

THE HAND JOB

Franck Gautherot

“The Doctor just laughed
He says, son, it’s a little bit too late for me to help you now...”

— Hello, I’m wondering if you may consider a post face to the book, I could write:

just a page about songs and paintings, about hand job
(sculpture and music made by hand)

— I like the idea! Hand job, ha ha ha.

— Yes, hand job could be the title.

— Okay but its quite intense and a bit depressing.
A hand job is usually a consolation. A hand job is the very best we can hope for when a blowjob is out of the question. It evokes compromise, even laziness. Clothes have remained on. Minimal satisfaction. Hand job is like has been but more depressing.

— Get the picture. My point is more about what the hand knows and in a computerized world handmade is at work still in music, painting... You play and paint.

— I have been travelling and missed the beginning of this thread, wondered what direction we were

going with the book for a minute there... Yes Franck, you should write a post face!

—Yes and if you can fit hand job into this picture I'm all in!

The hand is the major difference between the music and painting. With painting I follow the hand like a blind slave while in the music (for better or worse) the hands follow me. Maybe that's where the hand job fits in. Twelve eager employees!

Never been too late for a second opinion, I mean it after I saw Stevie & Peter *aka* The Woodward's playing the day before Peter's opening in Dijon—Le Consortium.

She sings, he sings too and plays the guitar by the end he took the ukulele.

Stevie has a crystal clear voice, Peter's a foggy one, dark and raw but flexible enough to climb series of notes.

I enjoy painters who play music and sing songs they wrote. Not as captions for their own paintings no matter style is involved, but as side products in parallel, but as deliverables to be sequenced into slices of biographies, but as pieces of self-sufficient units telling stories of thin men in bars joking with gals and crying over their last bullet they missed the target with.

Men are coward; girls be dead or just sleeping...

Playing songs and making paintings require hands. What hand knows is what is at work in here: handicraft and forests sound like lessons from down British Columbia young Peter grows up.

I remembered Peter talking between songs how we freak him out by listening carefully his words when usually no one pays much of a shit in gloomy clubs The Woodward's perform in.

Lyrics the book gathers are emotional but sharp because songs need to be concise and angled when the paintings up there on the walls are free to breathe their own rhythm transparent of layers of liquid paint juice, picturesque, washed out and styled by pencil drawn structures in geometry form.

Neo Geo at the time of New York 80s on the verge of getting out of doped and derelict streets ghosted by HIV and post punk energy. Peter and DeeDee Ramone, the terror brought by Sid Vicious and the cliché mythology of Chelsea (Hotel) before the acres of over-designed galleries that took over the neighborhood.

Painting was a pose but the foggy and illusionistic Schuyff ones were far away from the post Pattern & Decoration flamboyant tricks.

Later on he made a band, like any other teenage kid plugging Orange amp at the bottom of an electrified J45 Gibson and it goes like that, but he wasn't young anymore, ripe and wrinkled enough to play sad and mean songs.

Addressing girls as music should always do: love and nasty songs.

I remember that very old guy in 70s Crete island village, answering to the morning “how are you today:” “fine and nasty” was his line. Nothing to add. Why only old lady artist like Louise Bourgeois could be nasty to the world to survive and try to pass hundred? Why men couldn’t be dry and slim to figure out in few lines the sadness of the world and the refinement of Dutch Masters pencil drawings?

Music is for hands, painting is by hands, lime trees carved sculptures are by hands too.

Tough job that hand job old timers do. They are back from the cities, from the forest, from the day they met somewhere, they are singing the time they kiss or get along well, they are talking to her, face-to-face, to keep the moment they were in love but now:

Is she dead or is she sleeping?

But Stevie said: “I am happy to be here.”