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For academics to be happy, the universe has to have form by contrast . . . To assert that the universe does not resemble anything at all and is merely formless amounts to saying that the universe is something like a spider or spit.

—Georges Bataille, "Critical Dictionary," Documents

Last year, I moved into a really small apartment so I started selling my books on eBay, and going to the library instead of buying new ones. At first, when someone bought a book from me, I just mailed it to them. But then I sold my Bataille collection to Robert from Traverse City, Michigan, and tucked this note inside:

I'm lucky enough to be familiar with Traverse City since my parents live right next door in Elk Rapids.

It was at the Traverse City Cherry Festival that I saw a bunch of teenagers tip over a port-a-potty with someone in it. I really don't remember who it was that rolled out, I remember the crowd, though—some people laughed. But I could tell that the kids were surprised they did it. There wasn't as much shit as you might imagine.

They didn't get away—the cops were watching along with everyone else, and made them apologise. I think they actually were sorry.

Anyway, enjoy Traverse City and the books.

On the day I wrote to Robert, I looked at about a hundred raincoats online, searching for the kind I used to wear when I lived in Seattle. It was like being in a musty thrift store on a weekday afternoon, way in the back corner where the junk piles up—just you, the cashier, and the feeling of so many other people.

Months later, I began to read about people everywhere tucking letters into books, and sending them to strangers. It was happening on eBay: proof that people longed to hold something from some one else in their hands.

I'm part of the small, stubborn group of people who still attempts to read the *Times* on the subway—I don't even fold it up to make it more managable; I like being inside it's pages. A few days ago, I was on the train behind my newspaper, reading the latest eBay story:

Generation Net: Log On, Join In, Drop Out

eBay has rapidly absorbed hundreds of experimental communities who use it as a real space friending system. These communities form an eBay subculture interacting in real space by trading mailed letters and objects, as opposed to the real time interactions that happen on the rest of the site, and on other popular sites like MySpace. eBay began as a commerce site, but these new communities gradually started to barter rather than purchase, giving rise to the multiple-instance, real space exchanges referred to as friending. According to the Pew Internet and American Life Project, eBay-based real space interactions are up 34% this year; multiple-instance exchanges, where two or more people make long-term, repeated exchanges have not yet been tracked.

The eBay real space special interest group,

in a post on its eBay community homepage, has defined these terms: "In real space, a structure's parameters are formless, molded by users' desires, rather than the cognitive boundries of the programmers designing it." The utopian hopes of the real space group are too rosy for some, however. "Friending is a backlash to blogging, but there's already a friending backlash forming," said 'anonymous' in a post to the group's feedback forum. But many experts disagree, "Backlash has ceased to be a useful term here," noted 'professore' (who is contractually bound to remain anonymous while posting to a blog) in a recent thread thread on lifestudies.org, Harvard's Life Studies blog, "as one friending system apes another, not as a reaction to, but a mirror of. Both [communities] spread like a virus, mulitply like an infestation . . .

I turned down the corner of my paper, and saw this woman across from me, staring. I looked away. I looked back but she was still staring, her book on her lap, the edges of her mouth arranged in a smile. Then I noticed: the muffled sounds from two people's iPods had synched up. As we stared at each other shyly, one song became audible rather than two dissonant, fuzzy beats. It lasted for almost a minute and no one else seemed to notice.

An imaginary room rises up around our bodies, which think that they are well hidden when we take refuge in a corner.

—Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*

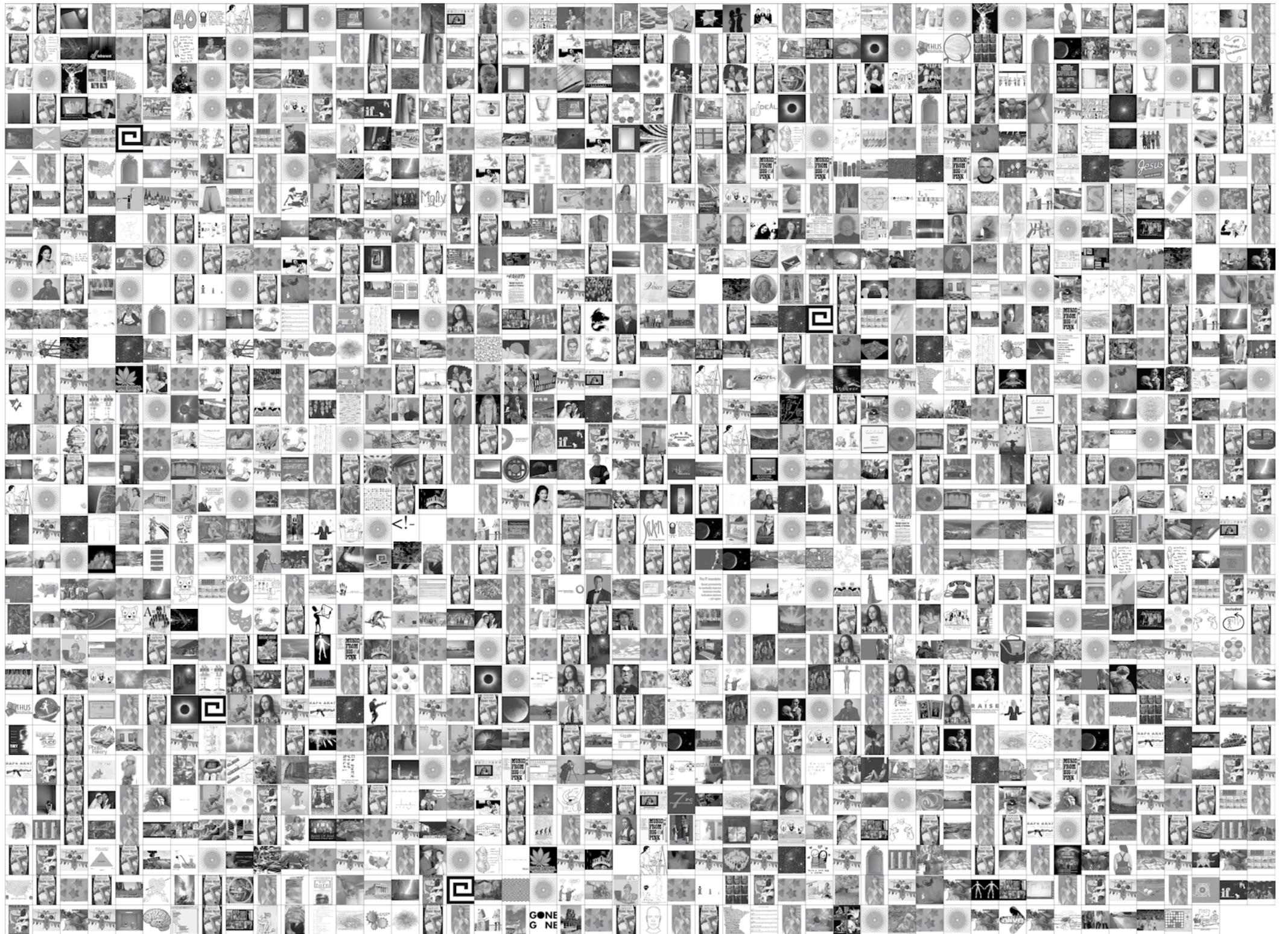
That night, I navigated eBay by the illumination of a small strand of Christmas lights. The noise from the street filtered up two stories, so I put headphones on. I didn't plug them into anything, I just stuck the jack in my pocket so I heard nothing but the blood rushing through my ears. Looking straight ahead at the screen, I saw the lights hanging in the windows to my right and left. They were bright, blurry orange spots blowing out the edges of my peripheral vision. I leaned back as far as the keyboard would allow, and absently grasped the cords below between my bare toes.

Later, I picked up a library book. Its soft, powdery pages smelled like wood. It said:

It is all right to speed ahead into the desert leaving no trace.

Someone had drawn an arrow to the margin where they had written:

Things that leave no trace: absence, ghosts, energy, thoughts.



VISUAL INDEX: A GOOGLE SEARCH OF EVERY WORD IN TINA KUKIELSKI'S ESSAY.

*After the fantasy of seeing oneself (the mirror, the photograph) comes that of being able to circle around oneself, finally and especially traversing oneself, of passing through one's own spectral body—and any holographed object in initially the luminous ectoplasm of your own body.*¹

—Jean Baudrillard

With the advent of conceptual art forty years ago, artist Dan Graham began positioning mirrors and showcase windows in his performances, video installations, and more recently in his architectural pavilions, causing complex spatial relationships capable of inciting unexpected social situations. Reflections of self and other bounce and refract back at the spectator, enforcing an acute awareness of the psychological projection inherent in the sometimes disorienting and disconcerting (especially in public) task of looking at yourself, looking at yourself. Since the late 1930s, when Jacques Lacan delineated the mirror stage of childhood—the point at which we identify our own image and thus develop subjectivity—the mirror has proved a viable and metaphoric tool for consideration of self and other. Artists Yayoi Kusama, Robert Morris, and Robert Smithson (all born in the age of psychoanalysis) incorporated mirrors in order to achieve various effects throughout the 1960s. For Graham, the mechanisms of the mirror-model were bound up in the rhetoric of capitalism. Graham writes:

The glass and mirrors of the 'shop window' beckon the potential customer by arousing doubts and desires about his 'self-image/self-identity.' It is as if, looking at the product behind the glass showcase, the consumer is looking at an ideal image of himself (in the mirror). [...] The commodity reflects his desire for a more complete 'better self,' identified with the alter ego.²

Yet Graham's work should not be reduced to a mere narcissistic exercise. Where the work gains its greatest operative power is in its venture into communal space. When installed, Graham's mirrors amplify the in-between—the physical, psychological, and social ties that compose a collective constituency.

Ruled by an all-intrusive digital mode of communication, today the simple metaphor of the two-way mirror transforms into a complicated program of cross-wiring and accelerated circuitry. With this revamped transmission model comes the reconsideration of (Graham's) identifications of intersubjectivity. How the intersubjective exchange, from subject to object, from remote location to desktop, or from person to profile, assumes a form, or doesn't, is the task of *The Searchers*. "The Searchers" (pages 4-7), a short work of fiction co-written by the exhibition's curators, Molly Dilworth and Amoreen Armetta, operates in lieu of a press release. It weaves a tale of momentary interpersonal connections facilitated through an assortment of everyday media: letters, newspapers, books, Ipods, and eBay. The

text serves as a schematic or tracing of the loose network the exhibition seeks to observe. Set as a story within a story is *The Searchers* library, an assemblage of artist-produced publications by Bill Brown, Gabriela Forcadell, Andrea Geyer, Lone Twin, LTTR, Josephine Meckseper, Aleksandra Mir, and Pruess Press, each imprint chosen as an example of a former public ubiquity now lost to private distribution and the resettlement that comes with the passage of time. How the library itself becomes a comment on the ephemeral nature of today's media is apparent, yet these contributions stand alone as works in themselves, evocative of the recurring themes that course through this exhibition: memory and counter-memory; the authentic and inauthentic; the individual and the collective.

In *The Searchers*, these dichotomies manifest in a variety of formats, conveyed through a diversity of voices; yet, one chief commonality these artists share is the knowledge that digital imagery, web cameras, and virtual social networks—the tools for today's intersubjective exchange—can be found just as readily as Graham's ubiquitous capitalist mirror. And these tools are still coupled with persevering modes of practice: language, film, photography, and painting. Whether we accept the Jean Baudrillard-supported notion of the hyperreal or not, the work compiled in *The Searchers* cannot be unseated from its roots in the everyday. This is a fixed program, or at least as fixed as a geographical map is at any moment in time. Amorphous, perhaps. Slippery, indeed. But with *The Searchers* as our sherpas, we embark boldly on the transversal of collective terrain.

BLACKOUT OR BUY-IN

Language's cognitive systems provide the tool for several artists in *The Searchers*. Joan Grossman assumes the role of artist/critic, a model that was ushered in with the rise of language-based art practice in the late 1960s by articulate artists like Graham. Grossman's interdisciplinary approach incorporates a video installation and an artist lecture, both entitled *Meditations on Amnesia*, each focused on a prevailing concern: the breakdown of personal and collective memory due to critical forces engaged and disengaged by the proliferation of war and mass media. Like the cultural amnesia of postwar Germany argued by W.G. Sebald, the "Blackout" Grossman identifies threatens to repress any sense or meaning in lieu of a hyperreal acceleration of the virtual and catastrophic, all in the name of progress. This premise is set forth in her 144-page dissertation (*Blackout*, 2003), which, in fact, surpasses any conceptualist flirtation with language and might be better compared to a manifesto of the modernist avant-garde.

If Grossman is a theoretician, then the artist known by his eBay user name, AC Dickson, is a dialectician. Utilizing the linguistic signs and systems of the infomercial coupled with the corporate seminar, AC Dickson—infused with a tinge of the televangelist—performs the role of motivational speaker, positing eBay power-selling as the answer to America's utopian dreams of economic success and everlasting peace. While satire is the *modus operandi* of his performances, the

reality of the AC Dickson model is anything but: *eBay* is this artist's bread and butter. Trumping popular culture by salvaging and selling on eBay those objects just-past, the knickknacks of a former moment, Dickson retains short-term control over the inevitable.

IMPERSONATIONS OR IMITATIONS

The impersonations of AC Dickson suggest a nebulous identity: in his lucrative, yet furtive online personas he is labeled a stamp, postcard, or T-shirt collector. Another artist-collector, Lucien Samaha, raises equally provocative questions about truth and untruth in everyday presentations of the self. For the last seven years, Samaha has been documenting and archiving evidence of a variety of his daily encounters, cataloging email addresses of people he meets by recording them to video; and obsessively scanning, saving, and digitally archiving over 300,000 files—evidence of just about every click of his camera. There is something intentionally clunky about Samaha's circuitous use of technology, but the belabored process is part of the game. His recent slide show, *The Disposable Homosexual*, turns to new playgrounds: personal profiling networks, specifically those of homosexual men on sites such as Craigslist. Monitoring the sometimes liberating, sometimes discourteous, flirtations of groups engaged in this online community, Samaha's work explores issues of personal identity in free-use public forums. The collection of profiles Samaha appropriates mostly through screenshots, uncovers archetypal characteristics, indicative of overarching social and cultural trends, such as what Samaha calls the "homosexual *überman*," the ultra-fit athletic male. Yet the work is a constant give-and-take. As Samaha updates his own, assorted online identities, he gradually plays with the rubrics adopted by his unknown interlocutors, occupying and/or promoting his sense of self each time he logs on.

The push-and-pull of the authentic and inauthentic manifests equally in the paintings of Ann Craven. Responding to romanticized representations of nature, Craven paints and repaints her chosen subjects, which have included the deer that appear onscreen in the euthanasia theater-chamber in the sci-fi film *Soylent Green* (1973), birds taken from photographs found in field guides, and the moon in the night sky. In the case of her ongoing series of moon paintings, she always works on a 14 x 14 inch canvas and proceeds on a laborious process of repetition, studying the moon as it transforms on each night's watch. Through sheer proliferation, Craven's paintings deconstruct the notion of the uniqueness of an image, and consequently assert painting's right to Walter Benjamin's legacy; however, what haunts Craven in her recent body of moon paintings is the subtle memory of the moon as she had witnessed it the previous evening. Thus, Craven challenges the authenticity of the image, not by painting a real or surreal representation of a stage in the lunar cycle, but rather by allowing the constant forces to infiltrate her, and our, own memory and counter-memory. Hundreds of copies later, Craven's moon paintings raise questions about the fallibilities of human subjectivity, at the same time that they elicit the

falsified imagery of a mechanized society of spectacle. The slight deviations in her brushwork, made blatant by endless versions of the same, suggest a new notion of the copy: is it the copy, burdened by the memory of its last iteration, that has replaced the real?

VOYEUR OR HORROR

Further destabilizing the real is the appropriated web-imagery of Jenny Vogel's *Your Lips Are No Man's Land But Mine*, 2006. Vogel culls black-and-white photography (and oftentimes video) from web camera streams posted for free on the Internet. Attracted to expressionless portraits of anonymous individuals sitting at their computers or seemingly-still shots from night-cams perched on quiet rooftops, Vogel is a voyeur of contemporary loneliness. The sense of alienation evoked by Vogel's subjects is made palpable by the low-resolution, highly-pixelated display. When the photos are enlarged, or the video projected, each pixel becomes its own abstraction, engulfing any expectation of a seamless and fluid field of virtual communication. Alienation is equally a theme in the work of Nuno Cera. Using the conventions of 1970s Italian horror films like Dario Argento's *Suspria* (1977), *The Lost Soul*, set in a beautifully decrepit abandoned mental hospital, records the transition of a young woman from pale ghost to blood-drenched zombie. It might seem we have left the plateau of the real and entered the cumulous realm of the superreal, yet Cera admits the story is a metaphor for the temporary displacement and emotional turmoil he experienced in a state of physical and psychological in-betweenness: he was a foreigner artist without a residency, a project, or lover. Like a mirror, Cera's conceit on the trauma of afterlife reflects back on a condition closer to home. As his work reminds us, the artists in *The Searchers* make no attempt to transcend the mechanisms of our media-induced, war-torn, accelerated culture. This is not art about illusion. And what might appear grounded in individual subjectivity is, in fact, evocative of a collective condition. As humans, we transmit. Contemporary life is a series of ever-accelerating transmissions. If there is such a thing as a global brain, these artists are employing the tools we would use to outline its cognitive map. These are the synapses of our everyday, oftentimes gone unobserved in the face of the prevailing modes of progress, pornography, and pleasure that are ever-present and as alive as our own neurotransmitters.

1 Jean Baudrillard, "Holograms," in *Simulacra and Simulation*, trans. Sheila Faria Glaser (Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press, 1994), 106.

2 Dan Graham, "Essay on Video, Architecture and Television," in *Video-Architecture-Television: Writings on Video and Video Works 1970-1978*, edited by Benjamin H.D. Buchloh, 72. Halifax: The Press of the Nova Scotia College of Art & Design, 1979.

ANDREW DICKSON AC DICKSON: EBAY POWERSELLER, 2004, PERFORMANCE STILL.



LUCIEN SAMAHA *THE DISPOSABLE HOMOSEXUAL*, 2006,
PROJECTED SLIDE.

The Disposable Homosexual - Part One

your ads excite me, amuse me, frustrate me,
fascinate me, entice me, repulse me, frighten me,
reject me, insult me, confuse me

they make me laugh, quiver, flush, blush,
grind my teeth, touch myself, long for you,
reject you, reach for you, think of you,
wait for you, wish for you

I reply with my 'self', with my picture, with my
numbers, with my promises, my wishes,
my fantasies, my desires, my availability,
my address, my phone number,
my declarations, my secrets, my hope,
my lust

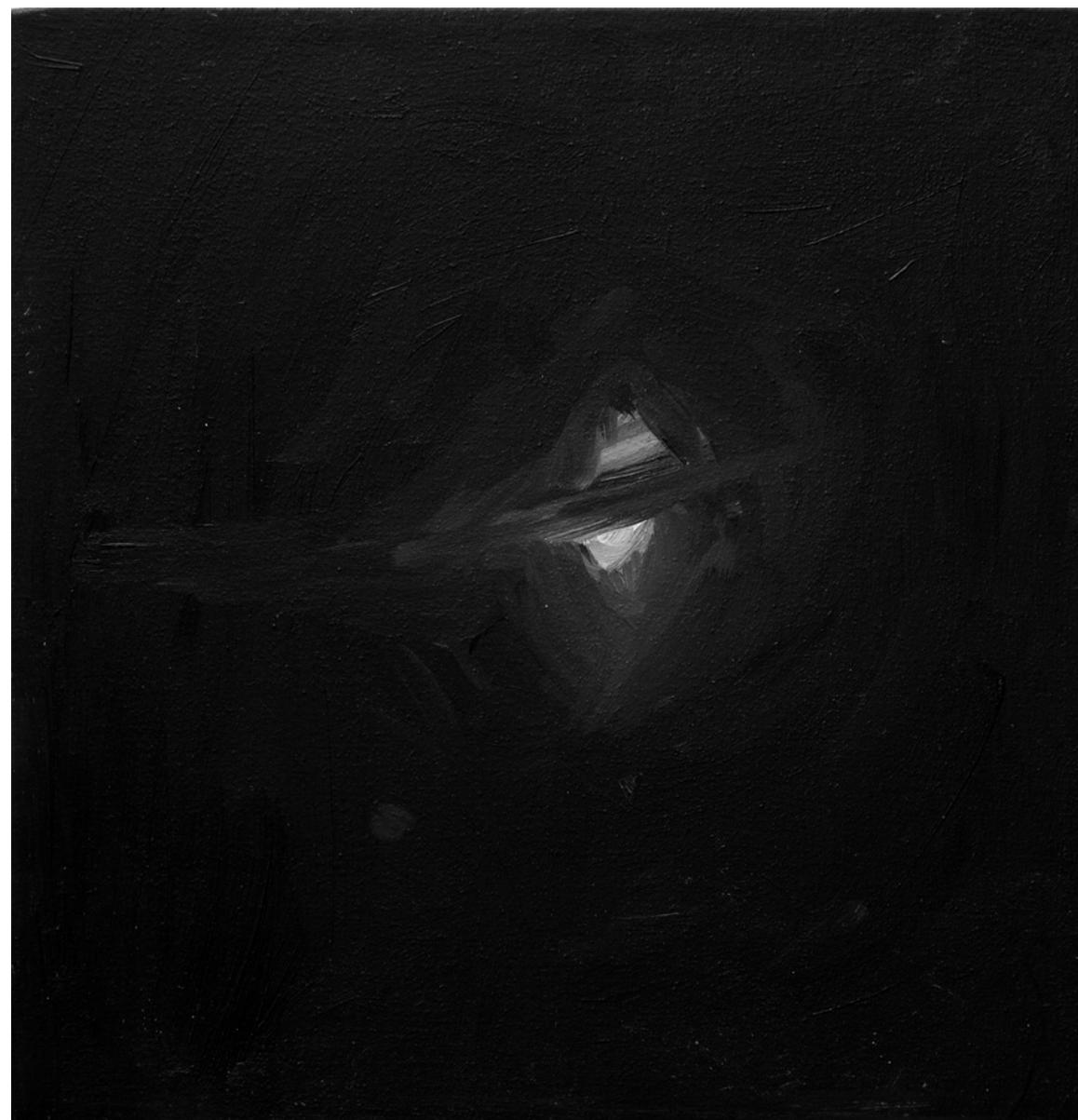
... and you delete me



JOAN GROSSMAN *MEDITATIONS ON AMNESIA*, 2006,
VIDEO STILL.



ANN CRAVEN *UNTITLED (MESSY MOON 2005 #5)*, 2006,
OIL ON LINEN, 14 X 14".

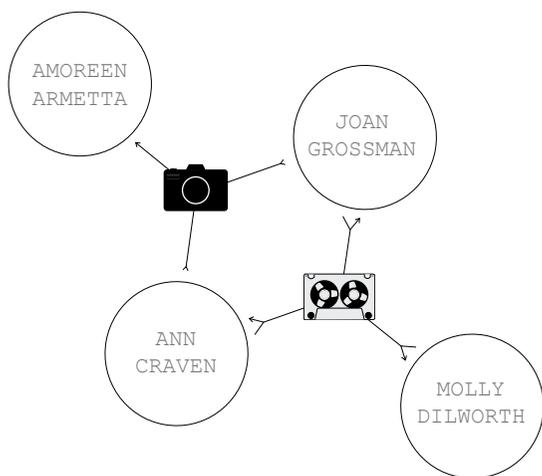


JENNY VOGEL *YOUR LIPS ARE NO MAN'S LAND BUT MINE*
(LAURA 1), 2006, DIGITAL C-PRINT, 20 X 26".



NUNO CERA *THE LOST SOUL*, 2006, STILL FROM A COLOR VIDEO, 7 MINUTES.





JG Were you worried about things you had forgotten?

AC Oh yeah. And I sometimes remember things and I'm amazed that I had forgotten them all this time. An image will just come when I'm looking at something.

JG I did a video work that's called *Accidents of Memory*. I was interested in the way memory functions in a random way. There are things you can try to remember, and then there are the things you just suddenly remember. And it may not even be because you've seen something that's related. I was interested in it in relation to the failure of memory.

AC Because it does fail us, but then it comes back and shocks you that it's still there somewhere.

JG It's a phenomenon. When you forget a word and you search for it, and then it comes back, in a surprise, accidental way.

AC How do you contain memory as a body of work? I read a little bit of your dissertation [*Blackout*, 2003]. How do you contain something that you can't touch?

JG I don't think it's something to contain, exactly. Because I was interested in the failure of memory, a blackout, it became a point to focus on—the space where memory fails—rather than encompassing all of memory. I had done a film [*The Port of Last Resort*, 1998] that was very much about trying to capture images, a recreation of the past by bringing in all kinds of archival material and really focusing on the details. And then I became interested in the place where memory doesn't actually produce an image. It fails to produce it. In terms of *The Searchers*—the thing that's elusively pursued without being able to actually find exactly where that space is, where memory fails.

AC The idea of failure is so seductive. It offers hope on the other side because you can redeem it, in a way.

JG I was also interested in a view of history that wasn't redemptive, because history tends to create a linear sequence of redemption—where there's a war, and it has meaning, and therefore it was all toward some progress of history. I was interested in the gaps of meaning, where war doesn't always produce meaning. Or that these heroic events—so-called heroic events—don't always produce redemption. It's inscribed as redemption. But you're right; there are different ways for redemption.

AC Well, I also meant that in the day-to-day. When you lose your memory and it comes back—that process of reclaiming what we fail at—you know, reclaiming what may have been lost.

WHILE WAITING FOR THE ELEVATOR TO THE ROOF OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, WE REALIZED THAT WE HAD ARRIVED TOO LATE TO SEE *CLEAR SKY BLACK CLOUD* BY CAI GUO-QIANG—A PUFF OF BLACK SMOKE THAT WAS RELEASED EVERY DAY AT NOON—WHICH MADE US REMEMBER VIC MUNIZ'S *WHITE CLOUD* (*CLOUDS*, 2001), MADE BY A SKYWRITER. IN THE PROCESS, **JOAN GROSSMAN** AND **ANN CRAVEN** BEGAN TALKING ABOUT **LOSING EVERYTHING IN A FIRE, ACCIDENTAL MEMORY, AND THE MOON.**

JG I also had a fire. We have that in common. I didn't lose that much, but it was a transformational experience. I was lucky; my space was more smoke-damaged and trashed.

AC I lost everything. There was nothing left except the clothes on my back. There were a lot of paintings in there—I really needed to recover some of them. I sometimes don't talk about it because it's so personal. I needed to bring back stuff somehow from my memory, so I just started to redo paintings that I remembered were in my studio. I was outside, painting the moon again—I was remaking a whole body of work. The same process, even though it was a few years later.

JG Did it feel like a recovery?

AC (emphatically) Yeah.

AC All of a sudden things were coming. I had them again. They weren't the real thing—they were in fact not the real thing, which was kind of like stealing, and not stealing, because I owned it at one point.

JG Well, I think your work is doing that. That's an amazing, unique function of art—that you could actually recreate this world, or at least recreate a kind of reasonable enough replication of it—that is something art can do better than history.

AC Yeah. I actually wrote my thesis on Agnes Martin, who uses line as a repetitive mantra in her work, and similar sizes, and exact sizes, and the change within each size. And the moon was something that was a solution for me to use an object in that same way. It was something to look at, to respond to. But what I found myself doing was also thinking about the memory of that moment, because the moment I look at the moon it changes. There's the wind, the sky, the clouds, all this stuff in between me and that thing. So the memory of that moment became part of the next painting. I have a few strict things I stick to during the process. I'm redoing the moons again this summer in Maine, again the same size. And I actually take the memory of the last visual and I bring it into this one so it's not just about what I'm looking at—but it's all mistakes, no one can prove that it was true except for me.

JG And when you say mistake, you mean it's the memory, but it's also something else, something fabricated?

AC Yeah, exactly. It's not really the memory it is. I try to hold on to the memory of what it was, but then something comes in and breaks the chain of thought. Something tactile in front of me intersects with the memory, so the memory is now something more tactile. Memory is very personal, as well. The memory of a loved one, of a voice, an image, that's what I think about a lot when I'm painting. It's also the memory of something that happened ten years ago—that's when I painted the first moon series. Then the fire was 1999.

JG Molly or Amoreen wrote to me that you were working on this moon project, and I was thinking about the whole structure of the lunar calendar and the calendar itself. For this project I did on memory, I worked with a Polish artist and she extracted phrases from calendars, all these kind of random things—

AC —Oh yeah: “On this day . . .”

JG Yeah. Sometimes it's the big, historical events—

AC —Yes!

JG —but sometimes, it's also things like gardening tips or little fun facts—

AC —when to plant . . .

JG (laughing) Yeah. So she reproduced them in very fragmented phrases. That's also a phenomenon of memory, this blur between the trivial and the, say, heroic. You know, there's this jumbled data that we have to divert, and I think you're talking about that in your paintings. You remember it, but you also suddenly see something else and that gets absorbed into the process and so it's this impossible project to remember. I can see how it's endless.

AC There are memories I have of certain days that are based on my memory of a moon.

JG I remember going through a phase, so to speak. I made it a point to always remember where I was on the full moon over a period of, maybe, the course of a year. Now, of course, I forget, but there is something relentlessly captivating about the moon. I think it was full yesterday.

AC It was. No—it was full on Thursday night. And it was a corn moon. The harvest moon is next month, but this is when they harvest the corn.

MD I've always thought of the moon paintings as related to landscape paintings in the Romantic tradition, sharing in this idealized landscape. Although, it's not idealized in your paintings. And Joan writes about the film *Shoah* and the reenacting of this terrible time, and coming back to the landscape, and seeing that the landscape is beautiful.

JG I was writing about landscape as belying historical catastrophe. These terrible atrocities have taken place, and you can visit these places and it looks peaceful and beautiful. So there is that peculiar, contradictory relationship you can have with a landscape. But it also makes the landscape something that requires memory. Otherwise it has no relation to human failure. You know the landscape keeps coming back—until we destroy it! (laughter) Sometimes it comes back more depleted, but it does come back.

AC When I visited Normandy I just couldn't get out of my head how calm it was, but then it was so aggressive at the same time. You knew exactly what had happened. I kept reenacting the memory of my mediated image of that from films, readings, writings.

JG But on a filmic level there's also something that happens with these collective historical memories of WWII, Normandy, or wherever. Most of the imagery is black-and-white, and there's this starkness that's artificially induced by all this black-and-white imagery. Whenever I see color footage of the WWII era it's amazing how lush it looks, how much more ordinary. There's this famous collection of photographs of the Warsaw ghetto and you see colors of fabric, and blue sky, and green leaves.

It's interesting how image becomes the memory of something that we never experienced.

AC You know I did a whole series of deer paintings, and the images of the deer were pulled from the film *Soylent Green*, the 1973 sci-fi film where Edward G. Robinson kills himself. I pulled the deer from the film within the film, from the place where people go to euthanize themselves. They go to this place in Central Park. New York is completely ruined by man and there's no room left, so they encourage you to go and kill yourself. When they go into the chamber they're given a potion, then they're asked what their favorite color is, and what their favorite music is, and then—whoom!—on this huge screen is the image of nature that was destroyed by man—or someone's memory of it, and that's what every single person looked at when they went into that room. It just blew me away, and so I painted it again and again and again and again and again. The real fact is that you're looking at someone's right of passage into the next life, the last thing they looked at.

JG It's interesting because it's not the thing itself. You're painting this deer, and it looks peaceful and pastoral, but it's part of a bigger tableaux that's off the canvas. You know, there's something I wanted to ask you about your work because it's something I've experienced in another way. The process of filmmaking is one where you experience this kind of "repetition compulsion," because, when you're editing, you watch these images over and over and over again. You cut frame-by-frame-by-frame, and it's this very obsessive process. I was thinking about your project—this painting again and again and again. Is that the obsessive desire of the artist or the obsessive nature of just being human? To get it right, or to try again? It's a kind of searching for an end that isn't there. In filmmaking, you have to live with this material and you do work with it in this frame-by-frame, over and over and over, replaying, replaying. And you never really get it right, but after a time, you have to just abandon it.

AC And leave it to the person who's looking at it to finish it for you. It's never going to be perfect. Yeah, I like the mistakes in the reproducing of the piece. It's very important to me that the mistakes are there, and that those mistakes don't really look like mistakes to somebody else. But they're duds. There are marks that are just so bad, but they exist to enhance the next one. When I reproduce the paintings, the differences are so much more than the similarities.

JG Or you see it that way.

AC Right. With some of these moon paintings, sometimes it's just like a puff of smoke. And that's not a moon, but really just a brush stroke. It does have a lot to do with human failure.

JG What is it you like about the failure? Is it the impossibility of replication?

AC I think sometimes the failed brushstroke is better than the one that I tried hard to make perfect.

MD I think, actually, that it's more honest. Joan writes about how Marx said that when being and appearance are disassociated from each other we have to question everything. When you make a perfect brushstroke you have this illusion that you've perfectly captured the moon; you've invented some kind of truth of what that moon was, that night. It's not about failure, or perfection. It's about how difficult it is to record that relationship between being and appearance, and how that gap is never going to close.

JG Well, it also creates a kind of perpetual state of suspension, or doubt. In a way, it marks the failure of the empirical in our culture that tries to prove that something is this, or isn't this. And the failure is, in a sense, a success—disproving the possibility of exactness, and that maybe, exactness fails as a concept. We live in a world that wants to create empirical truth, and we're kind of tortured by that, politically, and otherwise. So I like this idea of failure. You fail to prove that this is the real moon, that this is the only moon. To succeed, you fail in creating the exact moon. And you succeed in showing there is no "exact" that can be reproduced; there is the moon, and even the moon itself never looks the same. But also, the moon's a calendar—it marks time—and time is always something that we can't grasp or even fully understand. Whether it's our own demise or the memory of time, there is something very vulnerable in relation to time. Time itself is just this thing that happens; we can't grasp it, we can't stop it. And so every time you paint the moon it's another—

AC —reminder.

JG Yes. I think we have a melancholic relationship to time.

AC Someone described to me last night a moon that was rising over Monhegan Island that was almost as big as the island, and when it started to rise they thought the island was on fire it was so orange. The moon is very emotional—it can be—we've created that emotion through things that we associate with the moon, but the moon itself is just there. It keeps reappearing, it is our time clock. I'm painting from that. And a brushstroke at that moment can display time for me or for somebody else in a way that something else can't. That brushstroke is so much about that moment. And I don't change them. Once it's finished it comes off my easel. That's my rule. I laugh at them if they're bad; that's just the way it's going to be. They set up the other ones that aren't bad, but I really think the ones that aren't as good are the more successful ones—it shows our vulnerability and our failure.

JG I've worked a lot with archival film material and I love the material that's damaged, that's moldy, that's scratched.

AC Do you use the mold as an image?

JG Sometimes I clean it up a little, but you can't restore it to any original state. I like the degraded image, the image that also fails to be the thing itself. It can't be, it can only come so close, and then all kinds of things intervene, including time, that degrades it. It ages like we do.

AC The decrepitude.

JG We think that, especially with the photographic image, it can be a kind of permanent record and I'm interested in how it often fails to survive. It's also appropriate that we're here with this piece at the Met [*Clear Sky Black Cloud* by Cai Guo-Qiang] that we missed. This elusive thing. This puff of smoke that gets shot into the air and disappears, and even that we missed it, because it's something so on schedule.

AC I keep rehearsing in my mind what we missed. How far did it go up and how dark was it against the sky? And I thought about how light blue the sky is today, and what color that cloud would have been.

JG It's almost like having a memory of something you haven't—

AC —Exactly. But my memory is clouded by the poster.

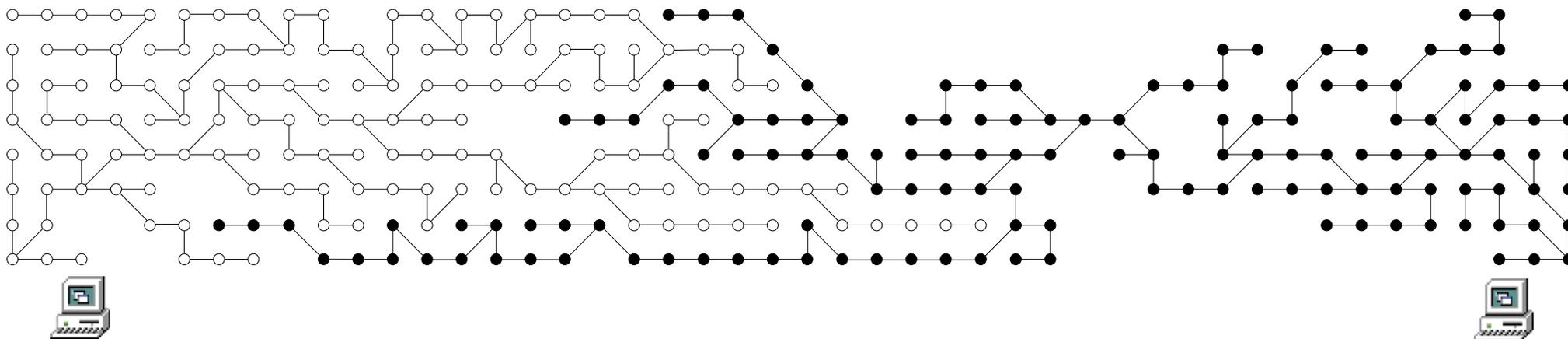
JG Yeah, and that's what the image does. We have a memory of that. We have a memory of the atom bomb. We have a memory of all kinds of things that we've never seen.

AC Well, I think about black clouds because they go in front of the moon and the illumination of the moon makes them even blacker. And the cliché of a black cloud is very negative like THE BLACK CLOUD and I love the black cloud. (laughs) Yeah, we started talking earlier about Vic Muniz's white cloud piece. [For *Clouds*, 2001, Muniz hired a skywriter to draw a cloud in the sky above Manhattan.]

MD Was that a heart-shaped cloud?

AC What I saw was a cloud that looked like a cartoon character. It was a puff with a line and nothing in between—the plane went . . . (draws the shape of the cloud with her finger).

OVERLEAF: **AC DICKSON AND NUNO CERA** HAVE BOTH BEEN **LIVING BETWEEN CITIES**, WHICH MAY EXPLAIN WHY THEY WERE **NEVER ABLE TO CONNECT** BY EMAIL OR PHONE. THE FOLLOWING ARE REMNANTS OF A FEW MONTHS OF OUR ATTEMPTING TO GET A CONVERSATION GOING. IRONICALLY, THOUGH NEVER ABLE TO COME TOGETHER IN REAL TIME, THEY EACH TALK A LOT ABOUT COMMUNICATION: **SKYPE, CELLPHONE, IPOD NANO, IBOOK, EBAY, POWERPOINT, TV, ADVERTISING . . .**



ANDREW DICKSON

I moved to Portland after school. When you ask people why they moved there, they generally don't have a good answer. I didn't know many people there—a chance for reinvention. It seemed mellow but artistically nurturing. I was most interested in film-making at the time and Gus Van Sant lived there, and yet the cultural history of the city seemed like it was still being written, which was appealing. It was a great choice. I got to be part of a pretty special time there. I also met my wife and collaborator, Susan, there.

Currently, Susan and I split our time between Portland and Los Angeles. We keep a room in a friend's house in a really cool neighborhood of Portland called Ladd's Addition, and rent a one bedroom apartment in Los Feliz in LA. This arrangement has lasted for about a year-and-a-half and will likely continue for a while longer. Susan is a freelance writer and jewelry designer, so she can work in either place. Work-wise, I've always found myself following several paths. What I enjoy most has such a small chance of turning into a full-time living, so I've tried to pursue several of these careers at once, riding whichever one gets hot. In a given month, I make my living from some combination of performing, selling collectables on eBay, acting, and freelance ad, or TV writing.

We moved to Los Angeles largely so that I could give Hollywood a shot—screenwriting with a dash of acting. But Murphy's Law kicked in, and the very month we decided to move, I got a very lucrative, very unique freelance job offer from Wieden+Kennedy in Portland. So that kept me going back and forth for the next year.

NUNO CERA

Andrew

Nice to receive your email. Now i'm back to Berlin, enjoying a lot the return.

The return to my own city, to my friends, my studio. I feel I can work much better here than in NYC. 2 computers, a cell phone, a nano, plus all the cables...yes a little bit ridiculous the quantity of stuff we move around just to keep working and communicating. I just returned from Essen, south of Germany, and I traveled with my ibook, a firewire disc, firewire cables, a digital camera, a medium size camera, a light meter. Welcome to the modern time :-)

About Skype, Skype is the future. It's an instant messenger program, but allows you to make free calls to your Skype buddy list. And you can have a Skype account and make outgoing Skype calls for a very cheap price, something like 0,10 Cents for anywhere. It's pretty cool :-)

Tomorrow will go to Veneze, to the Architectural biennial. Hope it will be a nice time.

I'm going to gloss over that entire experience, mostly because I'm working on a show about it called *Sell Out*. Los Angeles is creatively pretty exciting. In Portland, there are a couple of sustainable creative paths that I have been lucky enough to discover, whereas in Los Angeles the whole jungle has been leveled. The possibilities are limitless. There aren't trails to find and follow. It's all open, but it's jungle rules . . . very intense.

It's also been interesting seeing how people's perception of me as an artist is changing now that I identify as a Los Angeles artist. People take you a bit more seriously, even though Portland is as good a place for the arts as any. Within the performance world, in particular, Portland has a great reputation because of PICA and the TBA festival. I was very fortunate to have been invited to premiere the eBay show there two years ago. Because the festival draws so many international curators who responded to our show, we went from performing exclusively locally to shows in Holland; all over the UK; Victoria, BC; and the show continues to travel. It's been amazing. I really can't imagine a better way to travel. You really get to explore a city and engage with the people who live there in a way that you can't when you're on vacation, or on a business trip, or touring with a band.

It's hard to imagine where we'll be in a year. I find that exciting, but sometimes a little nerve racking. We might be in Portland, or Los Angeles, or both. Perhaps we'll even split to Amsterdam for a year. The support for the arts in places like Holland is just staggering. It's probably the favorite place we've visited. Feels a lot like the Northwest: rainy, lots of bikes and cafes, good beer, good coffee, and most everyone speaks English.

I find that my work tends to be pretty literal and instinctual; it's not especially intellectual. That's not to say that it isn't layered, but as much as I aspire to be abstract or ambiguous, or complicated, I'm not. I'm a cultural critic who likes to make work that the audience enjoys.

As far as my process goes, I tend to think about ideas for a really long time. I might talk about them with people, but I generally don't start in until the idea is pretty developed. Once an idea crystallizes, the chaos lifts. That's not to say that things don't get thrown out, or that I don't have anxiety, but I'm not very experimental. I usually know what I want to do, and what I want the audience to experience, and I work towards that.

It's easiest for me to write for myself. It's a very integrated process. I know what I can pull off, I know how I'm going to say something as I write it. I generally over-write. The first draft of the eBay show was nearly three hours long. Through rehearsing the script gets cut down. The zine I sell as part of the eBay show is essentially all the extra material that I wrote for the show, all the stuff that didn't fit.

I've written a lot for other people or other projects—mostly screenplays. I think the trick is finding or hearing the voices, which can be especially difficult in a script that might have a half dozen main characters and countless parts with a few lines.

more news and more interview questions later

nuno

Hi Molly

Again, again... about the content of *Lost Soul*:

Well, I have to start by saying that my artistic work is ruled not by a line but by different series, contents, and goals. It's much more about my vision of the world and my universe, it's more about the path than the arrival point. I always fight for my artistic freedom. To do what I want to do, when I think it's the best time to do it.

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About *The Lost Soul*, yes it was my first work with a small crew, and was a very good experience. And it was the first video with a small script, and I think you can see it, because it has a more cinema type of language. Another important fact was the sound, it was made by Philippe d'Aram, and the soundmaker that works with a french director Jean Rollin. more info about Philippe d'Aram:

<http://www.imdb.com/name/nm1194221>

And Jean Rollin

<http://www.imdb.com/name/nm0738395/>

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The starting point was to do a short zombie video. Just with an actress, one location, no narrative, it just happens like that because it has to happen.

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After I thought it could be good to have a transformation moment, and to start playing with the paradoxical fact to have a ghost transforming into a zombie.

The total *LOST SOUL*, no place to go, just *Lost* in an old location. It is in a way a very personal video, because at that time I felt like a *Lost Soul* myself without a home, love, with the feeling of being lost or doomed. (still feel a little bit like that... anyway...)

And I think this fact is very important for the content of the *Lost Soul* and the fact that it was different work. It's at the same time a romantic view, in a romantic location.

Other important aspects were the contemporary connection with the

You want them to sound familiar without being clichéd. The first feature script I wrote (and eventually self-produced) was about a group of high school students. I was worried that they'd all sound a little too like myself, so I based them on the Peanuts gang—Lucy, Linus, Charlie Brown. It was like writing characters with training wheels. Over the years I've gotten a little better at conjuring up other voices, but it always helps me to have an actor, performer, or a friend in mind. I think some writers can imagine people in their minds. Worlds open. Novels write themselves. I envy that.

The eBay show is very rooted in the infomercial and get-rich-quick seminar. I went to quite a few of them when I was creating the show. There's a pattern or script that I started seeing over and over. It starts with the speaker explaining how poor they used to be. Then a mentor enters the picture who offers the narrator easy riches in the form of whatever secret information the seminar is offering. Then there's the "refusal of the call" where the speaker resists this helping hand. Interestingly enough, this is also a big moment in a lot of screenplays—Luke Skywalker initially refuses to help Obi-One fight the Empire; he only agrees to go after his uncle and aunt are killed. But the mentor is persistent. The speaker gives in. Instant riches follow. Finally, the speaker casts himself as the mentor to the entire audience, offering to pass along the secret knowledge that will lead to instant riches. I pretty much mimic this script in the opening to the eBay show.

Where it strays from the get rich quick scheme seminar is that I'm not asking you to fork over three grand (discounted from five grand today only with the DVD library thrown in for free) for the master classes for which the free seminar is a front. It's pretty amazing to watch. I went to a Millionaire Next Door seminar at the Portland Convention Center, and there were eight guys in tuxedos with credit card machines at the back of the room. At the end of the seminar there was a stampede of people signing up for master classes that purport to crack the code of the stock market. It's pretty sad, really. I suspect very few of the people forking over three grand could afford the money, and they were obviously getting conned. I mean, if you had cracked the code of the stock market would you be sharing it with suburbanites in hotel banquet rooms? Personally, I would've been chillin' in Bali.

The conceit in the eBay show is that I make PowerSelling success seem a little easier to attain than it really is, but it does work. I made a pretty good full-time living on a part-time schedule using eBay for years. And there are people who slay at eBay. Billions of dollars are changing hands. Some people are getting rich. But it takes some time to master. And it's not for everyone. My goal has always been to try to entertain people who have never gone, and will never go, to the eBay site, and to offer people who are interested in making a living on eBay some valuable information. I like that tension. It's also why I like doing the show at art festivals and spaces. Sometimes I can turn the former into the latter.

I spent several years as a production worker on films, TV shows, commercials, and infomercials. The work was great when I could get it, but in a small market like Portland, it was feast or famine. I needed a secondary income. On the advice of my father, I turned to eBay. A year after I started, I was making more than I was in the

Zombie and the tradition of the lost soul in contemporary culture and film. It's a work that can be read as a metaphor for our contemporary culture.

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But at the same time, and if you think my previous work was *The Prora Complex*, (a ghost quasi-documentary about a Nazi building) *The Lost Soul* isn't so, so different.

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Meanwhile I'm working for a new script (*Unite D'habitation*) to be shot in October. It's about something very evil (a bloody murder that you don't see) that happens in a Le Corbusier building in Berlin. It starts in a documentary kind of video, but somehow in the middle it will change for something very strange. At the same time it will be more about what you don't see, and the music/soundtrack will be very important. I can send you the script when it's done.

The Lost Soul was the first work about Evil, but not the last one:-)

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Don't know if I answered your questions....and sorry for my dyslexic english....

in attach i send you some articles that can help you...and a text about the lost soul by a portuguese critic. (in french...i'm sorry...)

kiss and you can see my new website, where there are clips of the other works or \

nuno

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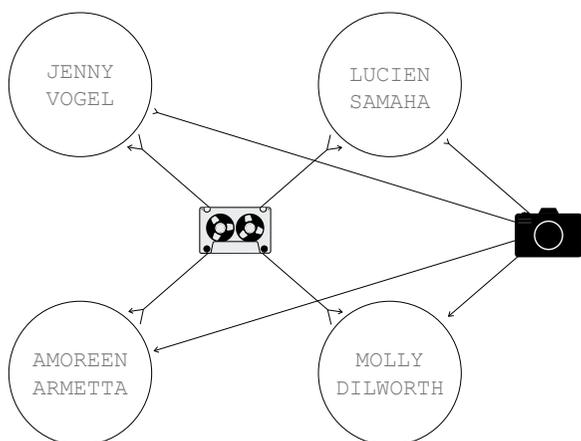
film industry, and working on my own time. I was hooked. It offered me the freedom to completely schedule my own life and dedicate myself to filmmaking and performing. eBay selling really empowered me to be able to take myself seriously as an artist. Around this time I was also making the transition from more traditional filmmaking towards low-budget videos, in which I played various satirical characters. I had never thought of myself as an actor, but I seemed to know what I was doing more in front of, than behind, the camera. I was asked to do a new piece for a small festival on short notice, and realizing that I didn't have time to make a video, did my first live performance. I haven't really looked back since, although my work has a visual, and usually video, component to it. I think the ability to interact with the audience is what did it—that's the most interesting part of performing for me.

That first piece was about a New Age Californian who eagerly moves to Oregon, only to face xenophobia. It was based on Oregonians being genuinely resentful about Californians moving in and driving housing prices up, and offered an interactive way to talk about gentrification. It was invited to the first TBA festival as part of the local showcase. The experience was a revelation. I had been doing the film festival circuit for years, but this was a much better fit for me. I immediately planned on returning with a full-length show for the next year, and my eBay PowerSelling career seemed like natural material. It was a way to continue working with satirical characters, but also enabled me to incorporate my own life into a piece for really the first time.

The show has evolved over the two years we've performed it. Susan has become a larger part of the show; the script is always being edited; new images incorporated into the PowerPoint. And there's also an improvisational aspect to the show that makes it 10% different night-to-night. I think what's surprised me the most is how much work it is. When you show a film, all you have to do is sit back, fight off the nerves, and relax. But with live performance you have to be there every step of the way.



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TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES LED TO SEVERAL CHANGES OF LOCATION. IT WAS ALSO THE FINAL MATCH OF THE WORLD CUP. WE ENDED UP IN A TRIBECA PUB WATCHING THE MATCH ON A TV THAT KEPT LOSING RECEPTION AT KEY MOMENTS. AFTER A BEER, AND THE ADMISSION THAT **NONE OF US WAS ROOTING FOR EITHER TEAM IN PARTICULAR**, WE JOINED THE SCREAMING ITALIAN FANS AT AN OUTDOOR CAFÉ WHERE **LUCIEN SAMAHA** AND **JENNY VOGEL** DISCUSSED THEIR OWN **OBSESSIVE ONLINE SEARCHING, WEB CAMERAS**, AND THE POSSIBILITY OF **TAKING UP ARMS**.



LS I'm also a searcher. I interact with other searchers—whether they know I'm interacting or not, or just lurking and watching what they're doing.

JV That's kind of what I do: going on the Internet, spending hours looking at web cameras, and then trying to figure out—who are the people sitting in front of these cameras? I get a lot of text material from chat rooms where I spend time trying to decode people. They're always trying to describe themselves, and what they come up with most of the time is a generic profile. You know, just like, "I'm this tall, blonde, big . . ." But I'm interested in that: How people try to define themselves . . .

LS . . . That's the fascinating part for me, too, figuring out what people are doing about describing themselves, because it affects the way I describe myself. It's brought down to the pure physical, exclusively. Sometimes you will manipulate what you put out there. I never lie about what I put out there, but I manipulate it in order to gain advantage. So I'm also searching for, "how do I fit in to all of this?" It's always sort of a mirror process.

JV It creates this virtual world, and the whole thing about it is not whether it's true. Really, it's more about the possibility that it could be a lie. I find that the language is a lot of *woulds* or *coulds*—conditionals—people chatting as if they were next to each other. "So if we would meet up tonight, what would we do?"

LS Because I'm going to gay sites, with most of the men it's not about, "Where do we go?" It's about, "What do we do, exactly?" And it's become very specific. It's very easy to be anonymous, to be in the comfort of your own chair and make all the promises in the world. But most of the time, nobody delivers. They know from the very beginning that they're not going to meet. They'll use other identities, fake names, to get their little thrill just from the dialogue, from what could happen.

JV Well, I don't chat with them. I'm just trying to figure it out for myself. I create my own stories because that's all I'm really interested in, because I don't think I could handle getting involved.

LS Most of the work that I do is what I've always done—photograph everything, document it somehow. Because I was spending so much time on this sort of sexual searching, I started feeling guilty. Sometimes you find in certain parts of the year, like spring for example, that you need more than the other times of the year (complicit chuckles all around) . . . So I found myself saying, all right, the laundry's piling up, the bills are piling up, and all I'm doing is looking for sex. So I started thinking, "Why the hell am I not documenting this as part of what my life is?"

JV So do you have ethical problems with documenting other people's sexual searching?

LS One of my solutions was to put my face on every body . . . (laughter), like the John Malkovich thing. But then I thought, the face is not the only characteristic part of a person. It's the most characteristic part of a person, perhaps, but in the Craigslist community a lot of huge cocks and butt holes are more prominent than the face, if there's a face at all. Though, some people won't even consider communicating back unless there's a face, and the interesting thing is that they trust that the face they got is the one of the person who sent it to them.

MD You've both talked to me about privacy and context issues. You're selecting things from the net; they're public, but you're singling them out and putting them in another context. The people participating on these forums believe their audience is just as complicit as they are, but taking them out of that forum exposes them to an audience that is not participating. Jenny, are you worried about the people in your chat rooms—even though you're re-writing the text—that they might recognize the spirit of it? And Lucien, do you worry about someone recognizing that you've taken their fetishes and fantasies out of the very specific public realm of Craigslist, into the more general public realm?

JV Well, I'm not so worried about the text because I think it's more abstract. It's more the images, and the act of sitting in front of the computer and looking at these people. I know their names, but I never respond to them or let them know that I'm there. But I do fear, a little bit, taking it out of their community . . .

LS Well, for me, the issue with that is you have a certain body, and there's a birthmark, and it's in a very particular place. It's very likely that that person's mother may never go to a gay website, but she may come to an art show and go, "That's Tommy's birthmark!" [everyone laughs]

JV I'm most interested in the whole boredom and randomness of web cameras, and people sitting in front of their computers for hours, and they have this really intense stare because they're looking at the computer screen. Or these random landscapes, where somebody points a web camera out the window. Or at the little dog that's never in that spot. Or there's a driveway, maybe, with some light falling in from the side, but nothing happening, ever. It's as if technology sort of went ahead of them and they're still trying to figure out what to do with this thing. But there is something really fascinating with the technology of webcams because you have, basically, a set of still images. So it brings you back to early movies, kind of. And that intensifies this feeling of waiting for something, because you're constantly waiting for this next frame. And there's all this time in between, when the web camera is not taking a picture. And I've had it happen where—right now I'm taking snapshots that I turn into black-and-white prints of people in front of their web cameras, and I sit there, and I really come closer and closer, like, "ok, next frame; no, this is not good," and then—they just disappear and there's nothing I can do. Like all of a sudden, in between frames, they just left. Right now, I'm taking screen shots, so they're very pixilated images because the web cameras have such bad resolution. But as soon as you come close, all the pixilation just kind of dissolves.

LS What I'm doing now is scanning everything I shot years ago that I forgot that I had. I filled a whole four-drawer cabinet with slide sheets. I thought I was done and I discovered two suitcases full of slides. And I don't delete anything. Even if it's the beginning of a role that has just black film on it, I'll scan that in. Or the over-exposed slides that are pure see-through—I've scanned those in as well, and found some amazing images. It's unbelievable what is in that grain structure that a scanner can see that the eyes can't. Some of the big grains have captured light and become processed, and they're so apart from each other that your eye doesn't put them together, but the scanner does. But in terms of shooting images off the web, just this past year, the New York Supreme Court made a ruling—it was that Philip-Lorca diCorcia project where he was putting hidden cameras in the scaffolding at Times Square. One of the people in the pictures saw himself in the gallery and the photo was being sold for a lot of money and he sued. And the court said that the culture of this city is based on street photography—so if street photography is allowed, why

not "super highway photography"? Isn't that the sort of street of today, in a way, even though no one uses "super highway" anymore? Well, that's why I'm becoming more and more an observer and a documenter because I can't take sides anymore. Everybody had some reason to believe what they believe. So I'm just enjoying it as a football game, basically.

JV But do you think you can lead your life like that?

LS As an observer?

JV Yeah, do you think you can always be, not impartial, but do you think it's possible, healthy?

LS Well, I don't wave flags anymore for anybody. But I'm also concerned about my personal relationships . . .

JV . . . Like sometimes, I almost think it's too easy to not put yourself in there. Because—that's always my problem—I'm so good at being objective or staying out of it . . .

LS . . . I read every night about what's happening in Gaza, and I'll sit there and go, "oh shit." I would like to do a whole project about the word "wounded." It can mean anything from a little cut that we get here, living in New York City, to three-quarters of your body has been removed violently by a bomb and you're still alive. How can you apply that same word to such an amazing range of human suffering?

AA So what do you think, Jenny? Can you live your life being the observer?

JV I don't know. I'm trying to figure it out.

LS Let's put it this way—well, this is such a ridiculous thing that you may just laugh and not be able to answer it—if New Jersey becomes the enemy, and they start coming at us with guns, will you bear arms and defend your home against the New Jersey-ites?

JV Yeah, well, that's what it comes down to. You can feel bad if you read "so many soldiers killed here and there." And that's the thing that alienates me so much from all of it is that you know about everything that is going on in the world, but you feel helpless. You feel helpless in your own country. I'm not American, so I can't vote, but I talk about it with my friends, and a lot of them say, "Well it doesn't really matter if I vote or not vote because it's so obvious what's going to happen." But I'm afraid that I probably wouldn't pick up arms, and just because . . .

LS . . . That's interesting that you say you're afraid you wouldn't pick up arms; I'd be afraid to pick up arms.

JV I start thinking about people like Sophie Scholl during WWII, and people who then knew—or thought they knew—what was right and wrong, and how important they were. And I admire them being so sure of something. But I see myself just getting sucked into it, or not being able to make that decision.

[few minutes' silence]

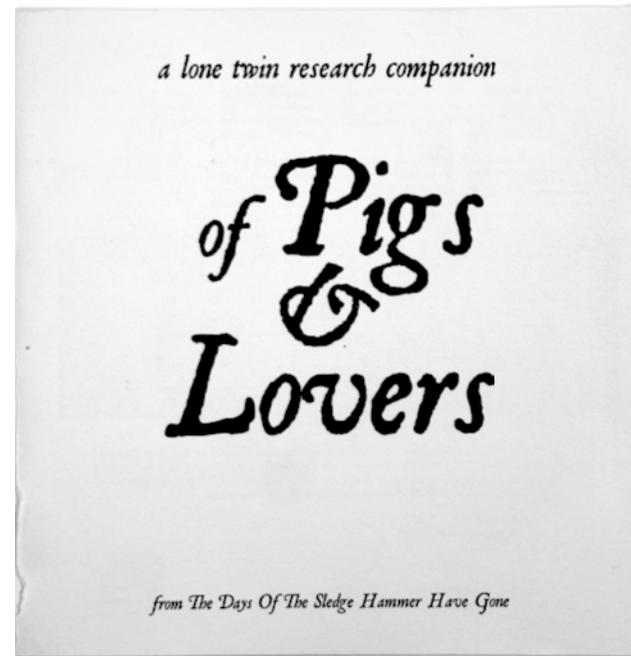
LS We should record some of the silence.

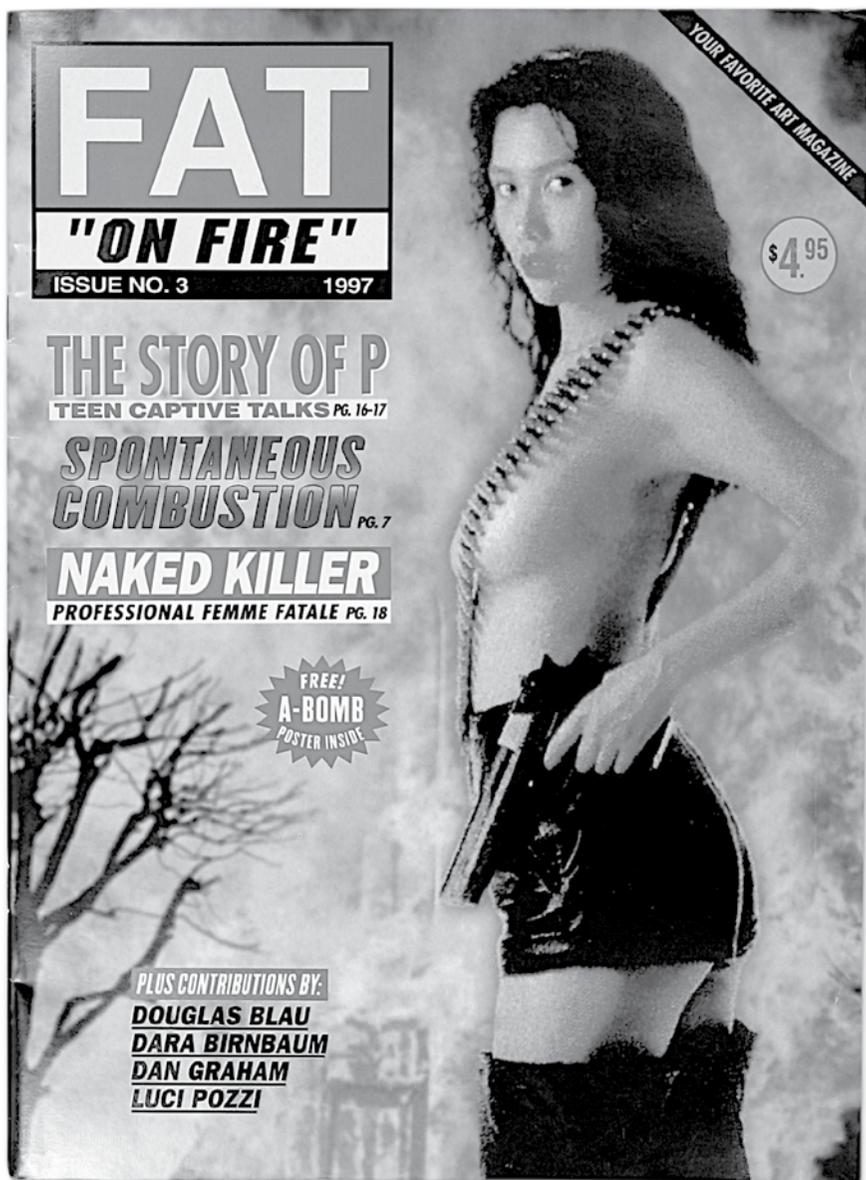
JV How do you transcribe silence?

LS How do you transcribe a bus going by? [makes a sound like a bus going by]

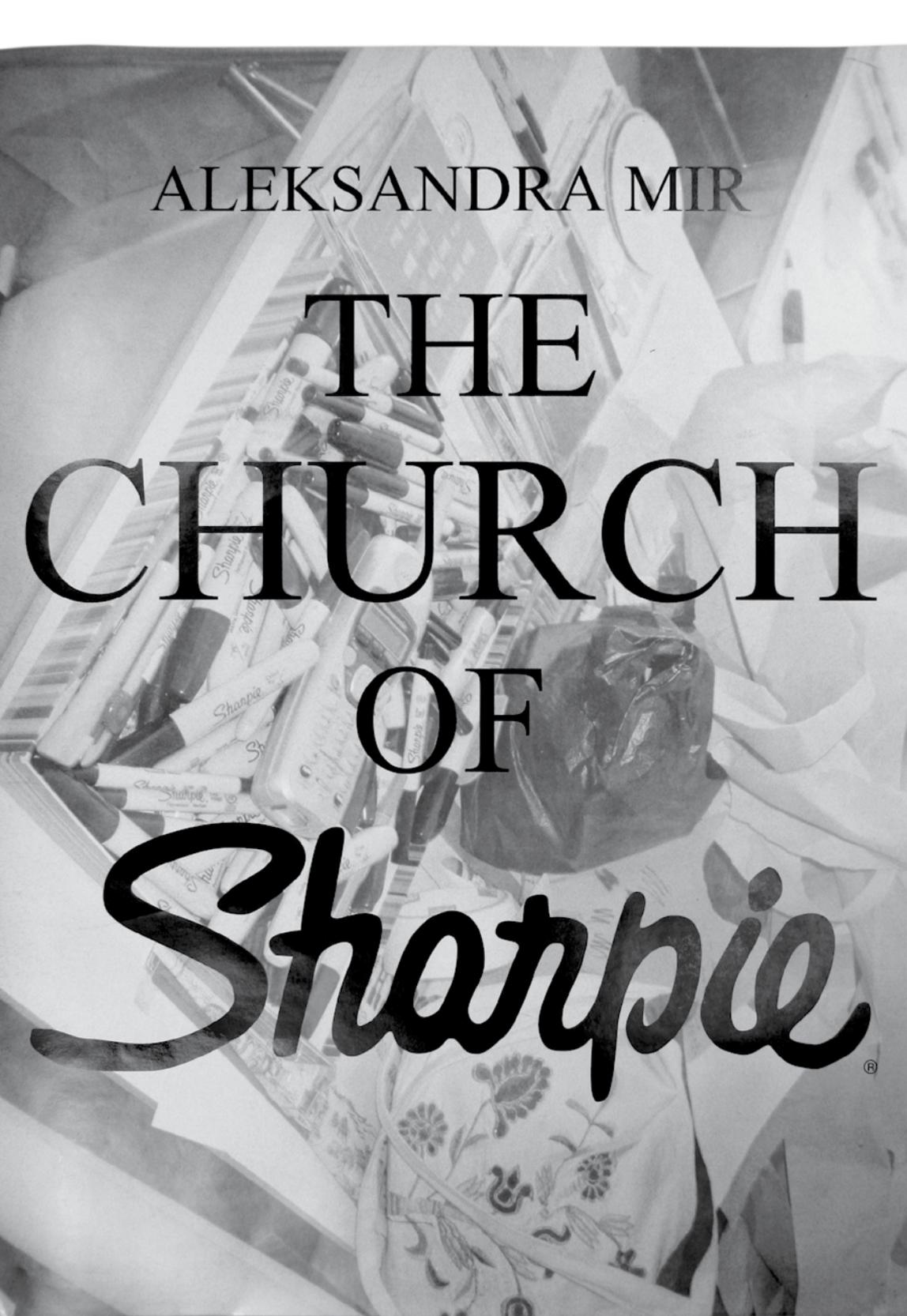
LIBRARY

OF PIGS & LOVERS: A LONE TWIN RESEARCH COMPANION,
2001 BY LONE TWIN (GREGG WHELAN AND GARY WINTERS)
A RECORD OF THE PERFORMANCE, *THE DAYS OF THE
SLEDGEHAMMER HAVE GONE*, OF PIGS & LOVERS COMBINES
TRANSCRIPTS OF LONE TWIN'S TRADEMARK LYRICAL
NARRATIVES WITH LIVE PHOTOS.





FAT MAGAZINE, 1994–2000 BY JOSEPHINE MECKSEPER
 A SATIRICAL PULP ART MAGAZINE THAT INCLUDES CHEEKY CONTRIBUTIONS BY ARTISTS, SOME OF WHOM ARE WORKING UNDERCOVER.



ALEKSANDRA MIR

THE

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OF

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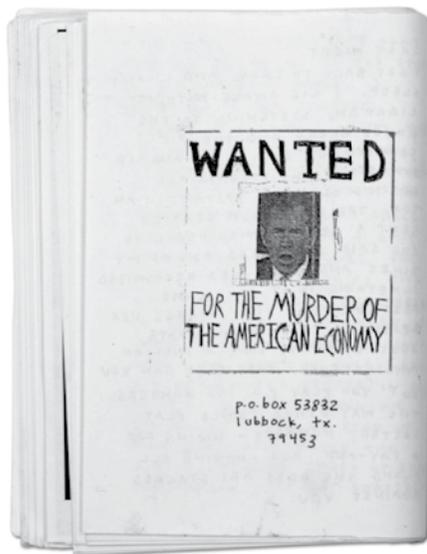
THE CHURCH OF SHARPIE, 2005 BY ALEKSANDRA MIR
A PUBLICATION DOCUMENTING THE CREATION OF TWENTY
190 X 120 INCH MAP DRAWINGS OF THE UNITED STATES,
MADE WITH THE FOLLOWING U.S.-CENTRIC THEMES IN MIND:
THE CIVIL WAR, SPACE SHUTTLES, STATE FLOWERS, THE
BICENTENNIAL, THE DRAFT, ROAD TRIPPING, LOVE, GOD, AND
THE BABY BOOM.

LTTR #1: LESBIANS TO THE RESCUE, 2002 BY LTTR (GINGER
BROOKS TAKAHASHI, K8 HARDY, AND EMILY ROYDSON;
LATER JOINED BY ULRIKE MÜLLER) A JOURNAL WITH
CONTRIBUTIONS FROM WRITERS, ARTISTS, AND CRITICS—
LESBIANS TO THE RESCUE INCLUDES A SILKSCREENED
COVER AND HANDMADE MULTIPLES.

**The Lyrics of Ludacris
An Illustrated Companion**

A Pruesspress-Cold Rain and Snow Publication
2005

14/60



LYRICS OF LUDACRIS, 2005 BY PRUESS PRESS
A LETTERPRESS EDITION MADE AS A BIRTHDAY GIFT FOR
LUDACRIS: AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT TO GIVE THE MAN WHO
HAS EVERYTHING.

DREAM WHIP, 1992-ONGOING BY BILL BROWN
A ZINE/GRAPHIC NOVEL FILLED WITH HEARTBREAKING
STORIES OF MODERN AMERICAN WANDERLUST, WRITTEN
AND DRAWN BY BROWN.



MASTERBOX, 1998–2002 BY GABRIELA FORCADELL
AN EDITION OF PLAYING-CARD-SIZED PHOTOS, DRAWINGS,
AND PHOTOCOPIES BY VARIOUS ARTISTS, ENCASED IN A
CUSTOM MADE PLASTIC BOX.

INTERIM, 2002 BY ANDREA GEYER
A NEWSPAPER WITH NARRATIVE TEXT AND IMAGES,
WRITTEN AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEYER. *INTERIM*
FOLLOWS AN UNDEFINED FEMALE PROTAGONIST WHO
MOVES AIMLESSLY THROUGH AN URBAN LANDSCAPE THAT
IS ALIEN TO HER.



The Searchers was published with the support of The Elizabeth Foundation in conjunction with an exhibition at the EFA Gallery November 10, 2006–January 6, 2007.

EFA Gallery Program is a multi-arts curatorial project space. Through the gallery, The Elizabeth Foundation for the Arts supports the creative work of independent curators. Curators build the framework in which we understand artists and the art they make. At their best, curators redefine how we look at culture. Since its opening in February 2006, the gallery has become a vibrant curatorial project space, supporting and sharing the creative process of curators in both static and time-based art. Our programming now includes everything from landscape painting to evenings of experimental music and puppetry to video exhibitions.

EFA Gallery offers six projects a year by emerging and established curators. They provide opportunities for artists to have their work considered in a new context and for the public to experience art in a deliberately engaging forum. Each exhibition features a minimum of three events: the opening reception, a 5-Minutes video night and a mid-run event which often have interactive components such as curatorial round tables, eBay seminars, or experimental theater and sound experiences. The program pushes the boundaries of the definition of “exhibition” by extending the space and time of the projects with curatorial blogs and publications. EFA Gallery offers a space for the people who think about art to share their ideas: a space where curators stretch beyond their comfort zones to challenge and renew our understanding of artists’ work.

The Elizabeth Foundation for the Arts is a 501(c)(3) public charity, incorporated in New York in April 1992. EFA supports artists of all disciplines, locally and globally, by providing tools that sustain and improve artists’ productive lives. We develop secure and affordable working and living spaces, provide professional development opportunities, and act as a catalyst for the growth of creative communities. We seek to maximize the influence of artists’ work in our society by fostering financial stability; facilitating career development and promoting public and critical exposure for the artists we assist.

This exhibition is presented by the EFA Gallery, a program of The Elizabeth Foundation For The Arts, with additional support from the North Fork Foundation, The Milton and Sally Avery Foundation, The Helen Keeler Burke Charitable Foundation, Materials for the Arts/DCA, Carnegie Corporation Inc., and the generosity of many individuals.

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Printed by EBA Printing, USA



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