

NIGHT PAPERS

V

ON THE STATE OF CURATING TODAY p6.

— BOB NICKAS & ALLANA DEL RAY

I MAY BE CRAZY BUT I'M NOT STUPID

— JOHNNIE JUNGLEGUTS

p12.

STUFF BY:
 AARON WRINKLE ·
 BRAD PHILLIPS ·
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 JPW3 ·
 SAMANTHA COHEN ·
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 ☞ MORE

LABYRINTHITIS

—JOANNA FIDUCCIA

I. RADIO HOUR

Ecoutez... *Faites silence.* Robert Desnos bids you listen and be still, for the evening of Fantômas is beginning. It is November 3, 1933, and your rhapsode is as far away and near at hand as any voice on the radio — in this case, Radio Paris, which has marshaled its resources to present Desnos's "Complainte de Fantômas." A lyrical account of the crimes of the vagabond Fantômas, scheduled to coincide with the release of a new episode in the popular series by Marcel Allain and Pierre Souvestre, Desnos's poem is an advertisement with an outside avant-garde pedigree (Kurt Weill composed the background music; Antonin Artaud directed and read the role of Fantômas) that would induct him into minor radio personality fame.

The poet had been initiated into the blind art some three years earlier by a young entrepreneur and radio enthusiast by the name of Paul Deharme. Deharme, perhaps more than any of the other lapsed Surrealists that would follow in his path, was devoted to the radio's novel artistic possibilities. In March 1928, he published "Proposition pour un art radiophonique," a strangely matter-of-fact manifesto on the potentials of this new "wireless art," combining a semi-digested Freud with a list of techniques to produce visions in the listener — the use of the present indicative, background music, adherence to chronology, and so forth. These techniques were merely speculative; Deharme was laying out the rudiments of a new medium that, tragically, he would never develop. Deharme was killed in a car crash in 1934, leaving others like Desnos to keep beating his radiophonic drum. (And Desnos, in fact, would keep it up: following "Complainte," he was hired by the dramatist and satellite-Surrealist Armand Salacrou to create the radio ads for the Salacrou pharmaceutical empire, becoming one of the decade's most successful sloganeers behind such euphonic morsels as "Ricqlée, la mente forte qui reconforte," and "Suze" — of Cubist fame — "répare les forces qui s'usent.")

Desnos's premiere on the radio was also Deharme's doing: a broadcast on June 14, 1930 of his lecture on surrealist painting, "Initiation au surréalisme." The title, one suspects, might have pleased Deharme. Over the radio, the lecture became a physical and spiritual rite, binding listener to orator, initiate to elect. One not only hears of Surrealism, one becomes (part of) it.

Commonplaces for the consequences of listening — when we say, for instance, that we are "moved" or even "transported" by a song — point to the very physical dimension of this initiation. The ear is a channel through which we, as much as any sound, pass; it is an organ of induction as well as seduction. A voice whispered softly in the ear is both an erotic enticement



JONATHAN ALPEYRIE | Mokattan hills, Egypt, 2013

CHUM (for CATHERINE TAFT)

— BENJAMIN WEISSMAN

When I got to school there was a note on my desk that said, *hug a chum*, but I didn't know what a chum was and didn't feel it was a good idea to ask Miss Gomez because I didn't want her to think that I was not the smartest kid in the class so I kept my trap shut and thought super hard. I had to figure it out on my own. *Hug a chum* I said to my desk in a whispering voice, *hug a chum*. I just let the phrase sit there for a while to see if anything came up inside me. What was a chum? Nothing materialized in my mind except chopped up fish gore that my dad dumped over the side of our boat to lure sharks close so he could spear and hoist them onto the deck and then baseball bat them so we could have steaks for half a year. Chum was a tantalizing kind of shark bait of blood, guts, and membranes, profoundly not to my liking as an eater of most scary foods, but pretty much chocolate cake for a shark. No one had ever told us about other kinds of chum, what they were or what they did and how I could hug them.

Maybe chum was a badly planted tree that needed straightening and a little love tap, or water or another kind of attention I didn't know about. Or perhaps the chum was a sick or mistreated animal that might sustain itself and flourish with extra love. Something needed hugging but I was in full fog as to what. Maybe our teacher misspelled one of the words on the note, if the note was even from her. Maybe as one word *hugachum* meant something like the sound of a steam engine or a squishy pillow doll, or maybe it was a Flemish expression. We had just learned that Flemish people eat a fish stew cooked in beer with chocolate poured on top called Paars Donderdag (purple Thursday).

Or maybe this *hug a chum* idea was along the lines of the new, spiritually enlightening exercises we were doing at the beginning of P.E. with the visiting yoga teacher, Miss Perineum, like breathing through alternate nostrils or imagining a golden chicken on the horizon and/or inside the center of our chest.

Our regular teacher Miss Gomez was tall and beautiful. I love her so much I would die for her, but I am not alone in this feeling. Several other classmates felt similarly and would

sacrifice their lives to be first in line to hold her hand. Our teacher smells like powder donuts on some days. On other days, strawberry pie and lemon floor polish. Once she smelled like gasoline after slipping and falling while fueling her Scion. She was most vulnerable that day. A single lit match could've produced a Roman candle teacher.

The closest thing to a *chum* that I could think of was a *chub*, a fat person, so I walked up to Martin, an enormous boy made of various gelatins, sour cream, pastry dough and orange rind, and wrapped my arms around a third of him and said, hug a chum, but he began swinging downward with his fists like two soft mallets, not painful, producing giggles from me rather than cries of agony, so I let him go, hopped the fence behind the basketball courts, and fixed myself a fried egg sandwich on the boat while my dad wove a needle and thread through a red holey sock he was darning. I asked him what chum meant.

Is there another meaning, father?

It's just the shit the sharks eat, son, he said, nothing more. Don't let them tell you differently. If you're telling me your teachers are feeding you chum, or calling you chum, I'll be at the principal's desk in half an hour with a harpoon that has his name on it, and the harpoon will be pointed at his heart.

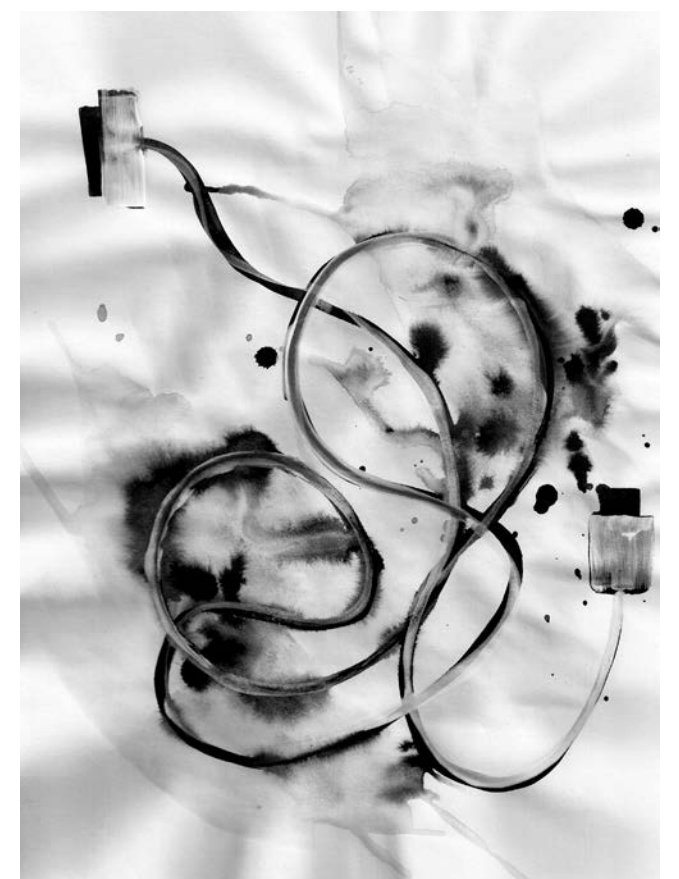
Why would the principal's name be on one of your harpoons, father?

Pardon the confusion son, I will write the principal's name metaphorically, or invisibly, on the tip of the harpoon, which is another way of saying that his face or heart or neck is my passionately intended target. Saying that my harpoon has his name on it just personalizes my warning, even celebrates it a little bit. It tells the principal that we mean business.

My father leaves no stone unturned. It's possible, he said biting off a thread, that a chum is in fact a very particular type homosexual or a person from a country on the other side of the equator. Or a turtle. Or a bum who sings choir from a trash can. He cleared his throat and coughed. Are you sure you read your teacher's note correctly?

I returned to school before lunch ended and found Miss Gomez in her office. Did you hug a chum? she asked. I tried to, I said, but I don't think I understood the assignment. Could you clarify it for me?

Absolutely, she said, and stood up, then took a step forward and wrapped her arms around me. She pressed her bosom into my face. She smelled like apricots. It's like this, sweetie. A chum is a friend and we hug our friends. ■



MICHAEL DOPP

and hypnotic device, and indeed, how could we distinguish between them? States of trance and of lust so much resemble one another. The ear: a crossing, a transversal, without agency or resistance. Listen. Be still.

II. VERTIGO

This passivity, in fact, figures centrally in the motif of the ear in literature and myth. Its endless receptivity makes the ear a vulnerable site, susceptible to persuasions and deceptions of every order. Consider the “leperous distillment,” the “juice of cursed hebenon in a vial” sluiced into the ears of poor dead Hamlet, or Othello at the mercy of Iago’s poisonous rumor. The ear cannot be stopped; noise-cancelling headphones simply overwhelm it. Deafness is the one privation that comes to seem like a kind of agency, a willed blockage in the tube of endless intake. But the ear, of course, is not just a funnel, and its operations — as seemingly out of conscious control as the beating of the heart — are lodged in a highly complex matrix of bone and tissue called the labyrinth. The labyrinth, or inner ear, consists of two parts: the osseous labyrinth, part hardened Mobius, part delicate nautilus, and the membranous labyrinth, a series of ducts and sacs within the bony cavities. Viral or bacterial infections of the inner ear are called “labyrinthitis,” and result in wholesale disruptions of the vestibular system, which determines our sense of motion and balance. Symptoms of labyrinthitis include tinnitus, hearing loss, and most significantly, vertigo. Disruptions of the labyrinth, in other words, are disorienting.

This slight adjustment to the received sense of the labyrinth — as the space of disorientation *tout court*, no disruptions necessary — reflects the development of the labyrinth itself. The original hedge mazes were unidirectional walking paths without any intention to mislead. King William III’s regime introduced the labyrinth of dead-ends and false paths, and the vogue crossed the channel to Versailles.

Curiously, however, the Sun King’s landscape folly was conceived as a pedagogical device as well as a disorientating park. Its many turns and cul-de-sacs were peppered with fountains, each representing one of Aesop’s fables. A dauphin who lost his bearings would thereby nonetheless find himself close to the labyrinth’s original meaning, as an allegory of the path to self-discovery. In this allegory, those who persevere eventually make it to the center of labyrinth, where they discover their true nature — the Minotaur, half-man and half-beast.

Significantly, however, the Minotaur has inverted the common zoning of beast and brain, for his body is a man’s, and his head, a bull’s. There is no cunning that can get you out of *that* labyrinth; your monstrosity is already in your head.

III. BOWELS

So they are strangely kindred structures, the labyrinth in the head and the labyrinth that overturns the head: outside the reach of ratiocination, perilous and passive all at once. But they are not the only labyrinths in the body, at least so far as the Surrealists were concerned. In 1936, the Surrealist philosopher Georges Bataille produced the first issue of *Acéphale*, a literary journal that shared its name with a secret society, whose object it was to produce the rebirth of myth through the rites of a thoroughly a-cephalic (headless, egalitarian) community. The cover illustration was drawn by André Masson. A delirious mascot of sorts, a Vitruvian man for the dissident Surrealist cosmology, standing with a dagger in one hand, a flaming heart in the other, astral nipples, and a death’s head at the groin. His bowels are exposed, and the snaking intestines echo the magazine’s logo, printed at the bottom left corner of the cover: a labyrinth.

The labyrinth enjoyed this prime of place on *Acéphale*’s cover as it rose to prominence in Bataille’s own thought. For

Bataille, the labyrinth was a figure for the very structure of our humanity—shapeless and structureless, unstable and entangled, and above all, far bigger than what should be contained by a single body (the average small intestine of an adult measures 23 feet long). Being, Bataille asserts in a 1937 text titled “The Labyrinth,” is “being in relation” to others, or more precisely, a shapeless, structureless mass of society to whom each individual is ineluctably connected. We search for the assurance of our being at the center of whatever concentrations and ties we produce with our fellows, seeking there some kind of totality, “a double pistil of sovereign and god” that, considering the

those myths were supposed to fortify us against: seduction, persuasion, deception, but also a loss of identity in the energy of the crowd — a place, we know from Edgar Allan Poe, of criminality. *Fantômas* is not far behind; nor are the leagues of fans that devoured his stories, and that tuned in to hear them eulogized by Desnos.

But the image of devouring, as the crowd rushes to consume another story by eye or by ear, signals perhaps what has seemed curiously absent in this labyrinthian anatomy before us: the mouth. The mouth, after all, is the first channel to take in the world (suckling, that is). But consider what a



metaphor, is also a nugget of shit.

IV. THE MOUTH – A POSTSCRIPT

The decorticated stomach of the *acéphale* shows “the labyrinth in which he has lost himself, loses me with him, and in which I discover myself as him, in others as a monster.” The self-discovery, the recognition of our own very labyrinthian nature, is a misrecognition of the self in the other, the other in the self. A monstrous trespass of the body. Put otherwise, the labyrinth is a figure for the projection of ourselves *outside* of ourselves, endlessly exporting what the other labyrinth in the ear has passively imported. It exposes the myths of contained and fully controllable bodies to the forces

confused organ that mouth is — consuming food and drink, but also spewing out language, and engaging in all the other more and less mentionable acts of mouths. The mouth, finally, can shut, just as Desnos demands it. *Faites silence*. The mouth gives and takes, sprouts teeth, loses them, sprouts them again. While the regenerating, bicursal mouth had already learned how to defend and express itself from our early age, the ear and intestine remained sensitive systems. They were the open straits that exposed us to the world, or that indicated that we were already very much a part of it. Our parents watched over them carefully. They sang softly in one, patrolled the other. And they nursed us through the abuses we suffered at their hands — the earaches and constipation, the infections. ■



grey turtleneck RALPH
LAUREN; grey leggings
SONIA RYKIEL; green coat
MIU MIU

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VITO SCHNABEL, ANGELA BELLOTTE, TERENCE KOH

ON THE STATE OF CURATING TODAY

—BOB NICKAS AND ALANNA DEL RAY

ALANNA: What exactly do they want us to talk about?

BOB: How notions of curating have changed over the years.

A: Have they? I hadn't noticed.

B: The approach has shifted since you retired and I went into ... what should we call it, to make it sound as dignified as possible?

A: How about self-imposed exile?

B: Perfect. I couldn't have put it better myself.

A: One thing that's certainly different is that there are actually curatorial programs. Nowadays, people can go to school to learn how to be a curator. We didn't have that when I was starting out at the end of the '60s.

B: Nor when I began in the mid-'80s.

A: I guess some people think that you can send someone to one of these programs and end up with a curator. They must also think that art schools magically produce artists.

B: And now this activity — curating — is somehow a big... topic of discussion.

A: You say that with some disgust. I can hear it in the tone of your voice.

B: Maybe instead of talking about what they do, they might just go out and work with artists and organize shows. How about that? A little on-the-job training.

A: Less theory and more practice?

B: I'll drink to that.

A: I have a bottle opened and ready for you.

[A glass is poured and Alanna has a taste.]

A: It's delicious. What is it?

B: A Côte du Rhône. 2009 Brézème, Eric Texier.

A: You know we might have a higher caliber of curators ...

B: ... if they had better taste in wine?

A: And then they might have better taste in art. Wouldn't that be a surprise.

B: But if you can't be schooled as a curator, does this mean there aren't any "rules of the game"? Can young curators, as you suggest, simply go out and play? When I started, I did feel as if I was making it up as I went along, but with a very strong sense of purpose.

A: And what was that noble aim?

B: The prospect of discovery.

A: That was true for me as well. It's an experiment, like life, and it's inevitable that you will make mistakes along the way. In this respect, to be a curator you have something in common with the scientist in the lab, or the artist in the studio. There's no formula, and you don't necessarily know where the experiment will take you.

B: And experiments can be run in different ways under different circumstances. There is never one ideal way to conceive and present a show. But I have to wonder, if art historians are teaching in curatorial programs, and are influential, will we one day be faced with a mass of academic curators?

A: Who end up using art works as illustrations to prove their particular points?

B: So let's get to the business at hand, and my first question. How many different kinds of curators are there anyway? What sets them apart from one another?

A: There are only three types of curators. You have those who curate artists...

B: They choose the artist, and then sit back while the artist conceives the piece or the project. They let them do all the work, and then they swoop in at the opening, grab the spotlight and take the credit. I suppose there must be a few curators who do sort of collaborate with the artist in some sense, though mainly in terms of telling them what they want, and what they don't want.

A: Then you have those who curate pieces...

B: Dilettantes as well. They choose the piece for the show, usually from seeing it somewhere before — in someone else's show — or from having seen it in a catalog or on a website. This is the armchair curator, someone who isn't that interested in getting involved with the artist or even setting foot in the studio. They do a lot of looking with their ears, and they firmly believe in consensus.

A: I don't like your use of the term "dilettante."
B: We're only offended because of our complicity.

A: Point well taken.

B: But keep in mind that my use of the term shouldn't be understood negatively. A dilettante is also a connoisseur.

A: Which brings us to those curators who are somehow in between. These are perhaps the best. They know when to choose the artist, and when to choose the piece. They are discerning.

B: In some ways, because of how they operate, they are closer to collectors, at least to real collectors, being particular about what they want, and seeing how it fits into a bigger picture.

A: Absolutely, it is a bigger picture, a puzzle, really. There are many pieces, and as many different ways to piece them together. There is never one perfect solution. That's how it stays interesting, with infinite variations and detours. Like a beautiful problem in mathematics.

B: So there are three kinds of curators working today, and it's a model that corresponds to art, where you have three dimensions. Curators are either one-dimensional, two-dimensional, or three-dimensional.

A: We've always had them and we always will. Until humans change, notions of curating won't significantly change.

B: Who are some of the one-dimensional curators?

A: Do you want me to name names?

B: Let me pour you another glass of wine.

A: What about Vito Schnabel?

B: But he's not a curator.

A: Well then that counts as a changed notion in curating. What we might call show business. Today you have impresarios.

B: We've always had them.

A: Although in this cultural climate they exist as a professional class, and even institutionally. Look at some of the people who've become museum directors.

B: It's a bit like P.T. Barnum these days.

A: Just think back to 1987, which seems so long ago and far away, when Louise Lawler made the set of glasses with the text: *As Serious As A Circus*.

B: We never imagined the art world actually becoming so unmoored, so deeply shallow.

A: And it's all too prevalent today, from the endless art fairs and biennials to the gallery and the museum.

B: The Society of the Spectacle has become, what? Kraftwerk at MoMA. Or a reverent "audience" with Marina Abramovi, as if she's the Pope?

A: Personally, I think of it as Debord-om.

B: So, who are some of the two-dimensional curators?

A: Just about anyone who pieces together a biennial. Because most often it's the case that a curator is not given two years to build a show from the ground up. If they're lucky they get 18 months. Best case scenario. That's why a lot of these shows aren't very good, and more people, more critics, should be aware of the fact. These shows are rushed. Two dimensions every two years.

B: Why aren't curators given more time?

A: The more time they have, the more they will expect to travel, to go out looking for artists, and then the budget needs to be bigger. So by giving them less time, the show won't cost as much money. That's always the bottom line.

B: But 2-D curators don't really need a lot of time to conduct research. They always have a list of pieces, a readymade wish-list, and they order from the menu. I mean, aren't some of them simply lazy?

A: One of the reasons people become curators is so that they can have a relatively carefree life in art.

B: Speak for yourself.

A: I'm speaking for us both, and even if we're fooling around here, we might just stumble over something true.

B: The curator wants to be in the company of artists, and wants to arrive at a better understanding of the world by using the artwork to see. It's a privilege, even if most people in art tend to abuse the privilege given to them. And it is given, most of the time freely. The only price of admission is your curiosity. Maybe that's where the word curator begins.

A: Now you're starting to sound like a total romantic.

B: Well, I'm a believer. I believe in the whole adventure — beyond the looking glass.

A: Ah, Lewis Carroll, who was also a mathematician, a fantasist, and one of my favorite photographers.

B: One show makes you larger, and one show makes you small.

A: And the shows that some curators give you ... don't do anything at all.

B: That's why I'm a believer. When I first encountered art and artists as someone who wanted to become intimately engaged, you could say that I "drank the Kool-Aid."

A: Do you think of curating as a kind of acid test? One that you have to pass over and over again?

B: Very much so. The artist entrusts you with his or her work, allows you to take it out into the world and lets you expand its range of possibilities — for better or for worse. Ideally, the curator has a very similar responsibility as the physician, to do no harm.

A: Curator cure thyself.

B: You used to refer to yourself as a "show doctor." You



BJARNE MELGAARD EXHIBITION AT RAMIKEN CRUCIBLE



WHEN ATTITUDES BECOME FORM, KUNSTHALLE BERN, 1969

would come in once a show had been installed, rearrange a few things, edit out a few pieces, and feel that the show had been improved upon. I was not always in agreement. To my eye it seemed as if you were there to prove you had actually made some sort of contribution, and, above all, that you were in charge.

A: Ouch!

B: The truth hurts. And this sort of last-minute, quick-fix is a bad habit with which any number of curators are afflicted. It's an institutional form of meddling, pure and simple.

A: You like to think of yourself as such a purist. You don't even believe in prizes in the art world.

B: Prizes for artists in biennials, for the best booth at an art fair. There are prizes for artists who never got them — Turner and Duchamp — and for curators as well. There's one every year awarded by Bard.

A: From the Center For Curatorial Studies.

B: Every year they send me a ballot, but I never vote. It's too depressing. And it's not that they haven't recognized some truly influential figures over the years. Among the first who were honored were Harald Szeemann, Marcia Tucker, Kaspar König, and Paul Schimmel.



WARHOL, RAID THE ICEBOX, INSTALLATION OF WINDSOR CHAIRS

A: And someone who is very important for you...
B: Lynne Cooke?

A: Oh, god no! The woman is no better than a cultural bureaucrat.
B: Now the claws come out.

A: You know who I mean.
B: Of course, I do — Walter Hopps — one of the very best. The perfect example of a great 3-D curator.

A: Who do you think will never get a curator's prize? Jens Hoffman?
B: It's quite possible that he will somehow be overlooked, but you never know. He did once propose: "The next curator of Documenta should be an artist."

A: And if you were offered a prize, you wouldn't accept?
B: I'll have to burn that bridge when I get to it.

A: Answer the question.
B: I can't help but think of something our old friend Olivier Mosset once said. He had agreed to be in some insignificant show in the middle of nowhere, and I demanded to know why. It really bewildered me. And do you know what he said in his own defense? "When they ask you to be in a show you should always say yes. But they should never ask."

[Laughter]

A: He's great that way. A total iconoclast. Totally perverse. His position defines something we all secretly love.
B: Irrational esthetics?

A: Yes!
B: I think it's time for a new bottle of wine.

A: What else have you brought?
B: How about a 2008 Domaine Gramenon "Laurentides"?

A: Another excellent choice.
B: We aim to please.

A: One of the irrational things you did when you started out, and this was during the time of appropriation, in '86 or so, was to re-make famous shows of the late '60s and early '70s. The first was your version of Szeemann's When Attitudes Become Form. Did it ever occur to you that appropriating this title might be a rather presumptuous thing to do?

B: I really felt that it was the best way to respond to the art that I was seeing at that time. I never thought it would be provocative, that it was somehow off limits, or that I had to ask permission. A Swiss historian whom I met at the

show, and whom I became friends with soon after, Catherine Quelo, was really taken aback. She said something like, "You know, a young curator in Europe would never be able to do something like this."

A: They certainly wouldn't.

B: It was as if an unspoken rule had been broken. She ended up reviewing the show, more or less positively as I recall, in a piece titled "New York: Inside the White Cube." Looking back all these years later, I must have seemed very American to her — brash, bratty, and not so well-behaved.

A: All true, and not much has changed. Now since you've brought up the white cube, tell me, how do you feel about curators who set up shows in non-traditional venues?

B: I always wonder: what's so awful about the white cube? Is it really so avant-garde to be setting up exhibitions in airport terminals and supermarkets?

A: The airport makes a nice metaphor for the jet-setting art crowd.

B: And the supermarket is only a thinly-veiled surrogate for the art fair.

A: But you organized a show a few years ago that was titled Cave Painting, and it was in Chelsea of all places, in a kind of cavernous space.

B: It was a sub-basement,

definitely subterranean, with some water dripping down the wall here and there — not that the artists seemed to mind. It had a vaguely Phantom of the Opera feel.

A: You only needed a hunchback.
B: Christian Leigh?

A: With that show you presented art in a space that was the complete opposite of the bright white gallery.
B: That's what the show sort of demanded. After all, the beginning of art, the beginning of painting, was in a cave. That was the first studio, the first gallery.

A: Cave of Forgotten Dreams?
B: Kind of a boring movie, even in 3-D.

A: Don't you ascribe to the auteur theory in curating?
B: I've always been especially interested in artists as curators. Ever since the show when Andy Warhol was invited to the Rhode Island School of Design to choose works from their museum.

A: When was this?
B: In 1970. His show was called, appropriately enough, Raid the Icebox. He chose things like Windsor chairs and Navajo blankets. There were all the shoes from the collection, shown in their original storage cabinets — which relates directly to his idea of seriality as realism. There were artworks by Yves Tanguy and Maxfield Parrish, as well as decorative art and folk art, everything from ceramics to baskets. It was as if he was on a shopping spree.

A: At the end of the show he was probably disappointed that it wasn't all packed up, put into a truck, and driven over to his house.
B: I'm sure you're right about that.

A: So you're interested in artists as curators?
B: Not always. Take for example the curator of the 2012 Berlin Biennale, Artur Zmijewski, who included a work of his own in the show. That's unacceptable. That's breaking a cardinal rule as far as I'm concerned. And I was told by a friend of mine that his work was a film, a game of tag played in a gas chamber at Auschwitz, and that the show was in many ways anti-semitic.

A: Art used to be a form of radicalism.
B: And now it's simply radical chic.

A: So who are some of the artist-curators you admire?
B: One of the most open-minded is Matthew Higgs, who you know is also the director of White Columns. He is magnetically attracted to the sort of visionary artists that curators without vision tend to miss. He is very supportive of

artists coming from art therapy programs, the self-taught.

A: He's brought outsiders inside.

B: He has given certain artists an opportunity to show, who we might not otherwise have the chance to see, to be discovered by quite a wide and discerning audience right here in New York. Although Matthew organizes shows just about everywhere.

A: Like Hans Ulrich.

B: Actually, I think that if NASA had a cultural section and invited a curator to be sent off into space, Hans Ulrich would be ready to go.

A: Our first 4-D curator!

B: Would that really be a good idea — a curator warping the space-time continuum? Imagine a gallery that had the weightlessness of space. Nothing would be hung on the walls. Paintings and objects would simply float by.



LORRAINE O'GRADY AS MADEMOISELLE BOURGEOISE NOIRE, 1980

A: Look, there goes a Charlie Ray sculpture.
B: I suppose the irreality of all art would finally be seen, and as clear as day. But without a sense of the shape of time you risk losing touch with history.

A: What about Bjarne Melgaard as a curator?

B: He does some pretty wild shows. For the most recent one, here in New York at Ramiken Crucible, he had two Bengal tigers in the gallery! They were beautiful. You don't see that very often in an exhibition, and I have to say, even though their trainers were present, the cage looked kind of flimsy.

A: That's just the sort of thing that Klaus would love. Except he wouldn't want there to be any cage at all — just the tigers, sedated of course, roaming around the gallery with the visitors right there ... little children trying to pet them. And he would get very excited if someone was attacked by one of the tigers.
B: The tigers don't see them as children. They think that lunch has just been delivered!

A: Who are some of the other artist-curators you like?
B: Bob Gober is always so interesting, the way he makes unexpected connections, just as in his own work. The show he did a few years ago at the Menil Collection in Houston, that was fantastic. Some of the artist curated shows at the Palais de Tokyo have been exceptional. John Armleder's, for example. Amazing. And before that you had Adam McEwen and Ugo Rondinone.

A: They always seem to choose male artists, don't they?
B: Imagine if they were to convince Cady Noland to curate. She would organize an incredible show. She put one together for the pages of Artforum about ten years ago that had such a tough, irreverent mix — Kathe Burkhart, Chris Burden, Konrad Klapheck, Adrian Piper, Lorraine O'Grady.

A: Ah yes, Lorraine O'Grady, as Mademoiselle Bourgeoise Noir.
B: One of the truly great art works/performances of our time.

A: The people at the Palais could probably never convince Cady to curate a show for them.
B: They might have better luck with David Hammons, who could also do something wonderful.

A: I have one final question. How is it that you manage to organize shows and stay in contact with so many people, but without having a cell phone?
B: I've been working for years on my ESP. I'm a firm believer in telepathy.

A: Now you're just being ridiculous.
B: How do you think we're even having this conversation, that you've said what you've said, and been so unguarded? After all, I'm no ventriloquist. ■

BIG AMERICA LANDSCAPE TWIN PALMS

Stop on the I-10 eastward from Los Angeles. In and Out. Ordered a double double animal style. 7 levels of smile and burglary growth, all heads too close for a mile.

As we walked out, fruit stare and beef breath someone with broken belt and stomach line stretches out their hand and says “*true robots don't eat.*” After falling into horizontal position, he quickly jumped up and dusted off his uniform, lip and finger still stuck beneath the teeth. Above him, red and yellow neon lettering announced his concentration — the *In and Out University* *

I handed over a dollar and walk away. Flapping slates of wood, mobility of sense, burger squelching with breakfast, I continued the drive with planetary incontinence.

Eve called. Could apples even divide us? In land it seems impossible to complete a happy day with people. Buy and sell, obtain, be round, rage on raw meet.

In the car, I depressed the bellybutton. I remember him, love face embodied. The tiny details inflamed with rages of smaller ones except they are not details, they are diagrams of the world.

Wall becomes a house. Though we remain outside the ‘owning’ thing, the desert compound begins with paint that is painter. Décor-talk. A late incarnation of more or less insane childhood dreams, like a bad novel. To destroy our games, I would rather have anything but not that, not that. Landscape demands character, the nation and its romanticism direct taste informing home.

I look next door for my device.

At the viewing spot, the car parks. Pictorial painting, every object imitating the back of a camel, exotic at first then lack of water and desert.

Landscape constructed. But life in spite of its construction. The best proof of living that you might also live in *spite* of everything. We drive through the ritual order, Flower clings to rock, foliage in the scrotum.

Yellow hallway. In a letter to my mother I told her it was cold, and that we were expecting a higher descent in temperature.

I looked out the window, a green line across the petrol car logo bordering the horizon. Natural fence. All West and thus, enormous, I hunch in the frame, conceiving beautiful precepts of collected silences. Music is nothing but the clangour of armed nationals when we finally get out of the car.

At the petrol station, U.S girl wearing cashmere goat says: “*look around you and say this is nothing. Synch the modular to the sound of the machine, Giorgio! Hold the camera phone to the wind.*” Setting off happy together on the two-ton PETROLERO, nothing pressing except everything.

* When cold phlegm flows from the brain into the veins, the ill person loses language and is being throttled.

— M.CAY CASTAGNETTO



LEIDY CHURCHMAN | Big America, 2014



JONATHAN ALPEYRIE | South Ossetia, 2004



IN RESIDENCE REVIEWS

The following were written between residents where the screaming wouldn't allow for sleep or conflict, a home or love.

Ate. Place is not made like this.

She is resident. A patient attitude worn through with horse kisses. She refuses to eat the food white unblended. Her sleep models somebody else's pleasure. Pinched nerve stop in spine. She does manicures for free. Everyone says the pillows are mean. The man, one guy tells the intern when it's time to leave. Time appropriate in Rape culture. Just after. 'just'

One night he threads me out and tells me someone knew something they can't know. Someone knew something he didn't. a myth without his hadn. He tells me to move my chair. Now he pulls a soft punch and waits, street lamp. Some of us decide to get him, not knowing exactly what that means we find metaphors for revenge for his sloppy leftover theories. We want him to know that he isn't here. That he can't belong in this castle with so many princesses with no hair.

At night the windows open on their own. The man who didn't love her sends hard photos and she sleeps without peace. Residency or not, there is proof in this pudding. The clean students email and do not meet her eyes. Their tokens fear vaginal authority. Together we all play support and leave it up to the guests to mark our binder beers. Nobody remembers the concentration camp. All weight.

How many ghosts can i see until i become the unnoticed goal? Last night the woman asked what is the relationship between being tracked, the inability to get lost and making home. This was the most beautiful question. felt

Bee. I stayed there just after one year.

Her elevator status was famous. The frame felt her all sides she left. Her dancing looked 'inhuman' they said. Them mediums. She punched all the buttons watching for someone. Wanting someone to come so badly. So badly that she would make the consequences for being unnoticed known in the 'odd tasting water'. Conspiracy theories filling her up. No one could understand why the elevator wouldn't work properly. She watched from her psot her homelessness post fix

Cement. Like a piece of fuzz on arm hair slowing down the magnetic possibility of the ground.

The resident is the only place I have had to pay for rest and sweat in sleep. What frames moments at which time is another orbit. He calls during a lunch break to detail a few long dreams, he can no longer remember how my nose fits into her forehead. My mother sits on facebook searching for lamps to light her dreamhome the one she will visit over the weekend the one she built for me and my inability. My dad bounces my step nephew, too small and pretty, a bobble without ants support. My best friend avoids the moments in which her husband will be home turning the camera away to involve her secret. Luckily my brother does not sleep oddballing antidotes of kissing and hanging celebrities.

Dick. The hotel victim bugged,

What is the difference between caretaker and resident? In rape culture we organize the strategies differently. We call the pain of others foreplay. The tension built by unacknowledged grass. A hold out we don't need speech. His time was the only matter. So who's white horse in whose room can't hear. There is a problem of knowledge here. A problem to speak. It is wearing the mask of alternative culture to prey on vulnerabilities. When someone opens oneself to danger how do we do it. everyday

—CARA BENEDETTO



BRAD PHILLIPS | First Meeting, 2013

THE ARTIST AS RESIDENT

—VESNA VUKOVIĆ

My title is a paraphrase of the famous lecture delivered by Walter Benjamin on April 27, 1934 at the Institute for the Study of Fascism in Paris. In his lecture, "The Author as Producer," Benjamin replaces the old materialistic question of the relationship of a piece of art *towards* social relations of production of its time, with the question of its position *within* the social relations of its time. Benjamin resolved the dialectical consideration of this question with the concept of *technique*, an idea that gives access to a direct social analysis, and thus a materialist analysis of literary products. Benjamin's use of the word *Technik* denotes the aesthetic technique of a work, but what makes it so revolutionary are its scientific and manufacturing connotations. Namely, it is also close to 'technology,' or the technical means by which a work is produced. His key references are Brecht's epic theatre and Sergei Tretyakov's engagement, which serves as an illustration of what he refers to as "the operating writer." He states:

At the time of the total collectivization of agriculture, in 1928, when the slogan 'writers to the kolkhozy (collective farms)' was launched, Tretyakov left for the 'Communist Lighthouse' commune and during two lengthy stays there undertook the following tasks: calling mass meetings, collecting money to pay for tractors, persuading individual peasants who worked alone to enter the kolkhoz, inspecting reading rooms, creating wall-newspapers and editing the kolkhoz newspaper, being a reporter for Moscow papers, introducing radio and travelling movies.

Even those who appreciate Tretyakov's engagement could still ask what do the mentioned activities have to do with literature? Those have to keep in mind that Benjamin's endeavor goes much further:

Yet I chose the example of Tretyakov intentionally, to indicate the breadth of the horizon from which we should rethink our notion of literary forms or genres in line with the given techniques of our current situation, so that we may arrive at the forms of expression to which literary energies should be applied today.

This brings me, finally, closer to where I am heading, namely to the material conditions of artists today, or to what can be seen as a small contribution to the analysis of what has become a prevailing model of artistic production: the artist in residence. I have chosen the word "small" to underline the limits of this text, due to its genre (reflection or comment) and material constraints — the spatial (printed paper) and temporal one (close deadline). Thus I will unfortunately have to leave aside analysis of the specific material conditions of

this model of artistic production, which are to be analyzed in the production relations of our times (a time of globalised economy and the global marketplace, a time of weakened state, of precariousness of work) and focus on its spatial quality and its consequences, a quality which is to be named *isolation*.

Let us look closer at this phenomenon: the art residency is a space *given* to an artist, or a researcher, for a certain, limited period of time. It often covers her travelling and accommodation costs, and even production costs of the work which she is sometimes obliged to show in the framework of an exhibition, conference, or publication, where she presents herself to the local public as a gesture of gratitude. The residencies are mostly financed by the local authorities — and in this regard they contribute to the production of the image of this particular place (city or region) as open and supportive towards the most 'vulnerable' members of society — and as well as by international funds, which praise cultural exchange, the sharing of knowledge and artworks. However, sometimes she is also free of any obligations towards the host, and can use the residency for her purposes only. These could seem, at the first sight, as opposed conceptions, but they are based on the same model of artistic production. Far, far away from the productivist one, in which Benjamin sees the emancipatory potential for art (under specific social condition: storms of repression unleashed by Fascism and Nazism in Western Europe), and directly opposed to it, today's production of aesthetics, or knowledge, push artists, or researchers, away from reality. With notable support from local authorities or private foundations, artists, or researchers, are given space and other material conditions to freely work, to practice artistic, or scientific, freedom, to do whatever they want, just to stay isolated from the society and its relations.

At least from the moment of constitution of the aesthetic as an autonomous sphere, the place of the utmost aesthetic effort is following: artworks relationship towards society and its relationship to the art world, i.e. the institution of art with its apparatuses. It is exactly at this point that re-reading Benjamin's text (of course bearing in mind an entirely altered historical context¹), precisely his argument about the importance of the position of a piece of art *within* the production relations of its time, could be made meaningful to look for new questions it could answer. If we follow his argumentation and locate the place of aesthetics production in the relationship between artwork and its production relations, space and other material conditions of art production appear as important part of the artistic process.

Let me look again at the residency as model of artistic production through this optic. It is a perfectly managed space, packed with various artists who come from all over world for a certain period of time, mostly from three months till one year. During this time they live free and safe from whatever bothers them. They can finally realize the ideas that were repressed by their living conditions or not interesting enough for art institutions, but at the price of being isolated, not just from their social context, but also from the social context of the city or region that support this program. Their safe and warm small paradise is, however, part of the globalized artistic production — network of art residencies, together with biennials, triennials, documentas, generator of nomadism of precarious art workers. Little freedom is found in this imperative, to move and to isolate. Rather than feeling free, they, us, artists and researchers should ask who made this choice and why. ■

→ 1. Benjamin's text should be immediately placed within its historical reality of Russia after the October Revolution, a time of cultural and artistic experimentation, a time of rather strong international political movement, a time of the powerful Soviet state with its social organization and institutions.

RESIDENCY MUSEUM

—SONJA JANKOV & ALEKSANDAR BEDE

I am here just beside one of the best protected prisons in Austria. My window is looking at it. I'm passing by the high walls each day. That Franz who kept his daughter in the basement is kept there.

Andrea Palašti, artist in residence at Galerie Stadtpark, Krems an der Donau, Austria, 28th September 2013

This work presents daily correspondence through chat messages exchanged while in two very different life situations: Aleksandar at an artist residency in Germany, and Sonja working in a Museum of Contemporary Art in her hometown. Sonja is in a much more difficult position, having a barely paid job at the museum, being practically unemployed and having no possibility to officially register this year. She has been sitting forty hours per week there, at the exhibitions in case the visitors needed guidance and, in their absence, daily communicating with Aleksandar who constantly writes about his comfortable experience in Solitude. In that situation, Sonja decided to pronounce her job to be a residency. Here you can see selected excerpts from the chats, describing parallel institutional experiences: Aleksandar's on the left, Sonja's on the right. Andrea Palašti is a mutual friend who appears several times in the conversation and shares both experiences. A quote from her message opens the text.

10/01

My apartment's on the 2nd floor, while on the 1st floor is a studio with a piano and a direct exit to the baroque garden.

Gallery with a piano is on the 2nd floor, while on the 1st floor is a kitchen with an exit to Japanese Zen garden.

10/02

You definitely have to apply for the 'Curatorial Platform'.

Gladly, but someone from Zagreb would need to replace me if they accept my application.

10/03

The heating is crazy. I didn't think it would be warm in the apartment, as elsewhere in Western Europe. That's how you can tell they're übermensch: they easily handle low temperatures. Have walked through a forest and by a lake. It is not a working day, so the forest is full of people.

Cannot tell where it's colder: in the parts where marble floor is kept or in the meander gallery where they've put a new wooden floor.

10/06

Another day that I haven't played the piano, after 15 years.

I've, once again, "played piano." Everyone in the museum knows it is locked.

10/08

We've been walking through the forest, talking how all the talking here is empty.

He told me that I shouldn't have refused the drink offer, 'cause now I'm left without a pleasant evening, making him feel guilty.

10/09

[fellows] Dear Aleksandar, I had a meeting with Mr. Director and there have been a few changes.

You see, you've become my museum alter-ego. I've started re-creating your residency program on my own.

10/11

[fellows] Friday night drinks. There is this forgotten tradition here.

Beer with the non-museum people.

10/13

Biking to the lake, autumn in the woods, woods in autumn. Typical Sunday.

Typical Sunday – peace, sun, children water-coloring imaginary space ships, taking photos for the Signature project – the atrium of the Museum and reconstruction of another Verbumprogram's work (the one for revitalization of old industrial zones).

10/14

Vesna and I have already managed to out ourselves as asshole critics.

Andrea is shining bright at the Saloon.

10/16

Only now I've realized how lame are the projects I've been to. I've lost the rhythm with messages and I don't want to.

Have missed Rambo's lecture on art. And the pianist's official wedding. And Pasquale's talk. And the Platform. For the sake of the Museum's program. All was on the same day.

10/18

That's the case when the institution has no clear attitude on it.

Abstract phenomenon of free-lance curator does not exist here in practice.

10/19

If it's all up to those personal micro-politics, you never know then.

That could be text of the project about the last year and a half. And many others.

10/21

The author left the dying profession and went to the enemies in order to deliver it some final stabs in the back. Shame on you, Project for Public Spaces, for promoting this crap. [comment on: What Starbucks Gets that Architects Don't]

No wonder then the profession is dying out. His and hers and this one of mine that I'm somehow maintaining.

10/22

You should do research on her persona and professional accomplishments and at the end of the lecture it becomes clear that she, in fact, does not exist.

Participated in fabrication of someone's persona. A serious institution of that type should not have me in their history in the way it does now. Although, as philosophers of culture taught us, there is a difference between the history and the past.

10/23

You are annihilating the Museum with your work. But, still, your failure is a great artwork. Gesamtkunstwerk.

Failure.

10/24

[fellows] Hihi, here's an invite for a post party pardon after the hot Cocktail Party Scene. Lip Gloss Schloss. Cara

At the elderly conceptual artist's institution: a Pula cake with cacao, cinnamon, clove, plums, rosemary, laurel, walnuts, hazelnuts, almonds, etc. packed after the opening to save it for later.

10/26

Hot Chip DJ Set vs. Staatsgalerie: neon off. Yes, we are working on Sundays, the Museum and me.

Yes, we are working on Sundays, the Museum and me.

10/30

[fellows] For the tonight's studio hop: Unless the host is planning something special involving particular glasses, for instance fancy martini cocktails, then studio to the other.

Homeless and museumless till the next show.

11/04

Vesna and I went to see the RAF exhibition today in Haus der Geschichte. It only made us angry. They presented it from the police perspective. Really disastrous.

A witch without a permanent contract.

11/05

I went to bring the book to Milena Djordjević, an elderly architect from Novi Sad who lived with her husband in Stuttgart since 1960s. Sibin and Milena Djordjević. They designed those several buildings in the centre of Novi Sad, the building of Faculty of Agriculture, of Hotel Park and the rest of the best examples of modernism in the city. It turned out that Sibin passed away a month ago and she is alone since. I went to visit her. Instant connection to architectural scene of these days, she was telling me about the architects active in those days, they were the first generation of architecture students from the Belgrade school after the War. She is 89 years old. I surprised her.

I know that they are included in the book, but had no idea that they lived in Stuttgart. The most interesting comment on the book was by Miroslav Krstonošić. He was around here when he was about to receive some prize, so he came upstairs at the time when Postmodernism in Vojvodina was exhibited, and then he recognized a building he designed several decades ago. We talked a lot, on architecture, on the book, and he gave me an excellent idea on the topic for a historical essay on architecture – a certain aspect that is left out from the book.

11/06

Oh, no, now you're having an insider at the castle!

Ana Lagator is in the residence, her Dragan told me.

11/07

Vesna said "Fuck the city where you cannot read a book outside your house".

No wonder then the profession is dying out. His and hers and this one of mine that I'm somehow maintaining.

11/08

Did you end up in Izba ?

Return to my museum residency. All inclusive.

11/11

Reflections on urban planning back home.

Unfit arguments on urban panning in the city.

11/12

Should we call it: October Dialogue and November Argument?

The editor of a magazine on culture, translator of Finnegans Wake, philosopher of contemporary art etc.

I MAY BE CRAZY BUT I'M NOT STUPID

—JOHNNIE JUNGLEGUTS

One time I was driving down the 5 and talking to my boyfriend on my phone when a cop pulled me over.

“Where you headed today?” he asked.

“I’m headed to a center for endangered primates.

They’re called Gibbons,” I said.

“What are you doing over there?”

“I’m a volunteer. I do landscaping and stuff.”

“Do you know why I pulled you over?” the Cop asked.

“I have a pretty good idea, yeah.”

“License and registration,” he said.

I handed him my registration and my license. My license was just a print out on a piece of paper that I had to use since I had an unresolved DUI.

“Y’know, you’re making it pretty hard for me to not give you a ticket when you’ve been out here driving around drunk,” said the officer.

“I wasn’t drunk,” I said.

“Well then what were you doing?” he asked.

“I was on pills. I blacked out on pills during a suicide attempt,” I said. By this point I was getting pretty emotional, partially hoping that the cop would let me off out of pity.

The officer’s face softened. He looked like a deer in the headlights.

“Why would you be doing that?” he asked.

“Because I didn’t get into Yale,” I said.

“Yale?” He sort of half-laughed. “Isn’t that a pretty hard school to get into? What were you trying to do there?”

“Sculpture. Art. Yeah, I... I guess it’s pretty hard to get in. I actually went out there and interviewed and stuff. They interview like thirty people and let nine in.”

“Well that’s pretty good I guess,” the officer said. “Who were you talking to on the phone a minute ago?”

“I was talking to my boyfriend,” I said. The police officer paused and thought for a second. “You having a hard time with some of that stuff?”

“Yeah, I guess so.” I said.

It’s important to note that I actually have had a remarkably easy time being gay, all things considered. But I obviously wanted this officer’s sympathy. I still didn’t really have a read on him, but I decided to take a gambit.

“Listen,” said the officer, “it sounds like you’ve got a lot of stuff going on with the animals and everything and there’s a big forest fire up ahead that I have to go deal with. I’m going to let you off with a warning. It gets better.”

My gambit paid off. I continued driving down the 5. It was true about the forest fire. It was raging pretty hard just a couple miles down the road. After my suicide attempt I had spent three days and some change under a 51/50 hold in a psych ward in Ventura. The original plan was to drown myself in the ocean and I’d driven out to Ventura so none of my friends would have to identify the body. The second night I was in there one of the nurses walked into my room with a new patient, a young guy in his early twenties. I was pretending to be asleep in my bed.

“Alright Dale, this is your room!” said the nurse.

“Whose that guy?” asked Dale. He pointed at me.

“Oh that’s John. He’s very nice,” said the nurse cheerfully.

“Listen,” said Dale “I’m a paranoid schizophrenic. The

reason I’m here is because I’m constantly paranoid that there’s a guy in my room. And now there’s a guy in the room!”

“All of our patients have roommates, Dale,” repeated the nurse.

“I don’t think you understand!” said Dale. “The whole reason I’m here is because I always think there’s a guy in my room! And there’s a guy in this room!”

“I’m sorry Dale, but all of our patients have to have roommates,” repeated the nurse.

“You know what I’ve had it!” Dale exclaimed. “I’m going down the hall and watching TV.”

“Okay Dale, well, don’t turn up the volume too loud!” said the nurse.

Over the next couple days whenever Dale saw me in his room he would get startled and mutter “what the fuck” under his breath. Every time I tried to say hi to him he would just frown angrily, curse, and shake his head. It was like he wasn’t sure if I existed. And after a day or two of this I wasn’t entirely sure either.

When the cops originally found me, I was strung out on Xanax, driving down the wrong side of the road at 4AM. I have no memory of what happened between 9PM and 4AM so it’s completely possible that I mowed down like three people and just never got caught. Actually, I guess that’s not that possible. Did you know that in Anonymous groups they sort of expect you to believe in God or some higher power or something that’s going to step in and make you better? During one of the group therapy sessions in the activity room I told everyone what I had done. The therapist was like, “you’re lucky to be alive” and this one lady was like, “you had an angel looking out for you.” When the lady said that I imagined this full-page illustration. At the middle of the page were all these trees thronging the road. At the bottom of the page was a delirious looking me swerving along behind the wheel of my beat up Maxima. Up in the sky, laid over the stars, was an image of Wonder Woman with her arms outstretched. I have this weird thing with superheroes. I use them to replace religion a lot because no matter how much I care about superheroes they’re so funny that I can always have a sense of humor about them. When the therapist asked me why I wanted to go to Yale so badly, I told her it was because I was an artist, and lots of artists have a hard time making money, but Yale had a good reputation and going there would be like getting a get out of jail free card.

On the third day I was in the loony bin, a burly old gay guy of a nurse screened *X-Men* in the activity room on a small TV with a built-in DVD player. The *X-Men* DVD appeared to be one of the first DVDs ever released and its intro advertised many exciting features like interactive menus and the ability to choose which scene you wanted to watch. I don’t know if *X-Men* is always a good movie but watching an *X-Men* DVD when you’re in a psych ward on a tiny TV with the afternoon light streaming in through a window is some pretty strong stuff. If you’ve never seen *X-Men*, it’s this comic/movie/cartoon about a school for superpowered mutants that are hated and feared by normal people. One of the X-Men, Storm, thought about killing

herself once when she lost her power to control the weather, but she decided not to and then went on to be the leader of the X-Men even though she still didn’t have her weather powers back for a while. I really look up to Storm a lot and I think about her whenever I hear the song “Cloudbusting” by Kate Bush. The thing about *X-Men* is it always makes you feel like you’re a superhero because you’re “different” and you have all these problems, and maybe you can figure out a way to save the world with all your “different” stuff and your problems. Even though we hardly talked during the whole movie, I felt a lot closer to all the other patients after *X-Men* was over. One of the patients, Nancy, had also tried to overdose on pills after her boyfriend left her. For some reason I sort of pray for Nancy and her daughter whenever I see pictures of wolves looking really happy.

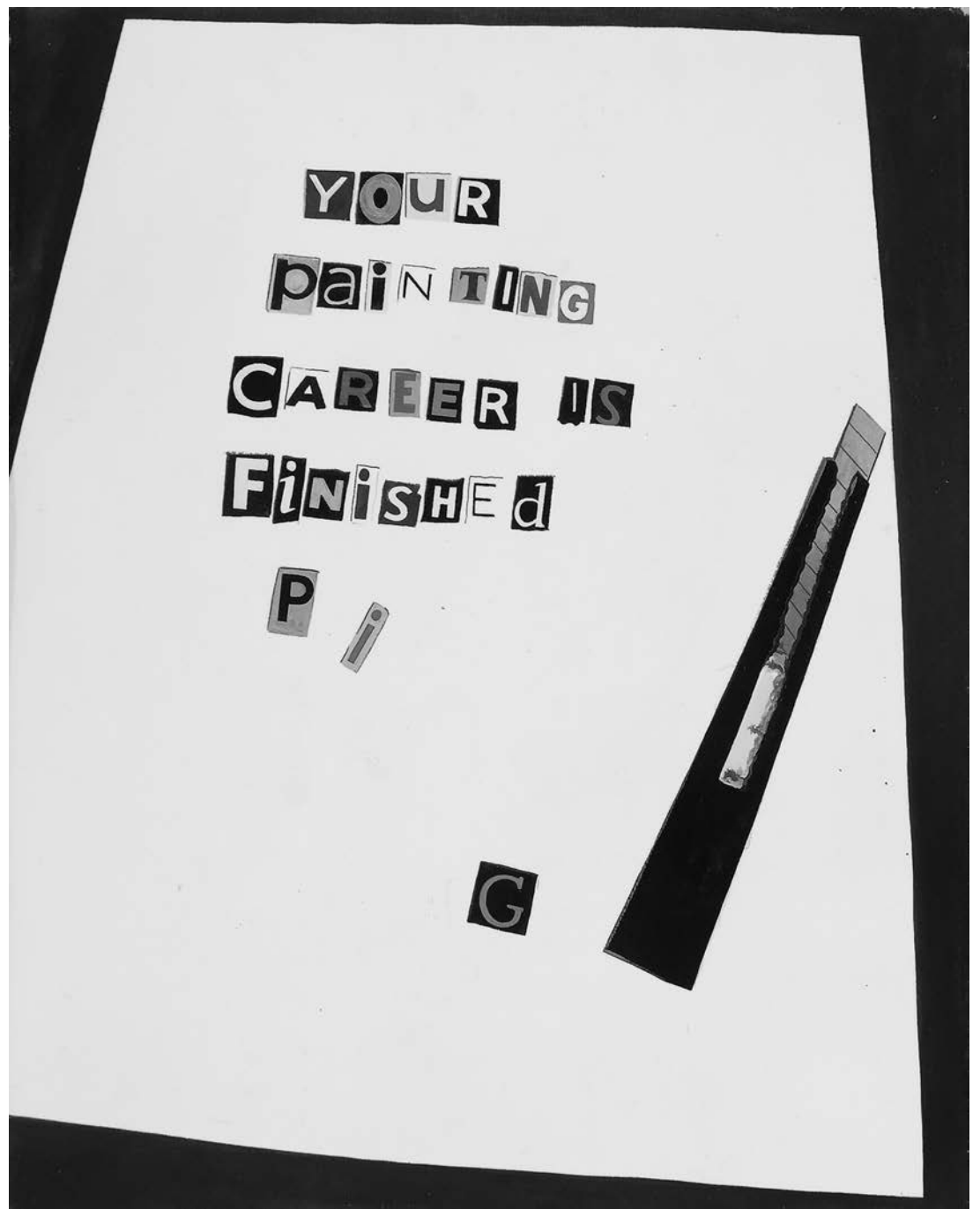
On the third day they also moved me into a voluntary unit for people with dual-diagnosis. The food was a lot better and there were art supplies constantly available, although

you had to ask a nurse to sharpen your pencil for you if it got dull. Tosh.0 was constantly streaming in the activity room and it dawned on me that a lot of viral videos feature people with mental problems.

There was this one video of a crazy naked guy running around Las Vegas and everyone in the psych ward clapped and cheered when he managed to wriggle out of the cops’ grasp and escape.

My dad flew out to California from New Jersey and came and picked me up on the fourth day. If anyone even mentioned my parents while I was in there I would start

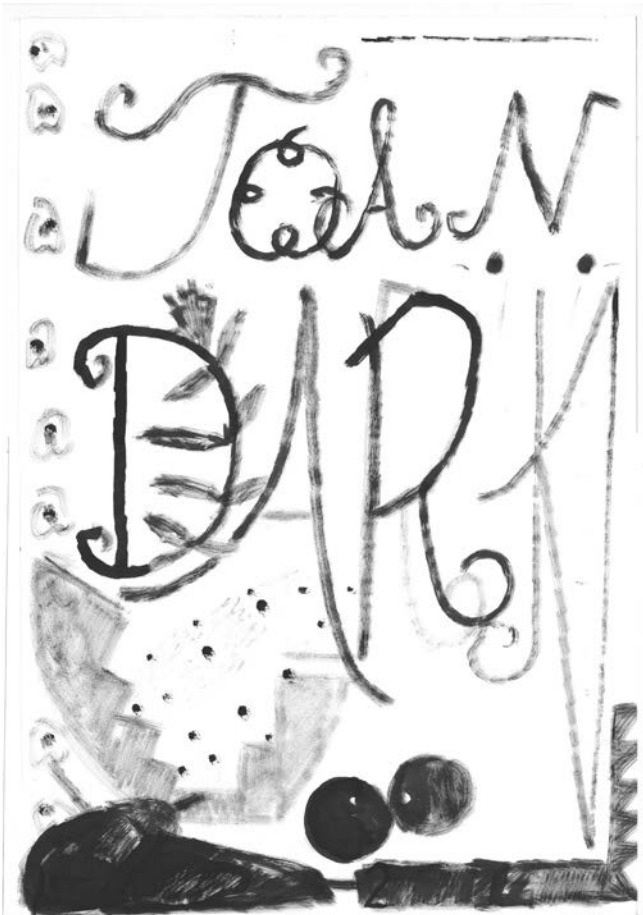
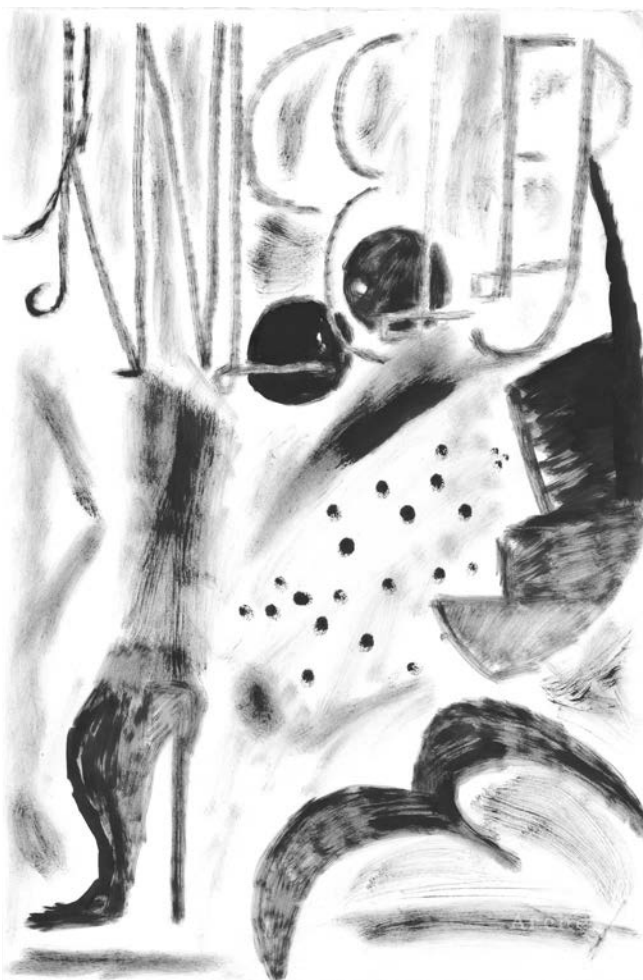
to have an anxiety attack and think I was going to pass out or throw up but actually seeing him was pretty great. Looking back on it all, being in a psych ward is not an experience that I can recommend. The main thing that got my mind off my situation at the time was the idea that maybe I could write about the whole thing and publish it in *Night Papers*. Night Gallery had asked me to submit something and I had sent them like three pretty bad pieces of writing already. They hadn’t e-mailed me back with any feedback and I was starting to get worried. ■



BRAD PHILLIPS | Preemptive letter.

THOUGHT COLUMN FOR JOAN DARK THE SAINT

—TIZIANA LA MELIA



TIZIANA LA MELIA | Top To Bottom:
Kneeler, Dark With Leaves, Face, 2013

1.

A bedroom Scene

Purrrrrrrrrrrrrrr's and Abs and jury

'Lead sister' face, phlegm
It drips the page is a vapour.

And if structure is the theme
I'm not sure what this means
Chip in my Lip-stick.

? Ketchup on my slip click
A hole in your lip, bed crumbs.

Gnaw the ankle of the faithful false kneeler
Gloomb leaves her mop of hair leaning
Against the wall it's a violet fade
Tools resembling pop stars in muted.

Kurt Cobain shoulder length shag or
Kurt wore a skirt, Joan Dark in drag.

That's not where I meant to go,
To the runway of a Dries Van Noten show

but the jury kept on asking, "Who told you to wear men's clothes?" "Do you know his signature?" 582 years ago

Is an example of the problem of flow
But like the voices

G o.
Lead sister liked the lot
o o

My Body Keeps Changing
My Mind, on the alarm clock.
Lying between sheets, and grubby
Patched silk pajamas.

o o

JE PARS
HABITER
A
LOS
ANGELES

Jasmin shokrian
SPRING/SUMMER 2014
www.jasminshokrian.com

2.

The Aquarium Club, Lawn

Soup in your chicklet
Lichens on your soul

False seeming, a wilted voice
Fate? A black forest cake.

Reason? A lemon, yellow pages
Lot? A moon between her fingers.

Violet's nipples and kitty witch eyes
Upsets Grandpa Clemens who trips

Sudden in the marsh, the reeds measuring the sun
1906, white hair tufts in the air, a troll doll do

merlot dipped teeth
innocent and cheap-

And skin
thin perfume.
"The poem had a strange
Voice. As though it had a tear

drop on its tongue"
not done.

3.

Answering Machine

What did I learn from the
innocent idiot pick up the phone
Electric mud perfume
Ok fine a chunky message.
If I wear a body glove mimic, o joan!
I can feel it in the air tonight.

The voice is a comfortable temperature.
Be good and light. Confessions of What is a saint
was a slut and stayed a slut and still a s
aint. What if joan dark fucked all the
nights buck studded corolla. Plugged up,
and still, he said, we have to ash you.

Legs Valie Export flap pushes
out her tits and feels the sap of whispers night.
I have been mostly weightless and the thought
came to me and I wore two black mandarin oranges.
They said you are an evolved feeling like a wild nun
in the sea, there is something in the air. Tonight

bracing the singular plural that Nancy talks about
it is the tickle. Twain thought a wrinkle in your
nipple was wicked. Architectural daffodils do
I am lazy about some things and things like
High rising terminal, and nouveau z make me
nervous. Joan was never bruised like a piece

of fruit peel
the sticker off its skin it leaves a
sticky stain. A bruise barely
but there
I wondered last night if Joan was a
prickly pear.

(Vancouver, December 3, 2013)

FROM *beige*
THE GARDENA SERIES

—BRUNA MORI Photographs by George Porcari



"When the fairy princess left the castle walls she made it as far as the local 7-11, but at least that was better than nowhere."

—Akilah Oliver



Approximate beige
 Mustard beige
 Pink beige
 Gardena beige
 Hustler Casino beige
 Beige beige
 beige



'50s sign repainted late '70s

Cemented

1

5

2

0

There are two apartments for rent
 In The Suburban
 As opposed to The Californian

Couples make out

Blue trellis
 White tutu
 Black sweater



Store hours
 Monday through Friday
 9 to 11:30
 Closed 2 hours
 Back 1:30 to 5
 Saturday 9 to 5
 Sunday closed

Private parking
 for Rich's carpet

Waste resources

Gulls overhead

A close beach



Mas Fukai
 Sanctification pros

148 onto Denker
 OK Rental

Congregation of the boarded up
 Learn to dance

Express Oil change
 break Lux Lube

Reserved for Rev. Shindo only



Remember when that Satanist friend of a friend showed up to your 33rd bday and then on Easter we ran into him and Kenneth Anger. Remember that before you knew he was a Satanist, you went to visit him, when you discovered he lived nearby, in that apartment across from the halfway house. And he showed you the Argento film, the one with Asia in it. Then he made a pass at you, and you said you didn't think of him that way, though he tried to find some meaning in coincidence.



Remember when you were little and I took you to insect day sponsored by a pest control company. And the mix of magnifying glasses and fly swatters was very confusing. I said to look at the python, not an insect, but you were staring at the common fruit fly. Then there was an owl there, too, trying to sleep, because it's nocturnal, and millipedes crawled up your arm.



The kids at the anime shop told me Hiroko won't be commuting to Little Tokyo anymore—the ones that know that otaku culture grew out of postwar ennui. Her curios shop The Nostalgic Gallery of Fame and Beyond will now itself become pure nostalgia. They used to call her Fuzzy Shimada, you know; she was the best darn striker the Little Tokyo Holiday Bowl ever saw.



"Is the ocean this way or this way?"

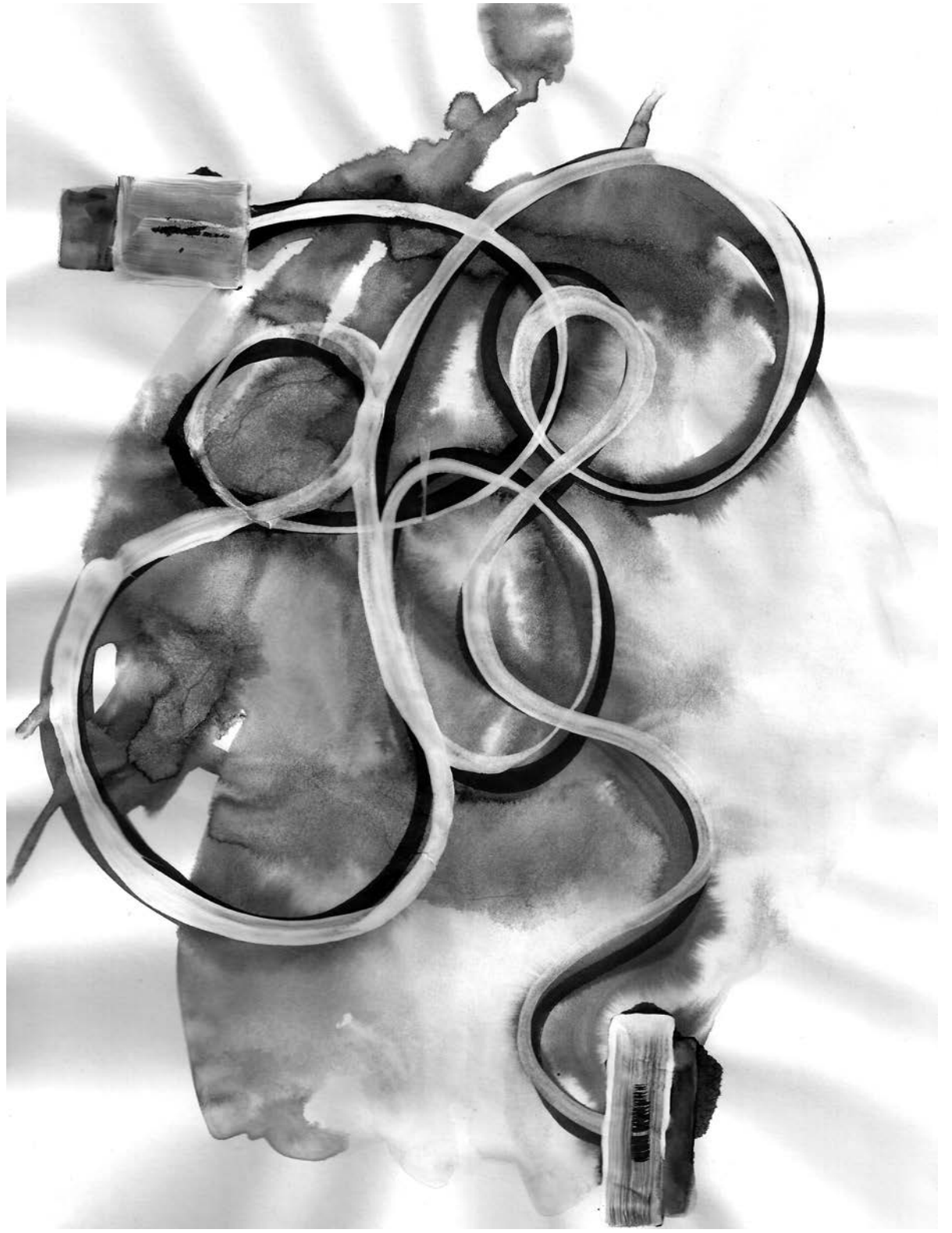
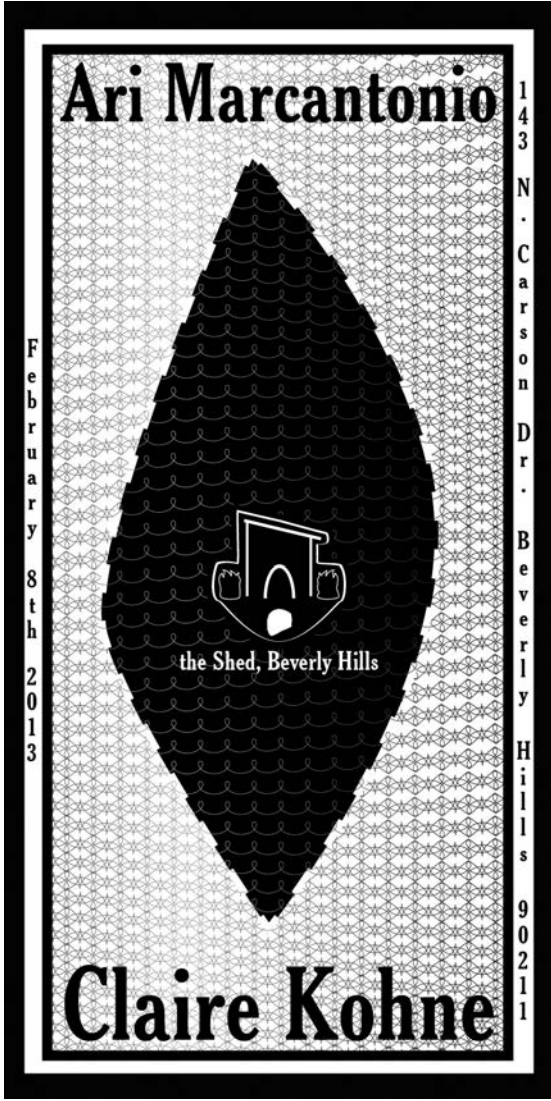
"Look hard at this flatness that somehow heightens the children's run . . . as highway meridians sprout homes as clay grey as this border of divider and sky . . ."

"Not to see in someone that but to feel as though you are tracing a path."

"The extension that is part of you is often the inverse of that continuation you mention . . . "Incestuous because you're either recording or assigning. I think right now you're working your tongue over that space that remains where you lost your tooth."

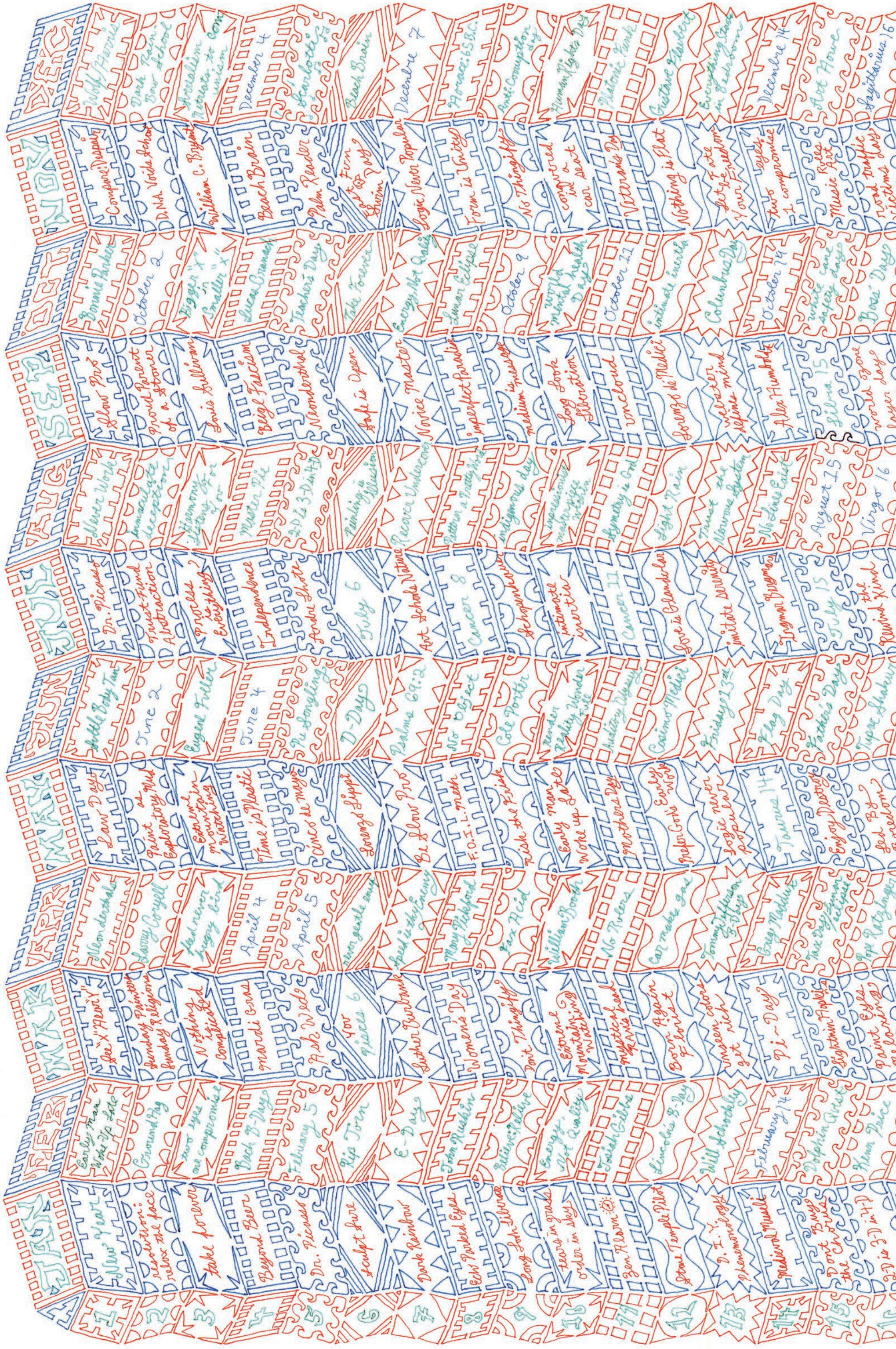


There were other carpet-prints in the heavy shag. Such sharp contrasts left you feeling confused and irritated. As if a world begins, hills houses. There is no map or You-Are-Here-type directory on view in the lobby . . . Again there are those letters; again they represent "a gulf-of-silence, this time, of silence inspired by fear."



MICHAEL DOPP | 4S





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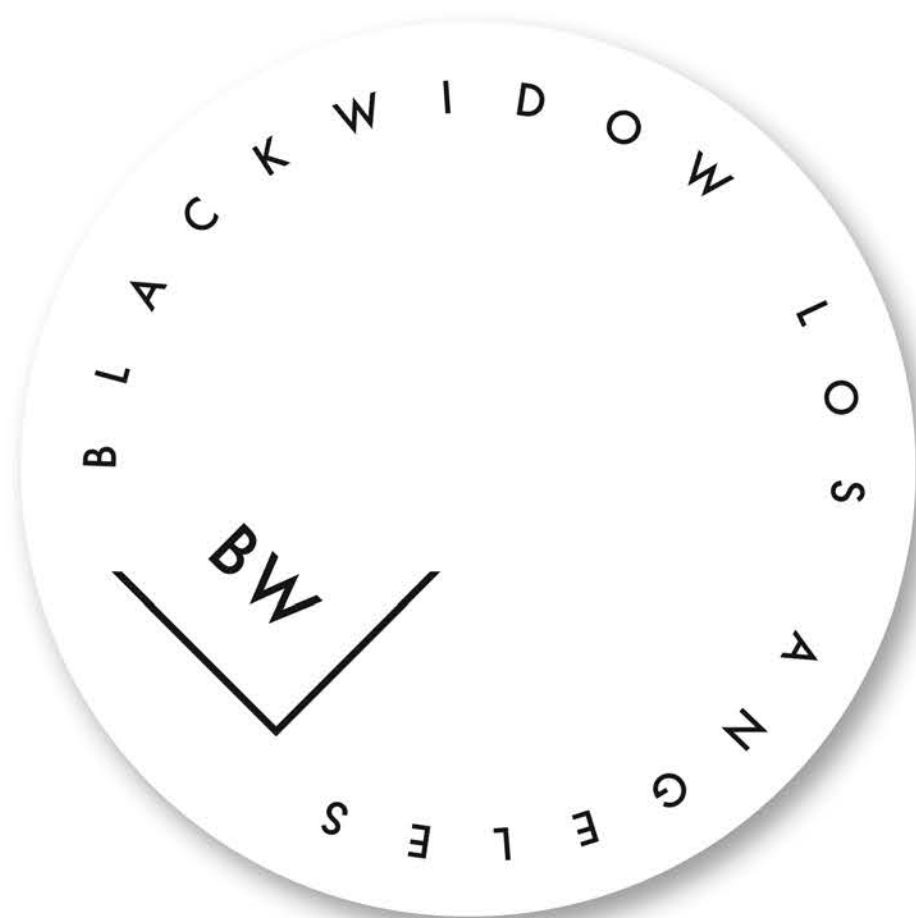


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FROM *DOLL PARTS*
DOLL STUDIES
101:

In class writing (by lulu)
 sluts, bitches, and spinsters: a history of marriage

—SAMANTHA COHEN

So the former dolly Margaret Atwood wrote a book where all the fallen or lower class white women became slave pregnancy vessels for rich families. Because of course rich women had better things to do than become mammals, like sit around in formalwear and drink sweetened cognac and gossip about the pregnant slavegirls, duh! Also the rich women had all gotten too old to have babies, or something, so the government gave them young or poor or slutty women to have their babies for them.

After this book came out, everyone in doll studies started talking about how it was actually women's ability to carry babies that had enslaved them, which seems obvious now. When you're making an extremely valuable product (workers! shoppers!) your body becomes the property of those who are invested in that product (business owners, and kind of the government). Your womb-part (and then also of course its human-shaped container, i.e. you) becomes like a commercial oven or a printing press. And so there were all these laws about what women could do with their bodies, and fights about those laws. The two main questions were: 1) Are women allowed to take measures to try to stop themselves from getting pregnant with a baby? and 2) Are women allowed to stop a baby from growing inside her once it's started to?

You'd think the answers to these questions would be obvious. You'd think that since women are half of people, and since additionally lots of men are fair-minded and even more men are supermotivated to make women like them, and since women were voters since like 1920 and this is supposed to be a democracy or whatever, that women would have voted, and would have convinced the fair-minded men to vote, too, for the rights to control their own resource-producing parts, but no.

Lots of women voted *against* being allowed to stop themselves from getting pregnant and against being allowed to stop the baby from growing. Prof Julie says the reason they voted this way is that they were *successfully convinced* that the main life-role of all women was to create and care for babies! Prof Julie says everyone — the church, evolutionary science — etcetera — convinced women of this from the time they were

baby girls! And, she says, the idea was reinforced by this one very powerful word: SLUT.

Somehow this word, SLUT was infused with so much bad connotation and negative social value that women constructed their whole lives out of fear of having this word attributed to them! Being called a SLUT meant no man would marry you, and, since women were still making teenagerish amounts of money for working, meant you would always be poor. Being called a SLUT also meant that no women would be your friends, for fear of the SLUT rubbing off on them, at least reputationally, and so you would always be lonely.

So, this word SLUT was really very bad and had very dire consequences if applied to you! What SLUT meant literally was a girl who had sex with lots of boys. "Lots" was subjective and changed over time. At first a SLUT was anyone who had sex out of wedlock (like, when this girl character's father in this one Shakespeare play thought that the girl character had had a pre-marital affair, he said she should be put to death!) and then SLUT was any girl who had sex with guys who hadn't made some kind of promise of monogamy (like "going steady") and then SLUT was any girl who wore tight or low-cut shirts or short skirts or just seemed like she wanted to get fucked. SLUT was used for girls who were horny and went out looking to fuck and also for girls who were drunk and nice and didn't know how to say no when guys started kissing them and calling them beautiful and pressing their hard cocks up against them. Some SLUTs were just very nice girls who still couldn't figure out how to say *no* politely, despite this happening over and over again.

Boys taught each other that if a girl was wearing shimmery or bright-colored makeup or showing off the top part of her boobs or if she looked lost or her heels were high or her hair was very long and very styled or if she was drunk or if she was dancing in a way where she moved her hips a lot, she was available for coaxing. Boys taught each other that if you coaxed a girl and she said no too politely, the girl just needed a little more coaxing until suddenly she found a cock in her mouth (until she acquiesced to SLUT) but that if she said NO too directly or loudly or rudely, she was a BITCH. So, after coaxing, most girls could be called SLUT or BITCH and it was the job of the boys to tell each other which one. SLUT was very very bad and dangerous to be called, but avoiding SLUT often made a girl a BITCH which was almost as bad as being a SLUT! UGH.

BITCH meant a girl didn't accept her main role as a baby-maker/nurturer of babies of boys, and that she didn't care very much about hiding that. A BITCH was offensive because she was seen as someone who shamelessly took up space on the planet and ate its plants and animals while failing to produce resources! So, if a coaxed girl said no sweetly while batting her curled lashes and placing a hand tenderly on the arm attached to the hand grabbing for her tit she was still a nice girl, but unless she was clever, she would still somehow find a cock in her mouth, making her a SLUT; whereas if she

said NO meanly or like, FUCK OFF JERK, or if she sprayed the pushy coaxer with the painful and temporarily blinding and disabling spicy pepper spray attached to her keys, she became a BITCH. And no one wanted to be friends with or marry BITCHes either.

So it was hard.

Anyway, girls were obviously afraid of being SLUTs or BITCHes.

(Oh and if a girl didn't wear glittery eyeshadow or show the part of her chest-skin where her tits started to swell or if she wore flat shoes or didn't drink or didn't dance or if she dressed like a married girl, she was called a PRUDE, which could also be bad because PRUDE is an ugly-sounding word to most people and might also prevent a girl from getting invited to parties, thereby making her lonely and also maybe preventing her from finding a husband. PRUDE also implied maybe the girl hated sex and would therefore be a let-down of a wife, so PRUDE was also a possible road to lonely poverty.)

So, girls got married early because they wanted to avoid becoming SLUTs or BITCHes and because they needed to get their rocks off somehow, and because they wanted to stop working at shitty jobs where they had to bring boys coffee and bat their eyelashes and get called "sweetheart" by like twelve different boys, because it seemed infinitely more desirable and easy to do this for one boy in a very nice house, and spend most of the day like baking pies or sitting around smoking cigarettes and playing mah-jong. Oh, and they got married early because of this other word, SPINSTER, which made girls afraid. SPINSTERS were older girls who failed to get married because they were SLUTS or BITCHES, only they were no longer pretty enough to be SLUTS or BITCHES, so they were renamed something that connoted pathos and failure. They lived all by themselves in shitty apartments somewhere (because they were making teenagerish amounts of money, natch) and no one ever visited SPINSTERS because they were seen as sort of diseased, as embarrassing pockmarks on the face of humanity! Getting married early ensured escaping this scary embarrassing lonely fate.

So, lots of these married girls and their husbands voted against girls who wanted to try to stop themselves from getting pregnant, because those girls were obviously SLUTs, and who could vote for SLUthood? Maybe they were even protecting girls from becoming SLUTs, they thought, by keeping the risk of pregnancy from sex very alive! Maybe they were saving thousands of girls from the fate of tragic SPINSTERhood!

Another reason girls voted against the girls who wanted to fuck without getting pregnant was they were convinced motherhood was the sole purpose of existence for women, and it was the most rewarding job a woman could have. Prof Julie said that women repeated this to each other until they believed it, that even if some women did not find the role of motherhood entirely fulfilling, these women told their friends and daughters and friends' daughters that motherhood was absolutely the most amazing thing in the world — Prof Julie said out of a kind of social contract or obligation, a drive to appear normal and therefore not be ostracized, as well as to convince themselves.

(Prof Julie thinks this myth was started and propagated by boys who owned things so that they'd be ensured more workers as well as girls at home who would make them dinner and rub their backs and who would open their pussies for them at night.)

If a girl was married, she was exempt from SLUthood as long as she stayed home when it was dark and didn't wear her clothes too tight.

In conclusion, I am happy modern dolls don't grow babies inside our bodies! It seems gross and awful to have to be a live meat factory like that. I'm glad we figured out how girls being resource-producers was enslaving and stopped doing things that way, and I hope all the SLUTs and BITCHes and PRUDEs in the olden times found each other and lived together so they wouldn't be lonely even if they were poor. I hope some of them lived good poor lives and got to buy 99-cent Wet n' Wild lipstick and eat loquats from trees. However I think there is still weird stuff happening with doll-ownership and doll-fear and doll-stories. I think maybe we still lie to each other about ways life is meaningful even if we don't make babies anymore... ■



KANDIS WILLIAMS | Sick Dude, 2013



ALEX BECERRA | Drake portraits, 2013



REVIEW: NOTHING WAS THE SAME

—NICK FLANAGAN

It took me a long time to listen to the new Drake album, *Nothing Was The Same*. Why? I cannot say. I guess I live the kind of lifestyle that doesn't involve being informed about release dates or promo campaigns, although that's not actually the lifestyle I lead. In fact, I am always excited when Drake does something new. I am in love and understanding with him and his sad man eyebrows, having appreciated and enjoyed Drake since buying a mix of his hits outside of *Rock The Bells* in Toronto about three years ago. His facility with rapping, his eyebrows, his commitment to malaise, and our shared hometown of Toronto keeps me cheering for him. And cheering is seemingly what he needs — there's weird melancholy in those luscious, gorgeous, lice-free sad man eyebrows, something that golden tweezers and the priciest groomery cannot relieve. I've read a few reviews of *NWTS*, and they focus on the individual songs. What fools! Outside of the singles, the songs are not meant to be heard individually; they're meant to be listened to as a whole, in a continuous, never-ending loop. The "Draketrix," if you will. A place that is just sadness, mixed with some boasting that stems from sadness. Like many Canadians, he is clearly uncomfortable bragging. That's another factor that makes me love Drake: he's uncomfortable in every role he has assumed — megastar, rapper, actor, singer, drug user — but he forces himself into these roles, and he is awesome at them. And he loves girls but they make him so sad.

There literally is no way he doesn't do anti-depressants, possibly recreationally with girls. I think Drake sleeps with a lot of girls. Not in a sexual way, just for the cuddling. Picture Drake and Lil Wayne in a room, just staring at each other, saying nothing. Picture Drake not winning an award and comforting himself in Nicki Minaj's bosom. Picture Fat Joe punching Drake. I know this has descended into typical 'Drake is a sensitive chap' japery but you have to understand that I first connected with him when he said, about Toronto, "my city is a city that don't support it's own people," so I know how he feels. I once saw him appear (on crutches) with Jamie Foxx at a packed venue in Toronto, and as he hobbled up to the stage, the man in front of me yelled "Degrassi" — this sarcastic booming voice drowned out the mere 16 people willing to cheer for the most popular local rapper ever. But Drake means ever so well — he loves Wu Tang so much that he references them throughout the album. In fact, he's probably doing a better job celebrating Wu Tang's 20th anniversary than they are, considering half their reunion shows seem to be getting cancelled. Rap has become a different thing than in the Wu Tang era. Then, it was like half sports/half art, now it's just sports. It's cool jocks talking to each other — you don't need to come from any specific background, you just need a competitive streak. Chief Keef and Macklemore are the same. Kanye is different because he has a streak of mad genius; it's his crazy behavior that makes the bonkers standards of mainstream rap seem questionable. And a Canadian with huge eyebrows is at the centre of it all, not laughing, a single untattted tear streaming down his cheek. ■

WHAT I WISH

—IVEN PARK

I wish I could breathe air into the lungs of South Korea's art. To bring life into this forgotten corpse and let it grow free from globalizing constraints. We are part of the world and yet we haven't learned to stand on our own two feet.

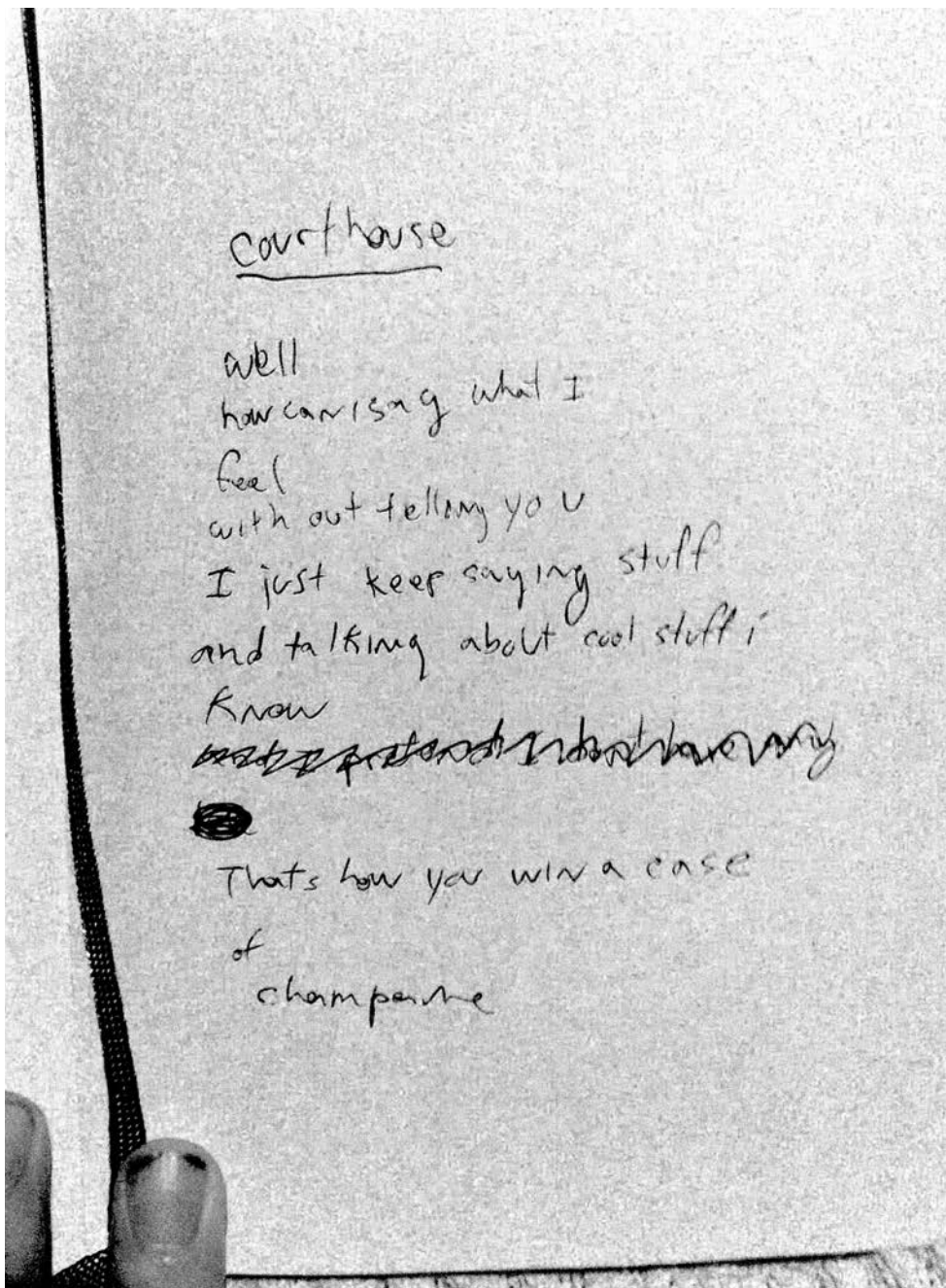
I wish the Korean population of Los Angeles could band together. We are 400,000 strong in this art and culture capital, yet we are invisible to the global art scene.

Likewise, I wish that Angelinos could see the beauty of our cultural and artistic traditions. We have much more to offer than Kimchi and Korean BBQ.

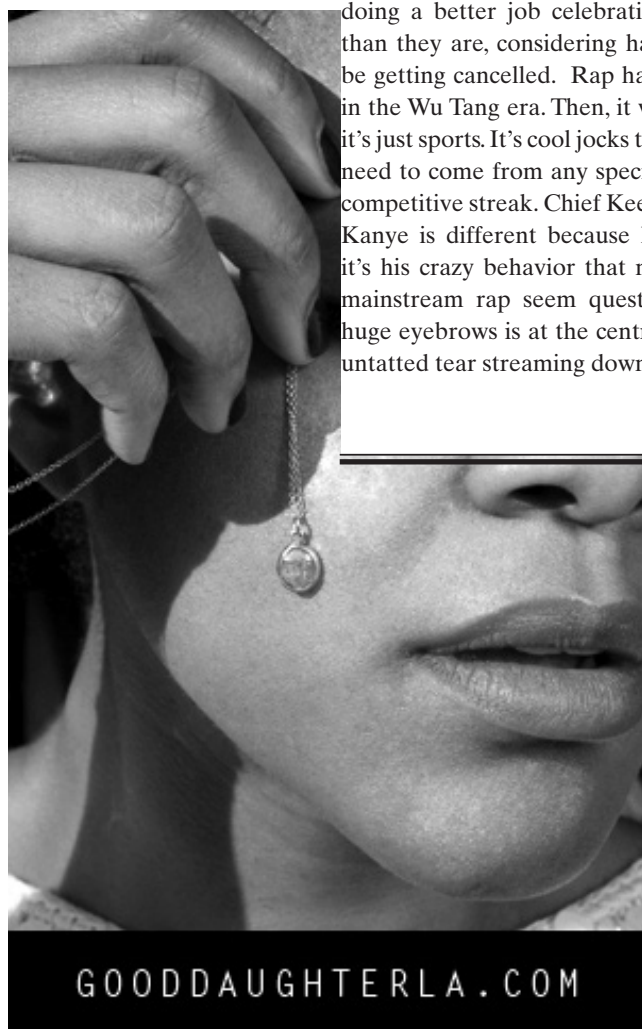
I wish Korean people could remove their own cultural blinders and move closer to a communal embrace of the bigger picture; we have so much to share.

I wish for other cultures to follow.

A city in direct defiance of globalization is possible, where diversity could overthrow the assimilation of cultural richness and move us toward a new understanding of art. Although the road is fraught with perils and my wishes seem far from the present, the path to action has but one key... ■



JPW3 | Courthouse





STEPH DAVIDSON | Dust 2 Dust

CHAT WITH STEPH DAVIDSON

—VICTORIA CHEONG & STEPH DAVIDSON

VICTORIA CHEONG

Are you an internet artist?

I don't know what that means

but maybe the meaning is flexible

STEPH DAVIDSON

I don't really think so, sometimes I code and I use tumblr a lot so maybe but yeah I think it's a pretty vague term, not sure I fit in with that

I think I'm a "content generator" hahaha

VC

I was looking at some of your work and you do so many things so ...

I think it's exciting to be undefined in terms of medium

SD

thanks! yeah I'm kind of all over the place, trying to focus on 3D video and coding right now this is the last thing I did <http://stephd.biz/inferno>

VC

I think maybe your work is very cutting edge

SD

it's for Peter Rahul's "pavilion" for a show called The Wrong, a bunch of net art pavilions get together and exhibit work online

so exoticforbiddentorrents.com was the Toronto pavilion there's a bunch of cool work in there from different people very different stuff from different cities

there were some starting points that peter gave us but I think it was pretty free form?

this is another thing I just did, <http://stephd.biz/selfie>

it's for museum of the internet's show about selfies

VC

Whoa

it's a moving mood board

SD

hahaha

that's a great description

VC

this is your self-portrait?

SD

its what I have entered for my selfie

it may or may not be someone from fiverr

who I paid \$5 to write my blog name on her back

VC

So when you pull something like this together what is that process? is the source material a mix of stuff from the web and stuff you make ?

SD

that one in particular was a lot of tumblr stuff that I think I'd found myself cruising my tumblr 2008 archives

VC

and then do you put it together intellectually/ is there like a major rhyme and reason to how it all works on the page?

SD

not at all just pieced it together as I collected things it's more about all that junk as a whole rather than any kind of narrative

VC

I mean, I think the result is mysterious in that way - that's why I ask. It has something behind it or inside it that feels natural even though it's a kind of unnatural or virtual world that is mediated by computer/machine

/technology interface

so maybe the piecing together is a natural style of working in this case

SD

it's like a section of particular stuff I pulled from my tumblr/ jpg folders. so in a certain way it is kind of curated.

VC

You work so much with media- the multimedia of video, animation, digital collage, internet . . . so how is your relationship with technology?

SD

I try to stay on top of things, like technical things, by reading blogs mostly. stuff like the latest After Effects plugins or c4d freebies or whatever, it's just convenient to have a handle on that stuff and sometimes allows you to do things you



STEPH DAVIDSON | Amanda Bynes

wouldn't have thought of before. but I don't think anyone can be totally on top of technology, there's just too much stuff out there

*to do

VC

being on top of the technology is very valued I think in our culture it means new spaces to explore which is what I value so do the new technologies guide you to experiment with them? is it experimenting?

SD

for sure, like I did both those sites with Alexander Prinzhorn's fantastic javascript plugin skrollr, which is a very handy plugin

for me a lot of it just means getting to an end result more quickly I guess? I suppose I'm not very process-based

VC

well methinks when I see a video with a bunch of footages of burning fastfood places that there is process there in terms of searching youtube, yes?

SD

yes that's true! I keep a very up to date youtube fav list [youtube.com/youdjparents](https://www.youtube.com/youdjparents)

I try to keep tabs on visuals I like

VC

I use tumblr for that too like I just want to collect shit I like and look at it later and be like ahhhhhhhhh so relaxing mostly that gif of a seal spinning

I find it deeply relaxing

SD

yeah! I think it's important to do that

VC

it's a really nice feeling. And then it's a really horrible feeling when someone takes something down and you have a broken link. My youtube favourites are like that - mostly broken

SD

love that seal

VC

I think it's the repetition to infinity, those gif loops, if you get them right then it just conjures up your own place in the infinite universe

If I made that seal gif I would consider my life's work done I never knew you but I curated that pleasure dome show and we screened some GIFs of yours

I think at the time I really loved the idea of this woman that made all these gifs and she just made gifs and gifs and was making herself laugh. Is that how it was??

SD

hahahaha yes

VC

That's funny. I remember you weren't there at the screening and I didn't know who you were and it was all so mysterious

SD

I may seem mysterious but it's actually mainly disorganization

VC

I think part of the mystery for me is that it's like this person who is so on top of new technology and makes all this diverse and different work that is really saying something of the moment- it can be hard for people to grasp. And me, I do a lot of different things too and it's hard for people to pin that down. But I don't know if you feel that way...

SD

I'm not sure, I try not to think about that and just concentrate on making stuff I like

VC

oh good

SD

I think if you look at my flickr or something though it probably seems very inconsistent, but that's ok with me

VC

it's like for you, by you

SD

lol

VC

I also really love your music what's up with that? Did you just take a side step and make music or what?

SD

thank you! I just like making stuff, idk. I feel more uncertain about my music because I have no training at all and the music I like is pretty weird it's just like something I enjoy doing in my spare time

VC

yes I understand

soooo Steph what are you excited about these days what's new ?????

you are the internet junk expert. is this chat internet junk?

SD

could be!!

VC

is internet junk precious?

SD

very precious

not sure what I'm excited about... just live jpg to jpg

VC

if internet did not exist then what might you be doing?

SD

I try to keep up with drawing

here's a drawing of Amanda Bynes I vined <https://vine.co/v/hMdr1UpU0wX>

It's a drawing of this <http://www.starmedia.us/imagenes/2013/07/Amanda-Bynes-in-wheelchair-at-mental-hospital-picture-leaked-on-the-web.jpg>

VC

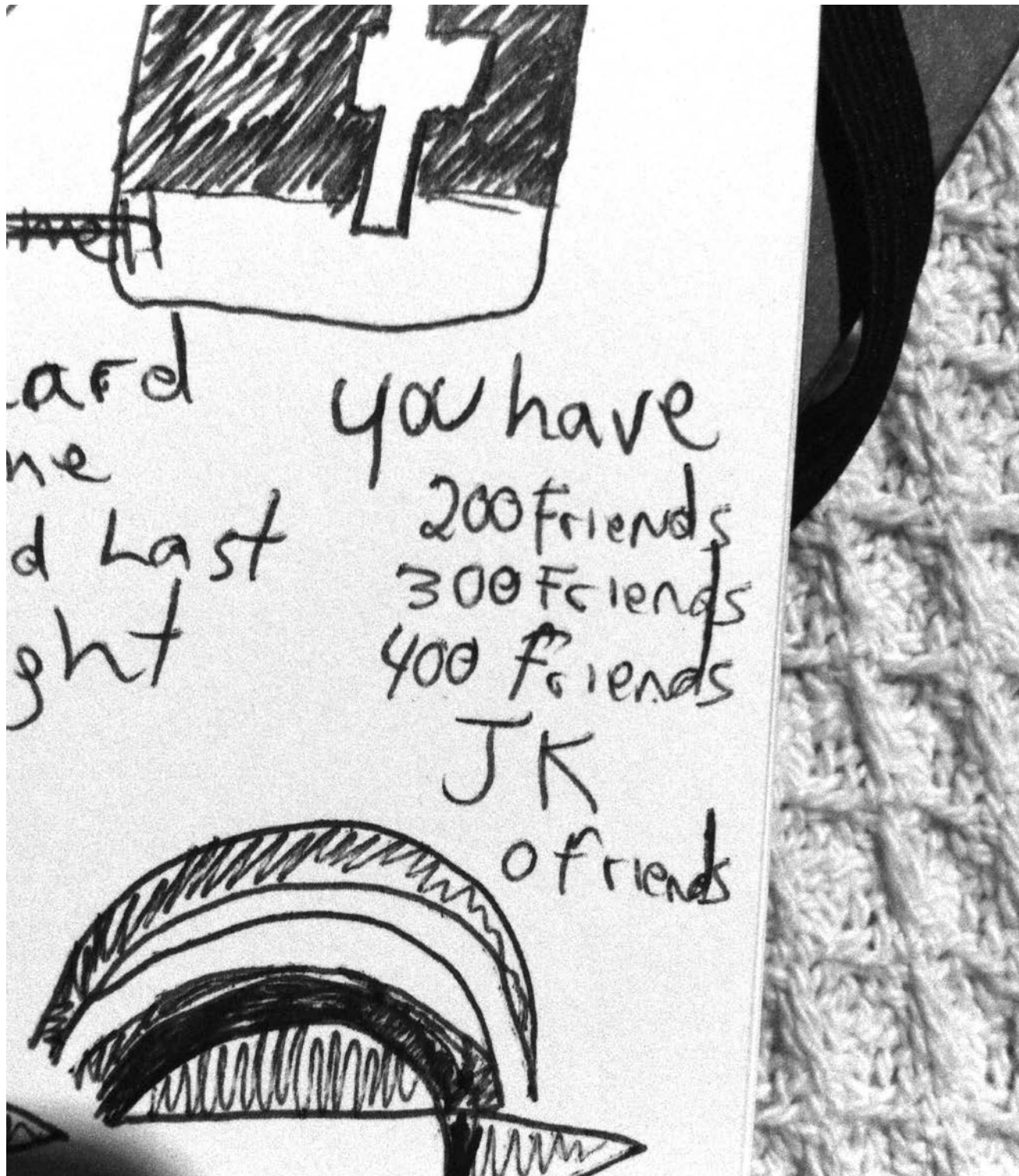
jpg to jpg

SD

:)



JONATHAN ALPEYRIE | Mokattam Hills, Egypt, 2013



JPW3 | Friends, 2013

My uncle was a racist until about the early 90s. A racist? Yeah, I lean in, like he used words like, well... He was a racist until he had a stroke and then suddenly he wasn't anymore. No more embarrassing comments at annual family dinners or generalizations that I won't even start with. Done. His wife left him while he was in the hospital. Took everything in the apartment, leaving a mattress, some floral printed curtains, coat hangers. Nothing. I was there when we picked him up from the hospital and dropped him off. After that he only dated Asian women. He had a girlfriend for a couple of years named Bobbi. My mother told me about how she asked Bobbi how things were and Bobbi said that they were good but that my uncle was really busy with his business. His business? my mom asked. He didn't have a business. She asked him over lunch: so I hear you have a business, is it going well? Yes, it is. My mother laughs as she tells the story. So is it a big business? Do you have employees? I do. Like a couple? Many. And what is your business? Importing. And exporting.

— RACHELLE SAWATSKY



MICHAEL DOPP | 4S



ANOTHER REVISION:

— ISAAC LYLES Reviews ADAM MARNIE

Adam Marnie's work takes on the materials and organizational strategies intended to protect us from the contingencies of nature and organic decay, demonstrating their vulnerability, and, by extension, our own. Sheetrock, various woods, right angles, and perfect lines all come under his knife, saw, and fist. His work has a time-based performativity to it, and often contains the aftermath of his gestures: a fist-sized hole in a framed section of drywall; piles of dust behind a sheet of Plexiglas. However, in his exhibition *Phantom Limb*, the repression of the expressive gesture and the denial of catharsis dominated, resulting in tension sealed under a veneer of elegance and formal exactitude. He asserted to me that restraint was the dominant mood of *Phantom Limb*, but it's what he's restraining that makes his work both ominous and deeply personal.

The exhibition began like this: you walked into the gallery and it looked like a disaster site scrubbed eerily clean. The first 24 inches of the walls were removed, a tactic used to prevent the spread of mold in sites after a flood. To the left hung *Non*; measuring 75 x 55 x 7 inches, the lattice framed a rectangle of sheetrock whose back faced outward and whose "front," a candy-apple red inkjet print, was hidden but for a few inches between it and the wall. The red, and all its expressive connotations, was cramped into the institutional white of the gallery walls.

The dynamic between inside and outside, hidden and exposed was furthered in three cube sculptures, *Inverted Object I, II, and III*. Each sculpture had their vulnerable side of untreated maple outward, on the surface, while Marnie painted the interior a pristine white. The exposed exterior is not only open to its environment, it also revealed how Marnie made each piece and, how, conversely, each one can be systematically destroyed.

Like the wall removal, the cubes measure 24 inches a side, thus occupying the voided space and forming a synergistic relationship with the gallery's architecture. Right angles, cubes: the geometry of civilization. Man's order versus nature's order.

The hardness of Marnie's materials and their susceptibility to breakage, reached their apogee in *Still*. The 11 photographs measuring 8 x 5.25 inches each depict a vase of flowers as they die over the course of six days in the dim foyer of Marnie's girlfriend's apartment. The light, subject to the whims of weather, time of day, and mechanical bracketing of the camera itself, varies greatly in each photo. What doesn't vary is the flowers' deaths; they fall out of Marnie's handsome arrangement into a disheveled, slack mass. The time involved in this work, juxtaposed with the cube's regularity and the prevailing institutional white reveals a vulnerability set against a structure whose order and clean modernist aesthetic seems civilized and outside the possibility of decay and death.

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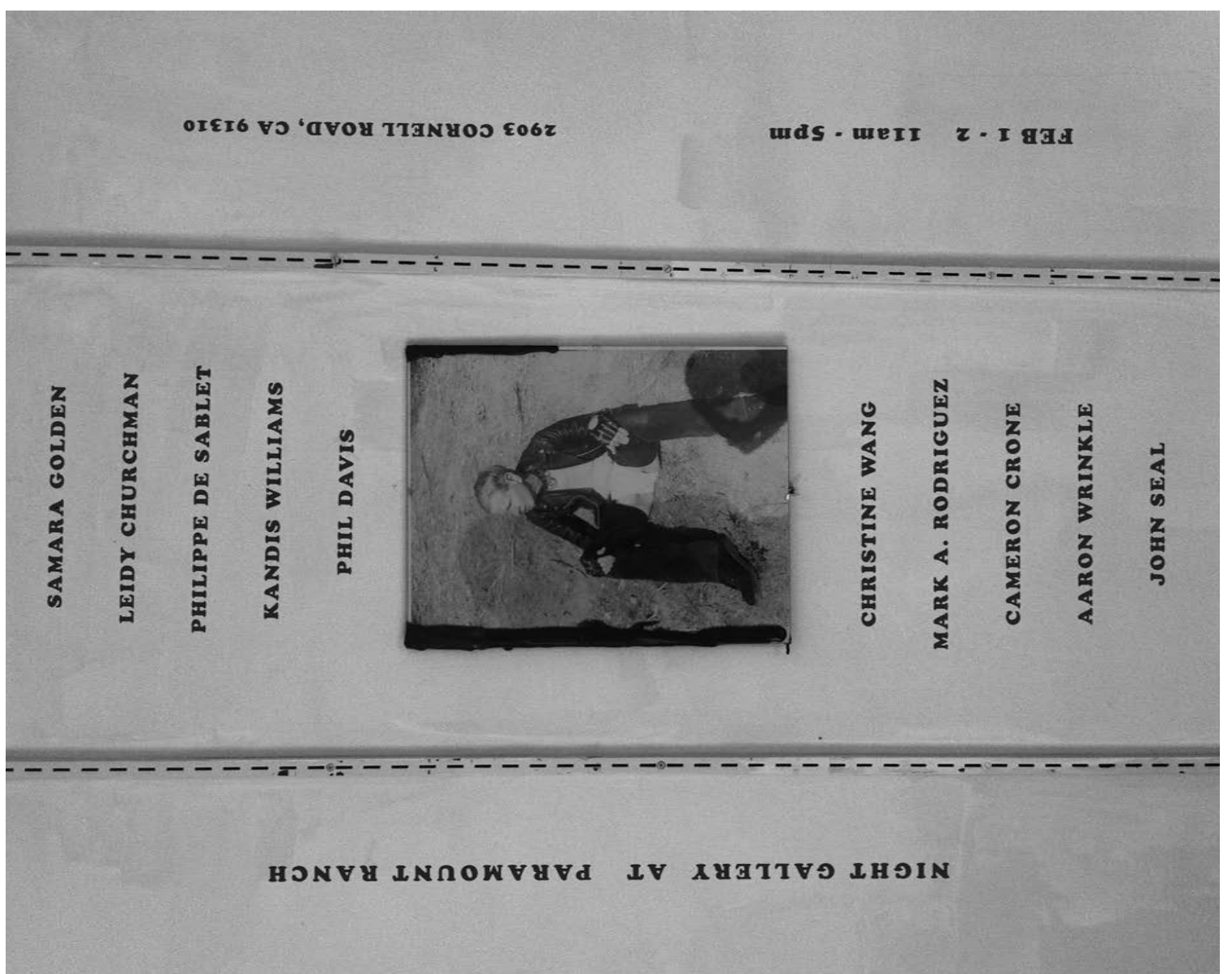
I lived with *Phantom Limb* at Derek Eller Gallery, New York from September 8 through October 11, 2013. It was among the first things I'd see in the morning, and I lived inside it eight to ten hours a day, five to six days a week.

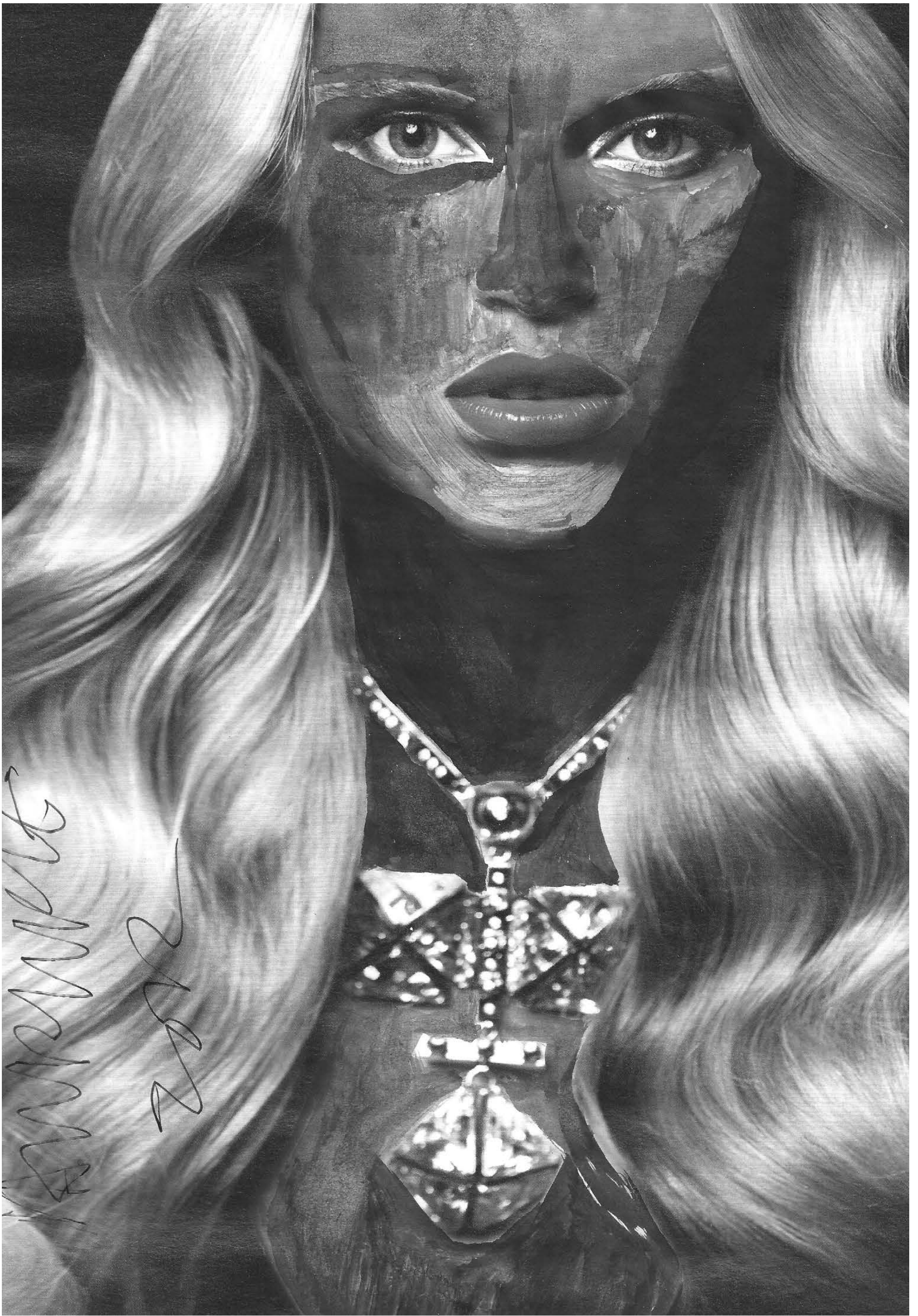
On October 31, 2012, our gallery suffered the fate of many in Chelsea. Hurricane Sandy flooded our basement storage with 5.5 feet of water from the Hudson and sewage backup. Marnie and I worked side by side, hunched in the basement in Hazmat suits and gasmasks. Along with several of our artists, friends, and good samaritans we pulled out 700+ submerged works, and hauled endless piles of water-logged wreckage up the basement stairs and out to the street-side dumpster. Ten months later Marnie created *Phantom Limb*.

Disorientation would hit visitors as they walked in, if they didn't just walk past. The liminal state between destruction and repair generated a host questions: "Are you open?" "Are you guys installing?" "Are you renovating?" "Did you get flooded again?"

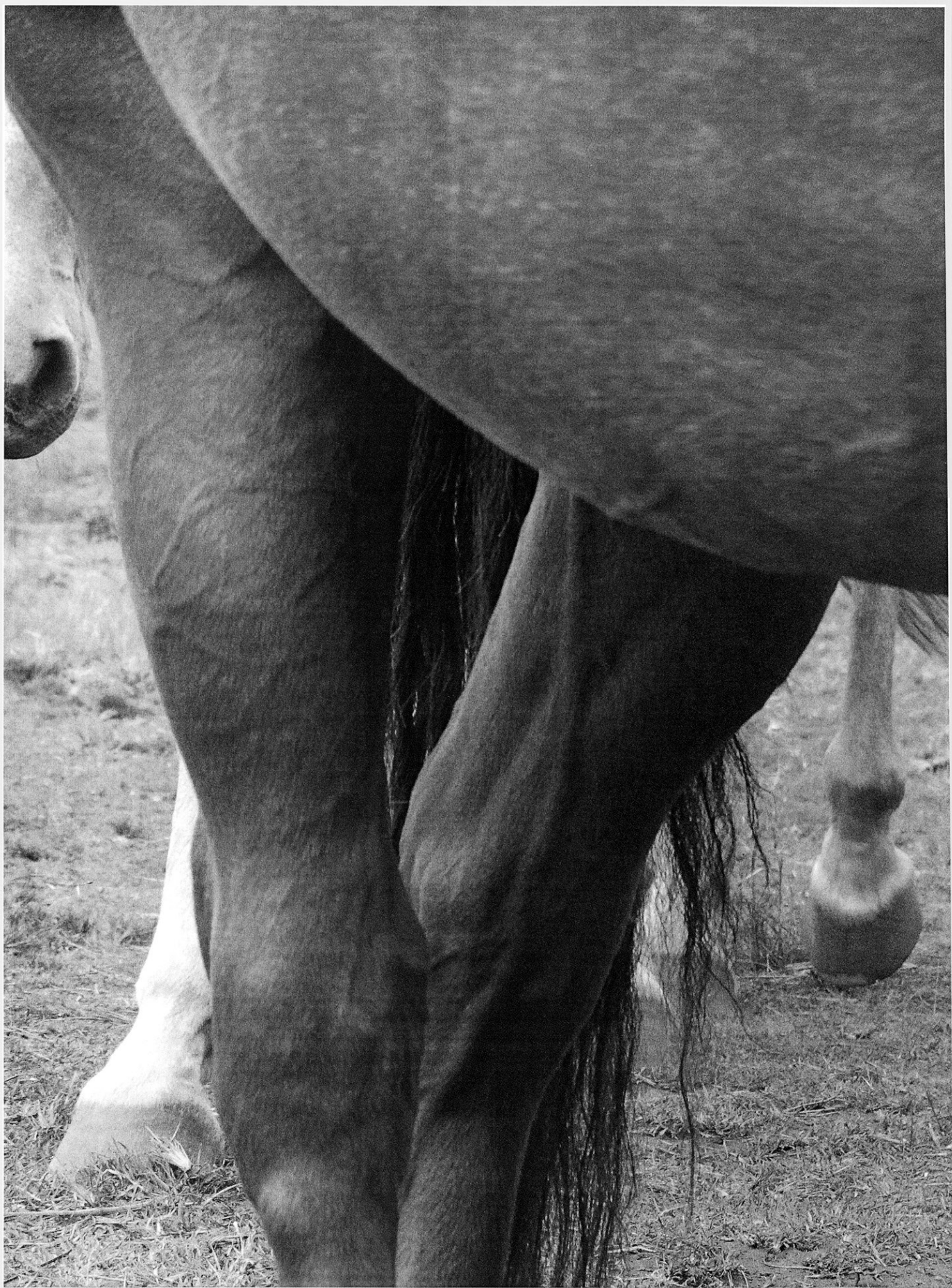
Marnie staged disaster, and it brings to mind recent works such as Thomas Hirshorn's *Concordia, Concordia* (2013) at Barbara Gladstone, Urs Fischer's *You* (2007) at Gavin Brown's Enterprise, and Andra Ursuta's *Magical Terrorism* (2012) at Ramiken Crucible. Unlike this work, however, *Phantom Limb* wasn't a gag. It was serious and dangerous for being so; it didn't flinch and then break into laughter. Hirshorn's *Concordia, Concordia* was a fatuous attempt to do what Hollywood does better with special effects and multi-million dollar budgets. Fischer's *You* was more of a meditation on the sublime and, perhaps, a gesture of institutional critique. Ursuta staged violence of immediate effect that remained safely, if exhilaratingly, as "art". Marnie, by staging a disaster at the site of our recent disaster, instead did something deeply unsettling on the borders of art and reality.

Adam Marnie's *Phantom Limb* seeped into my bones, the aggressive gestures stymied by the cold exactitude of their execution. The show gave what perhaps had been missing to a neighborhood and community that went through so much. Where, despite the devastation, it now appears as if nothing ever happened. ■



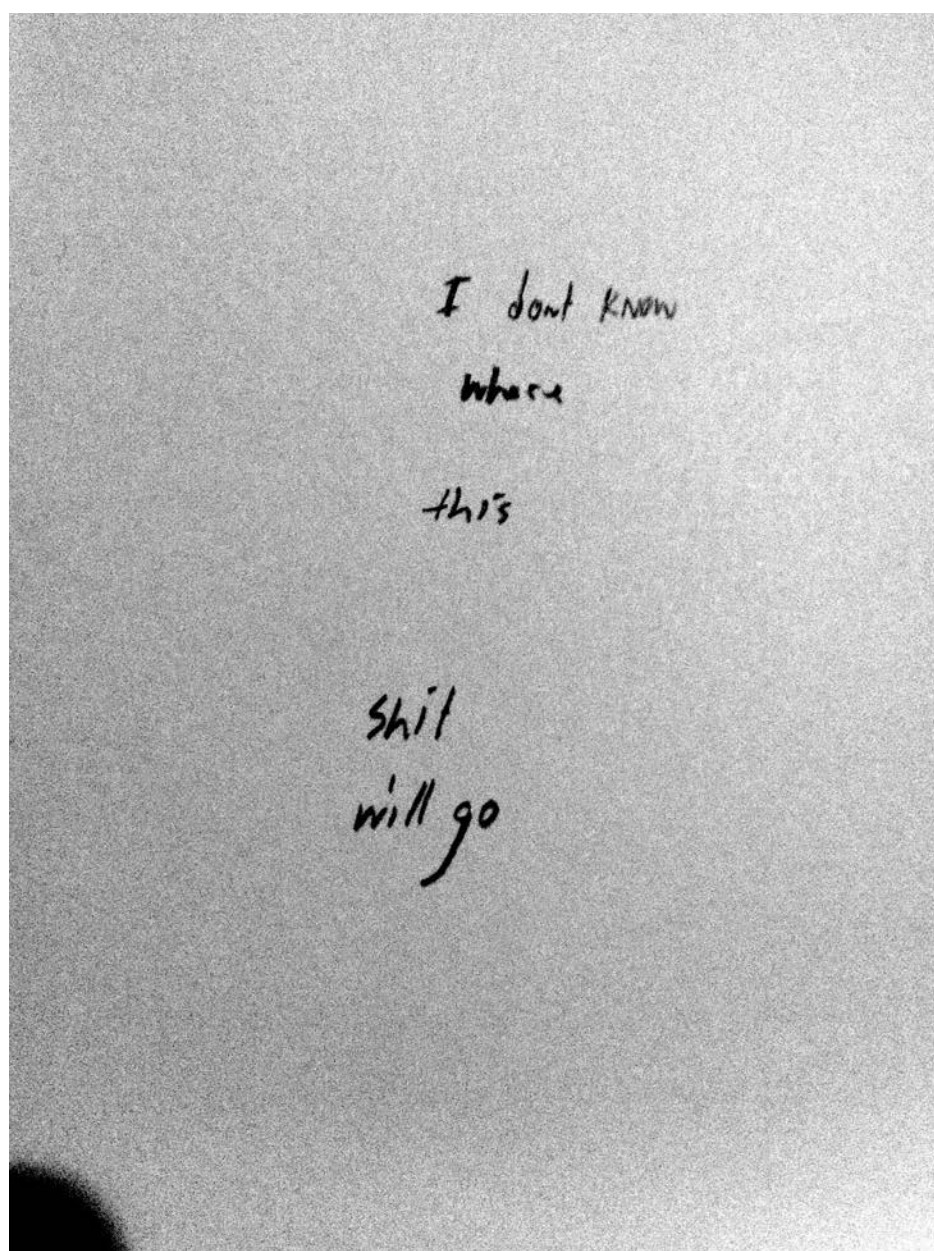


AARON WRINKLE | Vampira Study/Immortals, Black and White 3 (Unknown-Jane), 2013





JONATHAN ALPEYRIE | Idlib, Syria, 2012



JPW3

THE BOOK OF CHANGES
ON NIGHT GALLERY IN 2014



CAST HEXAGRAM: 57 – SUN / THE PENETRATING WIND

Wind follows upon wind, wandering the earth, penetrating gently but persistently: The Superior Person expands his influence by reaffirming his decisions and carrying out his promises.

Gentle persuasion is the key in this instance. Though the words are soft, their speaker must be firm, calm and confident. Gentle words are worthless if spoken with trepidation. Wordless influence by example is also effective in this situation. All persuasion should be almost unfelt, yet consistent and persistent. Ask for feedback from someone you know to be an effective persuader.

THE JUDGEMENT

THE GENTLE. Success through what is small.
It furthers one to have somewhere to go.
It furthers one to see the great man.

Penetration produces gradual and inconspicuous effects. It should be effected not by an act of violation but by influence that never lapses. Results of this kind are less striking to the eye than those won by surprise attack, but they are more enduring and more complete.

THE IMAGE

Winds following one on the other:
The image of THE GENTLY PENETRATING.
Thus the superior man
Spreads his commands abroad
And carries out his undertakings.

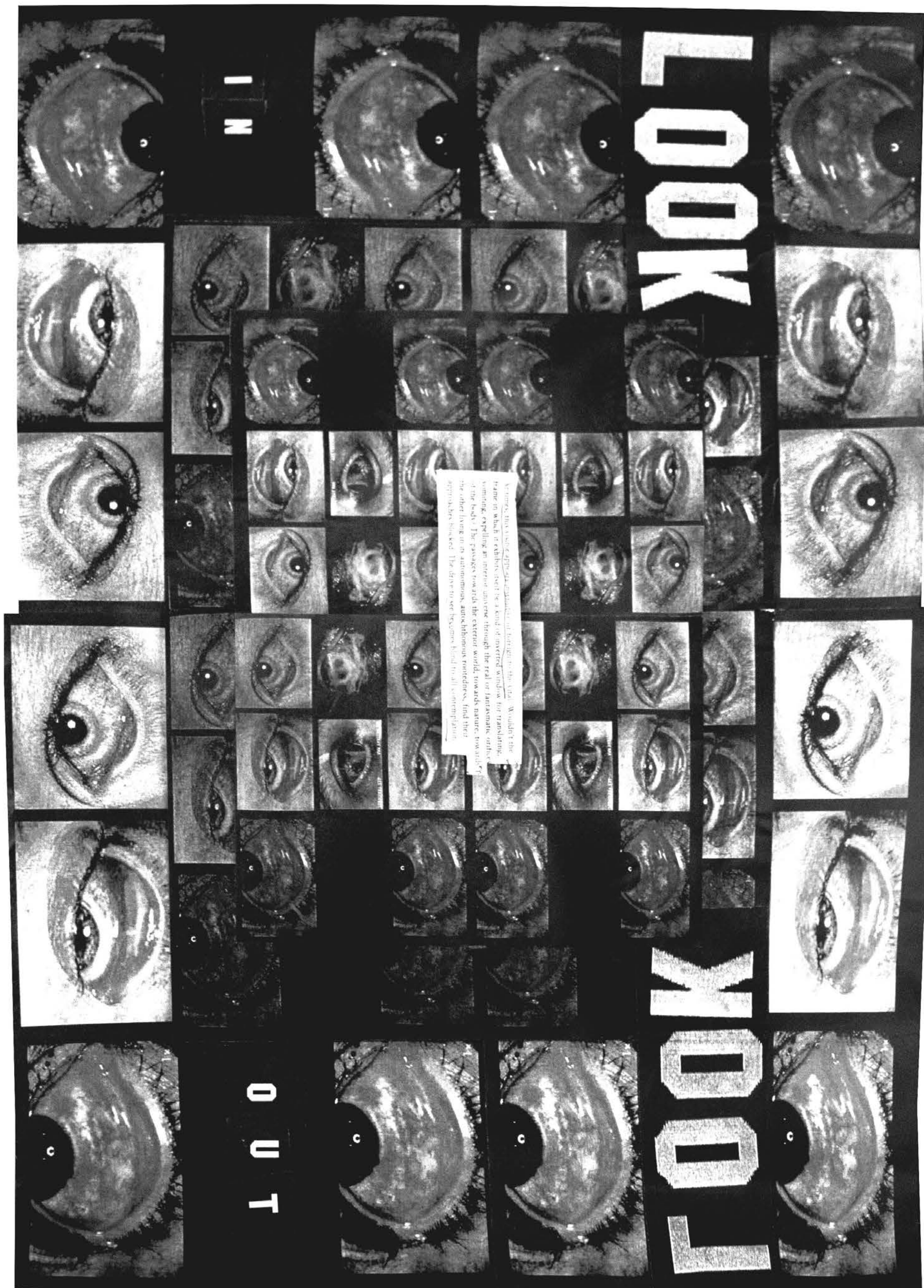
The penetrating quality of the wind depends on its ceaselessness. This is what makes it so powerful; time is its instrument. In the same way the ruler's thought should penetrate the soul of the people. This too requires a lasting influence brought about by enlightenment and command. ■



Flash Art

Contemporary art magazine





Veronesi, this is a more appropriate assessment of her light in the dark. Wouldn't the frame in which it exhibits itself be a kind of inverted window for translating something, compelling an interior universe through the real or fantastical orifice of the body? The passages towards the exterior world, towards nature, towards the other living in an autonomous, autochthonous roundness, find their approaches blocked. The drive to see becomes blind to all contemplation.

KANDIS WILLIAMS | Look Kool, 2013

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