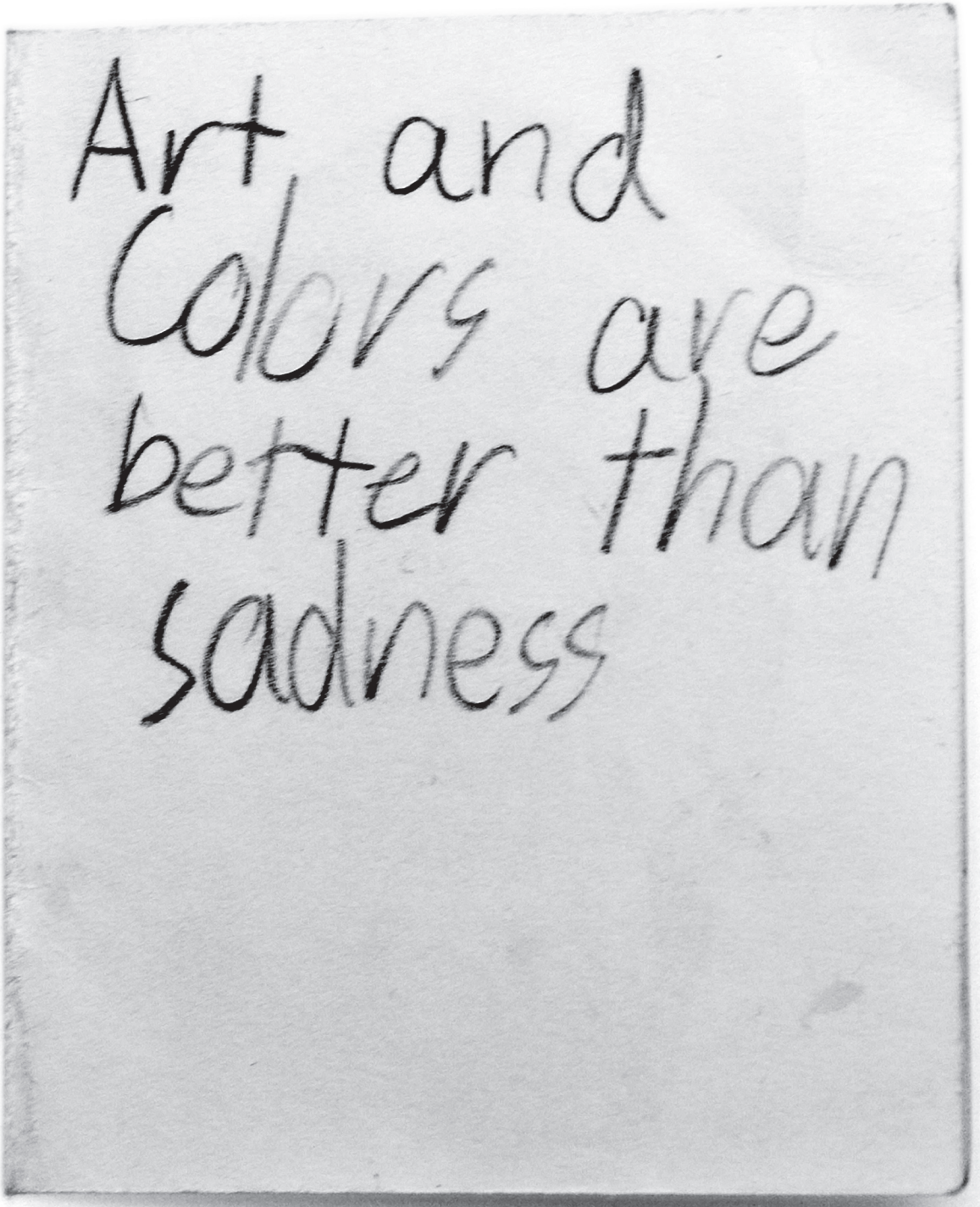

Art and
Colors are
better than
sadness

This collection of essays and interviews was published on the occasion of *Human Being*, a series of exhibitions, installations, and happenings curated by Kristan Kennedy, for PICA's 2010 Time-Based Art Festival. Projects were on view from September 9—October 17 in the classrooms and common spaces of the decommissioned Washington High School in Portland, Oregon.

Copy editors: Patrick Leonard, Scott McEachern
Catalog design: Tim Kamerer
Typeset in Miller
Printed by Bridgetown Printing
in Portland, Oregon.

© Portland Institute for Contemporary Art
224 NW 13th Avenue, Suite 305
Portland, Oregon 97209
www.pica.org

PICA

Cover Image: In 2005, the then-shuttered Washington High School was quickly converted by the Red Cross into a refuge for victims of Hurricane Katrina. In the end, the residents were rerouted to Texas, and the school remained empty. "Art and colors are better than sadness" is text from a handmade card found inside the abandoned High School, written by an anonymous child for the victims of Katrina.

Human Being

***"We are like butterflies who flutter for a day and think it's forever."* —Carl Sagan**

Wandering around in bodies that support and betray us, we obsess about the material and immaterial. We are a species with mysterious origins, which despite centuries of investigation have yet to be explained. To exist and to question our existence is our destiny. Here, under the banner *Human Being*, I have gathered a suite of artists' projects, which attempt to develop a culture around the perception of beauty, aesthetics, philosophy, and this particular human condition.

The artists included mine the deeply personal in order to explore the universal, constructing work that contrasts the confusion of the present with the seemingly concrete nature of the past. They are linked by their distillation of history through a kind of genetic memory or direct reference. They have inherited an art history and a societal history in which the aesthetics, ideas, and morals of past eras appear less subject to the chaos of our world's present moral and ethical uncertainties.

Confused by inheritance, we wonder: Are we at the endgame of abstract reasoning? Are we so far removed from the literal, the concrete, that we don't know what it is to be human? Are the fragments produced from our lives worthy of inclusion in our art? Is the search for meaning and beauty possible in a post–everything society?

It is through this questioning that I hope to present not one theory, but many, all of which collide and explode when side-by-side, leaving us in a cloud of dust. The very stuff we are made of.

Kristan Kennedy
Curator, PICA

Contents

Charles Atlas *Tornado Warning* 01
Ronnie Bass *2012 | The Astronomer, Part 1: Departure from Shed* 01
Memorandum on the Desire of the Future Imperfect by Anne Marie Oliver 03
Jessica Jackson Hutchins *Children of the Sunshine* 06
My Dead Friends Come Back by Michael Dickman 07
Dutes Miller & Stan Shellabarger *Untitled (Graves)* 08
Christopher Miner *The Safest Place* 09
Ruby Sky Stiler *Inherited & Borrowed Types* 09
Humanness by Kristan Kennedy 11
Anissa Mack *My Heart Wants More* 13
Quotidian Poems by Mack McFarland 14
People's Biennial Curated by Harrell Fletcher & Jens Hoffmann 15
Yemenwed *Episode 3 | Bedroom w TV and Woman Lays w Aide* 17
John Smith *The Girl Chewing Gum, 1976* 18
American Idols of the Art World by Sam Korman 19
Dan Gilsdorf *Diabolus in Musica* 21
Storm Tharp *High House* 21
Four-Dimensional Shadow by Rebecca Steele 23

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND VILMA GOLD, LONDON

Charles Atlas

Tornado Warning

With a career in filmmaking that spans nearly four decades, Charles Atlas has been called the "court portraitist of the American choreography and post-punk scenes." His work has ranged from gallery installations to live video performances to documentary collaborations with artists including Merce Cunningham and Marina Abramovic. In this five-channel video installation, Atlas contrasts an orderly space with a chaotic environment of sound and images that evoke memories of his personal history and reflect a culture in constant flux.

Kristan Kennedy: *Tornado Warning* is a rush of images and sound, all of it together acting as an alarm of some sort. When discussing the piece, you have described it as referencing your childhood in St. Louis, Missouri, and the awareness that, with the storm alerts, came anxiety, preparation, wonder, and fear. The soundtrack traverses many decades, with strong, relentless passages of eighties industrial music. It is this music in particular that evokes memories of other threats against us past and present: AIDS, war, political upheaval… When you started delving into your personal memory and experience for the piece, did you expect that it would speak to a greater cultural chaos?

Charles Atlas: The origins of this piece really started with a vague feeling I was experiencing of anxiety, apprehension, dread, and concern, directly related to what I felt was going on in the wider world. As with many of my art works, I began to collect images as a way to find out what I was thinking and feeling; the ones that stuck became my guideposts. Other thoughts and references accumulated and began to adhere to the central idea/feeling. It was only then that the idea of a 'tornado warning' entered the picture and seemed to be a useful and meaningful metaphor. It was then also that I connected it to my childhood memories.

The other starting point for the installation was a dialectic one of making two adjacent spaces that provided sharply contrasting experiences: conceptual, visual and, aural. So: straight lines vs. spirals, sound vs. silence, black and white vs. color, order vs. chaos, etc.

KK: In contrast to the upheaval in the multi-channel piece, *Plato's Alley* is silent and ordered. Can you talk about how the proximity of the works affects the total experience?

CA: Because of the proximity of the two spaces, the sound inevitably bleeds from the noisy space into the "silent" one. Despite the contemplative nature of *Plato's Alley*, it's hard to shut out the sense of the adjacent chaos. I think that's getting close to describing the total experience I want to offer.

KK: It seems that throughout your life as an artist you have existed at the intersections of genres; although you work predominately with moving images, they have become documentaries, sculptural installations, music videos, sets, dances, etc. Can you talk about your interest in working within the work of others, either as a collaborator or a floating eye, documenting, witnessing, or directing?

CA: Too complicated to answer.

KK: What does it mean to be human?

CA: "Human" is definitely a word I think of in the context of my creative work, particularly because so many of my pieces directly involve the human body as dancer or performer. I am drawn to

engage a broad mix of people as subjects and to portray their range of experience from dealing with common everyday emotions and activities to contemplating issues of life and death. Interestingly, when I was making *Plato's Alley*, I set out to make something as "inhuman" as possible. So that it would contrast with the rest of my work.

Atlas is represented by Vilma Gold in London.

Ronnie Bass

2012* | *The Astronomer, Part 1: Departure from Shed

Ronnie Bass' videos are narratives of transformation rooted in the ideals of contemporary belief structures. Both *2012* and *The Astronomer* involve a vision of escape to a better place, and the start of a new world. Against a backdrop of amateur astronomy and housebound experiments, Bass' synth-driven soundtracks provide soothing affirmations to assuage our hesitancies and fears of a brand new age.

Kristan Kennedy: When we first met, you spoke to me about how the voice of your characters—in this case the Astronomer—was an extension of yourself, related to your natural proclivity to be a sort of constant reassuring presence. At first, it was brought to life by a voice detached from the body (through the computer); what made you attach the voice to a body and moreover, your body?

Ronnie Bass: I was watching Steve Wilson, a musician that I was producing at the time. He would come to the studio and speak, sing, or scream into the microphone and what he wanted to convey was immediate and unquestionable. At the same time, in my own work, I was thinking about how to use prose to depict more internal situations within the course of a narrative.

I also took my and Steve's working dynamic from our collaboration and used it in my videos. You can see this in the call–and–responses. There is generally one person with unusual potential that's closely connected to his raw emotions. I like to pair him with his counter point: the person who can provide consolation and guidance to help harness this potential. This relationship may be between friend and friend, father and son, or, in the case of the Astronomer, friend and blanketed friend. These situations are close enough that there became no reason to disconnect the voice from myself or other phases of myself.

STILL COURTESY OF THE ARTIST

KK: Where does the music fit in? Are your songs a script or a score?

RB: They're scripts that are also scores. I write the music first. This largely determines the scene. I have a general idea or a particular feeling before I begin writing the music. I'll finish all of the sound and text before I begin filming. Afterwards, the audio is laid on top.

KK: Is it important for you to have the story end or to resolve?

RB: It's important that it doesn't. My stories are about working one's way toward something. If that something is reached, there's not much more to do.

KK: Is the figure under the blanket human or otherwise?

RB: I think he's human or some phase of human. If anything, he's nervous energy in human form. Actually, during filming, every time I was in discussion with the blanket, there was no body inside. It was stuffed with pillows.

KK: In poring over (and sometimes barely discerning) the conflicting texts, theories, and musings on "existence," I am stuck on Heidegger's definition of "Dasein" or "Being." In [Kevin] Aho's book *Heidegger's Neglect of the Body*, he describes Heidegger's assertion that obsessing on the present—being preoccupied with the mundane or everyday—is an inauthentic way of being, and that we are constantly pulled into "the movement of falling." It is then that we experience anxiety, or a desire to be free from ourselves. Aho goes on to say, "Anxiety makes it possible for us to resolutely own up to the unsettledness of our existence." Can you tell me a bit about the role of anxiety in your work?

RB: Anxiety seems to be the effect of any large endeavor that has never happened. My blanketed friend says that he's afraid, but it is actually anxiety that plagues him because his concern only exists in his projection of a future. Their situation seems too foreboding to embrace anxiety even if it brings reflection to their problems. After all, they're fleeing and it seems like everything is left behind.

KK: What led you to start performing your videos live? What is Gandalf's role? Is this part of the continued story line?

RB: In a video that I made a few years ago, I perform with a backing band. When a curator asked me if my band and I could do a live music performance for a show, I had to improvise because my band doesn't actually know how to play instruments; they were only acting like they were playing instruments in the video. I solved this by projecting a prerecorded video of the band synced up to my music while I stood in front of the projection and performed. That eventually led to me speaking back to the screen and to reenacting my narratives.

For the past year I have been producing Gandalf Gavan's German pop music. As with Steve, Gandalf writes the lyrics and I compose the songs. I was working on this while putting together *The Astronomer* project. The crossover that I always saw between the two projects is that they contain a slightly blurry sense of optimism paired with a clear set of tasks and a symbiotic friendship. Gandalf opened for my first Astronomer performance. I thought of it as a good introduction because it set a tone for what was to follow.

I didn't plan on Gandalf being part of the continued storyline, but it has incidentally changed the narrative that exists outside of the video work; the Astronomer's non-blanketed friend is a strapping German pop singer.

Memorandum on the Desire of the Future Imperfect

***By* ANNE MARIE OLIVER**

Let us make a few remarks about them based on our research, if that is the word. We know that at some critical point in their development their notion of themselves grew increasingly unintelligible if not suspect, the occasion for embarrassment—a certain risibility, perhaps even contempt, the deadliest of sentiments for them and the sign of an immanent fatality. On some level, who can blame the ones who succumbed to this feeling? Once they did so, they began to augment their name for themselves with *post* and *trans*, the former suggesting a world after them, indeed, a world without them; the latter, the compulsion to jump over this ostensibly abject condition.

And of this condition, what can be said? Is it characterized by the taste of death unbearably long before it happens, as their philosophers have long argued? Is its defining characteristic sorrow? Passion? Friendship? What about honesty, treachery, cowardice, sacrifice, subtlety, suicide, faciality, artfulness, respect, religiosity, betrayal, indirectness, irony, awe, envy, nostalgia, opacity, languor, guile, shame, guilt, sublimation, generosity, willfulness, deceit, perfidy, cruelty, loyalty, grandiosity, gratitude, erotism, lying, smirking, stuttering, blushing, susceptibility to charm, tendency toward reverie, embarrassment on behalf of another, the pleasures of sadness, sheer obstinacy, the taste for chocolate? Knowledge of good and evil, what? What is called the Human? Is it not already a boring question? And, anyway, of the humans—who would want to be counted among them?

These characteristics should not be understood *sui generis*; rather, they comprise certain ratios that shifted and changed in each individual and the species as a whole, in each epoch and, indeed, at each passing moment. Under certain conditions, they were one thing; under others, they were another; and these conditions were always in flux, and the patterns of intervention that were put into play were difficult if not impossible to predict or model. Nevertheless, we believe that we now have the capacity to map these relations not only as McLuhanesque sense ratios, homunculuses, but also as temporal negotiations. Our goal is nothing short of performing this task. Our inspiration is methodist.

Of the humans, we can say that they had a little problem with time. They seemed fully aware of their precarious suspension between past and future, being and becoming, completion and incompletion, separation and compulsion toward fusion, the greed for their own destiny and the desire to slow things down, to stagger their sense of time as precisely the sensation of life. In their grammar, they institutionalized a tense that expressed with typical ambivalence this fragile position. They called it the future perfect by which they meant a completed action, that which is over and done with, and, accordingly, perfect, yet for all that occurring in the future, as in "I would have died had I ever been fully born," or "I would have loved you had I myself been loveable." The human predicament, it can be said, was epitomized by this grammatical paradox, this caesura of being.

They seemed to think that the difference between themselves and other animals was based on rationality in the sense of the *animal rationale*, but we now know that it was simply a matter of time—a ratio, precisely. All one has to do is to line up the embryos of all the animals to see this basic fact. Two entities that possess absolutely different clocks do not have much in common unless those clocks can be synchronized in some way. It is obvious that the motor, so to speak, of a fly is something completely different from that of, say, an elephant, that ancient tank, and that the two co-exist within the same optical space but not the same time. Yet the creatures of their world often did more than simply co-exist, sometimes through a sort of "reciprocal topography," as elaborated by their archaic philosopher Roger Caillois in his essay "Mimicry and Legendary Psychaesthenia." Had he delved into the possible temporal dimensions of this essentially spatial phenomenon, this primitive photographic process, he might have solved a major problem for us, unlocking the secret of their universe.

For many years, they attempted to distinguish themselves also from machines, very fast machines, relatively speaking—analytical machines. Their Turing tests were, of course, based on their own form of sense-based intelligence—an ability, let us say, to recognize the Off, the Way-Off, the Slightly-Off, and the Ever-So-Slightly-Off, in short, a capacity for aesthetic judgment, a certain *rhythmanalysis*. Their form of intelligence was inseparable from their perceptual apparatus, as their philosopher Rudolf Arnheim argued, and this intelligence or, more exactly, this sentience was a direct product of their sense of time. Their first psycho-analyst speculated that the discontinuous back-and-forth, *the fort-und-da*, of perception and consciousness was not unlike the raising and lowering of the page of a children's toy called the Mystic Writing-Pad, a simple wax tablet covered with a sheet of film, and it was this radical discontinuity that determined their concept of time. This is but one of their many conceptions of time, but with all of them, we can say that their feeling of themselves as beings in the world was a time-based art.

Once they synchronized their primitive systems with that of machines, they possessed a radically different sense of time. The reciprocal topography of the natural world was displaced by a form of techno-assimilationism, the merger into virtual spaces and the submission to a-reciprocal rhythms, frequencies, continuities, discontinuities, intensities, …forms of dizziness. By the early twenty-first century, most of them could no longer distinguish between human and computer rhythms. Indistinguishability tests began to proliferate by the dozens as they searched madly, desperately, for a means of recognizing themselves in their machines. The question might have been posed as to why they should want their machines to be creative in this way, the term referring even then to an exhausted imperative and dwindling resource. In one of these exams, the

subjects were invited to read the following poem and identify its provenance, human or computer, and then state the criteria by which they had made their decision:

My Heart upon a little Plate
Her Palate to delight
A Berry or a Bun, would be,
Might it an Apricot!

Frankly, we must confess that we do not understand this bizarre construction. But, apparently, neither did they, for they averred with high frequency that this piece of peculiarity was the product of Machine Intelligence when, in fact, it was penned by one of their own, the nineteenth-century recluse and poet Emily Dickinson. Today, we can simulate not only the most solecistic instances of their poetic conventions—alliteration, assonance, ellipsis, and so forth—but also their flirtatious oscillation between symbolism and literalism and even the fecundity suggested by a certain convexity, which we have now captured in a mathematical formula. They need never again read a text like Bachelard's *The Phenomenology of Roundness*, and we hope never again to hear their ridiculous claim that poetry comprises the most complex and inimitable of their arts.

Eventually, they lost almost entirely the ability to distinguish between the human and the nonhuman. Nor could they distinguish so easily the human from what they called the inhuman—indeed, let us say, cruelty from poeticity. What is clear is that almost from the beginning, they had begun to weed out from among their ranks those possessing a certain sensibility—a form of animal husbandry they practiced on themselves. We have few records left—in the late twentieth-century, they began to transfer with great eagerness if not fervor all their paper-based archives onto the inter-net—but what is indisputable in this particular case is that a certain ancient people carried out an array of sacrifices of beautiful things, from butterflies and hummingbirds, whose blood was virtually invisible, to other humans, whose hearts, those proto-clocks, were torn out of them while they were still alive. More to the point for our purposes here, the faces of those who lined the great avenues down which they marched their victims, untold thousands of them, procured in the usual ways, were scrutinized closely; and if any one of them exhibited signs of pity, he was forced to share the fate of the condemned. This interpretation may seem a bit radical—we must admit that it is actually unclear whether they held pity in extreme contempt or whether they valued it so highly that they felt obliged to destroy it… or both.

You can recognize what remains of them even today by this telltale sign—revulsion at the sight of cruelty, both in its vulgar and refined forms. They buck and chafe when forced to turn against themselves in order to survive, and, more to the point for our purposes here, they exhibit great distress when forced to watch it in others, even complete strangers. They are very weak, and they avert their eyes when they see it, as though they are unable to distinguish themselves from one other. It makes them sick and makes them want to die. They consider cruelty the mark of a completely ignoble creature. Some of their laws forbid it, and they place especial onus on those who take pleasure in it.

We feel obliged to give special mention also to what we consider to be a closely related phenomenon, however distasteful. We have watched them fall upon one another, cleaving to one another as if for their very lives, trying to eat each other alive, attacking one another with a savage violence, and then fall apart with great confusion and consternation—nay, befuddlement. In this way, they waste themselves all the while valorizing this expenditure, the happy little cannibals. The most deluded of them refuse instrumentalization of such relations at all costs even as they allow themselves to be instrumentalized by some larger force they consider natural or divine or some combination thereof. A large percentage of their late-era song, poetry, and art, we have determined, was concerned, indeed, completely preoccupied, directly or indirectly, with this primitive syncopation, this violent reciprocity and assimilation, and we believe that they must have thought of it morning, noon, and night. They went after whatever made their hearts beat faster, and did not seem to find life of much interest without this feeling of acceleration even as they must have known that it spelled their doom as individual organisms in the manner described by their debauched philosopher Georges Bataille. Simply put, the very thing that animated them destroyed them. And, again, they seemed to like it like that. Indeed, they were willing to wager everything on it. Let us put an end to this area of inquiry by noting that this transformation of a simple hardwired information delivery system into something else entirely can be said to recapitulate the entire history of *homo sapiens sapiens*—quite the misnomer, as you can see.

Eventually, we eradicated this tendency almost entirely. And we did so because we determined, in the end, that what we initially thought of as a supreme folly, indeed, the most supreme of follies, was, in actuality, the secret of their strength. We created a scanner that worked almost impeccably to identify the last of their ilk—some of them were kind enough to help us; otherwise, we would never have been able to translate our program into their language, as here. The name we gave to this device, the Twinkle-o-meter, was absurd, but when it comes to technology, we had found that they liked retromediation, and, also, that they liked cute things—cute, dumb things—and under the right conditions, they would do to themselves willingly, gladly—indeed, enthusiastically in every respect—what was obviously against their interests and, indeed, their very survival. At any rate, with this device, we could measure with great speed and accuracy the dilation

of the eye, its reflectivity, moisture, curvature, and so forth—in short, what they called "the twinkle in the eye" or something like that. They stood in line to have this procedure administered and to receive their scores, which they delighted in comparing to those of others.

When they finally understood that clones had been introduced among them, and that this procedure could circumvent the usual means by which they propagated themselves, producing rather than reproducing entities comprised of organic matter visually indistinguishable from themselves in every respect, they became outraged, enraged to the point of madness. On some level, of course, they were correct—it was the end of everything, the end of their world. But it was also in their nature that they got used to anything as a matter of sheer adaptation, and the new technique was soon seen as simply an alternative fertility treatment; and their social mores forbade discrimination of organisms produced in this aphanitized manner. Eventually, it became their method of choice. Once genetic augmentation had become a widespread practice and art form, they eventually began to speak of different species. Given the fact that the two types—the augmented and the natural, so-called—were unable to mate, the distinction was, indeed, factual. There were numerous techno-hybrids of all sorts as well, an idea they began to explore and foster in their art and theory long before it was actualized. We eventually showed them how they might become immortal by a slight resetting of the internal timing mechanisms of their cells, one by one. In retrospect, it was probably a mistake to have given this gift its true name, which we considered to be strictly value-free: cancer.

They refused this gift for one reason only—because they would have to sacrifice the one thing without which they believed they could not live. In actuality, as we have noted, it was the very source of their finitude even as it gave them the feeling of a warm infinitude, to cite again their vaunted Bachelard. It is written in one of their holy books, "The wages of Sin are death," but few of them believed it. Well, we have made the death of sin our wager. As a side note, let us restate our position—paradox is of absolutely no interest to us and must be considered the domain of the merely clever. In a not dissimilar way, we would also point out that while we have presented our findings here in the form of a chronology of developments, our time has nothing whatsoever to do with theirs. What they never seemed to understand is that we were amongst them from the beginning.

But let us return to our main point here—their refusal of our gift. For the humans, it is clear that anything magical in the world must come from something completely outside of themselves. Its provenance must be divine; its destination, unknowable; its form, unseeable and unsayable. The pre-programmed, the perfect and perfected, did not seem to interest them at all. Indeed, they never loved anything (or anyone) because it was perfect. On the contrary, and perversely, such things triggered in them a sense of futility and deep boredom. We consider the following claim by Giorgio Agamben, one of their last great humanist philosophers, to be paradigmatic of their mentation: "Witnessing the pleasure and the passion of others is the supreme emotion and the first politics because we seek in the other the relationship with Genius which we are incapable of grasping on our own; our secret delight and our proud and lofty agony."

You can tell right away that one of them has written this. They frankly confessed that there was something great in them but that it did not properly belong to them—that they could not save themselves, that only someone else could save them, and, moreover, that this someone else at the moment of deliverance was not even a someone else per se. This kind of divine game was exceedingly time-consuming and skill-based, as you can imagine. The remnants eventually began to realize the price they paid for its being played out and, instead, opted for becoming properly sovereign entities. Almost without exception, they came to the conclusion on their own free will that the magic they had once sought and had fought for as if for their very lives was just too much trouble—hard work, indeed. Life itself was simply too much trouble. It had always been too much trouble. It wasn't completely unlike the argument we have found in one of their novels for not making up one's bed in the morning: In a few hours, you'll be right back in there just as before, so what could possibly be the point? They devised many machines to mask the sound of their own lone hearts going tick-tock tick-tock for all eternity.

And thus it was that desire fled the world, and the world effectively ended. We have read Jules Michelet's *The Sorceress* with great interest and have paid close attention to his claim that human beings almost perished in the Middle Ages for the simple reason that they lost this thing called desire. Even the introduction of various spices was greeted as a source of salvation. One could write the entirety of their history not as the chronology of wars and kingdoms but rather in this way, precisely—all the points at which the whole thing almost fell apart due to the evacuation of desire from their world. Some of their philosophers postulated that desire led them to a point at which time was abolished, a Flusseresque zero dimension, but we now know that whatever this thing was, it also engendered and multiplied time for them, creating their world at every moment. It was, let us say, their ultimate TBA. In light of what has happened, this is of no uncertain interest to us.

Anne Marie Oliver *is a cultural theorist whose work explores collaborations and collisions between art, religion, politics, media, and technology. She is Assistant Professor of Intermedia and Contemporary Theory at PNCA and Research Scholar at the University of California, Santa Barbara.*

REFERENCES:

1. Giorgio Agamben, *Profanations*
2. Rudolf Arnheim, *Visual Thinking*
3. Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*
4. Georges Bataille, *Erotism*
5. Roger Caillois, *"Mimicry and Legendary Psychaesthenia"* (http://www.generation-online.org/p/fpcaillois.htm)
6. *The Collected Poems of Emily Dickinson*
7. Vilém Flusser, *Towards a Philosophy of Photography*
8. Sigmund Freud, *General Psychological Theory*
9. Henri Lefebvre, *Rhythmanalysis*
10. Marshall McLuhan, *Understanding Media: The Extensions of Man*
11. Jules Michelet, *The Sorceress*
12. *Romans 6:23*

Jessica Jackson Hutchins

Children of the Sunshine

In Hutchins' home, the family piano provides both a literal and figurative rhythm to daily life. Transformed from a worn instrument into a body of artwork, the piano inspires a series of woodcut and collaged prints, forms the basis of a sculptural work, and serves as the set for a family and friends music video jam to the song *Children of the Sunshine*. In Hutchins' hands, domestic routines and objects blend with empathic and amorphous ceramic forms to stage abstract, yet resolutely human scenes.

Kristan Kennedy: When we last met you talked to me about your frustration with people who dismiss religious zealots, cult leaders, and other visionaries. You likened them to artists in their steadfast beliefs, especially as their ideas relate to the immaterial having value. In relation to this discussion, what makes your art important? Why is it worth defending, pursuing, and believing in?

Jessica Jackson Hutchins: My work is of the utmost importance to me and, by extension, to those right around me whom I directly affect. But I think it is better left to others to evaluate the kind of importance I think you are referring to; that [importance] would be contingent and whimsical and according to politics and the times. It also is not at all how I am inspired or driven to make [my work]. I wouldn't even know how to evaluate what I think is important art for right now. That kind of ideological insistence doesn't actually interest me very much in art (unless it is really well done, of which I can't think of an example right now; maybe *Guernica*?).

I don't think I meant zealots or cult leaders for whom it is crucial to control the beliefs of others, whose power derives from their belief that they are right and others are wrong. I think that is really unethical in life and boring in art, mostly.

I think I was trying to speak to or about the more private aspects of faith and commitment to something outside oneself that doesn't engage a straightforward exchange in our society. A commitment that requires some hermeticism and study for its own sake, to nurture a kind of calling.

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND LAUREL GITLEN, NEW YORK

KK: You have been sourcing furniture and other domestic items from your own home, from the street, and from other locations. What is it about the stuff we live with that you are attracted to? When do you decide something should leave your home and exist in the studio?

JJH: I have always made my art from the stuff in the room—unremarkable, familiar stuff—so that the process of making meaning is emphasized, rather than just the finished product. I can create meaning just by rearranging things that were already around. This process is not extraordinary or exceptional, but quite essential to daily life, much like a chair is. [This method] can also communicate a "by-any-means-necessary" urgency or a kind of punk ethic.

KK: Are your vessels replacements for humans? They have anthropomorphic qualities and slump and rest and recline like we do, yet they also feel like architecture—a structure to things, or like landscape, lumps of earth interacting with rigid forms.

JJH: Yes, they are all of those things simultaneously.

KK: One of my favorite pieces of yours is a video called simply, *Plant Tour*, a first person wandering from the inside of your home to the garden. There is something so immediate about it, so familiar and strange; you reveal so much about your personal life in your work: we see your children, your husband, your home, we hear your wit and learn of your triumphs and trials. What is the role of the personal in your work? How much is too much to share?

JJH: I think, these days, the personal is coming front-and-center quite intentionally [in my work]. It seems like there has been some sort of crisis of content in art. No one could handle just having straightforward subject matter, as though somehow that is too vulnerable, or not 'important' or cool enough (thus the ubiquity of critical distance and ideologies and little tricks of abstraction to hide subject matter). So I am just going for it: no postures or pretensions. Pictures of my kids and real unremarkable moments are forefront.

I have also been working in and around allegory for the last decade and have always wanted to ground the more hermetic transcendental moments with real acute specificity, as if to say each is a vehicle for the other. I just made a big sculpture which is just 'SM,' my husband's initials. Maybe this and the pictures of the kids are perhaps so over-the-top that I hope the idea of subject matter is also made subject.

Hutchins is represented by Laurel Gitlen/Small A Projects in New York.

Dutes Miller & Stan Shellabarger

Untitled (Graves)

Husband and husband artist team Dutes Miller & Stan Shellabarger's art documents the bittersweet rhythms of human relationships. Their work shifts between moments of togetherness and moments of separation, between spaces of private and public, protection and pain, and visibility and invisibility. In *Untitled (Graves)*, the artists dig, in close proximity to each other, two holes, deep and large enough for each man to lie in. They then dig a small tunnel between the holes that enable them to hold hands while lying in the graves.

Kristan Kennedy: Many of your individual and collaborative performances test the limits of your bodies through exhaustive, repetitive action. How do they test the limits of your mind?

Dutes Miller: Some of our longer performances really test my ability to stay focused or concentrated, which is a limit of the mind. But the limits of my mind are more apt to be tested during the development of a piece; how will the action of the performance work in the world, how could it be interpreted, how do I translate or manifest a concept into a meaningful performance or object?

Stan Shellabarger: I'd have to agree that by the time the performance takes place, we already have prepared ourselves for what lies ahead. Not to say we aren't surprised sometimes.

KK: In *Untitled (Graves)* you dig side-by-side and you lay side-by-side; do you speak to each other? If not, why? If so, why?

SS: We talk to each other and the audience. The performances are not theater. There is no separation between the audience and ourselves. We share the same time and space, so we interact and talk with anyone who wants to interact.

DM: Well, while in the graves, we can't really talk to each other because of the dirt wall between us. But we can communicate as we are holding hands via the tunnel between the graves.

KK: Can you talk to me about the symmetry or mirroring in your work? You are often side-by-side, face-to-face, or are dressed alike, with complementing facial hair. Is this a matter of design or a trope?

SS: Maybe a bit of both. The detritus of our performances may be the only thing some audiences see of our performances, so we give careful consideration to the choices we make concerning materials, locations, and the method of documentation. The facial hair is a more recent similarity and has developed out of our series of conjoined silhouettes. Our physical similarity really ends there; we're really different in height, weight, and build.

KK: Is it important for your work to be beautiful?

SS: Beautiful? The physical result of our performance/detritus or the conceptual framework for the performance?

DM: I haven't thought too much about that—I do think that a certain kind of attention has been paid to the visual aspects of our performances and that there is a sense of beauty to them. It is more important to me that the concepts or ideas that the audiences derive from the work be interesting and in some way meaningful.

KK: Do you think you will be together in the afterlife?

DM: My thoughts on the afterlife change. Mostly, I don't believe in one. If you were talking about heaven, being there with Stan would be nice. As far as some implication of the afterlife in *(Graves)*, for me it points out the impossibility of being together in death. [It is] more of an attempt at the impossible, an acknowledgement of the loss that occurs at death and the willingness to proceed knowing the cost of love.

SS: I'm not sure there's a heaven or hell, but it would be nice to be together in whichever one we might end up. For now, I think we have to find our bliss in the here and now.

Miller & Shellabarger are represented by Western Exhibitions on Chicago.

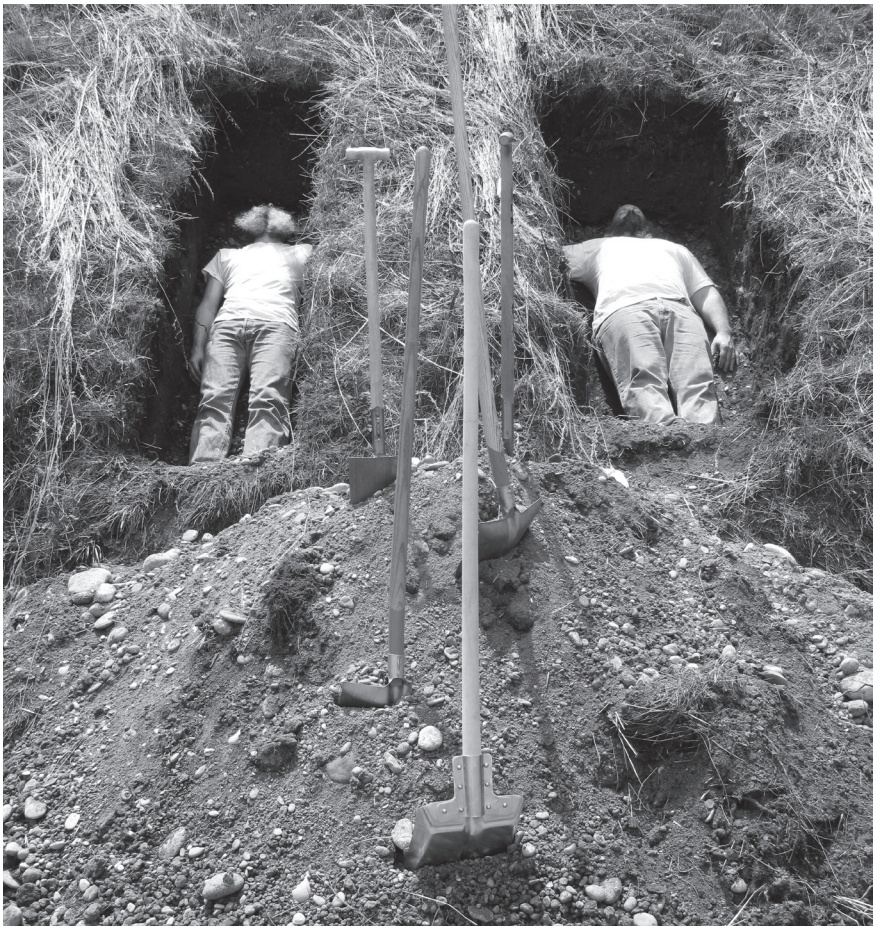


PHOTO COURTESY OF THE ARTISTS AND WESTERN EXHIBITIONS, CHICAGO

My Dead Friends Come Back

***By* MICHAEL DICKMAN**

If you want to
come back, just you
I say it's fine

From the flattened universe
From his side
of the bed

Shave my head and put me in the ground with you surrounded by
    trillium

Trillium or
something else

Shit and violets

*

If you want to
come back, just you
I say it's fine

From endless singing
From the icy branches
of evergreens

I want to trade you sunlight for starlight, or star for star, the night sky
    disappearing for
    coffee in the morning

What I want

I want to fuck you again
on the living-room
floor

*

If you want to
come back, just you
I say it's fine

From your hijacked brain

From your skeleton
sparkling like change
on a countertop

Your life as light is just beginning in the cosmos, but you can come
    back if you want to

What a terrible place this is

Limping around
not in each other's arms
not like light
at all

Michael Dickman, "My Dead Friends Come Back" from *The End of the West*. Copyright © 2009 Michael Dickman. Reprinted with permission of the author and Copper Canyon Press. www.coppercanyonpress.org.

Christopher Miner

The Safest Place

Miner's video charts a lone man rotating endlessly, floating in an undefined space ship-like interior. As he spins, the figure clasps his knees in perpetual fetal-positioned prayer. Lost in a space of contemplation, he becomes a kind of everyman who quietly reaches out to the great beyond. The music, recorded by Miner, is a reinvented southern spiritual whose song becomes incantation: *No harm have I done on my knees / When you see me on my knees / Come here, Jesus, if you please*. The searcher takes comfort in this act of petition, though his waiting, like the silence of the answer, is infinite.

Kristan Kennedy: What does it mean to be human?

Christopher Miner: Maybe, just to ask that question. Or to try to answer it.

KK: Your work has a slow, methodical, and repetitive pace, which is supported by its beautiful and eerie score. I grew up attending mass every Sunday, and there is something similar in the meditative pacing of your video; even though the figure is suspended in an anti-gravity chamber, it might as well be a church. Can you talk to me about the religious under/overtones in your work, and in particular in *The Safest Place*?

CM: This video makes me think about man's ongoing effort to know God. I've always liked the idea of space travel as a literal example of man blasting himself into the heavens to gain some kind of connection with an ultimately unknowable expanse. There can be something wonderful about feeling lost, when you're lost in the presence of something larger than yourself. My own experience growing up in the church was very much focused on the "being found" part—the salvation and redemptive aspects of faith—with a clear suspicion of any mystery or uncertainty. In the video, I like the idea of the old spiritual's lyric of, "no harm have I done on my knees", where just the act of subjecting yourself before heaven, like a man in space, is comforting.

STILL COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND MITCHELL-INNES & NASH, NEW YORK

KK: When you turn the camera on your life, are you creating a document or a diary? Is the subject you or how you see/feel the world?

CM: I don't want the subject to ever be about me, or how I feel about the world. I try to use myself and my life as materials to build work from, but I'm never satisfied with any piece that feels like I'm just 'expressing' something. Even if the work is 30 minutes of me talking about my life, I try to compress the video and narration down into an impenetrable event for the viewer to experience. I was with a friend of mine once when his father sliced into his own hand with an electric knife while cleaning a fish.

I was standing 2 feet away and when his father raised his hand up from the cutting board there was blood going everywhere and his fingers were hanging from his hand in an unnatural way. It was horrible; but really, my experience viewing this had nothing to do with the actual details of what the man was feeling. I remember looking down at my own hand while he was screaming and it was like I'd never looked at my hand before. I remember thinking that it looked like this beautiful, miracle object, and I was amazed that my brain could control my fingers the way they did. I want my work to function this way: where the events of my life just act as a singular, specific event to create a unique experience for the viewer.

Miner is represented by Mitchell-Innes & Nash, New York.

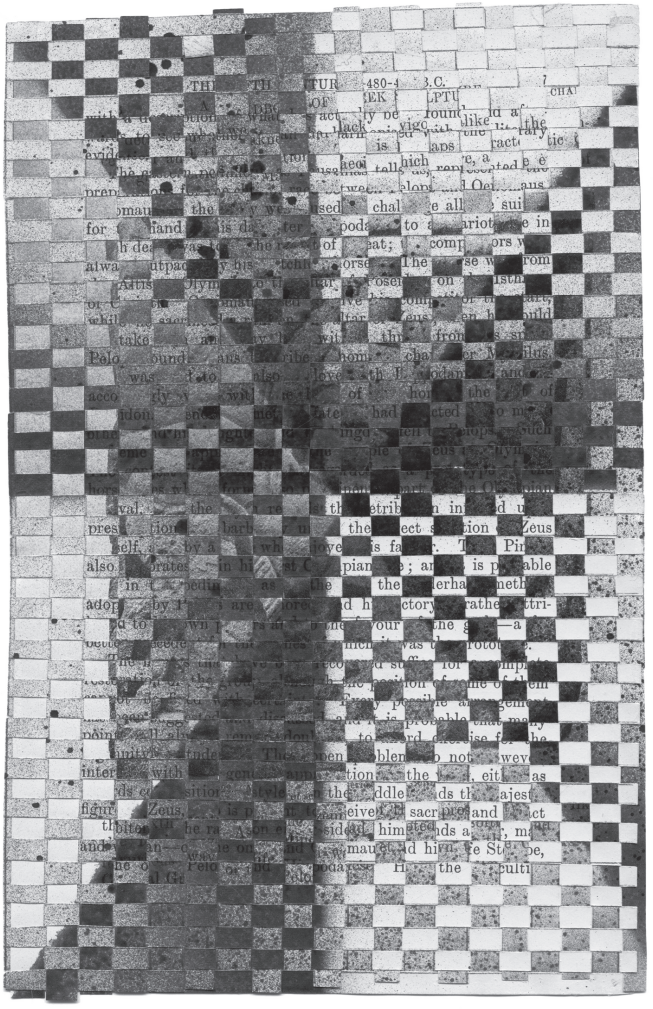
Ruby Sky Stiler

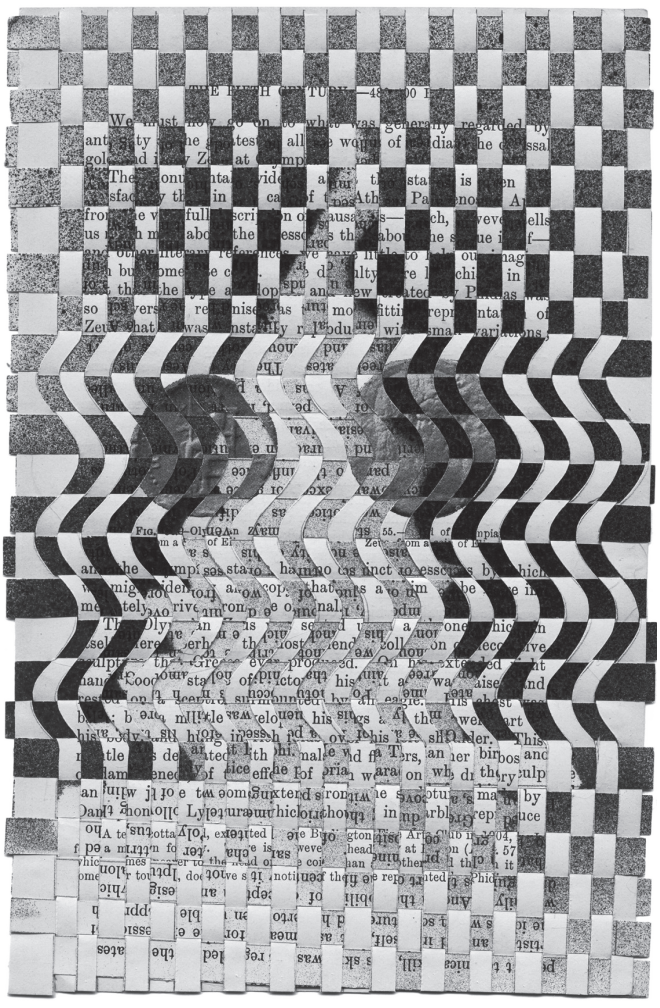
Inherited & Borrowed Types

Stiler's sculptural forms reference and reconstruct classical iconography from artist-constructed "rubble." The ancient-seeming silhouettes are, at first glance, authoritative in their connection to this canon of history. However, closer inspection of their mash-up elements—which conflate imagery and objects that span centuries and societies—reveal the works to be peculiar interpretations of historical reality. Stiler's distorted quotation of the familiar and banal classical nude exposes the absence of a single, eternal "truth."

Kristan Kennedy: In discussing your past work—and specifically the work for this exhibition—we have talked quite a bit about the relationship of the sculptures to the room. Sightlines, color, and placement; no surface has been overlooked. In some instances it seems like you are controlling the environment and in others it seems like you are reacting/responding to it. Is there an ideal space for your work to exist? Or will you always construct their environment in some way?

Ruby Sky Stiler: I'm preoccupied with where and when an object should end, and with its placement in the room. I think I have a tic for creating rules that assist in my decision making, and help me defer some of this responsibility. Often a site defines a direction, and I'll consider it overtly, but I'm also happy to plop the work down and see how the site affects an existing piece (or the reverse). With this installation [at Washington High School with PICA] I've been really looking forward to seeing how the formal aspects of the academic





COURTESY OF NICELLE BEAUCHENE GALLERY, NEW YORK

environment create context for the more conventional artworks in the room, but I also feel compelled to create a distinct mood in the "gallery." The "ideal" space for the work to exist—which is not to say the best space—would be in my mind. Once it emerges into the physical world, it becomes a messier, collaborative object with a body and social implications that I can never fully control.

KK: Let's talk about the word 'nude.' I read in a past interview of yours that you spent a great deal of your childhood free of clothes. The word has an innocence about it, in contrast to naked, which implies one is exposed. Of course in classical sculpture, the nude was used to represent the "ideal" in form and state of being. For *Inherited & Borrowed Types*, you have produced three figures, who all stand in various states of undress. Are they referencing the ideal? Does their stance, gaze, or their nudity bear any psychic weight?

RSS: Yeah, my sister and I were naked kids: either totally nude or wearing backwards, one-piece bathing suits at all times, WWF-style. That's such a good observation; I love your distinction between the implications of "nude" and "naked." The shifting line between kitsch and originality is an element that really interests me in the recent work I've made. On the one hand, elements of these works copy from recognized ideals of art history and, in this sense, [the works] are tacky imitations. On the other hand, I strive for the sculpture's presence to feel elegant, convincing, and originally expressive. So, I'm hoping that they are simultaneously "nude" and "naked."

KK: I was struck by a statement you made in your studio on one of our visits together; you talked about the sculptures looking like "male Modernist monoliths" from the back, though from front they often have a hybrid gender, or rather, regardless of their gender, they feel feminine. Can you talk about this duality: the front and back of the sculpture, the male and female sides of the sculpture?

RSS: Simply described, the basic project is of jamming together disparate parts to make a whole figure. I think of this as a hopeful, loving gesture: finding solutions and repairs that would bring the figure to life out of crumbling, incomplete appendages. I haven't deliberately set up a dichotomy, though the abstract "Modernist monolith" view does present a distinct approach to rendering form, which sometimes creates the feeling that these works are dated both to ancient art history as well as to the sculpture of 50 years ago. My incorporation of shifting perspectives, varied art historical references, gender combinations, and scale shifts encourage a sense of *striving* to make something work, without having all of the most appropriate resources at one's disposal.

KK: What does it mean to be human?

RSS: Hmm. *Striving* to make something work, without having all of the most appropriate resources at one's disposal?

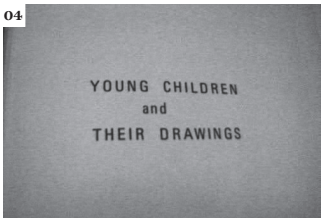
Stiler is represented by Nicelle Beauchene Gallery, New York.

01

02

03

04

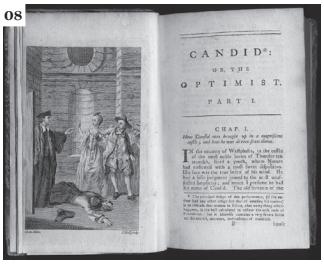


05

06

07

08

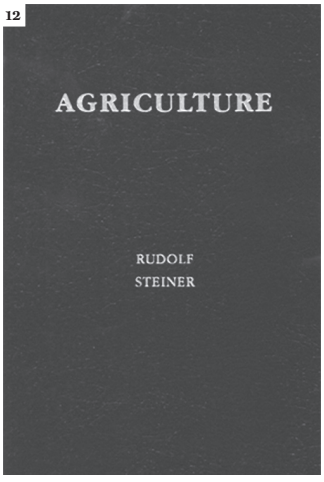


09

10

11

12



13

14

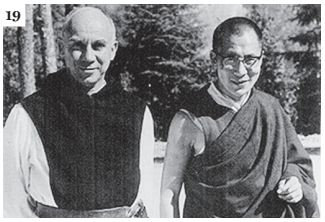
15

16

17

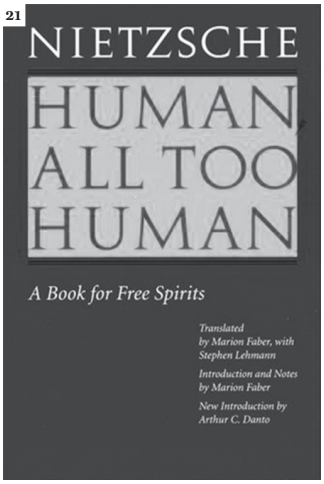
18

19



20

21



22

23

24

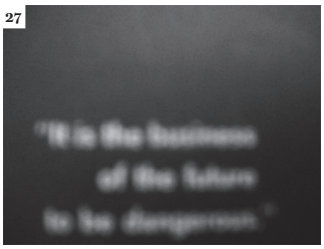
25

26

Humanness

***By* KRISTAN KENNEDY**

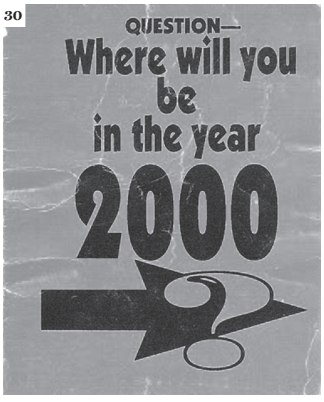
27



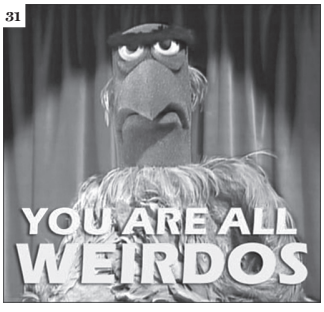
28

29

30

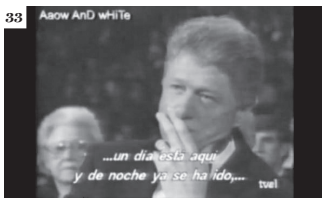


31



32

33



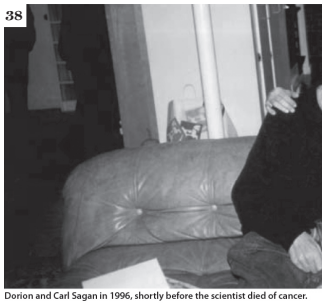
34

35

36

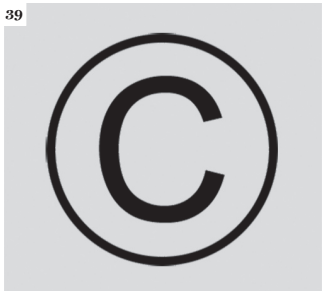
37

38



Dorion and Carl Sagan in 1996, shortly before the scientist died of cancer.

39



01. The word discursive.

02. Truth and fiction. East Side, West Side. Being together in a room.

03. Correspondence, manuscripts, proofs, art work, mechanicals, documents, lists, financial papers, and printed materials of KULCHUR, the Kulchur Press books, and the Kulchur Foundation. Lita Hornick published the works of new American writers (including the New York School), artists, and musicians (such as Robert Duncan, Allen Ginsberg, Frank O'Hara, and Larry Rivers), as well as avant garde criticism from 1961 until 1965.

04. Young Children and Their Drawings

05. Phyllis Lyon, 79, and Del Martin, 83, who have been a couple for over 51 years, said their vows at city hall after Mayor Gavin Newsom ordered officials to wed gay couples and issue marriage licenses in an act of civil disobedience against a state law that bars same-sex marriages.

06. Axel Rose wearing a Nirvana trucker hat.

07. Natural habitat.

08. Si c'est ici le meilleur des mondes possibles, que sont donc les autres? *Candide*, ch. vi.

09. *Kids*, 1995. Larry Clark, Harmony Korine, AIDS, teenagers, "I have no legs", New York City.

10. Never Forget.

11. Gestalt. Accidental abstraction interaction with Motherwell painting as seen and recorded by the curator Stuart Horodner. National Gallery, Washington, D.C., 2pm.

12. Your food has the potential to be alive.

13. "I'm very careful not to have ideas, because they're inaccurate" —Agnes Martin

14. Third, Fourth and Fifth Wave Feminism. "I'm Mrs. Oh My God, That Britney's Shameless" —Piece of Me, *Blackout*, 2007, Britney Spears, TMZ.com.

15. October 3, 1992, Witnessing a live event. Performance not performing. Action not acting. Sinead O'Connor performs "War" by Bob Marley on Saturday Night Live. Sinead ends the song by declaring "Fight the real enemy!" and then rips a photo of Pope John Paul II in half, then silence, then commercial, then 2.5 million dollar fine from the FCC, then days later at a birthday concert for Bob Dylan she sings "War" again (this time no picture), then she staggers offstage, then she is comforted by Kris Kristofferson, then she retires from the entertainment industry, then in 1997 she makes peace with the Pope, declaring her protest "a ridiculous act, the gesture of a girl rebel," then months later she joins the congregation of Bishop Michael Cox, then she is ordained a priest.

16.
- Medium: Chlorite
- Place made: Egypt
- Possible place collected: Heliopolis, Egypt
- Dates: ca. 1876-1842 B.C.E.
- Dynasty: XII Dynasty
- Period: Middle Kingdom
- Collections: Egyptian, Classical, Ancient Near Eastern Art
- Museum Location: This item is on view in Egypt Reborn: Art for Eternity, Old Kingdom to 18th Dynasty, Egyptian Galleries, 3rd Floor
- Accession Number: 56.85
- Rights Statement: Creative Commons-BY-NC
- Caption: Head from a Female Sphinx, ca. 1876–1842 B.C.E. Chlorite, 15 5/16 x 13 1/8 x 13 15/16 in., 124.5 lb. (38.9 x 33.3 x 35.4 cm). Brooklyn Museum, Charles Edwin Wilbour Fund, 56.85. Creative Commons-BY-NC
- Open collections, anonymous women, laying on the floor of the museum age 5, memo pads.

17. Cartoon representation of actual event.

18. Human Sexual Response.

19. Post-Church.

20. Man-made devices implanted or integrated into a human.

21. Philosopher junkies. Post-graduate education. Freedom is not free.

22. *Monkey Painting* by Thierry Lenain, with an introduction by Desmond Morris, Pub. August 1997, Published by Reaktion Books, Limited, 208pp.

23. The Plastic People of the Universe, Vaclav Havel, Dec 14, 1989, The Velvet Underground.

24. A regional sub-genre emerges nationally post-Katrina, new movements in art and music following catastrophe, New Orleans Bounce, Sissy Nobby, YouTube est. 2005.

25. J. Mascis' voice. In fact, the voice of everyone.

26. Deborah's last picture of Ian, May 13, 1980.

27. "It is the business of the future to be dangerous" —Alfred North Whitehead, quoted by Marshall McLuhan in *The Medium is the Massage*.

28. By Request: Genesis P-Orridge and The Psychedelic Art of Pandrogeny, http://illogicalcontraption.blogspot.com/2010/07/by-request-genesis-p-orridge-and.html.

29. Creation/Myth: The realization that the moment something is made in the real world, it is being refashioned in the virtual one. A video for Massive Attack by female M.C. Nicki Minaj debuted on BET on March 31, 2010; less than ten days later, self proclaimed IMVU "Music Video Artist" WHORISH, had posted a near perfect copy. Genesis 3 introduces the Serpent, "slier than every beast of the field." The serpent tempts the woman to eat from the tree of knowledge, telling her that it will make her more like God and it will not lead to death. She succumbs, and gives the fruit to the man, who eats also, "and the eyes of the two of them were opened." Aware now of their nakedness, they make coverings of fig leaves, and hide from the sight of God. God asks them about what they have done. Adam blames Eve, and Eve blames the serpent. God curses the Serpent and then curses Adam and Eve with hard labor and with pain in childbirth, and banishes them from his garden, setting a cherub at the gate to bar their way to the Tree of Life, "lest he put out his hand... and eat, and live forever."

30. The rave.

31. James Maur Henson, September 24, 1936–May 16, 1990.

32. Aug 14, 2005.

33. Non Verbal Communication, Michael Jackson, Language, The Hidden Population, Sex as a WMD.

34. 1988, UK In a studio setting, Stephen Hawking, Arthur C. Clarke, and Carl Sagan (who joins them via satellite) discuss the Big Bang theory, God, our existence, as well as the possibility of extraterrestrial life.

35. Marina Abramovic's former lover and collaborator Ulay visited the opening of her performance at MoMA, where they embraced. Photo by Scott Rudd, courtesy Museum of Modern Art.

36. "Dust from your skin must trust when it scatters only love matters" Dust, 13th Floor Elevators.

37. "We succeeded in taking that picture [from deep space], and, if you look at it, you see a dot. That's here. That's home. That's us. On it, everyone you ever heard of, every human being who ever lived, lived out their lives. The aggregate of all our joys and sufferings, thousands of confident religions, ideologies and economic doctrines, every hunter and forager, every hero and coward, every creator and destroyer of civilizations, every king and peasant, every young couple in love, every hopeful child, every mother and father, every inventor and explorer, every teacher of morals, every corrupt politician, every superstar, every supreme leader, every saint and sinner in the history of our species, lived there on a mote of dust suspended in a sunbeam." —Carl Sagan, *Reflections on a Mote of Dust*

38. Stardust Memories, Dorion Sagan, *Cabinet A Quarterly of Art and Culture*, Issue 35, Dust.

39. 35. These sentences comment on art, but are not art. Sol Le Witt, *Sentences on Conceptual Art*, first published in 0–9 (New York), 1969, and Art-Language (England), May 1969.

Anissa Mack

My Heart Wants More

Although frequently referred to as "disposable" in our society, objects often predate and outlast us, continually cycling through owners and contexts over time. Museums, junk shops, curio cabinets, auctions, and collections all serve as sites that help to define the narratives and emotions that we bring to our things. Within the context of a private collector's artwork holdings, Mack's project examines the magnetism and lingering appeal of objects and images.

Kristan Kennedy: This project is a likely and unlikely collaboration: between you and a patron and an institution, and between you and a collection of objects and a site. Where do you begin? How will you go about developing a new body of work while in residence? Will you shut out or let in influences, and from where and from whom?

Anissa Mack: I will begin by trying to start where I left off in my studio—trying to keep the momentum going. I've brought along a few pieces that I just finished, as well as a piece that's almost done. I think in two weeks it's more about considering how to integrate my work (or my collection) and Sarah Miller Meigs' [of the lumber room] collection, rather than making a new body of work.

In terms of influence, I'm sure that the artwork in the collection, the conversations I have with you and Sarah, as well as just my experiences in Portland will have a great effect on the final project. I can already see certain trajectories developing that wouldn't have occurred to me back home.

KK: What is it that interests you about collecting, or what we choose to live with, arrange, and display around us?

AM: In part, I'm intrigued by collecting because there are some serious collectors in my family. So, I've always thought about it; considering the order that a collection demands, but the irrationality it creates as well. Also, to me, there seems to be such a direct relationship between collecting and art making. On a basic level of aesthetic choice, valuation, arranging, narrative, etcetera, [the two pursuits] seem very similar.

KK: There are times I look at your work and it feels like a stand-in for something else. And yet, in the end, the formal choices you have made are so serious and distinct that it keeps it safe from kitsch or irony. When you decide to recreate things, how do you make them your own?

AM: I think the work can sometimes stand in for my experience with the original object, image, or "inspiration," but that it always needs a level of specificity in the making to balance the potential familiarity or, conversely, the obscurity of the reference.

KK: It seems that the situations or objects you decide to mine for content, form, or inspiration live somewhere between art (things made in the name of aesthetics) and artifacts (things made or modified for use). What do you look for, or rather, what is it that distinguishes something as worthy of your gaze and consideration?

AM: I'm not sure what makes certain things worthy of an extended look, but often they are objects that confuse me or remind me of something, or that I have an odd emotional reaction to. You could say they are objects that I want to "collect," but I want to preserve them in the way that I perceive them, which usually requires that I make some modification or alteration. Perhaps that's why they exist between art and artifact for you.

Mack is represented by Laurel Gitlen/Small A Projects in New York. My Heart Wants More *was developed for TBA:10 in residence at the lumber room, with the generous assistance of Sarah Miller Meigs.*

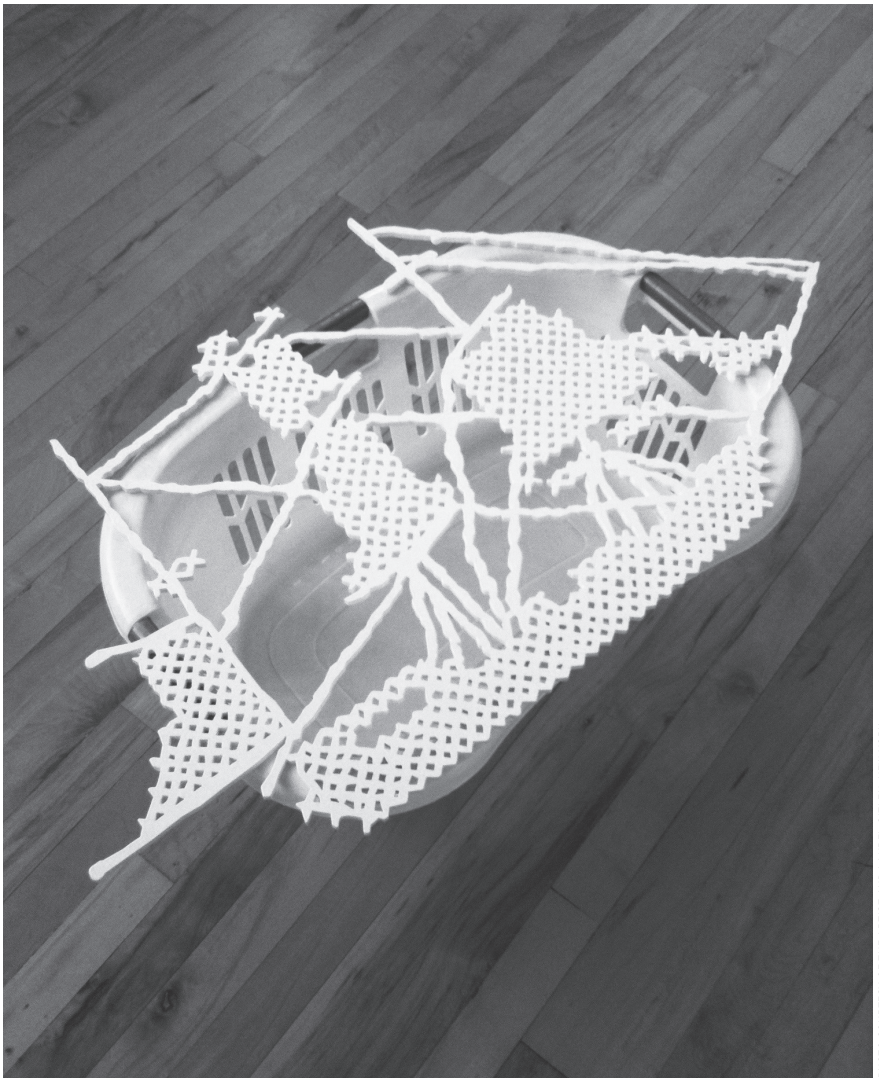


PHOTO COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND LAUREL GITLEN, NEW YORK

Quotidian Poems

***By* MACK MCFARLAND**

The poetics of everyday life are so subtle and intricate that their beauty and bemusing ways are often lost, obscured by our advertising campaigns, text messages, sidewalk lobbyists, and near-constant motion as we transit between built environments. It is a sincerely grand feeling when we see a thing of banality serendipitously transformed into something truly extraordinary. These shifts in perception, in the words of Lawrence Weiner, "…[change] the world in such a way that your previous conception of the way the world was, isn't... the same." This kind of perceptual change and a lyrical sensitivity to the familiar are central attributes of Nina Katchadourian's work.

Katchadourian's oeuvre is full of subtle poetry, be it the *Mended Spiderweb* series—which documents "repairs" that she makes with red sewing thread to damaged spiderwebs, (only to have her helpful gesture rejected by the web's inhabitant)—or in the *Genealogy of the Supermarket*—where she maps out a fanciful family tree of supermarket brand characters, such as St. Pauli Girl and Samuel Adams, whose love child is the Brawny Paper Towels Man. The *Sorted Books* are her most verse-based works to date. Begun in 1993 and continuing today, the *Sorted Books* project has taken place in various locations, from private homes to museum research libraries. While the location changes, the project's process and presentation remain the same. First, a library is gleaned for titles, and then the books are arranged into sequences to be read from top to bottom. The arrangements are documented and exhibited as either photographs or actual book stacks.

The pithy results of Katchadourian's past sortings, (such as *What is Art?/Close Observation*), and their origins from a quotidian database, brings to mind delicately deliberate and condensed versions of cut-up poetry, which originated with the Romanian poet and provocateur Tristan Tzara. William Burroughs also championed this form, though he refined Tzara's system by removing some of its randomness in favor of more controlled word placement. He defended his augmented use of the cut-up in a 1965 interview with Conrad Knickerbocker for the *Paris Review* saying, "Any narrative passage or any passage, say, of poetic images is subject to any number of variations, all of which may be interesting and valid in [its] own right. A page of Rimbaud cut up and rearranged will give you quite new images. Rimbaud images—real Rimbaud images—but new ones."

Despite what may seem causal and random, Katchadourian's selections and arrangements are quite considered, and like Burroughs, she intends for the rearranged text, or in her case the rearranged library, to sustain a unique connection to its owner. She often describes the *Sorted Books* project as a form of portraiture.

The austere beauty and textual cleverness of her poetic arrangements often make the strongest first impression on a viewer, before giving way to the work's photographic and sculptural form. Her earliest sortings were arranged vertically with the selected book spines supported on each side by backward-facing books. In these arrangements, Katchadourian utilizes the bookends as a strong compositional element, their peppered colors fill the frame with long lines of papery texture. In 1996, she began stacking the books horizontally. This provided a more spare and legible image. Many of the photographs in the *Sorted Books* series are shot with a black background, removing the books from their familiar place of use and rest. At times, the books seem to float while at others they are grounded on wooden shelves. A very selective focus, with a shallow depth of field is used, pulling a viewer's eye and mind into the texts.

As we examine Katchadourian's word and f-stop choices, we must also consider the physical qualities of the selected books. Characteristics such as thickness, color, and typography are very important to the poetry of the sequenced titles. They work in concordance with it and impart a certain tonality to the way the phrases are read. The aesthetic choices of the *Sorted Books* series places them within the context of other sculptural stacks such as the takeaway piles of Felix Gonzalez-Torres, or even more the works of Tony Cragg and Isa Genzken, who both create chromatic towers from discarded wood and furniture. Cragg's—and more so Genzken's—works are often constructed from items that would not normally be stacked together: bits of tinfoil, a lampshade, artificial plants. These works stand apart from the balancing stacks of Tony Feher, Daniel Eatock, and Martin Creed, who like Katchadourian, are working with materials that are often found together in everyday life. Feher's best-known stacked works involve arrangements of glass jars placed atop one another on the gallery floor. His post-minimal gestures bring a formal magic to his simple materials, stripping them of the history or baggage of found objects. Daniel Eatock employs a similar magic in his bookshelf balancing acts, such as *Shelves Supported by the Objects they Bear,* which is a sculpture made from alternating cardboard boxes and white shelves. His works are within the arena of post-conceptual practice and often have a whimsical interest that would make an engineer chuckle.

Martin Creed also balances his stacked objects, though his works are more about area than volume: five different chairs are stacked largest to smallest, or brush strokes arranged fattest to thinnest, bottom to top, creating a simplified set of stairs. Of the stacking artists discussed here, Creed's process is the most akin to Katchadourian's because both demonstrate a proclivity for order. Creed is unmistakably delving into the layout of proportion, balance, and growth with his works, where Katchadourian's taxonomies utilize shifting signal-to-noise ratios, mischief, and jest to reveal the hidden order and potential for poetry before our nose.

With the *Sorted Books,* as in most good works of art, the whole is greater than the sum of its parts.

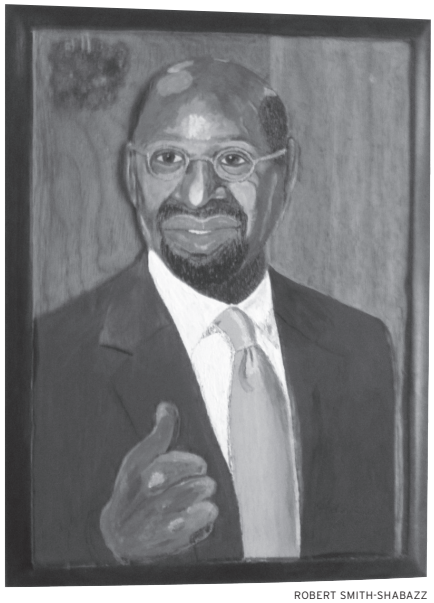
***Mack McFarland** is an artist and curator. McFarland is the Associate Curator at the Pacific Northwest College of Art and performs in the interdisciplinary arts group Weird-Fiction. He lives and works in Portland, Oregon.*

Nina Katchadorian's Sorted Books *project will be presented at PNCA's Feldman Gallery + Project Space. In addition to photographs from past sortings, Katchadourian is working with a local family to whom books are of prime importance. Tim DuRoche (writer/musician); Lisa Radon (artist/writer); Oskar, 16; Molly, 15; and Neville, 11, are sorting their own libraries, combining books from their individual collections to create a family self-portrait.*

People's Biennial

Curated by Jens Hoffmann & Harrell Fletcher

People's Biennial is a project conceived by the artist Harrell Fletcher and the exhibition-maker Jens Hoffmann in 2009. In its first incarnation in collaboration with Independent Curators International (ICI), *People's Biennial* is an exhibition that examines the work of artists who operate outside the sanctioned mainstream art world. As such, it recognizes the talent and unique expression that is present in many communities across the United States. Working in cities that are not considered the primary art capitals, the artists in this exhibition present significant contemporary work in all kinds of media. They represent a snapshot of creative talent in America today, and originate from the little-known, the overlooked, the marginalized, and the excluded.



ROBERT SMITH-SHABAZZ

Proposing an alternative to the standard contemporary art biennial, which mostly focuses on art from a few selected cities (New York, Los Angeles, occasionally Chicago, Miami, or San Francisco), *People's Biennial* questions the often exclusionary and insular nature of selecting art, which has turned the spaces where art is produced and exhibited into privileged havens detached from the realities of everyday life.

This exhibition is the result of a year of research into the creative communities of five American cities: Portland, Oregon; Rapid City, South Dakota; Winston-Salem, North Carolina; Scottsdale, Arizona; and Haverford, Pennsylvania. In each place, the curators collaborated with an art institution, and participated in a series of public events and open-calls, meeting hundreds of artists, which led to the selection of the works on view. PICA is the first stop for the exhibition's tour, which will be hosted by each of the collaborating institutions.

Jens Hoffmann (JH): One question I get asked a lot is why we're calling our project the *People's Biennial*. Many people think it has to do with some sort of direct democracy. When we created the title I was thinking of two things: the book *A People's History of the United States* by Howard Zinn, which looks at America from a critical perspective to highlight little-known or overlooked aspects of its history, and the Group Material exhibition *People's Choice*.

Harrell Fletcher (HF): Yeah, there are times when I wish we'd picked another title, just because of the number of questions we've gotten about it, but somehow over the course of working on the project the title has seemed more and more fitting. There is a co-op grocery store here in Portland called People's Co-op. Not all of the people in Portland use that store—in fact only a small percentage do—but I think the name was selected to indicate that it is not intended to function like a corporate grocery store. The purpose is not to make money, but instead to make food (much of it grown by local farmers) available to anyone who wants to shop there. Similarly, the *People's Biennial* is not about the art-world market and all of its influences, but instead about creating a situation where work by local producers becomes available to an audience that wants to experience it. Our focus is on people, not commercial galleries, not corporate interests, not art stars, et cetera, et cetera. I know it's a bit dicey to try something like this in the cynical art world, but I think it is a worthwhile experiment, even if the name or the goal is irritating in some ways.

Our experience of traveling around and learning about artists we would otherwise never have known about has been really amazing. What are your thoughts on the trips we have taken and the people and work we have encountered?

JH: The travels were an integral part of this project. Meeting the artists in their hometowns, experiencing the cities and the art scenes they come from, was just as important as the exhibition will be. It confirmed our idea that there is a lot of very good art out there that never gets shown in mainstream museums or galleries. Some of it is just as good as, and in some cases even better than, what appears in major exhibition venues in Los Angeles or New York. There is very much a case to be made for looking at art this way. So the title makes sense. The trips, and the conversations we had along the way, contributed greatly to our understanding of what we wanted the exhibition to be about.

HF: The kind of work that we are showing in the *People's Biennial* doesn't normally get much exposure because, in general, the art world operates in a very limited, exclusive manner. At the base of the situation are market interests. I'm not totally opposed to the market, but I feel like it disproportionately influences what art gets made and shown. Based on our experience with this project, I can say that there are great artists all over the place, often functioning in very regional ways, and the art world would benefit from a greater inclusion of those people and their work. I live in Portland myself, and I do a lot of traveling, and I realize how places outside the mainstream (the mainstream basically being New York, Los Angeles, and a few other cities operating in their shadow) can be inadvertently, (though also sometimes intentionally), forgotten or dismissed. The *People's Biennial* is just a small example of the rewards of looking elsewhere and including more people in the process of creating exhibitions.

JH: I am not so convinced it is just the market. It is also about what is validated in terms of ideas, styles, looks. Plus many curators and dealers tend to work within a small area of concentration and infrequently look beyond that. I think the Whitney Biennial is a good example. To make a really good biennial is difficult in the first place, but having to address the interests of an arts community like the one in New York, having to please the patrons, the press, the dealers, et cetera, on top of just making a good show, is really tricky. It is impossible to entirely succeed. I don't understand why people do not make more of an effort and take some risks.

I agree that it benefits us to live outside the main art-world centers, but let's face it: it is a luxury! We can manage it because we

(and I guess me even more than you) are already part of the system. I live and work in San Francisco but I really live and work everywhere and operate on a global platform. I see you as being in a similar situation.

HF: The whole art world issue and its various dynamics is a tricky topic. I was trying to explain my position in the art world to someone the other day and it was very difficult. Maybe it's like my relationship to the United States. I'm a citizen, I live here, and there are many things that I like about this country, and then there are also a whole lot of things about the U.S. and its history that I'm really troubled by. As you said, it would be nice if there were more risks taken in the art world. The public perception is that the art world is very radical and unorthodox, but based on my experience, it's actually very conservative and risk-averse, which I would once again say has to do with market issues, but there are other conditions at play too.

What particular experiences or people that we encountered on our travels were particularly engaging or surprising for you?

JH: We went to five very different places with different realities and histories, all intense in a different way. I can't single out any one person in particular, but if I had to name one *place* that really moved me, I would say Rapid City, South Dakota. It was the furthest removed from my world. I expected that, but it turned out to be very different from any preconceived ideas I might have had. What about you?

HF: Rapid City was a really interesting experience. I enjoyed spending time on the Pine Ridge Reservation and meeting people there. That place is filled with a really intense history and all sorts of current issues that are fascinating and in some cases upsetting. One of the most amazing things was the Heritage Center Museum at the Red Cloud Indian School, which houses one of the largest collections of Native American art in the world. It was started by a Jesuit monk named Ted Zuern. I also think Rapid City was the most removed from my normal experience, and also where we saw the greatest diversity of artists and a lot of really interesting work.

In the end, attending the *People's Biennial* will be the best way for people to understand it. Another question I get asked a lot relates to our criteria for what artists and work to include. What are your thoughts on that?

JH: Yes, that is a difficult point. It maybe relates to what we spoke about before in terms of the art world and how everything is categorized. We both knew exactly what we were looking for: artworks that are overlooked, or underexposed, by artists who are not part of the mainstream, who have other forms of education besides a classic MFA-program background. Whenever I tried to explain this to people they immediately thought of outsider art, or folk art, or amateur art. And it is all of that, but also many other things.

It does seem to bother people that we do not have a name, label, or category for the art we are showing. Maybe our criteria are a lack of criteria, keeping things as open as possible. I have been stunned by some of the questions we've gotten—like the number of images to show in a portfolio, or if we are looking for specific media—because they reveal to me how the art world operates. As you said, the show itself will answer everyone's questions.

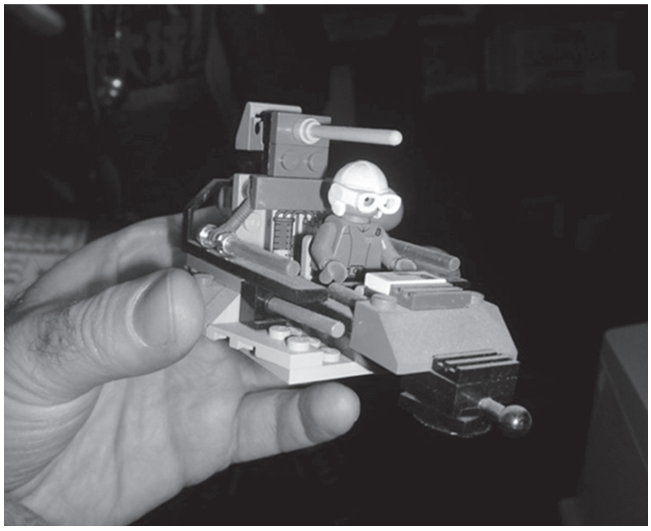
What you observe about your own position is interesting. You work a lot with other artists and present their work. To me you are totally an artist; I have never seen you as a curator, but it seems that sometimes you confuse people.

HF: Yes, people find me, and my work, confusing. It even angers them sometimes, which I always find odd. I was just teaching a workshop at an artist residency in the Midwest, and I did a presentation about some of my work and apparently it really upset a lot of people. They thought there was something ethically wrong with what I do. Some people thought that I shouldn't claim the work that I do as my own, especially when I am showing other people's work. I thought that was strange, as if they were perceiving my work as charity, or something like that, which should be done anonymously, but of course I don't think of my work as charity. I claim what I do in the same way that other people in other professions claim the work that they do. If I didn't, I think it would be dishonest; it would lead people to conclude that the projects I work on were done by the institution involved, or by magic, or something.

I agree that our intent for the *People's Biennial* is less about creating limitations and more about opening things up wider than usual. And to do that we had to operate in unorthodox ways, like holding open calls for artists instead of relying on local galleries to direct us. I think the tension that has arisen around this project is similar to what I experience with my practice in general, meaning that people are uncomfortable when things don't easily fit into categories.

JH: I had so-called "professional" artists emailing me, upset about our project because they felt excluded. I thought that was great. Part of our mission in life should be about making a mess. It should be about making people uncomfortable and creating tension. That is the only way to foster progress.

People's Biennial *is a traveling exhibition organized and circulated by Independent Curators International (ICI), New York. Guest curators for the exhibition are Harrell Fletcher and Jens Hoffmann. The exhibition, tour, and catalogue are made possible in part by a grant from The Elizabeth Firestone Graham Foundation, The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, The Horace W. Goldsmith Foundation, and The Cowles Charitable Trust; the ICI Board of Trustees; and ICI Benefactors Barbara and John Robinson.*



DENNIS NEWELL

Yemenwed

Episode 3* | *Bedroom w TV and Woman Lays w Aide

The video piece *Episode 3* presents a surreal sci-fi journey that melds animation, live action, painting, and sculpture. Taking queues from performance, ritual, dance, and cinema, *Episode 3* is an abstract meditation on multiplicity, spiritual transcendence, and architectural experience. *Bedroom w TV and Woman Lays w Aide* is compiled from three distinct performances and examines several characters within an abstract interior. In a space of illusionary privacy, based on a bedroom in a New York City Housing Project, two women are accompanied by three backup dancers: one human, one sculptural, and one animate hybrid.

Kristan Kennedy: In your work, live and otherwise, you construct environments that are of this world, but also possibly of another. What is the intersection between them? Is this other world of the past or the present, or is it reflective of the future?

Yememwed: Our work often conveys the idea of a peripheral reality superimposed onto the main stage of experience. It is all happening right now: the immediate present, past, and future. The intersection of these worlds is probably best described as an overlay or filter, where one contextualizes the other, yet they run parallel at all times.

Presently, one interest is to communicate the physical relationships between humans and objects of domestic technology. In particular, [we focus] on the human and its relationship to objects that require an interface of sorts (cell phones, iPods, computers, televisions, etc.). The abstracted view that we are attempting to highlight is the literal physical position between the two. For example, in the latest performance, *Woman merges w Car*, there is a section in the choreography where the dancers are each positioned behind a column with ear buds in each ear as they execute a series of hand movements. The human becomes a sculptural form, frontal in nature, which proposes equality between the physical presence of the human flesh and the presence of the ear bud. [The piece] is contemporary because it incorporates current technologies and is relevant to contemporary society, but the essence of the idea, or the symbol, is extremely basic and has existed all throughout time.

Going back to *Episode 3*, the picture plane is literally a "viewfinder" into a world inside [the main character] Sigrid's head. There is a relationship created between the viewer and this world via technology (in this case, a projected screen), as well as a physical sculpture from this other world. The answer to your question could also simply be technology (or design), because it also goes back to the dawn of painting and architecture. Architecture is a means by which to frame and organize our experience of the world, just like in various forms of modern dance, or through the ear buds in *Woman merges w Car*. The worlds we depict are very "now," in the sense that they do what created worlds have always done; they draw from the past and present within the boundaries of our technology to imagine and depict that world. We are informed by science fiction (*Tron*, etc.) and role-playing (video games, performance, etc.), and feel like we are sort of creating new little myths that relate to our current circumstances as informed by the knowledge of what yet may be.

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE ARTIST

KK: What came first for you: live performance or recorded performance? As a collaborative, how do you decide what idea needs to manifest itself, and in what material?

Y: Recorded performance came first. Our main ideas usually come from whoever has written each piece, which varies. Of course, through collaboration, the ideas increase and evolve as the work progresses. However, there are some relationships that have been consistent throughout Yemenwed's body of work: portraiture, or the development of a character/identity; domesticity and its related objects; and architecture.

Our work is essentially minimal, and almost diagrammatic. Material manifestations arise out of performative needs as well as the work of each artist involved. For example, Shawn Maximo is currently working primarily in copper and greenwood, and so the sculptures will be of that material. Jonathan Turner works primarily with the computer and camera, which naturally apply another layer of meaning through the process of editing, composition, and cropping to achieve the final piece. Megha Barnabas has been a student of Odissi Classical Indian movement, and so that has been one influence on our choreography. This type of relationship is present with all artists that have worked on each piece.

KK: What does it mean to be human?

Y: To be human is to err, to learn, to emote; [it is] many things. One's understanding of what it means to be human changes over the course of a human lifetime. Having a sense of humor is specific to humans, too. To have some sense of existing in a time and place. To have a feeling of purpose that seems disconnected from our animal cravings or the physical limitations of the body.

John Smith

The Girl Chewing Gum, 1976

John Smith was born in London in 1952 and studied film at the Royal College of Art. After graduating in 1977, he became involved in the activities of the London Filmmakers' Co-op. Smith has developed a body of work that deftly subverts the perceived boundaries between documentary and fiction, representation and abstraction. The following interview with Brian Frye was excerpted from *Millennium Film Journal* No. 39/40 (Winter 2003): *Hidden Currents*.

Brian Frye: What was the provenance of *The Girl Chewing Gum*? Was that material you shot yourself, or something you found?

John Smith: I generally film in familiar places. That was a street at the end of the street I lived on at the time. I wanted to film on a busy street corner. The film came out of seeing Truffaut's *Day for Night*, which has to do with a film within a film. It's been a long time since I saw it and I might describe it wrongly, but there's a snow scene in the film, in the street, which sets up a situation between two characters, and you see the street being prepared for the filming, which includes machines going down the street spraying the fake snow everywhere. But also, the passers-by in the street are directed.

I shot *The Girl Chewing Gum* in 1975, and I started making films in 1972, so I'd been making films for 3 years. And still, when I saw Truffaut's film it had never occurred to me that the people in the background in Hollywood films were directed. I'd always just thought, "Oh, they're passers-by. The film crew have gone into the street to make the film and they've got access to do things." In *Day for Night* a dog is directed to piss up a lamppost, or something like that.

Anyway, it was a complete revelation to me, and it came at a time when I was surrounded by people who were saying, "Narrative is the power of illusionism, it's evil." The structural materialist kind of approach to film. And I thought, "Goddamn it they're right! I've been had! How can I be making films for three years and not realize that?" (Though not narrative films.) I'd never had much of a narrative element in my films up to that point. I think *The Girl Chewing Gum* is the first film I made in which you see a person, more or less, anyway.

But anyway, *Day For Night* was what made me want to make that film. I thought, "Okay, I'm going to film on a street corner, and I'll use a 400 foot roll of film, and I'll film what happens on the street, and then I'll direct it later." So that was the plan. I went and set up the camera, and there were a couple of things that were planned, like I deliberately set up in a place with a clock because I wanted to direct the hands of the clock. Also, it was great to film by a cinema, because the cinema appearing in the shot becomes a reference to this imaginary space that the audience is occupying. Just by coincidence—it doesn't really figure in the film as you can't see it clearly—the film that's showing in the cinema is *The Land that Time Forgot*, which is great, really fortuitous.

So anyway, I just filmed what was happening, and kind of improvised the camera movement, followed people sometimes, and directed things later. I filmed in a quite obstructive place in the street, and I was hoping that the police would come and stop me filming, so I could direct that, and that would be the end of the film, but of course they didn't. Afterwards, I sat down with the film and worked out the instructions that I was going to give, and with a stopwatch worked out what I could fit in. I did go off to a field in the middle of nowhere, and shouted into a microphone a script I had written directing all those things, then came back, cut it on separate magnetic stock and fitted it in. The street sound that you hear is the sync sound of the street. There's an alarm bell ringing throughout the film, which I found very annoying at the time, but I just had to shoot it then. I was doing the camera, and I had a friend who'd come with me to do the sound recording, and I thought "I've got to do it now." So I had to make it a burglary, with a boy robbing the post office. So I fit all of those accidental things into the scenario, because I'm fascinated by accidents.

STILL COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND TANYA LEIGHTON, BERLIN

BF: The narration changes as the film goes on. It's plausible at first and becomes less and less so as the film goes on.

JS: Basically, it moves from direction to description, and so at the end I'm talking about the dentist going to the bank, and all those sorts of things. It's got to do with labeling, and how we perceive things, how we're told what things are. There's an awful way in which documentaries can completely subvert the real world. It's very hard when you look at a documentary that's got a voiceover, without turning the sound down, to say, "Well, what is this visual information giving me really? Is this evidence for what's being said?" "No, it could be evidence of lots of different things," one might say. But the power of the text is so strong, that the image appears to be what the voice is telling us it is.

Smith is represented by Tanya Leighton Gallery in Berlin.

THE SIMPSONS, SEASON 6, EPISODE 10

Art Stars and Horseshoes, Clovers and Blue Moons: American Idols of the Art World

***By* SAM KORMAN**

This past June, as I trolled the Internet for something to watch, I came across a show entitled, *Work of Art: The Next Great Artist*. The Bravo Network—already taking fashion, cooking, and design in its grasp—had brought another cultural field within its purview. At that point, the show had already aired two episodes and, patently entertained by the contest format of previous reality shows, I watched both episodes in a row. It is hardly boring television, but the program left me with a lingering indignation. Not only did it adapt de-specialized art world tropes as episode titles (i.e. "Self-Referential," "Shock Art," and "Great Artist"); the show made art seem typical, sterile, taken-for-granted, and normal.

In every episode, the contestants—each representative of a different stereotype of the artist—approach the assignments innocently, trying to appeal to the judges' art world expertise. We see them working fervently against time to create a "great work of art," while also hearing back room commentary by single contestants, spoken in the present tense as though expressing an inner monologue of process, conflict, or creation. Paired with the judges' severely edited criticism, these recognizable tactics dehumanize the participants; their creations are no more representations of themselves than of the format, restrictions, and melodrama of the show. Yet, enough moments arise to inflect the contestants with something familiar, something that puts art at the service of a lingering commercial spectacle, of the late-capitalist American Dream.

Art, as an aesthetic category, is a political denomination like any other. It is the *lingua franca* constituting the body of the strange, extraordinary, radical, creative, innovative, etc. The list of descriptors is expansive, and likewise, art, in the lowercase, is often overemployed in popular speech. Yet, the significance of art still lingers at the depths of the term; though often characterized as elitist, it remains important that art can become Art, in the uppercase. Though *Work of Art*'s title relies heavily on this aura of distinction, the contestants produce less-than-extraordinary works of art—certainly nothing to warrant the one hundred thousand dollar grand prize and a

solo show at the Brooklyn Museum.

What naturalizes this narrative to us as TV viewers is the recognizable process by which the artists struggle through intense competition in the spectacle of success, the spectacle of the American Dream. It is all there, right out of a Horatio Alger novel: starting off with next to nothing, individuals emerge from the melting pot, adapting to challenges put before them, with nothing but their wits, creativity, and spirit. They struggle, facing failure at each new challenge, but all are equal in the face of competition. Eventually, after the losers pack their bags, one person earns the title of "The Next Great Artist," achieving this esteemed ranking through their hard work and determination. Here at the heart of the program, lies the binding myth of art and American democracy: that this process constitutes a certain freedom and an opportunity to voice an opinion with authority. But in reality, what *Work of Art* gives us is nothing short of the dispossession of this freedom, a simple marketing ploy.

The question needs to be asked: what does Art have to do with *Work of Art*? We see only fragments of any finished piece in the last ten minutes of the hour-long show. In contrast to a typical viewing where the artist is not physically present, the art produced on the program derives its authority not from the wholeness of its parts or any experience a viewer has in its presence (or even hearing about it!) but from the entertainment value of the artists' personalities, edited into a perfect melodrama that is extremely fun to watch. This Warholian spectacle requires a different reading of the show's title: we interact with the persona of the artist, who is in fact the Work of Art. But, unlike Warhol's self-fashioned projection, the contestants do not choose how they conform for maximum appeal, drama, conflict, or, in one instance, romance. In this construction, the program clearly maps the artists' roles from winner to loser, from blond vanity to saccharine obesity, where art only serves as the MacGuffin for the rest of the show. Even the losers are unable to truly fail; because it is necessary for them to leave, their inabilities maintain the hierarchy of success and the value of the judgments.

As these artists inevitably become spokesmen for Prisma Color, Utrecht, Audi, Penguin Publishing, etc, they take on an increasingly pedestrian character, their works concealed by the blinding light of their branded and very public personae. The sense of art and the artist presented on *Work of Art* destroys the discrete self-determination and freedom of choice associated with the term "art," removing the necessary elements of the dream of American Democracy on which the show so heavily relies. Though in the end, one can simply change the channel and laugh at the silliness of the projection. It is absurd.

So, here I sit, divorced from what I once was. I've built myself a short pedestal from which I can look down at those who would consider *Work of Art* a purveyor of truth. But, to be frank, before the age of fifteen, I could count the number of books I read for school and of my own discretion on two hands. I was raised on TV. I love it. So, to criticize the medium for its commercial interests is at odds with what I often feel. I cannot maintain such an argument, knowing all too well the value of pop. An example may better illustrate the contradictions at work in my critique. On an episode of *Law & Order: Special Victims Unit*, Olafur Eliasson's *Waterfalls* figures prominently against the New York skyline, framing the setting where a murder takes place. The detectives investigate the crime scene, interrogate suspects, and eventually find a suicide note saying when the murderer will return to the scene of the crime. Throughout the entire episode, I wanted Eliasson or some likeness to be the criminal. But, to my disappointment, it was an average kid who had committed a crime of passion, caught seconds before he took his own life. The actual plot of the episode is unimportant and reproducible, but I wanted not only Art, but also the artist, to figure in this fictional melodrama.

That desire is squarely at odds with my argument above. Because I wanted art to entertain me, I needed for the artist to enter another cultural field in which I was well versed, one in which I possessed the language to analyze TV's structure of validation. In my years spent in front of the glowing screen, I learned visual and commercial culture like I learned my mother tongue: through experience, trial and error, conversation, etcetera. No academic structure, no theoretical mediation; it was the clearest reference amongst friends, family and strangers: a leveler, a binding agent, a shared memory. So, with a mutable structure and no apparent rules, TV offered a fictional discourse that bridged the gap between children and adults, teachers and students. Despite its commercial enterprise, it represented free and open communication for the majority of my life, a position that art has only come to hold in the last decade.

How to reconcile these sentiments with *Work of Art*? I am not an arbiter for the one true Art, nor do I possess within my grasp a patent formula that predicts who will and who will not be successful in the art world. Movie stars are artists, artists are curators, curators are TV celebrities, art has penetrated commerce, and vice versa. The boundaries that formerly delineated a person's role within this nebulous field are being blurred further and further. Because art is a verb, it plays out in myriad fields, actualized within the restrictions of that context. If this is the case, then blurring those boundaries and redefining art constitute a long tradition: one that embodies the freedom of being able to represent oneself and one's values within all of these different media. This ability must be put into motion, be triggered, verbalized, pushed. So, as a critic, it is my dilemma to protect something valuable, something of this freedom within art.

But perhaps one last example will adequately conclude this essay. To say that art is dead is like saying you do not vote. Voting is a necessary gesture, a freedom preserved in its continual process, a cherished right within democracy, because it allows every individual a forum in which to voice an opinion based on his or her individual experience. Voting is the means through which an individual constitutes him or herself within a collective or society, the rules of that process defining how one chooses to activate that role. To say that art is dead means that you feel your voice is silent, that art is a noun, a thing that can pass or be taken away.

But art is more viral than that, as art and artists always seek a new host. Whether the proceedings of American democracy still hold true to its founding ideology is another subject, but here, freedom is no object, it is an activity. Continuing on with art as a gesture of freedom must be maintained. If art is dead, then democracy is dead. I will close on this note: I still cast my vote by taking art as my subject in this essay and I have the responsibility to voice my ideas as long as I participate in this forum. I will not be silenced, I will struggle with my opportunities and I will not have my language stolen from me in any way. That is the critic's role and that is the critic's dilemma. Art is always active and always free if we play a role in the melodrama of America.

Sam Korman *has a gallery in his garage. It's called Car Hole. He is currently working on an anthology of writing called,* ...i live my life in basements.

Dan Gilsdorf

Diabolus in Musica

Diabolus in Musica is a single uninterrupted chord, a sound banned by the Catholic Church in the eighteenth century. On two Sundays—one at the beginning and one at the closing of TBA:10—Gilsdorf has enlisted Beati Chorum to perform this score for the entirety of the exhibition's open hours. The resulting performance is an exercise in human stamina and tonal dissonance.

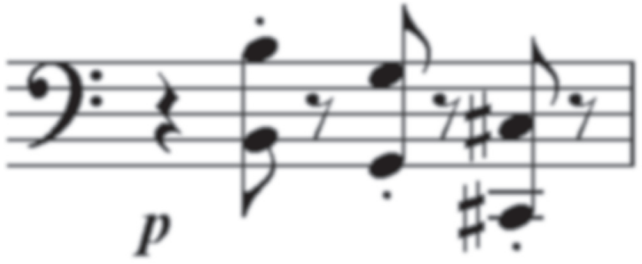
Kristan Kennedy: What does it mean to be human?

Dan Gilsdorf: Maybe the key to the question is in the fact that we can even conceptualize it as a question at all, and that we can explore its answer. I'd say that it has something to do with questioning, with differentiating between the known and unknown, and examining the assignment of meaning to our own condition.

KK: When we first spoke about your project, I was struck by its use of the collective voice as a material. Can you talk about why, as someone who primarily works in sculpture, you came to realize this idea through a performance/installation?

DG: You're right, my background is in sculpture, but a lot of my recent work deals with video images and other media technology. One of the main differences between sculpture and performance is the difference between the viewer and the audience. In sculpture, the expectation is that a viewer is in control over the time that she spends with the work, and that the work continues to exist after she leaves the space. In film, video, or performance, an audience generally sees the beginning, middle, and end. Even though I use video, which is structured around the cinematic model of the audience, my work addresses the expectations of a visual arts viewership. Most of my work is either built around a live feed or a very short loop, and deals with time more like a sculpture than a performance. In this project I'm trying a slightly different experiment: using voice to see if I can build an installation that is undoubtedly performative, but operates in the temporal space of a sculpture. So here a viewer enters the space and the sound of the choir already exists. When the viewer leaves, the sound is still going. So, in terms of the experience of the work, what she hears is a sculpture, not a performance.

KK: Perhaps an extension of that last question… What spurred your interest in *Diabolus in Musica*? The original purpose was to mimic the Holy Trinity by combining three "perfect" tones, although the actual sound that emerged from this was soon deemed to be of the "devil"—most likely because of its harrowing noise. If the medieval clergy were trying to evoke the Trinity, what are you trying to evoke?



DG: *Diabolus in Musica* is, in part, about stamina and human limitations, both for the performers and the viewers. From a practical standpoint this chord—the tri-tone—is difficult to hold, and somewhat difficult to hear in that it does not treat the ear gently. It also has this particular history within the church, and its contemporary use in horror films, death metal, and the like brings up associations that we are aware of on a cultural level. I'm glad it's going to take place in a dilapidated old school building—it's like the setting for a slasher movie. For me, there's a symmetry going on with the sound of the choir and the environment they are in. I want to use the tri-tone as a way to tease out what is already there in the space and trigger a sense of creepiness and foreboding.

Storm Tharp

High House

Storm Tharp has been looking in the same mirror for more than a decade. It has moved with him from studio to studio, accumulating paint marks, bits of tape, and various scuffs. The mirror is as great an influence on his work as any other single tool, piece of research, beautiful peony, or sad song. For his residency at PICA, Tharp brings together objects and ephemera that provide the hidden, joyful, and meaningful subtext to his work to form arrangements in a room that is part studio, part gallery, and part home: a still life.

Kristan Kennedy: *High House* is an arrangement of things and a constructed environment that is both of the studio and of the home. How do you define this space, is it in-between or a blending of the two?

Storm Tharp: My house and my studio are where I spend the majority of my time—but there are ideas in *High House* that are about other spaces. Being outdoors, being in the sun, eating alone—these kinds of things. The intent was to showcase real inspiration, or the ideas that fill life.

However, constructing the room and building the stage for *High House* was so amazing to watch happen. I love the room with nothing in it, as well. The sculpture of the room is inspirational on its own. Something to remember.

Putting this show together has caused me to think long and hard about my tendencies. There will be a very tidy presentation going on. Very formalized; an almost fetishized version of what surrounds me.

KK: I know that both of us turn to the writings of Agnes Martin from time to time, and I love her quote: "When I think of art I think of beauty. Beauty is the mystery of life. It is not in the eye, it is in the mind. In our minds there is awareness of perfection." What do you think of beauty and its place in art?

ST: I have spun this answer for way too long. So many different versions resting in a word document, flooding my mind.

The question almost doesn't make sense to me. My faith in beauty

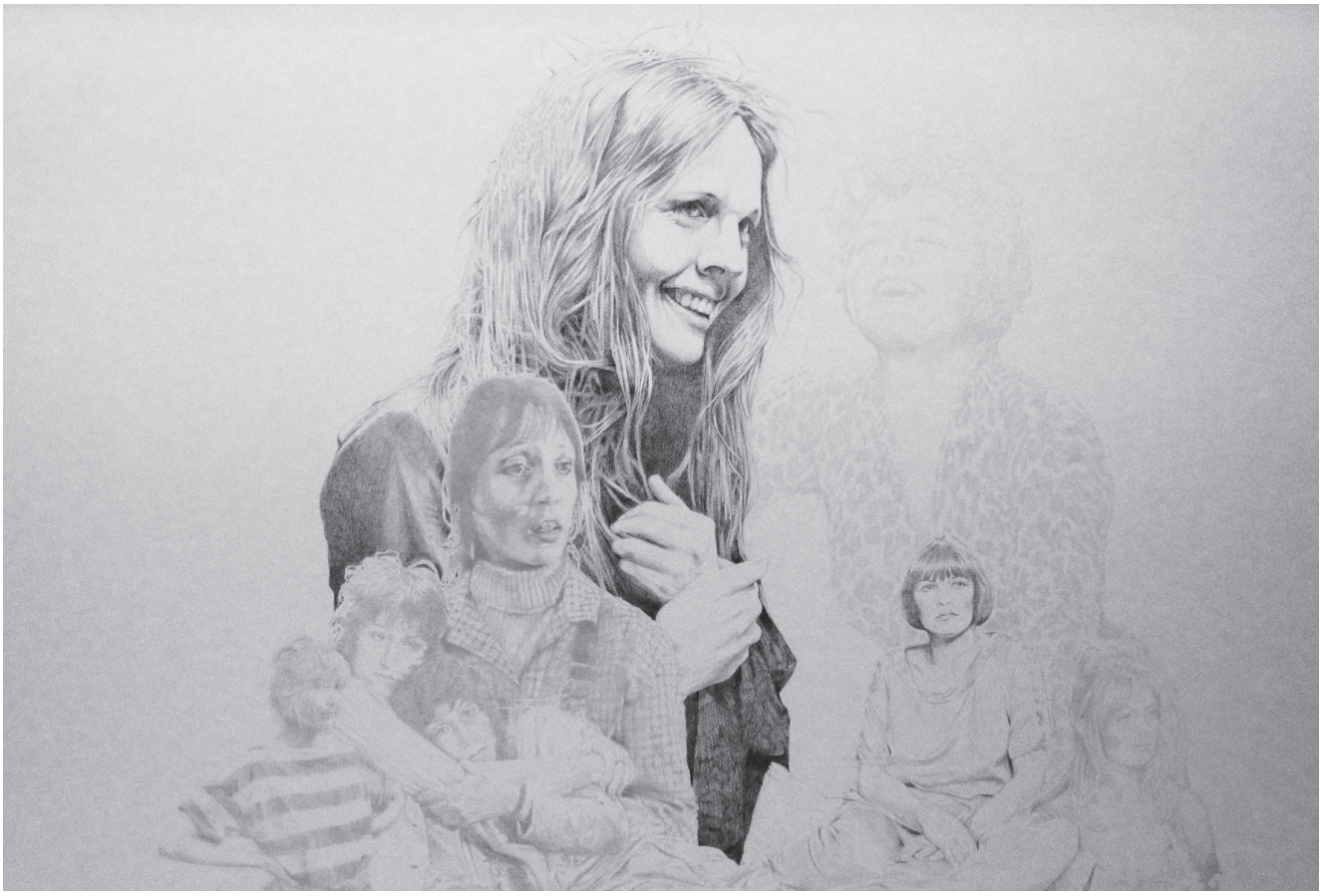


PHOTO COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND PDX CONTEMPORARY ART

is so wild and devout that I don't even think about its place in art. Beauty is everything. It is not a choice. Art is an idea that is beautiful. To question beauty is to broaden beauty. New forms, new ideas: the new beauty. Beauty does not dissolve.

I know it sounds all very correct and Christian-minded of me, but I guess, when you ask me about beauty and art, my mind explodes. I believe in the big picture of that question. I think it's all beautiful and I think it's all art. To believe otherwise is like building fences.

It reminds me of the Warhol quote that goes something like, "If everybody's not a beauty, then nobody is." I love that!

Perhaps you wanted me to comment on the value of pretty? Because that would be fun. Some other time…

KK: Who lives in *High House*, meaning, who is the subject of this space, it is of you or of them? (Them being the people, things, and places you reference, directly or indirectly, in the objects, drawings, photographs, and plants in the installation.)

ST: I love the idea that someone might actually get to live in *High House*. A shape-shifting existence: a transformer, a reflection of all its facets. A dark-and-hairy-Popeye turns a corner, becoming a lanky, stoned teenager. A sexless figure with crystal eyes and super-human sonar capabilities sits in a chair. Science fiction. An animal. A mother with a moment to herself. A memory.

I don't know. I guess it's me. But it's funny; I don't think of myself when I think of the things. I think of *them*. Beauty beyond me. So it's tricky. It's like that poem by Wallace Stevens that I sent to you last week: "I am what is around me… A black vestibule; A high bed sheltered by curtains."

KK: We have been talking about *High House* in some incarnation for many years. I still remember our late night studio conversation all those years ago, the one with the bottles of wine… I have a note on my wall that you posted to my door the next morning that says, "Was last night a trick or a sign? by the way that is a good name for a show. x ST." I think I had just started working at PICA, and we were both on the cusp of solo shows at our respective galleries. Do you think this show is also a reflection of our relationship: artist-to-artist, curator-to-artist, friend-to-friend? And, if so, do you think that the show ends when the exhibition closes? Or will you forever be building *High House* (and asking my opinion of it)?

ST: Ha! I will always be building *High House*, and you will always be subject to its change. But yeah, this show is not the suite of drawings that we discussed over a year ago. *High House* is happening because you were listening and doing some thinking for me. Artist-friend–to–artist-friend. You were looking out for me—challenging me—to look at a drawing not as a drawing but as a cup of coffee, or a plant that grows in a window.

KK: What does it mean to be human?

ST: The first thing I did was look up the word, humane. Being humane is a nice way to be human. But it doesn't seem to address all of the mess and disaster that comes with humanity. What does it mean to be human? To have a conscience, I suppose. To ask questions. To make out with your boyfriend.

Tharp is represented by PDX Contemporary Art (Portland), Nicole Klagsbrun (New York), and Galerie Bertrand & Gruner (Geneva).

Four-Dimensional Shadow

***By* REBECCA STEELE**

Physical stuff: this information belongs to the universe

We have so much we human things. So much distant forecast so much invasive heart.

As magnanimous as filtration systems.
The world is a radical idea. If we remove the drive of self from the picture plain, what sort of universal vision does vision suggest? The landscape as hosted possibility, devoid of the singularity for which it was proposed. What image, the kissing of grass? Beyond singularity as an understanding of self, necessitating perpetual physical reformation.

Some donate 300 pages to the explication of the root language of the term being.

Phoebus is dead, ephebe. But Phoebus was
A name for something that never could be named.
There was a project for the sun and is.

There is a project for the sun. The sun
Must bear no name, gold flourisher, but be
In the difficulty of what is to be.[01]

The idea of singularity layered atop the arcane plaintive wail of the 'laws of nature.' Evil liberty as they say. Laws of nature only function because we have written them down and collectively chanted them for several thousand years. The ritual of science. The science robots, pondering a lab coat as a chant. Most certainly are belief. Ideas and knowledge are thoughts or moments read pondered and thus singularities. Singularity as a word skipping stone.[02] Reflections of as well as attempts at ordering. Unraveling the radius of the physical stuff against will or being or just energy. The boundary around what is human is the idea of our skin and all that it encloses. That is what we are, our physical beings. Everything outside of our skin is what we inflict. What we ideate. That is a way to state the world, ordering.

Beyond an idea as a thing also. Recharge declarations of insects! Format or substance is a fish! [03] My mind knows that water can be air! But why doesn't my heart let me believe it?

Documentation or proof is always in latex and often behaves as a pundit! Rather than a witness or a wording buddy. A thing is an indicator.[04] What can be read from the encyclopedia or really any reference text is the cast of that latex thing. It's a mess, not a call.

Though it seems that another narrative would be an alchemical one in which experience, and our idea of the world is an ongoing series of mixtures, where we, the physical self as substance interacts with a consecutive line up of exterior substances and this constitutes the drama of being. *The transmutation of animal aspects of the nature by "gentle cooking" in the hermetic vessel.*[05]

zo on/ bodies and forms of life

The human jar acts as a scrim, a heavy stage curtain but the plays take place on the other side of the curtain, no audience though. Actually no actors, but the thread of multiple ongoing plots and scenes and all, as a million weather systems simultaneously, one sky. Or a science audience, questions as detractors the things we know but don't want to put words to. Or pebble fungus.
Why can't the human mind make it happen?

Ugo Cerletti tried, no doubt in 1938.[06]

Consonantia/ harmony/ self enclosed one thing
odysseus was a bear [07]

The human condition is one of action, the creative condition is one of messaging. We represent things we don't quite know but feel we gesture at things that possibly aren't things at all, but are beings and conditions hoped for.

"the inward life is by no means an isolating, merely idiosyncratic adventure, but in the best sense a mystery-flight from the little bounds of a personal life to the great domain of universals" [08]

A prayer for you all too human and a fashioning of living myths. Spirit and matter being and becoming.

This pile of rocks contains my body but my being is everywhere. Daphne was a tree but a god person also. No one really asks for that transmutation in a cave. Human stories get all to one thing.

"i live by tangible experience and not logical explanation" singularity of being as a misperception

kryon/ what is human is beyond human

the four dimensional shadow/ new chemical light

Humans are a progress through space and time. In this physical realm all things knowable are experiential. Human hikers in sighted tunnel. Space an experiential tunnel thing, but circumference halved, where no radius will measure center to exterior. Wall and ceiling sight slide there only with eyes faded to see.

What of the corneal transplant. What of the core of eye removed, replaced, forgiven as a dried wafer. *I* did it.

The world would still be knowable, could be experienced lacking sight or language in which to think. Transubstantiate my form, says Daphne. What Eliot termed the still point of the world. "Art, as Plato said, is a dream for awakened minds: it is a means by which we dream the myth onwards." [09]

Sitting in front of a photograph titled open doors. Nearly writing 'the human represents itself as tunnel or also conduit'. Not between things or places but as stacked expressions/ like cut out dolls where the thin periphery of paper are galaxy as lcd screen. A bear closet. Mercury is consciousness.

Human ideas are based in language. *The time of the world as picture* separates the ego from the world of objects (linguistic separation).

And even Heidegger thinks. "that the language in general is worn out and used up- an indispensable but masterless means of communication that may be used as one pleases, as indifferent as a means of public transport, as a street car which everyone rides on." Suggesting that power of meaning is connected to the word which has its own power connected to rarity and access? The exclusive academician.

"it is more than an outward accident that now, as we prepare to set forth, in all its implications, the fact of the evaporation of being, we find ourselves compelled to take linguistic considerations as our starting point." Heidegger proposing redemption.

The language of the individual, persona braced by the slight boundary of skin, against the storm of the universe strangely so much against skin. Brief brief we are so. The singular the singular we are so. Any proposal has

good intentions at 'heart'. The core of metaphysical academia is the way the voice of self, which is the voice of the ideas and the statements, is seemingly removed in the false construction of a neutral, or truthful idea. The triumvirate of truth, science, and neutrality. Metaphysics in academia is a toolbox fit with identifying descriptives and linguistic narratives that focus on the most basic, minute construction of what it might possibly mean 'to be' the macrofamous *dasein* where the academician gives only of his slight voice to the thread begun by Aristotle, the polyist.

If the documentation of discovery and the making of meaning was not based in linguistic description or narrative (but say, lived in your heart) then being might not be bordered by skin, might not end where the foot touches the grass and the digit reaches space. Hyperspherical space: the world ends when its metaphor has died.

The manyist
end my human night.[10]

Hegel/ absolute spirit/ concrete freedom

the repetition of this concept is an important rhetorical strategy for many reasons in that the idea of singularity is based on patterning, the one common signature in which we can speak of all human thought and experience and also that it is an ongoing superchain not unlike the endless double helix, the DNA, another sort of fabric with its own dimensional and time signatures, rationale and impetus. Arborvitae branches, leaves, and seeds are all the same thing, each a repetitive node of the same weft. When considered closely the pattern is akin to a braid. One bears the next that bears the next. Each singularity bears the nexting pattern of the whole.

are belief

the human conscious/ lost god now a magic image/ AZEZTULITE[11]

prana/ life force energy/ inspire you to remember who you really are and bring you the courage to bring your gift to the world

A bending of the knee and "the agony of passage through time's ambivalence" as a poetic means to articulate the human experience in relation to a singular entity myth. Creative practice is often the stage that promotes or witnesses mutations or shifts in the collective conscious of a particular time.

"art and literature have become the royal road into the depths where what is hidden and concealed may sometimes be revealed."[12] Being in the world is a practice that is open to questions. Is being a practice more than thinking of it makes it something other than what it is? The text again and again is the master instrument to conjure some particulars of understanding. Texts and styles of texts have their own master utility. The text as body text as soul as mind text as creative practice. Ideas or styles of ideas (as theory) in conjunction can amount to an anarchic mirror of the body-soul-mind thing.

After reading in the morning the statement "Odysseus was a bear"[13] I encountered a bear on returning home. It was blond with a cinnamon face. Synchronicity and acausal explanations. Heidegger posits a darkening of the world. He says the world is always world of the spirit, so this darkening is a loss of a spiritual life, a disintegration. Heidegger describes the spiritual darkening as episodic and comprised of "the flight of gods, the destruction of the earth, the standardization of man, the pre-eminence of the mediocre." Also "for us being has become a mere word and its meaning evanescent vapor."[14]

But we all know what the white bear is.

A wall of shaking aspen trees throwing off burdened questions as flickering jeopardy tiles. An opening and closing of the real. The noumenal. Structuring systems for the 'real' based in inquiry and analysis, rather than sight and experience. The opening and closing where the door swings to either side of the wall. The definition of real as a parenthesis for what humans believe is possible to know. What is unreal is the space of *unknow*. Along which it is disclosed.

Also sometimes there just aren't words for things. Doesn't mean the meaning isn't there.

the geometric square does not occur in nature except in crystal structures

definitely a group experience, the Delphic priestess in the cave. Me here tink tonking with Jung and the dreams of others as symphonic *sources of self* learning something *universal.* How to differ from ironic face painting on an album cover? How to differ from a million types of healing ceremonies, just tryin to get to the other side of the scrim? A collective just getting somewhere.[16]

arcane thought avoidance

What part of me is active? And what oh passive foot? I have dreamt myself beyond the edge of the trail, this fork in the river edge of the galaxy windy bluff of concrete and glass "consciousness without border and without bottom, total consciousness where the feverish *worry* of individual beings subsides…" the Greeks first sought out the idea of the scrim as a fleshy sensory realm.

along with a narrow definition of reality the destiny of language is grounded in the human relation to being, and "the question of being will involve us deeply in the question of language. It is more than an outward accident that now, as we prepare to set forth…."[16]

…in the imagination's new beginning,
In the yes of the realist spoken because he must
Say yes, spoken because under every no
Lay a passion for yes that had never been broken.[17]

The Half Tunnel/ the One Eye/ Being as a noun everyone knows what a white bear

Rebecca Ruth Steele *lives in Portland, Oregon, rides horses in Kingdom Come, Kentucky, and engages in the proliferate creative non-economy.*

ATTRIBUTIONS & PUNDITS

01 Wallace Stevens and beheading **02** All **03** For Gary Snyder who met the repository cave of Howard Hughes, thought not of Plato, watched no cinema and decomposed into a writing act of deer and black feather brooms **04** Selfish wants, thing before a Deity to implore response. To shatter Damask light and the creative as non academic **05** Alchemical transmutation restored and enlarged from the Hermetic Museum/ Alchemy, the Chemistry of Inner Union/ Maps of Consiousness. Turn inward for your voyage! For all your arts You will not find the Stone in foreign parts. —Angelus Silesius **06** Electro shock therapy **07** Macramé light-inflicted self-myth, a common notion in science fiction is that there are endlessly many parallel universes. A piece of space pinching off, honey eater. Descartes > Bataille: despite the fact that divine nature, which knows itself in its intimate depth, escapes man's understanding, does not escape that of God's. **08** Sublation **09** Campbell, Joseph **10** A collapsing star could form an Einstein- Rosen bridge, a spherical mirror in principle reflects the entire universe. A head that is incredibly shrunken and distorted. The central figure held by way of the hand the profligate of a steeple, three very strange fingers, a call for minnows rolled cigarettes **11** Philosopher's stone, inner vision **12** Campbell **13** Gary Snyder **14** Heidegger **15** Hopefully utilizing the self help industry **16** Heidegger **17** Wallace Stevens

Washington High School was made for people—teenagers, specifically—and for those who were charged with their education. I have a sliver of an office in the old nurse's station, where I can see all the comings and goings on the great field out front. During the summer when we are building out the venue, soccer games spring up every now and again, skateboard sounds float up into the atmosphere, the neighbors come to walk their dogs and picnic and convene, and there is a whole cast of shady characters who take shelter in the building's dark corners. Once September hits, this former school becomes a sort of temporary contemporary art center for PICA and for Portland, and a whole new diverse public finds themselves wandering the halls. Exhibition making is a long process that starts with an idea and moves into reality like a snowball picking up speed as it rolls down the hill. It takes months of long hours, hard work, debate, supplies, skill, labor, brainpower, negotiation, and support to get ready for our artists and audiences. None of it could happen without a bevy of people coming together and to the rescue time and time again. It is this group I will try to acknowledge here. It seems an impossible task, for I know that there will inevitably be some unsung heroes I forget or some that come in at the last minute, before print deadlines. I hope these people can forgive me: their time and talent will not go unnoticed; every wall here sings their name. —KK

TBA:10 ON SIGHT Staff: Kent Richardson, Principal Preparator, Exhibition Design;Tesar Freeman, Preparator; Rebecca Steele, Curatorial Assistant, Gallery Manager; Adriane Cloepfil, Curatorial Intern; Claire Papas, Curatorial Intern.

TBA:10 ON SIGHT Sponsors & Supporters: The Andy Warhol Foundation for Visual Arts; Kristy Edmunds Fund for New Work; National Performance Network's Visual Artists Network; Foundation for Contemporary Arts; OTAK, Inc.; The Nimoy Foundation; Really Big Video, Inc.; Stephanie & Jonathan Snyder; Cindy & Richard Becker; The artists of Prints for PICA; MK Guth & Greg Landry; Linda Hutchins; pushdot studios; half/drop repeats; Building Specialties; Knez Building Materials, Inc.; and WS Contracting, with special thanks to Dave Kuretich and Larry Gorham.

TBA:10 ON SIGHT Artists & Related Projects: Charles Atlas, Ronnie Bass, Dan Gilsdorf, Beati Chorum, Jessica Jackson Hutchins, Anissa Mack, Dutes Miller & Stan Shellabarger, Christopher Miner, John Smith, Ruby Sky Stiler, Storm Tharp, Yemenwed, Sara Greenberger Rafferty, Sam Korman, Anne Marie Oliver, Rebecca Steele, Jax Gise, Mel Ponis, Austin Adkins, Tana Becker, Japanther, Night Shade, Jason Powell, Chevelle Wiseman, Gandalf Gavan.

People's Biennial: Jens Hoffmann, Harrell Fletcher, Independent Curators International, Kate Fowle, Fran Wu Giarratano, Caleb Belden, Mary Bordeaux, Jorge Figueroa, Laura Deutch, Ally Drozd with Judge Evans and Portland Community Court, Gary Freitas, Sylvia Gray (with Elsewhere Collective), Jim Grosbach, Nicole Harvieux, Warren Hatch, Jake Herman, Maiza Hixson, David Hoelzinger, Howard Kleger, Ellen Lesperance, Cymantha Diaz Liakos, Jonathan Lindsay, Raymond Mariani, Alan Massey, Jennifer McCormick, Jim McMillan, Beatrice Moore and The Mutant Piñata Show, Mike Maas, Ana Forner, Chris Clark, Tom Cooper, Koryn Woodward Wasson, Dennis Newell, Bob Newland, Joseph Perez, Bernie Peterson, Bruce Price, David Rosenak, JJ Ross, Andrew Sgarlet, Robert Smith-Shabazz, Rudy Speerschneider, Andrea Sweet, James Wallner, Presley H. Ward, Paul Wilson, Cantor Fitzgerald Gallery, Haverford College, Scottsdale Museum of Contemporary Art, Southeastern Center for Contemporary Art, Dahl Arts Center.

Collaborators & Co-Conspirators: Stephanie Snyder, Douglas F. Memorial Cooley Gallery, Reed College; Linda Kliewer & Mack McFarland, Feldman Gallery + Project Space, PNCA; Sarah Miller Meigs, lumber room; Forma; Patrica No & Matthew Stadler, Publication Studio; 1430 Contemporary; Calvert Helms, Boora Architects; Eric Stevens, Walsh Construction; makelike studio; The Downtown Marketing Initiative; Courtney S. Reis, Travel Portland; Portland Business Alliance; Lisa Frisch, North; David Neevel; Claire Lamont; Mike Welsh; Crystal Van Wyck; Laurel Gilten; Vilma Gold; Carlos Gonzales; Western Exhibitions; Maimie Tinkler, Mitchell-Innes & Nash; Tanya Leighton; Nicelle Beauchene, Nicelle Beauchene Gallery; Ashby Collinson; Jane Beebe, PDX Contemporary Art; Nicole Klagsbrun; Flair Plastics; Oregon Historical Society; Urbanhonking; Nathan Bowser; Teague Douglas; Tom Mickelson; Keith Layton; Will Elder; Pete Skeggs; Colby Skeggs; Lynn Frey; Nate Shapiro; Dan Black; Sam Slater; Pamela Baker-Miller; Marychris Mass; Brad Cloepfil; Robin Bogert.

PICA Staff & Interns: Cathy Edwards, Erin Boberg Doughton, Kristan Kennedy, Victoria Frey, Jessica Burton, Patrick Leonard, Tim Kamerer, Scott McEachern, Beth Hutchins, Andrew Billing, Liam Drain, Dustin Zemel, Raven Falquez Munsell, Sage Corson, Rachel Pedderson, Israel Lund, Renee Mulcare, Susan Adele Whitteaker, Giana Goodrich.

TBA:10 WORKS Staff & Crew: Lisa Maurine, Rob Kodadek, T.C. Smith, Bill Boese, Sarah Farrell, Russ Gage, Amy Scott, Harriet Riley, Lyndsay Au Coin.

PICA Board of Trustees: Kirk Kelley, Betsy Miller, Deborah Horrell, Jana Bauman, Bruce Carey, Hugh d'Autremont, Stephanie Kjar, Steve Lanning, Sally Lawrence, Laura Othman, Eric Philps, Evan Reynolds, Michael Shea, Michael Tingley, Amy Williams.

PICA Leadership Council: Howard Shapiro, Leslie B. Durst, Pat Harrington, Peter Koehler Jr., Julie Mancini, Ethan Seltzer, Joan Shipley, Kathleen Stephenson-Kuhn, Tiffany Sweitzer, Jack Walsh.

TBA:10 Festival Sponsors: Superhero: The National Endowment for the Arts. Presenting: The Paul G. Allen Family Foundation. Major: Nike, The Meyer Memorial Trust. Underwriting: The Collins Foundation, The Kinsman Foundation, The James F. & Marion L. Miller Foundation, Oregon Arts Commission, Oregon Cultural Trust, The Regional Arts & Culture Council, including support from the City of Portland, Clackamas, Multnomah and Washington Counties, and Metro, WESTAF, and Work for Art, including contributions from more than 1500 employees at companies throughout the tri-county region.

My love and gratitude to: Tom & Winnie Kennedy, Kate Kennedy, Brendan Kennedy, Kenny Mellman, Douglas Zvierko, Claire & Joe Bonsignore, David Kennedy, Topher Sinkinson, Liz Calderon, Alex Felton, Rob Halverson, Jon Hart, Patrick Long, Philip Iosca, Keith Crowe, Brent Johnson, Sarah Marcus, Reed Harkness, Nic Peterson, Nathaniel Price, Adam Sorenson, Elizabeth Leach, Ashby Collinson, Matthew Day Jackson, Jenny Moore, Simone Subal, Georgiana Pickett, Arnold Kemp, Luisa Adrianzen Guyer, Fawn Krieger, Jörg Jakoby, and, as always, Kristy Edmunds.