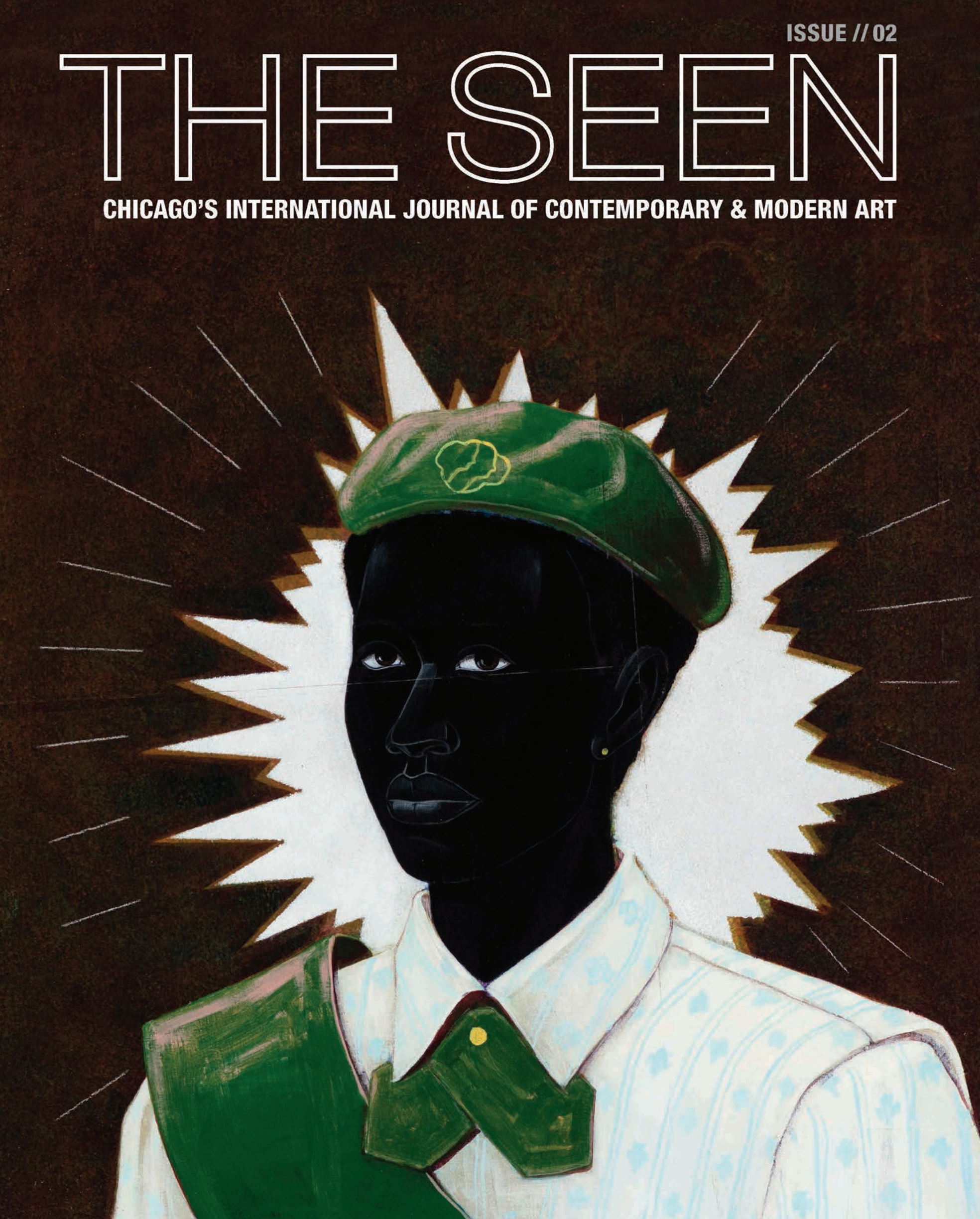
ISSUE // 02

THE SEEN

CHICAGO'S INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF CONTEMPORARY & MODERN ART



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COVER:
Kerry James Marshall, *Scout (Girl)*, 1995. Collection Museum of Contemporary Art Chicago, gift of the Susan and Lewis Manilow Collection of Chicago Artists. © 1995 Kerry James Marshall. Photo: Nathan Keay, © MCA Chicago

THE SEEN
Issue 02

Chicago's International Journal of Contemporary & Modern Art

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

It is with great pride that we launch the second edition of THE SEEN, with a striking cover illustrating the extraordinary career and immeasurable talent of Chicago-based artist Kerry James Marshall. As I have privately mentioned many times, and I am now pleased to officially write, I feel that the arc of art history will be very kind to Mr. Marshall. His work is profoundly moving, poetically beautiful, and ever provocative—consistently challenging each of us to confront issues of race and marginalization, while also allowing us to revel in the sublime talent of a master painter. Issue 02 was timed to align with Marshall's retrospective opening at the Museum of Contemporary Art Chicago—an exhibition that I believe will cement his reputation as one of America's leading artists, as it launches its forthcoming national tour to the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles, and The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

Issue 02 of THE SEEN allows us the opportunity to extend our coverage of international artists, exhibitions, and conversations, as well as the chance to illuminate certain forces in "art nature"—in this case, a great mentor, civic leader, and intrepid collector Helyn Goldenberg. Helyn's support for causes both great and small is legendary. She has steered many a successful project from concept to conclusion, taught a legion of us throughout the world on how to live a rich cultural and professional life, and her legacy of arts patronage will forever shape Chicago's cultural landscape.

Most significantly, there are many insights and influences to be revealed about international artists, curators, writers, and artwork profiled throughout this publication. Thank you to our writers and advertisers for making this publication possible. I trust that the collective of articles commissioned in our second issue, along with the images found within its pages, will stir you to further explore the content of all who are represented, and motivate readers to pick up future editions.

TONY KARMAN
Publisher

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Stephanie Cristello

A POLYPHONIC HISTORY OF CONTEMPORARY ART

What do you associate when you hear a word? This practice is one that all readers and viewers have. In Issue 01 of THE SEEN, the variety of pieces featured in the edition focused on the physicality of language in the visual realm; specifically how the written word influenced how we see things. But what of the uttered word—the audible, tangible waves of consonants and vowels that come from one mouth to touch another's ear?

— Viewers are listeners too. In almost every instance of this volume (a purposeful double meaning), the writing and works featured within these pages focus on the idea of voice—voices that were under-represented, un-historicized, or marginalized; voices that speak of sleeplessness, passion or paranoia; voices that are mutable and multifarious, or whispered and barely present. The naturally poetic voices, seemingly guided more by chance than by a deliberate act. But they also speak of frequency, of artists whose work was channeled to a different wave. Up until now, their signals had not aligned. Issue 02 enters a second chapter; featuring not only a concerted focus on artists' and exhibitions' *voices*, but also on their *resonance*—from new works in contemporary art to works being exhibited in a contemporary context for the first time. This edition places an emphasis on those that did not make as loud an echo into the cannon of art history as was allowed by the times, though whose contributions to contemporary art change that paradigm. Each of the features, reviews, and conversations within these pages transform absence into presence in a challenging way. Whether in the cover feature on Kerry James Marshall's first ever retrospective, opening in Chicago before traveling to New York and Los Angeles; the visualization of how freedom is lost in the age of surveillance in Laura Poitras' exhibition at the Whitney; Mary Heilmann's simultaneous confrontation and defense for Modernism as we look forward to her solo exhibition at the Whitechapel Gallery in London; to the lesser known international artists of the Pop generation, and their newfound institutional influence—THE SEEN traces these and other trajectories within a single issue.

Each of the pieces included in this edition look toward outside political, social, and cultural contexts for their angle in contemporary art; Marcel Broodthaers' survey is examined nationalistically through Belgium's complicated colonial past, while in another review an exhibition is traced by an imaginary colonial possibility between Mars and Earth; an interview with Kathryn Andrews on her exhibition *Run For President* continues to gain additional perspectives (surely more by the time you are reading this) with each folly debate or fervent protest. From a more cultural viewpoint, other pieces join together mainstream media, such as cinema and pop music, to provide a lens for contemporary work—looking at the advent of art-object props in movies, or using recent song releases to trace the history of apologies, from Ancient Athens to the present. In every piece, while speaking to a certain currency and contemporary thread of work throughout the publication, I have the sense that the content within these pages will become more relevant over time.

As our online presence becomes a more developed archive, the increased distribution and print run of Issue 02 is significant. The reach and accessibility of the print publication is important for the longevity of the pieces (the voices) it holds. Emphasis has again been placed on the design of the printed form, with the reader and the artwork in mind; the images of exhibitions from around the globe are reproduced at an immersive scale. Among these geographies, Issue 02 includes writing on artists and artworks from Chicago, New York, Los Angeles, Brussels, Paris, London, Berlin, West Africa and its diaspora, and Athens—and more broadly, Canada, Japan, Hungary, and Iceland, among others.

My greatest thank you goes to the writers that contributed to this publication—their commitment and work on each of these pieces is invaluable, and it has been my pleasure to work with each of them. A thank you must go as well to EXPO CHICAGO for making this project possible, and publisher Tony Karman, for continuing to support this journal as it moves into its new phase of publishing model. THE SEEN would also not be possible without the JNL Graphic Design team and Newcity Custom Publishing for helping to manage production and distribution.

I started this letter with a question of what you hear when you hear a word, but upon ending, I wonder what you hear when you look at an image. What would our sight sound like if given a song? These pieces hope to answer the lyrical possibility of seeing contemporary art in words—its reverberations and stutters, echoing in the ever-expanding chamber.

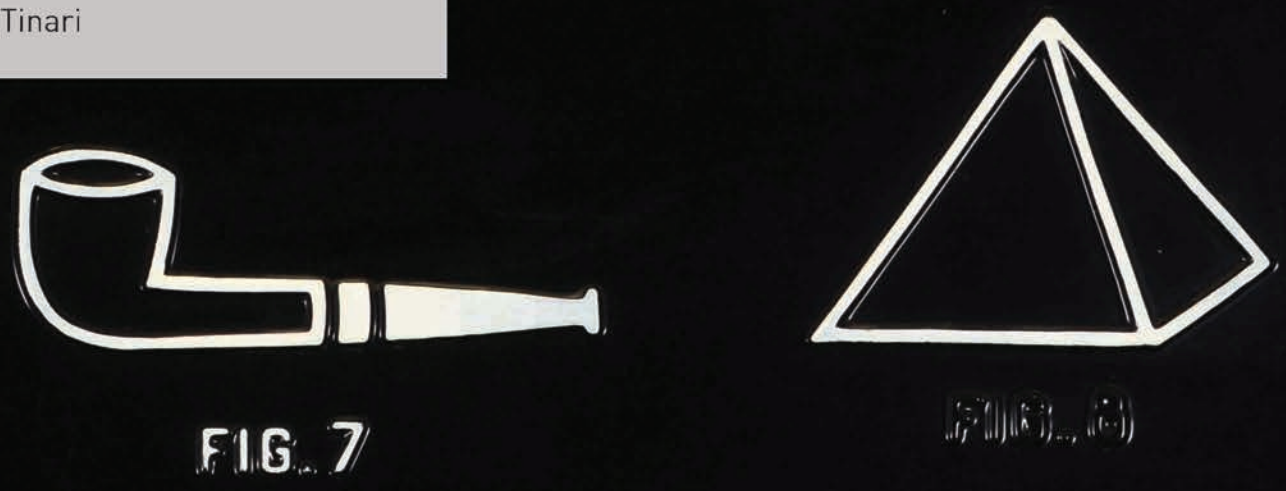
Stephanie Cristello
Editor-in-Chief

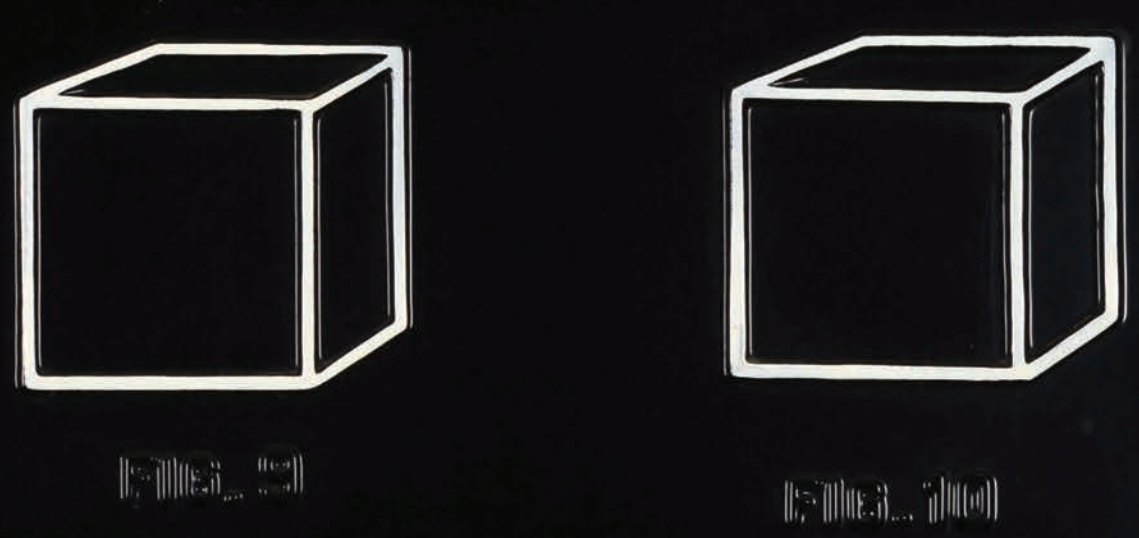
Reviews

Marcel Broodthaers

A RETROSPECTIVE // MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

By Anastasia Karpova Tinari



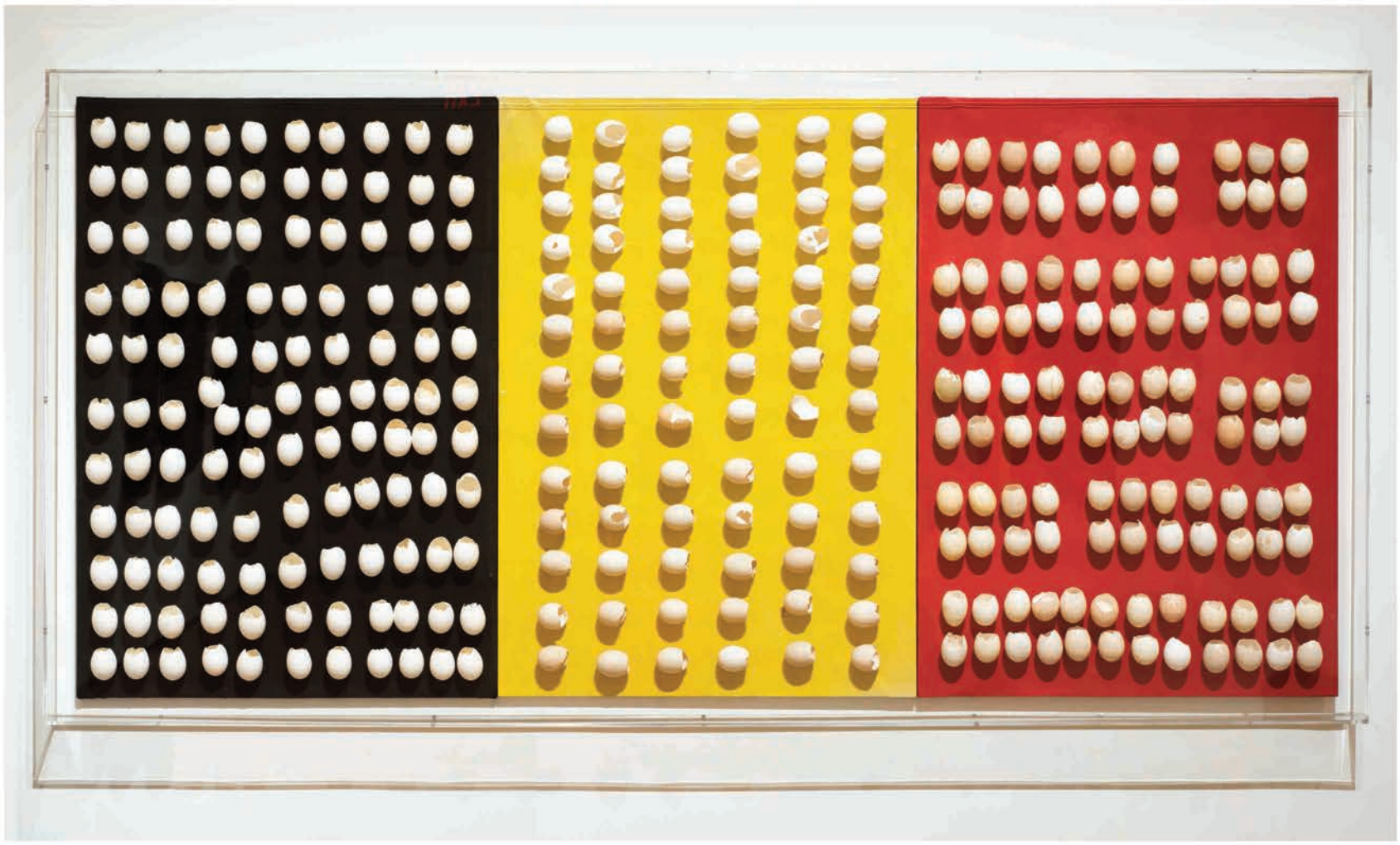


At the 1958 Brussels World's Fair, a mock Congolese village complete with performing Africans was installed, intending to provide Belgians a glimpse of their colony, a backward ethnographic presentation described today as a "Human Zoo." This phenomenon came from a long tradition of installations at World's Fairs, inaugurated in Paris in 1889 and practiced throughout the early twentieth century in Germany as *Völkerschau (Peoples Show)*, capturing the colonized in their "primitive state"—the 1958 edition in Brussels was said to be one of the last remnants of this activity.[1] Highlighting the gaping divide between Belgium's scientific progress and colonialism's social ignorance, the Fair also featured the Atomium, a museum in the shape of a unit cell magnified 165 billion times. Six years before he became an artist, poet Marcel Broodthaers photographed this building during the week he spent writing about the fair's preparations.[2] Today Broodthaers is considered one of the formative artists of the twentieth century, and his early World's Fair photographs are among the materials included in the revelatory *Marcel Broodthaers: A Retrospective* at the Museum of Modern Art (MoMA). Surprisingly his first in New York, the exhibition unveils Broodthaers' enigmatic oeuvre to a broad American public while providing his many admirers with new ways of looking. The installation successfully illuminates Broodthaers' conceptual search through a national, social-political lens, underlining that even the most independent thinkers are products of their environment.

The chronologically organized retrospective opens with Broodthaers' poetry, his primary occupation until age forty. Displayed ephemera and books convey his interest in the spatial, visual arrangement of language, as well as in metaphor and symbols. Language remained central to Broodthaers' practice after his 1964 career switch to visual artist, poignantly expressed in his first artwork: *Pense-Bête* (*Memory Aid / Reminder*), a sculpture in which Broodthaers "closed the book" on his writing by casting the remaining copies of his last publication into plaster. The piece was included in Broodthaers' first gallery exhibition that year at Galerie St. Laurent, along with the sculpture *Le Problème Noir en Belgique (The Black Problem in Belgium)*, an assemblage that involves a copy of the popular newspaper *Le Soir,* headlining the Congo War defaced by manufactured black, oily eggs. As exhibition curators Manuel J. Borja-Villel and Christophe Cherix point out, the two sculptures together address the "failure of a country to deal with its colonial past" and "the artist's own failure to make a living from his poetry."[3]

Broodthaers' works from his waking visual artist years (1964–68) interlace his search for artistic identity with grappling over Belgium's national identity. During the artist's short life (1924–1976), Belgium was occupied by Nazi Germany, freed by the Allies, briefly reinstated a monarchy, became a federal government, and ended colonialist hold in Africa; as a socially-politically engaged intellectual, Broodthaers could not help being affected. Empty *moules* and *oeufs* shells proliferate in this section of his retrospective: overflowing mussel pots, *Belgian Lion* face in-lieu of a waffle in its cast-iron pan, and a glaringly nationalistic Belgian flag painted canvas with egg shells organized on the surface. Whether Broodthaers selected these tropes for practical availability to an impoverished artist or their symbolic meaning, the early works feel heavy-handed, full of angst, and fraught with the search for identity.

As the retrospective



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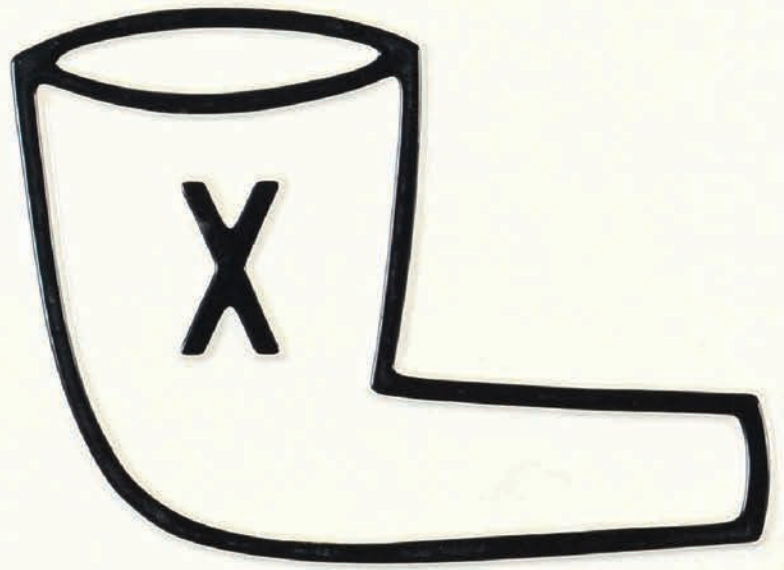

A , B , C ,

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Y , Z

D , E , F

progresses, the objects on view become more personal, earnest, and distinct, pulling in Broodthaers' mastery of language and conceptual play. Looming large throughout the installation is the influence of Surrealist painter René Magritte, an important mentor whom Broodthaers met in 1945, the poet Stéphane Mallarmé, and Marcel Duchamp. For instance, in the lithograph artist book *Un Coup de Dés Jamais N'Abolira Le Hasard* (*A Throw of The Dice Will Never Abolish Chance*) (1969), Broodthaers rendered the words of Mallarmé's 1887 modernist poem as black lines varying in thickness based on the type fonts in the original text. To emphasize his interest in removing meaning and isolating the poem's purely visual, sculptural form, Broodthaers also cunningly replaced *Poème* on the title page with *Image.*

Halfway through the MoMA retrospective, the tumultuous, revolutionary year of 1968 marks another career switch for Broodthaers: director of his own *Musée d'Art Moderne, Département des Aigles* (*Museum of Modern Art, Department of Eagles*). Under this semi-fictional pretense, Broodthaers focused his remaining years on creating not objects but museum exhibitions and installations (*Décors*) that critically questioned the museum's role as an instrument of power and historical narrative. His most important work, the itinerant *Musée d'Art Moderne* lasted four years and presented twelve exhibitions across seven countries. In its presentation, MoMA confronts Broodthaers' challenge to traditional artistic media head on, re-staging his installations in the conflated time-space of a progressive exhibition. In these recreated halls, materials used to stage an exhibition—such as crates, postcards, reproduced images, and operational reports—become exhibitions in and of themselves. The namesake eagle, a symbol of power and strength in Ancient Rome, is in Broodthaers museum reminiscent of the German *Reichsadler*, given the post-WWII context, but is also transformed into a meaningless, ubiquitous image.

The *Décor* titled *Un Jardin d'Hiver* (1974), originally shown in Brussels' Palais des Beaux-Arts, contains a film installation among potted palms. What could seem like a Surrealist insertion of tropical plants into a museum context bears the deep-rooted history of nineteenth century *Wunderkammers,* cabinets of curiosities that collected spoils pillaged from colonized peoples for the enjoyment of European bourgeois. Another one of the stunningly uncanny *Décors* included at MoMA is the dual *Salle XXe siècle* and *Salle XIXe siècle,* two elaborate installations with tools of conquest (nineteenth century canons and twentieth century machine guns) are collapsed with a leisurely umbrella chair, to great uncomfortable effect.

Unlike Duchamp's Dada wit, Broodthaers' Conceptualism is heavier, harder to digest, and as the MoMA retrospective importantly shows, culled from the national insignia of a transitional post-WWII, "postcolonial" Belgium. Broodthaers was an intellectual and theorist more than anything else, employing language, art, the museum as an institution, and the stage in his personal investigation of the creative process, uncovering these inevitable implications in the power structures of any society.

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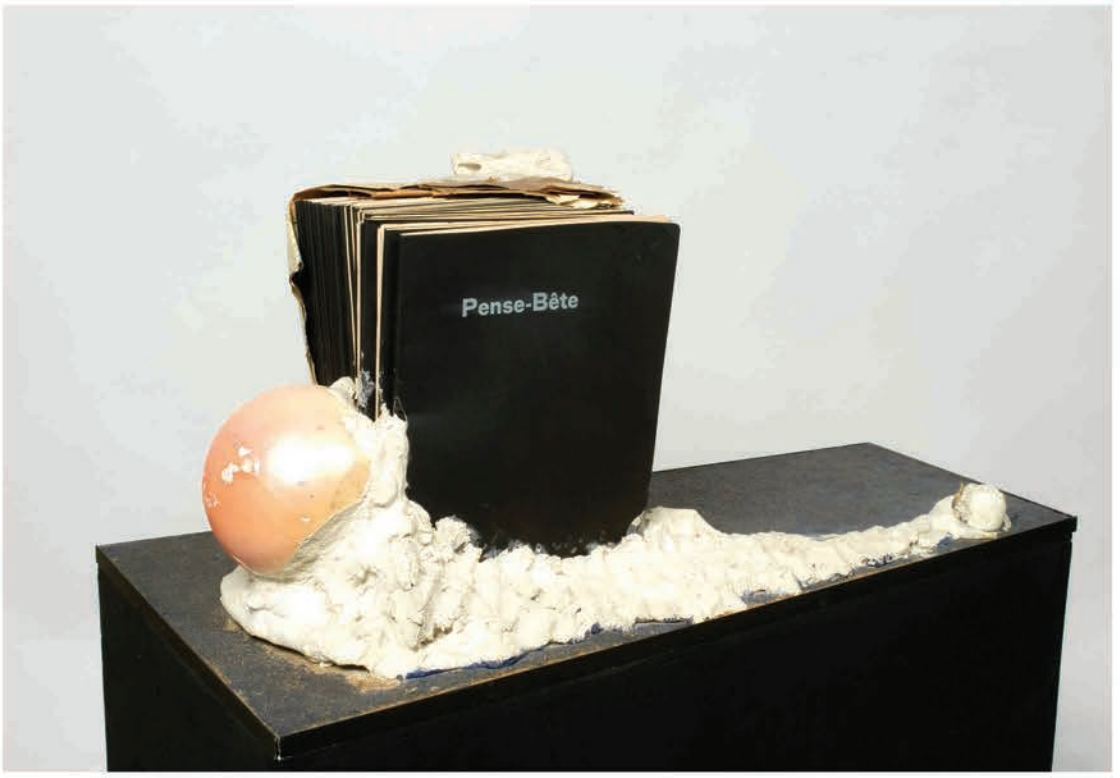
Marcel Broodthaers: A Retrospective is on view at the Museum of Modern Art through May 15, 2016.

Unlike Marcel Duchamp's Dada wit, Broodthaers' Conceptualism is heavier, harder to digest, and as the MoMA retrospective importantly shows, culled from the national insignia of a transitional post-WWII, "postcolonial" Belgium.




Décor
PORTE

TITLE PAGE:
Detail: *Livre tableau ou Pipes et formes académiques* (n°5/7), 1970. Acrylic on plastic plate, 33⅞ x 47⅝ inches 86 x 121 cm. © 2016 The Estate of Marcel Broodthaers / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York / SABAM, Brussels

PAGE 7:
Installation view of *Marcel Broodthaers: A Retrospective*. The Museum of Modern Art, New York, February 14–May 15, 2016. © 2016 The Museum of Modern Art. Photo: Martin Seck

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SUBSEQUENT SPREAD:
Marcel Broodthaers, *Pipe*, 1969. Painted vacuum-formed plastic plate. 31 7/8 x 46 1/2 inches; 81 x 118 CM. © 2016 The Estate of Marcel Broodthaers / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York / SABAM, Brussels

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PAGE 10:
Marcel Broodthaers (Belgian, 1924–1976). *Pense-Bête (Memory aid)*. 1964. Books, paper, plaster, and plastic balls on wood base, without base: 11 13/16 × 33 1/4 × 16 15/16 in. (30 × 84.5 × 43 cm). Collection Flemish Community, long-term loan S.M.A.K. © 2016 Estate of Marcel Broodthaers / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York / SABAM, Brussels

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PAGE 11 TOP:
Installation view of *Marcel Broodthaers: A Retrospective*. The Museum of Modern Art, New York, February 14–May 15, 2016. © 2016 The Museum of Modern Art. Photo: Martin Seck

PAGE 11 BOTTOM:
Installation view of *Marcel Broodthaers: A Retrospective*. The Museum of Modern Art, New York, February 14–May 15, 2016. © 2016 The Museum of Modern Art. Photo: Martin Seck

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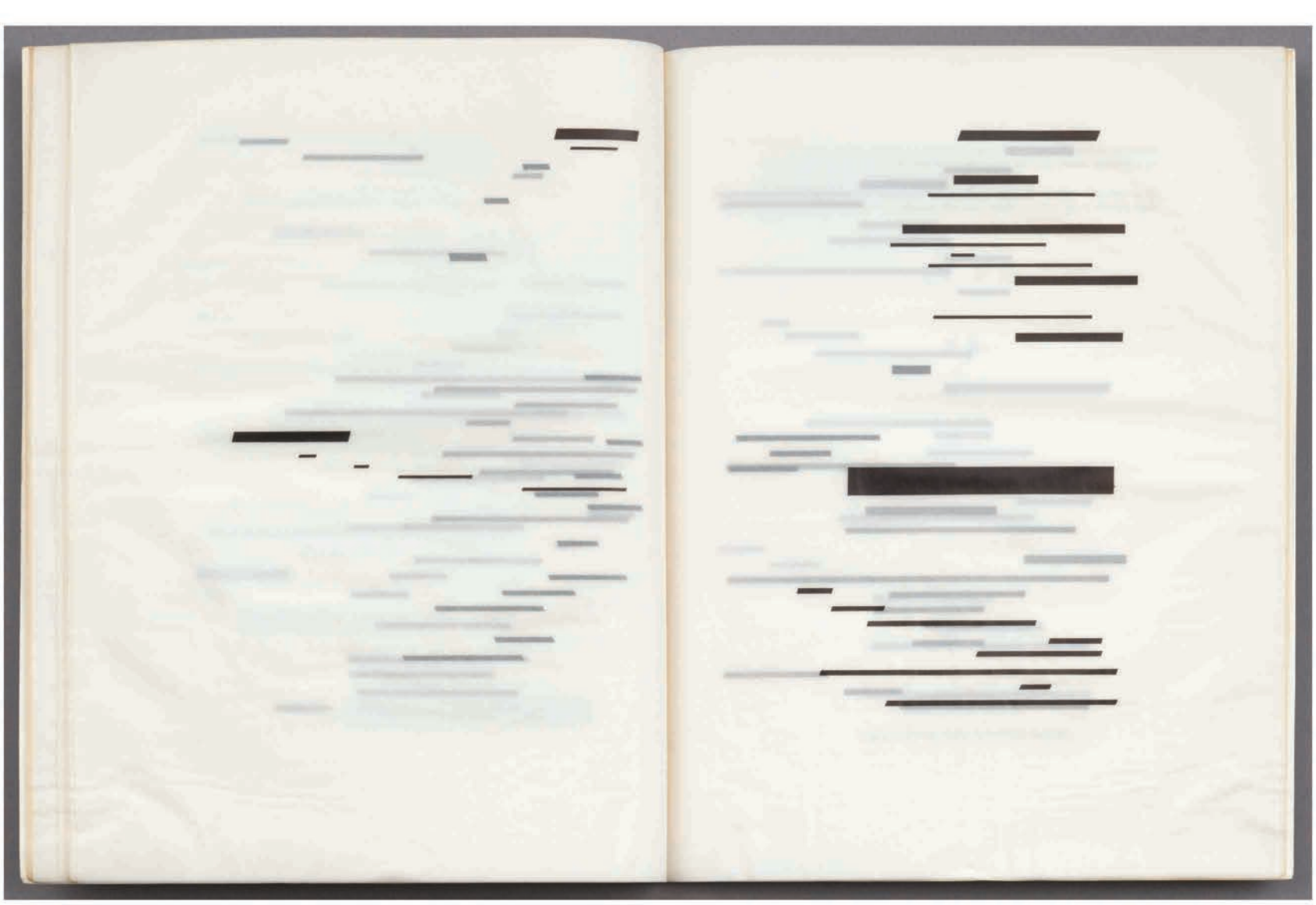
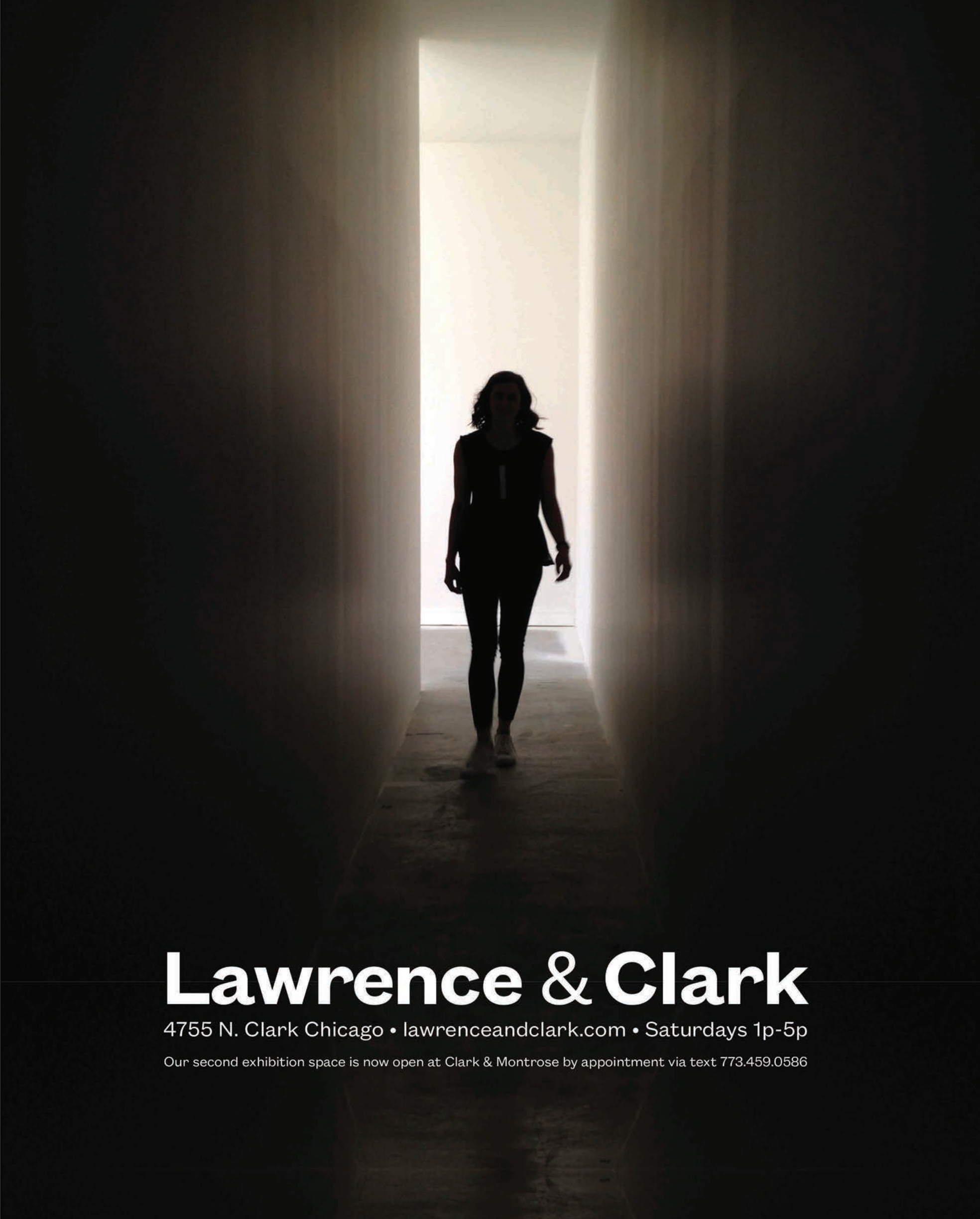
PAGE 12:
Marcel Broodthaers (Belgian, 1924–1976). *Un Coup de dés jamais n'abolira le hasard (A throw of the dice will never abolish chance)*.1969. Artist's book, offset lithograph on transparent paper, page: 12 ¾ × 9 ¹³⁄₁₆ in. (32.4 × 24.9 cm). Publisher: Wide White Space Gallery, Antwerp; Galerie Michael Werner, Cologne. Printer: Vereman, Antwerp. Edition: 90. The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Acquired through the generosity of Howard B. Johnson in honor of Riva Castleman, 1994. © 2015 Estate of Marcel Broodthaers / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York / SABAM, Brussels

1 https://www.popularresistance.org/deep-racism-the-forgotten-history-of-human-zoos/ accessed March 25, 2016

2 *Deborah Schultz, Marcel Broodthaers: Strategy and Dialogue* (New York: Peter Lang, 2007): 44-45

3 Manuel J. Borja-Villel and Christopher Cherix, *Marcel Broodthaers: A Retrospective* (New York, Museum of Modern Art, 2016): 17-18

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Laura Poitras

ASTRO NOISE // WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART

By Joel Kuennen

FREEDOM LOST.
FREEDOM TRANSFORMED.

Privacy is a difficult issue to grasp. Common sense wants us to think, *who needs privacy unless they have something to hide?,* but privacy is a safeguard, a firewall that keeps safe the ability to feel free. Hacktivist, Jacob Appelbaum, in Laura Poitras' documentary on Edward Snowden, *CITIZENFOUR* (2014), states that the loss of privacy is the loss of freedom. Not *a* freedom, but *freedom*.

This is true. The ability to think, act, and speak without paranoia is the freedom to be. That is why the right to privacy is an important—perhaps the most important—human right. It is responsible for creating space for the generation of progress and change. Without privacy, we live under circumstances that aim to co-opt our expressions and identities, not for the sake of freedom and difference, but for the sake of capital, power, and stasis.

OUR FREEDOM IS LOST.

Laura Poitras: Astro Noise, on view at the Whitney Museum of American Art, deftly explores the very complicated post-9/11 landscape in which freedom is lost. Security vs. Terrorism. Safety vs. Surveillance. Visibility vs. Invisibility. These oppositional concepts form constellations, indelibly trapping us—we the people—in a web so tight that if it were visible, we would feel Poitras' paranoia expressed above much more acutely. This invisible web is what *Astro Noise* attacks and drags into the light.

Large abstract prints of data intercepts and drone paths from Poitras' *ANARCHIST* (2016) series present an aesthetic, but opaque, frontispiece on the exterior of the galleries—much like the surveillance apparatus itself, architecturally speaking, the NSA headquarters in Fort Meade, MD is overtly appropriate. A reflective, black box, containing nothing and everything all at once. Moving into the galleries, the first projection screen shows close-up footage of people observing, with varying degrees of emotion, ground zero in October and November of 2001. *O'Say Can You See* (2016) presents a meditation on devastation distanced from the event. We are never shown ground zero in the fourteen-minute video. The eerie accompanying audio is an elongated broadcast of the National Anthem sung during a Yankees game. Early in the video, a well-dressed woman is seen describing what used to be to her pre-teen daughter.[2] The daughter appears disinterested while we see a realization cross the face of the mother: something very profound has changed.

On the rear of the screen, an interrogation is projected. A person is questioned repeatedly about his familial relationships; his wife, his daughter. He kneels uncomfortably on the dirt floor, shifting his weight as a beam of light tracks his face. A soldier in the background steps forward and puts a bag over his head, his answers appear not to satisfy his captors or justify his detention. As his face disappears inside the bag, we are faced with the fruits of trauma and its continuation.

The exhibition then turns a corner to *Bed Down Location* (2016), a dark room with a large, low platform in the center of the gallery that viewers can lie down on. The night skies over Yemen, Somalia, Pakistan, and the United States are projected overhead. One thinks about what they had just seen, takes some peace from gazing up at the stars like a child. Takes a breath. A faint hum is heard overhead. The realization slowly crawls over you that although this feels safe, the people in Yemen, Pakistan, and Somalia cannot have the same experience. Instead, the night sky shrouds wanton predators, watching from high above. Stargazing does not elicit the same sense of wonder when tinged with fear.

Incidentally, military drone flights occur in the United States, as well.

— A small, winding hallway, *Disposition Matrix* (2016), leads out of *Bed Down Location*, backlit slits like luminescent redactions allow you to glimpse classified documents released by Snowden, memos indicating that cyberattacks are an act of war, and interviews with former detainees. High above the rest, impossible to view for anyone under seven feet tall, plays cellphone footage of casualties from a drone attack. Towards the end of the hallway, a video of William Binney plays in which he speaks about the security agencies post-9/11 rationale, "Taking these people out was most important.[3]" He looks down and gulps heavily. It is a reckoning.

After passing through the redacted gauntlet, you are left with a choice: left or right. To the left, a video plays on loop, framed by declassified documents on the wall. The documents are the traces of Poitras' multiple detentions at airports and border crossings. For years, Poitras had been detained and questioned when coming back to the United States and never knew why. It took her submitting a Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) request to finally get a few redacted clues as to why she was being harassed by her own government. The video shows the family of Riyadh al-Adhadh, a Sunni politician and physician in Iraq that Poitras stayed with while filming her documentary *My Country, My Country* (2006). It shows the family inside their compound, peering curiously over the walls, the rooftop after a bomb exploded in the neighborhood. The kids were pensive, energetic. This was the clip the authorities were seeking. —

Heading towards the exit, glancing right, is a monitor playing a thermal image feed of individuals lying in *Bed Down Location*. Immediately, I felt naked. My eyes scoured the figures to see what could be seen. To see what vulnerabilities I had exposed. Next to the monitor, another screen relays Wi-Fi information gleaned from visitors' cell phones, a gentle reminder that we are transmitters, constantly relaying information that we may or may not be aware of.

OUR FREEDOM IS TRANSFORMED.

In the midst of my research on this article, I have come to grow somewhat paranoiac myself. It is hard to accept that all my online communications are collected somewhere outside of my control. It is hard to even be upset about it. It seems like a foregone conclusion already.

Curious, I downloaded a Tor browser, opened it and was met with a blank browser window. I typed in a SecureDrop address I know, the page loaded, but I had no information to divulge, nothing to

drop. Nowhere to go. Nothing to do. I closed it again, going back to easily navigable, familiar Chrome. The Deep Web may be the Internet's vast and free underside, but it is invisible. It is unknown. It is un-navigable save by, sometimes spurious, insiders. Surveillance has not charted these waters. ——————————

—————— The web we are accustomed to is navigable because of a concerted effort between surveillance and sousveillance. Our world, the one in which we feel safe, is predicated on a lack of privacy. With the loss of freedom based in privacy, we are forced to either beat back an already insurmountable digital edifice—built to track and trace our digital footprint, and therefore our personalities—or redefine what meaningful freedom is. Could it be that the only freedom left is that of self-expression—archived, categorized, and put to use? And what then if, like now, democracy is threatened by a demagogue who vows to use information to restrict and persecute people out of fear and ideological opposition? In *CITIZENFOUR*, Snowden said his motivation lay in the idea of "state power vs. the people's ability to meaningfully oppose that power."[4] ————

He may have already been too late.

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***Laura Poitras: Astro Noise* is on view at the Whitney Museum of American Art through May 1, 2016.**

TITLE PAGE:
Installation view of *Laura Poitras: Astro Noise* (Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, February 5—May 1, 2016). Photography by Ronald Amstutz

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PREVIOUS SPREAD:
Installation view of *Laura Poitras: Astro Noise* (Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, February 5—May 1, 2016). Photography by Ronald Amstutz

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RIGHT TOP:
Laura Poitras, *ANARCHIST: Israeli Drone Feed (Intercepted February 24, 2009)*, 2016. Pigmented inkjet print on aluminum, 45" x 64-3/4" (114.3 x 164.5 cm). Courtesy of the artist

RIGHT BOTTOM:
Laura Poitras (b. 1964), *ANARCHIST: Data Feed with Doppler Tracks from a Satellite (Intercepted May 27, 2009)*, 2016. Pigmented inkjet print mounted on aluminum, 45 x 64 3/4 in. (114.3 x 164.5 cm). Courtesy the artist

1 March 10, 2013, *Berlin Journal*

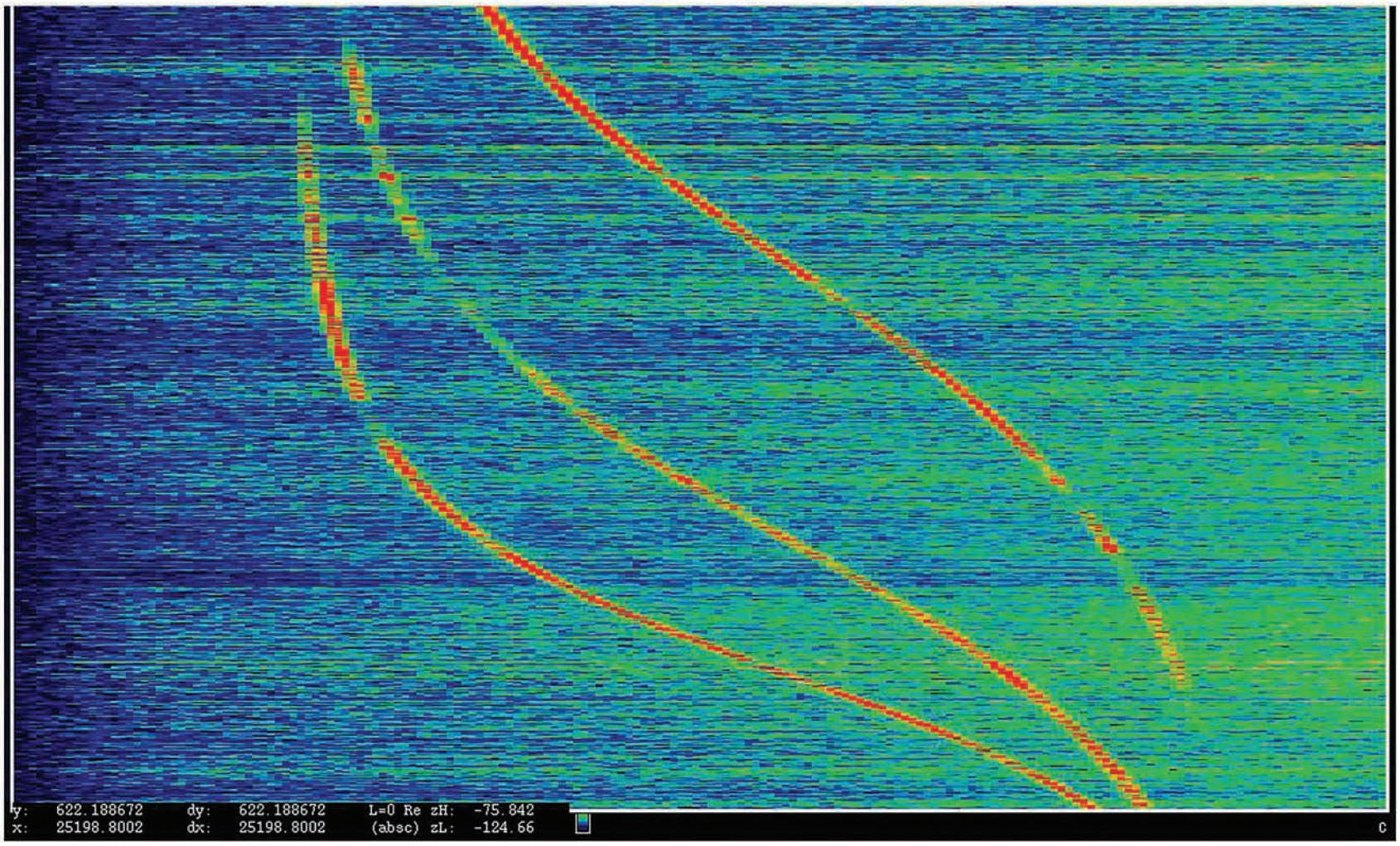
2 *O'Say Can You See?*, Laura Poitras, single-channel video, 2015. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8n5MV8UzVqE - 00:56

3 *Interview with crypto-mathematician William Binney, a retired NSA Technical Director and CIA Contractor*, Interview by the artist, filmed by Kirsten Johnson, 2012

4 *CITIZENFOUR*, Dir. Laura Poitras, HBO Films, 2014

I am fighting, but they've gotten inside so that I don't know if anyplace is private. If anyplace is safe. I'm trying to keep this new flat off the radar, so no phone, no connecting to the Internet without Tor. I've created my own isolation, so they win. They always win. I can fight all I want and I will lose. I will be destroyed, paranoid, forsaken, unable to sleep, think, love.[1]

— LAURA POITRAS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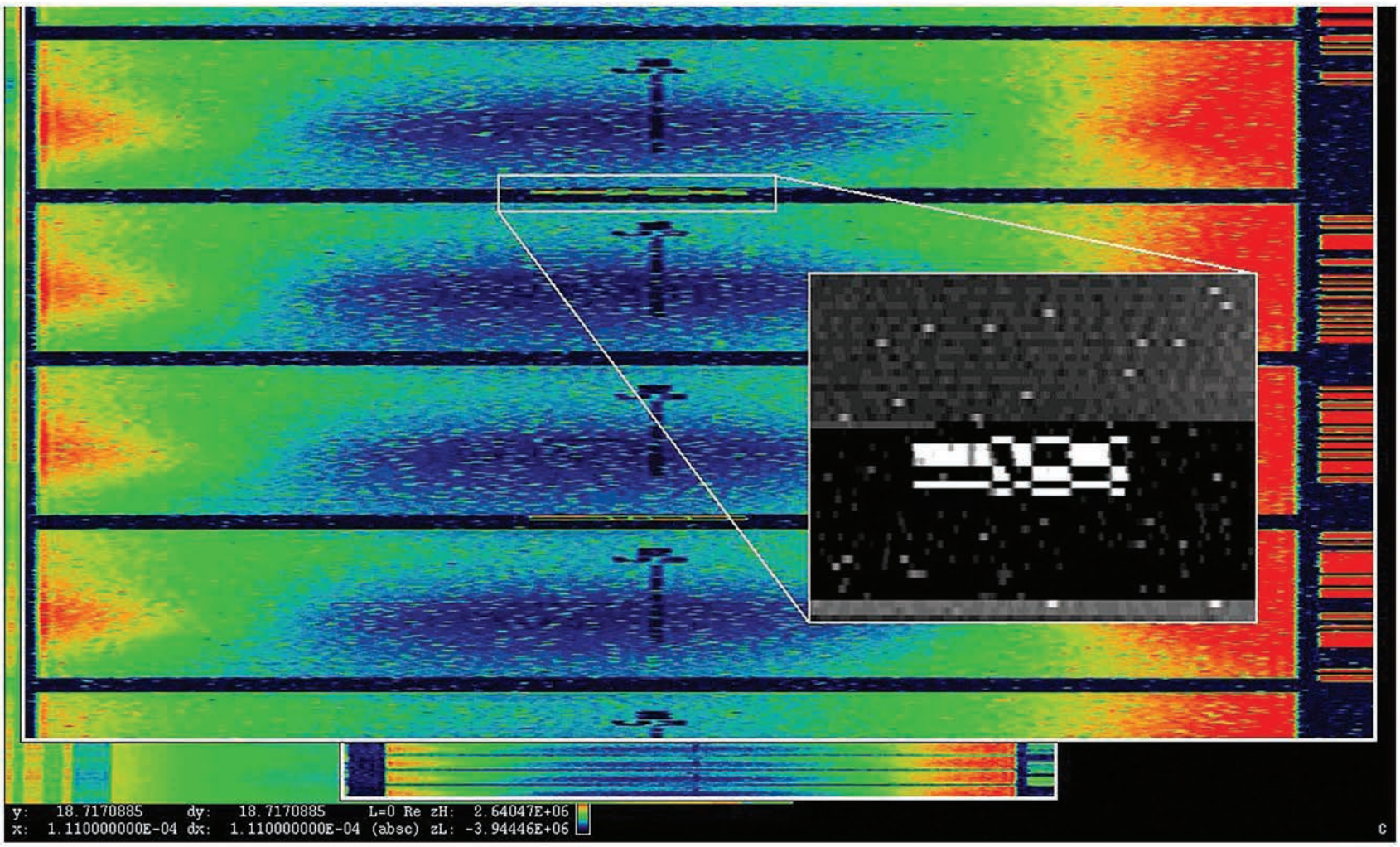
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The Interview: Red, Red, Future

MPA // CONTEMPORARY ARTS MUSEUM HOUSTON

By Ruslana Lichtzier

A MISSED CALL

Since the 1910 Thomas Edison movie *A Trip To Mars*, Orson Wells' radio-drama *The War of the Worlds* in 1938, to Ridley Scott's 2015 film *The Martian*, modern culture has manifested a preoccupation with the planet Mars. *THE INTERVIEW: RED, RED FUTURE*, a solo exhibition at the Contemporary Arts Museum Houston by the American artist known by the moniker MPA, is another coordinate in this lineage.

Curated by Dean Daderko, the museum website describes the exhibition as a stage for the artist's ongoing research concerning Mars' future and, more broadly, for the consideration of its "colonial implications of settling the planet, how scientific and mythical beliefs can co-exist, and imagination as a source of power."[1] This, accompanied by dark red documentation images that resonated with low-fi, retro-futuristic aesthetics, promised an enticing experience in contemplative and investigative environment. I decided to visit the exhibition.

Upon entering the lower level where the exhibition is held, viewers are faced with an angled wall that blocks out ambient light from spilling into the rest of the space. The wall text guides to enter through the dimness on the left—passing through the narrow entrance, a photograph with a thick black frame is hung on the wall. The image captures two spotlighted circles moving over a pitch-black background. I learn that the photograph was taken by MPA in 29 Palms, CA, where she relocated from New York City three years ago, to focus on the body of work that led to this show; it captures an "unexplained celestial event in the night sky above."[2] On the floor beneath the photograph, I notice the beginning of a long, broken line of red wooden stakes that will define, in many ways, the spatial experience of the exhibition. This is *Long Line* (2015), a sequential assemblage of wooden stakes, bits of weathered plastic, metal, Styrofoam, rubber, and ceramic shards, that were gathered by MPA in the desert near 29 Palms.

Following the line, I am reminded of Richard Long's sculptural formations of found natural materials—in slate or limestone—and their arrangement in circles and lines. However, whereas Long's installations were a resolution of a walking-as-art practice that considered the natural landscape as its medium, MPA's take on the landscape is of its performance as a post-apocalyptic stage. After all, the weathered plastic, Styrofoam, and ceramic shards are all human-made waste that will remain long after our disappearance. But this "post-apocalyptic" gesture is minor, elementary in context; the effect is mostly referential—"this" recalls "that." However, while the judgment against these aesthetics is questionable—it is always a partial, subjective judgment—the work resists revelation; it has no alchemy.

Following this path is the installation of *ISS Clock* and *CODEX* (2015)—a floor piece, consisting of square glass tiles, arranged in a slightly scattered composition, that fragment a large black & white aerial photograph. The photograph depicts a segment of the ancient geometric Nazca Lines, geoglyphs located in Peru's desert.[3] Slowly swinging above hangs the *ISS Clock*, two computer-programmed theatrical lights that follow the twenty-four hour cycle of sixteen sunrises and sunsets that astronauts see from the International Space Station (ISS). The lights, which are equipped with ultraviolet bulbs, affect the *CODEX*'s glass plates, which are coated with a photochromic dye. When the UV rays hit the glass, it produces a purple shadow, slowly moving over the fragmented floor piece. As with *Long Line*, the formal elements fail to coalesce—the heavy placement of the two works in relation to one another collapses under MPA's decision to give two titles to one installation. In practice, the work is mute without the data that supports it. While the work uses information, it does not create it.

The overlay of the two worlds, Mars & Earth, is powerful, radiating alarming possibilities.

Following *Long Line,* installed on the far right is *Mars,* a large red pigment print. In front of and adjacent the print is a large red wooden frame, placed on the floor, echoing and magnifying the dimensions of the print. The print is a composite of what looks to be Planet Mars and the landscape of 29 Palms. The overlay of the two worlds, Mars and Earth, is powerful, radiating alarming possibilities. In front of the print is a long red wooden seating structure—it is very low, and the back of it is on wide angle; it seems uncomfortable, and if there was an invitation to sit, I resisted it—next to a red pedestal with a red telephone. This work, which invites participation, reiterates the title of the show, and appears to be its gravitational center. *The Interview* (2016) is a direct telephone line to the artist. The exhibition's online text reads: "During their intimate conversations, MPA and visitors will speak about life on Mars… *The Interview*'s one-on-one exchange is an opportunity for mutual imagining that creates the possibility of a subjective counter-narrative. Who is interviewing whom? The artist? The visitor? In this open exchange, two beings come together to imagine with one another." Again, I resisted the invitation, and did not pick up the phone. Perhaps, I was momentarily an introvert, though the act of enforcing a specific verbal conversation felt exploitative in this context. The setup obstructs any possibility of an "intimate" conversation with the inherent hierarchy between the two sides of the line—one is the artist, voice of elected control, the other an anonymous voice of the public. Intimate conversation tends not to follow one topic, and can be spontaneous, complex, and go sideways, not directive.

Across this installation, a red light emanates from an exit door. The door is closed and guarded by a museum worker. When I try to cross *Long Line,* which circumscribes my access to the door, I am stopped—MPA wants us to see the closed door and the red light from afar, as if to contain the magic, but this breaks the spell. Being barred access, and provided with only the limited perspective, the exhibition reveals itself as an unsuccessful manipulation of data, that does not transform matter itself.

Yet, I do not give up. I buy the catalogue. I want to know who failed. Was it me or the exhibition? The catalogue, beautifully designed, begins with sixteen pages of red and black minimal images. The first text is a letter exchange between the artist, Stefano Harney, and Fred Moten. The text begins with the concept of *THE UNDERCOMMERS*, that will be familiar only to a few, because many have not read the book in which Harney and Moten developed the concept. I struggle; I bought the exhibition catalogue to understand the exhibition better, but I understand less and less. On the second page, responding to MPA's image *Mars*, Harney and Moten write: "maybe the cool thing about this picture, maybe about pictures in general, is that if you linger your vision doubles, interacting with irreducible blur that's already there anyway in a way that solicits certain assumptions regarding (the relation between) ontology and representation."[4] This is the first time MPA's work is being addressed in the catalogue; I am lost. The language, and reasoning behind the soft generalization of one specific picture to all pictures is difficult to understand, but moreover, it is dangerous. The assertions in the catalogue alienate those that are not fluent with the specific jargon, producing instead an elitist conversation that marginalizes itself, and has little effect in reality. Secondary, it utilizes art as a prop in a philosophical thought experiment, which is, well, not the purpose of art.

— This brings us back to the beginning: while the exhibition's online existence proposes a complex, sensitive endeavor, it delivers a different experience in reality. This exposes a hidden structure: the exhibition-production machinery that exploits the online platform to create an archive of shows that are "tagged" with the right wording: in this case, the history and the future of colonization. Sounds good. Though there is no visible correlation between the colonization plans of Mars and the bloody history of white colonization on earth, as MPA attempts to convey, because, well, there are no living beings on Mars. This misuse of the term not only de-politicizes the artistic discourse surrounding exhibitions, but also runs the risk of converting the contemporary art on view into a "tagged" commodity.

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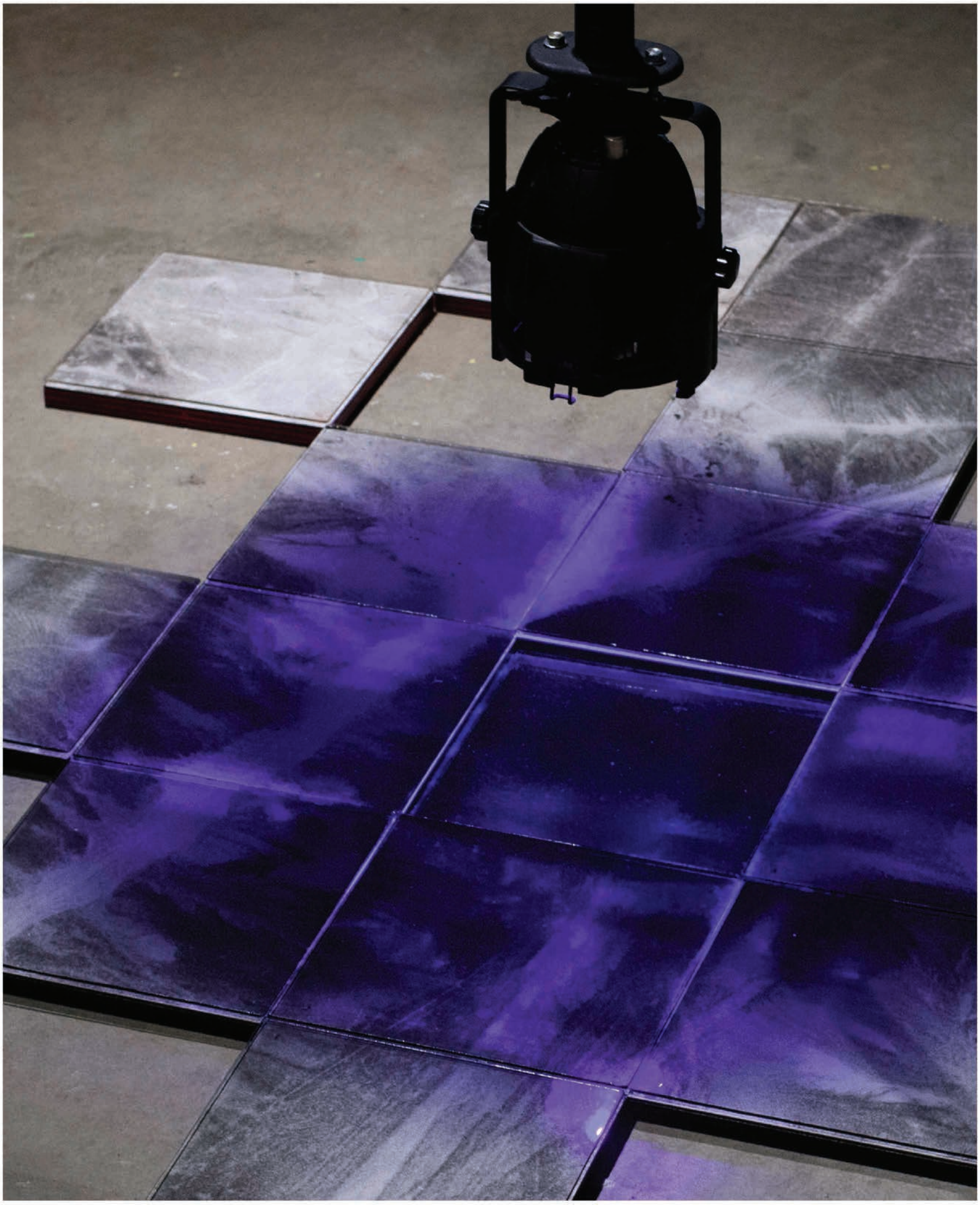
***THE INTERVIEW: RED, RED FUTURE* is on view at the Contemporary Arts Museum Houston through June 5, 2016.**



TITLE PAGE:
MPA, *Mars*, 2014-15. *THE INTERVIEW: Red, Red Future*, Contemporary Arts Museum Houston, Houston, TX, 2016. Courtesy the artist and Contemporary Arts Museum Houston. Photo: Max Fields

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PAGE 22 TOP:
MPA, *Eye*, 2015. *THE INTERVIEW: Red, Red Future*, Contemporary Arts Museum Houston, Houston, TX, 2016. Courtesy the artist and Contemporary Arts Museum Houston. Photo: Max Fields

PAGE 22 BOTTOM:
MPA, *The Interview*, 2015, *Red Frame*, 2014, and *Mars* 2014-15. *THE INTERVIEW: Red, Red Future*, Contemporary Arts Museum Houston, Houston, TX, 2016. Courtesy the artist and Contemporary Arts Museum Houston. Photo: Max Fields

PAGE 23:
MPA, *ISS Clock* and *CODEX*, 2015. *THE INTERVIEW: Red, Red Future*, Contemporary Arts Museum Houston, Houston, TX, 2016. Courtesy the artist and Contemporary Arts Museum Houston. Photo: Max Fields

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BELOW:
MPA, *ISS Clock* and *CODEX*, 2015. *THE INTERVIEW: Red, Red Future*, Contemporary Arts Museum Houston, Houston, TX, 2016. Courtesy the artist and Contemporary Arts Museum Houston. Photo: Max Fields

1 http://camh.org/exhibitions/interview-red-red-future#.VvQAC5MrK34, visited on March 24, 2016

2 *Ed. Rose D'Amora & Patricia Restrepo, MPA, THE INTERVIEW: RED, RED FUTUTRE, Contemporary Arts Museum, Houston, 2016, p. 10*

3 Geoglyphs are immense ancient designs, dating to between 500 B.C.E. and 500 C.E, and can span hundreds of feet across

4 Ed. Rose D'Amora & Patricia Restrepo, *MPA, THE INTERVIEW: RED, RED FUTUTRE*, Contemporary Arts Museum, Houston, 2016, p. 3

HOW MUCH LAND

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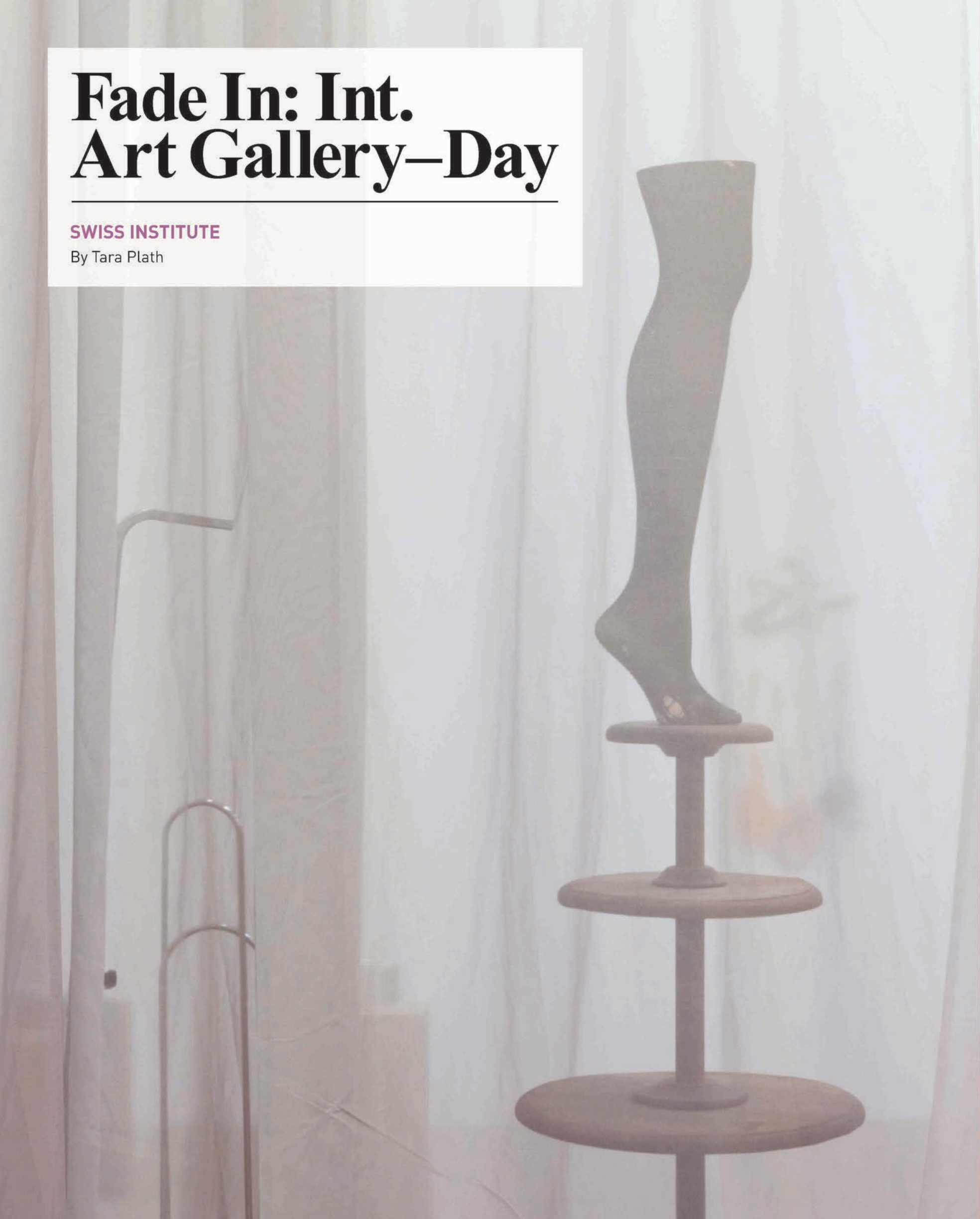
painting detail: Anna Kunz

Fade In: Int. Art Gallery–Day

SWISS INSTITUTE

By Tara Plath



GESTURES OF REFERENCE

Depictions of art and artists in film and television are almost never flattering, and can often border on making a mockery of the troubled artist, the suave collector, the prim gallerist, the unknowable abstract painting, or romanticized portraiture. But then what to make of the mimicry of mockery? That is what we are faced with in the Swiss Institute's current exhibition, *FADE IN: INT. ART GALLERY – DAY*, which brings together a wide array of artists to toy with the idea of art and artifice. The exhibition includes a far ranging collection—from images culled directly from the film sets, to montage video, props, and installations—that takes art on the screen as its primary concern, before fraying into loose tendrils of approach.

The exhibition puts forth a different kind of visual literacy than is usually understood of a gallery or museum: a cinephile's trivia haven that will leave many grasping for the reference. That tension is somewhat alleviated by an exhibition guide, which includes detailed descriptions of each piece, naming its source material and providing additional images to aid the visitor. Art historical references are replaced by nods to films and TV such as *Xanadu* (1980, Robert Greenwald), *9½ Weeks* (1997, Anne Goursaud), and *The X-Files*.

Meanwhile, the press release posits, "an enquiry into whether these fictional depictions in mass media ultimately have greater influence in defining a collective understanding of art that art itself does."[1] For the most part, the works in the exhibition answer the query for us: *Absolutely, yes*. Not quite art exhibition, not quite wax museum, *FADE IN* forcibly asserts a dichotomy of understanding: on the one hand it asks an art audience to face and acknowledge the shallowest version of itself—defined by props in the background and character tropes. On the other, it challenges a wider public to consider these props as something more, attempting impossibly to wrest them from their Hollywood context for a deeper consideration, of which they may not be deserving. If when on the screen, works of art are accessible and impactful to the greater public through widely understood cultural connotations (symbols of wealth, excess, highbrow culture, and classicism, or products of psychologically turmoil and indulgent suffering), then—when recreated in the space of the gallery—they are neutered of content beyond their source, serving only to re-establish a base understanding of art as artifice.

— Take for instance Danai Anesiadou's mixed media installation, *Vesica iscis: Down with all States, Down with all Churches. Long live this Painter* (2016). The work is comprised of artistic motifs from three films, *Teorema* (1968, Pier Paolo Pasolini), *Minnie & Moskowitz*,[2] (1971, John Cassavetes), and *4 Adventures of Reinette and Mirabelle* (1987, Éric Rohmer). In the resulting installation, disparate elements—a loosely drawn eye on the wall, a black fence fastened to the wall with fake leaves and straw hats attached, a pane of glass covered in rigid black and white paint strokes leaning upon two chairs, and a monochromatic blue painting framed in white upon the ground—produce an installation that approaches a critique of superficial depictions of filmic representations of art, but comes dangerously close to imitating contemporary art today. It is a parody of itself, using direct imitation and collage to produce something cool, detached, and all too familiar.

Bifurcating the


I WANT TO
BELIEVE

space is Rodrigo Matheus' installation, *Scene Game* (2016). The short wall that splits the levels of the Swiss Institute's exhibition space is painted like faux marble, while red carpet lines the stairs and edge of the upper space. Along the carpet, semi-transparent curtains and various ambiguous props create a dividing wall. Described in the release as an architectural intervention, the installation serves more as an exhibition way-finding device, than its own entity.

With twenty-five artists included, many of the works get lost in the noise. Various objects and paintings from the GALA Committee, perhaps the most critically engaged with the questions at hand, are easily glossed over in favor of the various videos and installations. Nairy Baghamian avoids the derivative with visual poetics in her wall-hanging sculpture *B 75, Mod. NB, Ref. CO, MM* (2012)—a re-interpretation of Claes Oldenburg's tribute to Marilyn Monroe in *Ghost Wardrobe (for M.M.)* (1967).

The exhibition's blockbuster is Christian Marclay's *Made To Be Destroyed* (2016), a super-cut of scenes depicting the rampant destruction of artwork, calling to mind recent news videos of the Islamic State's current war on antiquities. Included is an extensive shoot-out in the Guggenheim Museum in the 2009 film *The International* (Tom Tykwer), as well as scenes of Jack Nicholson as The Joker in *Batman* (1989, Tim Burton) massacring an art collection. *Made To Be Destroyed* reasserts art as a symbol of institutional order and an establishment of value. In mass media, art is threatened by polar dystopias: censorship and confiscation at the hands of an authoritarian government, or destroyed by complete dissolution of the state in the face of terror. In popular representation, the works are understood as "priceless" because of their historical significance, while also inconceivably expensive as evidenced in public market sales; their destruction becomes a symbolic erasure of history, as well as an assertion of a new currency and world order. Down with the artwork comes institutional hegemony; idealism goes up in flames, with only Francis Bacon's *Figure with Meat* (1954), spared by The Joker—a painting that debases the Pope in a butcher shop.

A crowd pleaser, *Made To Be Destroyed* serves as the final word on the exhibition. As paintings burn and statues tumble, it is not difficult to imaging the audience of the films included reveling in fine art disaster: the media for the masses depicting destruction of elitist artifacts. The ultimate trope put forth is not defined by the image of the artist or the creation of any one artwork, but in the hedonistic witnessing of art's demise. The bridge *FADE IN* builds between audiences is one-way: a begrudging acknowledgement that the collective understanding of art has nothing to do with art itself, but with what it symbolizes for those who consume it via film and television. This is by no means an illusion created by Hollywood, but one self-perpetuated by an art world that gorges itself on its own myth and image.

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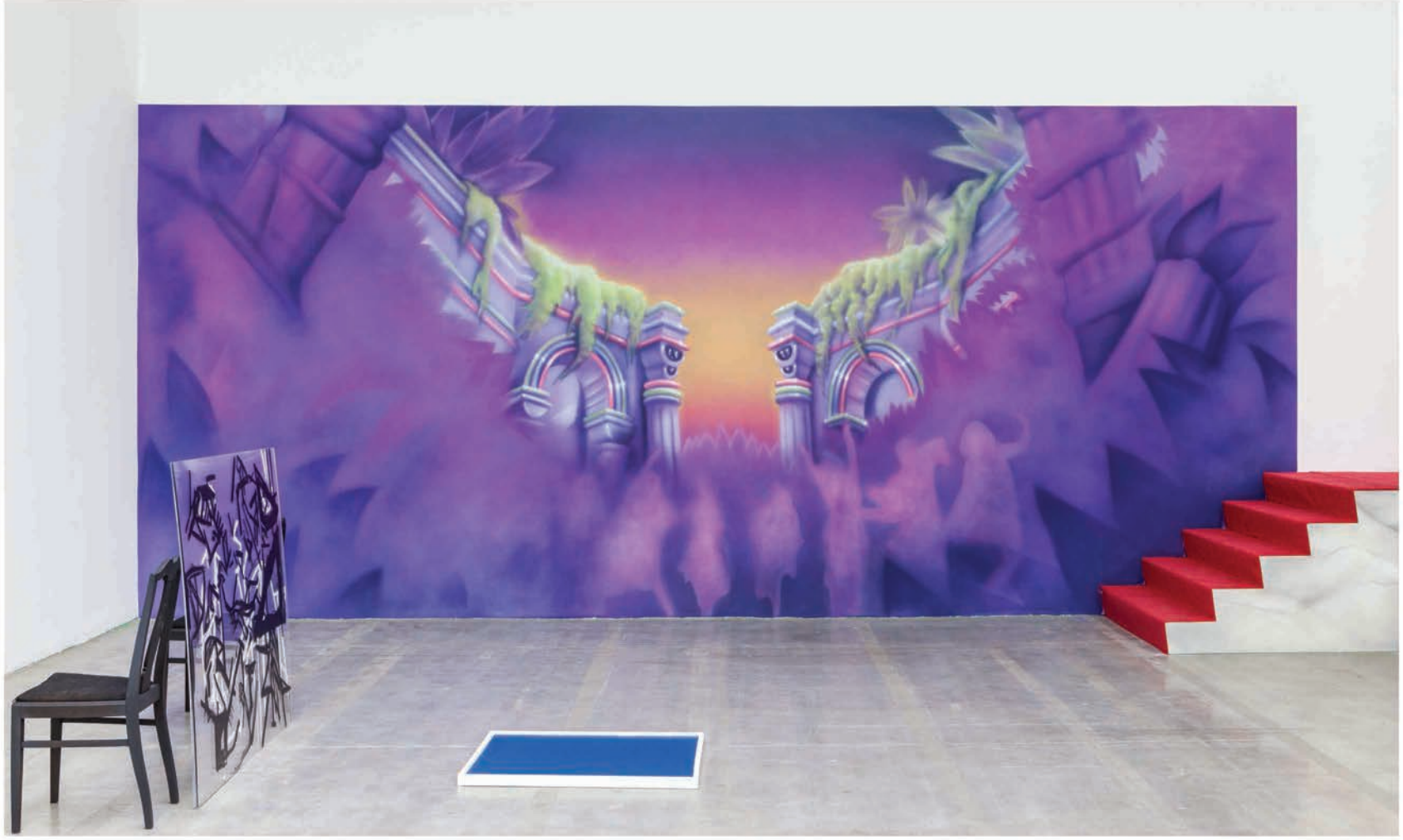
***FADE IN: INT. ART GALLERY – DAY* is on view at the Swiss Institute through May 8, 2016.**



TITLE PAGE:
Rodrigo Matheus, *Scene Game* (detail), 2016. Curtains, carpet, faux marble, painting and props. Courtesy of the artist

RIGHT:
Installation view: (left) Henrique Medina, *Portrait of Hurd Hatfield as Dorian Gray*, 1945. Oil on canvas. Private collection (right) Cindy Sherman, *The Evil Twin*, 2016. Hidden painting, black velvet. Courtesy of the artist

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PREVIOUS SPREAD:
Rodrigo Matheus, *Scene Game*, 2016. Curtains, carpet, faux marble, painting and props. Courtesy of the artist

LEFT PAGE:
Danai Anesidaou, *Vesica Piscis: Down with all States. Down with all Churches. Long live this Painter*, 2016. Mixed media. Courtesy of the artist

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BELOW:
Christian Marclay, *Made To Be Destroyed*, 2016. Video, color, stereo, sound, 16:9 ratio, mp4 with an H264 codec, 24 minutes. Courtesy of the artist and Paula Cooper Gallery, New York

1 https://www.swissinstitute.net/exhibition/fade-in-int-art-gallery-day/

2 IMDB synopsis: "A museum curator falls in love with a crazy parking attendant"

If when on the screen, works of art are accessible and impactful to the greater public through widely understood cultural connotations (symbols of wealth, excess, highbrow culture, and classicism, or products of psychologically turmoil and indulgent suffering), then—when recreated in the space of the gallery—they are neutered of content beyond their source, serving only to re-establish a base understanding of art as artifice.

PICTURED: 2015 Northern Trust Purchase Prize, "Jaw X," JJ PEET, On Stellar Rays Gallery, New York

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Features

Kerry James Marshall

PROFILE OF THE ARTIST

By Caroline Picard

"We are not, as we sometimes like to imagine, independent thinkers with our own unique & groovy style of cognition: we have in fact inherited a narrow repertoire of prefab concepts, and we find ourselves thinking as thinking things on highly ramified architectonics of ideas, and along deeply grooved paths of thought-action." [1]

— KAREN HOULE

Kerry James Marshall has consistently taken the canon of art history and the myriad network of art institutions it has occupied to task for their grave omission of blackness. His first retrospective, *Mastry*—which opened in April of 2016 at the Museum of Contemporary Art (MCA) in Chicago, travelling thereafter to The Metropolitan Museum of Art (The Met) in New York and the Museum of Contemporary Art (MOCA) in Los Angeles—captures the breadth of that effort. What emerges from the constellation of works included in his survey is an astonishingly perfect argument, beginning with a series of self-portraits from the 1980s, carrying on through the following decade with works like *De Style* (1993), a study of young men at a barber shop; the similarly large-scale *Garden Project* (1997) paintings of public housing projects; to a series of Rococo-style vignettes (2000), featuring men and women lolling on grassy knolls, or beside wishing wells, surrounded by cartoonish clouds of hearts. Marshall uncovers darker histories within these works, as well, such as in his portraits of the Stono Group—members of a 1739 slave rebellion who have since been marginalized in history books—to challenge the ways in which formalism re-inscribes a system of violence through omission. Even more recent works include figure paintings about painting, where various subjects pose in the artist's studio, or sit before easels in the midst of their own (often paint-by-number) backdrops. Abstraction continually plays in and out of all of these works, but appears most vehemently in a final series of pink, black, and green color fields from 2014 and 2015. These *Untitled (Blot)* works are reminiscent of Rorschach tests, standing in as strange mirrors in the figurative ensemble Marshall otherwise provides. Perhaps, as a dangerously self-diagnostic tool, these blots reflect patterns of thought and invisible habit embedded not only in art historical institutions and American ideology, but the viewers, critics, and conversation that attend them. Thankfully, Marshall's ability to assert his hand so directly upon the old grooves of thinking Houle describes offers a preliminary step to something new. ——— Through the accrued action of these paintings, Marshall populates the white walls of public, cultural space with a rich and complex tableau of black lives. As with all the figures he paints, Marshall's message cannot be reduced to a single note or generic archetype, but rather a network of people, contexts, styles, time periods and feelings. These works are disarming, rebellious, charming, dangerous, heartbroken, playful, loving, and full of rage. The stakes are high. Perhaps what comes across most when surveying over thirty-five years of Marshall's efforts is his practiced ability to dispute the institution with its own institutional language. The result is as much an act of protest as a movement toward repair. ——— Marshall makes paintings—the most darling medium of art history!—and primarily representational paintings at that. Scale is also of importance; he produces history paintings so large they cannot help but command attention. [2] As is characteristic of Marshall's artistic abilities—his mastery—the paintings are packed with references and allegorical hints, out of which a coherent picture emerges. By quoting religious iconography, folk art, medical imagery, traditional representation, and modern abstraction in turns, Marshall demonstrates how a single flat and static picture plane is produced by an ongoing, atemporal suite of influences. In other words—and maybe even like Benjamin's *Angel of History*—the past happens simultaneously in front of us, on the canvas. The only question left unanswered is what might come next.

"This is how the angel of history must look. His face is turned toward the past. Where a chain of events appears before *us, he* sees one single catastrophe, which keeps piling wreckage upon wreckage and hurls it at his feet. The angel would like to stay, awaken the dead, and make whole what has been smashed. But a storm is blowing from Paradise and has got caught in his wings; it is so strong that the angel can no longer close them. This storm drives him irresistibly into the future to which his back is turned, while the pile of debris before him grows toward the sky. What we call progress is *this* storm." [3]

It therefore seems fitting that Marshall's referential strategies—his interest in quoting culture and history—begin with *A Portrait of the Artist as a Shadow of His Former Self* (1980). Inspired by Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*, and born from dissatisfaction he felt about the abstract collage work he had been making since graduate school, Marshall dove into human representation, publicly vowing never to paint a white subject. The figure in the portrait is hard to make out except by silhouette: he wears a cowboy-like hat—a gambler or fedora—which might be significant given Marshall's specifically American interests; otherwise you see the bright gleam of a smile with one tooth missing, the whites of his eyes, and the corner of a collarless, button up shirt peering out beneath an equally dark coat. This is the artist as a shadow of what he once was—the "once was" like the receding and inaccessible shape we, viewers, know to exist but cannot see. The picture marks a point of origin, the beginning of a thought that continues to unfold and develop from this point in his work onwards. It is similar perhaps to the opening passages of James Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,*

"Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was coming down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo." [4]

Like Joyce, Marshall builds from this portrait forward, and like Joyce's protagonist, Stephen Dedalus, the exhibition maps the development of Marshall's artistic and intellectual vision, gaining strength and virtuosity as it goes. Not long after, in 1981, Marshall quotes himself in *Portrait of the Artist & a Vacuum*. The first 1980 self-portrait appears in a frame hanging on a red wall behind a vacuum cleaner that is neither plugged in nor put away. As that first self-portrait captures Marshall's early commitment to the human figure, so this second iteration captures his interest in the figure's context, his or her domestic spaces—for just as black bodies have been omitted from the history of art, so has the everyday-ness of their ranging domestic lives. ——— *De Style* (1993), an improvisational homonym to the art historical movement De Stijl, marks another turning point. Here, Marshall goes large—spreading into almost ten feet of canvas, while continuing to articulate a vernacular style of marginalized American life.


HOOF OF GOLIATH


TATE
27 Jan 16 May 2010
SCHOOL
It's Your HAIR!
Love
DARK
COLOR CHANGES
Lovely
SHEBA CO

Elements like the patternned floor tile, product packaging, plants, and drawer handles flatten into the picture plane, as both abstract and representational elements. "In *De Style*, Marshall sneaks into the picture the rectilinear compositional structure and flat planes of color that are characteristic of Mondrian: the red rectangles of the sides of the counter, the white of the counter's drawers, the wavy quadrangle of blue that hangs in the upper left corner, and the yellow of the trashcan create a syncopated visual rhythm that gleefully recalls Mondrian's own."[5] Marshall captures an autonomous and cohesive world, one that acknowledges the existence of art historical movements while challenging the deep-seated and various assumptions embedded within it.

This painting was the first of Marshall's to be purchased by a museum. Its acquisition by the Los Angeles County Museum of Art marks the early success of Marshall's campaign to destabilize institutional definitions of beauty and style, troubling their otherwise lily-white ideals. *School of Beauty, School of Culture* (2012) belongs to the same family of work. Using a predominantly Pan-African pallet of red, black, and green, Marshall paints twelve figures—both male and female—busy in a beauty shop. As with *De Style*, he takes advantage of the architectural space to insert cultural referents like Lauryn Hill's 1998 award-winning album, *The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill* hanging above the door, or the shop clock with "Nation Time" written on its face, an inscription that simultaneously quotes the live album by saxophonist and composer Joe McPhee, and the 1970s Black Power Movement. Marshall includes an exhibition poster from Chris Ofili's 2010 exhibition at the Tate Britain, winking at the artist's landmark inclusion in an institutional space, as well as more personal items, such as the graduation picture of somebody's daughter or sister pinned to the shop wall. Despite this fairly direct referential approach, there are curious breakdowns in the representational logic—the most obvious being an anamorphic face of a Disney-esque blonde-haired, blue-eyed girl, who occupies the foreground of the space. This is the image that interests a child in the picture plane, as he or she stoops to decipher its meaning. Like Holbein's skull in *The Ambassadors* (1533), the blonde cartoon infuses the otherwise robust commitment to black beauty with a shadow of undeniable influence. Marshall's composition ensures that both subjects inside the picture and viewers looking at it have to negotiate the character's specter. The painting's environment is one that is compressed and foreshortened —a feeling heightened by the mirrored surfaces lining the back wall, adding a sense of surveillance and restriction to the picture. The horizon line of the composition is very near at hand. Additionally, a male figure, captured in profile on the right hand side wears a ruffled and vaguely historical collar that points to another shadow of the past.

For Marshall, the mark of history is close at hand, whether juxtaposing windowless shot gun style houses used to house slaves with the study of a woman's body in *Beauty Examined* (1993), or the awesome slippage between modernist and graffiti mark making in the *Garden Project* series. He includes the faces of great Civil Rights Activists in paintings like *Souvenir I* (1997), and conversely memorializes bystanders of a lynching in *Heirlooms and Accessories* (2002). Whereas the focus of the original photographs tend toward the bodies of two black young men hanging over a sea of white faces, Marshall renders the black bodies in white disappearing them into the white picture plane, and framing instead three white women who gaze directly, with disconcerting casualness, at the camera—frozen forever in their complicity. Marshall does not shy away from our violent past and its pressure on the present. In the portrait *Lost Boys: AKA Lil Bit* (1993), a young man stares directly at the viewer, surrounded by a line drawing of a halo—above him, a cloud of floral-like patterns and writing are combined to produce a memorializing effect. One assumes this young man is dead, or perhaps has become a criminal of some sort, a lost cause. The portrait evokes troublesome cultural associations—troublesome because in fact there is very little to suggest what this young man's *lost-ness* is about, except for often invisible but collective cultural assumptions about the lives of young black men. These are the associations Marshall actively subverts. Sometimes his figures *are* dangerous. In *The Portrait of Nat Turner with the Head of his Master* (2011), Marshall depicts the figure right after committing an act of violence: a man in simple brown clothes carries a blood-soaked cleaver. A decapitated head lies in the bed behind him. Identified by name, Turner returns the gaze at the viewer without apology. Unlike the women in *Heirlooms and Souvenirs*, however, Turner is not casual. Marshall further complicates the viewer's relationship to violence in *The Actor Hezekiah Washington as Julian Carlton, Taliesin Murderer of Frank Lloyd Wright Family* (2009), in which one actor poses as another historically identified criminal: the servant who murdered Lloyd Wright's mistress' family around the same time the architect had abandoned his own.

In all this work, it is as if Marshall gives voice to the ways in which young African American men are easily identified as threats due to a historically erroneous conflation. The entirely dangerous weight of hierarchy, confusion, role-playing, and exploitation boils up. A young woman seated on a carpeted floor at the top of the stairs has a yearbook at her side, exclaiming in cartoon clouds, *SOB SOB* (2003). Through painting, Marshall shoulders—or has to shoulder—the horror of our collective past with unwavering attention, playing with what is and is not visible, and its implicit relationship to violence and social patterns. As with *Scipio Moorhead, Portrait of Himself, 1776* (2007), or the *Untitled* painters from 2008-2009, an inherent circumstantial violence marginalizes those artist's potential. *Black Painting* (2003–2006), a work that took three years to complete, depicts Black Panther member Fred Hamptom lying in bed just before a police raid that killed him. Here, Marshall explores blackness as an essential and normative condition to such an extent that the painting itself is almost impossible to photograph. It is is inherently resistant, denying a certain reproducibility in favor of a concentrated discernment. Viewers have to spend time with this work, projecting themselves into that room where we know, at any minute, the police will arrive and disrupt the darkness forever. *Black Painting*'s ranging and intrinsic quality of *blackness* becomes a normative condition of the work.[6] By challenging the otherwise predominantly white western norms of most museum collections, it gives rise to Marshall's other seemingly impossible, though perhaps more mundane, challenge: to maintain a steady look at colonial history, to keep a hand on an American present, and all the while maintain a positive outlook for the future.

Marshall identifies this as a common aspect of black experience. "You have people trying to reclaim that past, but also trying to survive a difficult present and project themselves into a future with more possibility."[7] Indeed, as Marshall suggests, what would help the entire country move through our racial divide is to take a collective responsibility for our troublesome roots: that the American dream has not been available unequivocally to all—that too many have benefitted (and continue to benefit) from its exclusionary tactics—but that we might yet make it so. As Claudia Rankine recently wrote in the *The New York Times Magazine*, "The legacy of black bodies as property and subsequently three-fifths human continues to pollute the white imagination. To inhabit our citizenry fully, we have to not only understand this, but also grasp it."[8]

This is his first retrospective. As its title suggests, and according to the challenge of Marshall's mission, *Mastry* is a historical achievement. The weight of that accomplishment is staggering. It is as though he set himself upon a seemingly impossible mission that answers to the entirety of art history, imposing himself upon that history with a propositional, and complex revision.

Like a dogged activist, he insistently asserts not The Black Body, as a singular entity, but many black individuals into historically white institutional spaces—not in just one museum either, but three: the MCA Chicago, The Met, and MOCA in Los Angeles. As co-curator Helen Molesworth writes, "Marshall's oeuvre is a sustained exegesis on the

ways in which the museum, painting, and the discipline of art history have participated—both historically and presently—in the defining, and maintaining of race as a naturalized category."[9]

— Two final notes come to mind. First, a quote, not by a curator or art historian, but by writer, journalist, and correspondent for *The Atlantic*, Ta-Nehisi Coates:

"That was a moment, a joyous moment, beyond the Dream—a moment imbued by a power more gorgeous than any voting rights bill. This power, this black power, originates in a view of the American galaxy taken from a dark and essential plant. Black power is the dungeon-side view of Monticello—which is to say, the view taken in struggle. And black power births a kind of understanding that illuminates all the galaxies in their truest colors. Even the Dreamers—lost in their great reverie—feel it, for it is Billie they reach for in sadness, and Mobb Deep is what they holler in boldness, and Isley they hum in love, and Dre they yell in revelry, and Aretha is the last sound they hear before dying. We have made something down here. We have taken the one-drop rules of Dreamers and flipped them. They made us into a race. We made ourselves into a people."[10]

Second, an improvisational music performance by Wadada Leo Smith and the Golden Quartet at The Logan Center at the University of Chicago last October. In conjunction with Smith's exhibition of scores at The Renaissance Society, the group played a song later referred to as "Freedom River Something" — a song with more than one name, Smith said, calling it also "Mississippi Runs Deep, Dark, and Flows." It is not just about the idea of history, but rather about objects that fell into the river and later emerged as undeniable artifacts. It is about a river that runs through the entire country. "It's about a tale of liberty and human rights, and when we play it, it is a struggle." It was a struggle. The musicians had not planned to play the song before they arrived; it wasn't rehearsed and the performance was stressful to watch—Smith acting as conductor regularly exhibited frustration. A microphone positioned inside the grand piano slipped onto the piano strings over and over again so that the pianist, Anthony Davis, regularly interrupted his playing to rise and resituate the mic. And the musicians got lost a few times as well, though

one could only tell by the fervent way one or another of them paged distractedly through the score. To hear it, though—trumpet, piano, upright base, and drums working through a live conversation—was "to overcome a moment," as Smith said, addressing the room afterwards. He described the importance of that effort and difficulty, stressing the fact that such collaborations are only possible with trust. "Every part [of the song] that doesn't work, gives us *much more* confidence that the next part is going to work out. And if the next part doesn't work, it builds our confidence to the maximum, that the *next* part is going to work. And if none of them work, that's what beauty is…and that's where art comes from…It [art] is about the human experience to overcome and achieve. It is like those memorial objects that were submerged into the Mississippi. They didn't stay down there. They came up and forced people to look at them and say, 'This is what happened.'" [11]

TITLE PAGE:
Kerry James Marshall, *The Actor Hezekiah Washington as Julian Carlton Taliesen Murderer of Frank Lloyd Wright Family*, 2009. Hudgins Family NY. © Kerry James Marshall. Courtesy of the artist and Jack Shainman Gallery, New York

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FOLLOWING SPREAD:
Kerry James Marshall, *School of Beauty, School of Culture*, 2012. Collection of the Birmingham Museum of Art; Museum purchase with funds provided by Elizabeth (Bibby) Smith, the Collectors Circle for Contemporary Art, Jane Comer, the Sankofa Society, and general acquisition funds. Photo: Sean Pathasema

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PAGE 39:
Kerry James Marshall, De Style., 1993. Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles, purchased with funds provided by Ruth and Jacob Bloom. Digital image © 2015 Museum Associates/LACMA. Licensed by Art Resource, New York

1 K. L. F. Houle, "Symmetries in Conceptual and Morphological Formation: The Difference Plant Body Growth Can Make to Human Thought," *Posthumanisms*, forthcoming

2 A conversation between Marshall and Angela Choon is quoted on page 116 of Marshall's forthcoming monograph, where he says, "I think it's important for a black artist to create black figure paintings in the grand tradition. Artworks you encounter in museums are often modest in scale. They don't immediately call attention to themselves. I started out using history painting as a model because I wanted to claim the right to operate at that level." *Mastry: Kerry James Marshall*, Edited by Helen Molesworth (Skira Rizzoli: New York, 2016), 116

3 Walter Benjamin on Paul Kleé's *Angel Novalus* (1920). Walter Benjamin, "Theses on the Philosophy of History," Illuminations, (Shocken Books: New York, 1968), 257

4 James Joyce, *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Project Gutenberg, http://www.gutenberg.org/files/4217/4217-h/4217-h.htm

5 Lanka Tattersall, "Black Lives, Matter," *Mastry: Kerry James Marshall*, p. 65

6 These remarks come from on a November 15, 2015 conversation that took place between Kerry James Marshall and Irena Haiduk during The Renaissance Society's Centennial Symposium, *In.Practice*, and documented on *e-flux Conversations*. http://conversations.e-flux.com/t/live-coverage-in-practice-symposium-at-renaissance-society-chicago/2862/11

7 Kerry James Marshall, "A Thousand Words: Kerry James Marshall Talks about Rhythm Mastr" (from Artforum, 2000), *Mastry: Kerry James Marshall*, 229

8 NYT magazine, Rankine

9 Helen Molesworth, "Thinking of a Mastr Plan: Kerry James Marshall and The Museum" *Mastry: Kerry James Marshall*, 32

10 Ta-Nehisi Coates, *Between The World and Me*, (Spiegal & Grau: New York, 2015), 145

11 Wadada Leo Smith and the Golden Quartet, with visuals by Jesse Gilbert, Logan Center for the Arts, University of Chicago, October 24, 2015. Presented in conjunction with Smith's exhibition *Ankhrasmation: The Language Scores*, 1967-2015 http://renaissancesociety.org/publishing/590/the-golden-quartet-concert/

We have made something down here. We have taken the one-drop rules of Dreamers and flipped them. They made us into a race. We made ourselves into a people.

— TA-NEHISI COATES

Tony Fitzpatrick: The Secret Birds

Barbara Rossi: Poor Traits

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Plural Pop

TATE MODERN // WALKER ART CENTER // MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART CHICAGO

By Stephanie Cristello

You know the cover by heart. The colors of their suits unfold from left to right in the only way they could; bright yellow, piercing pink, neon blue, to tangerine crimson—a picture perfect display of regalia, their names spelled out in flowers. The surrounding crowd, collaged and tightly pressed around them, pieced together portrait after portrait, feature their past selves, celebrities, caricatures, musicians, familiar and lesser known figures alike. The sky is blue, and the kick drum in the center of the composition holds the name of this unlikely assembly. This is the image of *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.* It represents one of the only true instances of "once-ness" in mid-century popular cultural production. The year was 1967; The Beatles' album release marked one of the first occurrences of synchronicity across international markets. The globalized dissemination of culture would not become expected until much later.

There are two essential interpretations of the term "Pop;" the first, of course, is an abbreviation of *popular*—still widely used today—and the second is onomatopoeic, *Pop!*—the sound of immediacy, everywhere and all at once. The prevalent history of Pop Art was emphatically Western—belonging to a British genealogy, where it was said to have emerged in the mid-1950s. The ubiquity of the movement was followed soon after by its rise in the United States, where it thrived throughout the following decade.[1] This is the history we know. As stated in the introduction of *Pop Art,* Taschen's original title on the movement, "Pop is entirely a Western cultural phenomenon, born under capitalist, technological conditions in an industrial society."[2] While the commercialism and market-based interests of Pop is, in many ways, a true telling of the movement's catalysts, the beginning could not be further from the truth. Pop's history has so far been associated with its *popularity*—with Richard Hamilton, Roy Lichtenstein, and Andy Warhol, among others in the cannon—but its presence is truer to the sound it triggers.

Pop was everywhere; you just did not see it.

A series of exhibitions that opened over the past year—*International Pop* at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, *The World Goes Pop* at the Tate Modern in London, and *Pop Art Design* at the Museum of Contemporary Art (MCA) Chicago—point toward a resurgence in a contemporary fascination with Pop production in a global way. In these exhibitions, International Pop was defined by what it was not. It was not American or British, but contended with consumer culture in its own, nationalistic way. While Taschen's 1990 publication credits a minor Western European existence of Pop, and even smaller Eastern European influence—"artists in the communist countries of Eastern Europe have only picked up the sparks and residual traces of this movement"[3]—with the exception of Japan, which was occupied by the US for years after WWII, Pop's market and consumer-based interests were said to not exist under communism, and other political contexts. It deserves attention that these leading institutions would, in the twenty-first century, try to correct the inaccuracy.

Pop was everywhere; you just did not see it.

Whether in an attempt to un-whitewash the history of Pop, or capitalize on an underrepresented market as an impetus to grow the collection, the proliferation of exhibitions in 2015–16 was not simply a staged repetition of work from these institutions' existing inventory. In the case of these shows, this trend unfolded in three unrelated occurrences, pointing toward a much-needed second look at the global generation of Pop. From Argentina to Brazil, Columbia to Croatia, Hungary, Iceland, Israel, Japan, Peru, Poland, and beyond—these shows made a concerted step forward to expand the field of what major institutions credit as influential to the movement.

This is Plural Pop.

We start with *Sgt. Pepper's*. While transnational communication was not a mid-century custom, The Beatles tested the boundaries of what was possible. Consumer culture may have been branded as *American*, but what Pop *did* was devise an aesthetic attitude that mimicked graphic techniques, flattened, simplified, and cut away—*mass media*, *desire*, *culture*: none of these things have one single hegemonic definition by nature. I am reminded of Hans Belting's notion of a "polyphonic art history,"[4] and I am compelled by the idea that the story we know is not the only story there is; but is rather one of multiple iterations, which can exist independently from, or in relation to, the dominant narrative.

This theory holds promise for a few reasons. The first being that, perhaps, the biggest caution for a reviewer writing about these three exhibitions—at the Tate and Walker primarily, but also at the MCA—is to draw comparisons that unite *everything else* in contrast to American and Western motives. That being said—there are a few significant tropes traced in the approach of this dispersed, decentralized Pop that arose out of each exhibition. The first, and most evident, was a palpable difference between the singular and the plural. The texture of the International Pop image was built on the multiple: not only as *production*, but also as *subject*. In place of Warhol's Marilyn Monroe, or the single pop icon (Elvis, Jackie Kennedy, Elizabeth Taylor, etc.), which was reproduced again and again until the image was degraded, and visibly broken down against the screen in succession, much of the international Pop that was on view in these exhibitions was inherently more politicized. Its subjects included the proletariat, the crowd, fleeing masses, or packs of troops.

This plurality was concentrated across all three exhibitions, whether in the exuberant painting collages of Erró (b. 1932, Iceland), which chronicled consumer culture pressed up against global politics in a signature cartoon style; Keiichi Tanaami's comic strip like canvases (b. 1936, Japan), whose tightly-packed and hyper colorful compositions critically illustrated the impact of American culture in foreign nations; or Beatriz González's (b. 1938, Colombia) radical paint-by-numbers-esque configurations that denounced the fetishization of Western art history, taking the cheap reproductions of Classical Art that were prevalent in circulation as a source to critique Colombia's Eurocentric gaze. Beyond the work included at the Tate and Walker, the plurality of context—both intended and incidental—is a product of Pop's multiplied visual field in the everyday environment, where consumer culture thrived. *Pop Art Design* at the MCA, curated by Michael Darling in collaboration with the Vitra Design Museum in Germany, traces this landscape with supreme agility, foregrounded through an emphasis on the functional and


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atmospheric facets of the movement. We start also with 1967 as an important chronological marker; the USSR and its satellite states celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the Russian Revolution, and China's Cultural Revolution gained momentum.[5] In Erró's 1968 painting, *American Interior No 1*, which was on view at the Tate, a red army of Maoist troops is pictured in the window, threatening to invade the home's peaceful pastel midcentury décor. The contrasting tableau of soldiers, lifted from a catalogue he bought in Paris, marked just one of the many early instances of his appropriation of international propaganda. In *Lovescape* (1973–74), included in Galerie Perrotin's exhibition *ERRÓ: Paintings 1959–2016* in New York, voluptuous female-like figures with animal heads, or bodies, make love to bombs, automobiles, rockets, locomotives, and missiles. In a sort of Hieronymus Bosch-like composition, set against the expansive backdrop of snow-capped mountains in first perspective, the sixty-nine couples each perform the 69 position. This is love in the age of machinery. The exotic animals—elephants, tigers, baboons, etc.—are illustrated in poster-like style, heavily outlined and graphic, evoking the affect of a nationalized erotica of technology and progress. For Erró, as in other international Pop artists, the flatness of the picture plane was born out of depth in pattern, not in surface. In Equipo Crónica's (b. 1940, Spain) *Socialist Realism and Pop Art in the Battlefield* (1969) also included at the Tate, the tropical iconography that occupies the majority of the canvas is captured within a thought bubble. Originating from a small portrait of El Greco in the lower left corner of the painting, Warhol's soup cans jut up against reductive poster-like imprints of revolutionary Maoist workers, comic styled sounds of explosions—such as *VOOMP* and *WHAAM!*—are placed against more simplified Japanese text characters, and lotus blossoms. Stemming from Crónica's larger practice, which questioned the "golden era" of Spanish identity, *Socialist Realism and Pop Art in the Battlefield* pictured, within a single plane, the debate over figuration in painting during the Cold War—between the political aesthetic of the Eastern Bloc and the commercial iconography of American Pop.

The plural subject of International Pop was not limited to what was portrayed on the canvas. Behind the Iron Curtain, progressive artists such as László Lakner (b. 1936, Hungary) did not examine consumer society so much as the "*condition humaine* of a soft dictatorship," in exhibitions reluctantly permitted by officials.[6] As far as global perception was concerned, where the West was defined by abundance, the East was characterized by

shortage. But for Pop, a movement predicated on appropriation, there was no shortage of materials—while standing in for *popular*, Pop can also be interpreted *populist,* and as such, could be developed in relative isolation from Western interests. In Lakner's *Rembrant Studies* series (1966), included at the Walker, the work could be seen as a counterpart to Rauschenberg—not only in terms of their montage-like composition, but in relation to his appropriation of Classical Art. Unlike Rauschenberg, even the most collage-like elements of Lakner's paintings were reproduced by hand. Their effect, photographic and disjointed, broke the picture plane in a similar way, depicting flatness in space through fragments. The palette of Lakner's work was pale in comparison to the high key tones of American Pop, which like Gonzalez's paintings, was born out of the nature of the source material: poorly reproduced images of sparsely available Western influences.

Japanese Pop was perhaps the only exception to these variations of "unavailability'that characterized the Eastern iterations of Pop on view across all exhibitions—venturing instead toward an almost hyper-American excess. Of course, there are differences between these contexts, namely the influx of Western-dominated culture as a result of the seven-year American Occupation after WWII. Ushio Shinohara's *Doll Festival* (1966) recalls *Ukiyo-e*, woodblock prints from the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries, in a contemporary composition—a three paneled painting that features a congregation of five figures, their outfits a mismatched blend of traditional and Western styles. The fluorescent swaths of orange across the screen-like composition provides a contemporary material complement to the more earthy elements of the palette. In various *Oiran* paintings, a female archetype of old Japan, one of which was included at the Walker, Shinohara provides a more precise counterpart to Warhol's Marilyn. Whereas in Warhol, the bright light of cinema paired with the reductive quality of silkscreen reproductions washed away nearly every detail of the cinematic portrait—the graphic suggestion of eyes, nose, and mouth the only features remaining—Shinohara accentuated the concept of this blank face through omission. His *Oirans* are pure white, faceless. They are almost more American then any other Western Pop artist because of this.

As these exhibitions finely navigate, it is hard to define the phenomena of International Pop without the description of what it is not. While Duchamp responded to industrialization with the readymade, Pop had to contend not only with the object, but the whole environment. This environment, one of image, was different in almost every national context—*Sgt. Pepper*'s was the exception, not the rule. As Jessica Morgan quotes Marshall McLuhan in her introduction to *The World Goes Pop*,

"Pop Art serves to remind us…that we have fashioned for ourselves a world of artifacts and images that are intended not to train perception or awareness, but to insist we merge with them as the primitive man merges with his environment. The world of modern advertising is a magical environment constructed to produce effects for the total economy, but not designed to increase human awareness…Pop Art is the product of drawing attention to some object in our own daily environment as if it were anti-environmental."[7]

In thinking about this "anti-environment," beginning with what International Pop *is not*, can actually be productive and generative to its history. As the Walker, Tate, and MCA attempt to cement in Pop's surrounding ideology, this polyphonic presence is led through institutional efforts. While nearly fifty years later, that these works by international artists would enter the collection now, in an age where previously unknown artists can be globally accessed, researched, and included into future narratives, is no small feat. To have these exhibitions enter the disseminated, global context of art history now is anachronistic in the best way possible. Plural Pop is contemporary, and has a renewed institutional relevance, now more than ever.

To have these exhibitions enter the disseminated, global context of art history now is anachronistic in the best way possible. Plural Pop is contemporary, and has a renewed institutional relevance, now more than ever.

TITLE PAGE:
Ushio Shinohara, *Doll Festival* 1966. Fluorescent paint, oil, plastic board on plywood. Hyogo Prefectural Museum of Art (Yamamura Collection). © Ushio and Noriko Shinohara

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PREVIOUS SPREAD:
ERRÓ, *Lovescape*, 1973-1974. Alkyd paint on canvas, 200 x 300 cm / 78 3/4 x 118 1/8 inches. Photo: Claire Dorn. © Erró / ADAGP, Paris & ARS, New York, 2016. Courtesy Galerie Perrotin

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LEFT, CLOCKWISE LEFT TO RIGHT:
ERRÓ, *American Interior No 1*,1968. Image courtesy of the Tate Modern, The World Goes Pop, 2015.

Equipo Crónica, (b. 1940, Spain), *Socialist Realism and Pop Art in the Battlefield* (1969). Image courtesy of the Tate Modern, 2015

Walker Art Center, *International Pop*, installation view. Image courtesy of the museum, 2015

1 Osterwold, Tilman. *Pop Art*. Köln: Taschen, 1990. Print

2 Ibid. p. 6

3 Osterwold, Tilman. *Pop Art*. Köln: Taschen, 1990. Print

4 Belting, Hans. *Art History after Modernism*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2003. Print

5 Sarah Wilson, "Children of Marx and Coca-Cola: Pop in a Divided World," *The World Goes Pop: The EY Exhibition*. London: Tate, 2015. Print. p. 113

6 Alexander, M. Darsie, and Bartholomew Ryan. *International Pop*. Minneapolis: Walker Art Center, 2015. Print

7 Jessica Morgan, "Political Pop: An Introduction," *The World Goes Pop*: The EY Exhibition. London: Tate, 2015. Print. p. 15

Mary Heilmann

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY

By Terry R. Myers

Anyone who knows her knows that there *is* something about Mary Heilmann. There is also something about her work that has provoked no less than four significant survey exhibitions in the past thirteen years: *All Tomorrow's Parties* (2003), *To Be Someone* (2007–09), *Good Vibrations* (2012–13), and, soon, *Looking at Pictures*, opening in June 2016 at the Whitechapel Gallery in London. In both cases, this "something" is the same thing—Heilmann is, in her work, a shape shifter and a time traveler. Her abstract paintings, objects, and installations have ways of morphing and being in and out of time all at once that would be fascinating enough if they came across—as they would if they were narratives—as alien, supernatural, or super heroic. And while there is plenty of evidence in terms of influence and devotion to suggest that Heilmann is in fact a superhero in the eyes of many artists, it is the workaday human-ness of her work that has unleashed and grounded its power—to do good—in a pure and playful agility.

The shape- shifting aspect of Heilmann's production is incessantly self-evident from work to work, exhibition to exhibition. Whether standing in front of a single painting, or in a room that features a collection of works (all Heilmann's or not), it is shape (almost always geometric) and color (almost always vibrant) that remains literally still, yet somehow perpetually in motion. Take, for example, *Cup Drawing* (1983), a smallish and seemingly unassuming work—with just seven painted segments of coiled and pinched clay that make a kind of "stick figure" cup. It is a work that embodies and emboldens all of the complexities of painting, drawing, and sculpture—not to mention the cyclical relationship of abstraction and representation—all the while setting off a directional energy reminiscent of the lines drawn around an animated cartoon character or the pulses of light that can represent shooting in an old-school video game. And as if these associations weren't enough, *Cup Drawing* also tells us a picture story about quieter moments in the life of a cup sitting on a shelf (in the studio, or at a window, or…).

A painting like *Maricopa Highway* (2014), from one of Heilmann's more recent (and to my mind, most brilliant) series, not only represents a leapfrog jump over her chronology, but also demonstrates the effectiveness of her shape-shifting-upon-shape-shifting quality that in the past few years she has kicked into high gear. Heilmann exhibited four of the "road" paintings on one wall in her solo exhibition *Geometrics: Waves, Roads, Etc.* at 303 Gallery in New York at the end of last year. By straightforwardly depicting depth, direction, distance, and duration, all within the familiarity of her formal terrain, these road pictures have brought another layer to the time traveling capabilities of her work. No painter of her generation has held as much simultaneous ground in the past, present and future. This is why her late 1970s pink and black paintings, such as *Tomorrow's Parties,* keep resonating over and over: Pachuco style from her 1950s youth in Los Angeles, New Wave from the time of their making, and the perpetual return that fantastic style is almost always guaranteed—all there on the wall, and all at once.

Heilmann has made good use of this sliding square motif since the 1970s: *Sliding Square: Green and Gold* (1975), *Tomorrow's Parties* (1979/1994), *Chartreuse* (1987), *Matisse* (1989), *Lifeline* (1990–94), *Renny's Right Geometry of a Wave* (2011), and, finally, *Maricopa Highway* will play out this history in London. Her recent mash-ups of these squares with disappearing (and lonely) roads do

so many things at once that it would seem impossible that these paintings could remain so unapologetically simple, but they do.

Every one of Heilmann's survey exhibitions has demonstrated that she has been many things at many times and, again, all at once: the late-to-the-party challenger-and-defender-in-chief of Modernism by way of re-engineering it, re-gendering it, replaying (with) it, and re-performing it all as a type of empowering drag. It is, of course, the expansiveness of her agility that has made it work, but that could have gone all self-indulgent and flat if not for a rock-solid conflation of rigor and the everyday. Her singular ability to tell us story after story in pictures of shapes, and shapes of pictures, is what has made Heilmann's work feminist at its core—but I remain someone who believes that that is a term of expansion rather than limitation. There is, of course, a persuasive counter-argument to be found in, for example, the controlled and intensified work of Gerhard Richter, but I am sure that one of the things I will appreciate the most about this upcoming Whitechapel survey is that it could be the one to bring Heilmann's argument home.

TITLE PAGE:
Mary Heilmann, *Primalon Ballroom*, 2002. Oil on canvas on wood, 50 x 40" ©Mary Heilmann. Photo credit: Oren Slor. Courtesy of the artist, 303 Gallery, New York, and Hauser & Wirth

PAGE 49:
Mary Heilmann, Installation view at 303 Gallery, New York, November 5—December 19, 2015. Courtesy 303 Gallery, New York.

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BELOW:
Mary Heilmann, *Matisse*, 1989. Oil on canvas, 54 x 54" ©Mary Heilmann. Photo credit: Michael Klein. Courtesy of the artist, 303 Gallery, New York, and Hauser & Wirth

RIGHT:
Mary Heilmann, *Cup Drawing*, 1983. Oil on ceramic, 12 x 19.25 x 1.5" ©Mary Heilmann. Photo credit: Pat Hearn Gallery. Courtesy of the artist, 303 Gallery, New York, and Hauser & Wirth

Every one of Heilmann's survey exhibitions has demonstrated that she has been many things at many times and, again, all at once: the late-to-the-party challenger-and-defender-in-chief of Modernism by way of re-engineering it, re-gendering it, replaying (with) it, re-performing it.

Collector's Corner

HELYN GOLDENBERG

By Katy Donoghue

“That is why I am not a collector, really. I always think that we are not collectors, but amateurs—in the pure French sense of the word, which you are a ‘lover of.’ I am not professional, but I am an amateur. I love that Ellsworth Kelly. I love it.”

Art is the first thing you will see when walking in to Helyn Goldenberg's apartment on Lakeshore Drive in Chicago. Entering the foyer, with its curved ceilings and black and white tiling, the space is home to a Rashid Johnson, a Takesada Matsutani, and a Fred Sandback yarn installation, framing the far left corner. In just a few feet, we understand that we are in the presence of an astounding collection—one with a varied history, focused on a multitude movements and media throughout the years; Minimalism, Abstract Expressionism, Pop, and international contemporary works intertwine—all reflective of Goldenberg's experience, with over three decades in the space, and whose affinity for art she shares with her husband Michael Alper.

Did we mention the wall-to-wall, uninterrupted view of the lake from her living and dining room? When Goldenberg noticed our admiration, she pointed toward a small Calder sculpture on the window's ledge. It could not have been more than six inches high. "Don't you love that?" she asks. How could we not?

To our right is a series of ceramic vessels by Chicago-based artist William J. O'Brien—a colorful, uneven glaze covering the surface of their irregular form—followed by a pairing of Brice Marden and Ellsworth Kelly paintings, framing the doorway to a library. The two iconic Minimalists share in this context a conversation between form and color; Marden's even blue and yellow stripes soberly set in a vertical composition, while Kelly's curved edge plays with figure and ground in swaths of yellow and orange. In the library, is a small Yayoi Kusama, the first piece Goldenberg bought on her own after starting at Sotheby's, where she has worked since 1987.

What was most striking about walking around with Goldenberg, was the apparent accumulation of objects over the years—painting, sculpture, drawings, furniture—all of which she could name (Kerry James Marshall, Michelle Grabner, Wim Delvoye, Andy Warhol, Christopher Wool, Nick Cave, Cy Twombly, Blinky Palermo, it went on and on) and how these acquisitions each acted as a marker of a moment within her own history, which includes time as chairman of Performing Arts Chicago, Sculpture Chicago, the Museum of Contemporary Art Chicago (where she still sits on the board), running the ahead-of-its-time *National Arts Guide*, and now as President of The Arts Club of Chicago.

After touring us through the installation, and being sure to point out the original pre-war icebox she'd brought up-to-date in the kitchen, we sat down to discuss the evolution of her collection, and why she prefers to not be called a *collector*, but rather, *amateur*.

KATY DONOGHUE: I wanted to start with asking about what role the arts played early on in your life—was it something you grew up around in Chicago?

HELYN GOLDENBERG: I was a theater major, so I was always into the arts. I have always been involved in things that were visual. But what really happened to me is I married an art dealer. I married Bud Holland. One of the reasons we got together was I liked art. We had a mutual relationship and he was a mentor to me. What I like to say is, everybody's hobby became my business. And *my* business was also my hobby.

KD: When you first were with Holland, you collected Abstract Expressionism together. Was there a point at which you started to feel

like you were building a collection, per se?

HG: You know—I never think of a "collection." I never, ever think about *building* a collection. I am an accumulator; I buy things. I buy things I love. I buy things that, sometimes, I do not understand. To me, a "collection" can be something where you are sort of filling a book. You know, "I am collecting stamps," or "I am collecting Abstract Expressionism." I have never really done that. This apartment once had all Abstract Expressionism. It had Rothkos, and Pollocks, and Kleins, and De Koonings, and Bacons. But now it has more Minimal things; it has Japanese things; it has South American things—because those are the things I have been exposed to, and when I get exposed to them, I like them, and I buy then.

KD: Do you remember the first piece you fell in love with? That you wanted to live with?

HG: It was a blue Impressionist painting of no significance whatsoever. It was pretty! But I was also twenty years old. I have no idea where that painting is today. It was not bad, though it was not very adventurous, which is a big jump compared to the Matsutani made from Elmer's glue!

KD: When did you start feeling comfortable in making those more adventurous decisions?

HG: I have never thought about it that way, though I will tell you that when I introduced my father to Bud—my father was a lawyer—and Bud showed him a Pollock or a De Kooning, and after my father said, "Does he have another way to make a living?"

KD: No!

HG: It's absolutely the truth! He was like, "Who would buy this? Who would buy these weird things?" [*laughter*].

KD: Did he ever come around, your father?

HG: No. He came around to liking Bud, though.

KD: And was having a relationship with the artists whose work you collected always important to you?

HG: You mean knowing them?

KD: Yes.

HG: I have known a lot of artists in my life! I am still interested in meeting artists. Remember, I also was once the President and CEO of the Museum of Contemporary Art, and was blessed with that wonderful position for five years, and met lots of artists and curators. So yes, I have liked knowing Brice Marden. I knew Ellsworth Kelly. I like all that, sure. That is a bonus! Artists see the world differently than we do. That's why they are artists.

KD: We heard you do not like to keep things in storage.

HG: No, I do not. We have things in storage, sort of by default. Some of them are there because we cannot sell them. Nobody wants them—we can't even give them away! [*Laughs*] Some of them are there because we like them very much, but have no place for them. But not very much, considering how many things we had. And we have a house in Michigan, which is full of art, too. So we do not have very much in storage. I do not buy something to put it in a dungeon. I do not like the idea of the art living in the dark, someplace. That is why I am not a collector, really. I always think that we are not collectors, but amateurs—in the pure French sense of the word, which you are a "lover of." I am not professional, but I am an amateur. I love that Ellsworth Kelly. I *love* it.

KD: So, you have got to tell us the story behind the Sandback in your foyer.

HG: Well, to keep a long story short, I had to sell a lot of art. And that corner used to have an Ellsworth Kelly and a Robert Ryman. They're gone now. And so, Rhona Hoffman—my dear friend, and great gallerist—had a Fred Sandback show. I almost had a heart attack, because I thought, "Oh my God, for the first time in my life, I have a space for it!" So here I am lamenting the loss of these two masterpieces that are gone, but what an opportunity! I bought that piece from Rhona, and put it in the corner where the Kelly and Ryman were before.

KD: You have such a range of media and work from artists of different generations. Did you ever try to have a focus of the collection?

HG: No—it is nice to focus, I just don't. Some people want that. And there is nothing wrong with it—they are gorgeous collections, they're divine! Some people have a collection that is all works on paper, or it is all prints, or it is all Abstract Expressionism. I just like to surprise myself. I think that when you are acquiring art to live with, you do end up with some story, because *you* have a story. I have got a 1965 story. That Larry Bell is from 1965. Those Rymans are from 1965. I have all kinds of things from 1965. Between 1965–67. Do not ask me why, but something was happening at that moment that was appealing to me.

KD: Has it been a point for you to buy works of Chicago artists?

HG: Well, yeah, of course! We have Rashid Johnson there, and Kerry James Marshall in the other room, as well as Michelle Grabner. I love her so much, as a person, too. We had dinner the other night.

KD: You have described yourself previously as a custodian of art, rather than a collector. What do you mean by "custodian?"

HG: I mean once you have it, you are responsible for it. And, hopefully, unless someone sticks their foot through it, the work is going to outlive you. You are only a custodian. I like that idea because it is less about me, less about the owner. And listen, there is no doubt—particularly, for some people who have been collecting for some time—that the amount of money you have made on some of your purchases is astronomical. If my stock people did as well as that, I would be Donald Trump, right?

KD: You mentioned being the President of the MCA, and you are now the President of The Arts Club, as well as have been, and are still involved with, many other arts organizations. How have those experiences, and your current job at Sotheby's affected the art you are drawn to and want to live with?

HG: I do not think it is any different from being a part of the MCA, being a part of The Arts Club, or even being a part of Sotheby's —which is a major learning experience kind of business. I think the reason I have done it for almost thirty years, is because I learn something everyday [at Sotheby's]. Someone is either bringing in their grandmother's pot, or they bring you a De Kooning painting, or they bring you an old master. The exposure is wonderful, and we have these brilliant colleagues who teach us stuff.

KD: Being so involved here, how would you describe your community of collectors in Chicago?

HG: You know, a lot of people have tried to describe the community of collectors in Chicago, and differentiate them from the New York collector, or the LA collector—and I think they are different, but I am not saying they are better. They are different. Because, as basic as it sounds, mid-Westerners are different than people from the West coast, and the East coast. The Chicago community is a little bit smaller, and it had roots that were more cohesive. You can go all the way back to the patronesses of the Art Institute of Chicago, who were collecting wildly avant-garde things, like Seurat. The tradition of very avant-garde collectors has always been here. And then you have Joe Shapiro and Edwin Bergman [collecting] the Surrealists. No other city in the country came close to Chicago in its devotion and understanding of Surrealism. And they were also amateurs! We had Mort Newman and Muriel Newman, Florsheim, Claire Zeisler, fascinating people who really had collections, which weren't collections. I tell you, they were not collecting to make a collection. Muriel collected because she was an artist. She knew all the Abstract Expressionists, so she collected Abstract Expressionism. Lillian Florsheim—she had a lot of Minimal art, and she also was an artist making things out of plastic. I think that tradition is fairly special, and I think it just keeps going on. We have smartcollectors. They actually know what they are buying.

KD: Chicago collectors also seem to have a long-standing tradition of opening up their homes, as well. Can you tell us about that?

HG: I think the whole world does it, now, but in the first incarnation of the Chicago art fair here, when it was new, and there were not art fairs everywhere, it was a big deal. So, I was going to the art fair. I had cards and they said 'Helyn D. Goldenberg.' I passed them out to a few people, and I said, "Why don't you come over Friday night for a drink?" And fifty people came. So the next year I did the same thing. One hundred and fifty people came. Maybe the third year or the fourth year, I am not sure—there were like, two hundred and fifty people that showed up, so I stopped. But it was all sort of ad hoc. It was not a "collection visit." It was a "come on over for a drink!" People got engaged at those parties! People got divorced at those parties! People got drunk at those parties—people really got to know each other, because it was very loose, and it was always full of artists, David Hockney came over. It had a "joie" about it that you only have when something is new and young. And as you get more sophisticated, you just get different. You do not ever lament what it was, because what it was, was wonderful, and what it is today is wonderful. That is why my friends call me Pollyanna.

KD: You see the positive side in everything?

HG: Well, I assume it is there. You have to remember something—the past is never past. No, you never lose the past. It is there anyway. So you go on, and do something, and on and on, it becomes.

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Helyn Goldenberg joined Sotheby's in 1987 and works with private collectors, museums, institutions and corporations in developing and defining collections of paintings and sculpture, providing access to the full range of Sotheby's appraisal and auction services. Ms. Goldenberg has a long involvement with the Chicago art world and has a specialized knowledge of Contemporary Art. She has been associated with the Museum of Contemporary Art since its inception, developing the education program and serving on the Women's Board as well as the Board of Trustees, which she served as Chairman from 1981 – 1986. A graduate of Northwestern University, she was previously affiliated with the B.C. Holland Gallery and served as publisher and editor of the National Arts Guide. She currently sits on several civic boards, including the Chicago Central Area Committee, and is the President of The Arts Club of Chicago.

TITLE PAGE:
From left to right: Works by Brice Marden, Andy Warhol through the doorway, and Ellsworth Kelly. Image by Assaf Evron, 2016, for *THE SEEN*

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PAGE 54:
From left to right: Drawing by Cy Twombly, photo by Thomas Struth through the doorway, and another drawing by Cy Twombly. The two peach chairs are English Adams. Image by Assaf Evron, 2016, for *THE SEEN*

PAGE 55:
Stool by Ai Weiwei below a work by Robert Ryman. Image by Assaf Evron, 2016, for *THE SEEN*

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PREVIOUS SPREAD:
From left to right: Georg Herold, Marcia Hafif, Christopher Wool, Richard Serra, Anne Truitt, and chair by Warren McCarthy. Image by Assaf Evron, 2016, for *THE SEEN*

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RIGHT:
On the left, Rashid Johson, and on the right is Fred Sandback. Image by Assaf Evron, 2016, for *THE SEEN*

On Apology

THE UNCERTAINTY OF SAYING SORRY IN CONTEMPORARY ART

By Paul Smith

"I know you know that I made those mistakes maybe once or twice
And by once or twice I mean maybe a couple a hundred times
So let me, oh let me redeem, oh redeem, oh myself tonight
'Cause I just need one more shot, second chances
Is it too late now to say sorry?"

— JUSTIN BIEBER

IF DRAMATIC TROPES TELL US ANYTHING, FEW THINGS ARE MORE DELICIOUS THAN A SPURNED BEGGING.

In the late months of 2015, a proliferation of apologies in the form of popular music was introduced into the public sphere. This pop "key" was not only a defining form of post-confessional pleading, but also an audible phenomenon—the sound of Justin Bieber's *Sorry* and Adele's *Hello* (both released on October 23, 2015) colonized popular sound. Though the singles are aesthetically different (Bieber's tone a mining of club hits, while Adele's references the "blue-eyed soul" of the 1960s), both narrative arcs trace familiar gestures of contrition, using the brevity of the pop song format, paired with one-word titles, to plead with the object of their love; to consider a future (together). Like most apologies, these lyrics predicted a world to which only the apology gives us access—the things left unsaid, and everything that could be imagined thereafter. By contrast, Drake's July 31 release (its music video appearing on October 4) *Hotline Bling* and, more presciently, Selena Gomez's *Same Old Love* (released September 10) refused—and devastatingly refuted—any regretful explanations. As both Drake and Gomez apprehended the apology *in utero*, Adele and Bieber thus begged doubly.

The apology is used primarily for what is known. It follows the confession, which is the first half of absolution. The confessional speaker admits all faults, from physical activities, to motive and psychological formation. Even today, "confession" in courts of law often extends past physical activities, seeking to reveal the intentions behind crime.[1] Apology, by contrast, is the anxious extension of an offer. The *apologizer* gets to stop confessing and proceed with a changed life; the *receiver* of the admission takes the apology as an indication that the offenses will cease, and perhaps, that a token is offered.[2]

The aesthetics of confession have been with us since Augustine's *Confessions*, written between 397–400 AD, and stretches through eighteenth-century criminal literature, addiction memoirs, and twentieth-century confessional poetry.[3] Michel Foucault's 1981 lecture *Wrong-Doing, Truth-Telling: The Function of Avowal in Justice,* at the Catholic University of Louvain, traces the

Western histories and discourses surrounding confession—from pre-modern practices of self-interrogation, through the development of contemporary judicial systems.[4] Foucault argues that not only was there a "massive growth of avowal" in the modern era, but that what was first imposed as a religious and punitive demand became highly desirable: we know ourselves because we speak of ourselves, in "a discourse of truth that the subject is led to maintain about himself."[5]

The sharpness of 2015's trend in pop-y, publicly hosted apologies might indicate that, for the time being, apology looks, tastes, and feels better than confession alone. But if dramatic tropes tell us anything, few things are more delicious than a spurned begging. The myriad ways in which pop idols have apologized—and the increased attention on "non-apologies" in pop/public discourse—gestures toward a longer history that explores the challenge of saying what is more than speech: the non-verbal *sorry*'s of art.

Art and apology start early. Ancient Olympic athletes who were caught cheating would fund the erection of a statue of Zeus—the monuments were called *Zanes*.[6] These public tributes performed contrition and restitution simultaneously: with the cheating athlete's name inscribed on the base, the figures continually attested to the cheater's disgrace, while also honoring the public (and god). The offender must, as it were, *hold up the public on their back* (on the base), to atone for their sins. Likewise, Carravagio's *David con testa di Golia* (1610) is often cited as apologetic: here, Goliath's head is Caravaggio's own who, then on the run for murder, allegedly gifted the painting imaging the artist's clemency to the Cardinal Borghese. But both of these works were created before the modern concept of apologies took hold. Ancients sinned not against each other but against order, and the devious athlete or artist made amends to a public or exterior power than anchored social hierarchies. In this sense, Caravaggio apologized not to a grieving family, but to the official who could absolve him; disgraced Olympians made amends with god.

Interpersonal forgiveness was not developed until the early, albeit wildly hypocritical, infancy of egalitarianism in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.[7] Modern apologies exist as a reconstitution of equal grounds for individuals—not the reconstruction of an ahistorical hierarchy (as performed by the earlier examples). In this modern context, the offender is the subject who upsets the very grounds of social relations, inhabiting a *false higher ground*—one they do not deserve. From this history, forgiveness depends on the coeval idea of the malleable, flexible self it implies or expects—that we can *change* and *change for* the receiver of our *sorry*'s.

Nearly three centuries after Caravaggio, we find that the role of the apology in art has much more complex tenets. In Bas Jan Ader's 1970-71 film *I'm Too Sad to Tell You*, we find the artist crying—out of remorse or grief, we are not sure—for three long minutes. While Ader's sadness is tacit, the work does not ask us to assume he is apologetic. Instead, the elements of public flagellation, vulnerability, and insistent affects spread (one might say impose themselves) onto the viewer, suggesting that Ader's weeping compensates for a wrong that has happened elsewhere. Observing this sort of intimacy feels like an aggression, but whether on Ader or the viewer's part is uncertain. *I'm Too Sad to Tell You* compels us to find justification, to apologize for the viewer's forced intrusion onto the artist—and, then uncomfortable at the scene, expect Ader to

apologize to us. The film illustrates the ambivalence central to a good apology: witnessing or receiving a sorry that is not meant for the viewer vacillates between the seductive, the abject, the insulting, and the embarrassing. The grounds keep shifting.

Belated and excessive apologies are insincere, and evince a concern more for the sender than the receiver, as though the apologizer could absolve their own crimes through vocalization. Not all confessions are cathartic—and not all catharsis is the right choice. The apologetic subject upraises themselves through flagellation. Some artists have made a living with this kind of apology. In 1995, Peter Santino released his first "apology." The text, entitled *I AM SORRY*, reads in part: "It has become clear that what I must offer is my sincere apology…I am sorry for allowing my ego to convince me of my cleverness/I am sorry for allowing that cleverness to permeate my work/ I am very, very sorry."[8]

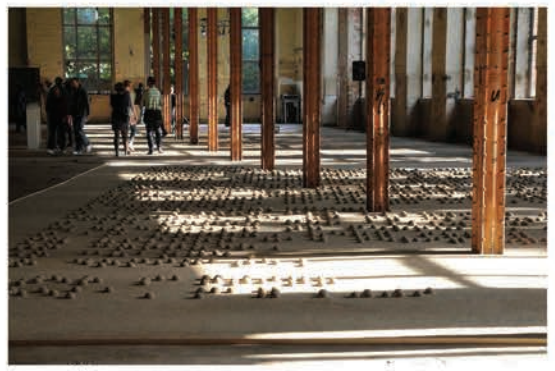
Santino's apology is reasonable for an artist in the throes of doubt. Who has not wanted to apologize and disown their creations? But following the proclamation, came a career of repetitions: the 1995 exhibition of one thousand cement balls arranged to read, in braille, "I am sorry, I am very sorry" at the Watari Um Museum in Tokyo in the fiftieth anniversary of the U.S. bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki; the original apology text rendered in raised sand in 1996; "*je suis désolé*" in 1997. The sharpest iteration comes in 2009 in Leipzig, where Santino rewrote *I AM SORRY* in braille with hemispheres of sand. To read the apology is to destroy it. As Santino suggests, perhaps apologies need be erased or fade to take hold, though their performance is contingent on concrete change over time. This progression is absent from Santino's career—as such, the irrelevance of the apology, when portrayed as a linear narrative, becomes increasingly apparent in the work as time proceeds (and Santino keeps on apologizing).

In a 1995/97 silver gelatin print, Zoe Leonard documents a spray-painted apology on the high side of a building, beneath and beside the old painted signs from deceased businesses advertising space and service. The text and the title read *MARI, I'M SORRY!!*, the first "I" dotted with a heart. Is this application of paint, like its companions on the walls, an advertisement of wares? Or is it splayed at random? Adorned with a flower, the text is a sharp rejoinder to the scrawled graffiti on the streets below or the block letter "AVAILABLE" wearing thin above. The saccharine imagery is testament to painful (to behold, at least) honesty, just as viewers land the distasteful role of observing a privacy they would perhaps rather not.

As with Ader, this public display of sincerity is disconcerting. In his text/lecture *Sublime Humility*, Paul Chan observes a careful distinction between humility and humiliation—while both are a humbling, only the latter gets us stuck.[9] Humility—a sort of brave sincerity—unlocks the future of the apology for contemporary art. Here, one is humbled, but commits to concrete change. Though *I'm Too Sad to Tell You* was shot in multiple takes, there is little doubt that Ader is sincere in his work (the piece is hard to read as ironic or distanced). Santino's works might point to some confessional tendencies, or the frustrating politesse of compulsive apologizers. Just as Bieber's riskless apology can afford to be upbeat, Adele's is contrasted with an implied heartbreak. In both art and music, only the latter seeks to bare words as more than their weight.

To be functional, apologies must *carry weight*. The Latin root of gesture is *gestus*—"to carry." So apologies must carry, transmit, and be heavy, or risk being the *empty gesture* that has no properties of holding. In *Sorry*, Justin Bieber asks "is it too late?" Too late is an apology that cannot carry, just as his ex Gomez makes clear by saying "I've heard it all before at least a million times" (almost five thousand times more than Bieber's "by once or twice I mean maybe a couple of hundred times"). *Hotline Bling* and *Same Old Love* call out the non-specificity of their received apologies *in advance*—a pre-denial. What makes Bieber's *Sorry* an empty apology is his refusal to take full responsibility for his actions. Bieber already voided his check—Santino, too, cashes in without full-measured sincerity. The unlikelihood of *I AM SORRY* being sincere is that its excess is more about clearance than change. No one enjoys this excess.

Apology is not only the content of multiple works of art, it is also a strategy. In his 2003 essay *Claiming Contingent Space*, Liam Gillick argues that "one of the important roles of a curator in a dynamic context now is to pre-apologize for something; to try and set the scene and to qualify expectations, and to make sure that there is no excess of expectations."[10] The "pre-apology" facilitates what Gillick identifies as



ABOVE:
Peter Santino, *Apology*, Halle 14, Leipzig, 2009. Photo: Claus Bach. Courtesy Peter Santino, Claus Bach

BELOW:
Zoe Leonard, *Mari, I'm Sorry (no. 2)*, 1995/97, gelatin silver print. 18 1/4 x 13" Courtesy the Artist and Hauser & Wirth, New York and Galerie Capitain, Cologne

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LEFT:
Bas Jan Ader, *I'm Too Sad to Tell You* (1971), 16 mm black and white film, silent. Image courtesy of Museum Boijmans Van Beuningen, Rotterdam

a larger project of dispersal: rather than curators, critics, and artists producing sweeping gestures with concrete agendas, they instead multiply the ramifications of any given object. The "pre-apology" is also a function of extensive programming, as Fionn Meade observes: "if you frame out and schedule time for critical discourse, you've already met the 'discursive' expectation, a pre-apology."[11] In this light, apology can be seen as a series of qualifications, retractions, and tentative marks. Critique can be preemptively shut down by acknowledging failures—inviting the enemy to the camp, in a sort of gesture that says "*yes but*—"

Riskless apology is tendered towards removing obstacles, thus ensuring a more seamless transmission of the object, idea, or artist themselves. Is apology still "sorry" if it's an excuse, a pre-apology or partial retraction that allows the artist to save face without trial? Saying sorry in advance allows the rest of the statement to proceed unhindered—it is the qualifying mark, not the whole apparatus. Apology is admission in both senses—price for the future and burden of responsibility for the past. Both Drake and Adele make clear the stoppage their statements effect on them—similarly, Ader and Leonard document (one closely, the other at a distance) apologies that are largely public pauses. They take effect through the massive baring of affect, unlike those other cases that don't try hard to feign feeling.

Using apology as *content* (Bieber and Santino)—as opposed to *method* (Ader, Gillick, and Adele)—circumvents sincerity. As Bieber states in an October 2015 interview, "[*Sorry*] is kind of the stamp in the end of the apologies that I'm giving people." Why did Bieber replace the usual idiom—"seal"—with "stamp?" Perhaps, when stamped, his apologies can be seen as a postcard from a bygone Bieber, a federally issued *means of transit* or ticket to a better tomorrow. In another impression of "stamp," Bieber conflates apology with a final gestural mark. A stamp is designed to move words across locales. The tastiest apologies are anxious, unsure of their rights to travel, unconvinced of their ability to carry. The sincerity of apology is equal parts naiveté and retraction.

As artists such as Ader and Leonard make clear, the honest apology is an uncertain one.

To be effective, the apology must be local. This poses an inhibitive context for art, which is so materially and conceptually specific, but perhaps less so for popular music, which caters to a larger scale public and has different strategies of facilitating projection. One cannot apologize to the [whole] world. This is why we read Leonard's document as sincere, imagining it in the narrative of a story, and why Santino's work elicits fatigue. Apologies are tenuous and small. This apprehension of *locality* appears only in the modern apology. When used today, it is the pre-modern *sorry*'s *generality* that obviates true contrition and responsibility.

The popularity of apologies, then, plays to two sides: the first smuggles sincerity into the public eye, while the other expresses a tacit desire for the continuity of acting a certain way. What of the receiver? To refuse the apology is to block the apologizer by condemning them to the eternal return of their crime. In this way, forgiveness as a means to an end is no purer than directed apology.

TITLE PAGE:
Caravaggio, *David with the head of Goliath*. Oil on canvas, 1606-1607. Public Domain, courtesy Wikimedia

PAGE 61:
Justin Bieber and ReQuest Dance Crew. "Sorry." 2015, YouTube.com

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1 *In The Culture of Confession from Augustine to Foucault*, Chloe Taylor defines the confession as "understood not simply as relating to the circumstantial acts or arbitrary thoughts of the speaking subject, but much more significantly as being the truth of her inner subject," which is produced "through this form of discourse" (Taylor, 80)

2 Ibid

3 The Confession of Saint Augustine (397-400 AD)

4 Foucault, Michel. *Wrong-Doing, Truth-Telling: The Function of Avowal in Justice*. Trans. Sawyer, Stephen W. Ed. Fabienne Brion and Bernard E. Harcourt. Chicago and London: The University of Chicago Press, 2014. 18.

5 Ibid

6 http://odysseus.culture.gr/h/2/eh251.jsp?obj_id=5824; http://www.contemporaryartgallery.ca/blog/cheaters-cheating/

7 Konstan, David. *Before Forgiveness: The Origins of a Moral Idea*. New York and Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2010

8 Accessed at: http://www.santino.tv/archive/Failure%20Institute/sorry.htm

9 Chan, Paul. "Sublime Humility." *Paul Chan: Selected Writings 2000-2014*. Basel, New York: Laurenz Foundation, Shaulager, and Badlands Unlimited, 2014. 44

10 Gillick, Liam. "Claiming Contingent Space." *Curating with Light Luggage: Reflections, Discussions and Revisions*. Liam Gillick, Maria Lind Eds. Berlin, Munich: Revolver/Kunstverein München, 2003. 134

11 Meade, Fionn. "Spaces of Critical Exchange," Interview with Liam Gillick. *Mousse 33*

Céleste Boursier-Mougenot

MIRACULOUS LIVING SOUND AND WILD NOISE

By Tina Gelsomini

"My work is meant to unfold as an encounter," Céleste Boursier-Mougenot tells me in our interview, which took place in February of 2016. The French artist, who is a trained musician and composer, has been creating installations for over two decades—since he left Side One Posthume Théâtre, in 1994, to begin developing his own projects. Since then, he has installed across the globe, represented France at the 2015 Venice Biennale, and is currently represented by galleries across Europe and in the United States. However, as Boursier-Mougenot told me, his earliest installation *d'ici à ici* (1995) was already emblematic of his purpose as an artist. The work, which created an unexpected arrangement out of live sparrows and piano strings, points to Boursier-Mougenot's romantic exploration of sound and sight through combinations that both intrigue and mystify those who encounter his work. In the years following that first attempt, he would continue to construct audio-visual pieces which confront humans and their inventions with the wonders of the natural world.

In the Contemporary Art Square of the Musée des beaux arts de Montréal, visitors encountered Boursier-Mougenot's *from here to ear v. 19*. The work transformed the exhibition space into an aviary home to seventy zebra finches. The songbirds' artificial environment has a sand-covered floor equipped with ten electric guitars, and four bass guitars—their amplifiers sculpturally dispersed throughout the space. The installation also contained upturned symbols, holding food and water, and low grassy shrubs that provided material for nest making. Fiberboard panels installed along the floor guided viewers along a path from one instrument to another.

As the artist has learned well over the course of his career, incorporating live animals into an installation requires great attention to detail. *From here to ear* is no exception; though this time Boursier-Mougenot insists, "None of these elements have a decorative function." Each object present has been carefully selected for its acoustic ability or is dictated by the birds' necessity. Yet once the exacting phase of planning has been completed, and the various components of the installation are in place, the effect of the resulting simplicity is near magical. Boursier-Mougenot describes the first moment in which the birds are introduced to their new habitat: "When one opens the crate in which they have travelled, it is wonderful to see them flit about in the space until they perch on the guitars as if it were perfectly natural." In *from here to ear*, the finches replace the artist as a composer of the piece. Their act of perching on the neck and strings of the guitars, coupled with their instinctual chirping, creates live music whose ephemeral soundtrack reverberates throughout the gallery.

Though Boursier-Mougenot is an experienced composer, the sounds heard by the viewer are never pre-recorded. To construct the auditory component of the installation, Boursier-Mougenot simply "set[s] up the parameters for the performance to take place"—allowing the piece to unfold in the territory between chance and circumstance. In advance of the exhibition opening, he tunes the instruments and sets up delays on the amplifiers to create an echo effect, much as any musician might do before a live performance. Retaining a fascination and deep understanding of the experimental process, however, Boursier-Mougenot positions himself outside of the performative space. According to the

The very notion of beauty becomes wider standing in the open space of *from here to ear*, whose bare-bones aesthetic and overt mechanics expose miraculous living sound and wild noise.

TITLE PAGE:
© Céleste Boursier-Mougenot. Courtesy of the artist and Paula Cooper Gallery, New York.
Photo © Blaise Adilon 2014

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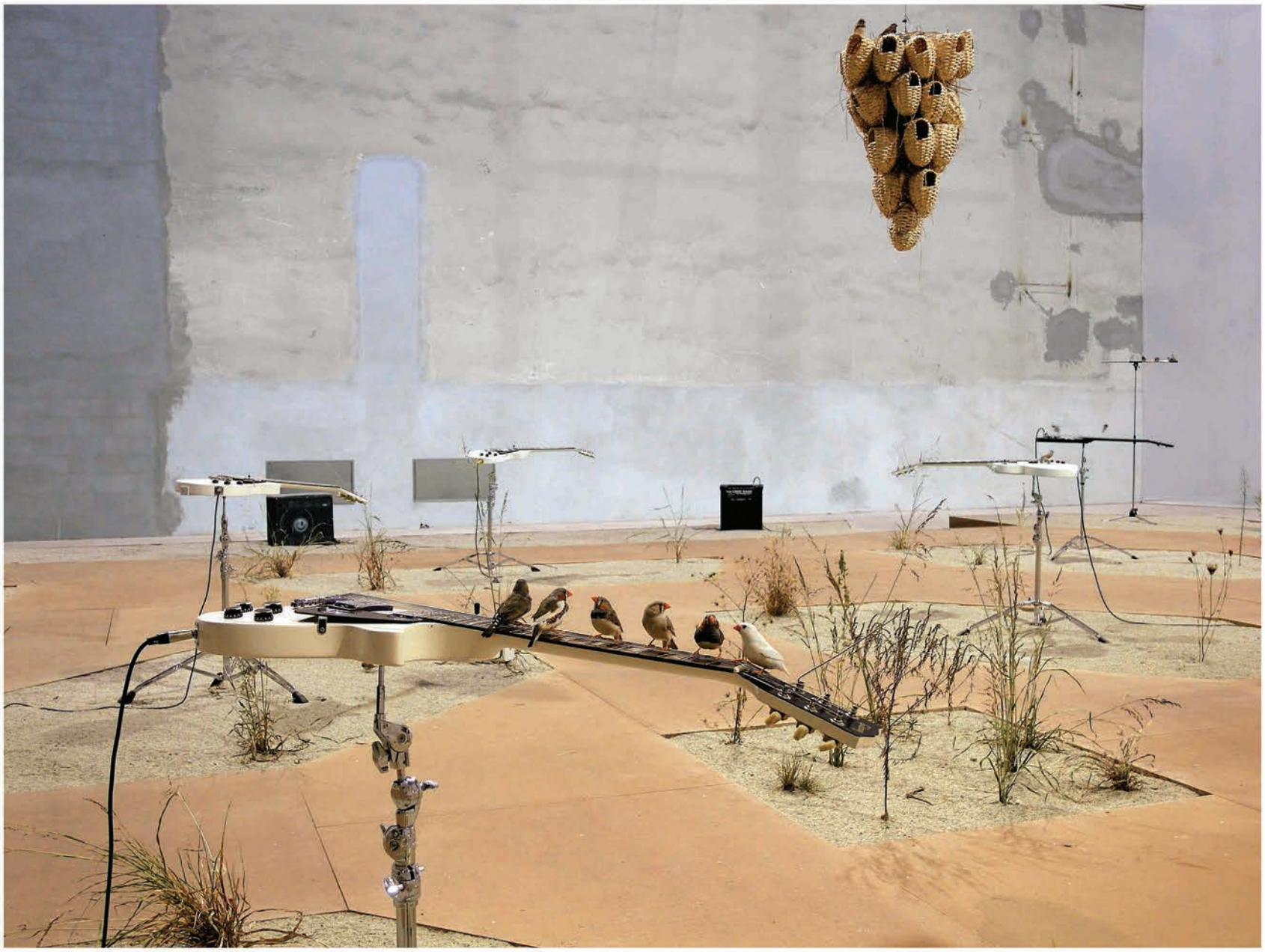
FOLLOWING SPREAD:
Photos MMFA, Justine Février

artist, this is why he chooses installation as his practice. As he describes, "It is a bit more remote, based on observing and listening, and flexible enough to evolve."

Indeed, the work on display at the Musée des beaux arts de Montréal is the nineteenth installation in a series that the artist refers to as "a work in progress." Each time an edition of *from here to ear* is installed in a new location, it evolves depending on the parameters and capacity of the space—largely adapted to the materials that can be locally sourced, the context of the space, and the involvement of the organizers. It also adapts according to what Boursier-Mougenot has discovered in previous iterations, such as the fact that the birds are less likely to perch on a guitar placed near an entrance.

However, in all of these variations, the viewer's experience remains at the core of each installation. "A visitor's presence and movement," Boursier-Mougenot notes, is integrated into the work "at the earliest stages of conception of a piece." By gently guiding the visitor along a pathway, yet leaving them free enough to pause, turn back, or push forward, the artist creates what he calls an "open choreography that foregrounds the beauty of [their] presence." For Boursier-Mougenot, a work is incomplete without the visitor's presence, whose encounter with his enchanted creations is the driving force behind his practice. The very notion of beauty becomes wider standing in the open space of *from here to ear*, whose bare-bones aesthetic and overt mechanics expose miraculous living sound and wild noise.

BELOW:
Céleste Boursier-Mougenot (born in 1961)
View of the installation *from here to ear (v.15)* at the Hangar Bicocca, Milan, 2011 © Céleste Boursier-Mougenot. Courtesy of the artist and Paula Cooper Gallery, New York



Interviews

Kathryn Andrews

MENACE IN THE DETAILS

By Natalie Hegert

The western sky burned orange like a hot ember, searing the sharp silhouettes of palm trees onto my retinas as I guided my car over the onramp of the 5 freeway, headed north to Highland Park. Speeding up to slow down, red brake lights sparked on and off ahead as I advanced through the usual evening traffic. Next to me, an off-duty ice cream truck wanly reflected the fading vermilion sky off its polished chrome sides.

Los Angeles-based Kathryn Andrews' studio sits at the end of a non-descript, blocky building, near a freeway interchange, on the north side of the city. On the corner sit two competing burger joints across the street from each other—one, a gleaming international chain, the other, the kind of shabby, homegrown hamburger stand that is ubiquitous in these parts.

Greeting me at the door of the studio is Andrews, smiling broadly, and a row of assistants on computers, drafting up 3-D models. There are not many finished works in the studio at the time, just worktables and large sheets of paper with specs for new works in progress. On one wall, a life-size, black-and-white photograph of a model gazes out alluringly from behind Plexiglas, framed in polished aluminum, as though trapped in a commercial doorframe. Andrews put together a makeshift table out of two wooden sawhorses and a piece of plywood for us to sit at—we talked about her work in *Run For President*, her most recent solo exhibition that was on view at the Museum of Contemporary Art (MCA) Chicago.

In the exhibition, Andrews—whose work concerns the production of image culture, disrupting our seamless consumption of signifiers—took as her subject the American presidential race. Here, the art comes right up to shake your hand. It is big, bold, and impressive, with overwhelming photomurals of Bozo the Clown, Richard Nixon and Sammy Davis Jr., Nancy Reagan and Mr. T, and a panoramic view of the Oval Office. There are shiny sculptures of stainless and chromed steel, spotless in their perfection. Brightly colored paintings, balloons, presents, and even a red carpet are part of the installation—it is a celebration, a massive political party, and you are the primary constituent, gazing at your own reflection in the polished silver.

But as with any campaign promise, closer inspection will reveal the caveats. Embedded within the works is an element of discord between the image and reality; between manufactured authenticity and hidden complexities. Things are not always what they seem, and there might be menace in the details: look closer and you see a gun concealed in the shiny cylindrical sculpture on view. Look closer and you see evidence of wear and tear on the corners of the gift boxes—rented Hollywood props, meant to be used again and again. Despite their carefree smiles, there is a thorny back-story behind the monumentally scaled photographs. Andrews' art lies in that friction, where pristine images rub against the shabby corners of lived experience.

NATALIE HEGERT: Did you have any idea what a huge farce the election would become when you started conceiving this exhibition?

KATHRYN ANDREWS: No [*laughs*].

NH: [*Laughing*] It is like every day your exhibition becomes more pertinent in this scary way.

KA: Or more irrelevant. When I conceived of it, it seemed funny to cite odd characters and individuals who have had an unlikely relationship to the presidency. In light of the impending election, with its over-the-top candidates, any citation of the humorous or unusual seems almost meaningless now. Humor fades in the face of extremism.

NH: Especially when faced with the prospect of a preposterous candidate actually holding power. Like a clown holding a gun—it is suddenly not very funny anymore. How do you see these figures operating in the exhibition now? In Run For President, we have Bozo the Clown, Mr. T, Nancy Reagan, Richard Nixon, and Sammy Davis Jr. It seems there are a lot of different ways to interpret these particular images.

KA: One part of the exhibition explores how an American worship of celebrity has enabled individuals to move into positions of power that could not do so otherwise. For example, Sammy Davis Jr. is depicted in a giant wall mural, arm in arm with Richard Nixon. In the 1930s, at the age of seven, Davis starred in a short movie, *Rufus Jones for President*, which portrayed a black child being elected into office. The film was highly racist—made by white Hollywood producers for black audiences. Forty years later, because of his popularity as an entertainer, Davis was invited to be the first African American presidential guest to spend the night in the White House. Of course we know it took another 35 years before we actually elected a black president. The exhibition considers the tragedy of some of these inequalities and their relationship to image culture.

NH: I saw that Mr. T just visited the exhibition.

KA: Yes, twice! Isn't that amazing? He heard he was depicted in it so he stopped by to check it out. And he handed out some Mr. T paraphernalia while he was there.

NH: An impromptu performance! The three Bozo cylinders at the front of the exhibition are also made available for performances by comedians. When did you start thinking of using sculptures as stages for performance?

KA: I am interested in the idea that when we put artworks into different situations, they take on different meanings. I liked the idea that a sculpture can seem to be about one thing, yet when you combine it with something else—another work or say a performance—it reads differently. In the case of the Bozo sculptures, they will be used in a collaboration with the Chicago-based stand-up comedian Felonious Munk. I liked the idea of bringing actual stand-up into the context of the exhibition, further forcing an interplay of entertainment and politics.

NH: To what extent does the viewer's perception shape the direction your work takes? I am recalling a few points here from your conversation with Hamza Walker, which appears in the catalogue, where you are talking about how the audience will generalize ideas about what an artist does, or what art does, and how you like to work within those assumptions, or subvert those tendencies.

KA: It is hard to pinpoint how viewers see things, but I am definitely interested in how what might be called "collective perception" results in the


BOZO
BOZO
BOZO
BOZO

eradication of the perception of difference or nuance. I do think about how viewers make sense of new things based on what they already know. I try to overturn or subvert those go-to associations.

NH: Can you expand on this idea of "collective perception?" How do you go about overturning or subverting these associations?

KA: I spend a lot of time researching popular imagery and symbol, exploring their historic and contemporary associations. I am frequently trying to create situations [in my work] where such imagery can be used in new ways.

NH: Many of the readymades that you use in your sculptures in the show—campaign buttons, props, and costumes from certain films—come packaged with their own embedded associations. They are "loaded objects," not to mention the quite literal appearance of a gun, which is pointed at the viewer in the sculpture Lethal Weapon (2015). What is your process like in terms of positioning and placing these objects in dialogue with one another, and with the other elements of your sculpture? My favorite is definitely *Coming to America (Filet o' Fish)* (2013), which not only has this really interesting interplay between various signifiers of commercialism, comedy, and race, but also scale.

KA: The combinations often come from a lot of play and brainstorming. I am frequently looking at what kind of sense or nonsense is produced when any two things are put together. What at first appears to be nonsensical can often have a lot of truth about it.

NH: How does that process work, and why do you choose to work with film props?

KA: I have frequently worked with props, divorcing them from their filmic context and inserting them into an artistic one. I like that because the object is stripped of its original purpose, yet it still carries its history, so you get both. In *Coming to America (Filet o' Fish)*, I used fake coins produced specifically for the film depicting Eddie Murphy as the Prince of Zamunda. I have been collecting Hollywood currency for some years and had those coins sitting around. When I first encountered the McDonalds' pirate head, another component in that sculpture, I wondered about pairing it with the film coins. The more I thought about it, they seemed to go together perfectly. The movie makes a lot of jokes riffing on McDonald's and American fast food culture. And the pirate character makes a lot of sense with coins. Pirates chase loot. When these elements are combined, the piece starts to talk about serious political issues, and they are specific to the U.S. It is all incredibly silly on one level, while at the same time interrogating American notions of individual agency and equality.

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Kathryn Andrews has recently presented solo exhibitions of her work at the Bass Museum of Art, Miami (2014), and Museum Ludwig, Cologne (2013). Recent group exhibitions featuring her work include: Teen Paranormal Romance, The Renaissance Society at The University of Chicago, Atlanta Contemporary Art Center, and the Santa Barbara Museum of Art (2014–15); The Los Angeles Project, Ullens Center for Contemporary Art, Beijing (2014); Made in L.A. 2012, Hammer Museum, Los Angeles (2012); and First Among Equals, Institute of Contemporary Art, Philadelphia (2012). Andrews lives and works in Los Angeles.

TITLE PAGE:
Kathryn Andrews, *"Bozo"™" The World's Most Famous Clown"*, 2014. Courtesy of David Kordansky Gallery, Los Angeles. Photo: Fredrik Nilsen

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PREVIOUS SPREAD. RIGHT:
Installation view, *Kathryn Andrews: Run for President*, MCA Chicago, Nov 21, 2015–May 8, 2016. Work shown: Kathryn Andrews, *October 16, 2012*. The Eugene Sadovoy Collection. Photo: Nathan Keay, © MCA Chicago

PREVIOUS SPREAD. LEFT:
Installation view, Kathryn Andrews: *Run for President*, MCA Chicago, Nov 21, 2015–May 8, 2016. Photo: Nathan Keay, © MCA Chicago

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BELOW:
Kathryn Andrews, *Gift Cart*, 2011. Courtesy of David Kordansky Gallery, Los Angeles. Photo: Fredrik Nilsen

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RIGHT:
Installation view, Kathryn Andrews: *Run for President*, MCA Chicago, Nov 21, 2015–May 8, 2016. Photo: Nathan Keay, © MCA Chicago

"In light of the impending election, with its over-the-top candidates, any citation of the humorous or unusual seems almost meaningless now. Humor fades in the face of extremism."

— KATHRYN ANDREWS

Jan Fabre

ANGEL OF METAMORPHOSIS

In Conversation with
Kostas Prapoglou

Belgian artist Jan Fabre is internationally known for his multidisciplinary practice that encompasses painting, sculpture, video, site-specific public installations, and performance. His work has been presented at numerous museums, among them the MAXXI in Rome, where he presented his seminal work *Stigmata, Actions and Performances (1976–2013)*, and *The Years of the Hour Blue: Drawings and Sculptures (1977–1992)* the Busan Museum of Art in South Korea in 2013. He was the first living artist to be featured at the Louvre in Paris in 2008 with *The Angel of Metamorphosis,* a continuation of his provocative body of work that has been described as "actions" and "private performances," which took place in the Flemish, Dutch, and German galleries among historic masterpieces on view as part of the collection. Other projects include *Pietas* held at Nuova Scuola Grande di Santa Maria della Misericordia in Venice (2011)—a series of five large marble sculptures that reinterpreted Michelangelo's Pietà, organized to coincide with the 54th edition of the Venice Biennale—and the large scale installation *Heaven of Delight* at the Royal Palace in Brussels. Most recently, Fabre exhibited a twenty-four-hour performance of *Mount Olympus,* shown at various locations, and his first solo show in London at Ronchini Gallery earlier this year.

I invited Fabre to discuss his work, inspirations, and future projects—what follows is a transcription of our conversation, which traversed his methods, associations to religion and theology, and mythological narratives.

KOSTAS PRAPOGLOU: Your first solo exhibition, which opened earlier this year at Ronchini Gallery in London, encompassed a body of work spanning 1992–2013. What was the response of the local audience, many of who were probably experiencing your work in a gallery environment for the first time?

JAN FABRE: The response was very good. The exhibition was first shown at Galleria Il Ponte in Florence—the same city that will also present a large-scale exhibition called *Spiritual Guards*, taking place at Forte Belvedere, Piazza della Signoria and the Palazzo Vecchio, to open in May and close at the end of October. The works shown in *Knight of the Night* [as part of this London exhibition] are borrowed from the collection of Luciano Maggini, and pivot around the theme of courtly romance—a central theme in my work. The exhibition encompasses many different eras of my work, while also being a good representation of my oeuvre. We included the performance film *Lancelot* (2004), but also a series of skulls covered in jewel beetles, as well as some select Bic blue ballpoint drawings that have not often been shown. The armors made out of scarabs in *Salvator Mundi* (1998) have been included before in the Louvre, as part of my exhibition *L'Ange de la Métamorphose* (2008).

KP: Part of your visual vocabulary engages with the imaginative use of insects, ranging from small-scale works, to large installations such as *Heaven of Delight* created for the Royal Palace in Brussels in 2002. How did this fascination emerge?

JF: I had been interested in the world of insects since a very young age. I built a small laboratory in the garden of my parents, *The Nose / Nose Laboratory* (1978–1979), to do my experiments as an entomologist-artist. During this period my uncle Jaak came by and said "Do you know that someone in the family was already studying insects?" and he gave me the beautiful books, manuscripts and drawings of Jean-Henri Fabre. He opened a new world for me that influenced my artistic universe.

I have been using scarabs [in my work] since the 1990s, which I collect through my entomologic contacts, as an artistic material. For me, they embody the idea of metamorphosis—a process that is very important to my work in general. Additionally, the drawings made with Bic ballpoint pens, from the series *The Hour Blue*, revolve around the theme of metamorphosis, just as the thousands of colors you can see in the beetles [incorporated into the sculptures] are all natural; they change according to the position from which you gaze upon them. This sort of "painting" with light through the use of insects as a material can be found in my past work as well, in both the ceiling of the Royal Palace where I made *Heaven of Delight* as a royal commission in 2002, and more recently in the series that I created for the *Tribute to Belgian Congo* (2010–2013) and *Tribute to Hieronymus Bosch in Congo* (2011–2013).

KP: You have often produced works associated with religion and theology. Do you consider yourself a religious man, and to what extent do you feel that your

personal beliefs mediate in your practice?

JF: My work is influenced by spirituality; certain elements are very important. For example, the cross, the tree of life, but also the model of Christ and stigmata are essential. As an artist, my position is to take these elements and rethink them—the model of stigmata, for example, was reversed by my study of insects. In essence, I developed a model for future mankind, with an exoskeleton, impenetrable, unable to bleed. This new human has a new way of feeling and thinking, a new philosophy.

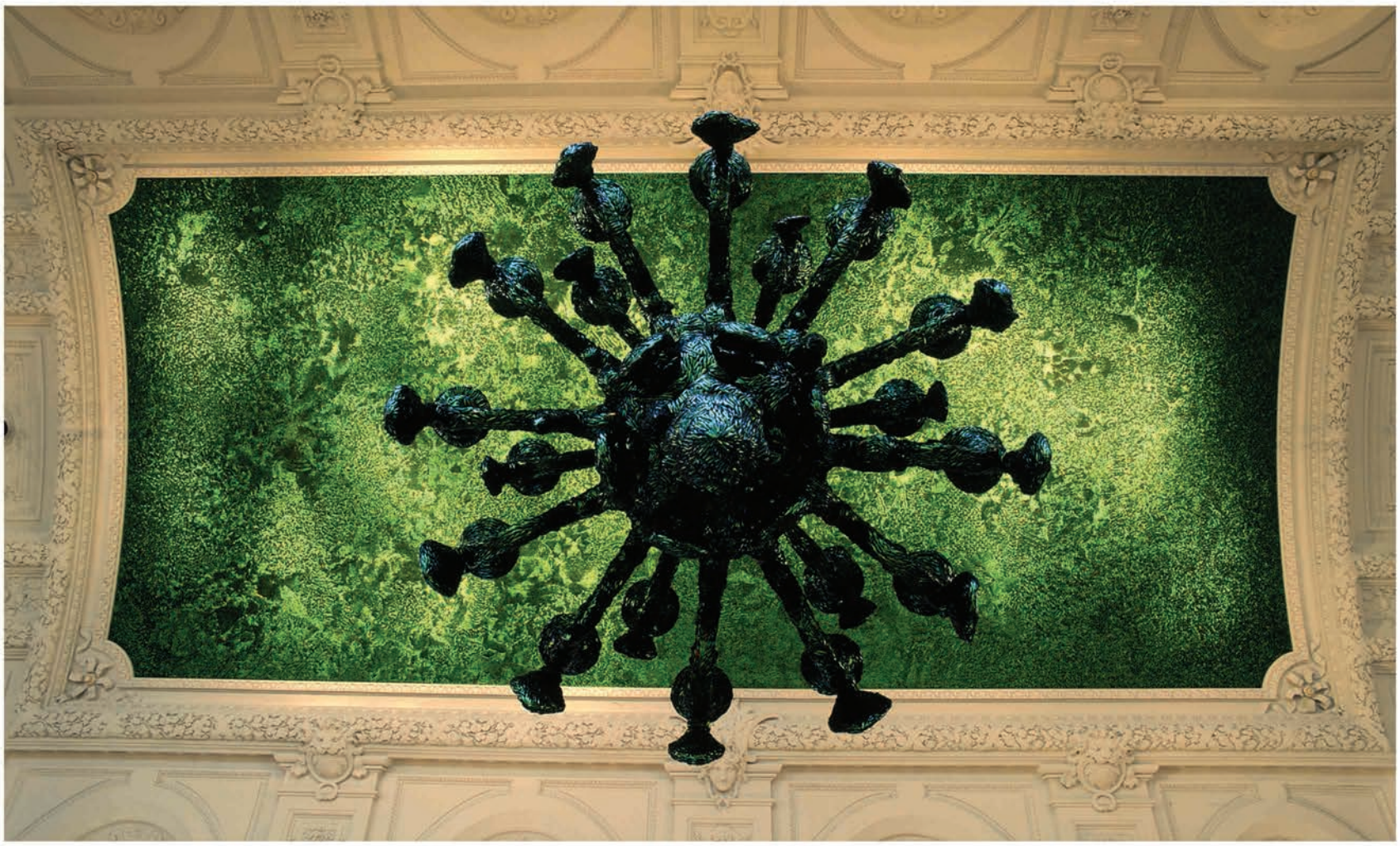
I think my personal beliefs dictate my work, because I am always rethinking these beliefs. *The Man Who Bears the Cross* (2015), which now permanently resides in the Cathedral of Our Lady in Antwerp, demonstrates this. It is a portrait of a man (the figure is an homage to my uncle Jaak) holding a cross in his hand—he is balancing this enormous weight, and examining it. The portrait shows not a man who is certain of his case, but an 'everyman' who is balancing his ideas and beliefs.

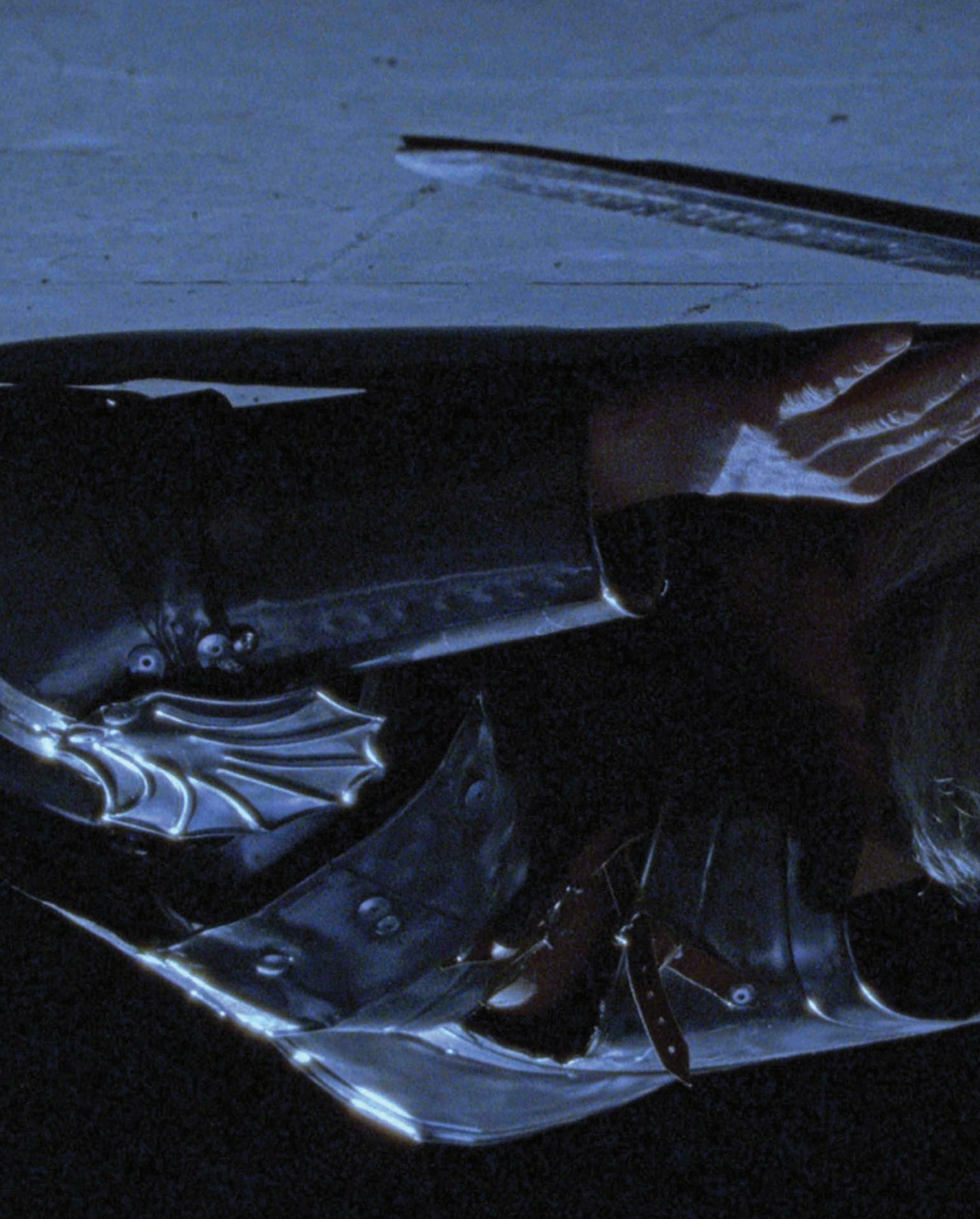
KP: Mount Olympus is a twenty-four-hour long performance that was presented in various European locations, and investigated notions of time, as well as the shifting of narratives. With Greek mythology as its main source of inspiration, what were the aims and objectives of such a monumental project?

In essence, I developed a model for future mankind, with an exoskeleton, impenetrable, unable to bleed.

I learned a lot [of this narrative] from my mother, who over dinner used to tell her own versions of biblical stories. At a young age, I took in a lot of these accounts and symbols.

JF: My theater goes back to the origins of tragedy. The tragedy developed from Dionysian rituals, in which intoxication meets reason and rules. An important principle to me is





catharsis. In this piece, the viewer is confronted with some of the darkest passages from the history of mankind. They are taken along on a journey through extreme pain and horror. By confronting that deep suffering, their mind is cleansed. In my stagings, I try to do the same thing—I launch an attack on the audience. I take them on a journey. I show viewers images of man that they have repressed or forgotten about. I appeal to their violent impulses, to their dreams, their lust. Consequently, the theater functions as a plague, just like Artaud said, in reference to Augustine who called the theater a plague epidemic to be annihilated by any means necessary.

In a sense, I try to get to the marrow of the tragedy. I want to have my audience and actors learn through suffering. My theater is a kind of cleansing ritual. I instigate a process of change. Not only the metamorphosis of the actor, but also of the viewer.

KP: Are there any plans to show this in other continents?

JF: We will perform the coming months in the Wiener Festwochen, the Jerusalem Festival, the Athens Festival, and the Theatre Biennale of Venice—later, we will also tour in Buenos Aires and Santiago De Chile.

KP: You have attracted media attention in the past for using unconventional work practices, such as the eight thousand slices of ham that covered the pillars of Aula University in Ghent, Belgium in 2000. How far would you go to test the boundaries of human nature, and aspects of its unique characteristics?

JF: Provocation is the evocation of the mind—the problem is that a lot of critics and journalists start using the word 'provocation' as something very negative. When I start a new creation, I never think about the idea to provoke spectators. Rather, I choose [the elements of the presentation] systematically, and as they are required, for both the research and the experiment. For me, what is something organic and very normal, is maybe for the outside world something more provocative. That tells something more about society then about the spirit of my work. Over the past few years, I have been involved in many interviews where writers ask me why I have created new visions—I never think in this term; I never think in terms of "new," "original," or "shocking." I just make the things that I personally think are necessary to make.

KP: What is your dream location to feature a performance?

JF: My upcoming solo performance, entitled *Love is the Power Supreme*, is in a fantastic location—the square in front of the State Hermitage Museum in St. Petersburg, on the occasion of my large-scale exhibition *The Knight of Despair / The Warrior of Beauty*, opening in October at the museum.

KP: You have recently been appointed as the artistic director of the prestigious Athens Festival in Greece, which showcases cutting edge events, performances, theater, and art shows in urban and historical locations. How do you envisage your personal involvement as the leading figure of the festival, especially during this hectic political and socio-economic crisis in Greek history?

JF: I will be the artistic curator of the festival for the next four years. In this sense, curating for me does not simply mean programming—curating a festival is trying to find frictions, and links between the works of the artists I will present in the framework of the festival. It will be an exercise in consilience. For the first year, the theme will be Belgium, as I know the artistic scene of my country very well. For theater and dance, for example, I have chosen to present Franz Marijnen, Jan Lauwers, and Jan Decorte—but will also be inviting many more young theater makers and choreographers to participate. For visual art and performance art, I have chosen Luc Tuymans, Michaël Borremans, Thierry De Cordier, among others, as well as many younger Belgian artists. I will also invite writers, composers of Classical music, and writers of contemporary pop music. The Benaki Museum will also present an exhibition of my work, *Stigmata: Actions & Performances* (1976–2013), curated by Germano Celant. Programmatically, of course, we will be creating evenings dedicated to the Greek political situation and refugee problem.

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Jan Fabre (born 1958, Antwerp, Belgium) is a Belgian multidisciplinary artist, playwright, stage director, choreographer and designer. He studied at the Municipal Institute of Decorative Arts and the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Antwerp. Between 1976 and 1980 he wrote his first scripts for the theater and made his début performances.

TITLE PAGE:
Scene from *Mount Olympus* to glorify the cult of tragedy (a 24h performance) by Troubleyn / Jan Fabre, pictured performers: Kasper Vandenberghe, Stella Höttler, Matteo Sedda, Mélissa Guérin, ©photo: Wonge Bergmann, © Troubleyn/Jan Fabre

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PAGE 80:
Scene from *Mount Olympus* to glorify the cult of tragedy (a 24h performance) by Troubleyn / Jan Fabre, ©photo: Wonge Bergmann, © Troubleyn/Jan Fabre

PAGE 81:
Jan Fabre, *Heaven of Delight* (2002), wing-cases of Buprestidae beetles on the ceiling, permanent installation, Hall of mirrors, Royal Palace, Brussels. Photo Dirk Braeckman, courtesy the artist and Ronchini Gallery

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PREVIOUS SPREAD:
Jan Fabre, *Lancelot* (2004), still, 16 mm film, ® Angelos bvba, courtesy the artist, Courtesy the artist, Lisbonne, Centro de Arte Moderna José de Azeredo Perdigao, Lyon, musée d'Art contemporain and Ronchini Gallery

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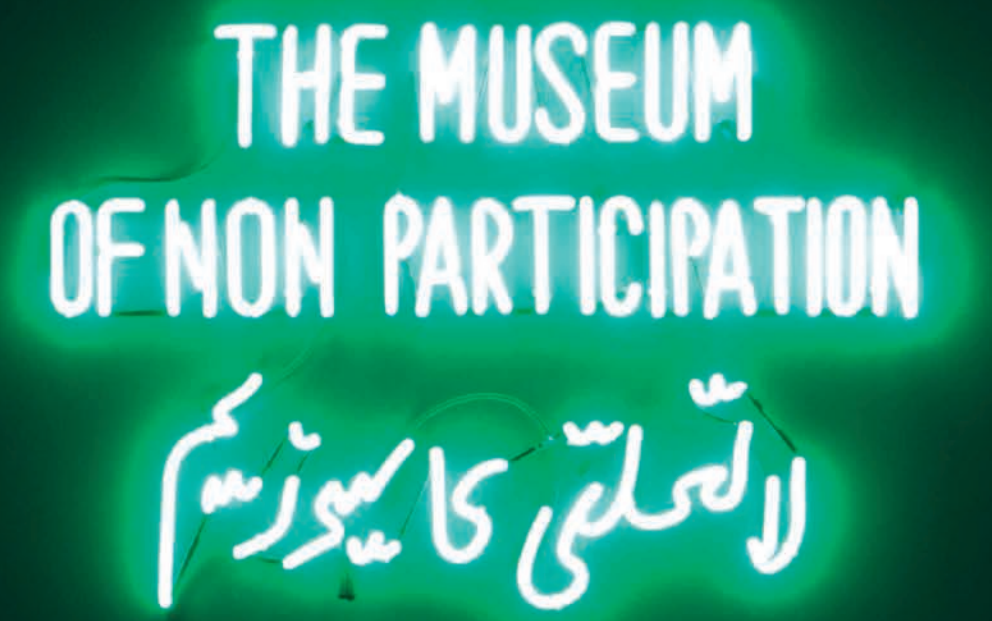
RIGHT:
Jan Fabre, photo by Jeroen Mantel, ® Angelos bvba, courtesy the artist and Ronchini Gallery

*This conversation took place in mid February when Jan Fabre had just been appointed as the artistic director of the Athens Festival. However, the announcement of the festival's program concentrating mainly on Belgian artists and productions triggered a large-scale negative response from Greek artists leading to Fabre's resignation on April 2.

Yesomi Umolu

PROFILE OF THE CURATOR

By Gan Uyeda



Yesomi Umolu is a Lagos-born, London-raised, Chicago-based curator with a mind for the global. Before holding curatorial positions at the Walker Art Center, the Eli and Edythe Broad Art Museum at Michigan State University (MSU), and the Logan Center for the Arts at the University of Chicago, Umolu studied architecture and curatorial studies in the U.K. Her sensitivity to a space's ability to craft narrative has been demonstrated in numerous exhibitions, where film and video works are often put to particularly innovative use. I spoke with Umolu after viewing her latest exhibition at the Broad MSU—a survey of contemporary art from West Africa and the diaspora entitled *Material Effects*.

GAN UYEDA: One of the things that I found most striking about *Material Effects* at the Broad was how, curatorially, the viewer was engaged through so many different senses. There was the cacophonous sound from Ibrahim Mahama's piece at a distance, and as you approached it, there was a real smell to it. In this way, the viewer moved in and out of different aural spaces and through major shifts in visual scale. The building itself is also so weird, and must have presented some challenges to conceptualizing the floor plan—bearing all of this in mind, how did you approach the layout of the show?

YESOMI UMOLU: The show tells a story in some ways. It starts with the Senegalese artist Issa Samb, who was sort of the inspiration behind the show happening in the way that it did. With a view to creating a show that reflected on contemporary practices in West Africa and across the diaspora, I had done studio visits in Nigeria, Ghana, and Senegal, and met with probably thirty to forty different artists. At the end of my trip, I spent a lot of time in Issa Samb's courtyard studio in Dakar, which is a really historic space. Eventually I came across this piece, a video interview that Antje Majewski had done with him, which I thought was a really beautiful portrait of him as a quite revolutionary thinker and maker. I started to recognize some of the things he was saying around objects and their status, particularly in a West African context, in some of the works I had seen during my visit. It was a parallel track to see the role Samb's work plays in West African art history, and at the same time, thinking about the younger artists who have emerged in the last five to ten years that I thought were picking up some of that lineage. There was a sensibility [among these younger artists] that I felt matched what Samb was doing and thinking about.

So, the exhibition has a clear narrative. We begin with Samb — the conceptual backbone that continues throughout the show—and you move on to different artworks that build on the remarks and the insights that he has made. I started to think about Mahama as being the other side of the coin—where Samb is completely anti-capital and highly inspired by Marxist philosophy, Mahama is from a younger generation who is interested in interrogating capital and how it flows. Mahama is less interested in transgressing this fully, but instead concerns himself with deconstructing it. He provided a contrast to Samb, who was steadfast that objects took on completely different values of their own outside of the Western capitalist framework, and would work to undercut any sort of impressions of that framework in how he made his sculptural objects. That is how I see the distinction between the two.

Samb sought revolution, finding another path—with the younger generation, it is about understanding the systems that are already in place. I always thought of Samb and Mahama as a sort of pair—in a generational sense, a perspectival sense—they are both dealing with sculpture in a similar manner in terms of how their work appropriates everyday objects. Samb is very subtle and makes small sculptural gestures that for him translate the inherent energies of objects, whereas Mahama tends to work with monumental scale, crafting works that interrogate the circulation of objects in the world.

GU: The video interview of Samb by Majewski at the beginning of the exhibition reads as a kind of thesis statement to the project. What is also interesting to me is that it is another artist's interview of Samb—in this sense, you chose to include his words rather than his artwork. Do you see this as a way of tracking influence, of looking at Samb's impact on discourse?

YU: Happening upon that video was serendipitous. From the beginning, I wanted to include some of Samb's works in the show, and it just did not transpire in the timeframe we had. His practice is very contextual—so, it would not have made sense to transplant the objects in his courtyard to the gallery space without him somehow being involved in that process. That eventually did not seem like it was going to happen, but I knew I wanted to include his voice in some way. I happened upon Antje's piece, and I actually think it worked out better because there is something important about understanding the man and the context he works in through his reflections. Samb would never think of himself as an artist, per se, as he works with very open-ended gestures—he really collapses the distance between art and life. It makes sense then that viewers experience it through his conceptual frame, as a opposed to inserting some of his objects that become reified in a way they do not exist as within his broader sculpture and performance-based practice.

GU: I would like to ask more about your background. You were born in Lagos, and partially grew up there and in the U.K. Were you always interested in art?

YU: I moved to London when I was ten. My mom was an English teacher and my dad was a civil servant. My family was one of those families who always had close ties to Europe, my mom was actually born in England and spent a lot of time there during her childhood, and my dad studied in Europe during his formative years. They were children of the 1970s, an era in which post independence Nigeria was having an economic and cultural renaissance; this afforded them a lot of mobility. As a result of this, we had a very global sense of the world.

I had actually always wanted to be an architect—I studied architecture and went to architecture school, as well as working in practice for a couple of years. Then it dawned on me that I was not really good at making things, which is really rather important in architecture—to have a very technical mind and the desire to make objects in the world. But I was interested in the discourse and social relations that the built environment generates. At the time I was studying in the U.K., there was a lot of funding and support for new research in the arts and humanities. A lot of architects were going to work in museums and in other cultural spaces, to use their skills and expertise, though not necessarily applying it towards building buildings. So, I was very interested in how you could practice as an architect, how can you craft space, without making anything.

GU: So you began the curatorial studies program at the Royal College of Art. What did you learn there? What did you take away in terms of how you approach exhibition making?

YU: Exactly. I studied under folks who were geared toward questions around post-colonialism and globalization, Mark Nash and Jean Fisher. When I was in architecture, I had written a lot around migrant spaces, and how as someone coming from elsewhere, you make your space differently. I was interested in how space articulates power relations and difference, whether cultural, social or economic. I really enjoyed that approach because it articulated my place in the world. It was great to work with Nash and Fisher because they filled in how artists and curators were dealing with questions of migration and belonging as they transitioned between different cultural contexts. Thinking in this framework was very useful.

GU: Apart from how transnational both your background and your exhibition history has been, a dominant theme throughout your practice is the use of moving image—specifically, video and film—and working through different ways of presenting the moving image in the gallery space. Is your transnational approach linked to the use of moving image?

YU: Yes—I think so. If you are dealing with questions of how one creates narratives through different spaces, then the moving image is ripe as a site; a space that can embody a psychology of movement, displacement, and disjunction, but also tell narrative through that process—however fragmented the narrative is! I find that the moving image seems to speak very truthfully about the themes I am interested in working with. This has been a recent realization of mine, having worked in different ways with artists, but also how the moving image relates to a kind of spatial politics and a critique of place. They marry in the same way.

But I also think it is something I am trying to figure out. I do not have one of those CVs where I am an expert in contemporary art from a given geographic area or have medium-specific concerns. I am drawn to a slightly more expansive notion of how you develop expertise in curatorial practice. I see myself as a very eclectic curator—I am trying to figure out if that is a good thing or not. We still live in a world where people have to lay claim to certain bodies of knowledge, and in many ways, that is how you get validated as you move through the world. Perhaps I have a post-colonial, *I-don't-want-to-lay-claim-to-anything* outlook. But I want to be a good curator who supports artists first and foremost, and I want to work in progressive ways and support innovative ideas. For me, if I were to lay claim to anything, this is what I would lay claim to.

GU: Looking at even just the past few years, seeing exhibitions like the ones with John Akomfrah, Ursula Biemann, Karen Mirza and Brad Butler—all of these are with artists that are using not just film and video, but specifically a para-documentary approach. The documentaries that these artists are putting together are mining the archive, re-cutting, and re-editing historical material. Why do you think that is a recurring form?

YU: I am very interested in the contemporary; I am interested in what is happening now. So, while these artists are using the archive, they are also interested in contemporary social politics. That is where I think the documentary form comes in,

It is an understanding that in bearing witness to the present, you have to understand the past. The world that we live in is made through a series of modernizations, a series of progressions. You have to understand how we got here to really understand what *here* is.


because all these folks bear witness to the present in very interesting ways. That has been the case in Akomfrah's work since he started in the late 1970s, in that he has never removed his work from the politics of what was going on around him. Similarly with Ursula and Brad and Karen, right? It is an understanding that in bearing witness to the present, you have to understand the past. The world that we live in is made through a series of modernizations, a series of progressions. You have to understand how we got here to really understand what *here* is.

As I mentioned earlier, my dad was a civil servant—so perhaps I watched too many newsreels, or too many political documentaries, but I am really interested in the world we live in now, and how artists are responding to that. How can [artists] be a kind of bridge to help us find solutions, or help us find different ways of interpreting the world we live in? I think it has to do with how we bear witness to the present.

GU: When you think about presenting a video, what are some of the considerations you put towards the gallery space? It is interesting to think about your architectural background informing this.

YU: It is always hard, because—especially when you are working with people who were trained as filmmakers—the compulsion is, "I just want this to be a black box."

GU: And that's something that you rarely do.

YU: Yes, I rarely do that. We have to contend with the gallery space—but it also does not mean that I am not open to having those conversations with filmmakers who are transitioning into an art space about what it means to present their film. With Akomfrah's show, we definitely thought about the gallery space and considered what the narrative was that we were trying to tie together—how does it remain open and permeable? While you do want to stay true to the artist's vision for the work, not every space can be a hermetically sealed black box (if only that could happen!). I like liveliness and duration in my exhibitions. Maybe that is another reason for the number of narrative and film works I have shown.

Exhibitions provide a different context than a black box; they require us to think about the space as a space that can be inhabited—as an architecture, in some ways—and from there, we have to create an architecture that defines the way we move around it, defines how we feel around it, our senses.

GU: Your first show here at the Logan—*So-called Utopias*—opened last fall. What is next?

YU: Monika [Szewczyk — former curator at the Logan] was great, because she had a unique approach to her curatorial practice that came through in the projects in the gallery. It was super eclectic, open, and collaborative, and I like that about the program she established for the gallery. For me, the aim here is to re-orient the program, and focus a bit more on what we can offer to artists when they come to work with us. What we can offer are the incredible resources in this building—from black boxes to theater spaces to screening rooms—in addition to a genuine interest in supporting them through the production of their exhibitions. Because of this approach, we will have two solo shows a year—each will be with emerging artists working in interdisciplinary ways and will focus on showcasing new commissions. The two artists that will launch the program are a London-based artist, Larry Achiampong—who is dealing with cross-cultural and post-digital identities—and Kapwani Kiwanga, a Paris-based Canadian artist. I have had a long interest in ethnography and how it perverts the work we do as artists and museum professionals. Kiwanga is trained as a social scientist and draws a lot in her practice from anthropology. The goal with the program I am laying out is to be responsive to new voices and our immediate context. Because of that, I am thus infinitely fascinated with the history of the South Side of Chicago, and cultural production here and finding ways to support that in the long term.

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Yesomi Umolu is Exhibitions Curator at the Reva and David Logan Center for the Arts at the University of Chicago, where she also holds the position of Lecturer in the Humanities Division. Specializing in global contemporary art, Umolu has presented exhibitions, commissions and public programs with Ibrahim Mahama, Otobong Nkanga, John Akomfrah, Ursula Biemann and Paulo Tavares, Mithu Sen, Karen Mirza and Brad Butler, Abraham Cruzvillegas, Minouk Lim, Sharon Hayes and Eyal Weizman, among others. Her writing has appeared in numerous catalogues and journals, including *Art in America*, *Afterimage: The Journal of Media Arts and Cultural Criticism* and the Studio Museum in Harlem's *Studio* magazine.

TITLE PAGE:
The Museum of Non Participation: The New Deal, Medtronic Gallery, April 18–July 14, 2013. About the exhibition: The Museum of Non Participation is a fictional museum by London-based artists Karen Mirza and Brad Butler. Curators: Yesomi Umolu, with Susy Bielak. Photo by Gene Pittman, courtesy Walker Art Center

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PAGES 89:
John Akomfrah, *Imaginary Possessions*. Installation view at the Eli and Edythe Broad Art Museum at Michigan State University, 2013. Photo courtesy: Eat Pomegranate Photography

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PREVIOUS SPREAD:
The Museum of Non Participation: The New Deal, Medtronic Gallery, April 18–July 14, 2013. About the exhibition: The Museum of Non Participation is a fictional museum by London-based artists Karen Mirza and Brad Butler. Curators: Yesomi Umolu, with Susy Bielak. Photo by Gene Pittman, courtesy Walker Art Center

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RIGHT:
Ursula Biemann, *The Land Grant: Forest Law*. Installation view at the Eli and Edythe Broad Art Museum at Michigan State University, 2013. Photo courtesy: Eat Pomegranate Photography

Marinella Senatore

THE SLEEPLESS PERFORMER

In Conversation with Alfredo Cramerotti

The conversation between writer Alfredo Cramerotti and Paris-based artist Marinella Senatore took place while working together towards an exhibition scheduled for summer–fall 2016 at MOSTYN, her first institutional solo show in the UK. Her past work has involved thousands of participants, sometimes entire communities—from a Harlem neighborhood to a mining town in Sicily—and is rooted in thinking through the meaningfulness of a given context, and for what reasons. It is therefore no surprise that Senatore spent several months in North Wales prior to scheduling the show. ——— Senatore's approach exemplifies a powerful way of rethinking places as responsible and deputized for culture—her work promotes the active inclusion of the public in the creation and use of every piece. She imagines the various ways in which to approach her subjects, often incorporating the means of production into her final works—spectacular performances and actions that unfold both in public spaces and in codified art environments. In all her work, Senatore empowers the individual in relation to social structures and community-gathering systems. From a musical to a radio station, from a parade to a film, every project is not only participative, but also truly beautiful to experience and watch. Cramerotti sat with Senatore to discuss her work in five questions—from initial concepts and technical aspects of production, to the infinite adaptations of her performances, and how these processes (frequently separate in most artists' practices) are intrinsically linked.

ALFREDO CRAMEROTTI: Let's start with the main ideas behind your work—I realize this is a big question, and of course I have my own reading of your work, but it may not be the same with what you think are the main guiding principles of what you do. I am interested in knowing how you yourself "read" your work. Can you step outside Marinella for a moment and let me know what you see?

MARINELLA SENATORE: I see a different way of rethinking the artist's role; a role that is more in touch with the needs of contemporaneity—according to public requisitioning, new ideas about social structures, the incredible amount of information required, and the speed of communication, etc. Above all, I see the questioning of these roles from appointed institutions, to the exploitation of mcontemporary art and culture more generally.

In my works, I continuously seek to build a sense of cohesion in order to awaken a diverse utopia that is tested by thousands of participants from different countries. I have experienced personally that many things are incredibly possible! I try to rethink and instigate this shared creation in different forms in order to facilitate and enable some sort of energy towards emancipation.

My works tend to answer the demands of confrontation, visibility, and diversity by resolving these subjects on a creative and intellectual level, where there is no space for an "abusive" role of the artist, but a horizontality of creation. In short, if I were to observe my work and myself as an outsider, I would see the attempt in achieving "good communities," while also being conscious of this enormous personal, intellectual, and conceptual commitment.

AC: Did you get any particular source of inspiration for the visual styles of your recent series of works—i.e. *The School of Narrative Dance*; the musicals; the storytelling sessions, etc.—or did they arrive in relation to the nature of the materials you have used, and locations you were positioned in?

MS: My sources of inspiration come from every sector that we work on; from social issues, and more—my transformations of the method and their aesthetic depends on the people who are part of the project. From their imagination, some sort of story and difference emerges, while a common imaginary remains; the numerous forms of storytelling are always different, and in consequence, the practice of participation also changes. This is extremely exciting for me.

Since I cannot know how all of the working stages from a given piece will develop beforehand, and at all times—such as, which will be the best approach—the most suitable process for me in such context is that the communication strategies must really work. I can only be extremely flexible in working arrangements and concentrate, when I start knowing the people, in order to understand what it is that they really care about, and thus what kind of things from such relationships interests me. Some questions I often ask are: how do they interact with me, and with each other; how much and how do we intervene space into practice itself? Well, yes—in this sense, all the initial stimuli become ideas with a defined form, and through this, I then completely understand how to proceed, accept conflicts, negotiate, and solve these questions on a practical, rather than speculative, level. I would say this is decisively honest and creative.

Like every other participant in the work, I propose visions, images, language, and much more that each participant can share selectively. While there is agency in this, it is also a mutual exchange—where one gives a part of themselves, in order to receive a part from another. This liberal perspective provides a total openness for negotiation. Therefore, the work is transformed into an absolute egalitarianism.

The nature of narration—sometimes founded in myth, or at other times in the

“For me, the most intimate phase is theoretically processing an already made project.”

“Sometimes, the shared energy is so strong that it feeds me for months after the end of a project. I cannot sleep, nor can many of the participants. In fact, we have long phone calls or endless emails...”

— MARINELLA SENATORE

local news, or pure fiction, as well as biographical and collective memory—is always incredibly different from country to country, city to city, community to people. Through my approach to narration, I discover the richness and truth that represents the almost infinite possibilities of the "site-specific project."

AC: Can you dive a bit into the technical aspects of the works? Such as the gathering of raw material, software or hardware used (in the wide sense; they could be thoughts and bodies), as well as the selection and editing process? What are some of the particular challenges you and your team faced in realizing the works?

MS: Each project that I work on becomes an archive that is constantly in movement: the dancers, the narratives and the materials that are used—really, every single sketch, drawing, note, or working schedules directly address the truth of what I call "processualism," an ever dynamic, flexible, state. This approach thus acquires value, not only through emphasizing the content, but also the aesthetic approach. And such an aesthetic is one of greater strength in concepts, which generates a step towards sharing and initiating the process itself.

Even in the remarkable differences between the various communities I have worked with, these concepts prove crucial acknowledgement of installations, objects, graphic works, and archives in which I research a lot of the possibilities of display. For me, the most intimate phase is theoretically processing an already made project. It is as much meaningful as it is determining: whenever I feel the need to "enclose" an entire process in a certain way with a harsher formalization—from photographs to sculpture, collage to paintings and especially drawings—these are, for me, the unlimited sources of my research and thought. It is essential to reflect, rethink, and reread all completed processes while at the same time devote myself to tracing back the production in different formats.

AC: I saw a recent installation of your work for a mid-career retrospective at the Castello di Rivoli in Turin. It was basically made of a series of "spaces" that the viewer was moving from and to, so that visitors would walk underneath, above, into them—or beside them, or between them—but could not really see them from an 'external' point of view. You chose instead to have an "immersive" type of installation. What was the underlying approach to this?

MS: In this case, my vision, like others, stimulates a project one after the other, with an idea that applies to a dynamic production. While the concept expresses a process, it also employs a new form in a new context. I could say that placing the linkage between these spaces, ideas, and future variations together with all the participants presented the work itself, once again, in a totally different way. The idea of endless production fascinates me. The way I imagine and plan the installations and displays for my works are based on the practices and methodologies engaged in any participatory process where an attendance of the public is the active subject that lives and interacts within the project itself. It is

a crucial experience for me in many ways.

Variations, a video work I made in 2011, involved hundreds of Lower East Side residents from New York. It was presented as an assigned table for creative writing, available to anyone who was willing to use it. Similarly, the set that was created in the U.K. for the opera *Rosas* was transformed into a mobile installation that was "re-activated" every time the space was used by over twenty thousand participants, by using the site itself as a performance, ideally connecting people who have never met each other in the process. By sharing the space, the performers trigger the energy within the space just as previous citizens have done before. Now, museums and institutions are hosting *The School of Narrative Dance*, our free-of-charge nomadic school, which travels around the world. The work is continuously designed in a different manner, and in each of the spaces, the framework is created to invite citizens who want to carry out their own projects as well. Even without my presence, the work has become a conceptual—and physical—space where anyone can express themselves, and propose ideas to the community. This concept applies to almost to all my projects—even the older ones—that are awakened when they confront the public once again, becoming newly significant. I treat my practice as a flow of energy that allows for a constant renovation of the work forever renewed over time alongside the possibilities offered by new social and geo-political contexts.

AC: Tell me a secret about your work. Even a small one.

MS: Sometimes, the shared energy is so strong that it feeds me for months after the end of a project. I cannot sleep, nor can many of the participants. In fact, we have long phone calls or endless emails...

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Italian-born Marinella Senatore is a visual artist currently living and working between Paris and London. She attended the Conservatory of Music and the Fine Arts School in Naples, the National Film School in Rome, and in 2006 she graduated in Art at University of Castilla-La Mancha (Spain) where she was Associate Professor for seven years and is attending a PhD in Public Art. Her work has been exhibited widely including Castello di Rivoli Turin, Museum of Contemporary Art Santa Barbara, Kunst Halle Sankt Gallen, MoMA PS1 New York, Museum Boijmans Van Beuningen Rótterdam, Moderna Museet Stockolm, the Museum of Contemporary Art Chicago, Matadero Centro de Creación Contemporánea Madrid, Macro Museum Rome, Madre Museum Naples, Whitechapel Art Gallery London. She participated to the 13th Biennale de Lyon, La Vie Moderne; the 5th Thessaloniki Biennále of Contemporary Art; the 12th Bienal de Cuenca, Ecuador; the 54th Venice Art Biennial *ILLUMInations*.

TITLE PAGE:
Marinella Senatore, *ALL THE THINGS I NEED*, 2006. Stills from video. Courtesy MOTInternational, London & Brussels and the artist. *Produced by Galleria Civica d'Arte Contemporanea of Trento, Italy*

PAGE 95:
Marinella Senatore, *THE SCHOOL OF NARRATIVE DANCE*, ONGOING DOCUMENTARY, 2013. Single channel HD video on Blu Ray, sound, variable length. Stills from video. Courtesy MOTInternational, London & Brussels and the artist

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FOLLOWING SPREAD:
Marinella Senatore, *THE SCHOOL OF NARRATIVE DANCE: LITTLE CHAOS #1, #2, #3*, 2013. Fine Art Prints on Hahnemühle paper, framed, 160 x 300 cm. Courtesy Peres Projects, Berlin; MOTInternational, London & Brussels and the artist. Produced by Musei Civici and Comune of Cagliari, (I)

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PAGE 99:
THE SCHOOL OF NARRATIVE DANCE, ECUADOR, 2014. Production stills. Produced by 12th Bienal de Cuenca, Ecuador. Courtesy by MOTInternational, London & Brussels and the artist

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BELOW:
Marinella Senatore, *ESTMAN RADIO PODCAST*, 2014. Installation view at Kunst Halle Sankt Gallen (CH). Installation details. Courtesy, MOTInternational, London & Brussels and the artist. *Produced by Kunst Halle St. Gallen* (CH). Photo: Gunnar Meier

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