

## *The Italicized Desire in Discourse*

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There are endless ways of appreciating John Newman's incomparable singularity. At this moment, in regards to this new body of work, Ornette Coleman's musical improvisation with dissonant fanfares of touch and rhythm evoke Newman's admiration, and his own inexplicable structuring of various materials and forms into a unified incongruous whole. The late John Chamberlain once said to Newman at a panel discussion, while reaching out to shake hands with his younger contemporary, "You know what sculpture is all about, kid?" Chamberlain squeezed Newman's hand, hard, and volunteered the answer himself: "Fit."

Some have called it 'homespun,' made from 'kitchen technology,'  
'Swirling three-dimensional,' construct of a dreamer  
Who dreams of science and cosmology,  
Of cyber-technology, topography, and 'multicultural abstraction'  
That adulates India, Japan, China, Africa, and what not.

Barely held together by some unnamable form,  
A slight twist of fearless geometry is poised to advocate for freedom!  
*Violet barely there and behind* is here only to dance  
Between the two colors of differently textured green,  
And to admire their cruel radiance.

We invite a *discussion stick with a hot spot*,  
Although it's anticlimactic in this instance to think of sex.  
Perhaps instead we anticipate the silent void  
That fills in the space between us.

Or we pay ode to the primordial Atlas who holds up the  
Deflated celestial sphere's multitude of bent topologies.  
He, in the guise of his many metamorphoses,  
While spinning his *mint-green and tabling the proposition*,

Waits the half hour before the knowledge springs.  
We wonder whether he sits calmly down below  
Hardly sustaining the formidable weight  
*in the red and on the hot seat.*

Effectively, before allowing the air to go through,  
Above, and below his inseparable incarnations  
Of *sky-blue and undercover*,  
Can we look at this agile threesome  
who is performing an impossible feat for the eye?  
Is *Pink and bound and level at the edge*  
One way to describe the condition?

All the while he sits *lavender and underneath the big umbrella*,  
One of the most incomprehensible spectacles that  
We have seen in the last ten years of our lives.  
“*Si, è Vero.*” Your description is just as inadequate as mine.  
How could a made-image resist our entire hypothesis?  
A hundred poets told me in  
My previous dream that my misreading was rather charming.

*Hanging in there with a shiny center*  
Rises upward with two lines—one arches like a bow,  
The other headed like an arrow’s point. What a drama!  
I would never have thought that it was you who held  
The lamb like Diogenes. Thank you for your honesty!

Now we can agree the *colors balance on silver Rope trick*  
Like we agreed the last time, when we saw  
Picasso’s *acrobat on a ball* in Moscow.

Whereas the *discussion stick with a cool head*  
Bids me to wish you luck.  
I, like you, am distracted by its power and magic.

Maybe we should remember that young man who  
Proust would not deter from visiting the Louvre.  
He had been in despair by the untidy, impoverish pageantry  
Of still-lives without bulges of appetizing foods.  
A stout, squat cat territorially claimed  
His insignificant evil dominance of the middleclass home.

The maker of *celadon green with a broad brush*  
Is sculpting while thinking about painting, it appears.  
And *out of the blue*  
All expectations are thrown out the window.  
Of how our children have grown up,  
No one has claimed to know.  
Neither is knowing necessary.

By revealing a willfulness to persist in pursuit of a vision that emphatically demands a precise pictorial language—one that correlates with its differences, materially and formally—Newman has created another kind of sculpture where different forms sing independent melodies that harmonize with the orchestration of his unending interest in *all things*.