2012

**The Nature Drawings of Peter Karklins**

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The Nature Drawings of Peter Karklins

July 12-November 19, 2012
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. . . from the worm that feels Spring’s madness to the angel near the throne of God.

—translation of Schiller’s “An die Freude”
Acknowledgments

This project has had an unusual trajectory, one both highly localized in DePaul University and also connected to international academic centers and unpredictable academic disciplines. It began in 2003, when Ryan Fraguas, a DePaul student majoring in philosophy, noticed that the campus security guard in his dormitory passed the late shift by drawing. Their conversations led Ryan to introduce members of the philosophy department to the artist, Peter Karklins, rightly suspecting that they would respond to his interest in phenomenology, Jungian theory, and Greek philosophy. Internal discussions of the drawings and their implications quickly expanded to include colleagues at other universities, generating so much interest and commentary that in rapid sequence a publication, symposium, and exhibition took shape.

Sean Kirkland, Associate Professor in the Philosophy department, has spearheaded the project with energy and enthusiasm, successfully uniting a diverse group of scholars with an even wider range of disciplinary interests. He has also helped to select the works shown in the exhibition and served as general editor of the publication. We thank the contributors, who have shown such willingness to participate and whose perspectives deeply enrich our understanding of this material. Charles Stolar, Dean of the Liberal Arts and Social Sciences, has provided welcome support for the project, as have the departments of Philosophy, History of Art and Architecture, and Environmental Studies, as well as the Institute of Nature and Culture and the Humanities Center. Finally, we are grateful to Peter Karklins for his generosity in sharing his intensely personal and compelling work with a wide audience.

Louise Lincoln
Director, DePaul Art Museum
Page dimensions: 1548.0x576.0

[Image 44x89 to 292x487]
[Image 395x95 to 633x482]
[Image 916x96 to 1153x480]
[Image 1274x105 to 1501x471]
art ➔ nature
Nude Landscapes
Sean D. Kirckland

This is precisely what occurs when we decide to enter Peter Karklins’ diminutive drawings. In each work and over the development of this series entire and separate miniatures or, better, minute and partial human forms dissolve into or emerge out of a quivering mass of bodily matter, goals, bodily fluids, and geological structures formed from his own body parts. In presenting this vital and disturbing scene, these works effect a complex indeterminacy, for they are neither high art nor another kind of landscape, and ultimately they refuse even to be objects viewed by a spectator.

There are two works of pencil on paper, materialistically bare and without foundation. They are, however, meticulously worked out, not body, or almost manically detailed, and yet even documented on the works themselves, as though the artist is showing them as metaphors for the ages, unassuming, but self-assured, driven, even obsessive. They are not, therefore, entirely indebted, as works of art surely should be.

These are tiny works of pencil on paper, materials-wise, that are traditional. We see here something not merely worked out, not by a body, or even an artist, or even the artist’s body. And yet, rather than working hard to repay us with a still life, a thing finished off by the firm and final strokes of the artist’s hand, they possessed, owned, and thereby exhausted by the scrutinizing eye of the viewer. Here in Karklins’ works, there is no author; there is no narrative; there is no primary and final. In the project of making something into a means of evaluation, and our mind transfers toward that, Karklins’ melting otherworldly realism into Bosch’s monstrous.

The individual, with all limits and measures, was submerged in suffering this crisis of representation, brought about the self-oblivion of the Dionysian condition and forgot that we ourselves presume to be. And yet, beyond this, the drive and intensity of the artist palpable (and even documented on the works themselves), as though the artist is showing them as metaphors for the ages, unassuming, but self-assured, driven, even obsessive. They are not, therefore, entirely indebted, as works of art surely should be.

We have not seen, or—better—we have not felt that before. Of course, associations drift in, always the writhing surface, we are frustrated in our desire to identify an object or to take up a fictional point of view. It is a false horizon that newly situates the viewer for a moment. Landscapes thus avoid the risk of presenting a focal object to be resolved and mastered, but in embracing the viewer through their scale alone, they avoid the risks of presenting a focal object. This imaginary displacement can be unsettling, as the drive and intensity of the artist palpable, and yet even documented on the works themselves, as though the artist is showing them as metaphors for the ages, unassuming, but self-assured, driven, even obsessive. They are not, therefore, entirely indebted, as works of art surely should be.

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Art as Alibi in the Age of Surveillance
Malek Moazzam-Doulat

Once invisibility haunted everything. Today, it is a practical impossibility. Someday we’ll have to write it down. Privacy—indeed every small, central and dispersed—affords the invisibility of its subject. Power wants to see. Privacy (and rights—all originally a right to privacy as strictly the prerogative of masters) has been invaded, has been violated, has been changed and transformed. It is a ban, a territory in which one is master, free from our own interference, and stored spectrally for movements, which are precisely recorded, parsed by ourselves to bare ourselves everywhere. Absolutely, in the digital age, we have abolished our privacy. We compel ourselves to be enmeshed in intersecting lines of sight. In the exercise of another’s power. Rights are a response to the recognition that visibility is a trap. The Domesday Book, that technology of surveillance deployed by the Norman conquerors, was met with resistance and curses from lower lords and barons who discovered that to be invisible to the crown was to be the subject of an act of violence, an act that devices through possibility, Kauffman to liberation.

Karklins art is a problem of face (it’s not). The apparent naturalness and organicity in pure artifacts—blank machines for the replication of forms. This multiplication of shapes is not a simulacrum, it is pure artifice—real, but rather precisely as the effacement of each form made manifest by endless others, rendering each one meaningless, unbounded by reality. The subject of each figure is its own subject, the white, the blank, is the space of the train ride and the hours on watch, and these are not simply pre-given, they have to be produced in and by the work itself. If most of the drawings in which the clockings-in-and-out appear on the front have no record of inscription on the back, it is because there is no clear “front or back” to Karklins’ compositions; if anything, the front of these larval forms at once figured and defigured, it is because this white, the blank unfilled, gives space to what is outside of the picture, but an outside no less original than that which is pictured. The unbounded series of time and place coordinates are recorded in each drawing, each one is a transaction in itself. The unbounded series of time and place coordinates are the bodies figured and defigured in them. It is also a corporeal signification, but the body is that of the artist. For it is a gesture, it makes explicit a sort of presence. Yet in the forms of the drawings they withdraw as dates and times. What do we see or rather sense in this play of presencing and withdrawal, in the endless oscillation between Karklins leaning back from his paper to turn it over for the inscription of the precise time and date of the latest recording in these turnings of a singular page back after day, after day sometimes two or three times a day but unfortunately only once a day, often on consecutive days, to be meticulously recorded on trains, in bars, or alone at the desk? We feel the exchange between de-positing and ex-positing, the material sense given by the pencil lead depositing itself as a surface, and the exposited senselessness of ordering and coding.

We feel the exchange between de-positing and ex-positing, the material sense given by the pencil lead depositing itself as a surface, and the exposited senselessness of ordering and coding. Finding space to record the time.

Jonathan Lavery Dronsfield

Finding space to record the time.

Jonathan Lavery Dronsfield

Mansell erläutert die Erscheinung, wie eine menschliche Figur. Der Raum wird die Atmosphäre auslösen. Die Figur fügt sich ein, sie bildet vom Wahrnehmen Gewebe, das nicht in ihrer Form zu sehen ist, die sich von dem blauen Schein abhebt. Sie kann sich damit nicht trennen oder ist in sich immer nur die, die nicht ist. Sie bleibt in sich zurück, nicht in der Notation, nicht in der Partitur. Keine Regelmäßigkeit, beinahe ein Geschwür. Und das Auftauchen von Gewebe, von Fleisch, vegetabil, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannten Form entziehen. Metastasierende Gewebebildung, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannten Form entziehen. Metastasierende Gewebebildung, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannten Form entziehen. Metastasierende Gewebebildung, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannten Form entziehen. Metastasierende Gewebebildung, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannten Form entziehen. Metastasierende Gewebebildung, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannten Form entziehen. Metastasierende Gewebebildung, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannten Form entziehen. Metastasierende Gewebebildung, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannten Form entziehen. Metastasierende Gewebebildung, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannten Form entziehen. Metastasierende Gewebebildung, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannten Form entziehen. Metastasierende Gewebebildung, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannten Form entziehen. Metastasierende Gewebebildung, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannten Form entziehen. Metastasierende Gewebebildung, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannten Form entziehen. Metastasierende Gewebebildung, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannten Form entziehen. Metastasierende Gewebebildung, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannten Form entziehen. Metastasierende Gewebebildung, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannten Form entziehen. Metastasierende Gewebebildung, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannten Form entziehen. Metastasierende Gewebebildung, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannten Form entziehen. Metastasierende Gewebebildung, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannten Form entziehen. Metastasierende Gewebebildung, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannten Form entziehen. Metastasierende Gewebebildung, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannten Form entziehen. Metastasierende Gewebebildung, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannten Form entziehen. Metastasierende Gewebebildung, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannten Form entziehen. Metastasierende Gewebebildung, zu Formen, die sich zuletzt dem Ziel einer bekannt...
Karklins loves to pencil as a knife. He invests his images on the page, pressing so hard that his pencil becomes brittle. One man wonders whether Karklins is instead forcing consciousness into the depths of his thought processes. But consciousness remains where it is, and so does the unconscious. Instead, Karklins draws intermediate links leaving only indelible lines, times, and places as well as different light intensities that signal to us from behind the crevices. Karklins’ silent, pulsional world of visual thoughts – I will call these thoughts “tracers” – an unmistakable fluorescence comes to illuminate this otherworld for us.

What do we mean when we say that we are “making something conscious”? How does the transformation from unconsciousness to consciousness come about? How do we arrive at a knowledge of the unconscious? It is of course only as something conscious that we know the unconscious, after it has undergone a transformation or a translation into something else. Karklins’ drawings show us that such a translation is possible. But that is not all: they also help us to know the unconscious, after it has undergone a transformation (or a translation) into something else. Karklins thinks in pictures, whereas most of us think in words. In some ways, too, thinking in pictures may remain truer, more faithful to archaic unconscious processes than thinking in words. Thinking in pictures may remain truer, more faithful to archaic unconscious processes than thinking in words. Thinking in pictures may remain truer, more faithful to archaic unconscious processes than thinking in words. Thinking in pictures may remain true, more faithful to archaic unconscious processes than thinking in words. Thinking in pictures may remain truer, more faithful to archaic unconscious processes than thinking in words. Thinking in pictures may remain truer, more faithful to archaic unconscious processes than thinking in words.
L’artiste
éviscération des intérieurs
penser qu’elles le seraient à l’intérieur, dévidement,
porte, péritoine, épiploon, circonvolutions,
vaisseaux chylifères, artère mésentériques, veine
musculaire, tunique conjonctive (mésentère),
rectum, anus, enveloppes : muqueuse, tunique
viscères, intestin grêle, duodénum, iléon, jéjunum,
edolmen ou menhir, minéralité de la matière, une
marque un jour d’une pierre, blanche, ou noire, stèle,
lieu, un lieu de souffrance, un lieu de mort,
seme le sol de ses restes, son lingot, son cadavre,
forme humaine, une figure, une âme, un esprit,
forme de vie, mort de vie.

Pascale-Anne Brault
L’artiste
à fleur de sein
agglomérés, surgissement de seins qui affleurent,
rondeurs, en pomme, fesses et seins indistincts,
seins qui pointent vers le voyeur, sensualité des
pigeonnante, seins distendus pendant vers le bas,
ronde, pleine, ferme, belle poitrine, poitrine haute,
abondante, plate, plate comme une limande, poitrine
basse, tombante, en poire, forte, opulente, généreuse,
mamelon, aréole, néné, nichon, robert, poitrine
l’artiste en stéthoscope, gorge, sein, globe, pointe,
cage thoracique, buste, torse, tour de poitrine,
a poitrine,

Estraties en oeuve

1. L’oeille au looker, optimiste vous esclercit,
dans une masse des doux, des yeux, fruit de poisson,
meurturier qui creuse, periple, nu-pieds spasmiques,
yeux, du meau de poissons flânant
âme folle de côte de côte, orbite, globe, oculaire,
ine, visera, corps de deux, courbe, poitrine
à piquer, yeux caillants, globuleux, à fleur de
farcir, les gros yeux, cannelle, ne fume pas l’œil,
regarde d’un bon, d’un mauvais œil, saute aux yeux
(tête, fait les gros yeux, écarquille, ne ferme pas l’œil,
regarde d’un œil, œil paillé, yeux caves, saillants, globuleux,
iris, uvée, corps ciliaire, coroïde, cornée, humeur
yeux, de-ci de-là, masse de poissons filant dans
les yeux, de-ci de-là, yeux morts, toujours un seul bloc,
percés de quelques
les yeux, fixité de poissons
haut, massifs, s’accommodent, encombrement des pages,
poussées d’un éternuement, direction des courbes,
effondrement des courbes, réduction, congestion,
sur-le-champ, masse de poissons, tristesse,
spirituel, affolement des courbes, enchevêtrement,
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All Day, All Night
Dolores Wilber

nature art
Returning to the Body
H. Peter Steeves

No subject is so objective to contribute to the viewer's gaze and rest, comfort, home, discussing the avenue. Interresponsibility is a promised theorem, as it is in being excavated. This is what it sometimes means to be human.

Every work of art wrestles with the mark of its production—traces that the heart chiseled and took in. The aesthetic, cultural, social, political and medical public is redefined. It is as if we reveal the various which is the necessary manner of viewing these works that rouse the question here. From a distance, patterns of dark and light emerge, while looms would usually find interesting, but the artist demands we pay up close to the art in the end. He demands we get up close to him.

Here, at this short distance, our bodies threaten to minimize those on the page before us. We see the minute lines and erasures that form the systematic of being lost, describing it as the moment in which north seems all ordinary signs are thought to be awry. He explains this bewildering experience as when north reverts north and southwest seem to run the true way. This explanation refers to the moment in which it must be amplified in light of these drawings; that is, being lost cannot be confined to signs that have gone awry, so powerful and unnerving as that might be. In Karklins' wilderness, being lost applies to the belief, the feared, the believed itself, not misinformation or degus as we in the visually seductive, rather, what is inside. In Karklins' geographical peculiarities, our senses are shattered—we lose our minds.

What is more, we find evidence that even the artist was not immune to losing himself in these works. To indicate the proper orientation of his later drawings, where the composition have given meaning complex, Karklins drew in upon—lost only the palpitations of several others. On one drawing, that arrow is also accompanied by the sketch of a compass. It is not difficult to imagine that within the artist's wilderness, a moment came when, without this cardinal sketch, he would have totally lost his way. The zigzagging of the eyes that stalk us like those of a nocturnal predator. But these eyes belong to a creature ensconced in the formidable eyes of a creature created wilderness, we are irrevocably lost.

Outdoors, in his early-twentieth-century created wilderness, we are irrevocably lost. In Karklins' untitled work completed on January 17, 2000 (cat. no. 5), we immediately notice the formidable eyes of a creature anciented in the trees of an old forest, where entrance in general only ended the expense of obtaining later emergence. We do not lock upon these drawings, but are drawn into them.

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This Dripping Life: Englobulation in the Nature Drawings of Peter Karklins
Andrew J. Mitchell

Nature is a dripping, repellaginous affair. The drawings of Peter Karklins are nature drawings in just that sense. They show the formative moment of nature itself. One is drawn to and through Karklins' drawings the englobulation of nature.

Nature knows no discrete boundaries. It is boundless. How could it be any other way? It is an infinity of nature in every direction, the gravity of generation. In the englobulation of the body, there is a balance — the harmony of nature, a balance that is achieved at the price of a violated, discrete, finite nothing. Nothing is final. The moon pulls the tides but in test of just the tide, the moon pulls everything and is itself pulled in turn. Without ends we are amnesiac in the annihilating middle of nature.

What materials of this could only be a dripping global, subterranean affair? The materials of the drawings: englobulation and disenglobulation are nature itself. Dicks, balls, bones, and hips and every delicate, minor detail of the skin itself are here. These are the materials in this annihilating middle of nature.

The nose is a manifest congealed drop or globule. The balls and toes flow to and from the extremities of the body and its parts, becoming and being pulled back. Who knows what the human body could be if not the tireless, ceaseless cycle of nature?

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Neither here nor there—the man who captures motion
Liam Heneghan

It was at a little café on Webster. Every so often I glanced at the artist in our company; one of those man who captures motion in a way that is as terrifying as any honest attempt to commemorate (or anticipate) only moments of that lifeless in profusion, metalwork meticulously rot, to gain possession of movement. “Kinetic art,” we said, had a small genius for this, and though I kept the piece he had worked on that morning on Webster, the work was more interesting than beautiful. The work of Roman Opalka illustrates another, more celebrated, approach. Opalka famously died; one can say infinitely, having died, at his attempt to paint infinity. This thin series of “details” is called simply – 2 – 3, in which the artist’s painted strokes ever so slowly gray back ground, the numbers fading, at the painter died on the brush.

There have been carrying around several images by Peter Karklins over the past year or so. In motion and change”; for him, knowing that we were in a way that is as terrifying as any honest attempt to commemorate (or anticipate) only moments of that lifeless in profusion, metalwork meticulously rot, to gain possession of movement. “Kinetic art,” we said, had a small genius for this, and though I kept the piece he had worked on that morning on Webster, the work was more interesting than beautiful. The work of Roman Opalka illustrates another, more celebrated, approach. Opalka famously died; one can say infinitely, having died, at his attempt to paint infinity. This thin series of “details” is called simply – 2 – 3, in which the artist’s painted strokes ever so slowly gray back ground, the numbers fading, at the painter died on the brush.

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Peter Karklins’ hand is a seismograph, scratching out a minutiae registered in an energy released by a geological rhythm that appears in his drawings in the earthly form of hills, caves, lagoons, and recesses that together create an emotional geography. Occasionally, a heavy border of lead stops short of the edge of the paper, revealing a hidden layer beneath, like a sedimentary rock whose top layer has been shorn off, a fertile force, allowing us to peer into the subsoil.

But the better geological analog for his drawings is the cave, that dead space of prehistoric creation where humans first attempted to understand the working of their own minds by projecting onto stone walls, under the flickering light of a torch, an echo of the drip of water from the roof of a cave, Karklins’ process, scratching out a miniaturized register of an energy released by exerting the authority of the name.

Vision, to stabilize our sense of self in an alien space, to turn the contours into coherent objects of our mental apparatus. Like the drip of water from under the flickering light of a torch, an echo of energetic creativity, much of it performed in the recesses of the human mind. And note that the big gaps in calendar time are punctuated by bursts of energetic creativity, much of it performed in the deep recesses of night—2:29 a.m., 4:30 a.m., 3:50 a.m. on consecutive nights.

In the cave of Karklins’ drawings, our eyes are best adapted to the dim light, to see and move without blinding the retina. The eyes that are used as hands, groping for some elemental truth, or ears, listening attentively, with the nervy edge of anxiety that always accompanies an experience of the bottomless. The drawing thus plays out the tension that bears the phrase “In the Deep” (cat. no. 13), which builds and relaxes, builds and sometimes even corrected for precision, as on August 20, 2001, when 7:35 a.m. was changed to 7:38 a.m. As is the artist’s intent we need a temporal anchor that in the cave, beyond the light of the sun, beyond the light of the outer temporal grid devoured to vanish, to release us into the dark and fierce of ourregulated bodies with the circular rhythm of circadian time, a stretch elastically and compressively in ways that obliterate the clock.

But the drawings mark time in a different way as well, through their music: one can hear a Karklins drawing, a synthetic musical ensemblerelating the rhythmic technique of the lines themselves, which are audible scratches on the page, built up in bursts of energy we might say, and through a process of revision. Indeed, it was “completed 8.4.01” according to one notation, under the spell of Borodin’s Second String, but not “corrected” until January 16, 2002, when presumably the artist played its way through the artist’s hand. The change of titles and the shift of places corresponds to a fascinating perspective on our work, where caves, lagoons, mountains, and oceans all share a space in which altitudes and breadths become metonyms for their rhythms that dissolve that regulation into the shifting intensities of emotional and psychological life.

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That word “deep,” associated with the depth of both waters and caves, gives the entire sweep of the drawing, which begins at a summit and plunges into a lagoon, before settling for a depth in two axes, both lateral and recessive, as well as vertical and longitudinal. The drawing Thus plays out the tension between clock time, mechanical and calculating, and the subjective time that music induces, driven by the rhythms that dissolve that regulation into the shifting intensities of emotional and psychological life.
Breasts: that is what they are — consequently too much in evidence, not too little. One craves both. If the craving be denied, one wanders like Hegel or a spirit who hates the breast: after nine months of umbilical concatenation, the human infant is slapped right onto the mother's breast and where is the boom? Woman represents the fecund force of nature, nourishing all things without surcease. Aristotle (Roman copy), Ephesus Museum, Selcuk, Turkey. Photo © D. F. Krell.

According to Freud's 1895 primal scene that is seen by the Wolfman, is that of feminism, willy nilly, says Derrida. Freud avers that "undeveloped unity" is of course the only thing She incites everywhere, especially around us men, a "metaphorical surrendering of heart and soul to the woman," but she is not worth it. Woman is like a tree. (This "remains in her undeveloped unity," Hegel says."

Breasts—if that is what they are—can never be too much in evidence, nor too little. One craves both. Some years ago, a novel by D. H. Thomas called the statue of Artemis at Ephesus "crude" or "small. Like spirit, these well-educated children are complained that its readers refused to be tempted for this is the age when Artemis was also Demeter for art as well? Breasts. If that is what they are, if I am not hallucinating already. Art historians who are less abashed say that the International Association of Restauranteurs bread and wine for warm milk. (It has been reported that the restaurant. They all line up in procession to her, exposing her breasts and allowing her companions at the table to suck. She then suckles every person in turn. For Peter Karklins "the real presence of the full moon and the sun of aureole and nipple of the breast viewed from the side, spark a reminiscence of hallucination and real presence on the steps of the temple. The goddess without expression is not but three tiers of breasts, sufficient for countless infants to be nourished every minute, can suckle endous and umbilical and not without limit. To be sure, the number of art historians and classicists who call the statue of Artemis at Ephesus "real" or "mortal" or "festive" or at least "artistic" is not small. Like spirit, these well-educated children are pronounced uncouth and unmanly. Yet goddess is a universal term, and the same city descents her. Her skirt is desecrated with animals, yet she does not refer to the human animals. Art historians are less abashed that she represents the "fear of food and unmanly". Alfred Crone and Doreen Lees "The feminine force of nature, nourishing all things without surcease. Mystical letters, never yet desecrated, are incised on her breast, her cheeks, and her head. The hierodules who serve the Artemis Artemis of Ephesus the beautiful woman and women of the city who serve as her priestesses and protectress, the Artemis of Ephesus, she is the protector of the earth, the fertility, the gifts the pigeons can offer. That is how the holocaust came to be built — from the old myth of those who received more or some of whom, though they were not all virtuous, are at heart a kind of minds tied out against the vulgar Roman Paul. They had taste. Perhaps one should hold out hopes for religion? And yet what infamy: two thousand years and not a single new goddess! Instead, Hegel manumitting and under his breast, spurtting on behalf of a spirit so scornful that it does not see what it is to the outside. Perhaps one should hold out hopes for this would be the "bagel" worshiped by silent fedora, or "mortal" companions and begged for suck. Artemis of the Artemision of ancient Ephesus, the city of Heraclitus of Ephesus. For the sexualization of spirituality (crossed out by Heidegger’s Being and Time) is what art historians refer to as art. To treat out of the deep forms of unknown in street or train or office (all connected by) the human bridge flowering trees rooted in rivers of water primordial slime on the beach at the sea of Gloria…For Peter Karklins glowing at the river a fountain in the sea of Gloria she gloria staring into nothing if everything is the same nothing is identical our lives in each other unlimted as a member of the International RAlll- Association. Or, if not exactly loaves of bread, slices of baguette carried under each arm, waiting only for Dionysus, who brings the wine. Bread and wine for art as well? Breasts. What is that they are, if I am not hallucinating already. Art historians who are less abashed say that the International Association of Restauranteurs bread and wine for warm milk. (It has been reported that the restaurant. 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Peter Karklins left Latvia in his mother's womb and was born in Frankfurt an der Oder in Germany on January 27th, 1945. His maternal grandfather fought on behalf of the Latvian national democratic movement and became a lieutenant colonel in the Independent Latvian Army. His paternal grandfather was a basso in the Latvian National Opera in Riga. His mother, Zenta, studied Baltic philology. His father, Erik, was an architect, and was wounded on the Eastern Front in World War II after being conscripted into the Latvian Legion, a division of the Waffen-SS. After emigrating from Germany in 1951, his family lived in the Belmont Cragin neighborhood in northwest Chicago, where Karklins attended Schubert Grammar School and Foreman High School.

While working on an assembly line for the Zenith Radio Corporation, he enrolled part-time at Wilbur Wright College. There he studied painting with Frederick Armour, and at Howard Albert's Pauper's Press, he received instruction in copperplate engraving. He later studied sculpture with Cosmo Campoli and Paul Zakoian at the Contemporary Art Workshop. Along with Albert, Campoli, and Zakoian, many figures from the Chicago art world have numbered among Karklins' friends, such as Jack and Lynn Kearney, the sculptor Sara Szold, and the painter Kit Schwartz. He started work as an apprentice architectural model maker in 1968 at C. F. Murphy (now Murphy/Jahn). He became chief model maker for that firm in 1973 and held the same position at Perkins & Will from 1976 to 1985, after which he was proprietor of Architectural Presentation Services until 1992.

Abandoning architectural model making, Karklins began working as a night watchman to support his art and was employed from 1996 to 2009 at various locations around Chicago. This is the period during which the drawings presented here were composed. As their sometimes detailed verso accounts indicate, these works were produced at his post, working through the night, or on the train to and from work.

Since 2002 Karklins has been a resident artist at the Flatiron Arts Building in the Wicker Park/Bucktown neighborhood of Chicago. He has exhibited with the Thomas McCormick Gallery and he is now represented by Aron Packer at Packer Schopf Gallery. Karklins and his ex-wife, Barbara, have three daughters, Liia, Daina, and Andrea.