

*I want to be a producer.*

- Mel Brooks, *The Producers*

Producers make something, or are at least fiscally responsible for the production process. Already the word reaches an aporetic dilemma over who has a right to be called a producer. Is it those whose labor forms the value or those whose capital funds it? Production puts something forth into the world - stages it in a certain light. When you put something out there you always run a gamble. Is it good, bad, profitable, if not is its social value worth the losses? Beyond banal qualitative differences there is the real question: am I happy with what I have put forth into the world; with what I have given another?

Production always entails a differentiation from the raw material and the final object that is produced - wine is a differentiated grape, a beat is differentiated rhythm, color is differentiated pigment. The commodity form attempts to recuperate these differences into self-same entities - prescriptive identities where the thing's surface is consistent and identical to the techniques used in its production process and no more. Chinon describes a place, an organic formulae, and aggregate conditions in growth and fermentation. Formica® Spectrum Red describes a proprietary chemical formula applied to certain manufactured materials at specific densities.

But, should you desire, you could graft and grow Cab-Franc on the chain-link fence of a Tallahassee strip club - keep the technique but ditch the model. Tim Mann empties out painting by using mass produced materials to simulate post-minimal brushwork while simultaneously divesting from the proprietary incentive of Formica by rendering their swatches from effects to affects in one gesture. Likewise, by reproducing the Formica® swatches as paper placemats, color is ungrounded from the formula that produces it by inhabiting a separate material surface. This new composition evacuates what is proper to the color swatch in its privatized form, rendering it an image of color, and displacing its proprietary value into the sphere of social production, meant to be dined upon and disposed of afterwards.

The vintner tends to their crop as the artist tends to their thoughts. Ultimately both are chasing more less the same beast: to express something with the materials they obsess themselves with. Both color and wine each are effects of the sun in their own ways, the grape as a result of adequate photosynthetic conditions and color as a reflection of a specific wavelength against an object. Color *qua* color, "*light from light, true god from true God, begotten, not made*" etc etc. There is no sacrament without wine.

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Our exhibitions and texts look to build relationships between strangers and deepen already existing ones between familiars.

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