



MARISA TAKAL

Heekin Toonutsi

April 23 – May 21, 2016

Sessance Fragransi
Lettens Matansi
Heekin Toonutsi
Recking my nutso
Resting my head on your toso
Where did the man go?
I'm staring at the Big Bad Man
he wears all blue
So do I
Does this make me bad?
Don't you ever want to be bad?
Where did my nuts go?
Spraying my clutso
Clapping my work flow
Sliding to be solo
Realizing my full potentio
Where did all of the world's beehyoteego?

It's still "it's still me in the reflection in the window." Being watched with no sound. He's no longer here and even further than before. Being watched with no sound. He cannot hear my music, my neighbor cannot hear my music.

You know when you drink too much coffee and begin to see spots in your eyes?? Well, these spots I see are NOT from coffee. I know this because they come at night and by then my coffee has worn off so I know his eyes are real as he stares at me longingly. The Man with the Red Eyes. At night he stands behind my gate and waits for me to walk by. He waits patiently for me to glance back at him. Even though I can't see his face, I know that he smiles. In the shower I was thinking of the Big Bad Man. How he wears all blue. His mushful awful fearful hateful fulfilment to frighten. "I wear so much red to keep me from feeling so blue." I can only see the Man with the Red Eyes behind my gate but he can see me wherever I go. He watches me look for him through the window and witnesses my disappointment as I only see my reflection.

I can't tell if the Man with the Red Eyes is the Plastic Bag Man reincarnated or if he is new. I was terrified by the Plastic Bag Man. He would stand behind me and wait for me to look at him through my window. It's NOT my job to look at YOU. I shouldn't have told anyone about this man, I shouldn't have told anyone he turned into a dog. I know that now. He would disappear every few weeks. Never a spot in my eye, always a knife to my neck. I was scared of all of it. I say, "I know this man is not real," I say "I know that he didn't really turn into a dog." I'm lying!! I not only know WHERE the dog lives but I know that he lives WITHIN that dog. Is your dog dead? The Man with the Red Eyes has eyes full of love. He is every part of me staring back. Every night he witnesses my power and I'm no longer scared.

Marisa Takal (b. Montclair, NJ, 1991) received her BFA from San Francisco Art Institute in 2013. Takal has since shown in numerous solo, duo, and group shows at such venues as: Alter Space, San Francisco; SADE LA, Los Angeles; Jeffrey Stark, New York; and Interstate Projects, Brooklyn. In 2016, she was named the recipient of the Rema Hort Mann Foundation Emerging Artist Award and the Stanley Hollander Award. She lives and works in Los Angeles.