

# HERMENEUTICS OF EVERYTHING

## Mark Greenwold: The Rumble of Panic Underlying Everything

BY PHONG BUI APRIL 6, 2016



*The Rumble of Panic Underlying Everything*, 2014, oil on canvas mounted to board, 30 × 46 inches

*The Rumble of Panic* has undoubtedly taken this distinguished Ensemble of mortals outdoors by the swimming pool, where There was no Mrs. Robinson, only one-half of the duo, That concocted this prodigious ballad for *The Graduate*.

Has anyone seen this divine, sardonic portrayal of human, Astral bodies that have so timely invited Gerhard Scholem To exercise his “soul sparks” so to speak—I mean migration For the sake of lighting one candle to the next?

Here, the thoughtful distribution of “auto-eroticism” to this Compressed, claustrophobia of a post-cubist, consent-like environment, Where everyone repeatedly forgets to communicate to each other. Eyes looking up, down, sideways for potential conversations. Eyes wide-open, eyes shut so they can repeat the same exercise. Eyes that are filled with reverie, benevolence, angst and suspense. Whatever, except for his proclaiming, “It wasn’t my fault!” Awesome! High heels, an art collector, friends, bouquet of flowers, Six-pack of beer, cropped on the right side while a Dachshund Stands at the bottom edge of the picture As proud, solid, and frontal as could be painted with near Perfection in this imperfect world.

Democracy of fetishism is *A Matter of Life and Death*. Who says he considers his addiction to his vision to be His greatest virtue! Was I there when he cried out for milk? Or was it a sublimation for his mother’s affection?

You tell me when the time is right While one of him is running up to get his half-read novel up stairs. Blah, blah, blah! Slight distortion of upper body Rebels against the tilted floor that slopes even more In the foreground. Yet no one notices the hangman in the middle. Why should they?

It’s a melodrama of a failed suburban lifestyle. Awesome whatever ’cause the Toyger’s eyes are as wide open As his large ears. Is it time to square things off? I say It’s time to embrace this gradation of local sensation, Phenomenon of erection that has hidden away the scrotum. This double of triple representation of a marvelous bedroom That promises [s]wings of desire. Or is it our version of *What Will Survive of Us is Love*? How titillating!

There they’re again cast in a modern adaptation of a Kafka Play to be directed by Peter Greenaway. I swear there’s one obliging person praying for Its forthcoming production. Everyone meanwhile agrees that Here in this unsettling space the Chihuahua seems so pleased To be standing on a magic carpet that leads to the ethereal Red bedroom behind. It’s *Human Kindness*. *Exactement nous sommes d’accord*. One simple stroke of green paint is capable of Sustaining its presence in spite of the protagonist’s Psychedelic manhood in a trance of cosmic joy. Hey, “If I am out of my mind, it’s alright with me.”