to succeed by virtue of their uniformity, their sheer monotony.

P. Monotony? I'm not sure that's the right—

E. Sheer monotony, I believe he said. See: even the critic is beginning to see the light.

L. (ignoring the banter.)

The dissolution of the pictorial into sheer texture, into apparently sheer sensation, into an accumulation of repetitions, seems to speak for and answer something profound in contemporary sensibility.

P. (vindicated.)
Ha!

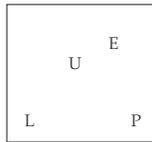
U. An accumulation of repetitions!

E. An accumulation of repetitions, my ass. Broken record is more like it.

L. The all-over may answer the feeling that all hierarchical distinctions have been, literally, exhausted.

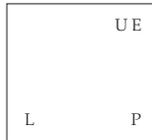
E. Speaking of exhausted. You'll have to forgive me. It's late and I'm tired.

(E. walks toward back right corner of stage.)



L. (checking his watch.)
Late?

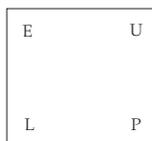
(U. quickly moves toward E. and grabs her arm just as she reaches the back right corner of stage.)



U. Oh, please don't leave so soon. This is the most intimate and pleasant hour of the whole evening.

U., L., and P. (in unison.) The party hasn't even started yet.

(E. twists away from U. and walks toward the back left corner of the stage. L. and P. watch with mild amusement.)



E. Fine. I'll stay, but would somebody please get me a drink?

U. The wait staff should be here any minute.

P. And not a minute too soon.

L. What was I saying again?

(U., P., and E. turn their attention to L., all slightly annoyed.)

P. You were discussing the—

E. The "all-over" tendency.

U. "Something profound in"—I believe you said—"contemporary sensibility."

P. "The dissolution of the pictorial into sheer texture..."

U. and E. (in unison.) "Unity."

P. "...into apparently sheer sensation..."

U. and P. (in unison.) "An accumulation of repetitions."

L. (clenching his temples in concentration, trying to recall.)
An accumulation of repetitions?

E. "Sheer monotony."

L. Ah, yes, I believe I was getting to the end—the development of modernism and the end of the easel picture as we once knew it.

E. Sounds like this might take awhile.

P. We have nothing but time. Please continue.

L. The easel picture subordinates decorative to dramatic effect.



LUDOVIC or *Chez moi, n'est pas* (Magritte), 68 x 50 x 52 cm

It cuts the illusion of a box-like cavity into the wall behind it. (He draws an imaginary box against the imaginary wall at the edge of stage with both hands.) And within this, as a unity, it organizes three-dimensional semblances. To the extent that the artist flattens out the cavity for the sake of decorative patterning and organizes its content in terms of flatness and frontality, the essence of the easel picture—which is not the same thing as its quality—is on the way to being compromised.

(He pauses, as if surprised to have their undivided attention.) The evolution of modernist painting is constituted in good part by evolution toward such a compromise.

E. So, we are witnessing the final triumph of...a great compromise?

L. It's a radical violation of tradition, you might say. Or the latest triumph in a tradition...of radical violation.

U. An accumulation of violations!

E. A radical compromise. I still say it looks like wallpaper. No offense.

P. Now who's the broken record?

U. Now, now. Be nice, you two.

E. Dare I ask what comes next in this radical tradition?

(Everyone looks to P.)

P. Next?

(P. looks to L.)

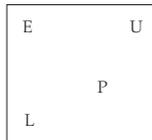
L. Well, for better or worse, I'm not sure I can see the future as clearly as the past...or the present.

U. (teasing.) Everyone has their limits.

(Everyone laughs.)

P. The way I see it, there are two alternatives. One is to continue in this vein. The other is to give up the making of paintings entirely—I mean the single flat rectangle or oval as we know it.

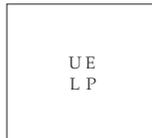
(P. moves slowly toward the center of the stage.)



L. Now I can see the future. And I'm cringing.

E. (To P.) Go on, go on. I'm listening.

(E., U., and L. gradually gather at center stage, resuming their original positions.)



P. We are left at the point where we must become preoccupied with—and even dazzled by—the space and objects of our everyday lives: either our bodies, clothes, rooms, or, if need be, the vastness of the city. Not satisfied with the suggestion—through paint—of our other senses, we shall utilize the specific substances of sight, sound, movements, people, odors, touch.

U. Odors?

E. Now that sounds radical.

P. (gaining confidence.) Objects of every sort will be material for the

new art: paint, chairs, food, electric and neon lights, smoke, water, old socks—

E. and U. (in unison.) Old socks?

L. You're losing your mind.

P. Old socks, a dog, movies, a thousand other things that will be discovered by the present generation of artists. Young artists of today need no longer say, "I am a painter"...or "I am a dancer." They are simply "artists." All of life will be open to them.

E. Sounds like the "box-like cavity" of modernism has turned into the coffin for painting.

U. Dark, but rather poetically put.

L. Here's hoping he's a better painter than prophet.

U. Oh, I don't think it sounds so grim—the future. But, it certainly sounds like the end of the old easel picture.

L. If we are to believe our friend, then yes:
It's all over!

(All pause.)

* * *

Act One contains text from Clement Greenberg, "The Crisis of the Easel Picture" (1948); Allan Kaprow, "The Legacy of Jackson Pollock" (1958), and Luis Buñuel's, "The Exterminating Angel" (1962).



ELSA or *The Sea!, The Sea!*, 25 x 25 x 11.5 cm

ACT II

by Pablo Lafuente and Alexis Marguerite Teplin

The dining-room of PAUL's and UNDINE's house. Two doors, left and right, and a window at the centre, half open. A painting showing a still life to the left of the window. Early evening.

UNDINE. What time is it? They are late, aren't they?

PAUL. They'll be here soon. *(Looks out the window.)*
They'd better be, or they'll get caught in the rain.

(A few moments pass, and the doorbell rings.)

UNDINE. I'll open the door.
Could you fetch a bottle of wine and some glasses?

(UNDINE exits to the left, and shortly after returns with ELSA and LUDOVIC.)

ELSA *(kisses PAUL on the cheek)*. Thank you very much for the invitation. There is nothing better than a glass of wine and pleasant conversation on a grey Sunday evening like this.

PAUL. I cannot tolerate discussions, they wear me out.

UNDINE. Please ignore him.
(To PAUL, shaking her head.) I thought we had all agreed to meet and talk about art this evening. Don't be so caustic.

(PAUL pours himself a glass of wine, and sits distractedly on a sofa.)

UNDINE *(to ELSA and LUDOVIC)*. Would you like a glass of wine?
Please sit down and make yourselves comfortable.

ELSA *(nods to UNDINE and looks at PAUL)*.
Paul, you're always putting up the same act.
It'd be refreshing if one day you gave up the cliché of the temperamental, inarticulate, tortured artist and tried to

acknowledge how clear your ideas about your work are,
and how much you enjoy making others listen to them.
(Pause.)

LUDOVIC. Let's call a truce. A serious discussion about art is an urgent task. Today I read in a journal a text that asked a few worrying questions. Allow me to paraphrase: 'Why new paintings and new ideas? We already have too many old ones that we don't enjoy but that were foisted upon us by education and fashion,' it said.
On the face of those words, the only possible response is to keep on making art and to keep on talking about it. It seems like, for some time now, serious art has been the work of isolated individual artists. Their work has nothing to do with the style or the needs of the masses. They seem to arise rather in defiance of their times.

UNDINE. Are you suggesting artists should make work without thinking about who's going to see it?

LUDOVIC. Not so much so as to try to fight any expectations and demands that are not their own.

PAUL. For my part, I believe that a painter should always make a painting as if no-one will ever see it. That's the one and only way he should express himself.
Painting is a means to express oneself in relation to oneself; the pleasure to live with oneself; the curiosity that one carries within oneself, that one expresses with colours as others write to express themselves.

ELSA (*ironically*). That makes you a true romantic!

PAUL. What is the problem with that? Art's role is to do what machines can't. Through my paintings I create forms that suit me, colours that suit me, a personal balance, in fact.

ELSA. The problem is to find out whether those forms may also suit others around you.

PAUL (*gravely*). Nature is the guarantee. I attempt a piece of nature, which is the perfect work of art. Everything comes to us from it. We exist through it, nothing else is worth remembering.

ELSA. Are you suggesting the mission of art is to copy nature? I'd rather say it is to give expression to it! Artists are not copyists, but poets. Otherwise, a sculptor would end all his labours in merely moulding women.
But try to mould a woman's hand and place it before you, and you will find a horrible dead thing without any semblance. We have to grasp the spirit, the soul, the features of things and beings.

LUDOVIC (*laughing*). Elsa, that makes you an even better romantic!
(*After a moment's thought.*) I'd identify the nature of painting elsewhere. Painting is the quintessentially optical, and it is only a visual art to the extent that it is so.
I would even say that when it's not optical it's not painting, it just uses painting's materials and conventions to some concrete end in which they themselves may or may not be critically implicated.

ELSA. Why that impulse to define? Always the same story. Culture can't stand butterflies.
It must pin them down and label them.

LUDOVIC. I thought Paul was the one who wasn't keen on discussion.
There's no discussion without an attempt at definition.

ELSA. I guess you're right, it just irritates me when things are narrowly demarcated.
I am an artist and a model, I make sculptures and design clothes, I am a woman and a citizen!
Let's complicate things, open up the possibilities!

UNDINE (*enthusiastically*). Beautiful words!



(To LUDOVIC) Can I ask you a question about what you just said? Why would anyone not want a purely optical painting?

LUDOVIC. Perhaps because it would distract us from something else, something that is better for us, more responsible, more engaged.

(Lightning.)

PAUL. But my paintings are engaged with, if I might use that word again, nature. I want to make art and nature the same. Art is a personal apperception, which I embody in sensations and which I ask the understanding to organise into a painting. The landscape thinks itself in me, I am its consciousness.

ELSA. Ludovic might correct me here, but if you took your ideas about nature and understanding seriously, you should be interested in ornament and decoration, and not just 'proper' paintings.

LUDOVIC. Actually, I will correct you. That is not necessarily the case, ornament and decoration can never be purely retinal, they always point at some principle of reassurance, an idea, which is the opposite of the retinal.

ELSA (*shaking her head*). There is something sterile to that conception. Even reactionary.

LUDOVIC. I would say the opposite. The evolution of culture is synonymous with the removal of ornamentation from objects of everyday use. Ornament means wasted labour and wasted health. I would like to formulate the following principle: the form of an object should last, that is, we should find it tolerable as long as the object itself lasts. Ornament can no longer be produced by someone living on the cultural level of today.

(Pause. The window bangs in the wind.)

UNDINE. What about beauty? Isn't art concerned by it?

PAUL. Beauty is a stern, uncompromising thing, which does not allow itself to be attained through reproduction; the artist must bide its time, keep watch upon it, press it close, and hold it fast to force it to surrender.

ELSA. First you wanted to find communion in art, now you talk of it in terms of struggle.

PAUL. Well, form is difficult to seize, only after a long contest can you force it to show itself in its real shape. The real painter must persevere until nature is driven to show itself, naked and in its true guise. You must wear out many brushes, cover many canvases, before you become a real artist.

ELSA (*sarcastically*). The artist as a wrestler, that is a beautiful image! As for me, I prefer to make art as if I was singing, without constraint, aiming for the maximum of intensity and exaltation.

PAUL. That is not what I meant. Think of an acrobat. He executes his number with ease and apparent facility. But don't lose sight of the long preparatory work that allowed him to reach that result. It is the same with painting. Hard work is the only way to attain beauty.

LUDOVIC. Focusing on beauty is a mistake, it can actually be a handicap. To continue with Paul's clothing analogy, an American philosopher has recently said that 'A young man can count himself rich if he has a brain in his head and a decent suit in his wardrobe.' If you consider the English and the Americans, you can see they expect everyone to be well dressed, while the Germans go one further and want their clothes to be beautiful as well. But they're mistaken—the point is to be dressed in such a manner as to attract as little attention to oneself as possible. Among the best people to attract attention to oneself is considered vulgar.

ELSA. One man wants to trap beauty, the other do away with it.

It seems to me that beauty must be feminine because there's nothing else for it to be. I can admit that the change in the lives of women, their increasingly active lives, provoked a revolution in female fashion, making it perhaps less ornamental, more constructive. But this move was influenced by painting, by its investigation of colours, by its beauty.

UNDINE. Excuse me all, but I'm finding the argument hard to follow. What is the relationship between clothing and painting?

PAUL (*condescending*)... Ah... Enough of this.

It would be far more pleasant now to hear a song.
(*Tenderly.*) Undine, why don't you sing us something?

This is not a new idea.

Act II contains elements from Honoré de Balzac, Paul Cézanne, Anton Chekhov, Sonia Delaunay, Jean Dubuffet, Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe, Adolf Loos, Franz Marc, Henri Matisse, Maurice Merleau-Ponty, Elsa Schiaparelli and Friedrich Schlegel.

ACT III
by Rachel Kushner

Undine: I have accidents on my mind. I keep thinking about car accidents. How they sacrifice cloth to save the person. Elsa, do you know what I mean?

Elsa: To be honest, no.

Undine (Sings):

*Cut off your shirt,
cut off your slacks,
scissor the seam of the leg, each leg*

Yesterday, I was walking down Madison Avenue. A woman was crossing the street. She wore a pants suit, had nice hair, that kind of blonde Gena Rowlands hair, soft curls, not too perfect, which I liked. The kind of woman who is attractive because she exudes competence—a very New York kind of attractive. She seemed in a hurry. Competent-seeming people usually are. Who knows where they're off to. The important thing is to look busy and purposeful. The woman was rushing across the intersection with a little leather briefcase and a purse and a grocery bag that held, as it turned out, a bag of onions, a carton of milk, and soup cans. A bus was coming. The woman crossing did not see it. The bus hit her. She was thrown into the air and landed on the pavement, a pool of dark spreading from beneath her body, which was twisted into an unnatural position. She was unconscious. A few minutes later I heard the sirens. Then, uniformed men were kneeling around her. Onions rolled across the intersection. All I could see of the woman now were her shod feet propped between two paramedics, like a sleeper's feet bluntly poking from the bottom of the bedcovers. One of the paramedics had scissors. The man with the scissors cut off the woman's pantsuit. Yes, I watched. I'm not interested in denying myself this kind of thing, this strange rip in normalcy, when suddenly it doesn't matter where you were going or what is happening elsewhere, because everything stops, someone lies



UNDINE or *Tafel 7*, 1938 30 x 40 cm

hit, sirens, a quart of milk glugging into a sewer grate. Some people would say it's unseemly to watch. Others, that there is nothing more banal than a woman hit by a bus. In fact, as I hear myself say it I agree, there is nothing more banal.

A woman hit by a bus is a fact of city life. What's interesting is watching paramedics cut a pantsuit off a woman who moments before was running for a bus with her purse, her little briefcase, her groceries, soup cans and onions that went skidding across Madison Avenue, lost to their owner. Do the paramedics enjoy cutting the clothes off an accident victim? I suspect yes, even if their higher purpose of saving her is pure. I watched the men scissor the woman's clothing. They cut off her pants and her jacket, and under the jacket, at the same time, the blouse. They cut her shoes in half, right off her feet, and probably the socks, too. They cut the strap of her purse. After all that, what if it turns out the woman was suffering a head injury? What is there to cut with a head injury?

Ludovic: The skull.

Undine: Ludovic! I mean of clothing. The important thing here is that to save this woman they had to commit violence to her clothing. One moment she was thoughts, notions, prejudices, rickrack, zippers, buckles. Then they took all that away. I saw her bare flesh, white as biscuit dough, as the woman slept on the pavement, police whistles and bustle all around her. I think it's safe to presume this poor woman died, because at first there was a lot of rushing—thus the scissors and the ridiculous splicing of shoes to get them off her feet—but after they loaded her into the ambulance, it idled for a dreadfully long time. And when it finally moved into the stream of traffic that a police officer had been guiding around the scene of the accident, the ambulance gave only one small whoop of its siren, and then continued like any other car, going the speed of traffic. It was over, I was now officially late for my appointment, the tear in normalcy repaired, even though a woman had died. Traffic was moving, the clock was moving, I was late, as I said, for my appointment.

*Cut off your shirt,
cut off your slacks,
scissor the seam of the leg, each leg*

I walked down Madison Avenue, watching people rushing across intersections just like the one where the woman had been hit. Clothing can only be removed that way once, I thought, as I watched men in suits and women in dresses and little coats with three-quarter length sleeves, the kinds of outfits you expect to see on the upper east side, rushing past, everyone in some kind of hurry, a collective hurry that was not a cooperative hurry, as they jostled against one another at streetcorners where the pedestrians bunched into a thick mass of almost-touching clothed bodies, waiting for the green WALK sign. I know it's obvious, but somehow we don't consider that someday our clothes might be removed by a special method that is a one-time only method. I had another thought, watching people dash across intersections and not get hit by buses, even when the sign said DON'T WALK, which is that the clothed body is a sustained lie. It gives the impression we're made of silk, polyester, or one of the new-fangled fabrics from France.

Elsa: Zinzoline, stocolin, meotide . . .

Undine: Yes. And from America, Herculon. Nylon. The woman who spawned this line of thinking, the woman mowed down by a bus, was moving through space in her cloth and buckles and zippers, her glued leather shoes. And then suddenly, her body was hit by a bus. She was hit, but I am talking about her body. She is a clothed thing. Her body is something else. Something that, as it turns out, bleeds. A lot. And on the inside, too. Never mind that the body lay in the middle of Madison Avenue. In public or not, it had to be restored to its unclothed body-ness, so the woman could be saved.

*Cut off your shirt,
cut off your slacks,
scissor the seam of the leg, each leg*

This woman's cloth remains in my mind, a tattered flag pushed aside to reveal nude injury. Streamers that were pants, and the body the medics attend to there, exposed. I wonder if they save those clothes as forensic evidence. I imagine the clothes would tell their own story, the way the items had been cut, the way the body becomes an inconvenience to the cloth that was designed to enwrap it. Oh, I don't know. This is why I'm not an artist, you see, because I have these thoughts and then someone says, that's morbid, or, the Russian constructivists had disaster clothing—

Elsa: "Disaster" clothing? Tell us more, Undine.

Undine: It was just the dream of a few artists. I don't think any of it was actually made. But the idea was that the top people in fashion would not be the designers of haute couture gowns, but the people who designed uniforms for workers in acid factories and meat-packing plants, arctic explorers, people who clean up toxic spills, or stoke furnaces at crematoriums—

Elsa: Remind me not to become a citizen of the Soviet Union.

Undine: I find it romantic, as if there were glamour in danger, in the idea of the uniform. (Drinks from her glass, and falls silent for a brief moment.)

Painting is like clothing, in a way, wouldn't you all agree? It's a non-nudity. And what of its accidents? Its violence? When I was little, lying in bed at night, my mind would go scribbly, light-filled grooves in a black chalkboard, without order or meaning. The lines would get darker, denser, like bunches of unspooled wire in graphite and black. Only on a rare occasion was what my mind drew clean, but with a feeling, a tone of white. Who is the painter who only paints in various layers of white, wet swaths of white that dry to patches that look like gauze. My mind would try to cover over the scribbles with this other painter's method, the white over white. For a few moments I would enjoy the respite of not

being scribbled upon. But the feeling never lasted. The scribbles were so unpleasant. Worse than madness, because I was not mad. The madness was exterior to me. It was in the images thrown up on the wall of my mind. I didn't invent them. What was I to do? I was besieged nightly by these episodes. I dreaded bedtime and longed to close my eyes and skate my way back to the blank slate of World. Doesn't it exist, I wondered? Why do I have to see these awful scribbles, this disorder, instead?

I grew out of those episodes. Now, I see nothing as I'm falling asleep. I only see images in dreams, and can never recall them except as faint residue. I almost wish for those scribbles because what I dream is so much more obvious. For instance, last night I had a dream about a very interesting lipstick case. I cannot tell you its shape. I don't mean to say its actual shape was interesting. In the dream I had decided it was interesting. Now, I find its shape thuddingly Freudian. Guess. It wasn't the Chrysler building, or the Empire State. It was gold. The lipstick was translucent red with gold flecks in it, to match its case. They matched. I put the lipstick on, rolled a layer over my lips. The trace stayed, shining and wet and cherry red, with just a hint of gold. What now? Without my silly dream, lipsticks are already phallic. That's impressive, in a sense, that there is no pretense otherwise. From age twelve to age eighty-two, women all over the world are rolling the small conical lipstick over their lips. Ok, in Morocco, true enough, it's a clay pot. Perhaps they are thinking of themselves, a women's shallow and voided anatomy. Forgive me. Isn't great that you can say what you want, doubt it, and then ask forgiveness?

As I said, I'm not an artist. I was asked to sing. I saw a woman hit by a bus yesterday. Then I had this louche dream last night. That's how life proceeds, one thing to another, as if to say: I dare you to make a pattern from this oscillation, a real death and a dreamed image. Two things that are not connected. But maybe they are. Maybe a lipstick fell from the woman's handbag, and I saw it glinting on the sidewalk,

and the image slipped into a wrinkle in my memory and was retrieved only in my dream. Or maybe there is a better, more overarching sort of meaning. Something to do with buildings, gleam, traffic, artifice, and even the fact that lipstick never lasts. You always have to reapply. You always lose it. And then a truth that trumps all of that: no one wants the partially used lipstick of a dead woman. Although the lipstick case in my dream was new.

I watched a woman die on the pavement yesterday. I saw the paramedics cutting her shirt, her slacks, scissoring seams and splicing her shoes, to make their way toward her body. They cut and cut to get close enough to save her, and it was too late... I'm still working all of this out. Forgive me, all of you, for bringing things down a bit.

Elsa: If that was a song, it was rather melancholic.

Ludovic: Maybe we should cheer things up with a toast.

Undine: But to what?

Elsa: How about to clothes? And to staying firmly ensconced in them.

Ludovic (laughs) Speak for yourself!

Elsa: Ok, to hoping they only get removed in the intended manner.

Paul: And to paint. And its non-nudity.

Elsa: OK, sure, and to paint. And why not lipstick as well.

Paul: But as Undine, said, it never lasts—

Elsa: Even better.

(All): Here here.



THE PARTY or *Georgie* 192 x 162 cm

Published on the occasion of
The Party, Friday 25 September 2009, 8pm
Serpentine Gallery Pavilion 2009 designed by
Kazuyo Sejima & Ryue Nishizawa of SANAA

Centrefold Marisol *The Party (15 Figures)* 1965-66
Image taken from Sidney Janis Gallery catalogue, 1966

All other images courtesy of the artist and Hotel Gallery, London.

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