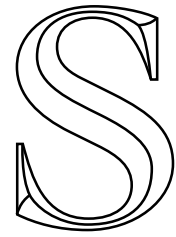


CROCODILE TEARS

A group show with Bas Jan Ader, Marie Matusz, Will Sheldon and a book from Elad Lassry and Angie Keefer
Curated by Cassidy Toner
19 October 2019–24 January 2020
Opening Reception: Friday 18 June 2019, 6–9pm



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*You don't remember me, but I remember you
'twas not so long ago, you broke my heart in two
Tears on my pillow, pain in my heart, caused by you, you¹*

I croon along to *Little Anthony & The Imperials* in the Post-Emo. Soon I dissolve into a fit of uncontrollable laughter brought on by the serene pleasure of a moth landing on my cheek. The moths always arrive as the lacrimal lakes of my eyes overflow. They chase the meandering rivers carving their way down my profile. If it weren't for them in the winter the teary icicles could form the stubble of 5 o'clock shadow.

"I've had to stop going to the nearest grocery store that seems to play Shania Twain's "Forever and For Always" whenever I'm there. It's hard to shop for frozen entrees through cold-air blasted tears."²

I've tried to trick the moths into visiting when the Prozac fortifies the leaks in my tear ducts. For sometime I forced my eyes close to all the onions I chopped. I wanted to be sure every irritant they contained had battered my eyes bloodshot. Even nearly drowning in a flood of tears failed to attract the moths. I think they like 'the real thing.'

"Ovid also believed that crying was beneficial for the crier, as evidenced by his statement that "It is some relief to weep; grief is satisfied and carried off by tears."³

The only other idea to lure them out of my sweaters and cereal boxes had been ruled out in my youth. I recalled the countless attempts it took each morning to get a single drop of Visine in my eyes before class. I realized my face was drenched with fraudulent tears. Not a single moth ever appeared. Would eye-drops be the equivalent to McDonald's for them? Even in the backseat of my friend's car that had surely developed a complex biosphere; enough to host a moth or at least develop a lacrimal thirsting animal. Maybe all of those organisms just evolved to subsist on the puddles of ancient Mountain Dew.

I imagine the moths salivating as they watch Bas Jan Ader unapologetically weep in *I'm too sad to tell you*. Soon, they notice the bundle of eyes peeping through Will Sheldon's drawings. The smorgasbord of stylized tears running down the page. Later they come to Marie Matusz's vitrines housing an assortment of lachrymatory bottles. Each filled with tears or a silvery substance, possibly 'robot tears.' Finally, they flip through Elad Lassry's book, *On Onions* and consider trying onion tears for a change.

I guess this show is really just for moths.

1. "Tears on My Pillow" by Little Anthony and the Imperialists. 1958. End Records.

2. Excerpt from "Actual Air in the Purple Mountains: An Interview With David Berman," 2019

3. Why Only Humans Weep. Unravelling the Mysteries of Tears. 2013. By Ad Vingerhoets. Page 102.



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Bas Jan Ader was born in 1942 in Winschoten, Netherlands. He was last seen in 1975 when he took off in what would have been the smallest sailboat ever to cross the Atlantic. The journey was to be the second part of a triptych called *In Search of the Miraculous*.

Marie Matusz (born 1994) in Toulouse (FR.) She presently lives and works in Basel. In 2016 she received her Bachelor of Fine Arts from HEAD Genève and in 2018 graduated with a Master of Fine Arts from Institut Kunst (Basel.) Currently her work is the subject of a solo exhibition at Atelier Amden (Amden,) and included in the group show *Retour à Rome* at Instituto Svizzero (Rome.)

Will Sheldon lives and works in New York. He received a BFA from the School of Visual Arts in 2013. His work was previously the subject of a solo exhibition at *Cleopatra's*, Brooklyn (2017), and he is currently included in the group show 'The Untamed' at Karma International (Zürich).

Elad Lassry (Israeli, born 1977) studied film at the California Institute of the Arts then earned an MFA from the University of Southern California. His work has been included in numerous gallery and museum exhibitions. *On Onions* is Elad Lassry's first artist book.

List of works:

Marie Matusz

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita (In the middle of our life's walk), 2019

Blown glass tear catchers, gallium, velvet fabric, tears, plexiglass and wood

30 x 18 x 6 cm, 25 x 14 x 6 cm, 15 x 9 x 6 cm

Courtesy of the artist

Elad Lassry

On Onions, 2012

240 pages, Paperback

21.5 x 13.3 cm

Published by Primary Information

Will Sheldon

The Eyes, 2019

Pencil and ink on paper

35.5 x 27.9 cm

Courtesy of the artist

Will Sheldon

Jenners Ride, 2019

Pencil and ink on paper

35.5 x 27.9 cm

Courtesy of the artist

Bas Jan Ader

I'm too sad to tell you, 1971

16mm black and white film transferred to digital file

duration: 3'21"

Courtesy of The Estate of Bas Jan Ader/ Mary Sue Ader Anderson, 2016/ The Artist Rights Society (ARS), New York. Courtesy Meliksetian I Briggs, Los Angeles and Metro Pictures, New York.

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