SEVENTH DREAM
OF TEENAGE HEAVEN

EVERYTHING SEEMED SO POSSIBLE

A theatrical moment about modern, postmodern, and super-hybrid culture and our relationships with the passage of time

PROLOGUE

ACT I: ACTION

ACT II: MEDIA

ACT III: IDENTITY & THE SPATIAL

Starring

Guy Ben-Ner, Joachim Brohm, Gerard Byrne, Malcolm Cochran, Peter Dayton, Ben Kinsley, Lara Kohl, Jeremy Kost, Mark Leckey, Mary Lum, Dennis McNulty, Timothy Nazzaro, Johannes Nyholm, Pipilotti Rist, Cassandra Troyan, Jeffrey Vallance and Alejandro Vidal

With Guest Appearances by

Jennifer Allen, Jean Baudrillard, Clement Greenberg, Jürgen Habermas, Matthew Higgs, Shosuke Ishizu, Fredric Jameson and David Pagel

Narrator

James Voorhies

PROLOGUE

(Curtain rises; lights up; center stage.)

NARRATOR

What ever happened to postmodernism? We never really got a handle on it. It hung around from the early 1960s until the late 1990s in an elusive, nebulous, shape-shifting form. It teased and taunted us, appearing occasionally to take a position that would help us comprehend the architecture, art, music, television, video or film of any given moment during those years. That mystery, even mystique, was part of its appeal. Its combination of intellectual cachet, intrigue and down-and-dirty dealings with popular culture made it a catchall phrase for everything. Whereas we know when the word "postmodernism" first entered use in print, no one can say exactly when it entered parlance, what gave it that initial rise, nor can they agree on when its popular use ended. Postmodernism had none of the tidy habits of its eminent forebear Modernism. No slotting of ideas and disciplines into easy categories. Some naively believe postmodernism still exists, but they can't clearly articulate why or what it is. They are wrong. It's not with us any longer, as we will see here. Its precarious condition contributed to its uncertain and unceremonious dissolution, which feels fitting for a thing so abstract, so difficult to know yet so pervasive.

We can at least begin to talk about its obvious relationship with Modernism due to the prefix post in postmodernism…

(The preeminent American literary critic and political theorist FREDRIC JAMESON rushes from stage left and pushes NARRATOR to stage right. JAMESON starts to speak loudly. Lights go low. Bright spot on JAMESON at stage center.)

JAMESON

Indeed, the concept of postmodernism is not widely accepted or even understood today. Most postmodernisms emerged as specific reactions against the established forms of high Modernism. Those formerly subversive and embattled styles--Abstract Expressionism; the great modernist poetry of Pound, Eliot or Wallace Stevens; the International Style of Le Corbusier, Frank Lloyd Wright and Mies; plus Stravinsky, Joyce, Proust and Mann--felt once to be scandalous or shocking were, for the generation that arrived at the gate in the 1960s, felt to be the establishment and the enemy--dead, stifling, canonical, the reified monuments one has to destroy to do anything new. This means that there were as many different forms of postmodernisms as there were high modernisms in place. That obviously does not make the job of describing postmodernism as a coherent thing any easier, since the unity of this impulse was given not in itself but in the very Modernism it sought to displace…

(Spot on NARRATOR standing at stage right.)

NARRATOR

And it became even more complex. Time has certainly proven that since you delivered those words in 1982 in your lecture

"Postmodernism and Consumer Society" at the Whitney Museum of American Art, postmodernism continued to evolve into something much more pervasive than a one-to-one reaction against each high Modernism...

JAMESON

Yes...but as I was saying...another feature of postmodernism is the effacement in it of some key boundaries or separations, most notably the erosion of the older distinction between high culture and so-called mass or popular culture, those rigid distinctions that Modernism tried hard to maintain. This is perhaps the most distressing development of all from an academic standpoint, which has traditionally had a vested interest in preserving a realm of high or elite culture against the surrounding environment of philistinism, of schlock and kitsch.

NARRATOR

Kitsch is no longer a relevant term. It is 2011. There is little difference between what was called kitsch and anything else in our culture today. Kitsch has been eroded by a culture that is simultaneously high and low. Whereas folks like the American art critic Clement Greenberg tried vehemently to elucidate some sort of understanding about kitsch and the avant-garde, both have without a doubt become extinct, fossilized, absorbed in the abyss of a contemporary culture à la "Artstar," YouTube and Facebook. Postmodernism took care of eradicating the avant-garde, and our super-hybrid condition of cultural

accretion has now finished up the job and excised kitsch.

(Lights go low; a dim, greenish glow illuminates the barren stage. JAMESON and NARRATOR stand quietly as the slow drawl of CLEMENT GREENBERG permeates the space.)

GREENBERG

As I said in 1939 in "Avant-garde and Kitsch," where there is an avant-garde, generally we also find a rear-guard. And that rear-guard takes the form of kitsch. To fill the demand of the new market, a new commodity was devised: ersatz culture, kitsch, destined for those who, insensible to the values of genuine culture, are hungry nevertheless for the diversion that only culture of some sort can provide.

In walked kitsch, using for raw material the debased and academicized simulacra of genuine culture, welcoming and cultivating this insensibility. It is the source of its profits. Kitsch is mechanical and operates by formulas. Kitsch is vicarious experience and faked sensations. Kitsch changes according to style, but remains always the same. Kitsch is the epitome of all that is spurious in the life of our times. Kitsch pretends to demand nothing of its customers except their money.

NARRATOR

Mr. Jameson, this sounds not so different from some of your ideas about pastiche and postmodernism?

JAMESON

Pastiche is yet another key feature that I outlined at the Whitney in my analysis of postmodernism. Pastiche involves imitation or, better still, the mimicry of other styles and particularly the mannerisms and stylistic twitches of other styles. It gives us a chance to sense the specificity of the postmodernist experience of time. Postmodernism expresses the inner truth of that newly emergent social order of late capitalism, a new type of social life and economic order--what is often euphemistically called modernization, postindustrial or consumer society, the society of the media or the spectacle, or multinational capitalism. It can be dated from the postwar boom in the United States from the late 1940s or early '50s or, in France, from the establishment of the Fifth Republic in 1958.

NARRATOR

The new social order has turned into an all-encompassing, completely integrated human relationship with communication and technology, leveling high and low culture into one and the same. This condition has emerged partially because of the dissolution of an avant-garde vis-à-vis the end of Modernism, precipitating a new kind of relationship with time that privileges constant accessibility to everything, a kind of forever present. Today, who is interested in "making it new," pushing it forward? Who and what are the avant-garde? And, if they exist, which culture are they pushing forward or reacting against? Building upon Mr. Greenberg's connection of the avant-garde

to kitsch, we can say that kitsch no longer exists because the avant-garde no longer exists. Because how does an avant-garde get ahead of a continual present that has no desire to differentiate between high and low culture?

(There's a rustling in the audience, and an elderly gentleman stands in the third row. It is the distinguished German sociologist and philosopher JÜRGEN HABERMAS. He moves slowly to the aisle and walks down it, then up the steps to center stage. He sits on the top step and slowly faces the audience.)

HABERMAS

Let us not forget that aesthetic modernity is characterized by attitudes, which find a common focus in a changed consciousness of time. This time consciousness expresses itself through metaphors of the vanguard and the avant-garde about which Mr. Greenberg speaks. The avant-garde understood itself as invading unknown territory, exposing itself to the dangers of sudden, shocking encounters, conquering an as yet unoccupied future. The avant-garde must find a direction in a landscape into which no one seems to have yet ventured.

NARRATOR

So in the past high culture, or let's say the work of avant-garde art, served to react against and change aspects of what might be considered the everyday, ideally advancing mass culture through its critique and insistence on maintaining a certain level of seriousness and aesthetics. High Modernism's critique

became less critical and even irrelevant because its audience became limited and its defining characteristics too esoteric. Postmodernism sought to reinscribe a place for low culture and rebel against the distanced and elitist place Modernism had carved out for itself. But, as Theodor Adorno warned in advance of what eventually became postmodernism, with this reconciliation of high and low art as a democratic move against the tenets of high Modernism, a culture industry emerged, establishing an opening for advertising, technology, design, lifestyle and communication to eventually co-opt art and aesthetics into one consumer totality.

Simulacra, too, are now grafted onto every aspect of daily life as restaurants, university campuses, bowling alleys and entire shopping centers are built to simulate the spatial environments of previous eras. Every detail, from the arches of masonry, the purposely cracked ceramic tiles on floors to the intentional effacement of gold letters on windows to recreate past architectural and spatial moments, contribute overall to our present behavior as we move about contemporary life. And, whether it's Princeton University's "Gothic" style dorms or a "1950s" Williamsburg bowling alley or a "Speakeasy" Lower East Side café, the impetus behind it is Capital and the fusion, again, of lifestyle, art and design.

HABERMAS

True, in so many words. Of course, it's much more convoluted than that, and you know it. But for our purposes here the

impulse of modernity as connected to a time consciousness is now completely exhausted; anyone who considers themselves avant-garde today can read their own death warrant.

NARRATOR

Why? Because they don't realize that the art they produce is complicit in the very culture they believe they are reacting against, as they continue to work and work in a modernist void long after the lights have come on and the party is over? Because they continue to spin away in some hypothetical historical continuum? But wasn't the avant-garde accompanied by an aspiration to move <u>something</u> forward? Isn't that what we are trying to do?

HABERMAS

Partially, yes. However, there was an increasing anarchistic intention of blowing up the continuum of history. The anticipation of an undefined future and the cult of the new meant in fact the exaltation of the present. New value was placed on the transitory, the elusive and the ephemeral; the very celebration of dynamism disclosed a longing for an undefiled, immaculate and stable present.

NARRATOR

So postmodernism obscured that master narrative put down by Modernism. That act, however, ushered along not only its ultimate demise but also its increasingly <u>forgettable</u> place in recent history subsumed by its very own operation. Perhaps the end of postmodernism is not a

failure at all but its final triumph--art has become fully aestheticized into mass culture via what is known as lifestyle by way of the culture industry. Today that is super-hybridized in a culture of communication networks and media constructed with Facebook. It is the fulfillment of postmodernism's wet dream rather than its disintegration.

(Editor of Frieze magazine JENNIFER ALLEN walks onstage.)

ALLEN

Okay. Let's bring this introductory prologue to a conclusion so we can move on with the rest of it. I want to add briefly to this discussion by saying that before the Internet, postmodernism linked different people by designating different cultural phenomena. Once dubbed "postmodern," a novel could suddenly be compared with a sculpture, a pop song or a dress because they, too, had been called "postmodern." An author could talk with an artist, musician, designer and others, although their talks took place in conferences and in print instead of online. They did not always agree, but they had a common culture in the word postmodernism. These artists didn't need a culture--let alone a neologism--to bring them together. Our postmodernism is Facebook: not a catchall phrase but a catch-everyone technology. The common comes automatically; the culture can always change. In light of social networks, the ubiquity of postmodernism appears as its most revolutionary trait.

(From high above in the front row of the balcony, a man with a French accent

begins to speak. It is sociologist and cultural theorist JEAN BAUDRILLARD. The stage remains silent and the spectators below shuffle and turn around in their seats to quickly find the source of the voice.)

BAUDRILLARD

Let me interrupt for just a moment. This situation with media and technology should not be that surprising to all of you. I warned about the dominant role of technology in 1987 in "The Ecstasy of Communication" when I analyzed the screen and network, the non-reflecting surface, as an immanent surface where operations unfold--the smooth operational surface of communications. Around that time something had changed, and the Faustian period of production and consumption had given way to the era of networks, to the narcissistic and protean era of connections, contact, contiguity, feedback and generalized interface that goes with the universe of communication. At first it was the television image--the television being the ultimate and perfect object for that previous era. Our own body and the whole surrounding universe became a control screen. Today people no longer project themselves into their objects, with their affects and their representations, their fantasies of possession, loss, mourning, jealousy: the psychological dimension has in a sense vanished. One feels that it is not really there that things are being played out.

NARRATOR

Technology has further tightened its hold since the television and altogether

usurped the previous connections we made to material culture, real-time experiences and the built, spatial environment. So now we are talking about a flattened sense of space and time, and a kind of vacancy in what marks the passage of time because our associations are no longer integrated into the materiality of things but aligned with the immateriality of communication technologies and its vast panorama of signs. Time is no longer perceived in or connected to the objects, music, environments and actions of a particular epoch. This is partially due to what you talk about, Ms. Allen, in terms of technology, of Facebook, as well as the incremental changes in mass culture related to the dissolution of both the avant-garde and kitsch that we discussed earlier. What led, then, to the ultimate disappearance of postmodernism? Why are we speaking about it in the past tense?

ALLEN

The term postmodernism likely disappeared so quickly because its force was not its multifaceted meaning but rather its capacity to link once-disparate cultural phenomena and once-distant people. Postmodernism may be the first word to become obsolete because it was replaced, not by another word (like globalization) but by a technology that did the same job more effectively. Trying to define postmodernism is like trying to sum up Facebook, if not the Internet. While Jean-François Lyotard linked postmodern life to "the degree-zero of culture," the Internet reduces all content--cultural and more--to the degree-zero of the screen. Where

postmodernism commercialized culture, the Internet customizes it, often for free. If postmodernism aimed for a conciliatory hybridity--where old rivals like high culture and subculture could mix--the Internet normalizes a super-hybridity that makes such hierarchical divisions irrelevant.

NARRATOR

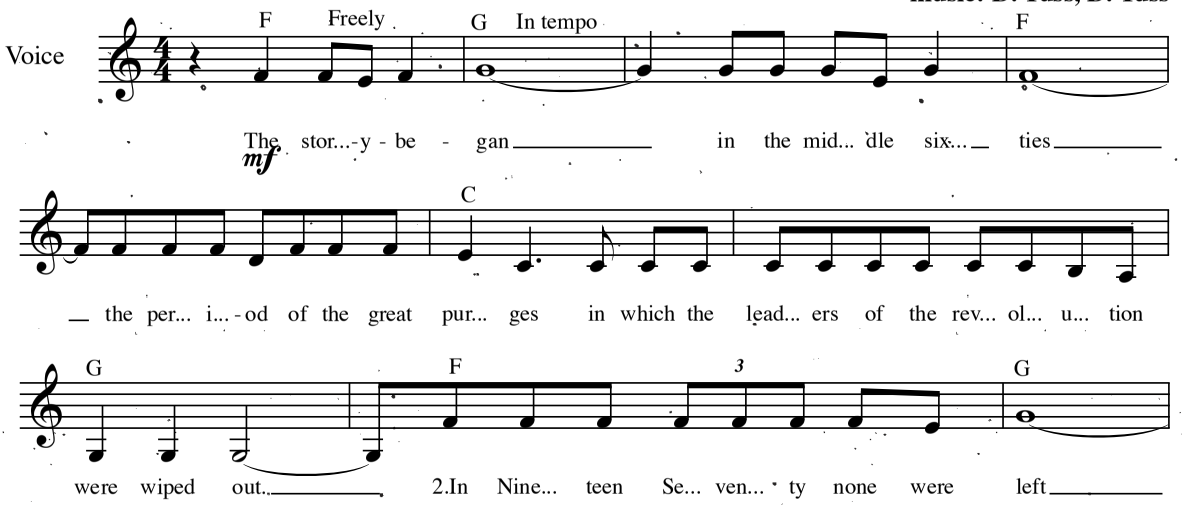
So, if the ability to customize culture by grabbing it from the rapid circulation and exchange of ideas, sounds and images via digital technologies is always possible, there's really no impetus to react against contemporary culture or a particular style because by the time these things have been produced they have already been taken up and transformed into the next iteration. Awash in social media and online content, we have in our hands the tools to theatricalize our own life through references from a spectrum of visual and textual sources; everyone can be the director of their own, personalized theater, constructing virtual identities through the vacuous digital outlets of Facebook and YouTube into which real identities can accrue. Culture's hybridization has become "super" because, as the art critic Jörg Heiser says, it has turned into a "computational aggregate" of infinite sources and contexts. Ahhh, the Internet, literally numbing our neurological abilities to remember.

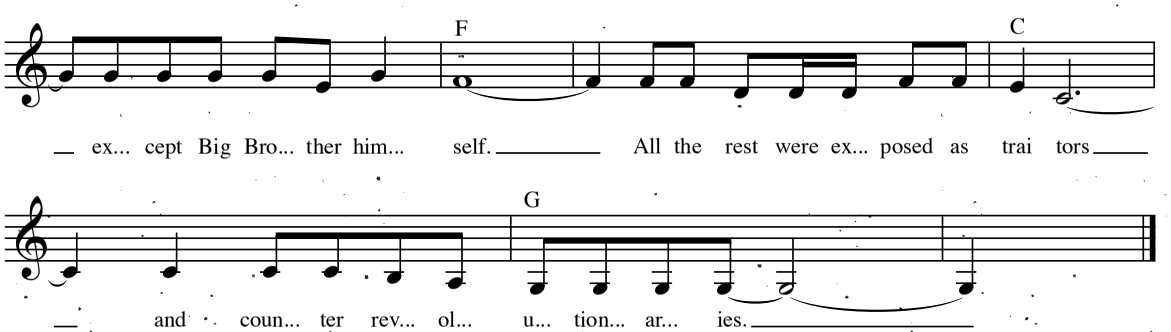
(The musical score "Everything Faded" begins to play quietly.)

Everything Faded

Shoegaze

words: G. Orwell
music: D. Tuss, D. Tuss





3. He had the feeling
though already at that time
facts and dates
were growing blurry.

4. Everything faded into mist.
The past was erased,
the erasure forgotten,
the lie became truth.

NARRATOR

Introducing Seventh Dream of Teenage Heaven. Taking its title from the 1984 album of the same name by the British pop band Love and Rockets, Seventh Dream of Teenage Heaven seeks to generate ideas about contemporary life in the wake of postmodernism and, of course, the remaining detritus of modernist dreams. It explores these issues in relation to the once-predominant proof of the passage of time in the physical, aural and visual residues of our culture. Collective and individual memories of the past were deeply integrated with materials, sounds and sites, which often connected to personal experiences and even defined entire epochs. The social relations and styles of recent generations are understood through the materiality of audio cassettes, vinyl, printed matter and Polaroids; the actions of dancing, surfing, skateboarding and bicycling; and built and spatial environments, from neglected urban cores to "safe" suburban peripheries. The exhibition considers these conditions within the context of the contemporary moment when culture, communication technologies and consumerism collide in ways that change how we relate to the passage of time in our lives now.

So, Seventh Dream of Teenage Heaven arises from postmodernism fallout. It explores a genealogy of our relationship with time embodied in continual cultural transformations, whether always "making it new," recycling the past or enmeshed in social media. These inquires are made within discourses on Modernism, postmodernism and our era of super-

hybridity. Previously, when a style, sound, image or object ceased to be produced, it tumbled somewhere into the distant past, into a state of gestation to be regarded from a distance. That is not the case today. In an age of constant circulation of images and ideas, where everything is always accessible, our relationship to material culture, real-time experiences and spatial environments has certainly changed. But into what? What happens when life gives way not necessarily to another movement but to a technology that flattens and relativizes all levels of culture?

And, the even larger question that looms: Do we remember what it means to yearn for something?

(Lights go low on stage. The music "Everything Faded" continues to play louder. It ends and lights go out completely. Curtain falls.)

END PROLOGUE

ACT I: ACTION

NARRATOR

In the video, a pack of kids--boys dressed in shorts and red-and-white striped T-shirts, and girls in light, summery clothes--cruises on skateboards down a wide-open suburban street. The footage, evidently from a home movie, is filmed from inside a moving automobile with momentary glimpses of its shadow or quarter panel caught in the frame. No doubt a California neighborhood, it is a freshly minted suburb with new concrete curbs and saplings. The kids shift their weight back and forth to keep balance on the 1970s skinny skateboards as they slalom down the pavement. You know that kind of skateboard, before skateparks and ramp skating, often bright in color, made of polypropylene; the decks were less flexible and axels a little too tight for easy maneuvering.

These are images in the Swedish artist and filmmaker JOHANNES NYHOLM's music video for the song "Heartbeats" by the Swedish electronic band The Knife. Their lyrics suggest the song is about a one-night stand--perhaps under the influence of one or two stimulants--that quickly turns into true love, "sharing different heartbeats in one night."

One night to be confused
One night to speed up truth
We had a promise made
Four hands and then away
Both under influence
We had divine scent
To know what to say
Mind is a razor blade…

…and the music plays on. The song is electropop with layers of synthesizer sounds and has a dance-floor wistfulness. It makes you happy. It makes you want to move. Intercut with or overlaying the footage of the kids is an animation of birds coupled and in flock, flying high above mountains. Handcrafted with a stop-motion technique, the birds also move in unison like the skateboarders, complementing the song's references to moments of synchronicity. The electronic sounds seem to come from that era of the late 1970s and early '80s yet somehow we know they are not, straddling that past and our objectification of the era through re-presentation and re-interpretation.

As the family of skateboarders makes their way down a California street in Nyholm's video, elsewhere the Israeli artist GUY BEN-NER and his two children make their own form of practical transportation. In the video I'd give it to you if I could, but I borrowed it, they walk into a museum with an exhibition of readymades on view. All the modern classics are present: Picasso's Bull's Head, Duchamp's Bicycle Wheel on a Stool, Tinguely's Cyclograveur and Beuys's Zerstörte Batterie. The collection is nicely installed on pedestals and under glass vitrines. But that doesn't stop the fantastic scene that unfolds before the viewers' eyes as they watch the children and Ben-Ner carefully but assuredly disassemble the exhibits and then methodically assemble the objects into a functioning bicycle. Why not? The pieces are there. The second part of the video cuts to a scene showing them rolling happily along on a bicycle through tree-

lined paths and parks, stopping to contemplate various outdoor sculpture.

Let's not forget that the readymade is Duchamp's fault. He's the one who plucked a urinal from a Fifth Avenue plumbing shop, titled it Fountain and put it in an exhibition in 1917. He introduced the concept of mass production into the realm of art, insisting an object is art because the artist selects it, because they say so, rather than the necessity of a hand to make it. Some say this may be the beginning of the end of modern art, introducing not only the everyday, mass-marketed commodity into the world of art production but also declaring that the concept itself is of equal or greater value than its material manifestation. The artists whose works were used to make Ben-Ner's bicycle are thus descendants of this avant-garde lineage. Their mode of "making it new" was the utilization of something already there. And that something was an everyday object. Smells like postmodernism.

So, in Ben-Ner's video the object once elevated from the street to the museum goes back into the street to reinstate the original function it had before becoming an art object in the first place. However, while the object is returned to its original everyday function, it is not necessarily inserted back into everyday life. It still serves part of Ben-Ner's artwork: in this fantasy each of those readymades is now part of one functional bicycle.

To playfully add yet another level of appropriation to this work, the accompanying soundtrack, one might say,

is also lifted. Ben-Ner and the kids earnestly sing the lyrics to the Canadian artist Rodney Graham's Tiergarten video Phonokinetoscope set against scenes of them cruising around from sculpture to sculpture. Ben-Ner's work was commissioned for the 2007 edition of Sculpture Project in Münster, a city known for its thousands of bicyclers and its once-a-decade exhibition of site-specific art during which time visitors ride around on a "treasure hunt."

A pink, three-tiered cake inscribed with the phrase "CHAOS REIGNS" in cursive script is descriptive of a performance by the American artist CASSANDRA TROYAN. Part of a month-long series of discursive events and actions, the performance was a food fight. The action was staged inside the tidy, white interior space of a nonprofit gallery and intended to simultaneously provoke, disrupt and mystify while privileging the temporal event--action--over the final product. Troyan and participants rounded up large quantities of rice, mashed potatoes, spaghetti, etc., found in dumpsters. They stained them with food coloring--yellow, blue, purple, pink, red and green. The quizzically colorful food became a viscous medium, placed in foil containers arranged in a kind of orderly palette. The participants were clad in plastic garbage bags, some customized as smocks and skirts. The gallery walls were lined with clear plastic for protection; the scene was a combination science-fiction meets Abstract Expressionism-cum-Happening and biohazard waste site. Troyan gave the "ready-set-go" and food began to fly. On the other side of a large window, an outside crowd of spectators looked

on silently, physically and aurally separated but connected visually to the action as food splatters began to hit, smear and accumulate on the plate glass.

Troyan's food fight draws on the mythology often enabled through filmic representations of adolescent and teenage fantasies--irresponsible and careless behavior of wasting food, soiling clothing and muddying space. As spectators watched the food hurled across the gallery they no doubt made those connections as well as had feelings of liberation in the perceived anarchic act. It's a gallery! The series of sumptuous, hazy photographs of The Aftermath are the evidence of the event. Astute viewers of these images can read a handmade sign casually taped to the window scrawled with words "Food Fight 9 PM." But the photographs do not serve to document the fleeting ten-minute performance. They are meditative interlocutors that indeed fail to convey any cohesive narrative. What they do convey is the way body and field meld together, blurring the usual boundaries that separate us from our spatial environments. Nonetheless, we do in fact negotiate each day between these spaces and our body when more common visceral experiences of sounds and sights seep into the texture of our identities, somehow underscoring the quality of our being human.

And while this discourse of body and field is taken up in the photographs, associations with the long history of modernist painting can't help but come to mind. The brightly colored, thick quality of the food is parallel to the viscosity of paint and the hurling of it across

another kind of field--that of the canvas. Action painters like Jackson Pollock challenged the discipline of painting by making new relationships between pigment and support, indeed making their bodies into corporeal extensions for the very application of the pigment. The scenario that Troyan set up with the food fight inside the confines of the art gallery takes this challenge to the institution of art to new levels, inviting participants into the realm of art to disrupt the entire space of a gallery; a different kind of figure in a different kind of field emerges, as the spectators of this theater watch on.

In the mesmerizing video Fiorucci Made Me Hardcore, the British artist MARK LECKEY culls, arranges and splices together a pastiche of previously shot video footage of British dance culture from the televised dance-a-thons of the late 1970s to the nascent rave parties of the early '90s. The footage, while transcending many years, generations and fashion styles, is edited into a flowing and pulsating rhythm, rising and falling as if mimicking the very ebb and flow of amphetamines, Ecstasy and other intoxicating stimulants of choice (and style). That synchronicity appears to unite youths from a range of decades into a singular bacchanalia of sound, fashion, style, drugs and dance.

[Curator, artist and critic MATTHEW HIGGS delivers a few words about Leckey's work.]

HIGGS

Described by one commentator as the best thing they'd ever seen in a gallery, Fiorucci Made Me Hardcore is an extended paean to the unadulterated bliss of nocturnal abandon. A documentary of sorts, Leckey's video chronicles the rites of passage experienced by successive generations of British (sub)urban youth. While obviously celebratory, Fiorucci is ultimately concerned with a collective loss of innocence; its subtext, an examination of the ritualistic behavior of heterosexuals on the threshold of adulthood. Leckey's young--ostensibly male--protagonists exist in the tungsten glare of the moment, blissfully unaware of (their) culture's inevitable passing. As one musical genre succeeds the next, so too are the fashions consigned to the dustbin of history.

NARRATOR

Some of the youths pictured are part of a subculture in Britain known as Casuals, a subset of football hooligans who emerged in the 1970s when they began to wear instead of football colors expensive European designer clothing by the likes of Gucci, Burberry, Fiorucci, Lacoste, Jordache, Fila, Sergio Tacchini, Adidas and more. These designer labels and expensive sportswear were a way to deflect attention from the police and other clubs, making it easier to infiltrate rival clubs and get into bars. The luxury brands allowed them to subsume the identity originally connected to an upper class in order to carry on with their working-class behavior. Some might say it is a contemporary form of the proletariat

distracted by the lascivious culture handed them by Capital as they go round-and-round à la Debord in the arena they have made. They don't care. And we don't either as we fall into this video unable to pull away, our insatiable thirst only intensified as the minutes pass.

But after the elation crescendos that initial synchronicity in the video unravels, and the energy turns to slower rhythmic instances. We can feel the night is over and the sun is rising, as reality seeps back into the temporal escape from life. The same feeling might be said to mirror that precipitous moment of the early 1990s before the pervasiveness of the Internet and before communications and social-networking technology fully asserted the homogenized identity of global culture after that decade's rapacious dotcom explosion took hold.

Mark Leckey's Fiorucci Made Me Hardcore winds down into a quiet closure; one senses perhaps that the Casuals' co-optation of capitalist logos has got the better of them by the time we see the footage from the early '90s. The Spanish artist ALEJANDRO VIDAL's Pushing Up the Power from a rave in the late 1990s is also tinged with a polarity: visual dance euphoria and the spectacle of laser lights are set unexpectedly against the contemplative soundtrack of an acoustic guitar. The slow strumming of just a few notes from a song by the Finnish folktronica band The Gentleman Losers is accompanied by the barely audible but completely recognizable sound of a record player needle as it reads the surface of vinyl.

VIDAL

Pushing Up the Power was recorded in a London club more than ten years ago. I had only this footage taken while at the party and I decided to use it a long time afterwards. It was probably a Drum & Bass party because by that time in London it was part of a big scene. People are watching a DJ or live act. I cannot recall who it was. The soundtrack in the video brings in this nostalgic or sad feeling. A melancholic hangover. While the guitar refers to the shift from the acoustic to the electric, it was also another shift; the stimulants of choice, Ecstasy opened up new horizons for collective introspection. There was a need to move away from rock's inertia of social redemption. It was a break with the characteristic duality of the traditional stage of the rock concert that opened up the possibility of new forms of interaction between the subjects. Lyrics did not directly or indirectly determine an ideological or political position. The subjects were no longer lost in anonymity but rather they re-encountered each other in a collective and emotional experience. This video is somehow related to it. A multitude is aware of their individual abandonment, a disenchantment with previous forms of youthful rebellion. In my opinion Techno, well-understood electronic music is one of the latest revolutions we had.

NARRATOR

The modern rock concert, which prized and placed bands on another level, a separate hierarchy, was skirted by the rise of a Techno dance and DJ culture that created

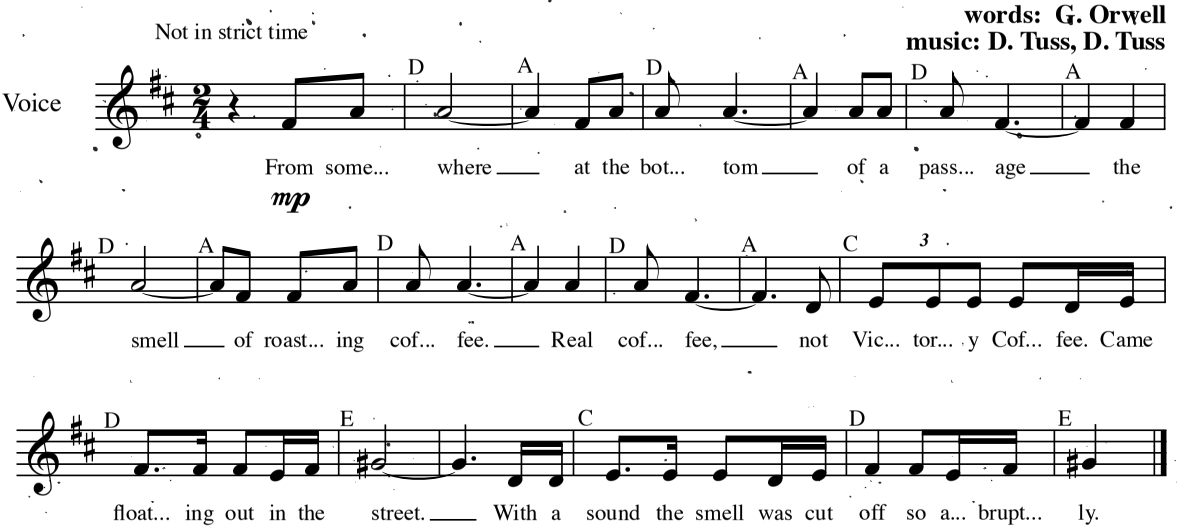
environments where everyone fueled and fed off the energy of one another. Vidal's video depicts a sensorial experience where the life-giving laser light reaches down from above as dancers below move in unison to it, up and down, almost in worship. The pendulum of green lasers swings back and forth, cutting across the smoky interior of the dance floor, while the light cuts into the bodies of the dancers. One long sustained reach of an arm finds itself above the light, holding momentarily above all else. It is as if we are watching a time capsule of lost innocence from somewhere in the distant future.

(Lights go down; curtain falls. The music "Victory Coffee" plays, and audience sits in semi-darkness.)

END ACT I

Victory Coffee

words: G. Orwell
music: D. Tuss, D. Tuss



2. For perhaps two seconds
he was back in the half-
forgotten world of his childhood.

Then a door banged. Seeming to cut off the smell
as abruptly as though it had been a sound.

3. If there was anyone
still alive who could give you
a truthful account of the early century.
It would be a prole.
Suddenly the passage from the history book

Came back into Winston's mind from his diary
and a lunatic impulse took hold of him.

4. He would go into the pub,
he would talk with that old man
and question him.

"Tell me about your life when you were a boy.
What is it like? Were things better than now?"
Victory Coffee came floating out in the street.
With a sound the smell was cut off so abruptly.

ACT II: MEDIA

NARRATOR

The lyrics "I don't want to fall in love. No, I don't want to fall in love--with you" are without a doubt integral to the Swiss artist PIPILOTTI RIST's video I'm A Victim Of This Song. Rist starts off singing these words in a pleasant, even conventional tone until the refrain quickly escalates to a high pitch, finally intensifying into a full-on scream as the video comes to an end. It is Rist's unique cover of Chris Isaak's hit single "Wicked Game." In the early 1990s anyone remotely close to FM radio or MTV could not avoid hearing Isaak's song. Rist co-opts his sentimental and melancholic lyrics about love at first sight, fear of lost love and the possibility of heartbreak to re-perform to amusing, entertaining, grating and disturbing excess. As Isaak's sappy words and Rist's piercing sounds become increasingly unbearable, the images in her video are equally distorted with acidic colors and overlapping shots of old photographs, dark storm clouds and contorted torsos, all delightful and unsettling as if the camera is possessed by the same spirit as the singer.

Chris Isaak's "Wicked Game" was shot on location on a beach in Hawaii. Directed by photographer Herb Ritts, the video shows the shirtless musician and a beautiful woman, supermodel Helena Christensen, held by the gaze of Isaak, the camera and thus all of us watching. She caresses her breasts, exposes part of her thigh, tugs at the waistband of her bathing suit. The female is constructed

as an object of the male obsession and a feat to conquer. We get a sense this flirtatious ritual ultimately culminates in sex: metaphorical, orgasmic eruptions of cumulous clouds and waves predominate. We really don't know for sure if Isaak's video is an advertisement for underwear, perfume or in fact a music video. Did it really matter at that point? By 1991 Calvin Klein had already cornered the seductive look of the black-and-white image of smooth, bronzed youths cavorting carelessly and seductively, emitting the ennui of Generation X. Ritts, who was largely responsible for pioneering this photographic style, produced advertising campaigns for Calvin Klein underwear, CK One, Escape and Obsession. With "Wicked Game" he conflates popular music and mass consumerism with his signature aesthetic style. And as the title of Pipilotti Rist's video--I'm A Victim Of This Song--makes quite clear, she's more than aware of these conditions. Her work is not only a parody of Isaak's video but of the postmodern culture of new media and capital markets that also gave birth at that time to Madonna's book Sex, Marky Mark, Kate Moss, Beverly Hills, 90210 and the Spice Girls.

Those stereotypical gender roles that Rist examines are inscribed at an early age through various media, including fairy-tale storybooks and Saturday TV cartoons. The female reliance on the male as heroic savior, for example, is an underlying interest for the American artist LARA KOHL in Once Upon a Time, Yesterday. Her sculptural work features the familiar top-loading freezer, a storage container found in the garages and basements of suburban homes across America. When viewers lift

the lid they do not find frozen bounty from trips to the supermarket but a meticulously carved ice castle accompanied by an original soundtrack.

The fairy tale "The Sleeping Beauty" originated in France in the seventeenth century. But the 1959 Walt Disney animated version has been the most influential in popular culture. In it Princess Aurora and an entire kingdom are cast with a spell of 100 years of sleep brought on by the hex of an evil fairy. Her sleep would last until she was finally awakened by the kiss of her one true love--Prince Charming.

KOHL

It is often in our teenage years that we have our first experiences with romance and sexuality, and we realize that our lives don't always fit so neatly into the mold. Prince Charming doesn't seem to notice us, no matter how much eyeliner we apply, or perhaps it's not the prince that gives us goosebumps but the princess. These are the moments of fracture, self-assertion, revelation and disillusion, of coming into one's own.

NARRATOR

The fairy tale of "The Sleeping Beauty" is preserved in the ice sculpture of the castle, visible as one looks from above into the chest. But as viewers continually lift the lid the castle over time begins to melt, losing a bit of its visual impact. This change mirrors the incremental erasure of childhood fantasies about how things can be, slowly revealing how things actually are.

KOHL

A soundtrack plays inside the freezer, barely a murmur when the lid is closed but fully audible when the door is lifted. I wrote several songs derived from the contents of my high school letters and diaries and then collaborated on their recording with the Brooklyn band Hide the Knives. When the viewer opens this larger-than-life music box they uncover the fairy-tale fortress and hear the words reflective of teenage angst. And through this act of examination, they effectively participate in making it dissolve before their eyes.

NARRATOR

The American artist BEN KINSLEY explores the possibility of paranormal activity inside the gallery as well as changing unseen energy properties of everyday objects through musical enchantment. Calling Occupants: A Paranormal Concert Series is a collection of musical performances staged especially for the purpose of affecting the energy of a water-filled, handblown glass vessel. The initial charging took the form of a group chant led by Kinsley and Columbus-based psychic Larry Copeland during the opening reception of Seventh Dream of Teenage Heaven. Drawing on the universal language of music, the subsequent rechargings occur through five different musical performances over the course of the exhibition. The musicians perform only for the object. While an audience is invited and often present to help summon the energy inside the space, the performances go on even if no one is in attendance. A surveillance camera records

any paranormal activity generated from the performances. Copeland returns at the end of the exhibition to lead a public analysis of the surveillance footage, identifying and discussing paranormal action caught on tape and the effect the performances made over time on the object.

Originally released in 1976, "Calling Occupants of Interplanetary Craft (the Recognized Anthem of World Contact Day)" was written by the Canadian progressive rock band Klaatu. Their song was inspired by a movement originating in the 1950s by the organization called The International Flying Saucer Bureau. The Bureau urged its members to take part in a group telepathic effort called World Contact Day. On a predetermined date and time, they attempted to make contact with extraterrestrial beings through the summoning of their collective, communicative energy. Klaatu's song was eventually made famous by the Carpenters, initiating a worldwide surge of requests for information about World Contact Day. Kinsley's version marks Fridays at 7:00 p.m. through the exhibition period as the day and time of gathering. Rounding up collective energy and talents, this provocative inquiry into the realms of science fiction and paranormal activity considers how space and objects are changed over time by the universal power of song.

Three paintings from the series Surfboards by Clement Greenberg by the American artist PETER DAYTON are inspired by Greenberg and the intellectual discourse about modernist painting that he proselytized. They are wry combinations

of the high-minded aesthetics of modern art and the popular surf culture that both came to prominence in the 1960s. Dayton's panel paintings on birch are covered with high-gloss resin finish. They are rectangular in shape and stand eight feet tall, leaning against the wall--almost anthropomorphic. Signature artist decals and stylistic painting techniques using masking tape cleverly pay homage to American abstract painters like Kenneth Noland, Barnett Newman and Frank Stella. Noland #12 "Draggin' Wagon" combines a commercial artist "logo" with a surf- and car-culture banding aesthetic reminiscent of Hobie, the Beach Boys and Frankie Valli--everything that Clement Greenberg did not appreciate. Indeed, he valued the painting of Noland and others such as Morris Louis, Mark Rothko and Jackson Pollock precisely because of its esoteric and abstract characteristics.

In his influential essay "Modernist Painting" of 1960, Greenberg sought to legitimize the work of these kinds of painters as a natural progression in a long, historical narrative of art. He praised the qualities of painting that are exclusive to it: the flatness, the shape (square, rectangular) of the support and the fluid, viscous properties of pigment. These were considered virtues, at once admitting and celebrating the limitations of painting's burden to represent reality. These qualities of the medium separated it from other forms of art and especially from everyday life and popular culture--kitsch, as he called it. This was all well and good according to Greenberg.

Dayton unites these high and low extremes in Surfboards by Clement Greenberg. For example, Stella #22 "Lost World" leans like the others against the wall, taking a kind of corporeal stance and soliciting speculation. It provokes Greenberg's and the American art historian Michael Fried's formalist critique, whose ideas unexpectedly initiated Minimalism by arguing for the need of modernist painting to retain shape as a fundamental medium of painting and not simply as a property of objects. Fried introduced this criticism when writing about a series of extraordinarily shaped paintings made by Frank Stella in 1966. The following year Fried expanded on it in his seminal essay "Art and Objecthood." So, the literal shape and floor-based physicality of works by Donald Judd, Carl Andre and Robert Morris was, for Fried, not painting and not sculpture but "objecthood" because he believed the emphasis on shape without its service exclusively to painting made them nothing more than objects. The viewer is a critical part of this characteristic of objecthood that was, for Fried, a form of theatricality and thus certainly not an essentialist art. Its pronouncement as an artwork was dependent on other factors, most importantly, the spectator. The purity of modernist painting, then, is impossible to achieve in the minimalist works partially because of their literal shapes and also their invitation to the spectator, the durational experience completely compromising the autonomy of the medium that was so important to Modernism, according to Fried. A minimalist work has many parts--including the viewer--and it is not exclusive to its own medium. So, Stella's eccentrically

shaped paintings helped to germinate this discourse, and the panel painting Stella #22 by Dayton sticks out as a provocation.

History Lessons, by the American artist MALCOLM COCHRAN, is a sculptural replica of a rearview mirror from a 1950s General Motors automobile--scaled to sixteen times its original size. At eight feet tall, with a six-foot diameter disk of polished steel and other components made of wood stained white, History Lessons is simultaneously puzzling and fantastic in its unmistakable presence. The form is inverted approximately ninety degrees, so that the part of the original object that connected to the automobile door is here the slender base upon which the mirror appears to precariously rest. Cochran has handcrafted the base, armature and encasement to replicate the machined quality of the original chrome object. He conflates this machine-made characteristic associated with minimalist works of art, for example, with the discourse of the readymade by substituting wood for the expected mass-production quality of chrome. The monumentality of the recognizable form has a kind of theme-park or funhouse essence, inviting inquisitive spectators to move closer, inspect, circumambulate and then stand before the large round reflective surface, assessing their distorted image.

The very form--sleek, solid and futuristic--has an immediate connection to the 1950s and '60s. You can see it: the Thunderbirds, Electras, Corvettes, Bel Airs and Desotos. American ingenuity, quality and power associated with the cars of that moment. Connections surface

not because viewers necessarily came of age then, viewed the highway receding in the distance through that kind of mirror or studied mid-century automobile design. They probably have no physical experience with it at all. But the 1950s and '60s, with all their emergent political, ideological and social ruptures, continue to resonate in the collective consciousness as preserved, structured and reshaped again and again in filmic and visual representations.

JAMESON

The inaugural film of this genre is George Lucas's American Graffiti, which in 1973 set out to recapture all the atmospheric and stylistic peculiarities of the 1950s United States, the United States of the Eisenhower era, as so many films have attempted since, the mesmerizing lost reality of the Eisenhower era; and one tends to feel, that for Americans at least, the 1950s remain the privileged lost object of desire--not merely the stability and prosperity of a pax Americana but also the first naïve innocence of countercultural impulses of early rock and roll and youth gangs.

NARRATOR

Trippy funhouse Americana, souvenirs and kitsch of the 1950s are cultural archaeology that fuels the work of the American artist JEFFREY VALLANCE. In the sculpture Juliet's Balcony, Verona he monumentalizes and oddly sanctifies what might be considered a banal object and its connection to a personal experience by setting it inside an ornate, skillfully crafted cabinet akin to a Catholic

reliquary. In 1982 during a trip to Verona, Italy, to visit the site of the fictional character Juliet's balcony of Shakespeare's classic, Vallance describes his experience of unexpectedly traveling with an ex-girlfriend while his current girlfriend remained at home in the States. At the site Vallance selected a small button with the iconic mark of the punk band Dead Kennedys as a token for remembering the experience. Instead of the usual touristic fare one might expect from such a site, this button is Vallance's relic of that moment, enshrined in this work Juliet's Balcony, Verona.

(American critic and curator DAVID PAGEL contextualizes Juliet's Balcony, Verona within Vallance's broader artistic pursuits.)

PAGEL

Vallance's quest for the extraordinary is never predicated on a denigration of the everyday. His homemade souvenirs, re-created relics and wacky documentations of trips to Iceland, Tonga, the Vatican, Vienna, Samon, Mexico City, Canoga Park and Verona, as here, are a testament to the resonance of the everyday.

In Vallance's world, facts are weirder than fiction, a good story--like the one associated with Juliet's Balcony--counts above all else, and, with belief, meaning proliferates. His ingenuous investigations treat modern life as an unexplored territory with untapped possibilities for experiences bordering on the sacred. There's only one requirement: these works must be experienced firsthand. For viewers, this means that the world

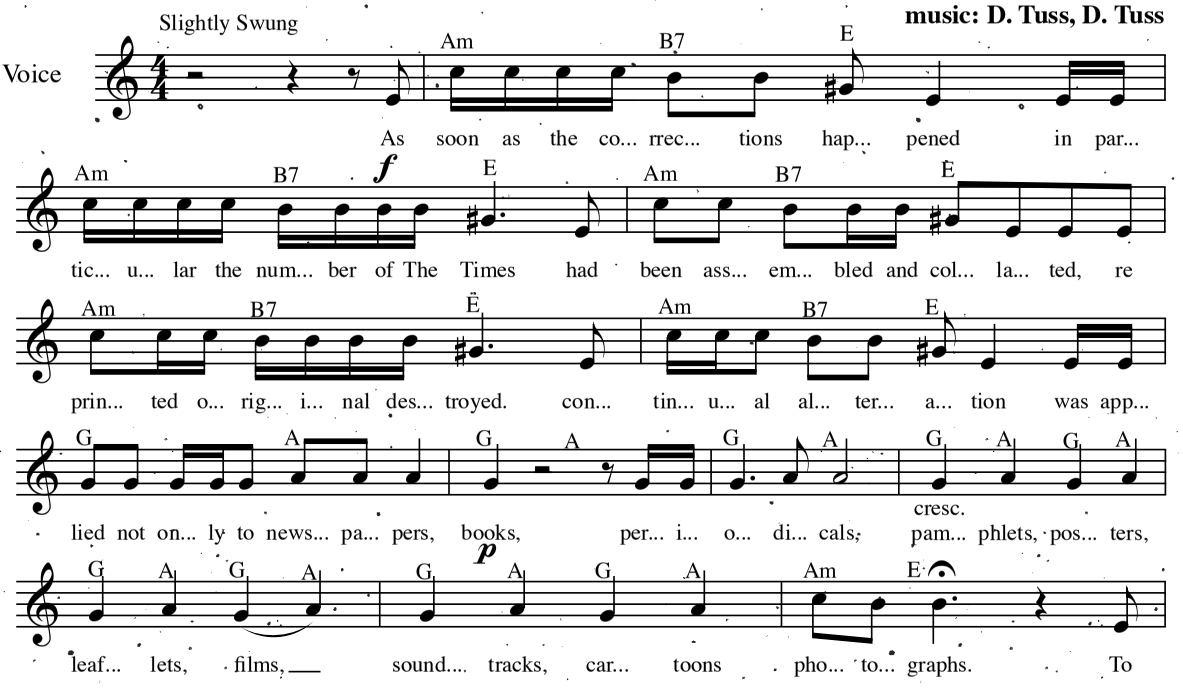
is whatever you make it. Seen through Vallance's eyes, anyone's surroundings constitute a magical environment in which mystery and enchantment are within arm's reach--if you care to grab them. Even cheesy, pre-packaged components of commodified American culture possess the potential to be talismans of something wondrous.

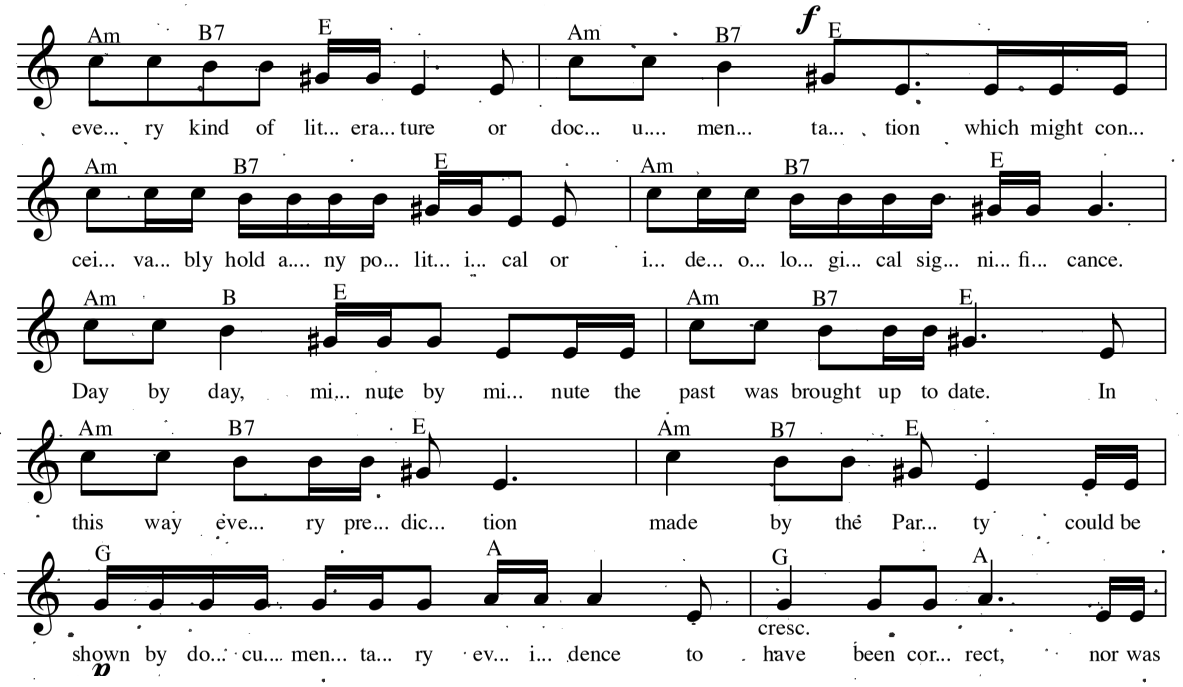
(Lights go down; curtain falls. The music "The Original Copy" plays and audience sits in semi-darkness.)

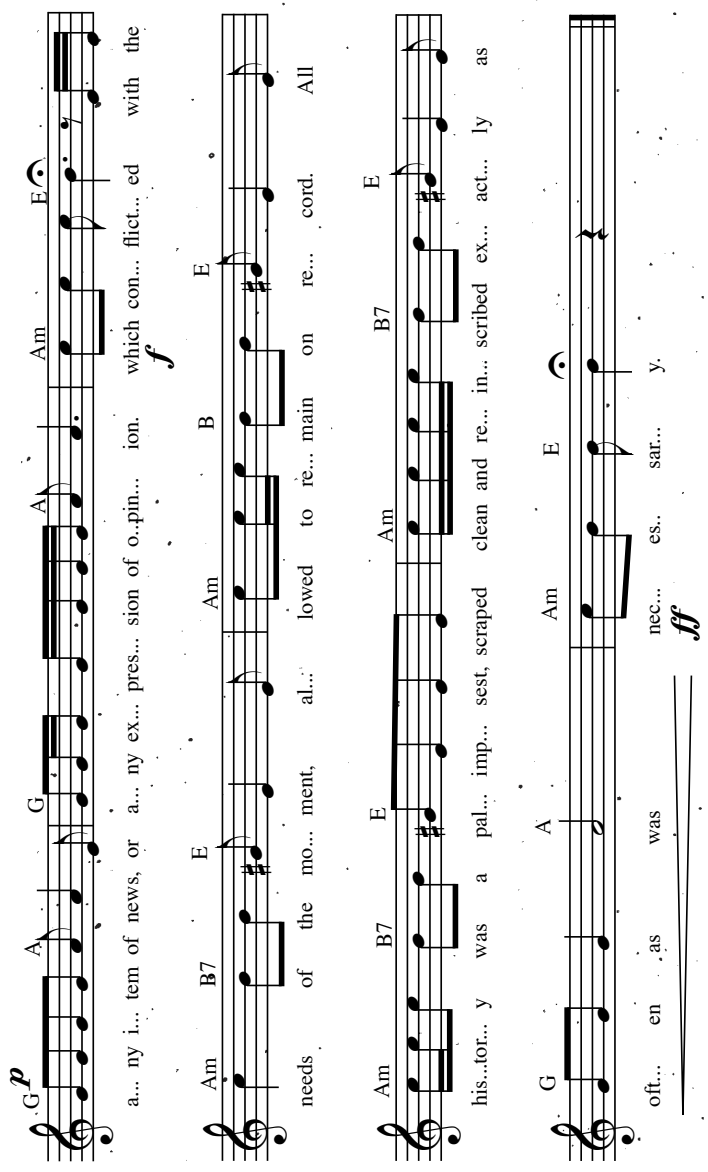
END ACT II

The Original Copy

words: G. Orwell
music: D. Tuss, D. Tuss







ACT III: IDENTITY & THE SPATIAL

NARRATOR

The iconic residence halls, commonly called "ziggurats," on the campus of the University of East Anglia in Norwich were designed by the architect Denys Lasdun. Lasdun is known for his Brutalist buildings, an architectural style and philosophy predominant from the early 1950s to late '70s that emerged out of the formalist tenets of Modernism. The UEA campus was designed and built in almost one fell swoop between 1962 and 1972 on a green field at the periphery of the urban center. It became somewhat isolated as a de facto suburb of Norwich. The buildings reflect this primarily momentary architectural vision, and the design of the ziggurats is part of it. As with most (not all) Brutalist architecture, they are constructed of concrete and glass, revealing and reveling in the inherent qualities of their materials, form and function. Indeed; the identical and incrementally stacked portions of the buildings with glass façades attest to their use as dormitories. While residents are systematically and identically framed within each cubical section, the glass walls expose the individuality of the occupants. They are montaged into the totality of the architecture.

In the video Carbon Dating, by the Irish artist DENNIS MCNULTY, we hear a woman speaking about a place she once worked, a university built sometime in the 1960s in the UK. She talks about the look of the buildings, their inhospitable qualities and the logic and illogic of the spatial organization of the campus. We are not

told it was University of East Anglia, but she references concrete forms and daily negotiations with what sounds like some kind of Brutalist structure.

> *There was carpet over concrete, but you could feel the concrete just underneath so very kind of hard surfaces and again an increasing tendency the longer I worked there to police things.*
>
> *The furnishings inside and the physical spaces were pretty grim in general; film studies had a teaching room that was ours and it looked like somebody's basement and we improved it slightly because we had done interviews, professorial appointments and all of the candidates complained about the space and said how awful it was and I think we were shamed into it.*

In the video McNulty overlaps the audio with images of tiny technical drawings and carbon paper, that once-ubiquitous material for recordkeeping, duplication --traceability. The deep bluish tone of the paper in the video brings to mind the cyanotype blueprints used by architects and engineers well into the twentieth century. For some Brutalist architectural works these are perhaps the only traces that remain. Recent history has not been kind to Brutalism, either leaving the buildings for slow deterioration, complete abandonment or demolition. The ziggurats at UEA, however, have escaped

that fate: they are listed by English Heritage, set aside for preservation. It's an odd predicament; whereas the modernist project strove to erase those traces of the old, build upon its foundations, the ziggurats and hundreds of modernist buildings like them are now encapsulated in a kind of time machine. One might think it too bad because their erasure would have spoken to the fait accompli that Modernism had hoped for all along in its striving to continually transform the moment, adding yet another geological stratum to the tidy historical narrative it sought to construct.

Carbon Dating is viewed on a small monitor placed on a crate and framed within another work called The Crash, a suspended ceiling--uncomfortable at seven feet high--that is collapsed almost entirely to the floor at the far end of a large room. The dark, rather cavernous space is illuminated only by the ambient light from other parts of the gallery and the light of the monitor seeping through a split in the fallen section of ceiling, where the metal grid and tiles have tumbled to the floor. As the viewer walks into this space they are confronted at first by Facetime. It is a large poster with the enormous, superhuman image of Mark Zuckerberg, the founder of Facebook, as pictured on the cover of Time Magazine's 2011 person of the year issue. The viewer continues into the dark room, passing through the gash in the fallen ceiling that leads to a hidden space, a new site where they view Carbon Dating and hear the words of the woman from UEA speaking about the "flimsy" architectural qualities and spatial dysfunction of the Brutalist campus and how it paralleled

the social relations and administration of the university.

The Brutalist buildings mentioned in McNulty's works embody the optimistic ideologies of the modernist project. In Britain, Brutalist architecture was a quick and economically viable solution for postwar reconstruction, providing practical and affordable housing to make up for what was lost in the war as well as a surprisingly high postwar population boom. Brutalism's genealogy finds roots in the philosophy of the Swiss architect, painter and theorist Le Corbusier. His Unité d'Habitation, or Housing Unit, is a multifamily housing design principle based on the provision of housing according to family size, not necessarily class. The housing block units are typically constructed in plate glass, concrete and steel. These large complexes are home to hundreds of residents and, in the case of Radiant City in Marseilles built between 1947 and 1952, for example, include on-site amenities such as shops, medical facilities, cafes, gymnasiums, swimming pools, schools and even workshops for producing handicrafts. A blueprint for an ideal city. This spatially hermetic lifestyle is not unlike that found in the American suburbs conceived and developed in the same postwar period. Conceptually, however, Le Corbusier's plan for the Unités was to bring together people from different classes into one spatial configuration, rather than separate them.

The American artist MARY LUM's Concatenation is inspired by the modernist visions of Le Corbusier's Color Keyboards, a color collection he designed in 1931, then another version in 1959,

for the Swiss wallpaper manufacturing company Salubra. Salubra produced high-quality wallpaper products that were essentially prefabricated rolls of oil paint, washable and colorfast. The same colors were also available in the typical liquid form to apply to surfaces like doors and window frames. Color Keyboards was a sophisticated kind of swatch book for the company's customers. Comparable to the arrangements of keys on a piano, it consisted of two rows of fourteen small color samples arranged horizontally between three large bands of different colors. Users could select and compare various color combinations, which Le Corbusier devised as suitable for the interiors of modern dwellings. Making associations between music, nature and color, as did the early modernists like Wassily Kandinsky, Le Corbusier viewed the total twelve keyboards as representative of different moods or chromatic atmospheres, with titles like space, sky, scenery, masonry and sand. The larger bands of color were assigned to big architectural spaces such as walls and called "tenors", while smaller color samples were reserved for surfaces with less area and called "tones."

The colors burnt sienna, gray, fluorescent green, fuchsia, ivory, blue, orange, red, pink and more are also in Mary Lum's Concatenation. Her color keyboards are photographs of a disparate array of everyday objects and spaces spanning a time frame of more than twenty years and encompassing urban geographies from the streets of Paris, London and Berlin to Boston, New York and San Francisco. Her images include the things we gloss over each day: large color fields of exterior

walls painted stormy blue or teal green, white-walled hallways and the drab gray of city streets and sidewalks. These images are combined with photographs of air conditioners covered with yellow plastic, crumpled green tarps lying on the street, red doorsteps, putrid yellow curtains, décollage and notices for happy-hour drink specials. Tile floors, window frames, metal storefront security gates, posters and brick walls make up various forms of grids that surround us. It's all right there, Mr. Le Corbusier. From his high-modernist intentions to reel in, arrange and assign the details of our lives to strict modernist frameworks, Lum has made a color keyboard reflective and more realistic of the visual tenors and tones that comprise the atmospheric harmonies we live with each day. We see it not only in her combinations of colors but also in the juxtapositions of perspectives that are playful tensions and energies among various spatial situations; an aerial view of a street swoops down and recedes into the distance, a red doorframe is shot straight on and in the immediate foreground. Lum has an uncanny ability to interweave and connect overlooked perspectives, color combinations and spatial arrangements. But, just like the twelve keyboards of Le Corbusier, Concatenation only takes shape in the form of the printed matter in this publication.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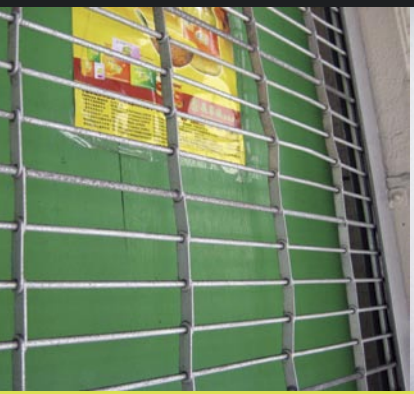

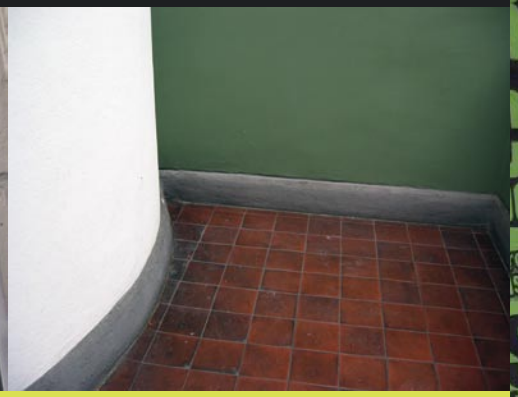


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Gas-guzzling V8s like Pontiac Grand Prix, Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme, Cadillac Seville, Chevy Suburban and the subcompacts Volkswagen Rabbit, AMC Gremlin and Honda Civic are everywhere in the photographs from the series OHIO by the German artist JOACHIM BROHM. It was a Fulbright award that took Brohm from his home in Germany to Columbus, Ohio, in 1983 to study in the creatively charged atmosphere of the Department of Photography and Cinema at Ohio State University. There he encountered photographic and intellectual greats like Allan Sekula, Jonathan Green and Ronald Green. Brohm spent his year scouring the streets and alleys of the campus and downtown areas, capturing the unexpected and unforeseen using a hand-held, medium-format camera. That was the moment when color photography began to come into its own, with William Eggleston and Stephen Shore leading the pack. Brohm's color photographs from OHIO have a coherent and visual color scheme that reveals a neglected, untidy, grimy, but not all together abandoned urbanity. A city in transition. It is alive. But it has a lived-in, worn-out kind of aliveness with overflowing dumpsters, broken windows, crumbling walls, graffiti and litter that speaks to the long decade of the 1970s from which Columbus and many other American cities were crawling by 1983. And part of that climb included the rise of the automobile in the everyday life of American cities.

Brohm observes the predominance of automobiles in Columbus. The vast heterogeneity of design, color, power, style, practicality and size of American cars conveyed the range of personal

identities and positions of the owners. Attention to these details was part of the aestheticization of an emerging postmodern life, mashing up design and lifestyle. Brohm's photograph Jerry's speaks to that outward personal expression but also to how Americans once considered the automobile a kind of corporeal extension, something one spends time in, something that accompanies one everyday and everywhere. Jerry's is the name of a drive-in restaurant writ large in orange neon, with an unmistakable big neon arrow that swoops up and then down pointing directly at the restaurant. Here. You in the car! While the outdoor, drive-in service was no longer available by the early 1980s, the asphalt parking area and sign remain. A SOHIO gas station is in the background, and in the immediate foreground pay phones especially fitted for drive-up telephoning. Similarly, in North & High a marquee advertises X-rated films at a drive-in cinema once located on North High Street, the main artery of Columbus. Customers will be comfortable in their cars; the sign assures them that "in car heaters" are available. Shiny Datsun 280Zs sit appropriately in the foreground, across the street from the North & High drive-in.

While Brohm's photographs speak to these specifics of Columbus, they also convey a general picture of American urbanism in the early '80s, when suburban peripheries were burgeoning and automobiles and highways effectively engrained the way people live in, move around and connect to their city. People were already more regularly commuting to and fro, back and forth between downtown and the suburbs. The exodus of the inner urban core was

underway by this time, and while the gritty streets in Brohm's photographs may have been fine for university communities, many of the city's families had taken flight to suburban developments on the periphery. They had tucked themselves into self-contained cul-de-sac communities with concrete curbs and skateboarders safely rolling around on clean, brightly lit streets.

The Polaroid photograph collages by the American artist JEREMY KOST engage with conventional representations of identity, domesticity and sexuality constructed by the kind of hetero-normative ideologies associated with the modern American suburb and the nuclear family that populates it. His photographs of drag queens and transsexuals are shot among an array of objects and situations typically associated with weekend getaways, household chores and Saturday morning cartoons. The subjects stand amidst pop culture and children's television references to Sesame Street and Batman and iconic Coney Island amusements. It's a world like none other--or is it very much our world? The photographic language here inhabits three modes of pastiche. The most evident is the physical construction of the works. Kost uses hundreds of individual Polaroid photographs with a preconceived vision of how the parts and pieces will make up a whole. He sculpts--overlapping, twisting and turning--them into slightly off-balanced, out-of-proportion but completely cohesive images that radiate with a sense of vitality, depth and vibrancy in the totality of what we see.

What we see is a second mode of pastiche with a long history in representations of drag personalities and performers. In Little House on Shadyside, Sharon Needles stands looking distraught, lost and exasperated in front of a tidy, two-story Victorian home with an immaculately manicured lawn. She is on the sidewalk, cigarette in the right hand and a mangled doll grabbed by the hair with her left. She is dressed in a black-and-white sweater and skirt set with red gloves and an enormous white cross with a crucified Jesus dangling from her neck. It's mid afternoon; the sky is bright blue. But Sharon looks like she put down her Pinot Gris just long enough to come over and see what the hell we want. One can't help connect this image to Female Trouble (1974) and Pink Flamingos (1972) by John Waters, and before him Jack Smith's Flaming Creatures (1963) and Kenneth Anger's Puce Moment (1949) come to mind. In these earlier works the parody of the day-to-day existence of drag personalities and the spectacle of celebrity entertainment culture and performance worked to demystify, subvert and expand the boundaries of hetero-normative behavior.

Recall that it was drag queens who started the Stonewall riots in 1969, and so it went on from there that body and identity increasingly became political battlefields of power relations. Coming out of the theoretical discourse of Michel Foucault and subsequently the rise of postmodernist queer theory and activism in the early 1990s, identity politics mobilized as a social, cultural and political mechanism affecting how gay life intersected with the world.

The body was invested with a certain aspect of these tasks by amassing a level of confusion not only through drag performance but also androgyny. In walked figures like Boy George and Laurie Anderson, conflating entertainment and politics within the very makeup of their identity, usurping spectacle as a tool for political discourse. Sharon Needles is part of this genealogy--whether she knows it or not.

The third mode of pastiche and the one that speaks closest to our super-hybrid, contemporary moment is the way Kost situates personalities like Sharon and the character Rainblo among references to popular culture and scenes of familial domesticity. He has turned the fictions and the fantasies proposed by these individuals into reality by pushing off balance what we think we know, decontextualizing them. Drag queens are not awake during the day!? They are denizens of the night. In I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus, Rainblo in fact emerges into the light of day from a fifth-wheel camper. She holds in her right hand the torso of a cheap, plastic Santa Claus lawn ornament all smeared with red lipstick. She stands leaning against the trailer's doorjamb, an enormous tattooed figure with tissues tucked into her yellow bra and cutoff jeans so short the pockets hang well below the fringes. Santa Claus's sled is parked at the side of the trailer, while a doll and garbage can are propped haphazardly inside a shopping cart. What is that? In other photographs like Won't You Be My Neighbor, a partially nude transsexual hatches free of Big Bird, cracking the iconic image from our childhood as if it were an egg.

So, the titles, settings, imagery and very materiality of the Polaroid photograph fuse together these references to time and place, to the politics of body and fixed gender identity, into one disturbing but fantastic whole. Kost takes the postmodern parody of Pink Flamingos to extraordinary levels by situating his subjects in these environments with these accoutrements, hybridizing identity, the institution of family, capital's impact on children and our contemporary condition of accumulated cultural corrosion. But Kost doesn't even let us off at that. These personalities are almost too smart for their own good, and he knows it. They take up issues of identity politics, turning life into one long performance. But they also lampoon the vapidity and ineffectiveness of the entire drag project as a sustained means of resistance to social inequality and prejudice. The levels of parody are, well, complex. In other words, very much the way we live now.

While the extraordinary personalities in the photographs by Jeremy Kost draw attention to the role of the artificial in relation to contemporary construction of identity, the American artist TIMOTHY NAZZARO explores a different kind of production of identity in the photography installation The illusion of permanence, and all that Holden Caulfield kind of crap. He juxtaposes photographs taken at a prestigious academic institution with the photographic record of his personal, middle-class life. The images in the black-and-white, gelatin silver photographs were taken on the grounds of the New England prep school Deerfield Academy in Western Massachusetts.

Founded in 1797, the co-educational academy is imbued with all the classic style, tradition and architecture one expects from a private boarding school. Deerfield counts among its graduates Nelson Rockefeller, Jr., David H. Koch and King Abdullah II of Jordan. The long history, elite alumni, dress codes and a sprawling idyllic campus with brick-and-ivy buildings inscribe the style and comportment of its current students--the way they perform prep school. The engrained history and culture placed before them influence the formation of this kind of identity. You can see it in Nazarro's photographs: the spatial arrangement of the campus with long, curving driveways leading up to the buildings; wide-open, sprawling landscaped greens and tree-lined sidewalks with autumn leaves peppering the ground--boys dressed in blazers, ties and Dockers, girls in skirts. Everyone is in the proper role for the simulacrum.

These impeccably printed, meticulously framed photographs are installed among a large mass of almost 200 photographic media of various sizes pinned to the wall. Here is a panorama of Nazzaro's engagement with the material, visual and unpredictable qualities of photography. The images range from snapshots at a slumber party taken during elementary school days to subversive Polaroid transfer experiments made with random customer photos from a camera store where Nazzaro worked during high school in suburban New Jersey in the early 1990s. It was while working at the camera store, part of a vocational training program, that he began to play with photographic techniques and processes. The experience

ultimately provided sufficient knowledge and skills for Nazzaro to become an artist. Other media pinned up include casual portraits of friends, a snapshot of his father, Polaroids from years working in fashion photography and a WANTED poster for a long-lost friend sought by the F.B.I. There is even a black negative, an underexposed photograph taken of Nazzaro receiving his high school diploma. While the accompanying document states: "this photograph is the only one that captures the significance of all the hard work and sacrifice that led to graduation day," the photograph without an image is clearly the result of an "exposure error," and as the studio card says: "apologizes for any disappointment."

And so it goes. In The illusion of permanence, and all that Holden Caulfield kind of crap, Nazzaro collapses the distance encompassing two sets of parallel teenage years, those of his own life and the lives of the Deerfield students. On one hand the students evoke the kind of formality and composure one associates with prep school. But they also emit the awkward, angst-ridden characteristics with forced smiles, braces and postures loaded with impatience. Nazzaro juxtaposes that with the photographic evidence of a frenetic, unpredictable, swirling and wildly diverse youth. Not unlike the seventeen-year-old, self-alienated protagonist in J.D. Salinger's Catcher in the Rye, Nazzaro's entire installation is a collective portrait of the challenges that mark the difficult years between adolescence and adulthood, no matter what--transcending class, race, geography and gender. And this awareness of our

precarious existence is mirrored in the extraordinary changes that photography as a medium has experienced, evident in the range of photographic media in Nazzaro's installation. So, as Kodak processing outlets continue to close and new technologies emerge each year, indeed, photography has transformed from adolescence to teenager to adult, and we are increasingly aware of its impermanence.

(In 1965 Take Ivy was published in Japan. It is a photographic study and text rumination on the style and culture of Ivy League universities from the perspective of four Japanese collegiate-style enthusiasts who spent time photographing and observing the culture at eight campuses in New England. SHOSUKE ISHIZU, one of the authors, observes the nascent introduction of commodity and style at that time as fashion brands introduced at an early age meld with the identity and lifestyle they are intended to convey.)

ISHIZU

Across the corner from Brooks Brothers on 44th Street stands J. Press, another brand synonymous with the Ivy League.

Just like Brooks Brothers, J. Press has boutiques near Ivy League universities, as if to imprint the brand's existence into the minds of students while they are still in university.

Once out in New York, former Ivy Leaguers subconsciously find themselves at Brooks Brothers or J. Press boutiques. Their boutique is less than half the size of

Brooks Brothers. With only two floors, it is nice and cozy. In contrast to its neighborhood competitor that seems to brandish tradition, J. Press appears to be slightly more open-minded and incorporates new trends into its business approach. Such an element can be found here and there in their shop and in their display windows. Their displays are not as elaborate as those of Brooks Brothers.

The merchandise is roughly the same as that of Brooks Brothers. J. Press's assortment is also centered around Ivy traditional and orthodox articles. I was under the impression that J. Press targets a slightly younger consumer than Brooks Brothers.

NARRATOR

1984 and Beyond is an installation of video, photography and wall text by the Irish artist GERARD BYRNE. The video is a dramatic reconstruction of roundtable conversations among twelve science-fiction writers--including Isaac Asimov, Arthur C. Clarke and Ray Bradbury--originally published in Playboy in 1963. Byrne stages the conversations inside two modernist buildings in Holland built around the time the text was published. Amateur Dutch actors selected by Byrne play out the dialogue. The characters speak optimistically about what the world will be like between 1984 and around the year 2000, speculating about life on the moon, space travel, Cold War reconciliation and the United States becoming more socialistic than the Soviet Union. They talk about social conditions--gender relations, elimination of disease, the future of

sex, the probability of three-month, paid vacations and religion. The interiors of the International Style buildings in which Byrne situates these conversations are of the same modernist genealogy as the science-fiction writers' fantastic visions of the future. The conversations, spatial environments and 1960s-style clothing feel like a hermetically encased, perpetual performance relic of Modernism run into the sand, left far behind by the very future the writers ponder over, a future we know today never comes to fruition.

While the far-fetched and fantastic visions ruminated over in the 1960s have not materialized, other day-to-day aspects of human life from that moment, such as prevailing male chauvinism, sexism, class division, racism and religion, have remained very much the same. That becomes evident in the installation of black-and-white photographs that are sometimes presented in conjunction with the video 1984 and Beyond. Here, ten photographs that have sort of shape-shifted over time in context-specific ways are installed, all recently retitled Images or Shadows of Divine Things. The wall text Byrne includes with the photographs is a quotation from the biography of the eighteenth-century theologian and preacher Jonathan Edwards written by the American historian Perry Miller. Edwards was a steadfast proponent of Puritanism and religious revitalization in the American colonies. He, like other Euroamerican colonials, viewed skeptically the Native Americans as devil worshipers and worked intensely for their salvation, spreading the word of Christianity on behalf of God.

Byrne's photographs come out of the concepts explored in 1984 and Beyond and the missionary visions for America promulgated by Jonathan Edwards, viewed simultaneously against the present moment. They have a look and style comparable to photographers Garry Winogrand, Lee Friedlander and Diane Arbus. Rising to prominence in the 1960s, the work of these artists responded to and documented the dynamic social landscape of America --an America tired but looking forward to the future with glimmers of optimism. By contrast, Byrne's images of everyday life in rural and urban United States were taken around 2005. They include rows of vegetables at county fairs, fireworks, anti-war gatherings, a backyard suburban pool, a bicyclist rushing down a gritty New York street and large Native American totem poles arranged as if dioramas at a natural history museum. Nothing particularly grand or monumental here. We've seen it. But Byrne intentionally situates a meditative gaze on these stills from our present era with the same visual vernacular as those earlier photographers looked upon the 1960s. The spectator experiences a sense of alienation standing before these works, unsure of exactly what era they were taken in. The accompanying text, of course, mediates how we read these images. The theological ruminations by Edwards are nearby on the wall:

> *We every moment see the same proof of a God as we should have seen if we had seen Him create the world at first.*
>
> *It is certain with me that the world exists anew every*

> *moment; that the existence of things every moment ceases and is every moment renewed.*

With a feeling of strangeness, a critical distance develops that allows present conditions to be momentarily measured with those stylistic and compositional frameworks of 1960s photography, which --along with the art institution--have taught us how to look at the past, not unlike how George Lucas taught us with American Graffiti how to look at the 1950s. That strangeness is amplified by the installation of Byrne's photographs and text on a matte black wall. While he reels in the spectator with the familiar photographic style of a bygone era, this installation adds yet another disruptive layer to the expected experience of works in a gallery. The spectator is placed further in the space of theatricality, literally a kind of black-box setting with visual reverberations between black wall, black-and-white photographs and white mattes and black frames. Indeed, the photographs become stills in a kind of filmic narrative, on one hand paralleling the way Byrne originally utilized printed text--from Playboy--for filmic reconstruction in 1984 and Beyond and on the other hand acknowledging the role of the spectator here in the white cube of the gallery that is the theater. The theatricality that Michael Fried admonished way back in 1967 in "Art and Objecthood," indeed, has continued to flourish.

And so we stand here--in this theater. We try to piece it all together. We look over at the photographs again and realize it doesn't matter if we know for sure the

dates when they were taken. What we see before us are the same objects, the same kinds of images and familiar scenes that, in fact we see every day--today. Now.

The kind of forward-thinking propositions that defined the moment of the 1960s --then, on the precipice of wildly visionary changes, social emancipation, scientific and technological revolution and whatever else was dreamed up--have not been realized. The fact is, the kind of religious revivalism, Puritanism and prejudice pontificated by the likes of Jonathan Edwards and the grip of global capitalism are all tighter than ever.

But in that dream of the future, everything seemed so possible.

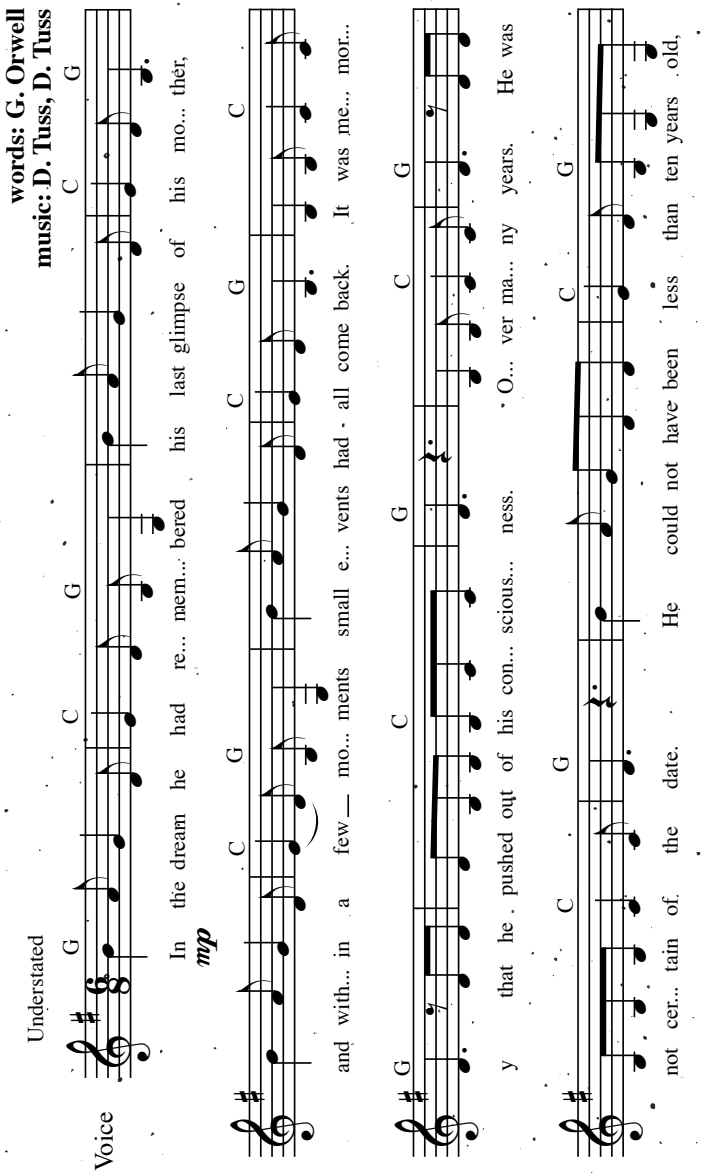
(Lights go down; curtain falls. The music "The Dream" plays and audience sits in total darkness.)

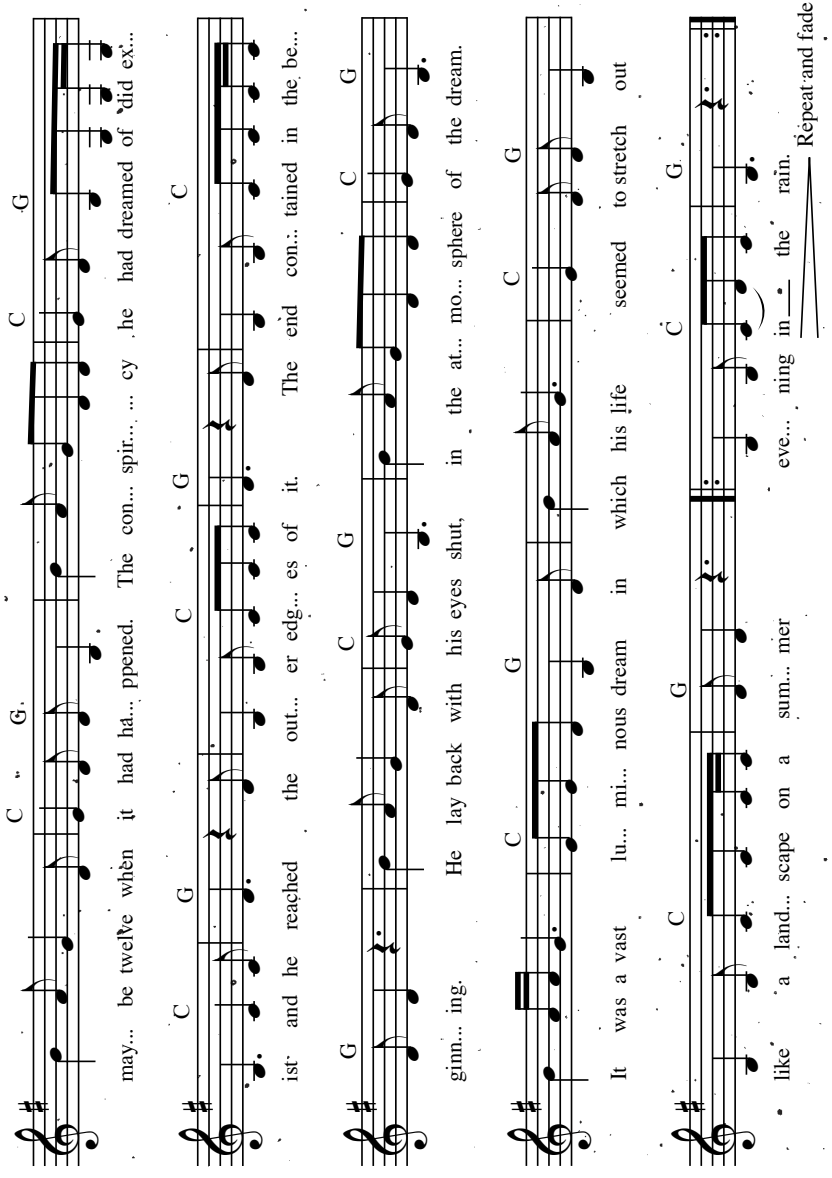
END ACT III

END

The Dream

words: G. Orwell
music: D. Tuss, D. Tuss





SOURCES OF INSPIRATION AND QUOTATIONS

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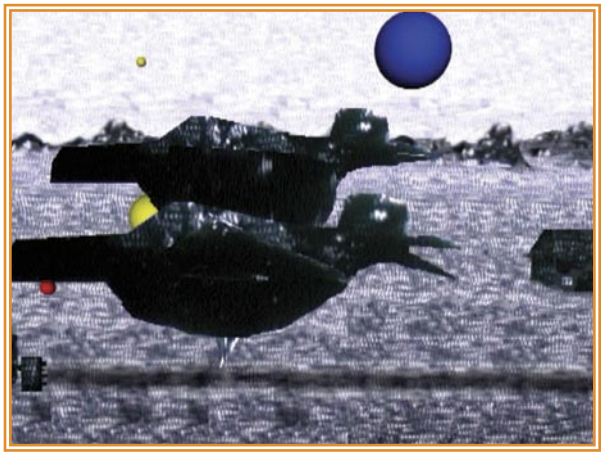
ACT I
ACTION

JOHANNES NYHOLM

"HEARTBEATS" BY THE KNIFE, 2002; digital video; 3 minutes 55 seconds; directors: J. Nyholm, B.Melin, A.Nilsson; courtesy of the artist



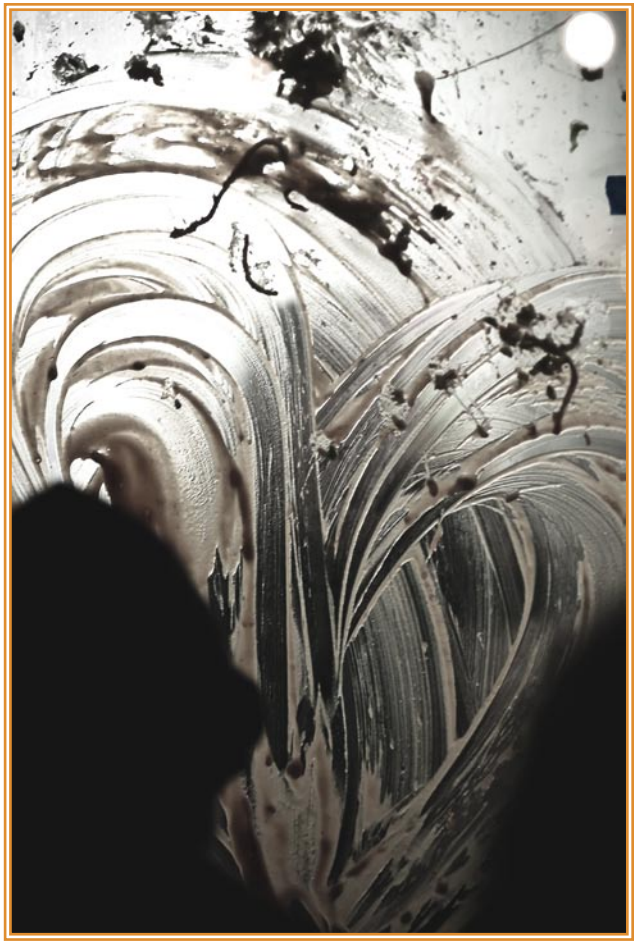
GUY BEN-NER

I'D GIVE IT TO YOU, BUT I BORROWED IT, 2007; single-channel video with color and sound; 12 minutes; courtesy of Postmasters Gallery, New York

6

CASSANDRA TROYAN

THE AFTERMATH, 2011; photographic documentation; dimensions variable; courtesy of the artist; photography by Ed Luna



MARK LECKEY

FIORUCCI MADE ME HARDCORE, 1999; DVD with sound; 15 minutes; courtesy of the artist and Gavin Brown's Enterprise, New York

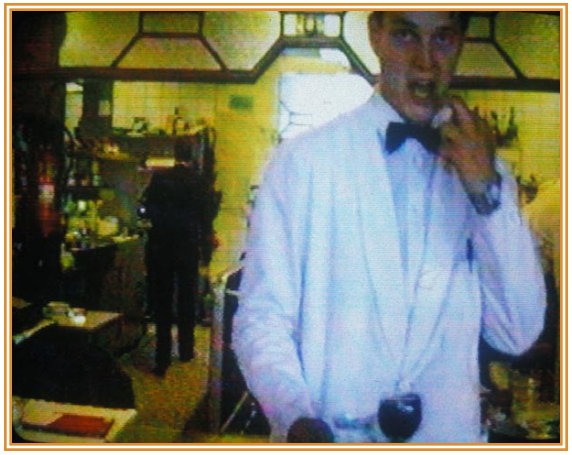
ALEJANDRO VIDAL

PUSHING UP THE POWER, 2007; single-channel DVD; 2 minutes; courtesy of the artist

ACT II
MEDIA

PIPILOTTI RIST

I'M A VICTIM OF THIS SONG, 1995; video with color and sound; 5 minutes 6 seconds; courtesy of the artist, Electronic Arts Intermix, New York and Hauser & Wirth




101
102
103
105
106

ONCE UPON A TIME, YESTERDAY, 2005; chest freezer, ice sculpture of Sleeping Beauty's castle and songs written by the artist and recorded by Hide the Knives; 41 x 33 x 22 inches; courtesy of the artist

"I'm in Love with My Best Friend"

I'm in love with my best friend
I'm in love with my best friend

This wasn't supposed to happen
What do I do now
I went to sleep last night
hoping it would go away
But when you sat down next to me
that electrostatic silence remained

I'm in love with my best friend
I'm in love with my best friend

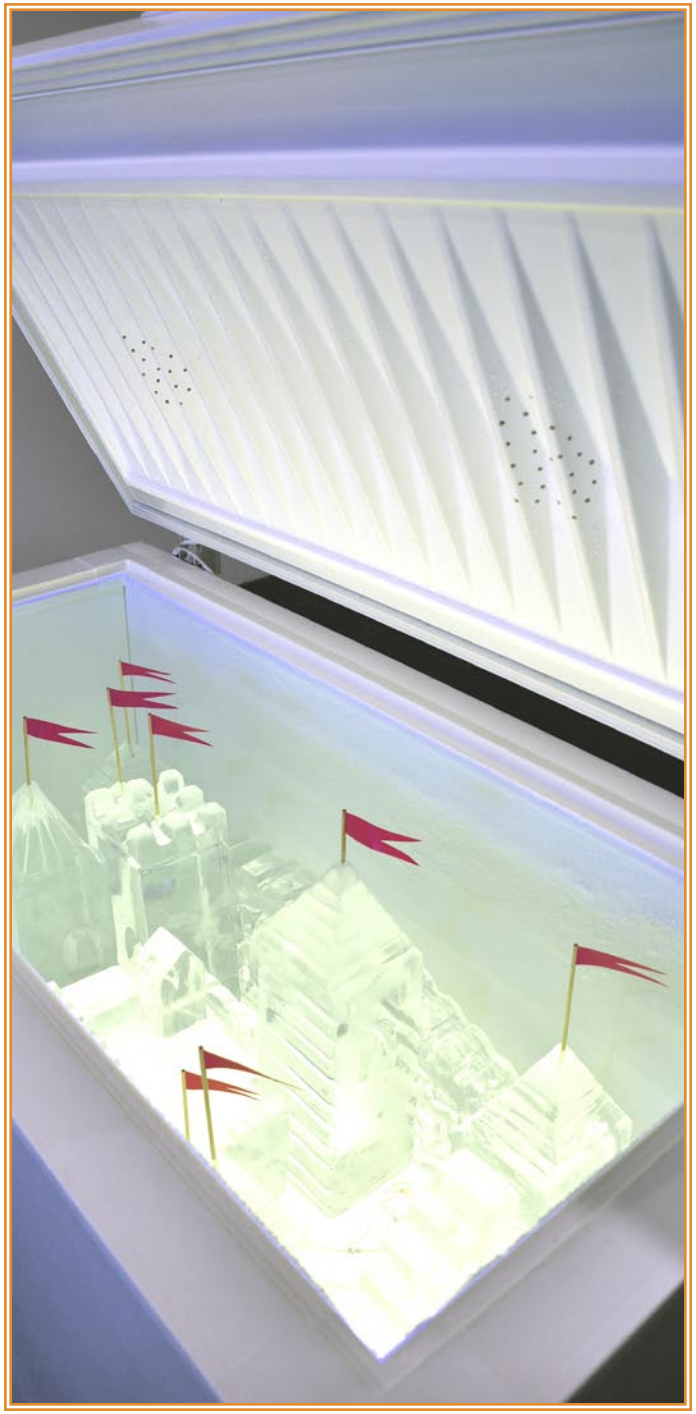
It's the ease of being with you
The way you run your fingers thru my hair
Staying up late talking, all those things
I never noticed

Suddenly right there
Suddenly right there
Suddenly right there

I'm in love with my best friend
I'm in love with my best friend
I'm in love with my best friend
I'm in love with my best friend

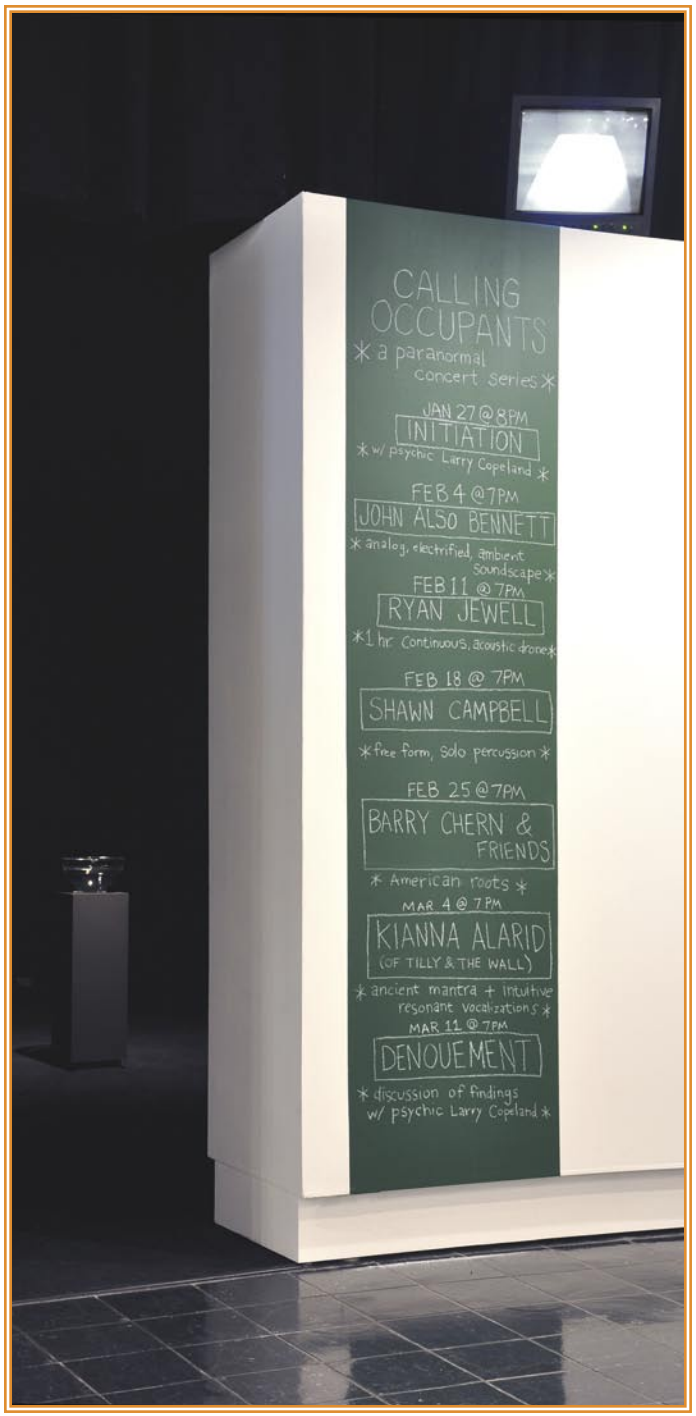
It's draining all my oxygen
I'm afraid of how you'll react, this isn't
like the fairy ftales
I'm missing the script for this act
I'm not sure how to phrase it, what words to use
Maybe you don't see it coming

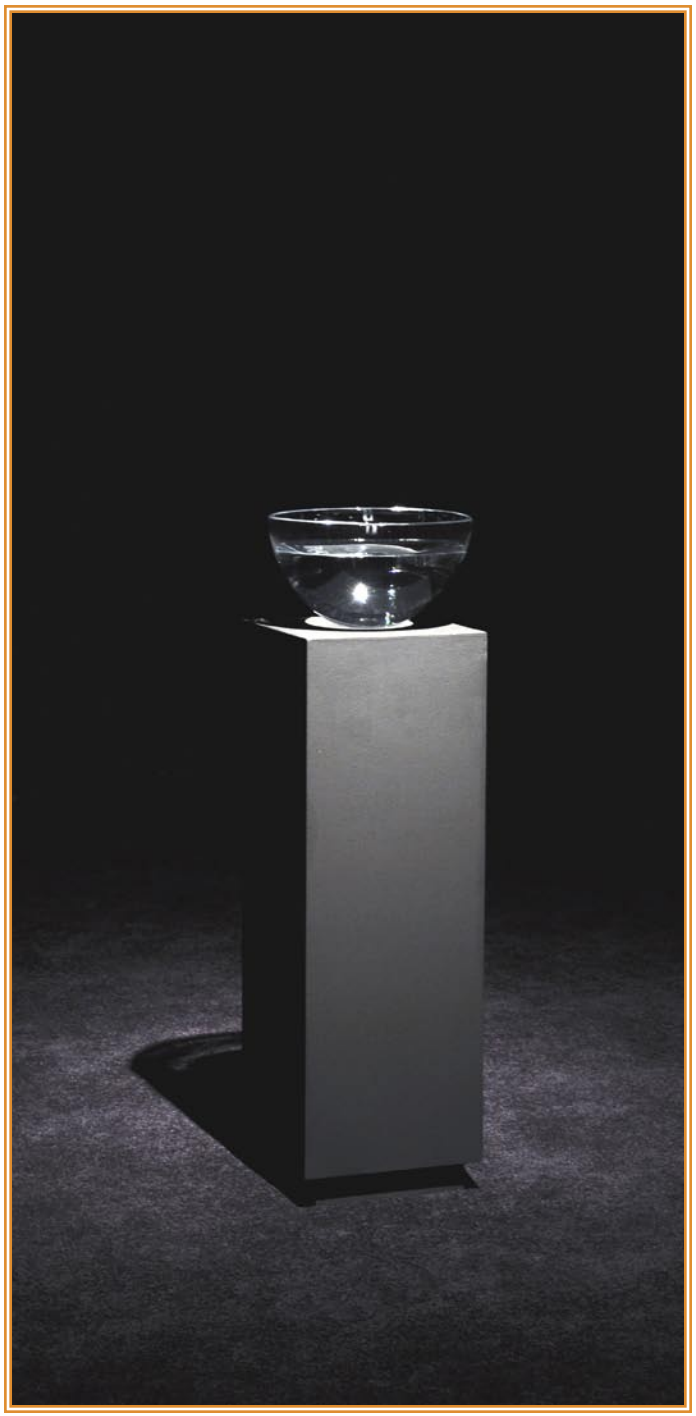
There is so much to lose
There is so much to lose
There is so much to lose



BEN KINSLEY

CALLING OCCUPANTS: A PARANORMAL CONCERT SERIES, 2011; blown glass, water, 24hr audio/video surveillance system, weekly concert series, energy; dimensions variable; duration of 45 days; courtesy of the artist commissioned by Bureau for Open Culture and Columbus College of Art & Design

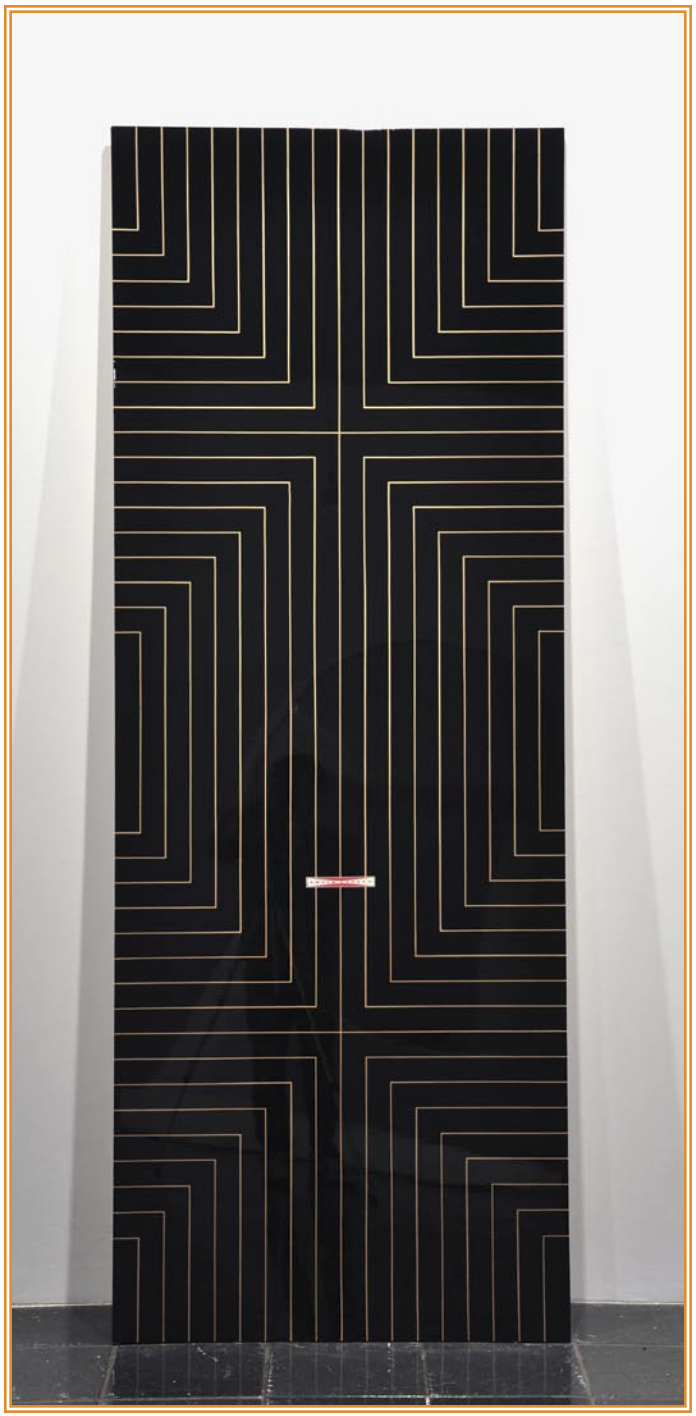

CALLING OCCUPANTS
* a paranormal concert series *
JAN 27 @ 8PM
INITIATION
* w/ psychic Larry Copeland *
FEB 4 @ 7PM
JOHN ALSO BENNETT
* analog, electrified, ambient soundscape *
FEB 11 @ 7PM
RYAN JEWELL
* 1 hr. continuous, acoustic drone *
FEB 18 @ 7PM
SHAWN CAMPBELL
* free form, solo percussion *
FEB 25 @ 7PM
BARRY CHERN & FRIENDS
* American roots *
MAR 4 @ 7PM
KIANNA ALARID
(OF TILLY & THE WALL)
* ancient mantra + intuitive resonant vocalizations *
MAR 11 @ 7PM
DENOUEMENT
* discussion of findings w/ psychic Larry Copeland *



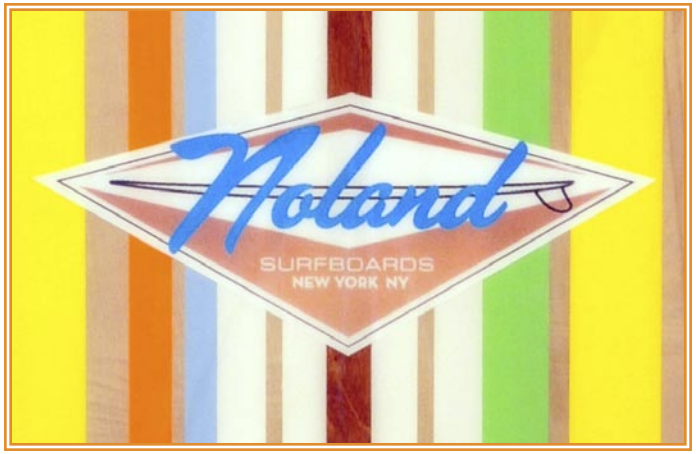

What was then
and what will be
now is one together.

PETER DAYTON

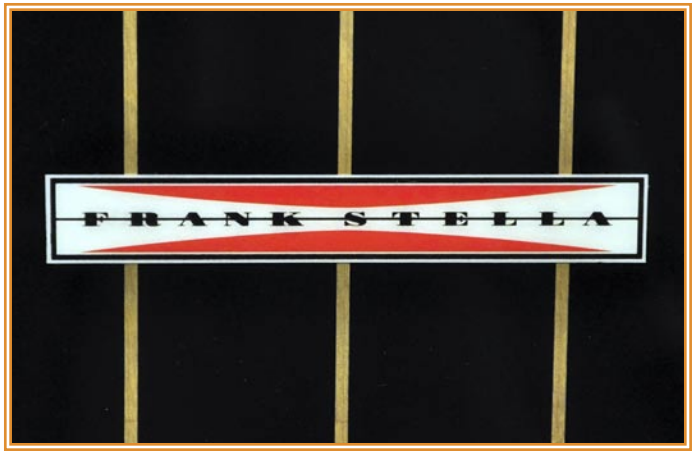
STELLA # 22 "LOST WORLD," 2008; **BARNETT NEWMAN #1 "ONEMENT ONE,"** 2006; 96 x 36 inches; oil, acrylic, resin and paper decal on birch plywood; courtesy of the artist and James Salomon; **NOLAND # 12 "DRAGGIN' WAGON,"** 2008; oil, acrylic, resin and paper decal on birch plywood; 96 x 36 inches; courtesy of Haro Keledjian




Barnett Newman


Noland
SURFBOARDS
NEW YORK NY


SURF BOARDS
by
Barnett Newman


FRANK STELLA


Noland

HISTORY LESSONS, 2011; poplar, steel, stainless steel, whitewash; 8 x 6 x 10 feet; courtesy of the artist; commissioned by Bureau for Open Culture and Columbus College of Art & Design with support from the College of Arts and Sciences, The Ohio State University

JEFFREY VALLANCE

JULIET'S BALCONY, VERONA, 2006; mixed media; 24 1/2 x 8 1/2 x 8 1/4 inches; courtesy of the artist and Tanya Bonakdar Gallery, New York

Juliet's Balcony, Verona
2006

But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?
- Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*

In 1982, an ex-girlfriend found out that I was planning a trip to Europe and asked if we could meet there. I wanted to say no, but I said okay thinking she would never show up. But she did arrive, and she wanted to tour the traditional European romantic destinations. I wasn't sure how I should handle sharing a hotel room with my ex while my new girlfriend waited faithfully at home. There were some awkward moments...

Somehow we ended up going to Verona, Italy, to the historic site of Juliet's Balcony (Casa di Giulietta). I felt sad that the façade had been defaced with graffiti; nevertheless, I rubbed the polished right breast of the bronze statue of Juliet Capulet for good luck.

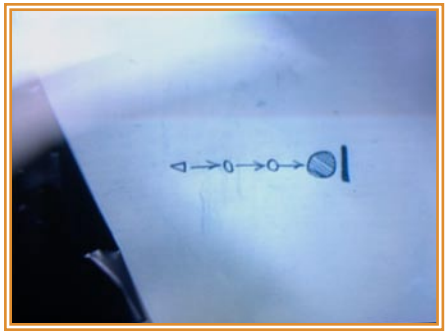
As I rubbed, a man pulled up in a little pushcart full of the worst kind of kitsch Romeo and Juliet souvenirs – postcards, stickers, ashtrays, plates, dolls, etc. For some unaccountable reason, right next to the other souvenirs was a tray of the Dead Kennedys punk buttons. (I recognized the "DK" logo.) How in the world? It was so incongruous that I deemed it the perfect souvenir of my "romantic" pilgrimage to Juliet's Balcony.

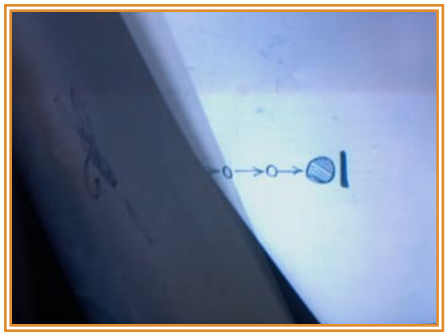
ACT III
IDENTITY & THE SPATIAL

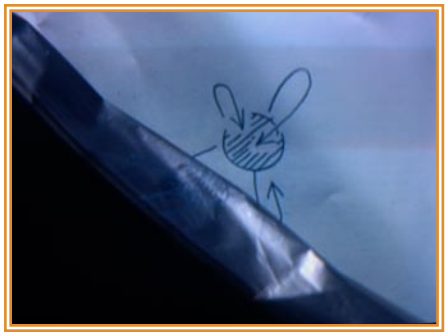
DENNIS MCNULTY

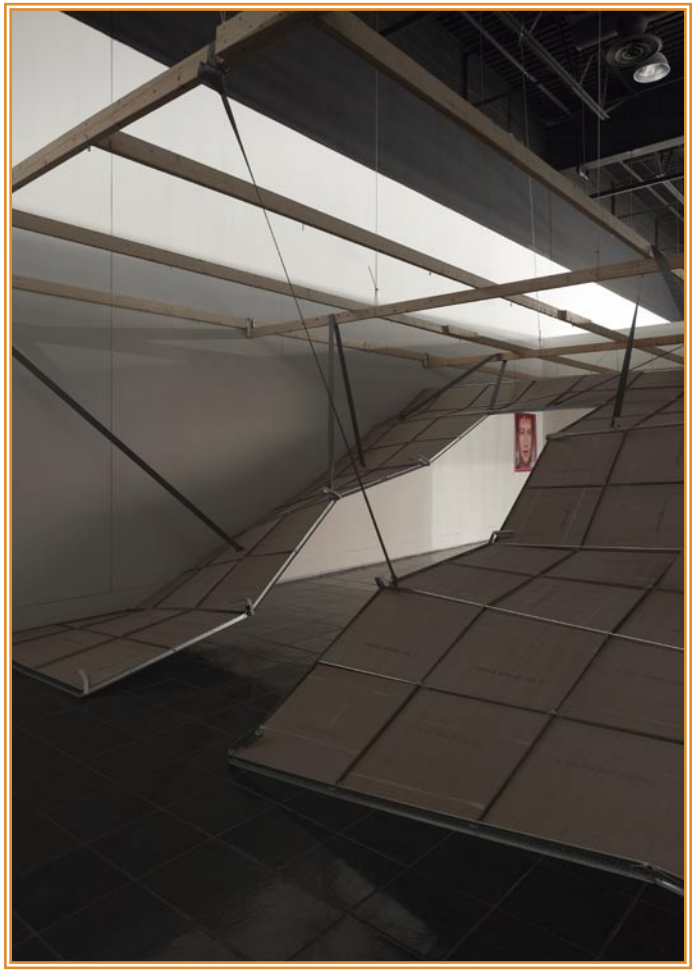
THE CRASH, 2011; suspended ceiling elements, tiles and ratchet straps; dimensions variable; **CARBON DATING**, 2011; DVD with sound; 5 minutes 30 seconds; with special thanks to Diane Negra; **FACETIME**, 2011; poster; 33 x 40 inches; courtesy of the artist and Green On Red Gallery, Dublin; commissioned by Bureau for Open Culture and Columbus College of Art & Design


TIME










TIME
Facebook's
Mark
Zuckerberg
THE CONNECTOR

MARY LUM

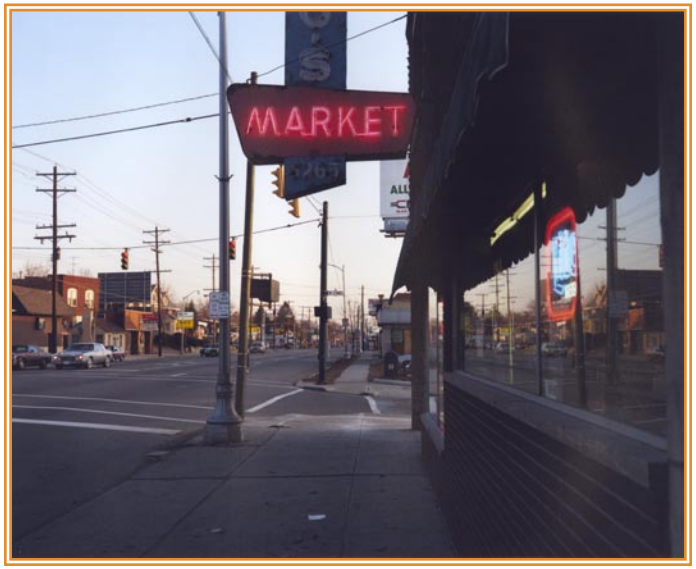
CONCATENATION, 2011; digital photo collage; unique to book for **SEVENTH DREAM OF TEENAGE HEAVEN**, page 49; courtesy of the artist

JOACHIM BROHM

From the series **OHIO**, 1983–84; **JERRY'S**; C-print; 10 x 12 inches; **NORTH & HIGH, MARKET, HIGH STREET**; C-print; 20 x 24 inches; **SKATERS**; C-print; 10 x 12 inches; **FIRE BRIGADE**; C-print; 20 x 24 inches; courtesy of Galerie Michael Wiesehöfer, Cologne


JERRYS
DRIVE IN


North
High


MARKET


REGULAR
$1.29
UNLEADED
$1.18.9
GALLON
SELF SERVE
Dispatch

JEREMY KOST

I CAUGHT MOMMY KISSING SANTA CLAUS (RAINBLO) (detail), 2010; unique Polaroid collage; 25 x 50 inches; **COME RIDE WITH ME, COME RIDE AWAY...**, 2010; unique Polaroid collage; 34 x 22 inches; **RIDING ON AN ANGEL (RAINBLO)**, 2009; unique Polaroid collage; 30 x 25 inches; **LITTLE HOUSE IN SHADYSIDE (SHARON NEEDLES)** (detail), 2010; unique Polaroid collage; 22 x 24 inches; courtesy of the artist and Jeremy Kost Studio

TIMOTHY NAZZARO

THE ILLUSION OF PERMANENCE, AND ALL THAT HOLDEN CAULFIELD KIND OF CRAP, 2011; 10 untitled, framed gelatin silver prints and photographic materials; dimensions variable; courtesy of the artist


WANTED
BY THE FBI
CONSPIRACY TO COMMIT ARSON; ARSON OF A GOVERNMENT BUILDING; ARSON OF PROPERTY USED IN INTERSTATE COMMERCE; USE AND CARRYING OF A DESTRUCTIVE DEVICE DURING AND IN RELATION TO A CRIME OF VIOLENCE; MAKING UNREGISTERED DESTRUCTIVE DEVICES
JUSTIN FRANCHI SOLONDZ
DESCRIPTION
CAUTION


DOVER
KODAK 400TX
YOU LOOK GREAT!
TIM NAZZARO
ORDER FOR OTHER SPECIAL PEOPLE!
PROTECT & DISPLAY YOUR PORTRAITS!


this city
is
FOREVER
kitty

GERARD BYRNE

IMAGES OR SHADOWS OF DIVINE THINGS, 2005–ongoing; selenium-toned silver gelatin print and vinyl text; 10 photographs 8 x 10 inches each; courtesy of the artist and Green On Red Gallery, Dublin

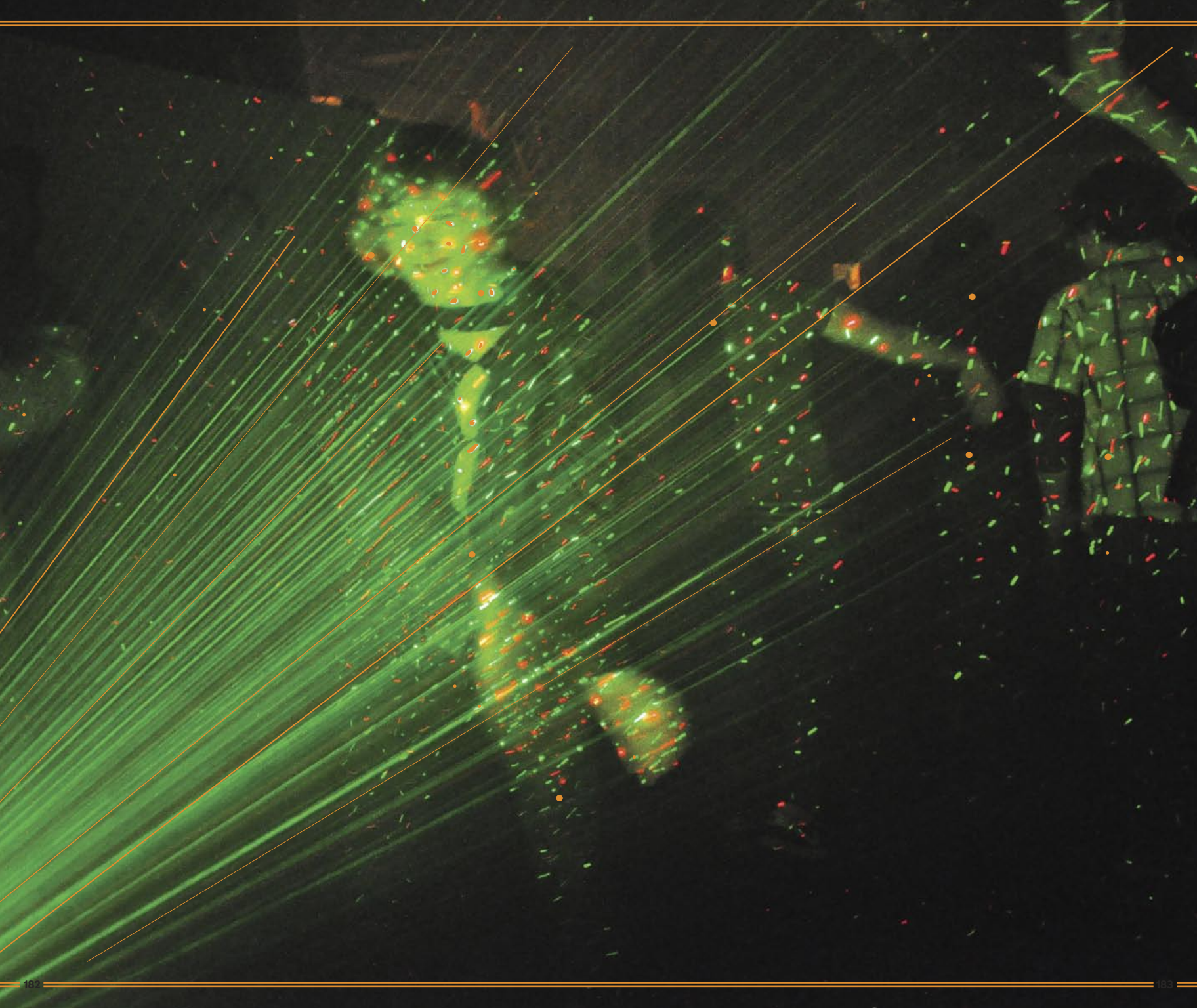
Edwards's journals frequently explored and tested a meditation he seldom allowed to reach print; if all the world were annihilated, he wrote…and a new world were freshly created, though it were to exist in every particular in the same manner as this world, it would not be the same. Therefore, because there is continuity, which is time, "it is certain with me that the world exists anew every moment; that the existence of things every moment ceases and is every moment renewed." The abiding assurance is that "we every moment see the same proof of a God as we should have seen if we had seen Him create the world at first."

Perry Miller, *Jonathan Edwards*


ABOLISH WAR
ABOLISH WAR


635

SEVEN DREAMS, afterparty with a fog of new wave, industrial, pop, screwed jams and a laser light show; live performances by Anna Ranger, DJ Scott Neimet, DJ Seabat and DJ Self Help



GUY BEN-NER **I'D GIVE IT TO YOU, BUT I BORROWED IT**, 2007; single-channel video with color and sound; 12 minutes; courtesy of Postmasters Gallery, New York

JOACHIM BROHM from the series **OHIO**, 1983–84; **FIRE BRIGADE**, **HIGH STREET**, **MARKET**, **NORTH & HIGH**; C-print; 20 x 24 inches; **JERRY'S**, **SKATERS**; C-print; 10 x 12 inches; courtesy of Galerie Michael Wiesehöfer, Cologne

GERARD BYRNE **IMAGES OR SHADOWS OF DIVINE THINGS**, 2005–ongoing; selenium-toned silver gelatin print and vinyl text; 10 photographs 8 x 10 inches each; courtesy of the artist and Green On Red Gallery, Dublin

MALCOLM COCHRAN **HISTORY LESSONS**, 2011; poplar, steel, stainless steel, whitewash; 8 x 6 x 10 feet; courtesy of the artist; commissioned by Bureau for Open Culture and Columbus College of Art & Design with support from the College of Arts and Sciences, The Ohio State University; with thanks to Blackburn's Fabrication, Inc., Fred Dutton, Matt Flegle, Dan Jarvis, Mark Lamson/Metaldelphia and Eric Rausch

PETER DAYTON **NOLAND # 12 "DRAGGIN' WAGON,"** 2008; oil, acrylic, resin and paper decal on birch plywood; 96 x 36 inches; courtesy of Haro Keledjian; **STELLA # 22 "LOST WORLD,"** 2008; **BARNETT NEWMAN #1 "ONEMENT ONE,"** 2006; 96 x 36 inches; oil, acrylic, resin and paper decal on birch plywood; courtesy of the artist and James Salomon

BEN KINSLEY **CALLING OCCUPANTS: A PARANORMAL CONCERT SERIES**, 2011; blown glass, water, 24hr audio/video surveillance system, weekly concert series, energy; dimensions variable; duration of 45 days; courtesy of the artist; commissioned by Bureau for Open Culture and Columbus College of Art & Design

LARA KOHL **ONCE UPON A TIME, YESTERDAY**, 2005; chest freezer, ice sculpture of Sleeping Beauty's castle and songs written by the artist and recorded by Hide the Knives; 41 x 33 x 22 inches; courtesy of the artist

JEREMY KOST **LITTLE HOUSE IN SHADYSIDE (SHARON NEEDLES)**, 2010; unique Polaroid collage; 22 x 24 inches; **WON'T YOU BE MY NEIGHBOR?**, 2010; unique Polaroid collage; 31 x 26 inches; **RIDING ON AN ANGEL (RAINBLO)**, 2009; unique Polaroid collage; 30 x 25 inches; **COME RIDE WITH ME, COME RIDE AWAY...**, 2010; unique Polaroid collage; 34 x 22 inches; **I CAUGHT MOMMY KISSING SANTA CLAUS (RAINBLO)**, 2010; unique Polaroid collage; 25 x 50 inches; **A CONEY ISLAND ICON (VERUCA LA'PIRAHNA)**, 2010; unique Polaroid collage; 27 x 25 inches; courtesy of the artist and Jeremy Kost Studio

MARK LECKEY **FIORUCCI MADE ME HARDCORE**, 1999; DVD with sound; 15 minutes; courtesy of the artist and Gavin Brown's Enterprise, New York

MARY LUM **CONCATENATION**, 2011; digital photo collage; unique to book for **SEVENTH DREAM OF TEENAGE HEAVEN**; courtesy of the artist

DENNIS MCNULTY **THE CRASH**, 2011; suspended ceiling elements, tiles and ratchet straps; dimensions variable; **FACETIME**, 2011; poster; 33 x 40 inches; **CARBON DATING**, 2011; DVD with sound; 5 minutes 30 seconds; with special thanks to Diane Negra; courtesy of the artist and Green On Red Gallery, Dublin; commissioned by Bureau for Open Culture and Columbus College of Art & Design

TIMOTHY NAZZARO **THE ILLUSION OF PERMANENCE, AND ALL THAT HOLDEN CAULFIELD KIND OF CRAP**, 2011; 10 untitled, framed gelatin silver prints and photographic materials; dimensions variable; courtesy of the artist

JOHANNES NYHOLM **"HEARTBEATS" BY THE KNIFE**, 2002; digital video; 3 minutes 55 seconds; directors: J. Nyholm, B. Melin, A. Nilsson; courtesy of the artist

PIPILOTTI RIST **I'M A VICTIM OF THIS SONG**, 1995; video with color and sound; 5 minutes 6 seconds; courtesy of the artist, Electronic Arts Intermix, New York and Hauser & Wirth

CASSANDRA TROYAN **THE AFTERMATH**, 2011; photographic documentation; dimensions variable; courtesy of the artist; photography by Ed Luna

JEFFREY VALLANCE **JULIET'S BALCONY, VERONA**, 2006; mixed media; 24 1/2 x 8 1/2 x 8 1/4 inches; courtesy of the artist and Tanya Bonakdar Gallery, New York

ALEJANDRO VIDAL **PUSHING UP THE POWER**, 2007; single-channel DVD; 2 minutes; courtesy of the artist

JOHN ALSO BENNETT AND SKYLAB GALLERY **SEVEN DREAMS**, afterparty with a fog of new wave, industrial, pop, screwed jams and a laser light show; live performances by Anna Ranger, DJ Scott Neimet, DJ Seabat and DJ Self Help

BUREAU FOR OPEN CULTURE **HE LOVED BIG BROTHER.**, 2011; paperback copies of George Orwell's **1984**


GEORGE ORWELL 1984
NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR GEORGE ORWELL
Nineteen Eighty-four George Orwell
GEORGE ORWELL 1984
1984 GEORGE ORWELL
GEORGE ORWELL 1984
GEORGE ORWELL 1984
NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR GEORGE ORWELL
Nineteen Eighty-four George Orwell
GEORGE ORWELL 1984
GEORGE ORWELL 1984
GEORGE ORWELL 1984
Nineteen Eighty-Four George Orwell
1984
THE FAMOUS NOVEL OF LIFE IN THE FUTURE
GEORGE ORWELL
A SIGNET BOOK COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED
NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR GEORGE ORWELL

BUREAU FOR OPEN CULTURE

This book is published in conjunction with the exhibition
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for Columbus College of Art & Design.

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Exhibitions Manager **DIANA MATUSZAK**

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SOCIEDAD ESTATAL DE ACCIÓN CULTURAL

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MARK LECKEY
MARY LUM
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