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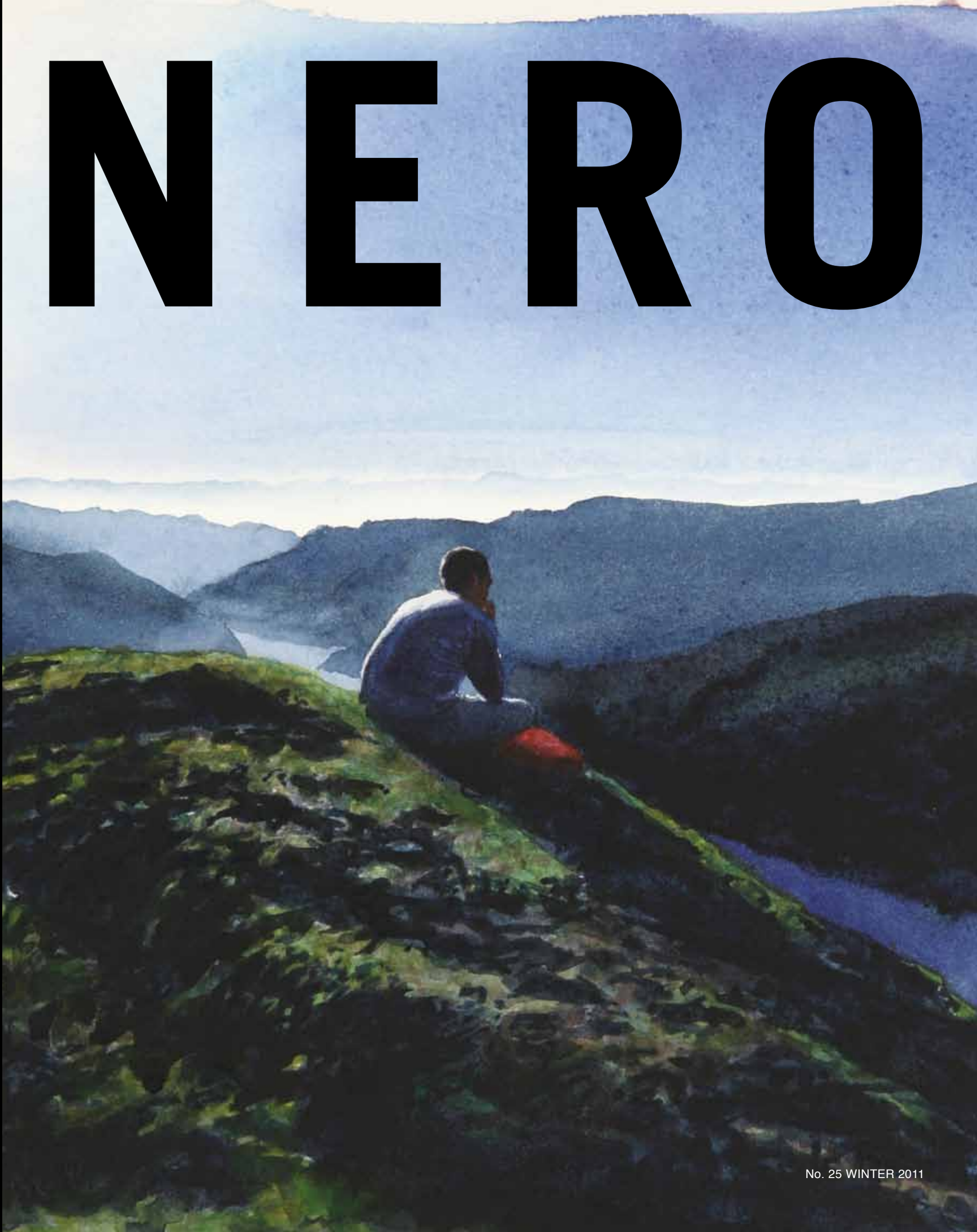

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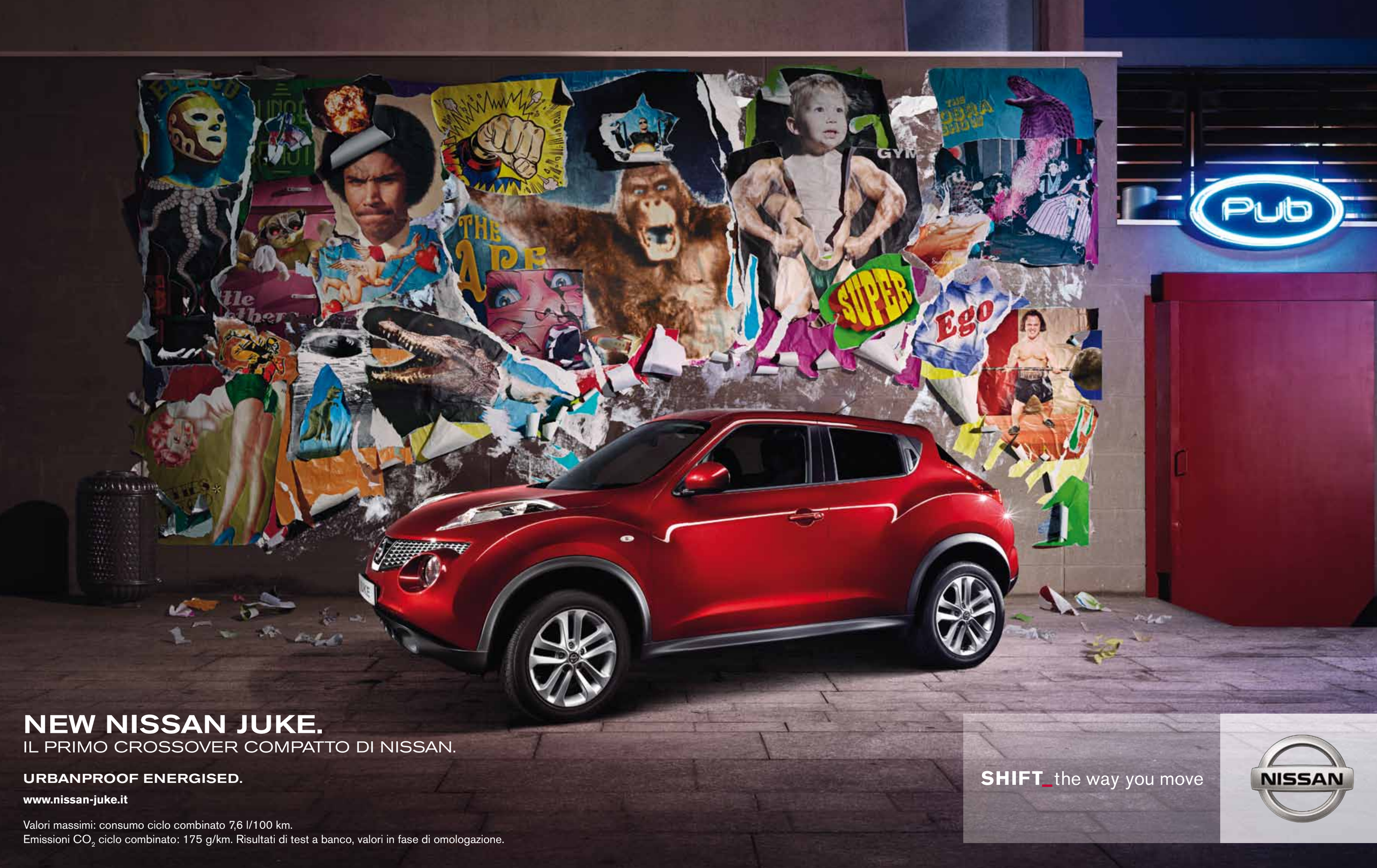
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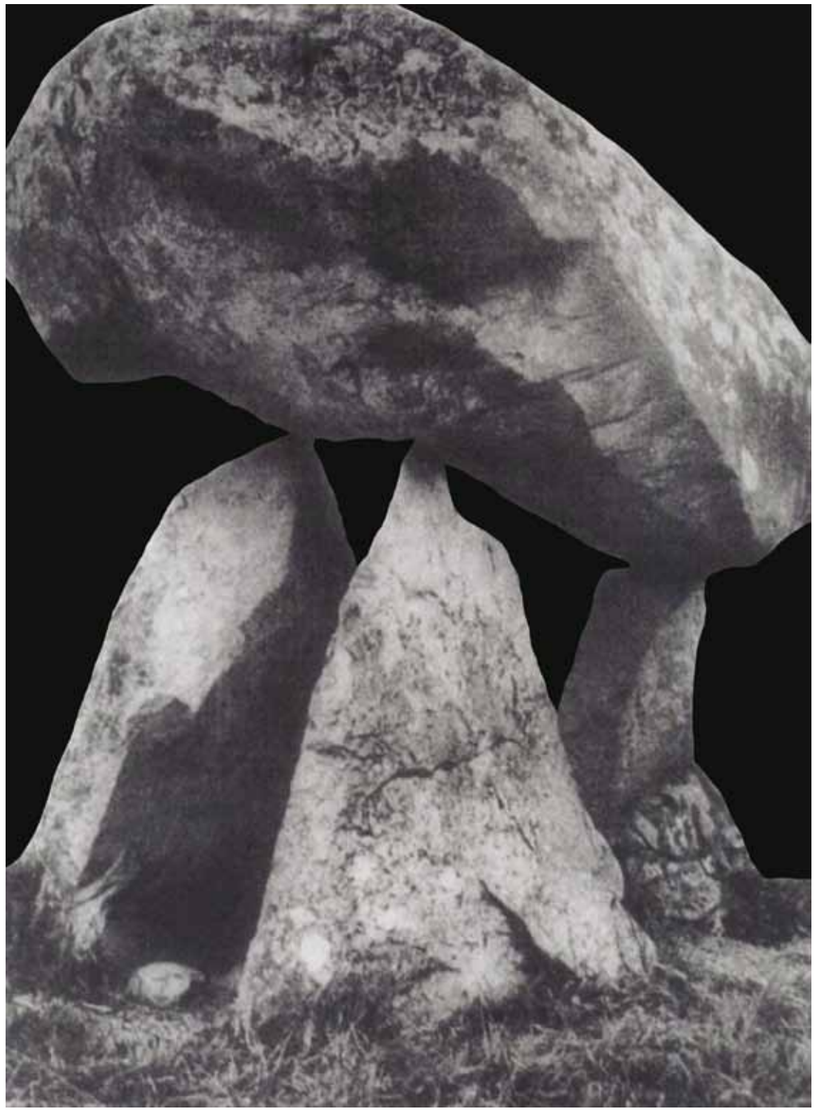
Anish Kapoor talking to *The Northern Echo*, 12 April 2010



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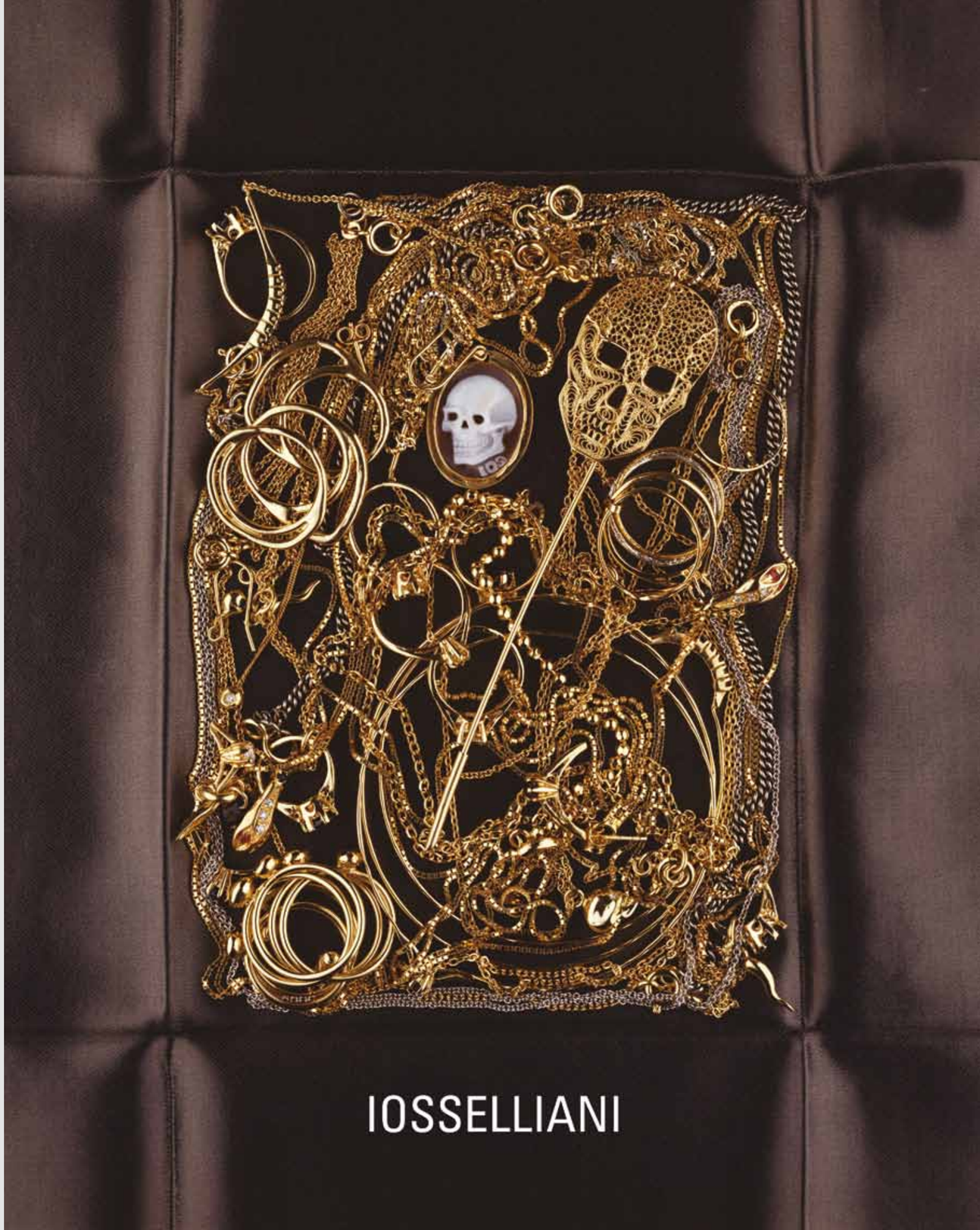

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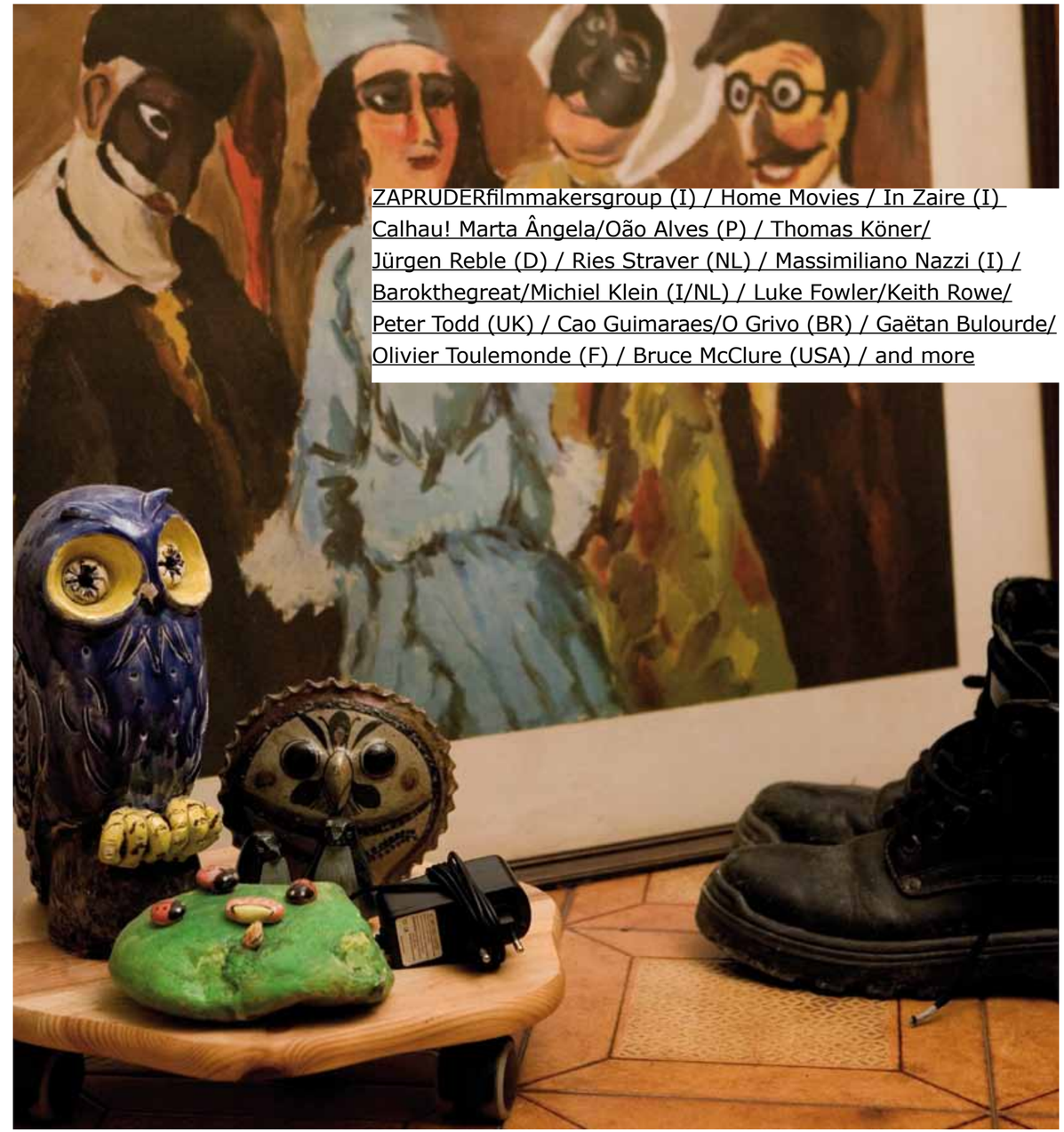

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www.neromagazine.it
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winter 2011 N.25

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COVER IMAGE
Tim Gardner, *Untitled (Tobi in the Landscape)*, 2006. courtesy 303 Gallery, New York.

PUBLISHED BY
Produzioni Nero s.c.r.l.
Isc. Albo Coop. N°A116843
Via dei Giuochi Istmici 28, 00135, Rome
Registrazione al Tribunale di Roma N°102/04 del 15-03-2004

OFFICE
Lungotevere degli Artigiani 8b, 00153, Rome
Tel-Fax +39 06 97271252

SUBMISSIONS
Nero Magazine, Via degli Scialoja 18, 00196, Rome

PRINTED BY
Jimenez Godoy, Ctra. de Alicante Km.3, Murcia (Spain)

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I AM TRYING TO HAVE MY MID-LIFE CRISIS WHILE LIVING IN ROME THIS YEAR. IN ITALIAN AND FRENCH THEY ACTUALLY REFER TO THE AGE OF 40 (CRISE DES 40 ANS) FOR THIS RECKONING, SO IT SEEMS I AM A YEAR BEHIND SCHEDULE. AFTER A LONG PERIOD OF INCREASING ACTIVITY, OBLIGATIONS AND TRAVEL RELATED TO MY WORK, I HAVE DECIDED TO PUT ON THE BRAKES. WHILE AWAY FROM MY LOS ANGELES HOME BASE OF THE LAST 11 YEARS AND IN RESIDENCE FOR A YEAR AT THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME I AM SUSPENDING ALL NON-URGENT ACTIVITY.

words and images by fritz haeg

WIKI DIARY pt.1

I want my crisis to be like a year-long deep breath, like making a vacuum that will need to be filled by something you haven't intended, like getting lost, like a Situationist *dérive*, like waking up every day confused about what you are doing, like questioning everything that you have been assuming, like welcoming that nagging restless feeling when nothing seems right, like knocking everything down to see what is worth rebuilding, like setting everything on fire to see what grows back.

I think Italy in general and Rome in particular is a good place for my existential crisis, this city of time and layers constantly referring back and forth to each other, while carefully and recklessly both destroying and preserving. Living in Venice from the age of 20 to 21, and in a Tuscan farmhouse from 23 to 24, this country has served as the site for some of my previous revelatory periods of doubt and crisis that proved to be pivotal for later directions in my life and work.

It was the uniquely Italian celebration of quotidian life, rather than the spectacle of the great monuments of architecture and art, that I was turned on to. This attention to daily life is what continues to concern my work, and what I am returning for. On January 1st, 2010 I made a New Year's resolution to start my first real daily dairy. Here I have been marking each day with an image and related sentence. Now almost a year into my diary and three months into my 'Roman Crisis,' I would like to share a few of my days with you...

On December 14th, 2010, SMOKE OVER ROMAN PROTESTS...

the view from my window of smoke billowing up from car fires set by protesters in Rome's historic center

...is what I am seeing out my window now, (while watching live video from Corriere della Sera of the dramatic scene on the streets below) as it was just announced that Silvio Berlusconi won the vote of confidence in the lower house, just three votes away from the collapse of his government, while 1,500 police are trying to control an estimated 100,000 now marching in the Roman center calling on Berlusconi to step down – and though it seems impossible to believe that this person is still in power, not knowing any Italian who can stand him, we did talk to a cab driver the other day who thought Silvio was just great – but when asked why he was good for Italy he just shrugged and starting rambling about taxes on taxis.

On December 11th, 2010, ESPOSIZIONE UNIVERSALE ROMA...

Palazzo della Civiltà Italiana (1938-1943), or the "Colosseo Quadrato" – flanked by sexy equestrian statues representing the Greek hero Dioscuri.

...or EUR, the vast development south of Rome is where we went today in search of some adventures in Fascist Roman architecture – which first fascinated me (to the horror of my Italian classmates and teaching assistants) while working on my thesis project for Aldo Rossi at the IUAV from 1990-91 – and today I was struck by how much the buildings reminded me of Aldo Rossi's greatest & earliest works such as the Cataldo Cemetery in Modena (1971) and the more relentlessly austere designs of Giorgio Grassi – but today I was left feeling uncomfortable with our ability to have a purely aesthetic experience with an architecture generated to promote brutal inhuman activity – but hey, we really love that Colosseum built by slaves where hundreds of thousands died torturous deaths to the cheering of an entertained public!

On December 10th, 2010, LIVE PAUL RUDY MUSIC WITH YOGA...

AAR music fellow Paul Rudy getting comfortable on the floor of my studio surrounded by his instruments

...today and almost every day at 5pm in my studio has been a revelation (having previously always needed a daily lead yoga class, too bored or distracted to be able to do it on my own, and enjoying the non-verbal community and energy of a group) – as we gather in a circle, starting out together, with basic breathing and stretching exercises, then moving into our own practice, each doing his or her own thing, at times riffing off each other, all the while accompanied and inspired by the rich acoustic environment of Paul's vocals and handmade sound experiments created by a modest collection of instruments surrounding him on the floor: the pouring of water, the dragging of a drum across the floor, the breathing of a toy accordion...

On December 7th, 2010, PLASTIC BOTTLE SEED-STARTER COLD-HOUSE WATER-CATCHMENT...

bottle gardening, before (left), 'cold-cover' arrangement with cover to keep the plants warm on cool nights (middle), and 'water-catchment' arrangement with bottom on top to collect water in hot dry weather (right)

...is a simple little system I have going on the Roman rooftop garden (also known as Edible Estate #9: Rome, Italy) which involves collecting unwanted empty containers (from American Academy residents, who also happen to write their names on their bottles when they leave them in the communal kitchens, which adds a really cute personal kindergarten-like detail to the garden) – and then (a) they are cut in half (b) the cap is placed inside the bottom of the neck to keep the soil in place (c) the 'top' half is then filled with soil and planted with seeds (d) the 'bottom' is then either used as a cold-cover or base to catch water depending on the weather.

On November 27th, 2010,
JOAN JONAS TALKS AT MAXXI…

the forbidding space around MAXXI on a chilly November afternoon
…which is the dramatic new Zaha Hadid designed 'Museum of 21st Century Art' (surrounded by an unfortunate expanse of endless shadeless tree-free unwelcoming concrete which seems to function mainly as a place from which to view the building) has done much to catalyze the contemporary art scene in Rome despite the structure's hostility to most of the artistic activities it seeks to present.

On November 22nd, 2010,
LA BELLISSIMA TELEGIORNALISTA ELENA GUARNIERI…

Elena Guarnieri is an anchor on TG5
…of TG5 (the flagship news program of the Mediaset empire owned by the ridiculous Silvio Berlusconi who first ascended to the throne of Italian Prime Minister in March 1994 while I was living in a rural Tuscan farmhouse as my exasperated Italian friends were freaking out and agonizing over the future of Italy – though now his days seem numbered?) stars in a 50 second remixed music video by DJ Giorgio Prezioso which I am strangely obsessed with today and can't stop watching – perhaps due to the mixture of fascination and nostalgia that Italian TV news induces, since I started watching it the first time I moved here 20 years ago to help with my language skills.

On November 19th, 2010,
A RAINBOW OVER THE ROMAN ROOFTOP GARDEN…

Roman rooftop garden rainbow
…this morning is a welcome punctuation to endless days of November Roman rain.

On November 15th, 2010,
ROME FROM ABOVE…

Centocelle, or 'one hundred cells' in Italian, sounds ominous, but looks cool from above
…is the view that I am enjoying as we prepare to land at the remote Roman airport of Ciampino this morning, especially a view of the suburb Centocelle which developed around the site of the first Italian airport – where Charles Lindbergh payed a visit, Wilbur Wright gave a flying demonstration in 1909, and Hitler met Mussolini in 1938.

On November 10th, 2010,
CORVIALE…

Corviale from above
…is a massive Corbusian housing block designed by a team of Italian architects and built in 1972 in the southwestern outskirts of Rome – and I have recently become fascinated by stories of how residents have been gradually customizing and occupying it in unexpected ways – but departing from Fiumicino today I actually flew right over and managed to get a shot – more reports to come as I visit in person in a few weeks.

On November 8th, 2010,
A VENETIAN FRUIT VENDOR…

my Venetian fruit vendor from 20 years ago is on the left
…in the Venice sestiere of Cannaregio where I lived from 1990-91, was the highlight of my day, involving a visit back to my old street, Calle Riello, only to find that the lady who sold us fruits and vegetables around the corner was still there selling fruits and vegetables – so of course I introduced myself, and of course she didn't remember me, but she was gracious about it, and even posed for this picture with her friend.

On November 6th, 2010,
A TUSCAN FARMHOUSE…

the view of Florence and the Duomo from my old Tuscan farmhouse (top), and the front in its abandoned state, my bedroom window is above the arched entry (bottom)
…at least 500 years old, southeast of Florence, just up the hills of Bagno a Ripoli, right after the tiny village La Fonte is where I lived from 1993-94, and it is where I went today with my old Italian friend who I first met there, Katia, with her energetic six year old son Ottavio in tow, on a pilgrimage of curiosity to see what happened to the place that I think of often, which had such an effect on me, where I lived for a whole year on a few thousand dollars, and took hikes through the fields and farms and groves and meadows eating figs, grapes, and pears picked along the way, and where empty bottles were brought to the farmers downstairs for the fresh and out-the-window-local olive oil and wine we enjoyed, and where we looked down over the olive groves to see the Duomo in the distance over morning espressos while sitting in the window inhaling the first morning smoke of long days of making fires to stay warm – it was a year like a deep breath, or bubble in time, before starting my life of obligations.

On November 5th, 2010,
LETTUCE IN CARTONS…

lettuce in silver-lined milk and juice cartons
…is beginning to pop up – obviously enjoying the alternating sunny and rainy weather we have been having – and creating brilliant contrasts between the raw wood crates containing the colorful graphic wrapped cartons with their shiny silver interiors holding the bright spring green shoots.

On November 4th, 2010,
POTATOES GROWING IN BURLAP COFFEE BEAN BAGS IN WOOD FRUIT CRATES…

potato sack potatos
…is the cute, rustic, and homespun exception to my otherwise 'trashy' (in the best sense) garden of exclusively found, salvaged, and recycled goods with all of the plants growing in the random empty containers I have gathered around the Academy – but those potatoes are really looking classy.

On November 3rd, 2010,
WORM COMPOSTING…

my bin of Roman red worms making compost
…also known as 'vermicoltura' around here, is going well up on the Roman rooftop and the little red worms are reproducing quickly, eating their daily kitchen scraps, turning it into fertile worm castings, and all the while smelling just great – 'che bel profumo!' we say as we stick our noses in – and their luxury accommodations and deliciously local fresh organic meals have inspired some to identify the bin as the Worm Academy in Rome with hand-picked squirmy fellows in residence for the year.

On November 1st, 2010,
ITALIAN TRAIN STATION GRAFFITI…

colorful two level graffiti at Roma Ostiense
…and their welcome colors are something I am admiring on the rails from Chiusi to Roma Trastevere this rainy afternoon.

On October 26th, 2010,
DINNER WITH ALICE WATERS…

cold season row covers at the American Academy in Rome kitchen gardens
…at the American Academy in Rome tonight (over the delightful food prepared in the kitchen she revolutionized, and presided over by the indomitable indefatigable Mona Talbott) was a highlight of autumnal Rome for me, as we sat for 3 hours absorbed in conversation about food, art, gardens, and culture occasionally interrupted by animated stories of people we both love and admire like the brilliant Peter Sellars – who she had to drop everything for in the middle of the meal to have a picture of the two of us taken by her assistant Verun with her iPhone to immediately send to Peter and let him know we were both thinking of him – and at some point in the future I might get my hands on that photo of us smiling in the Academy dining room and post it here, but in the meantime I share with you the image of the plastic row covers installed over the new seedlings in the kitchen garden this morning as the night time temperatures drop towards 45 degrees – but I like the way they look – as if you mean business, like mini radical 1970's counter-cultural architecture.

On October 24th, 2010,
ROMAN ROOFTOP HOMESTEAD ARRANGEMENT…

Roman rooftop homestead
…is at version 3.0 with small revisions every day, and now my worm compost bin is outside too, so the worms can get a little fresh air.

On October 17th, 2010,
A ROMAN ROOFTOP HOMESTEAD…

the beginning of my Roman rooftop garden
…is what I'll be gradually making for myself this year, including a kitchen garden, bat and bee estates, worm compost bins, laundry lines, a garden of plants for textile dyes, etc. – but only with materials, containers, seeds, plants, dirt that are found or scavenged – and here is a little preview…

On October 10th,
A WALK ALONG THE ROMAN AQUEDUCTS…

a walk along the Roman Aqueduct
…starting near the storied Cinacittà complex at Anagnina (the last stop of the Metro A Line) and ending near Termini – was a day-long urban hike across some of the more dramatic and unlikely landscapes of the city where ancient Roman ruins rub up against modern housing blocks – and the event was organized in part (by some of the folks from the urban activist collective Stalker) to advocate urban housing rights while memorializing the communities of displaced peoples who had lived within the ancient structures of the aqueducts.

On October 8th, 2010,
VILLA BORGHESE LIGHT SHOW…

Villa Borghese light show
…is a mystical presence on the Roman skyline as seen from my window tonight.

On October 7th, 2010,
JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE'S *ITALIAN JOURNEY*…

mysterious sunset fire by the tarmac at Rome Fiumicino
…an account of his hastily planned 1786-87 trip south to escape his humdrum daily obligations in Germany and luxuriate in the Italian culture he had been dreaming about – is what I had the pleasure of reading while making a much speedier trip south yesterday, flying from Schiphol to Fiumicino in about 2 hours, where we saw a mysterious bonfire by the tarmac after a sunset touchdown.

On September 27th, 2010,
DROGHERIA INNOCENZI…

the intoxicating interior of Drogheria Innocenzi, since 1948
…(aka F.lli Innocenzi Giancarlo e Giovanni S.N.C.) just down the hill at 66 Piazza San Cosimato in Trastevere, has been around and almost unchanged since 1948 and is one of my new favorite stores of all time, having just stumbled in this morning, feeling like I could spend forever just looking around, immediately overwhelmed by the exciting combination of old-school classic Italian goods (coffees, spices, candies, oils, grains…), very new and progressive 'biologico' gluten-free goods (spelt, local jams, breads…), and exotic imports (syrup, sushi goods, peanut butter…), all beautifully presented in hand-made mom and pop fashion – and I haven't even mentioned the beautiful 'drogheria' smocks that the gracious staff wear.

On September 26th, 2010,
PIAZZA SANT'IGNAZIO…

Piazza Sant'Ignazio, looking up
…formed by a Baroque confection of buildings designed by Filippo Raguzzini from 1727-1728, is one of my favorite outdoor spaces in Rome – and my best experiences of it are always unplanned surprises, where I just happen upon it – which is what happened today.

On September 25th, 2010,
DAILY COMMUNAL LUNCH AT THE ACADEMY…

around 60 fellows, staff, and visitors gather around the lunch table for a mid-day communal moment
…is the biggest pleasure of the day (next to dinner), where everyone lines up at a serving table laden with the local, seasonal, organic, gorgeous creations by the Rome Sustainable Food Project kitchen at the Academy, and then sit down at one endless table in the cortile for conversation over some of the best meals I have ever had – featuring lots of Roman beans, vegetables, and fruits that are even satisfying this vegan.

On September 21st, 2010, OH,
JUST ANOTHER SUNRISE OVER ROME…

sunrise over Rome featuring the silhouette of the neo-classical cornice American Academy
…as viewed from my studio window overlooking the city this morning – and I think it's hard not to be fired up for the day with a spectacle like this greeting you.

On September 19th, 2010,
GIOVANNI BERNABEI…

Giovanni Bernabei at his stand at the Testaccio market
…is the farmer just outside of Rome – who supplies most of the fresh, local, seasonal, and organic produce to chef Mona Talbott at the American Academy in Rome (they have a picture of him up on the wall in the kitchen) – and this morning Mona introduced me to him at his stand at the first market of the season in Testaccio – and I hear that he will take me in as part of the family when I start to go up there and spend time on his farm.

On September 18th, 2010,
STUDIO 309…

studio 309 at the American Academy in Rome
…on the top floor of the main building (designed by one of the primary founders of the Academy, Charles Follen McKim of McKim Mead and White) of the American Academy in Rome is where I have been fortunately placed for the year, with a big terrace to the side, and panoramic view of Rome from our vantage point above Trastevere and on top of the Gianicolo – and I'm just getting settled – while thinking about starting a Roman homestead up here.

On September 16th, 2010,
THE FRENCH ACADEMY'S VILLA MEDICI…

early evening view from Villa Medici gardens towards Saint Peter's
…is one of my favorite places in Rome – where I'm lucky to have some French friends of friends in residence who I can go visit – and today I was treated to a tour of the gardens by one of the French fellows, a landscape historian who took us to the 20m high artificial mound known as Mt. Parnassus, and then deep underground into the chambers beneath it – an academic interpretation of which was provided in great detail – in French – so I left with only a general sense of his insights, which was fine & a bit more mysterious.

On September 9th, 2010,
THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME VEGETABLE BEDS…

the new vegetable beds in the Mercedes and Sid R. Bass Garden
…were established as part of the new Rome Sustainable Food Project spearheaded by Alice Waters (in beds originally created for cut flowers in the Bass Garden behind the Academy) have been on my mind since I first found out that I would be coming here a few months ago – and I am finally here and looking forward to helping out the gardeners on Wednesday mornings to learn what I can about growing food in this climate – but we will be starting by pulling out the summer crops, spreading some compost, and planting seeds for the Fall and Summer.

On September 7th, 2010,
AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME…

view from my studio at the American Academy in Rome
…is where I have finally arrived in a daze – showing up at the doorstep at 8am from Fiumicino, being handed an envelope with my keys and basic information by Luca at the front gate, getting some help with my two modest suitcases up to see my apartment and studio on the 4th floor, and then to the window…and though I'm not yet sure what I will be doing here for the next year – I want to give myself the space and freedom to do what I need to do – but I think I'll start by doing lots of walking, and reading, and gardening, and talking to lots of Romans about their city, and history, and gardens, and streets, and food.

On September 6th, 2010,
ON MY WAY TO ROME…

view out my portal from ATL to Fiumicino
….through that horrible place known as ATL and can't wait to get to the other side.

Fritz Haeg (1969) was trained as an architect, but his current work spans a range of disciplines and media including gardens, dance, performance, design, installation, ecology and architecture, most of which is commissioned and presented by art museums and institutions. His work often involves collaboration with other individuals and site specific projects that respond to particular places.

WIKIDIARY PT .1

Sto cercando di attraversare la mia crisi di mezz'età nel corso di quest'anno, vivendo a Roma. Di fatto, in italiano e in francese, ci si riferisce all'età di quaranta anni (crise des 40 ans) per questo conteggio, sembra quindi che io sia indietro di un anno. Dopo un lungo periodo di attività crescente, di obblighi e viaggi di lavoro, ho deciso di frenare un attimo. Lontano da Los Angeles, la base in cui sono stato negli ultimi undici anni, ho deciso di sospendere tutte le attività non urgenti per la durata della mia residenza di un anno all'Accademia Americana di Roma.

Voglio che questa mia crisi sia un respiro profondo lungo un anno, quasi a creare un vuoto che chiederà poi d'essere riempito con qualcosa che non era previsto, un po' come perdersi, come una deriva situazionista, come svegliarsi ogni giorno senza avere chiaro ciò che si sta facendo, come mettere in questione tutto ciò in cui ho creduto, come dare il benvenuto a quel sentimento d'ansia e spavento di quando niente sembra andare per il verso giusto, come distruggere tutto, per vedere cosa vale la pena di ricostruire, come dare fuoco a tutto e vedere cosa ricresce.

Penso che l'Italia in generale, e Roma in particolare, sia un buon luogo per la mia crisi esistenziale; questa città del tempo e degli strati che fanno costantemente riferimento uno all'altro, avanti e indietro, che distruggono e conservano con attenzione ed imprudenza. Avendo vissuto a Venezia dai venti fino ai ventuno anni, e poi in un casale toscano dai ventitrè ai ventiquattro, questo paese è stato il luogo in cui ho vissuto alcuni periodi pieni di dubbi e crisi, poi successivamente rivelatisi cruciali nell'indirizzare la mia vita ed il mio lavoro.

Più che lo spettacolo dato dai grandi monumenti architettonici ed artistici, a farmi effetto era l'unicità della celebrazione della vita quotidiana. Questa attenzione alla vita d'ogni giorno è cio che continua ad interessare il mio lavoro, ed è il motivo che mi porta a tornare qui di continuo. Il primo gennaio 2010 mi sono promesso che, per l'anno nuovo, avrei cominciato il mio primo vero diario. Ho riempito ogni pagina con un'immagine e una relativa frase. Ora, quasi ad un anno dall'esordio del mio diario, e a tre mesi di 'crisi romana', vorrei condividere con voi alcune delle mie giornate...

14 dicembre 2010, IL FUMO DELLE PROTESTE ROMANE...
(la vista, dalla mia finestra, del fumo che sale dalle automobili incendiate dai contestatori nel centro di Roma)
...è ciò che vedo fuori dalla mia finestra in questo momento, (mentre guardo, sul sito del Corriere della Sera, il video delle drammatiche scene nelle strade qui sotto) è appena giunta la notizia che Silvio Berlusconi ha ottenuto il voto di fiducia in Parlamento, a soli tre voti dal collasso del suo governo; 1,500 poliziotti cercano di controllare circa centomila persone in marcia che chiedono a Berlusconi di dimettersi – l'altro giorno, anche se sembra impossibile credere che sia ancora in carica visto che non conosco nessun italiano che lo sopporti, ho parlato con un tassista che considerava Silvio un grande – ma alla domanda sul perché fosse una cosa buona per l'Italia, ha scrollato le spalle e ha cominciato a divagare, mormorando qualcosa sulle tasse sui taxi.

11 dicembre 2010, ESPOSIZIONE UNIVERSALE ROMA...
(Palazzo della Civiltà Italiana, o "Colosseo Quadrato" – costeggiato da statue equestri rappresentanti gli eroi greci, i Dioscuri)
...o EUR, la vasta area urbana a sud di Roma, è il posto in cui ci siamo avventurati oggi in cerca dell'architettura romana fascista – che mi colpì molto la prima volta, quando lavoravo al mio progetto di tesi su Aldo Rossi allo IUAV nel 1990-91 (destando in questo modo l'orrore dei miei colleghi italiani e degli assistenti dei professori) – e oggi mi sono reso conto di quanti palazzi ricordano le prime e più grandi opere di Aldo Rossi, come il Cimitero Cataldo a Modena (1971), o i disegni più inesorabili e austeri di Giorgio Grassi – ma questa volta ho avuto anche dei dubbi sulla possibilità di avere un'esperienza puramente estetica rispetto ad un'architettura creata per promuovere attività disumane e brutali – però dai, amiamo tanto quel Colosseo costruito dagli schiavi, in cui centinaia di migliaia di persone sono morte in agonia, con il pubblico che urlava divertito.

10 dicembre 2010, LIVE MUSICALE DI PAUL RUDY CON LEZIONE DI YOGA...
(l'amico musicista dell'Accademia Paul Rudy si sistema sul pavimento del mio studio accerchiato dai suoi strumenti)
...oggi, come quasi ogni giorno alle ore 17, c'è stata una rivelazione nel mio studio (ho sempre avuto bisogno della lezione di yoga quotidiana, ma sono troppo annoiato o distratto per farla da solo, e amo la comunicazione non-verbale e l'energia che si crea nel gruppo) – ci mettiamo in cerchio, cominciamo insieme con gli esercizi di base di respiro e stretching, poi passiamo alle pratiche personali, facendo ognuno la sua cosa, a volte copiando l'uno dall'altro, accompagnati e ispirati dal ricco ambiente acustico disegnato dalla voce di Paul e dai suoi esperimenti sonori fatti in casa, tirati fuori da una piccola collezione di strumenti che lo circondano sul pavimento: versare dell'acqua, trascinare un tamburo sul pavimento, il suono di una fisarmonica-giocattolo...

7 dicembre 2010, BOTTIGLIE IN PLASTICA RACCOGLI-ACQUA E PROTEGGI-FREDDO PER GERMOGLI...
(giardinaggio in bottiglia: (sinistra) congegno 'proteggi-freddo' con copertura per mantenere le piante calde nelle notti fredde (centro), e congegno 'raccogli-acqua' con la parte inferiore sopra per raccogliere l'acqua durante il tempo caldo e secco (destra).)
... è un sistemino semplice che uso sulla mia terrazza a Roma (noto anche come Immobile Commestibile #9: Roma, Italia), basato sulla collezione di contenitori vuoti (presi dai rifiuti dei residenti dell'Accademia Americana, che di solito scrivono i propri nomi sulle bottiglie nelle cucine comuni, il ché aggiunge al giardino un simpatico dettaglio personale da asilo nido) – e poi: (a) vengono tagliate a metà (b) il coperchio viene collocato dentro il fondo della bottiglia per tenere ferma la terra (c) il 'sopra' viene riempito con della terra e piantato con semi (d) il 'sotto' viene utilizzato come copertura dal freddo o come base per raccogliere acqua, a seconda del tempo.

27 novembre 2010, JOAN JONAS PARLA AL MAXXI...
(lo spazio minaccioso intorno al MAXXI in un freddo pomeriggio di Novembre)
...che è il nuovo, drammatico "Museo Nazionale delle Arti del Ventunesimo Secolo" di Zaha Hadid (circondato da una sfortunata estensione di cemento ostile, senza ombra e senza alberi, che sembra avere fondamentalmente la funzione di luogo dal quale guardare l'edificio) che ha agito come catalizzatore per la scena d'arte contemporanea a Roma, nonostante l'ostilità della struttura nei confronti di gran parte delle attività artistiche che cerca di presentare.

22 novembre 2010, LA BELLISSIMA TELEGIORNALISTA ELENA GUARNIERI...
(Elena Guarnieri fa la telegiornalista sul TG5)
...del TG5 (il telegiornale fiore all'occhiello dell'impero Mediaset, appartenente al ridicolo Silvio Berlusconi, salito per la prima volta sul trono di Primo Ministro nel 1994, proprio mentre vivevo in un casale rurale toscano con i miei amici italiani che, esasperati, andavano su tutte le furie, facendo previsioni catastrofiche sul futuro dell'Italia – anche se ora come ora i suoi giorni sembrerebbero contati) è la protagonista del nuovo video-remix musicale da 50 secondi di DJ Giorgio Prezioso, che oggi mi ha stranamente ossessionato, non riesco a smettere di guardarlo – forse per via della combinazione di fascino e nostalgia che il telegiornale italiano ha su di me, visto che lo guardavo spesso quando avevo vent'anni, per migliorare il mio italiano.

19 novembre 2010, UN ARCOBALENO SOPRA IL GIARDINO DELLA TERRAZZA ROMANA...
(Il panorama dal giardino della terrazza romana)
...questa mattina è un segno d'interpunzione agli infiniti giorni di pioggia di novembre.

15 novembre 2010, ROMA DA SOPRA...
(Centocelle, letteralmente 'cento celle' suona di malaugurio in italiano, ma da sopra non è male)
...è il panorama che mi godo mentre ci prepariamo per atterrare all'aeroporto di Ciampino, in particolare la vista del sobborgo di Centocelle, sviluppato intorno al sito del primo aeroporto italiano – dove Charles Lindbergh fece visita, Wilbur Wright diede una dimostrazione aerea nel 1909, e dove Hitler incontrò Mussolini nel 1938.

10 novembre 2010, CORVIALE...
(il Corviale visto dall' alto)
...è un immenso edificio abitativo corbusiano, progettato da un gruppo d'architetti italiani e costruito nel 1972 nella periferia a sud-ovest di Roma – recentemente ho saputo di storie molto affascinanti legate agli abitanti che, gradualmente, lo stanno occupando e personalizzando in modi inaspettati – partendo da Fiumicino oggi l'ho sorvolato e sono riuscito a scattargli una foto – maggiori approfondimenti quando lo avrò visitato di persona tra qualche settimana.

8 novembre 2010, IL FRUTTIVENDOLO VENEZIANO...
(il mio fruttivendolo veneziano di vent'anni fa, a sinistra)
...nel sestiere veneziano di Cannareggio, dove ho vissuto dal 1990 al 1991, è stato il punto saliente della mia giornata, durante la quale ho fatto anche una visita alla via in cui, Calle Riello, dove con mio grande stupore ho visto che la signora che ci vendeva la frutta e la verdura era ancora lì dietro l'angolo, a vendere frutta e verdura – quindi mi sono presentato, ovviamente lei non si ricordava di me, ma è stata molto cortese, e si è messa perfino in posa con la sua amica per questa foto.

6 novembre 2010, UN CASALE TOSCANO...
(la vista di Firenze e del Duomo dal mio vecchio casale (sopra) e la facciata in stato di abbandono (sotto), la finestra della mia stanza è sopra l'arcata d'ingresso)
...vecchio almeno di cinquecento anni, a sud-est di Firenze, proprio sopra la collina di Bagno a Ripoli, appena dopo il minuscolo villaggio La Fonte, è il luogo in cui ho vissuto dal '93 al '94, ed è dove sono stato oggi con la mia storica amica italiana, Katia, che ho conosciuto qui per la prima volta, insieme al suo energico figlio Ottavio, in un pellegrinaggio dovuto alla curiosità di sapere cos'era successo a quel posto a cui penso spesso; un posto che ebbe su di me un effetto fortissimo, dove ho vissuto per un anno intero con qualche migliaio di dollari, facendo escursioni nei campi, nelle fattorie, nei boschetti e nei prati, mangiando fichi, uva e pere raccolti strada facendo, dove le bottiglie vuote venivano portate al fattore al piano di sotto per l'olio d'oliva fresco e per il vino novello che ci godevamo; dal quale guardavamo oltre gli ulivi per vedere il Duomo a distanza, mentre prendevamo il nostro caffè mattutino, seduti alla finestra, aspirando il fumo della prima sigaretta di lunghe giornate, durante le quali usavamo il fuoco per scaldarci – è stato un anno simile ad un lungo respiro. Come una bollicina nel tempo, prima di cominciare la mia vita fatta di obblighi.

5 novembre 2010, LA LATTUGA NEI CARTONI...
(La lattuga nei cartoni ricoperti di alluminio di latte e di succhi)
...comincia a spuntare – grazie al tempo che ultimamente si alterna tra sole e pioggia – e crea brillanti contrasti tra le casse di legno grezzo, contenenti i cartoni avvolti da grafiche colorate, e la parte interiore argentata con i germogli di un verde vivace.

4 novembre 2010, LE PATATE CHE CRESCONO NELLE BUSTE DI IUTA DA CAFFÈ E DENTRO I CASSONI DI LEGNO DA FRUTTA...
...sono la simpatica, rustica e semplice eccezione nel mio giardino 'trashy' (nel senso migliore del termine), costituito esclusivamente di materiale trovato, recuperato e riciclato, con tutte le piante che crescono a casaccio nei contenitori vuoti raccolti in giro per l'Accademia – quelle patate però sembrano veramente chic.

3 novembre 2010, IL COMPOST DI VERMI...
(il mio cestino di vermi rossi romani durante la creazione del compost)
...noto anche come 'vermicoltura', sta andando bene sul mio terrazzo romano, e i vermicelli rossi si stanno riproducendo velocemente, mangiando i quotidiani rimasugli della cucina, trasformandoli in letame; nonostante tutto continuano ad avere un fantastico profumo – 'che buon odore!' diciamo mentre ci ficchiamo i nasi dentro. I loro alloggi lussuosi e i loro freschi pasti organici hanno portato qualcuno a definire il cestino l'Accademia dei Vermi di Roma, con dei tizietti striscianti come residenti.

1 novembre 2010, I GRAFFITI NELLE STAZIONI FERROVIARIE ITALIANE...
(graffiti a due livelli colorati, Roma Ostiense)
...e i loro colori che accolgono il mio arrivo, li ammiro sui binari tornando da Chiusi a Roma Trastevere, in questo pomeriggio di pioggia.

26 ottobre 2010 LA CENA CON ALICE WATERS...
(file di coperture per la stagione fredda nei giardini della cucina dell'Accademia Americana a Roma)
...all'Accademia Americana di Roma, stasera (con il cibo delizioso preparato nella cucina che lei stessa ha rivoluzionato, presieduta dall'indomabile e infaticabile Mona Talbott) è stato per me uno dei momenti salienti di questo autunno romano, siamo stati seduti per tre ore assorti in conversazioni sul cibo, sull'arte, sui giardini e sulla cultura, occasionalmente interrotte da storie su persone che entrambi amiamo e ammiriamo, come ad esempio il brillante Peter Sellars – per il quale ha dovuto mollare tutto nel bel mezzo della cena, chiedendo all'assistente Verun di farci una foto per mandarla subito a Peter e fargli capire che entrambi stavamo pensando a lui – può darsi che ad un certo punto nel futuro mi capiterà tra le mani questa foto che ci ritrae sorridenti nel salotto dell'Accademia, e in tal caso la metterò qui, nel frattempo però condivido con voi l'immagine delle file di coperture di plastica istallate stamattina sui semi nel giardino della cucina, visto che le temperature di notte scendono intorno ai 7 gradi – mi piace il loro aspetto – sembra roba seria, tipo mini architettura radicale della controcultura anni sessanta.

24 ottobre 2010, LA SISTEMAZIONE DEL PICCOLO PODERE SULLA TERRAZZA ROMANA...
(il piccolo podere della terrazza romana)
...è alla versione 3.0, con piccoli ritocchi quotidiani, e ora il mio cestino col compost di vermi è stato messo all'esterno, per far prendere una boccata d'aria ai vermi.

17 ottobre 2010, UN PICCOLO PODERE SULLA TERRAZZA ROMANA...
(gli esordi del mio podere sulla terrazza romana)
...è ciò che costruirò gradualmente quest'anno, incluso un giardino da cucina, degli alloggi per pipistrelli e api, dei cestini per il compost di vermi, i cavi per il bucato, un giardino di piante per tinte da tessuti, etc.
– ma solo con materie, contenitori, semi, piante, sporcizia che avrò trovato tra i rifiuti – ecco una piccola anteprima...

10 ottobre 2010, UNA PASSEGGIATA LUNGO GLI ACQUEDOTTI ROMANI...
(una passeggiata lungo l'Acquedotto romano)
...partendo dallo storico complesso di Cinecittà ad Anagnina (l'ultima fermata della Linea Metro A) e finendo nei pressi di Termini – è stata una lunga giornata d'escursione urbana attraverso alcuni dei più drammatici ed insoliti paesaggi della città, dove le rovine della Roma antica si mischiano a gruppi di alloggiamenti contadini – e l'evento (organizzato da alcuni elementi del collettivo di attivisti urbani Stalker) era in parte a sostegno dei diritti di alloggiamento urbano e in parte una commemorazione delle comunità di sfollati che vivevano nelle antiche strutture degli acquedotti.

8 ottobre 2010, LO SPETTACOLO DI LUCI A VILLA BORGHESE...
(spettacolo di luci a Villa Borghese)
...visto dalla mia finestra stasera è una presenza mistica sull'orizzonte romano.

7 ottobre 2010, IL *VIAGGIO IN ITALIA* DI JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE...
(misterioso fuoco al tramonto vicino alla pista di Roma Fiumicino)
...un resoconto del suo viaggio verso sud, pianificato frettolosamente nel 1786-87 per sfuggire dalla monotonia dei suoi obblighi quotidiani in Germania e vivere ed assaporare la cultura italiana che tanto aveva sognato – è ciò che ho avuto il piacere di leggere ieri mentre ero in viaggio verso sud, volando da Schilphol a Fiumicino in due ore, dal quale ho avvistato un misterioso falò vicino alla pista dopo un atterraggio al tramonto.

27 settembre 2010, LA DROGHERIA INNOCENZI...
(gli interni inebrianti della Drogheria Innocenzi, dal 1948)
...(aka F.lli Innocenzi Giancarlo e Giovanni S.N.C.) appena sotto la collina, al numero civico 66 a Piazza San Cosimato a Trastevere. Fondata nel 1948 e rimasta praticamente immutata, è una delle mie botteghe preferite di sempre. Mi ci sono imbattuto stamattina e so che potrei passarci dentro il resto della mia vita guardandomi intorno, mi sono immediatamente commosso per l'emozionante combinazione di prodotti italiani classici old-school (caffè, spezie, dolcetti, olio, cereali...), nuovissimi prodotti biologici "progressive" senza glutine (farro, marmellate locali, pane...), e merce esotica importata (sciroppi, prodotti per il sushi, burro di arachidi...) tutto presentato meravigliosamente, tra il fatto-in-casa dalla mamma e il pop fashion – e non ho ancora accennato al bellissimo grembiule che porta il gradevole personale.

26 settembre 2010, PIAZZA SANT'IGNAZIO...
(piazza Sant'Ignazio, guardando su)
...formata da un insieme di palazzi concepiti da Filippo Raguzzini tra il 1727 e il 1728, è uno dei miei luoghi preferiti a Roma – di solito le mie esperienze migliori sono delle sorprese, semplicemente ci capito – che è quello che mi è accaduto anche oggi.

25 settembre 2010, IL QUOTIDIANO PRANZO COLLETTIVO ALL'ACCADEMIA...
(circa 60 persone, staff e visitatori riuniti alla tavolata del pranzo per un momento conviviale a metà giornata)
...è il più grande piacere della giornata (insieme alla cena), fanno tutti la fila al tavolo del buffet, pieno di meravigliose creazioni stagionali ed organiche ad opera della cucina Rome Sustainable Food Project all'Accademia, e poi siedono tutti di fronte ad un unico immenso tavolo, nel cortile, per chiacchierare davanti ai pasti, alcuni dei quali sono tra i migliori che io abbia mai provato – protagonisti sono i legumi, le verdure a la frutta, tutto romano, e soddisfano persino il sottoscritto vegano.

21 settembre 2010, OH, SOLO UN'ALTRA ALBA SOPRA ROMA...
(l'alba sopra Roma, con la cornice neo-classica dell'Accademia Americana)
...vista questa mattina dalla finestra del mio studio – e credo sia impossibile non rimanere pieni di entusiasmo per il resto della giornata quando, come primo buongiorno, si ha di fronte uno spettacolo del genere.

19 settembre 2010, GIOVANNI BERNABEI...
(Giovanni Bernabei alla sua bancarella al mercato di Testaccio)
...è il contadino che vive appena fuori Roma – fornisce la maggior parte dei prodotti locali, stagionali ed organici, alla chef Mona Talbott dell'Accademia Americana a Roma (hanno una foto del contadino sul muro della cucina) – e questa mattina Mona me l'ha presentato davanti alla sua bancarella durante il primo mercato stagionale a Testaccio – dice che quando deciderò di andare da lui a passare del tempo in fattoria, mi accoglierà come un membro della famiglia.

18 settembre 2010, LO STUDIO 309...
(lo studio 309 all'Accademia Americana a Roma)
...all'ultimo piano del palazzo centrale dell'Accademia Americana a Roma (progettato da uno dei membri fondatori dell'Accademia, Charles Follen McKim di McKim and White) è il luogo dove sono stato felicemente collocato per quest'anno, ha una grande terrazza sul lato e la vista panoramica su Roma, dal privilegiato punto di vista che svetta sopra Trastevere e il Gianicolo – mi sto appena cominciando a sistemare – mentre penso all'eventualità di costruirmi un piccolo podere romano qui sopra.

16 settembre 2010, VILLA MEDICI DELL'ACCADEMIA FRANCESE...
(vista dai giardini di Villa Medici verso San Pietro in prima serata)
...è uno dei miei posti preferiti a Roma – ho la fortuna di avere alcuni amici di amici francesi in residenza – e oggi uno di loro, uno storico del paesaggio, mi ha portato a fare un tour dei giardini, sul monte artificiale di 20 metri noto come Mt. Parnassus, e poi giù in fondo fino alle camere sotterranee – la sua interpretazione accademica è stata molto dettagliata, ma in francese – per cui sono andato via solo con una generica impressione della sua visione, il che andava pure bene, ha anzi creato un certo senso di mistero.

9 settembre 2010, GLI ORTI DELL'ACCADEMIA AMERICANA DI ROMA ...
(i nuovi orti nel Mercedes and Sid R. Bass Garden)
...sono stati creati come parte del Rome Sustainable Food Project, guidato da Alice Waters (in letti originariamente creati per fiori da taglio nel Bass Garden dietro l'Accademia); ce l'ho in mente da quando qualche mese fa ho deciso di venire – e ora mi ritrovo qui, impaziente di aiutare i giardinieri il mercoledì mattina per imparare il più possibile su come si crescono gli ortaggi in questo clima – ma credo che inizieremo tirando via gli sterpi dell'estate, spargendo del compost e piantando semi per l'autunno e l'estate.

7 settembre 2010, L'ACCADEMIA AMERICANA DI ROMA...
(la vista dal mio studio all'Accademia Americana di Roma)
...è il posto dove sono arrivato stordito, alle 8:00 del mattino, da Fiumicino, con in mano una busta con le chiavi e alcune informazioni di base ricevute da Luca, il guardiano all'entrata – che mi ha dato anche una mano a portare su le mie due modeste valigie – per poi vedere il mio appartamento e il mio studio al quarto piano, e poi la finestra... e nonostante non sia ancora sicuro di ciò che farò per il resto dell'anno – voglio concedermi lo spazio e la libertà di fare ciò che ho bisogno di fare – penso che comincerò con molte camminate, e letture, e giardinaggio, e parlando con molti romani della loro città, della loro storia, dei loro giardini, del loro cibo.

6 settembre 2010, SULLA VIA PER ROMA...
(la vista dal mio finestrino, da ATL a Fiumicino)
...attraverso quel luogo orribile che porta il nome di ATL (Hartsfield-Jackson Atlanta International Airport), non vedo l'ora di arrivare dall'altra parte.

Fritz Haeg (1969) ha studiato come architetto, ma il suo lavoro si muove oggi attraverso varie discipline e diversi media, tra cui il giardinaggio, la danza, la performance, il design, le installazioni, l'ecologia e l'architettura. La maggior parte dei suoi progetti è commissionata e presentata da musei ed istituzioni d'arte. Il suo lavoro prevede spesso la partecipazione di altre persone in progetti che si adattano a luoghi e situazioni particolari.

Three Star Books are artworks

Maurizio Cattelan “The Three Qattelan”
•
Matt Mullican “88 MAPS”
•
Jonathan Monk “The Green Book”
•
Jonathan Monk “The Billboard Book Project (Paris)”
•
Olivier Mosset “Sixteen Cardboard Toblerones”
•
Haim Steinbach “OBJECT”
•
Ken Lum and Hubert Damisch “Ultimo Bagaglio”
•
Jonathan Monk “Tisch Table Table”
•
Tobias Rehberger “Holy Silence”
•
Maurizio Cattelan “Die/Die More/Die Better/Die Again”
•
Heimo Zobernig “Fetish”
•
Liam Gillick and M/M “Malaga”
•

Forthcoming

Liam Gillick • Alison Knowles and Rirkrit Tiravanija
Emilio Prini • Seth Price
Simon Starling • Lawrence Weiner

Three Star Books - www.threestarbooks.com
49 rue Albert, 75013 - Paris France

Matt Mullican installation of “88 MAPS” at Three Star Books, Paris. Photo: Florian Kleinefenn

COME DINE WITH US

a project by ed atkins and caterina riva

~~It all begins in a pub in London.~~
~~It all begins at an airport in Turin.~~
~~It all begins in a gallery in Rome.~~
~~(...)~~

*

We meet in a half-empty pub in East London, it’s late afternoon but outside it looks like night, it’s really cold, I’m drinking red wine, and Ed’s drinking whisky, I think. We don’t have any preestablished ideas but we spend a long time talking about how to configure this collaboration of ours, for the pages of Nero. During the dense discussion we stumble on the idea of teaching each other something, not in a didactic, specialistic or authoritative way, but mixing genres and categories, choosing things we like and communicating them to the other, allowing for mistakes and corrections to arise in the process. We end up deciding that the unveiling of the primary materials should take place in a few days, by email: we’ll propose passages from independently chosen books and at that point we’ll update each other again.

*

After that first exchange the process was rhythmical and exciting, albeit discontinuously developed. I don’t think it makes a lot of sense for me to try to explain it analytically, step by step, given that we went in the direction of instinctively reacting – in a non-rational but nonetheless calculated way – to the other’s moves. Starting from books, we ended up at the direct production of writing, fragments of Ed’s screenplays, new segments of text and sound inserted in other bodies, reanimated. Texts that recall images, images that lead to videos and return to texts. This cycle of words and figures and the synchronic generation of fictional parallel worlds is present both in the pages conceived by Ed Atkins and in the selection of videos viewable on the Nero web page. In most cases, the titles tell you how they originated.

~~AAA~~

~~to translate and to blend~~
~~we ended up talking about risotto and its creaminess,~~
~~I’m not sure how.~~
~~From one of our exchanges: the genealogy of my name~~
~~turns out to be a first course,~~
~~originally from Veneto, from western Lombardy and~~
~~from Piedmont.~~

Looking back at what we did, one thing that seems important to underline is the attempt to pursue a very physical writing, whose suggestions came from moods, tastes, smells...something that would resonate beyond the printed page. We appropriated lines written by Jack Smith, Sarah Kane, David Wonjarowicz, Roberto Bolaño. Moving between tragedy, splatter and poetry. Allowing ourselves to remain in a surreal world where bodies burn like pans, where words wound and become deafening. Ed not only lent parts of his screenplays to the mixture, but also planted new noises and actions in preexisting texts. There’s an obsession with food here, as well as with noises (BANG, CRASH) and smells, from stinky fruit to roasted (human) flesh.
We pursued the permeability of language and the playfulness of metaphor in a recipe, a comic, a song and even a fictional book based on real events and people. *Riddley Walker* is a post-apocalyptic sci-fi novel written by Russell Hoban in 1980. One of its most conspicuous characteristics is that the narrator, Riddley, speaks in an English that is a phonetic transcription of the dialect spoken in Kent. You have to read and reread, preferably aloud, to get a sense of that strange language, which, as it turns out, also reads like Italian.

The only suggestion I feel ready to give is to read these pages synaesthetically. They are a portrait in reverse of the way we think, a collection of fragments of writing and culture that we viscerally love. Who wrote or suggested this or that is of only relative importance; what really counts is this new whole, this strange macabre constellation. Everything can become an ingredient in an appetizing lunch at the table of Buñuel, of Jan Švankmajer or in Big Night’s Italian-American kitchen, or in Malaysia with the chef Anthony Bourdain, or on the pages of Nero. Enjoy.

Ed Atkins (1982) is an artist and writer living in London, where he studied Fine Art at Central St. Martin’s and at the Slade School of Art. He produces videos, screenplays and sounds. He has been developing a body of work in different chapters under the title “Death Mask”. In 2011 he will hold a solo show at Cabinet, London.

Caterina Riva (1980) is the co-director of FormContent, a curatorial art space founded in 2007 in London’s East End, with which she has produced several exhibitions, events and publications, in the UK and internationally. She has been the coordinator of the Advanced Course in Visual Arts for Fondazione Ratti, Como (2004-2008).

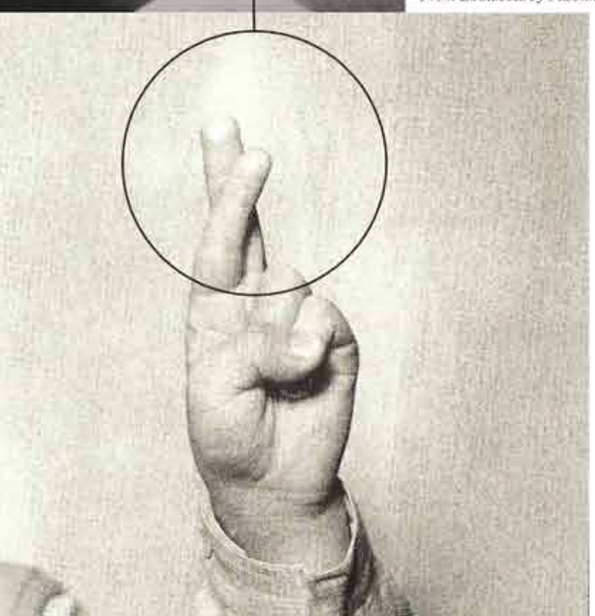
EXT. THE VERANDA. THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE; A FEVERISH MOUTH AGAPE WITH DEAD RED TONGUE MOTTLED WITH PHLEGM. WOAD WALLS, VENAL. DINNER. CONTINUOUS.

FLICKERING fire refracted through a PRISMATIC lens. The SIZZLE or SPITTLE of tongue and heat. SAND FILTERED. WREATHS of pipe-smoke, BLUE, gathering in a PALL in the roof. BATS! Writhing in anticipation. DETUNED BASS CHANTING against the SMELL of turning meat and the MUSIC of MANTOVANI.

A convoy of five freight trucks passed in the left lane heading toward Mexico City. Each truck looked like a burned arm. For an instant there was only the noise of the trucks and the smell of charred flesh. Then the road was plunged into darkness again.

From The Savage Detectives *by Roberto Bolaño*

From La Rabbia *by Pasolini*



"LIKE a hammer."

Sylvère Lotringer: [Thinking of Nietzsche's idol-tuning, felt-padded hammer; the flat dull toll of The Golden Apis Calf, etc.] *Sometimes you need hammers, too.*

(Interjections from a brutish claw-hammer striking the red laminate kitchen table)

True (*BANG!*), but not when you're the one who's getting hammered on the head (*BANG!*). I've always been attracted to people with information and to the idea of language as an object. Most of my life has been without (*BANG!*) words. I feel like everything I respond to is on either an intuitive (*BANG!*) or primitive (*THUD!*) level. It still shocks me that people would think things similar to me. I'd get so obsessed when I was younger that if I looked at this table and you looked at this table (This table here *CRACK!*), we would both *think* we're seeing the same thing (*BANG!*). Are we really? Then I would think well, the only way to know is to take a photograph (*CRACK-PFFFF!*) of it and I'd say, Does this look like what the table looks like (this table here)? And if you said yes (*SMASH!*), then it would confirm that I'm seeing the same thing, though that certainly sounds wrong. So then I'd think what's the difference between the photograph (*TAP-TAP!*) and the real thing? I can't get inside your eyes (*SMACK!*) and look through them – at least not without blinding you – and I certainly can't get inside the eyes of the table. It probably doesn't even have any (*BASH!*). It still shocks me to the core that people would think similar things to me because I've always been so isolated. An island; a slip of land in the Pacific. I don't think I ever really believed that paintings could change people. I always thought they were signs that people who felt similarly or differently could identify with and get some intimate comfort from (*BANG!*). And – whisper it – there's the possibility of love in that identification (*WHACK!*).

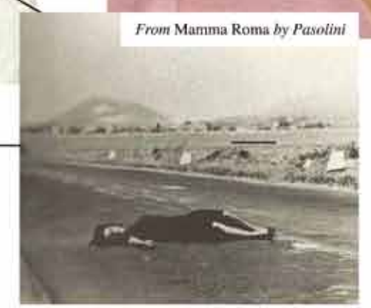
(*CRACK!* of bones)

From Death Mask *by David Wojnarowicz from* Collaborator *edited by Sylvère Lotringer, edited by Ed Atkins*

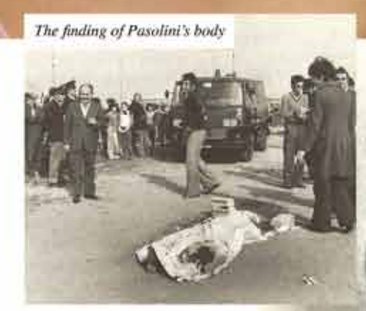
EXT. THE BLURRY SURFACE OF THE SUN. A MIRAGE. AN EYE BRIMMING WITH TEARS, LIDLESS. A BURNING SENSATION WHEN YOU URINATE. FIRST THING. CONTINUOUS.

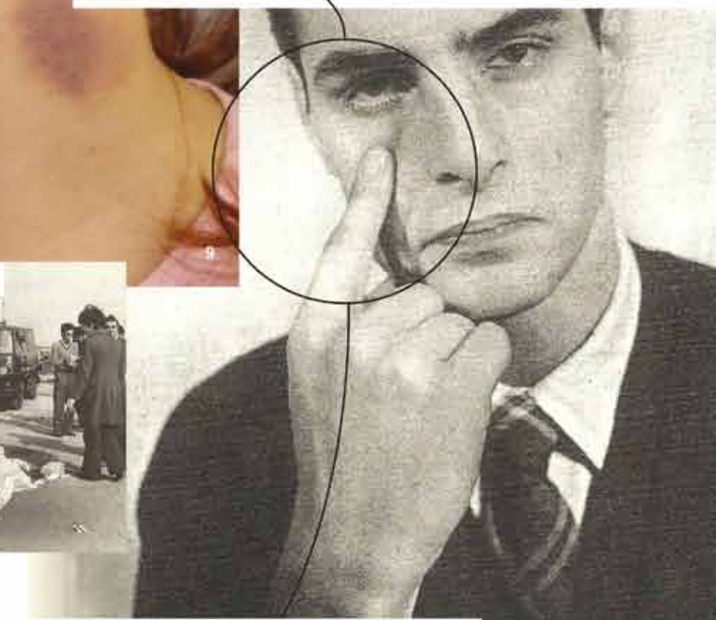
Fantasies half-formed in the middle distance: WATER, FOLIAGE, TRANSPORT, LOVERS, HOMES, LAWNS, PETS, etc. The THX 'Deep Note' perpetually swelling to CACOPHONY and EBBING back. ORANGE. Eight hours of this.

From Mamma Roma *by Pasolini*



The finding of Pasolini's body



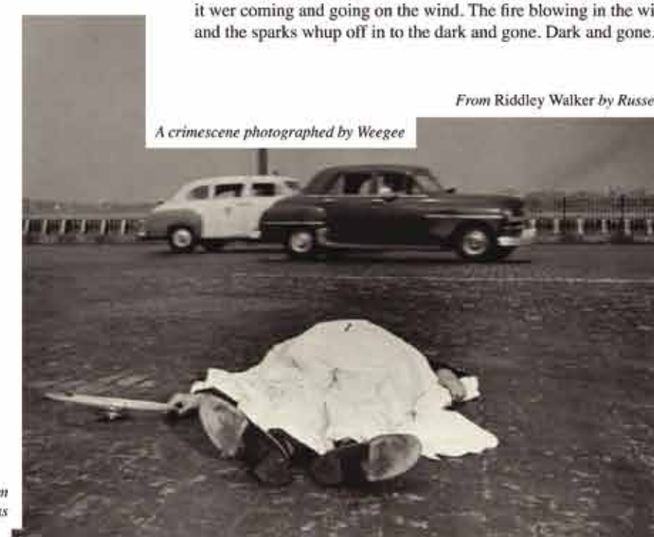


3 photos from Supplemento al dizionario italiano *by Bruno Munari*

We done the berning that nite on the bye bye hump. The moon wer cloudit over and a hy wind blowing. I put the 1st torch to the stack then Straiter Empy for the crowd then Reckman Bessup for Widders Dump then Lorna Elswint for las. Arnge flames upping in the dark and liting all the faces roun. Catching that time of that nite stoppt on all them faces. You cud smel the burning sharp on the air mixt with the meat smel from the divvy roof. Dogs begun to howl it wer coming and going on the wind. The fire blowing in the wind and the sparks whup off in to the dark and gone. Dark and gone.

From Riddley Walker *by Russell Hoban*

A crimescene photographed by Weegee



"don't say no to me you can't say no to me because it's such a relief to have love again and to lie in bed and be held and touched and kissed and adored and your heart will leap when you hear my voice and see my smile and feel my breath on your neck and your heart will race when I want to see you and I will lie to you from day one and use you and screw you and break your heart because you broke mine first and you will love me more each day until the weight is unbearable and your life is mine and you'll die alone because I will take what I want then walk away and owe you nothing it's always there it's always been there and you cannot deny the life you feel fuck that life fuck that life fuck that life I have lost you now."

From Crave *by Sarah Kane*

From Meat Love *by Jan Svannkmajer*

Talking to you is like talking to a fucking comic strip

I am sat, cowering somewhat, at a corner table of Goldsmiths cafeteria. The terrible smell (burning flesh, ammonia, rosewater, pinworms, linen, motor oil, époisse, etc.) is palpable. An unbearable noise is produced by the overlapping of shrill voices and of the clattering coming from the counter. I notice they re-did the walls (a pathetic gesture); now they have a strange dark yellow, choleric hue. The sickly warmth of the colour contrasts unpleasantly with the dumb impersonality of the furniture, which seems to be permanently shrugging. I need to reply to Ed. I have in front of me a group of fucking annoying girls that are chatting and laughing hysterically, apparently all at the same time. My skull feels as fragile as a meniscus. I can't focus. It doesn't feel like my school anymore. I wonder if it ever did (was I ever that oblivious? That *visible*?). I take out my ipod: I need to block out the cacophony of the surroundings – I need to recede completely. That way I could read the book I got from the library. I notice it has a distinctive smell (psoriasis, rheum, lint, cereal, Tunisia, etc.), that familiar stink escaping from the thumb-abused yellowing pages. They are gradually detaching themselves from the spine, as if endowed with a desire to break free of an imposed order.

By Caterina Riva, edited in red by Ed Atkins

From The Phantom of Liberty *by Luis Bunuel*

The juice of 10 lemons, and the thin rind of 3 – the juice of 4 Seville oranges and the rind of 2. Cut the rinds into very fine thin strips. 6 glasses of melted calves-foot jelly, 2 quarts of boiling water, all stirred up together in a hot jug. Allow to cool slightly, then put 1 pint of French brandy, 1 pint of white wine, with a glassful of crushed sugar, into the punch-bowl; lace the whole with some Jamaica rum or orange shrub. Pour over the cooled jugful and stir with a twig of sweet briar.

From Food of England *by Dorothy Hartley*

EXT. THE JUNGLE! ABSOLUTELY THICK! THICK AIR! THICK VINES CHOKING! THICK HAIRY SPIDER'S LEGS! THICK, WOUNDED TRUNKS OOZING THICK GOLDEN SAP! THICK MUD CHURNED BY THE THICK LEGS OF THICK BEASTS! A WET SATURDAY AFTERNOON. CONTINUOUS.

OMINOUS DRUMS; WHITE NOISE from a trillion insects that, as the camera PAUSES, are revealed as movement across every INCH of the scene. The skin CRAWLS. DRUMS closer...

Bachi da Setola *by Pino Pascali*

I knew he would never come to me, though his heart was breaking and he knew mine most certainly was. So I stayed in my chambers and alternately wept, and raged, and talked to myself, to god and to him, to the ghosts of previous jilted lovers and to the gawping bastard walls around me. I made no move toward him because I knew he would make none toward me. Thus I punished him and myself for loving as adamant and unworthy a person as ME. I toughened and strengthened myself for I would need to draw upon new made strength to see me through remorse and wretchedness my weakness had gotten me into . Thus I had rapidly to make strength to rapidly find it. I was able to do it because I had a perfect exemplar, my lover, my counterpart – my mirror image in suffering and strength, though horribly inverted, as a magician possessed of devils as I saw myself to be to feel these cruel fictions. I pictured him, immune to the impasse I enacted, unaware of my raging, my psychic pounding, resonating out in muted roars from my cell, my skull – through those bastard walls (strafed with the holes of absent nails (eyes? ears?)) and out, to him...only to break unnoticed at his feet, like the pathetic tide of a crescent moon.

(*CRASH!*)

After every outrageous attack I would wonder – Does he still love me? Is this the end of his love? Now will it end? How many times will this occur before I lose his love? How many times has this already occurred? The possibility of repetition, of rehearsed emotions, angered me the most. "O Doctor", I cried from the chaise longue, "I know this is moldy thinking." "There, there," my psychiatrist cooed attempting to calm me. During our sessions he would often play Rhys Chatham's 'A Crimson Grail'. Several hundred electric guitars to describe my quivering lips. "Proust's sentences were as studied as they were out of his horror of syntax error. His fear that he might commit an error in grammar. Did anyone ever find a grammatical error in a Proust sentence?" he said, to divert me. Ludicrous, I thought.

"Doctor," I said, "I repulsed my lover finally & forever with an inhumanly crual note." "Do you want to tell me what it was?". As I read the note aloud, my psychiatrist slowly revolves absentmindedly in his swivel chair. He looks like the automoton of a Japanese demon.

"Born of a hostile cunt, (whose many and various trials are well known!) you are a perambulatory armory yet you do not fight but only take unfair advantage. Like a castrated tank conveying the cadaver of a pope. Your pockets bristle with knives for every purpose (paring, chef's, carving, bread, cleaver, boning, filleting, pizza wheel?). You do not express any regret because you feel none when a member of your household cuts himself on your preternaturally sharp table knives! (A vision of him sat at the table – *this* table – quilled with knives). You seethe like a thousand maggots in your lover's arms. I was your lover."

(*WHUMP!*) Tenderised.

From I knew he would never come to me... *by Jack Smith, edited by Ed Atkins*

'Caltiki' Il mostro immortale *by Mimmo Rotella*

COME DINE WITH US

~~Tutto ha inizio in un pub di Londra.~~
~~Tutto ha inizio in un aeroporto di Torino.~~
~~Tutto ha inizio in una galleria di Roma.~~
~~(...)~~

*

Ci incontriamo in un pub nell'est di Londra semivuoto, è tardo pomeriggio ma fuori è come se fosse notte, fa molto freddo, io bevo vino rosso, Ed whisky, mi pare. Non abbiamo delle idee preconfezionate ma discutiamo a lungo di come potremmo configurare questa nostra collaborazione per le pagine di Nero. Durante la fitta conversazione ci viene l'idea di insegnarci qualcosa a vicenda, non in maniera didattica, specialistica o autoritaria, ma di mescolare generi e categorie, selezionare ciò che ci piace e comunicarlo all'altro, ammettendo che errori e correzioni affiorino nello scambio. Finiamo per decidere che lo svelamento dei primi materiali avverrà di lì a pochi giorni, per e-mail: proporremo dei passaggi da libri scelti indipendentemente l'uno dall'altra e a quel punto ci aggiorneremo di nuovo.

*

A partire da quel primo scambio il processo creatosi è stato ritmico ed eccitante, seppure a crescita discontinua. Non credo abbia molto senso che io cerchi di spiegarne analiticamente passaggio per passaggio, dato che la direzione intrapresa è stata quella di una reazione istintiva, non razionale, seppur calcolata, alla mossa dell'altro. Dai libri, siamo finiti alla produzione scrittoria diretta, frammenti di sceneggiature di Ed, nuovi segmenti di testo e di suoni inseriti in altri corpi, rianimati. Testi che chiamano immagini, immagini che portano a video e che ritornano a testi. Questo ciclo di parole e figure e la generazione sincronica di mondi fittizi paralleli sono resi sia nelle pagine concepite da Ed Atkins che nella scelta di video accessibili sulla pagina web di Nero. Nella maggior parte dei casi le didascalie ve ne raccontano l'origine.

~~^^^~~
~~*tradurre e mantecare*~~
~~*siamo finiti a parlare di risotto e della sua cremosita', non so bene come.*~~
~~*Da uno dei nostri scambi: la genealogia del mio nome risulta essere un primo piatto, originario del Veneto, della Lombardia dell'Ovest o del Piemonte.*~~

Ripercorrendo a ritroso quello che abbiamo fatto, una cosa che pare piuttosto importante sottolineare è il tentativo di rincorrere una scrittura molto fisica, le cui suggestioni erano umori, sapori, odori... qualcosa che risuonasse al di fuori e al di là della carta stampata. Ci siamo appropriati di righe scritte da Jack Smith, Sarah Kane, David Wonjarowicz, Roberto Bolaño. Tra la tragedia, lo splatter e la poesia. Permettendoci di restare in un mondo surreale in cui i corpi bruciano come le pentole, le parole feriscono o si fanno assordanti. Ed non solo ha offerto all'impasto parte delle sue sceneggiature, ma ha anche impiantato nuovi rumori e azioni in testi preesistenti. C'è un'ossessione per il cibo, come per i rumori (BANG, CRASH) e gli odori, dai frutti puzzolenti alla carne (umana) abbrustolita. La permeabilità della lingua e la giocosità delle metafore le abbiamo inseguite in una ricetta, un fumetto, una canzone fino a un libro di finzione basato su cose e persone reali. *Riddley Walker* è un romanzo di fantascienza post-apocalittico scritto da Russell Hoban nel 1980. Una delle caratteristiche più prominenti del testo è che il narratore, Riddley, parla in un inglese che è la traslitterazione fonetica del dialetto parlato nel Kent. Bisogna leggere e rileggere, ad alta voce preferibilmente, per provare a dar senso a quella strana lingua, che poi si legge come l'italiano.

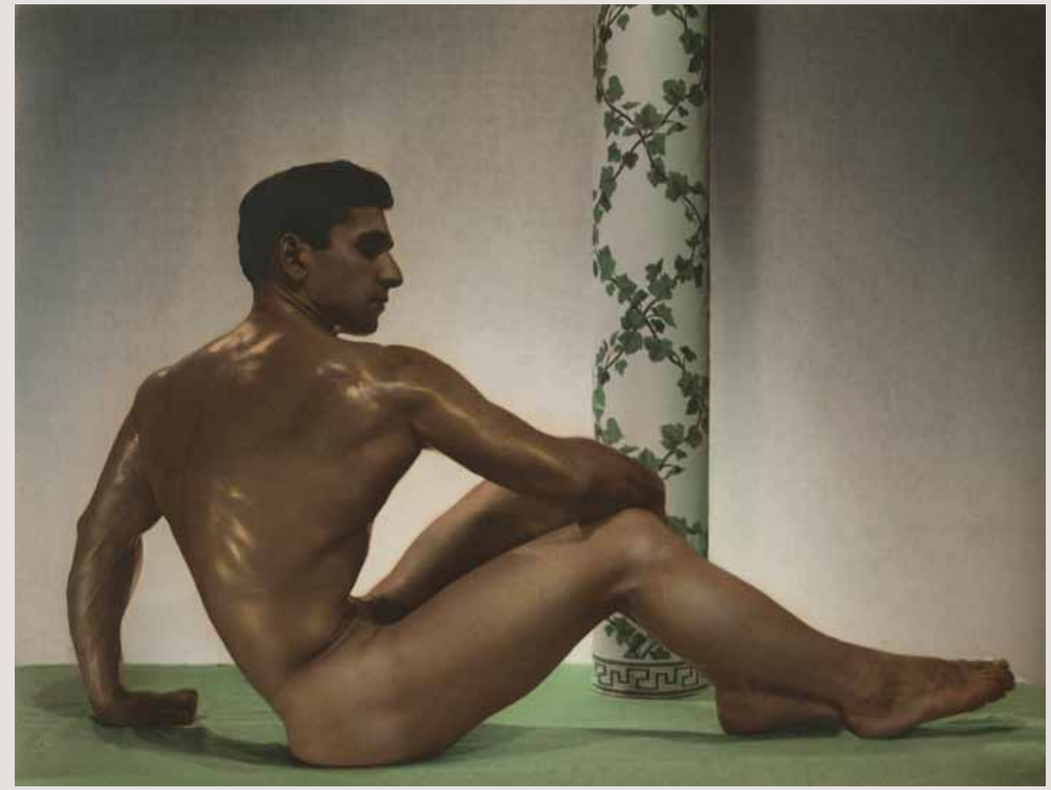
Questa e molte altre caratteristiche della lingua rappresentate in queste pagine ci parevano impossibili da rendere degnamente in traduzione italiana, così abbiamo deciso di ometterla, e lasciare le parole e le immagini parlare da sé. L'unico consiglio che mi sento di dare è di leggere queste pagine per sinestesia. Sono un ritratto al contrario di come pensiamo, una collezione di frammenti di scrittura e di cultura che amiamo visceralmente. Importa relativamente chi ha scritto quello, chi ha suggerito questo, conta invece questo nuovo insieme di cose, questa strana costellazione macabra. Tutto può diventare l'ingrediente di un pranzo appetitoso al tavolo di Buñel, di Jan Svankmajer o nella cucina italo-americana di Big Night, oppure in Malaysia con lo chef Anthony Bourdain o sulle pagine di Nero. Buon appetito.

Londra, novembre-dicembre 2010

Ed Atkins (1982) è un artista e uno scrittore che vive a Londra, dove ha studiato arte prima a Central St. Martin's e poi alla Slade School of Art. Atkins produce video, sceneggiature e suoni e negli ultimi anni ha sviluppato un progetto in diversi capitoli dal titolo "Death Mask". Nel 2011 avrà una personale da Cabinet a Londra.

Caterina Riva (1980) è la co-direttrice di FormContent, uno spazio espositivo fondato nell'est di Londra all'inizio del 2007, con cui ha curato diverse mostre, eventi e pubblicazioni in Gran Bretagna e all'estero. È stata coordinatrice del Corso Superiore di Arti Visive della Fondazione Ratti di Como dal 2004 al 2008.

DOUGLAS OF DETROIT



Douglas of Detroit, *Hand-Tinted Male Nude and Ivy Column*, ca. 1954 - courtesy of Cary Loren

MALE NUDES, DESIRE & LOSS

words by cary loren
images by douglas of detroit

Douglas of Detroit, *Male Nude Tied to a White Column with Back-Lit Curtain*, ca. 1954 - courtesy of Cary Loren

Douglas of Detroit, Male, *Nude with Palm Leaves and Leopard Skin Covered Seat*, ca. 1954 - courtesy of Cary Loren

DOUGLAS OF DETROIT: MALE NUDES, DESIRE & LOSS

Body, remember not only how much you were loved
Not only the beds you lay on,
But also those desires glowing openly
In eyes that looked at you
Trembling for you in voices
C.P. Cavafy

I first met the photographer Douglas Juleff, known as "Douglas of Detroit," when he came to visit the Book Beat gallery in the early 1990s during an exhibition on the photography of Bruce of Los Angeles. Many years before, the photographer Don Whitman (1917-1998) of the "Western Photography Guild" in Denver, Colorado, had mentioned Douglas to me as being one of the most unique and talented photographers of the male figure. It was an area of photography not widely known and I had begun collecting and researching the history of "physique photography" around 1985. Don Whitman suggested I look for Douglas, a master photographer who could still be alive in the Detroit area. He said, "If you find him, you'll find a treasure. He was the best."

When Douglas came into the gallery he brought with him several prints by Bruce of Los Angeles, some of which I purchased, but when I quickly mentioned I'd rather see some Douglas of Detroit photographs, it caught him by surprise. We became friends soon and Douglas and I began a series of meetings, once or twice a week for lunch, to view and talk about photography. Over several years I had the good fortune to acquire a small archive of Douglas images. I began to tape-record some of our meetings, hoping to pass on the history of this strangely quiet and forgotten master.

Douglas was a tall stately man with a slim build and striking white hair. He was born in Detroit in 1917, served in the armed forces and had given up photography in the late 1950s. He would spend the remainder of his life selling shoes and men's clothing until retirement. His own shoes were always polished to a gleaming shine and he wore spotless polyester powder-blue suits with oversized lapels made sometime in the 1970s. His clothing still looked brand new, two and a half decades later. Douglas had a small social security income and lived in a poor senior high-rise apartment complex on the northwest side of Detroit. He often took a bus to our meetings. We'd grab lunch, hang out at the bookstore and I'd drive him home late in the day.

Douglas was a kind, generous and gentle soul with a fun mischievous elfin streak of humor. He would slyly comment on the clothes or physique of some beautiful or out-of-shape person on the street with a sparkle in his eye. He was curious, open to exploring new photographers and artwork, but his interests remained stuck on "the pep-boys," his dated slang term for the gay lifestyle and the male nude. After our talks he mentioned wanting to return to photography.

He was a decadent dandy, stuck in time, a connoisseur of photography and the human body, yet he was also a man frightened, lonely and still in the closet regarding his past. When discussing his personal life and the past, he would suddenly snap shut and change the topic. He would often get emotional about the past, where there was clearly something unresolved. People from his past still existed and he felt somehow that someone could still be hurt by his story. The secrets and pain of the past still followed him.

I learned more about photography history and technique from Douglas than almost anyone else before. He loved to talk about the many photographers he knew, about his darkroom tricks, and he could identify countless photographers by style on site, even identifying the names of their models. Douglas kept in constant communication with photographers by mail. He traded photographs and amassed a wonderful private collection. Some of his favorite photographers were Edwin Townsend, Arax of Paris, Al Urban and Lon of New York. He had the highest respect for those who developed and printed their own film.

The 1950s are considered the golden age of male physique photography. Outside of Paris, the two largest centers for male photography were Los Angeles and New York. Douglas operated in somewhat of a vacuum in Detroit, protecting his identity and career by publishing under the pseudonym "Douglas of Detroit." Male figure photography is a strange world onto itself; like a bad distant cousin of photography, it's still considered an outsider, with its own parallel history, collectors and master photographers. Major histories of photography often overlook the genre or barely give it notice.

After serving in the armed forces in WWII, Douglas learned his craft while working at the photo department of Hudson's, a chain of department stores that began in downtown Detroit. At Hudson's, Douglas rose as assistant until he had his own darkroom where he perfected his techniques and became skilled at hand-coloring with oil paints and retouching photographs by hand. As head of the photo department he would sometimes cautiously bring modeling subjects there, but the majority, and the best, of his work was done in a small, one-car garage by the side of his parents' home, a garage outfitted as makeshift photo studio.

Douglas found many of his models and subjects at a local Detroit workout and boxing gym. A close friend of his, George Yacos, owned the business and allowed him to hang enlargements of his photos on the perimeter walls. The photos attracted many athletes who saw the need for good publicity stills. He was soon getting many requests for physique portraits from the patrons at the Yacos Gym.

Douglas sold his photographs to dozens of body building magazines popular at the time, including: Flex, Power, Your Physique, The Body Builder, The Body Beautiful, Adonis, and many others. Body building magazines became the major network for male nude photography; however, a hand-painted fig leaf was often carefully positioned to comply with state and federal laws.

Photographers would often travel from city to city holding "trunk shows" where they would rent a hotel room and invite collectors in to purchase their work. Bruce of Los Angels was one of the pioneers of this method of circulating photos. In the 1950s it was illegal to send nude photographs through the US mail. The male nude was a volatile and suppressed art form, especially during the first half of the twentieth century.

In the late 1950s, Douglas was involved in a famous censorship battle held in Detroit that quickly destroyed his career along with the lives of many of his models. The incident began with a photograph taken many years before of Wendell Meyer, an off-duty police officer holding up a nightstick and an erection (!) – an image that somehow found its way onto a police captain's desk as a kind of practical joke. Wendell Meyer lost his job and there was an investigation.

The Detroit police ransacked the Juleff home, confiscating and burning all of the negatives and prints they could find. Douglas' own father became outraged by his son's secretive male-nude photography career, and turned over many of the prints and negatives himself. Not content to just persecute the photographer, the police also investigated many of his models, most of whom were not gay, but who would nevertheless have their lives and careers ruined and scandalized.

The incident left Douglas in shambles and he never fully recovered. Over a decade of his life was reduced to rubble overnight. During the paranoiac McCarthy era of the 1950s, full frontal photographic images of the male figure were contraband. Douglas was just one of many photographer/artist victims who suffered under this draconian and deranged justice system. Douglas was a casualty in the art wars, another rare talent brought to an end by callous men and a society that viewed artists and homosexuals as deviants, outsiders and criminals.

Douglas was considered one of the finest darkroom printers and innovators of male figurative photography in the world, an opinion shared both by collectors and by his own peers. His prints are highly valued, not only due to their market scarcity but also because of their physical beauty. Their rich dark tonal values are printed with the care of an Edward Weston. Photography historian and author Reed Massengill has said, "Even half a century after they were printed, Douglas' original prints are vibrant, luminous and exquisitely beautiful things to behold." Douglas worked with a 4x5 camera, printing his negatives on the best papers available, and lightly toning his prints. Only a handful of Douglas images and negatives survived the police raid, having been secretly hidden in the department store darkroom.

Douglas adopted some of the techniques made popular in surrealism including montage, distorted scale, fantastic imagery and weird perspective. His image of the physical body as a work of cracked, half-broken sculpture within a blackened void, a male nude trapped inside another man's head and another photo of a nude man consumed by a giant spider's web are breathtaking in their execution, dark surrealism and angst-producing existential viewpoint. This cinematic noir patina is present in many of Douglas' images. Douglas photographs have a slightly sinister, claustrophobic and peephole quality that reflects his small cramped workspace and maps the abysmal, paranoid times of the 1950s.

Douglas brought several innovations to his nude studies. He was among the first to introduce raised platforms, pedestal columns, plants, bamboo screens and abstract modern curtains as backgrounds and props. He was also one of the earliest photographers to work on the nude outdoors. His images are known for their graceful compositions and delicate lighting. As Douglas often said, any innovation, prop or new approach would be instantly copied once it was published. This was a tough, competitive profession, one that demanded constant innovation, creativity and design skills.

Douglas had a strong attraction to classical painting and many of his techniques and inspiration developed out of this appreciation for the masters. His signature chiaroscuro lighting effects brought a heightened sense of theatricality to the work, an effect he would exploit further in his darkroom printing and that links his work closely to drawing, design and film noir. As one reviewer observed, "in Douglas' images, masculine bodies were the building blocks of design. The contours of a male figure created strong shadows, and the long vertical line of a well-postured silhouette suggested a charged sense of formality. He even moved beyond cliché references to portraiture by using a modern bamboo shade as a backdrop, rather than a draped curtain or sheet. The shade's texture and linear quality enhances the sense that his prints were like drawings rather than photos." [1]

In the late 90s, I put Douglas in touch with a group of collectors from the West Coast and out of this meeting developed a book project by the progressive German publisher Janssen. In 1998, a large format monograph, *Douglas of Detroit*, appeared as volume four in Janssen's *American Photography of the Male Nude 1940-1970* series. The book highly pleased Douglas, who stopped by the Bookstore to sign copies after it was published. The book brought him a brief career revival with worldwide recognition and print sales. Unfortunately, Douglas would live only another year due to complications from a fall, diabetes and kidney failure.

Above my desk is a beautiful mosaic given to me by Douglas. The image is of an old lover of his, a man once his partner. The mosaic is based on a photograph he took. Almost daily I look at this multi-colored, gold-glinting, ethereal and sensual ceramic object and think fondly of Douglas, a man who could so carefully craft and execute artworks with such perfection, wisdom and love.

1. Rebecca Mazzei, "Muscle Men: Fifty years after the day that ruined him, Douglas of Detroit finally gets his show",
Metro Times, 7/09/2008.

Cary Loren (1955) is one of the founding members (with Mike Kelley, Jim Shaw and Niagara) of the renowned Detroit based band Destroy All Monsters. He is still living in Detroit, where he is the proprietor of Book Beat, a nationally recognized independent bookstore specializing in art related subjects. He continues to create music, photography, and independent films.

Douglas of Detroit, *Two Male Nudes and a Black Marble Column*, ca. 1954 - courtesy of Cary Loren

Douglas of Detroit, *Male Nude on Telephone*, ca. 1954 - courtesy of Cary Loren

DOUGLAS OF DETROIT: MALE NUDES, DESIRE & LOSS

Corpo, ricorda, e non solo quanto fosti amato, non soltanto i letti in cui giacesti, ma anche quei desideri che per te brillavano chiari negli occhi e tremavano nella voce
K. P. Kavafis

Ho incontrato il fotografo Douglas Juleff, conosciuto come "Douglas of Detroit", quando visitò personalmente la galleria Book Beat, nei primi anni '90, durante una fotografica di Bruce of Los Angeles. Molti anni prima, Don Whitman (1917-1998), fotografo della "Western Photography Guild" di Denver, Colorado, mi aveva parlato di Douglas come del più unico e dotato fotografo di figure maschili. Quella della "physique photography" era un'area della fotografia poco conosciuta, e intorno al 1985 avevo cominciato a fare un po' di ricerche sulla sua storia e a collezionare alcune cose. Don Whitman mi suggerì di cercare Douglas, un maestro della fotografia che secondo lui doveva vivere ancora nell'area di Detroit. Mi disse "Se lo trovi, trovi un tesoro. Lui era il migliore."

Douglas entrò nella galleria, portando con sé diverse stampe di Bruce of Los Angeles, alcune di esse le comprai, ma quando poi dissi che avrei voluto vedere le fotografie di Douglas Of Detroit, lo presi di sorpresa. Diventammo presto amici e cominciammo a vederci di continuo, una volta o due a settimana, per pranzo, per vedere e parlare di fotografia. Nel corso degli anni ho avuto la grande fortuna di acquisire un piccolo archivio d'immagini di Douglas. Ho iniziato anche a registrare su cassetta alcuni incontri, nel tentativo di trasmettere la storia di questo quieto e dimenticato maestro.

Douglas era un uomo alto e imponente, di corporatura snella e con affascinanti capelli bianchi. Nacque a Detroit nel 1917, servì l'esercito e smise di fare fotografie a fine anni '50. Il resto della sua vita lo spese vendendo scarpe e vestiti da uomo, fino alla pensione. Le scarpe che portava ai piedi erano sempre così pulite e splendenti che brillavano, e vestiva camicie in poliestere di colore blu, fatte probabilmente negli anni '70, senza la più piccola macchia e con dei grandi risvolti alle maniche. I suoi vestiti sembravano sempre nuovi, anche dopo due decenni e mezzo. Douglas riceveva una piccola pensione sociale e viveva in un altissimo ma povero complesso d'appartamenti per persone anziane, nella zona nord-ovest di Detroit. Prendeva spesso il bus per venire ai nostri incontri. Pranzavamo, facevamo un giro nella libreria e a fine giornata lo riportavo a casa.

Douglas era un'anima gentile, generosa e cortese, con una divertente e vivace vena d'ironia elfica. Faceva spesso astuti commenti sui vestiti o sul fisico di qualche persona, bella o fuori forma, che incontrava per strada, e quando lo faceva aveva sempre una scintilla negli occhi. Era curioso, sempre pronto a conoscere nuovi fotografi e nuovi lavori, anche se il suo interesse rimaneva sempre sui "pep-boys", che era il modo, ormai datato, con cui si riferiva allo stile di vita gay e ai nudi maschili. Dopo le nostre chiacchierate, mi disse che voleva tornare a fotografare.

Era un dandy decadente, perso nei tempi passati; un fine conoscitore della fotografia e del corpo maschile, ma anche un uomo spaventato, solo e sempre riservato riguardo al suo passato. Se discutevamo della sua vita personale e del suo passato, si ammutoliva repentinamente e passava ad un altro argomento. Si emozionava spesso riguardo ai tempi andati, rispetto ai quali c'era evidentemente qualcosa d'irrisolto. Le persone del suo passato esistevano ancora e, in qualche modo, sentiva che qualcuno poteva ancora portare le ferite dalla sua storia. I segreti e il dolore del suo passato lo seguivano ancora.

Grazie a Douglas, ho imparato di più a proposito della fotografia e della tecnica di quanto avessi mai fatto prima. Amava paralare di tutti i fotografi che conosceva, dei trucchi che usava in camera oscura, ed era in grado di identificare su due piedi un numero infinito di fotografi dallo stile, ricordando anche i nomi dei loro modelli. Commerciava in foto e aveva messo da parte una magnifica collezione privata. Alcuni dei suoi fotografi preferiti erano Edwin Townsend, Arax of Paris, Al Urban e Lon of New York. Considerava con massimo rispetto tutti coloro che sviluppavano e stampavano da soli le proprie pellicole.
Gli anni '50 sono considerati gli anni d'oro della "physique photography". Oltre a Parigi, i due maggiori centri in cui si era sviluppata erano Los Angeles e New York. Douglas ha operato a Detroit, in una specie di vuoto, proteggendo la sua identità e la sua carriera con lo pseudonimo di "Douglas of Detroit". La fotografia di figure maschili è di per sé uno strano mondo, quasi un lontano e cattivo cugino della fotografia ufficiale, considerato da molti ancora un campo da "outsider", con la sua storia parallela, i suoi collezionisti e i suoi maestri. La storia ufficiale ha spesso sottovalutato, o notato appena, questo genere di fotografia.

Dopo aver servito le forze armate nel corso della Seconda Guerra Mondiale, Douglas imparò il mestiere di fotografo lavorando al dipartimento fotografico di Hudson's, una catena di negozi di grande distribuzione di Detroit. Douglas partì come assistente e arrivò a gestire una sua camera oscura, grazie alla quale perfezionò la sua tecnica, imparò la colorazione ad olio e il ritocco a mano. Come capo del dipartimento, portava ogni tanto in sede, con una certa cautela, i suoi modelli; ma la maggior parte del suo lavoro, e sicuramente la parte migliore, fu scattata in un piccolo box auto accanto alla casa dei suoi genitori, un garage adibito a studio fotografico improvvisato.

Molti dei suoi modelli, e i suoi soggetti in genere, provenivano da una palestra di pugilato a Detroit. La gestiva un suo caro amico, George Yacos, che gli permise di appendere gli ingrandimenti delle sue foto alle pareti perimetrali della palestra. Esse ritraevano molti degli atleti, ed erano considerate una buona forma di pubblicità. Nel giro di poco tempo ottenne molte richieste di ritratti dagli avventori della Yacos Gym.

Douglas vendeva le sue foto a decine di riviste di body building, all'epoca molto popolari, tra le quali: Flex, Power, Your Physique, The Body Builder, The Body Beautiful Adonis, e molti altri. Le riviste di body building divennero il maggior mezzo di diffusione per la fotografia di nudi maschili, anche se, per adeguarsi alle leggi di stato e a quelle federali, venivano spesso cautamente apposte delle foglie di fico disegnate a mano.

I fotografi viaggiavano spesso da città a città, organizzando dei "trunk shows" nelle camere d'albergo, dove poi invitavano i collezionisti. Uno dei pionieri di questo metodo di circolazione delle foto fu Bruce of Los Angeles. Negli anni '50 vendere foto di nudo attraverso il servizio di poste federali era illegale. Il nudo maschile era una forma d'arte effimera e repressa, in special modo nella prima metà del ventesimo secolo.

Alla fine degli anni '50, Douglas fu coinvolto in una famosa battaglia sulla censura che ebbe luogo a Detroit, e che repentinamente distrusse la sua carriera, insieme alla vita di alcuni dei suoi modelli. L'incidente ebbe inizio con una fotografia scattata molti anni prima, nella quale il soggetto, un ufficiale di polizia fuori servizio di nome Wendell Meyer, teneva in mano un manganello mentre aveva un'erezione (!) – l'immagine arrivò in qualche modo sulla scrivania del capitano della polizia, quasi fosse uno scherzo. Wendell Meyer perse il suo lavoro, e fu avviata un'inchiesta.

La polizia di Detroit rovistò nella casa di Juleff, confiscando e bruciando tutti i negativi e le stampe che trovò. Lo stesso padre di Douglas si sentì oltraggiato dal figlio a causa della sua carriera segreta di fotografo di nudi maschili, e distrusse lui stesso molte stampe e negativi. La polizia, non contenta di aver perseguitato il fotografo, allargò le indagini ai suoi modelli, che non erano gay, ma che videro le loro vite rovinate da questo scandalo.

L'incidente lasciò Douglas in una situazione disastrata, dalla quale non si riprese mai completamente. Più di un decennio della sua vita era stato improvvisamente ridotto ad un cumulo di macerie. Durante la paranoica era degli anni '50, sotto McCarthy, le immagini integrali raffiguranti corpi maschili potevano essere solo contrabbandate. Douglas fu semplicemente uno dei tanti fotografi/artisti vittima di questo sistema di giustizia draconiano e squilibrato. Douglas fu una vittima della guerra contro l'arte, un altro raro talento messo a tacere da uomini insensibili e da una società che considerava gli artisti e gli omosessuali come deviati, outsider e criminali.

Douglas era considerato, a livello mondiale, uno dei più fini stampatori da camera oscura e un innovatore della fotografia figurativa maschile, un'opinione condivisa non solo dai collezionisti, ma dai suoi stessi colleghi. Le sue stampe sono ben valutate non solo per la loro rarità, ma anche per l'oggettiva bellezza fisica. I ricchi elementi tonali sono stampati con la cura di un Edward Weston. Lo storico e critico della fotografia Reed Massengill ha detto, "Anche a cinquant'anni dalla data di stampa, gli originali di Douglas sono vibranti, luminosi e squisitamente belli." Douglas lavorava con una macchina fotografica 4x5, stampando i propri negativi sulla miglior carta disponibile, e dava un tono molto luminoso alle sue stampe. Solo una manciata di immagini e di negativi, segretamente nascoste nella camera oscura del grande magazzino, sopravvissero all'intervento della polizia.

Douglas adottò alcune tecniche rese popolari dal surrealismo, quali il montaggio, la scala distorta, l'immaginario fondato su una prospettiva fantastica e bizzarra. Il suo omaggio al corpo come opera di scultura spezzata, mezza rotta, all'interno di un vuoto nero, l'uomo nudo intrappolato nella testa di un altro uomo, e un'altra foto in cui un uomo nudo viene preso in una gigantesca tela di ragno, sono da lasciare senza fiato per l'esecuzione, per il loro oscuro surrealismo e per il punto di vista esistenzialista e angosciato. Questa patina cinematica noir è presente in molte immagini di Douglas. Le sue fotografie hanno una qualità sottile ma sinistra, quel senso di claustrofobia tipico della visione da uno spioncino, che ci riporta al piccolo e angusto spazio in cui lavorava e al severissimo e paranoico clima degli anni '50.

Douglas era molto attratto dalla pittura classica, molte delle sue tecniche e delle sue ispirazioni si svilupparono a partire dall'ammirazione per i maestri. I suoi tipici effetti di luce in chiaroscuro davano al lavoro un accentuato senso di teatralità, un effetto che avrebbe poi sfruttato spesso in camera oscura, e che lega strettamente il suo lavoro al disegno, al design e al film noir. Un critico ha osservato: "...nelle immagini di Douglas, i corpi mascolini erano costruzioni di design. I contorni della figura maschile creavano ombre forti, e la lunga linea verticale della silhouette in bella posa suggeriva un marcato senso di formalità. Usando come sfondo un moderno paralume di bamboo, al posto del lenzuolo appeso, è andato oltre i riferimenti *clichè* della ritrattistica. La texture e la qualità lineare del paralume rinforzano la sensazione che le sue stampe siano quasi dei disegni, piuttosto che delle foto." [1]

Nei tardi anni '90, misi Douglas in contatto con un gruppo di collezionisti della West Coast, e da questo incontro ho sviluppato un libro/progetto con la progressista casa editrice tedesca Janssen. Nel 1998, è apparsa una monografia in ampio formato, *Douglas of Detroit,* come quarto volume della serie di Janssen *American Photography of the Male Nude 1940-1970.* Il libro ha ampiamente soddisfatto Douglas, che ha firmato le copie appena uscite nel mio bookshop. In brevissimo tempo il libro ha ridato forza alla sua carriera, come dimostrato dalle vendite a livello internazionale. Sfortunatamente Douglas ha vissuto solo un altro anno, a causa di una caduta, del diabete e di una malattia renale.

Sulla mia scrivania c'è un bel mosaico che mi ha regalato Douglas. È l'immagine di un suo vecchio amante, un tempo anche suo partner. Il mosaico è basato su una sua foto. Quasi tutti i giorni guardo questo oggetto di ceramica etereo e sensuale, multi colore, dai riflessi dorati, e penso affettuosamente a Douglas, l'uomo che ha saputo realizzare opere d'arte di una tale perfezione, sapienza ed amore.

1.Rebecca Mazzei, Metro Times, 7/09/2008 *Muscle Men: Fifty years after the day that ruined him, Douglas of Detroit finally gets his show*

Cary Loren (1955) è uno dei membri fondatori (con Mike Kelley, Jim Shaw e Niagara) della famosa band di Detroit "Destroy All Monsters". Vive e lavora ancora a Detroit, dove gestisce Book Beat, un bookstore indipendente specializzato in pubblicazioni legate alle arti visive riconosciuto a livello nazionale. Continua a creare musica, fotografia e film indipendenti.

ALCUNE ITALIE

by francesco arena

WHEN WE ASKED FRANCESCO ARENA TO WRITE A PIECE ON LUCIANO FABRO, HE DIDN'T HESITATE FOR A MOMENT. AND HE WROTE IT BY IMMERSING HIMSELF COMPLETELY IN FABRO'S WORK, TO THEN MODEL IT HIS OWN WAY. FROM 1968 ONWARDS LUCIANO FABRO REALIZED THE SERIES* ITALIA*: WORKS DEPICTING THE "BOOT" IN VARIOUS POSITIONS AND USING VARIOUS MATERIALS. STARTING FROM THIS SERIES, FRANCESCO DECIDED TO ADAPT ARTICLE 1 OF THE ITALIAN CONSTITUTION TO THE TURINESE ARTIST'S VARIOUS ITALYS. LIKE OFTEN IN HIS WORK, FRANCESCO TRANSLATES FACTS AND MOMENTS INTO A DIFFERENT FORM AND LANGUAGE.

L'italia è una repubblica democratica, fondata sul lavoro.
La sovranità appartiene al popolo, che la esercita nelle forme e nei limiti della costituzione.
Italy is a democratic Republic founded on labour. Sovereignty belongs to the people and is exercised by the people in the forms and within the limits of the Constitution.

Questi sono disegni scritti delle Italie di Fabro. Spero mi perdoni.
These are written drawings of Fabro's Italys. I hope he forgives me.

L'Italia alla rovescia, 1968

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Italia Cosa Nostra, 1968-71

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L'Italia di pelo, 1969

L'l't'a'l'i'a' è' u'n'a' R'e'p'u'b'b'l'i'c'a' d'e'm'o'c'r'a't'i'c'a',' 'f'o'n'd'a't'a' 's'u'l' 'l'a'v'o'r'o'.'
'L'a' 's'o'v'r'a'n'i't'à' 'a'p'p'a'r't'i'e'n'e' 'a'l' 'p'o'p'o'l'o',' 'c'h'e 'l'a' 'e's'e'r'c'i't'a' 'n'e'l'l'e' 'f'o'r'm'e' 'e' 'n'e'i' 'l'i'm'i't'i' 'd'e'l'l'a' 'C'o's't'i't'u'z'i'o'n'e'.

Italia carta stradale, 1969

L'Italia è una enoizutitsoC Repubblica democratica, fondata sul lavoro.
La sovranità al popolo appartiene, che la esercita nelle forme e nei limiti della.

L'Italia di cartoccio, 1970

è La una Repubblica popolo che la lavoro Costituzione democratica,. forme sovranità L'Italia appartiene al, esercita sul fondata nelle e nei limiti della.

Italia d'oro, 1971

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La sovranità appartiene al popolo, che la esercita nelle forme e nei limiti della Costituzione.

Speculum Italiae, 1971

L'Italia è una Repubblica democratica, fondata sul lavoro.
La sovranità appartiene al popolo, che la esercita nelle forme e nei limiti della Costituzione.
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Francesco Arena (1978) is a young Italian artist who lives and works in Cassano delle Murge, Bari, Italy. Many of his works – predominantly sculptures and installations – are rooted in Italy's political, social and artistic history.

Francesco Arena (1978) è un giovane artista italiano che vive e lavora a Cassano delle Murge, Bari. Molti dei suoi lavori, principalmente sculture ed installazioni, hanno come punto di partenza la storia politica, sociale e artistica italiana.

Paolo Rosselli, *Bilbao* 2007, fotografia estratta dal libro *Sandwich digitale. La vita segreta dell'immagine digitale*, Quodlibet 2009

THE FRUSTRATED SCULPTOR SYNDROME

IT ALL STEMS FROM AN OBSERVATION MADE BY YONA FRIEDMAN THAT UNDERLINES THE SCULPTURAL QUALITY OF CONTEMPORARY ARCHITECTURE, A THOROUGHLY OBVIOUS POINT OFTEN OVERLOOKED IN THE CRITICAL LITERATURE. WHAT USUALLY DOMINATES IS THE IDEA THAT THE ANALYSIS OF FORM SHOULD BE CONTINGENT ON QUESTIONS OF FUNCTION. WHILE THE AESTHETIC ELEMENT REMAINS FOREIGN TO SUCH REFLECTIONS, ACCORDING TO SOME WRITERS, SUCH AS LE CORBUSIER, IT IS WHAT DEFINES THE VERY STATUS OF ARCHITECTURE. THAT IS WHY WE ASKED MANUEL ORAZI TO TRACE A BRIEF AND SYNTHETIC RECENT HISTORY OF THE RELATION BETWEEN FORMAL AESTHETICS AND FUNCTIONALIST JUDGEMENT, PARTICULARLY THROUGH THE KEY FIGURE OF FRANK GEHRY, WHO IS EMBLEMATIC BOTH FOR HIS ENORMOUS SUCCESS AND HIS CLOSE RELATIONSHIP WITH THE ART WORLD. HIS TALE, IN THIS CASE, IS SIMPLY A LENS THROUGH WHICH TO OBSERVE THE PURELY FORMAL SYSTEM OF CONTEMPORARY ARCHITECTURE, ATTEMPTING TO EXCLUDE ANY CONSIDERATION LINKED TO THE OBJECT'S DESTINATION OR TO THE URBAN CONTEXT. TO TRY, AT LEAST FOR A MOMENT, AS THOUGH IT WAS AN EXERCISE OR AN EXPERIMENT, TO CONSIDER ONLY THE AESTHETIC AND FORMAL ASPECT OF THE BUILDINGS WE INHABIT - EXACTLY AS WE WOULD IF IT WERE CONTEMPORARY SCULPTURE.

by manuel orazi

THE FORMALISM OF CONTEMPORARY ARCHITECTURE

I'm not interested in creating controversy, I'm only interested in ideas, but you should be weary of generating forms freely because you unknowingly risk making sculptures. If Le Corbusier produced a masterpiece in Ronchamp it's because he was a master sculptor, with years of practice behind him. Pure architects, on the other hand, just risk making bad sculptures.
Yona Friedman, Frank Gehry, *Diaologo di utopie*, Abitare, n. 504, September 2010

You employ stone, wood, and concrete, and with these materials you build houses and palaces: that is construction. Ingenuity is at work. But suddenly you touch my heart, you do me good. I am happy and I say: This is beautiful. That is Architecture
Le Corbusier, *Towards a New Architecture*, 1923

Nobody embodies the features of the so-called "archistar" better than Frank O. Gehry, so he is also the target par excellence of criticisms coming from both within the discipline and from outside. Gehry is the ultimate archistar through and through, not only because he lives just outside Hollywood, or because he is the only architect to have had an entire feature film dedicated to his work – a film that had a theatrical release before going to DVD, and a masterpiece moreover, seeing as it's the only documentary ever made by Sydney Pollack[1], one of Gehry's many friends from inside the star system. Most of all, Gehry is famous for creating buildings whose function is not immediately transparent: after all, the Walt Disney Concert Hall in L.A. could just as well be a museum, and the Guggenheim Museum Bilbao a complex of concert halls, as opposed to the other way around. And it is this very trait that archistars are often reproached for: creating designs that are abstracted from their functions and therefore superfluous, nothing more than sculptures.

If the Modern Movement – that heterogeneous team of architects celebrated, or even "invented," by historians such as Siegfried Giedion, Emil Kaufmann, Nikolaus Pevsner (all historians of the art of formation) and active in the interwar period and immediately following WWII – was grouped under the slogan "form follows function," then the accusation put to those others, traditionalists or not, who pursued different objectives and methods was for the most part but one: formalists. Today it still rings like the worst of accusations even though, since the mid 60s, the question of form has returned to the center of architectural debate with a vengeance, gradually degenerating into the current media frenzy, where increasingly prevailing private commissions incite designers to compete in exuberance and eccentricity, turning them into stereotypical oddballs, quick-witted stylists surrounded by paparazzi and journalists.
The great Adolf Loos would be horrified by contemporary architecture: "Never in my life have I abhorred anything so much as creating new forms." The exact opposite of what is manifest today, when we witness a worldwide diffusion of "forms in search of a function, like hermit crabs in search of an empty shell,"[2] especially in the case of museums, those new secular cathedrals that race to outshine the very works of art they exhibit.

And yet sculpture and painting have always exerted an irresistible influence on the architecture of their time. It would be futile to try and recapitulate or summarize the vast list of examples; suffice it to recall the *maquettes* of Theo van Doesburg and George Vantongerloo, indispensable to the formation of the poetics of Dutch Neo-Plasticism, or the *objets trouvés* collected from beaches by Le Corbusier, a trained painter, which inspired his sculptures and his last masterpieces – such as the Notre Dame du Haut in Ronchamp, bashed by orthodox modernist critics who couldn't recognize in them the old master of functionalism. But sculpture plays a particular role in all this: again, Loos cautions that "if we order the arts one after the other we can start from drawing, and we find that from drawing we can move to painting. After painting we arrive at sculpture, go through polychrome sculpture, and from there we finally reach architecture. Drawing and architecture are the extreme points of a single line." But for Loos architecture cannot be considered an art form because "the house has to please everyone, contrary to the work of art which does not have to please anyone. [...] Only a very small part of architecture belongs to art: the tomb and the monument. Everything else that fulfills a function is to be excluded from the domain of art."[3]

This is precisely why much of the architecture of the last fifteen years might appear to anyone to be closer to art, to sculpture: never has the functional program been so secondary or vague as it is today. Not only the new MAXXI, which still hasn't confirmed its identity as a museum (and this might be a good thing), but also pharaonic projects like the new hyper-museum of Abu Dhabi designed by Gehry, or the various museums of Dubai, where it remains uncertain what kinds of artworks will be conserved therein (the collections of the respective countries being evidently insufficient).

Some architects more than others have found themselves at ease in this status quo: since Gehry, notwithstanding his initial eccentricity, is the leader of the group as well as its paradigmatic emblem, it may be worth outlining his itinerary. He was born in Toronto to a poor Jewish family, his father worked in a hardware

store, his grandmother made him gefilte fish every Friday and told him old stories in Yiddish, a language that he still speaks and writes today. As a young man he immigrated to California, where he paid for his architectural studies by driving a van and fitting kitchens. He tried working for Richard Neutra (the Viennese emigré) who didn't pay him because of a misplaced sense of stardom.[4] He did however continue to admire the humble and passionate Rudolph Schindler, another Vienna native. He got married, becoming the father of two daughters, and changed his last name from Goldberg to Gehry due to pressure from his then wife (prior to the 50s being Jewish wasn't very chic, not even in California). At that point he received a scholarship to study at MIT in Boston but soon realized that it was for the wrong subject: urbanism. He quickly fell out of love with his studies and returned to California to work for the Viennese Victor Gruen, the inventor of the American shopping mall (which he experimented with in the not distant Las Vegas). After a number of projects he lost interest and moved to Paris for a year with his family. Upon return, he divorced his wife – thanks to, or because of, his analyst – and began freelance work trying to build low-cost projects with recycled materials, in line with the activity of many a Pop artist. He got married again, this time to a Catholic woman of Latin American origins, and moved to an ill-famed Los Angeles neighborhood – Venice, which still had canals back then and was being slowly populated by many of the city's artists, the first of whom was Ed Moses. Surrounding himself with more artists than architects, he proved to be no different. He had trouble with his work: too many poor clients (partially due to a loose dedication to social causes), and so he decided to let off steam by extending and refurbishing his home with industrial materials and even urban decor such as the metal fencing used on construction sites. The house caused a stir: artists, architects and philosophers went to visit it, including John Cage and Buckminster Fuller. In a landmark 1980 interview (still available online[5]), Gehry, sporting a moustache and on the threshold of his global success (which would begin to arrive during the 80s despite the postmodernism to which he was alien, and then even more so in the 90s with the Guggenheim), looks back at his turning point, both as a man and a professional: in the late 60s he was driven by a desire to create his architecture by hand, to enter into a more direct and physical relationship with it. He manipulated materials and built replicable structures with the other artists in his studio – the famous 1966 exhibition "Primary Structures" at the Jewish Museum in New York left a strong impression on him, and it was there that he discovered Carl Andre and Donald Judd. To describe this new design method, which he would never in fact abandon, he openly stated that he works like a sculptor, evaluating different model forms and scale forms, because it gives him more freedom to experiment, like a child or a scientist, and allows him to extract ideas directly from the material. Which is why he has, in the past, wryly defined himself as a frustrated sculptor – "except," he specifies, "I'm not frustrated."

For all of its financial and media implications, the Guggenheim Museum Bilbao has become a paradigm of, and not just a model for, contemporary architecture. It radically ratifies the possibility of modeling a building as though it were an object, like a shell, like a piece by Richard Serra – it is Gehry himself who offers this example, and it's no coincidence that Serra is the main protagonist of the Bilbao museum, or that the biggest room of the permanent collection is dedicated to his work. And to think that even the bakery across the street makes cakes in the shape of the museum.

Indeed, a lot of contemporary architecture shows itself as sculpture, and inevitably ends up leaning towards the Loosian extreme of tomb and monument, usually without success. For museums to become monuments they must reach the level of a mausoleum, yet very few projects come as close to that extreme as the Memorial to the Murdered Jews of Europe in Berlin. Designed by Peter Eisenman, a forest of bare stones enigmatically laid out a few feet from the Reichstag and the Brandenburg Gate (and in front of a building by Gehry); a necropolis, a work of extreme architecture. Following an international competition, Eisenman won the commission in 1997 together with Richard Serra – who is, not surprisingly, a sculptor.

1. *Frank Gehry. Creatore di sogni* (*Sketches of Frank Gehry*), book and dvd, Milano, Feltrinelli 2007.
2. Rem Koolhaas, *Junkspace. Per un ripensamento radicale dello spazio urbano*, edited by G. Mastrigli, Macerata, Quodlibet 2006, p. 70.
3. Adolf Loos, *Architettura*, in *Parole nel vuoto* (*Spoken into the Void, Collected Essays by Adolf Loos*), Adelphi 1972, pp. 246-254.
4. Barbara Isenberg, *Conservazioni con Frank Gehry* (*Conversations with Frank Gehry*), Milano, Mondadori 2010, pp. 38-39.
5. Interview with Barbaralee Diamonstein, available on Duke University's YouTube channel.

LA SINDROME DELLO SCULTORE FRUSTRATO.
Il formalismo dell'architettura contemporanea

di Manuel Orazi

"Non sono interessato a fare polemiche, sono solo interessato alle idee, ma bisogna stare attenti a generare forme in libertà perchè si rischia di produrre delle sculture inconsapevoli. Se Le Corbusier a Ronchamp ha prodotto un capolavoro è perché era anche un esperto scultore, con anni di pratica alle spalle. Gli architetti puri, invece, rischiano di produrre solo cattive sculture."
Yona Friedman, Frank Ghery, Diaologo di utopie, "Abitare" n. 504, settembre 2010

"Impiegate la pietra, il legno ed il calcestruzzo e con questi materiali costruite le case ed i palazzi: quella è costruzione. L'ingegnosità è sul lavoro. Ma improvvisamente toccate il mio cuore. Sono felice e dico: Questo è bello. Quella è architettura."
Le Corbusier, Vers une Architecture, 1923

Nessuno come Frank O. Gehry incarna meglio le fattezze della cosiddetta "archistar" e per questo è il bersaglio per eccellenza della critica disciplinare e no. Archistar Gehry lo è per antonomasia, non tanto perché vive nei paraggi di Hollywood, quanto perché è l'unico architetto a cui è stato dedicato un intero film distribuito nei cinema e non solo un dvd – un'opera d'autore peraltro, visto che è l'unico documentario che abbia mai girato Sydney Pollack[1], uno dei suoi non pochi amici dello star system. Soprattutto però Gehry è noto per generare edifici di cui a prima vista è difficile intuire la funzione: in fondo la Walt Disney Concert Hall di Los Angeles potrebbe essere un museo e il Guggenheim di Bilbao un edificio con più sale da concerti e non viceversa. Ed è proprio questa la caratteristica che viene rimproverata alle archistar in generale: quella di produrre architetture astratte dalle loro funzioni, dunque superflue, nient'altro che sculture.

Se il Movimento Moderno, quella eterogenea compagine di architetti celebrata e anzi "inventata" da storici come Sigfried Giedion, Emil Kaufmann, Nikolaus Pevsner – tutti storici dell'arte di formazione – e attiva fra le due guerre o subito dopo la II, era accomunato dallo slogan "form follows function", l'accusa verso coloro, tradizionalisti e no, che perseguivano altri obiettivi e metodologie era grosso modo una solo: formalista. Ancora oggi suona come l'accusa estrema per un architetto, anche se, a partire dalla metà degli anni '60, la questione della forma è ritornata prepotentemente al centro del dibattito architettonico fino a degenerare nella condizione mediatica attuale in cui la committenza privata, sempre più predominante, istiga i progettisti a gareggiare in esuberanza ed eccentricità, trasformandoli in macchiette stereotipate, stilisti dalla battuta facile su qualsiasi argomento e attorniati da paparazzi e giornalisti.

Il grande Adolf Loos sarebbe inorridito dell'architettura contemporanea: "Niente ho aborrito di più in tutta la mia vita che creare nuove forme". Tutto il contrario di ciò che avviene oggi quando assistiamo a una diffusione planetaria di "forme in cerca di funzioni, come paguri in cerca di un guscio vuoto"[2], specie nel caso dei musei, le nuove cattedrali laiche che gareggiano nel rendere secondarie le opere d'arte esposte.

Eppure scultura e pittura da sempre hanno esercitato un influsso irresistibile sull'architettura del proprio tempo, e sarebbe vano cercare qui di riassumerne i casi anche per sommi capi. Basti pensare alle maquette di Theo van Doesburg e Georges Vantongerloo, indispensabili per precisare la poetica del Neoplasticismo olandese; oppure agli object trouvé collezionati sulle spiagge da Le Corbusier – pittore di formazione – ai quali si ispirava per le proprie sculture e per i suoi ultimi capolavori come Notre Dame du Haut a Ronchamp, stroncata dalla critica modernista ortodossa, che non vi riconosceva più il vecchio maestro del funzionalismo. Certo però la scultura gioca un ruolo del tutto particolare in tutto ciò: sempre il vecchio Loos, ammoniva che "se si vogliono mettere in fila le arti e si comincia con la grafica, troviamo che da essa si può passare alla pittura. Da questa si può arrivare alla scultura attraverso la scultura policroma e dalla scultura si può giungere all'architettura. Grafica e architettura sono l'inizio e la fine di una medesima linea". Ma per Loos l'architettura non può essere considerata arte, perché "la casa deve piacere a tutti. A differenza dell'opera d'arte che non ha bisogno di piacere a nessuno... Soltanto una piccolissima parte dell'architettura appartiene all'arte: il sepolcro e il monumento. Il resto, tutto ciò che è al servizio di uno scopo, deve essere escluso dal regno dell'arte"[3].

Ecco allora perché buona parte dell'architettura dell'ultimo quindicennio appare a chiunque più prossima all'arte, alla scultura: perché mai come oggi il programma funzionale è stato così secondario o vago. Non solo e non tanto il nuovo MAXXI, che però ancora non ha una precisa identità museale (e magari è anche un bene), ma soprattutto edifici o progetti faraonici come il nuovo iper-museo di Abu Dhabi progettato da Gehry o ai vari musei di Dubai, dove non è per niente chiaro quali opere e che genere d'arte vi verrà conservato (essendo le collezioni dei paesi in cui si trovano evidentemente insufficienti).

Alcuni architetti più di altri si sono trovati a loro agio in questo statu quo: Gehry ne è il capofila e l'emblema paradigmatico, nonostante la sua iniziale eccentricità e la conseguente marginalità, per cui varrà la pena riassumere a grandi linee il suo percorso.
Nasce in una famiglia ebraica povera di Toronto, il padre lavora in una ferramenta, la nonna ogni venerdì gli prepara il gefilte fish, raccontandogli vecchie storie in Yiddish, lingua che ancora sa leggere e parlare. Immigrato dal Canada in California da giovane, si paga gli studi in architettura trasportando con un camioncino e poi montando cucine a domicilio. Prova a lavorare dal Richard Neutra (immigrato da Vienna), ma questi non lo vuole pagare perché si reputa una star e allora se ne va[4] – ammirerà invece per sempre l'umile e appassionato Rudolph Schindler, altro viennese. Si sposa e fa due figlie, si cambia il cognome da Goldberg in Gehry su pressione della prima moglie (fino agli anni '50, non era molto chic essere ebrei, nemmeno in California). Vince una borsa di studio al MIT di Boston ma presto si accorge che l'ha vinta nell'indirizzo sbagliato, in urbanistica. Si disamora degli studi e allora se ne torna in California a lavorare per il viennese Victor Gruen, di fatto l'inventore dello shopping mall americano (che sperimenta nella non lontana Las Vegas). Dopo molti progetti si stufa e si sposta con la famiglia a Parigi per un anno. Torna e, a causa o grazie al suo psicanalista, divorzia e comincia a lavorare in proprio cercando di costruire progetti a bassissimo costo con materiali ordinari in affinità con il lavoro degli artisti Pop. Si risposa con una signora di origine latinoamericane e cattolica e si trasferisce in un sobborgo malfamato di LA, Venice (che allora ha ancora i canali) dove però stanno cominciando a trasferire lì il proprio studio molti artisti della città – il primo è stato Ed Moses. Frequentando più artisti che architetti, lui non è da meno. Ha problemi di lavoro, nel senso di molti clienti poveri (anche per una velata scelta di impegno sociale) e allora decide di sfogarsi ristrutturando e ampliando la propria casa usando elementi industriali e persino di arredo urbano come le reti metalliche dei cantieri stradali. La casa fa scalpore, vanno a trovarlo artisti, architetti, filosofi, persino John Cage insieme con Buckminster Fuller. In un'intervista chiave del 1980 disponibile online[5], un Gehry ancora con i baffi e subito prima del suo successo planetario (che arriverà in piccola parte negli anni '80, nonostante il postmodernismo cui lui è alieno, e poi negli anni '90 con il Guggenheim) si guarda indietro e giudica la sua svolta che è stata insieme umana e professionale: dalla fine degli anni '60 è spinto dal desiderio di progettare la sua architettura con le mani, di avere un rapporto più diretto e fisico con essa. Manipola i materiali e costruisce strutture replicabili con i ragazzi del suo studio – forte in lui è stata l'impressione causata dalla celebre mostra "Primary Structures" del 1966 al Jewish Museum di New York, dove scopre Carl Andre e Donald Judd. Per descrivere questo suo nuovo modo di progettare, che non lo abbandonerà mai più, dice espressamente di lavorare più come uno scultore, valutando i modelli di forme e le differenti scale delle forme (model forms, scale forms) perché in questo modo si sente più libero di sperimentare, come i bambini o gli scienziati, per tirar furoi idee direttamente dalla materia. Per questo in passato si era definito auto-ironicamente uno scultore frustrato, "ma non sono frustrato", precisa.

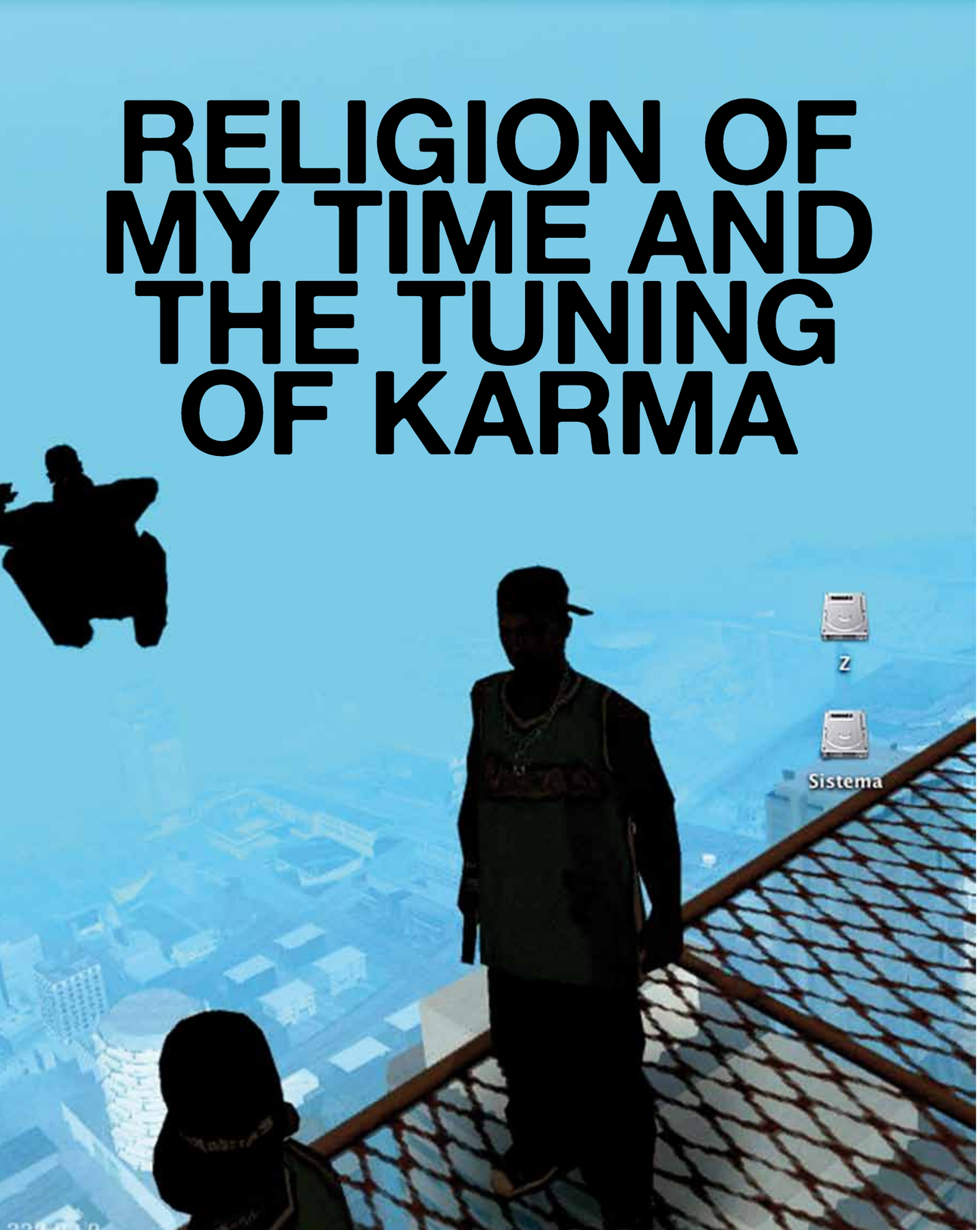
Il Guggenheim di Bilbao, con tutte le sue implicazioni mediatiche ed economiche, è divenuto infine più che un modello un paradigma dell'architettura contemporanea. Sancisce in modo eclatante la possibilità di modellare un edificio come un oggetto, come un guscio, così come un pezzo di Richard Serra – è lo stesso Gehry che fa questo esempio nel 1980, e non casualmente Serra è il massimo progtagonista del museo di Bilbao, a lui è dedicata la sala più grande delle collezioni permanenti. Perfino la pasticceria che sta di fronte ha iniziato a produrre dei dolci con la forma al museo.

Molta architettura contemporanea di fatto si delinea come una scultura, e finisce inevitabilmente per tendere verso i due estremi loosiani di tomba e monumento, in genere senza riuscirci. I musei per divenire monumentali devono raggiungere la scala del mausoleo, ma pochissimi progetti si avvicinano a tali estremi come il Monumento agli ebrei uccisi d'Europa di Berlino di Peter Eisenman, dove una selva di steli privi di scritte si dispone enigmaticamente a poca distanza dal Reichstag e dalla porta di Brandeburgo (e di fronte a un edificio di Gehry). Una necropoli dunque, un'opera di architettura estrema. Frutto di un concorso internazionale, Eisenman lo vinse nel 1997 insieme con Richard Serra, uno scultore, guarda caso.

1. *Frank Gehry. Creatore di sogni*, libro e dvd, Milano, Feltrinelli 2007.
2 Rem Koolhaas, *Junkspace. Per un ripensamento radicale dello spazio urbano*, a cura di G. Mastrigli, Macerata, Quodlibet 2006, p. 70.
3 Adolf Loos, *Architettura*, in *Parole nel vuoto*, Adelphi 1972, pp. 246-254.
4 Barbara Isenberg, *Conservazioni con Frank Gehry*, Milano, Mondadori 2010, pp. 38-39.
5 Intervista di Barbaralee Diamonstein, disponibile presso il canale YouTube della Duke University

Manuel Orazi (1974) insegna Teorie della ricerca architettonica contemporanea presso l'UNICAM di Ascoli Piceno. Collabora con Abitare, AMC, Log e lavora per la casa editrice Quodlibet di Macerata, dove vive.

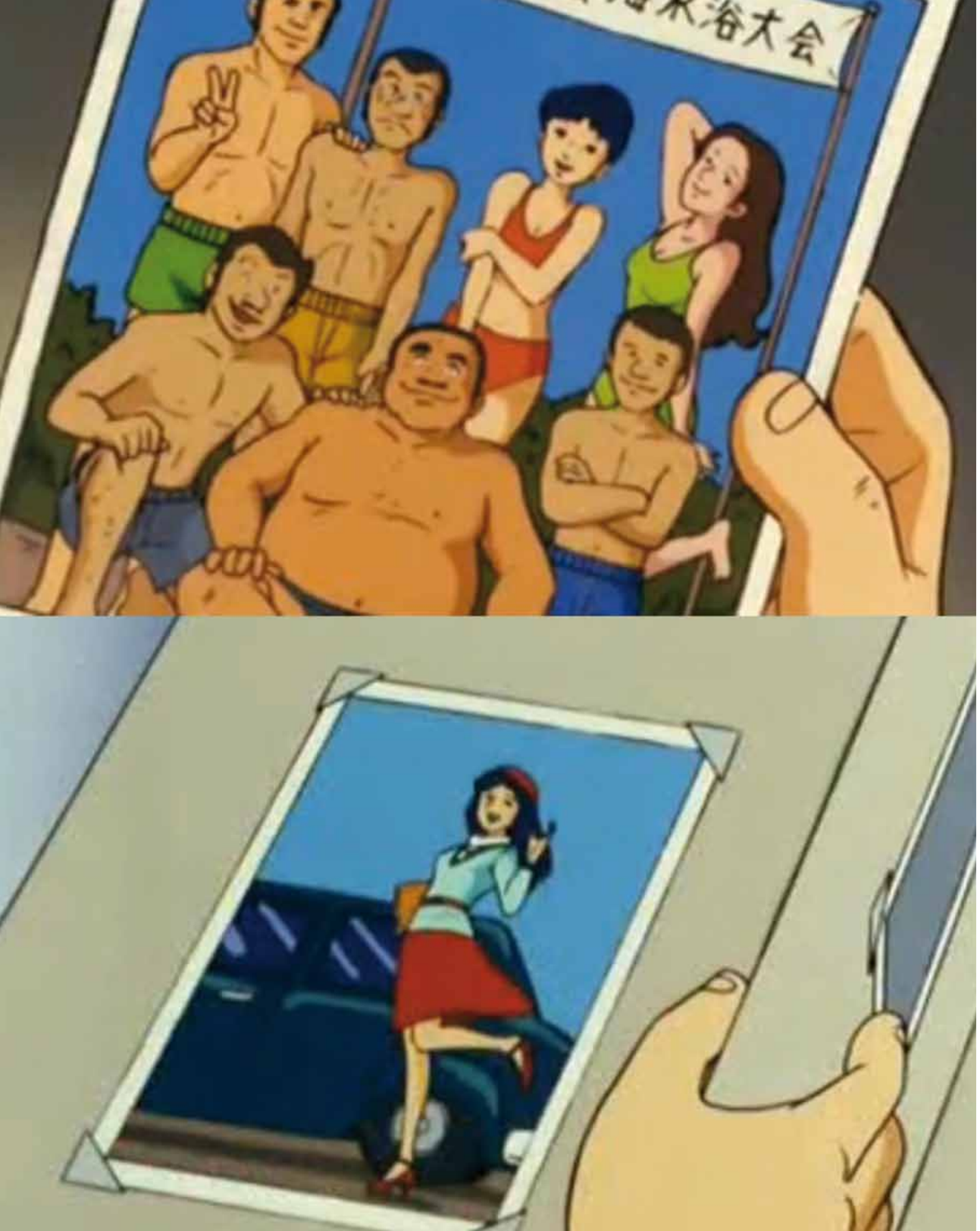
RELIGION OF MY TIME AND THE TUNING OF KARMA



words and screen shots by michele manfellotto

Ever heard of Auto-Tune?
It's a plug-in, an additional component for music software designed to correct out of tune notes. If the singer goes out of tune, Auto-Tune adapts the wrong notes to the tonality of the piece.
Given its originary function, Auto-Tune is used in most commercial pop music and already in May 2009 ("Pitch Perfect", Frieze #123) Jace Clayton / DJ/rupture indicated the possibitiilies of its creative application, starting from the first obvious example, a 1998 Cher song.
"When you hear certain phrases on *Believe* go robotic," Jace / rupture explains, "that's Auto-Tune at work."
Today, that robotic timbre characterizes the digitalized r&b of T-Pain, which has inspired dozens of imitators, as well as the hyperreal rap of Lil Wayne, the last frontier of hip-hop as mass phenomenon.
In the studio, Wayne records with Auto-Tune on, listening to his voice already filtered by the effect. The voice interacts with the software: the software doesn't correct it, but alters it at command, so Wayne modulates the sound consciously looking for a combination between his own execution and the action of Auto-Tune, whose function here is obviously aesthetic, creative. To the extent that the artist himself publicly declares it as a tool of the trade, as a *medium*.
If its detractors see Auto-Tune as a tasteless toy and a symptom of the flattening that music supposedly suffers from today, Clayton reads the matter differently.
Various examples, from Berber pop to Kanye West, prove that by now musicians use Auto-Tune like any other instrument, and, precisely as though it were an instrument, they learn to master it because it serves an expressive function.
For Jace / rupture, the interaction between man and machine is growing more intimate, more internal, every day: a circular exchange in which the digital component is complete only in uninterrupted combination with the live recording that gives it meaning, and vice versa. The human and the technological thus become complementary and specular and influence each other, giving life to a thoroughly new perception of our very physicality.
Clayton calls it a "cyborg embrace": I agree and I enthusiastically greet this non-violent, epoch-defining evolution that awaits us.
"Pitch Perfect" also cites the opposing opinion: for the critic Jody Rosen, who doesn't like Auto-Tune at all, T-Pain's robotic soul represents "a kind of symbolic severing of African-American music from its traditional emotionalism." And here, to explain how the *melisma*, the singing that characterizes the expressivity of black music, degenerates in T-Pain's cybernetic version, Rosen uses a peculiar expression: "synthetic gasps."
Rosen refers to the specific sound that Auto-Tune imprints on the human voice; yet, in addition to enabling a synthesis that translates the voice into algorithms, Auto-Tune could also serve here as the instrument of a cultural synthesis and produce meaning.
Both T-Pain and Lil Wayne use Auto-Tune to dramatize interpretation, assigning an evocative function to the sound effect. The "non-musical sounds" that Lil Wayne emits directly through Auto-Tune and that Jace Clayton talks about in "Pitch Perfect," such as laughs and breaths, groans or gasps, are akin to the fragments of tradition which, combined with the former, enhance the expressivity of the artist making it legible on more than one level.
Heavy breathing that attests to the urgency of hardcore or the sneers that articulate disses: the simplification rendered by Auto-Tune makes these figures instantly recognizable, universalizes them, giving them the power to evoke entire cultural experiences.
It's the sound of glass breaking recorded on a cell phone, or Kiss drawn in eight pixels: an elementary form encloses all the possible interpretations of an idea.
Non-musical sounds and non-verbal sounds, but also stylistic precedents: in Wayne's artistic realm, everything appears in a stylized version, expressionist and, in its poetics, naturally functional to change.
Wayne's influences are always superimposed over the original work: in conjunction with this traditional material, the real life that the rapper recounts seems to take on an ulterior realism.
In that sense, the input of Auto-Tune is liable to exasperate a defect in pronunciation and transform it into a reference to the entire dancehall universe, according to a process whereby one synthetic figure evokes another.
Think about Tarantino making John Travolta dance in *Pulp Fiction*: in the scene he's Vincent Vega, but in him we see Tony Manero, Danny Zucco from *Grease*, plus everything else we know about the real John Travolta.
Here, like in Lil Wayne's world, the icons of contemporary culture really exist: out of time by now, and neither completely historical nor completely imaginary, they serve to interpret, justify and represent reality. It's no longer just one of many options, it's a phase in a set itinerary as well as the proof of a spontaneous mutation in the composition of our memory.
Indeed, the already constituted memory of the real is joined today by the memory of infinite realities continuously reproduced by audiovisual means: music, cinema,

television, all inform a second memory more alive than that which arises from mere literature, a second memory that interacts with the first – that of life – determining behavior, customs, existential choices.
We're used to the reproduction of reality and a real event becomes important only once it's recorded.
Beyond the immediate unlimited access to whatever cultural genre, new technology has given us the means to fix our experience or even to personalize it, prior to objectifying it through reproduction.
Anyone's memory can be registered, altered through montage and diffused throughout the world, from home and in real time. That in itself is enough to trigger a change in the mechanisms of the transmission of knowledge.
The figures produced by popular culture in the last century have exited their historical dimension and currently act like shared syntheses of entire cultural phenomena. Torn from their time, often in apparent contradiction, such figures cohabit peacefully in the great oxymoron of the market, like veritable myths of the formation of capitalist eternity, where the coexistence of opposites expresses the undisputed order of an economic system built on the commerce of ideas. Almost one hundred years of American music, from early blues to DJ Screw, culminate in Lil Wayne through a series of misunderstandings and simplifications that resemble a sequence of samplings more than a flux: cultural memory, which the audiovisual transmits in the form of reproduced experience, already presents itself as a copy, and naturally lends itself to be copied over again, to be superimposed on the real and to explain, recount, or even adapt the real to the measure of whoever inhabits it.
So all of Wayne's influences are active and function by juxtaposition: they enter into tension with the specific reality that Wayne explores and it's this tension that produces meaning.
Cultural experiences regarded as classic re-enter the game in simplified version to stamp a double poetic force onto lived life: this, it seems, is how the arts find new forms of expression and individuals find new identities.
The synthetic figures at work in Wayne's music speak to individuals who *are* practically pure culture. The robotic voice itself is an obvious reference: whoever listens immediately recognizes it as artificial. Auto-Tune therefore functions as a mistake, it's displayed to enhance the reality effect that rap requires: it's like in the cinema, where the eye accepts the image filmed in the poorest format as the most real. But it's not that simple.
Here's the reference to the imaginary: Auto-Tune evokes the robotic voices of an imagined future, or rather of the present seen from the past.
Jace Clayton / DJ/rupture came back to the Auto-Tune question during a conversation with Marcus Boon, as a guest on his WFMU online radio show.
Marcus Boon is the author of *In Praise of Copying*, an essay that defines the act of copying as the action at the basis of every social exchange. For Boon, who is openly influenced by Buddhism, everything in the universe is a copy: the world thus presents itself as an abundance of copies, each one of which is a variation, an extension of the other.
In this light, the concept of style proper to popular cultures (here Boon cites hip-hop several times) becomes a means of transforming reality, capable of radically modifying the perception that the individual forms of himself in his social context. The adoption of a style, and its imitation and re-elaboration in a subjective key, decisively characterizes personal identity, which thus constructs itself through the act of copying.
Marcus Boon notes that economic exchanges are also based on imitation (that is, on the equivalence between two different goods) and that without the commerce of an abundance of copies capitalism wouldn't exist.
Copying, the most human action there is.
The margin of invention proper to every imitation reveals, in Boon's account, an extraordinary capacity to bear on reality, forcing it to resemble the imagination of itself.
Rupture's broadcast aired on the 27th of December, four days before the end of the decade. It reminded me of another futuristic New Year's, the one in Kathryn Bigelow's *Strange Days*: the arrival of a new millennium seen from 1995.
After a reflection like this one it's hard to feel much different than when you watch an entire *Family Guy* marathon on TV.
The internet has unified all the modes of communication and created a natural and continuous system for the circulation of ideas: it's an unprecedented change, maybe as culturally significant as the passage from the culture of orality to that of writing.
If Marcus Boon is right, then technology contributes to our perpetual imitation and repetition, integrating itself, like everything else, with the human action of copying, and so producing other copies, other versions. That would explain why the Photoshop zoom tool looks so much like the analogous instrument in *Blade Runner*, which would mean that the software designers saw the movie and copied it. Easy, right?
Obviously, I like to think that that's exactly how it went.



RELIGION OF MY TIME AND THE TUNING OF KARMA

Mai sentito parlare di Auto-Tune?
È un *plug-in,* un componente aggiuntivo per software musicali che ha il compito specifico di correggere le note stonate. Se il cantante stona, Auto-Tune adatta le note sbagliate alla tonalità del pezzo.
Con la sua funzione originaria, Auto-Tune è usato nella maggior parte della musica pop sul mercato e già nel maggio 2009 (*Pitch Perfect,* Frieze #123) Jace Clayton / DJ/rupture ne indicava le possibili applicazioni inventive a partire dal primo caso evidente, un brano di Cher del 1998.
"Quando sentite certe frasi di Believe *diventare robotiche* – spiegava Jace / rupture – *ecco, quello è Auto-Tune all'opera".*
Oggi, quel timbro di voce robotico caratterizza il r&b digitalizzato di T-Pain, che ha ispirato decine di imitatori, e il rap iperreale di Lil Wayne, l'ultima frontiera dell'hip hop come fenomeno di massa.
In studio Wayne registra con Auto-Tune acceso, ascoltando la propria voce in cuffia già filtrata dall'effetto. La voce interagisce con il software: non ne viene corretta, ma alterata a piacere e Wayne la modula cercando consapevolmente una combinazione tra la propria esecuzione e l'azione di Auto-Tune, la cui funzione qui è evidentemente estetica, creativa. Al punto che è l'artista a dichiararne pubblicamente l'uso come ferro del mestiere, come *medium.*
Se i detrattori vedono in Auto-Tune un giocattolo di cattivo gusto e un sintomo dell'appiattimento di cui soffrirebbe la musica oggi, Clayton legge la faccenda in modo diverso.
Vari esempi, dal pop berbero a Kanye West, provano che i musicisti ormai usano Auto-Tune come un qualunque pezzo di strumentazione: e come se fosse uno strumento imparano a padroneggiarlo perché risponda a una funzione espressiva.
Per Jace / rupture, l'interazione tra l'uomo e la macchina si fa di giorno in giorno più intima, più interiore: uno scambio circolare in cui la parte digitale è completa solo se combinata con la viva che le dà senso e vice versa, senza interruzione. L'umano e il tecnologico allora sono complementari e speculari e si influenzano dando vita a una percezione tutta nuova della nostra stessa fisicità.
Clayton lo chiama *"un abbraccio cibernetico":* sono d'accordo e saluto con entusiasmo questa evoluzione non violenta ma epocale che ci aspetta.
In *Pitch Perfect* è citata anche l'opinione opposta: per il critico Jody Rosen, al quale Auto-Tune non piace per niente, il soul robotico di T-Pain rappresenta *"una specie di dissociazione simbolica della musica afroamericana dalla sua tradizionale emozionalità".* E qui, per spiegare come il *melisma,* il vocalizzo che caratterizza l'espressività nella musica nera, scada nella versione cibernetica di T-Pain, Rosen usa un'espressione particolare: *"singulti sintetici".*
Rosen si riferisce al suono specifico che Auto-Tune imprime alla voce umana: ma, oltre a operare la sintesi che traduce la voce in algoritmi, qui Auto-Tune potrebbe anche servire da strumento di una sintesi culturale e produrre significato.
Sia T-Pain sia Lil Wayne usano Auto-Tune per drammatizzare l'interpretazione affidando all'effetto sonoro una funzione evocativa.
I *"suoni non-musicali"* che Wayne emette dritto in Auto-Tune e di cui parla Jace Clayton in *Pitch Perfect,* cioè risate o respiri, dal rantolo al sussulto, sono simili a pezzi di tradizione che, attraverso la loro combinazione, aumentano l'espressività dell'artista rendendola leggibile su più piani.
I respiri affannosi che attestano l'urgenza dell'hardcore o le risate di scherno che scandiscono i *diss,* le invettive: la semplificazione operata da Auto-Tune rende queste figure subito riconoscibili, le universalizza, dando loro il potere di evocare intere esperienze culturali.
È il suono di un bicchiere che si rompe registrato con il telefonino, o i Kiss disegnati in otto pixel: una forma elementare che racchiude in sé tutte le interpretazioni possibili di un'*idea.*
Suoni non-musicali e suoni non-verbali, ma anche gli stili dei precedenti: nella dimensione artistica di Wayne, tutto appare in una versione stilizzata, espressionista e naturalmente funzionale ai cambi nella sua poetica.
Le influenze di Wayne si sovrappongono sempre all'opera originale: il vissuto reale che il rapper racconta sembra allora caricarsi di ulteriore realismo quando si combina con questo materiale tradizionale.
Su questo livello, l'intervento di Auto-Tune può esasperare un difetto di pronuncia e trasformarlo in un rimando all'intero universo dancehall, secondo un processo in cui una figura sintetica ne evoca un'altra.
Pensate a quando Tarantino fa ballare John Travolta in *Pulp Fiction:* in scena c'è Vincent Vega, ma in lui vediamo Tony Manero, Danny Zucco di *Grease,* più tutto quanto sappiamo del John Travolta reale.
Qui come nel mondo di Lil Wayne le icone della cultura contemporanea esistono veramente: ormai fuori dal tempo, né del tutto storiche né del tutto immaginarie, servono a interpretare la realtà, a giustificarla e a rappresentarla. Non è più una opzione tra le tante, è la tappa di un percorso obbligato e la prova di una mutazione spontanea nella composizione della nostra memoria.
Infatti, alla memoria formata dall'esperienza del reale si aggiunge ora la memoria delle infinite realtà continuamente riprodotte dall'audiovisivo: musica, cinema, tv informano una seconda memoria più viva di quella che sale dalla semplice letteratura, una seconda memoria che interagisce con la prima, quella del vissuto, determinando comportamenti, costumi, scelte esistenziali.
Siamo abituati alla realtà riprodotta e un evento reale è considerato importante solo quando viene registrato. Oltre a un immediato illimitato accesso a qualunque genere culturale, la nuova tecnologia ci ha fornito i mezzi per fermare la nostra esperienza e addirittura personalizzarla, prima di renderla oggettiva attraverso la sua riproduzione.
La memoria di chiunque può essere registrata, alterata da un montaggio e diffusa in tutto il mondo, da casa e in tempo reale.
Tanto basta a innescare un cambiamento dei meccanismi di trasmissione del sapere.
Le figure prodotte dalla cultura popolare del secolo scorso sono uscite dalla loro dimensione storica e agiscono oggi come sintesi condivise di interi fenomeni culturali. Strappate al loro tempo, spesso in contraddizione apparente, tali figure convivono pacifiche nel grande ossimoro del mercato come veri e propri miti di formazione dell'eternità capitalista, dove la coesistenza degli opposti esprime l'ordine indiscusso di un sistema economico costruito sul commercio delle idee.
Quasi cento anni di musica americana, dal blues delle origini a dj Screw, arrivano a Lil Wayne attraverso una serie di fraintendimenti e semplificazioni che, più che a un flusso, somiglia a una sequenza di campionamenti: la memoria culturale, che l'audiovisivo ci somministra sotto forma di esperienza riprodotta, si presenta già come una copia, prestandosi naturalmente a essere copiata di nuovo per sovrapporsi al reale e spiegarlo, raccontarlo, se non modificarlo a misura di chi lo abita.
Dunque tutte le influenze di Wayne sono attive e funzionano per giustapposizione: creano una tensione con la realtà particolare che Wayne tratta ed è questa tensione che produce significato.
Esperienze culturali considerate come classiche rientrano in gioco in versione semplificata per imprimere doppia forza poetica alla vita vissuta: sembrerebbe questo il modo in cui oggi le arti trovano nuove forme di espressione e gli individui nuove identità.
Le figure sintetiche al lavoro nella musica di Wayne parlano a individui che *sono* quasi esclusivamente cultura. La voce robotica è un rimando ovvio di per sé: chi ascolta la riconosce subito come artificiale.
Auto-Tune allora funziona come un errore, viene esibito per aumentare l'effetto di realtà che il rap richiede: è come al cinema, dove l'occhio accoglie come più vera l'immagine filmata nel formato più scadente.
Ma non è così semplice.
Ecco il richiamo all'immaginario: Auto-Tune evoca le voci robotiche di un futuro immaginato, ovvero del presente visto dal passato.
Jace Clayton / DJ/rupture è tornato sulla questione Auto-Tune durante una conversazione con Marcus Boon, ospite della sua trasmissione alla radio online WFMU.
Marcus Boon è l'autore di *In Praise of Copying,* un saggio sull'atto del copiare come azione alla base di ogni scambio sociale. Per Boon, dichiaratamente influenzato dal buddismo, tutto nell'universo è una copia: il mondo si presenta così come un'abbondanza di copie, ognuna delle quali è una variazione, un'estensione dell'altra.
In questa chiave, il concetto di stile proprio delle culture popolari (e qui Boon cita più volte l'hip hop) diventa un mezzo di trasformazione della realtà in grado di modificare radicalmente la percezione che l'individuo ha di sé nel suo contesto sociale. L'adozione di uno stile, l'imitazione di esso e la sua rielaborazione in chiave soggettiva caratterizzano in modo decisivo l'identità delle persone, che quindi si forma attraverso l'atto del copiare.
Fa notare Marcus Boon che anche gli scambi economici sono basati sull'imitazione (cioè sull'equivalenza tra due beni diversi) e che senza il commercio di un'abbondanza di copie non esisterebbe il capitalismo.
Copiare, l'azione più umana che ci sia.
Il margine di invenzione proprio di ogni imitazione rivela, nella visione di Boon, una capacità straordinaria di incidere sulla realtà forzandola ad assomigliare all'immaginazione di essa.
La trasmissione di rupture andava in onda il 27 dicembre, quattro giorni prima della fine del decennio. Mi è venuto in mente un altro capodanno del futuro, quello di *Strange Days* di Kathryn Bigelow, l'arrivo del nuovo millennio visto dal 1995.
Dopo una riflessione come questa è difficile sentirsi diversamente da quando hai visto una maratona dei Griffin in tv per intero.
Internet ha riunito tutte le forme di comunicazione in una e crea nuovi sistemi di circolazione delle idee con naturalezza e di continuo: è un cambiamento senza precedenti, significativo sul piano culturale forse quanto il passaggio di una civiltà dall'oralità alla scrittura.
Se ha ragione Marcus Boon, anche la tecnologia allora contribuisce al nostro perenne imitare e ripetere, integrandosi come tutto il resto con l'umana azione del copiare e producendo così altre copie, altre versioni. Questo spiegherebbe perché lo zoom di Photoshop somiglia tanto allo strumento analogo che si vede in *Blade Runner:* vorrebbe dire che gli autori del software hanno visto il film e l'hanno copiato.
Facile, no?
Ovviamente mi piace pensare che sia andata proprio così.

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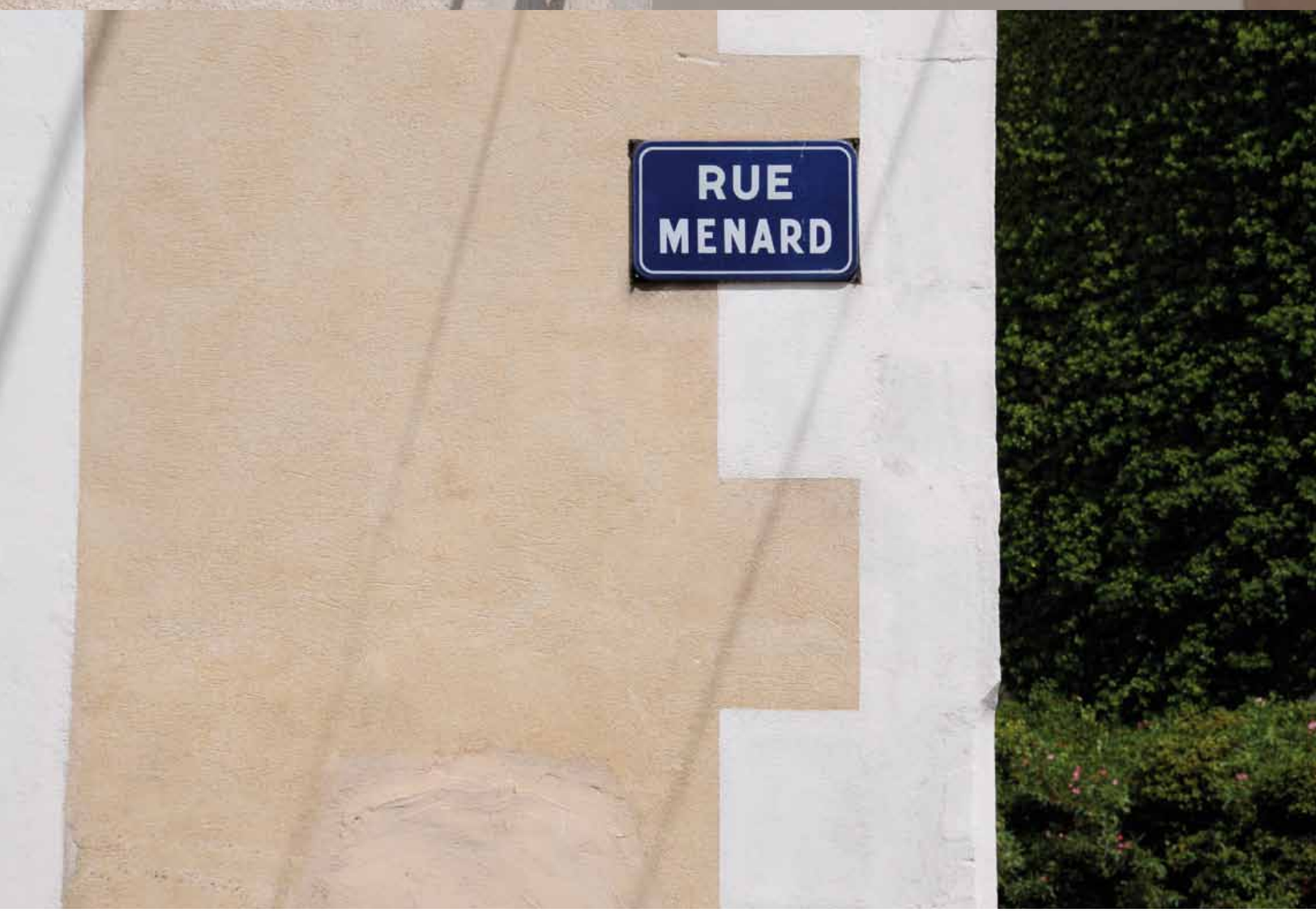
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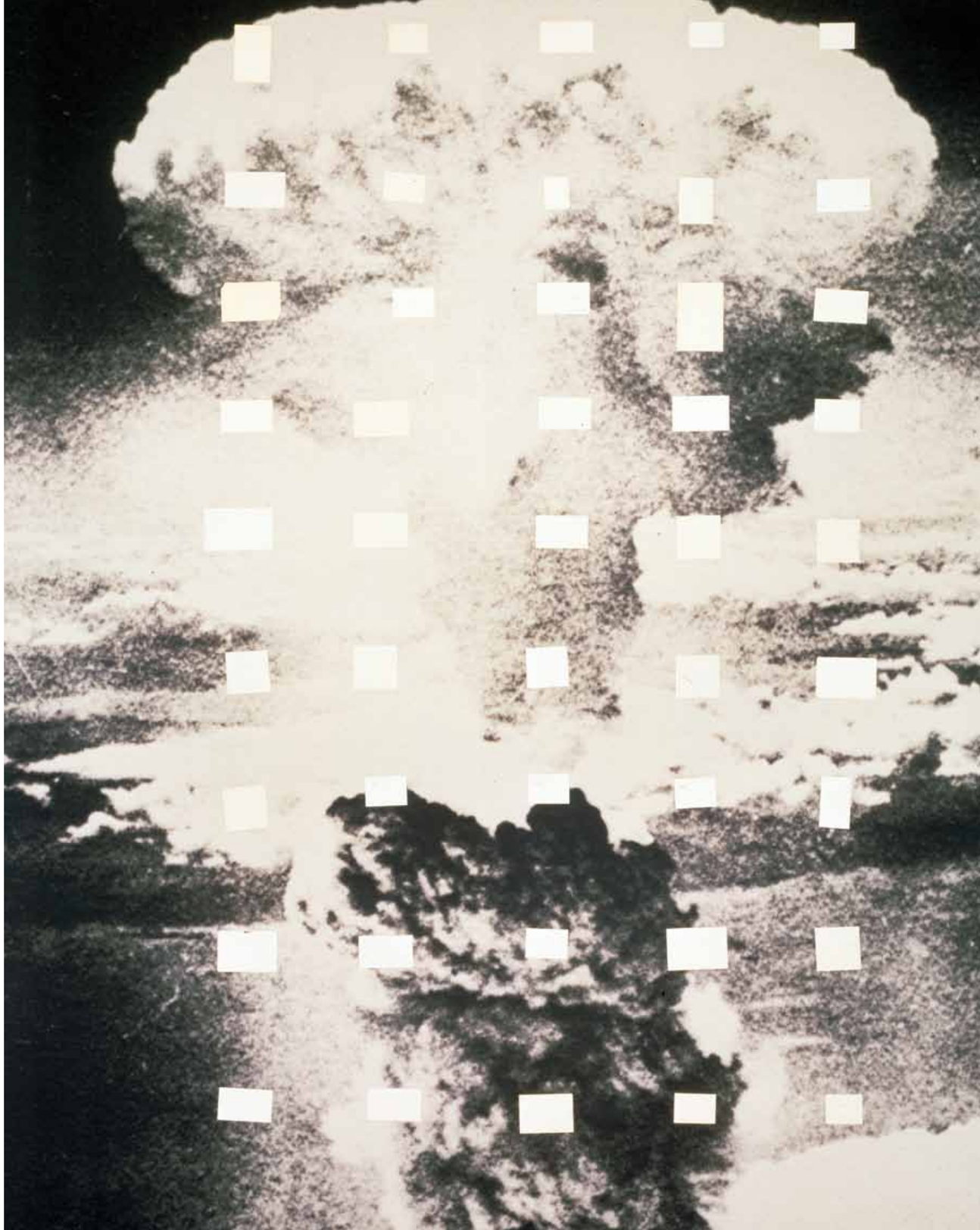
80S NEW YORK: REARVIEW MIRROR

words by cornelia lauf and daniela salvioni

HISTORY, AS WE KNOW WELL BY NOW, IS CYCLICAL. THE FUTURE ADVANCES RECYCLING THE PAST AT A RATE THAT WE MIGHT CALL BI-DECENNIAL. THE 2010-2020 DECADE WILL BE, AND IN A SENSE THE PAST DECADE ALREADY WAS, BRANDED 90S. YET SOMETIMES IT'S BETTER TO GET OFF THE BEATEN TRACK. THAT'S WHY WE CHOSE TO LOOK TO THE ULTRA-ANALYZED 80S, EXPLORING A CITY (NEW YORK) AND A SCENE (THE ART ONE) WITH THE HELP OF TWO WRITERS WHO EXPERIENCED IT IN PERSON. CORNELIA LAUF AND DANIELA SALVIONI, NOW ESTABLISHED CURATORS AND ART CRITICS, REOPEN THEIR SUITCASE OF MEMORIES TO TELL A PERSONAL AND COLLECTIVE STORY.



Annette Lemieux, *Silencing Sound*, 1989 - courtesy the artist

Cornelia Lauf: Here's a shotgun view of the 1980s in New York, lived in the East Village, Spanish Harlem/ Upper West Side, and in Soho... For me, first a semester off from Oberlin, then nine years at Columbia, and finally two decades as the wife of artist Joseph Kosuth. I got to know Daniela Salvioni in 1986, when we were both in graduate school together; we had uncannily similar trajectories and even lived together for a while. We weren't even particularly close, but in the same circles, with an appetite for beauty that hooks us now to Rome, and has made us everlasting friends.

New York, 1981 on. The contrast between academic and "street" life, between downtown and Morningside Heights, between people in drag and people in tweed, was really non-existent. Many of those doing the longest lines of coke at the Gramercy Park Hotel or harvesting pills from that DJ on Avenue A were kids raised on college campuses. Reading French theory at the Hungarian Pastry shop or gyrating on the bar at the Pyramid Café were not mutually exclusive. Gone was the myth of "cool," harking back to the myth of Jackson Pollock as the inchoate master of mindless strokes.

Far from it. The downtown scene in New York was masterminded by highly literate, highly educated, highly talented individuals who orchestrated events and exhibitions, performances, and concerts, with wit and staging and finesse that rivaled Molière.

This was the high punk period in the East Village, the East Village of the Kiev Café, and the Odessa Restaurant, and bookshops and music holes. But I can tell you, it was a dress-up festival of people like you and me, just sporting mohawks and party dresses from the 1950s, and even if it seems great in grainy black-and-white, it was really about getting the rent together, doing waitressing or doorman jobs, translations on the side, and then checking St. Mark's Place for the stuff you lost, after your friend's pusher stole your things out of the apartment with the purple tub, beaded curtains and feather boas.

I worked at an Italian gallery in 1981, Salvatore Ala, and we did shows that nobody except for Italians came to – Michelangelo Pistoletto, Giovanni Anselmo, Giuseppe Penone, Alan Sonfist, and lots of others, in the wrong area for a gallery to be in, and at the wrong time historically. Salvatore then got to know the graffiti artists, and me and the other gallery schlepp, a really nice guy named Aart de Jong, who was killed on a bike in a terrible accident a few years later, hung around with Rammelzee, Futura 2000, and a bunch of the graffiti artists who were being lured into the art world for their great designs, and sweet dispositions. Tony Shafrazi took this group over, including Keith Haring, and then Achille Bonito Oliva came along and got together with Gian Enzo Sperone to orchestrate a whole-hog return to painting, and so we all went to bonanza openings in Soho of artists like Sandro Chia and Francesco Clemente, and crashed their dinners, in restaurants like Il Palio, which Chia had painted. Big scenes in the streets, with William Burroughs, Taylor Meade, Quentin Crisp, and a lot of other mainstays. Big club scene to support art and literary culture. It was really about this dialogue.

Life was mostly spent downtown, in fact, in these clubs, where the work of the artists, like Clemente, Kenny Scharf, George Condo, Ronnie Cutrone, Nam June Paik, etc., was featured. The clubs that were the basic culture spots were run by impresarios such as the genius Eric Goode, a super-educated individual, who probably knew everything about Kurt Schwitters, and ran first Area, and then restaurants and hotels much later. There were Rudolf's clubs, and The World, Danceteria, the Pyramid Club, MK, Palladium, the Tunnel, Limelight, and so on. There were a couple of Eurotrash clubs, like Visage, where one went for alternate humor, but culture with a capital "C" was held in places where people who knew Mozart, be-bop and jazz as well as early hip-hop, were playing music.

Kevin Robbins, who was brained by a gang of murderous New Jersey gay-bashers, and then succumbed to AIDS, and Christopher Mount, Barry Bergdoll and Jonathan Crary were cronies up at Columbia. The 80s was a mix of everything, some stuff you knew was going to be great, and a lot of dross that was being hyped up and promoted.

In a way, it seemed arbitrary, but pretty soon, you got to know what was really interesting. There was a thread of like-minded people pursuing the same arguments. The same aesthetic. Reading the same stuff, from Baudrillard and Bomb to the New York Post. On the outside, it seemed like a deluge of impressions: Malcolm Morley, Samizdat, Imants Tillers, Gracie Mansion, Tompkins Square, vogueing, Wigstock, the Life Café, Phillippe Thomas, IFP, Ange Leccia (beau), Brighton Beach with Anja von Bremzen and John Welchman. Orshi Drozdik and Patrick McGrath. Jay Gorney. International with Monument. Patricia Field. Glenn O'Brien (best man at wedding), and Barbara Egan, with Jan Avgikos, as the inner circle. Susan Hapgood. Anita Sarko. Johnny Sex. Visits by Terry Atkinson. On the inside, it all made sense, a kind of irony about art and its most internal convolutions.

In the mid-80s, there was the art scene in the East Village, still the seed for the contemporary art world. Peter Nagy with Nature Morte (and Alan Belcher), Jay Gorney, Gracie Mansion, Colin de Land (friend), Pat Hearn. International with Monument. My editors, Ronald Jones and C Magazine, Richard Martin at Arts Magazine, Stuart Morgan at Artscribe. Dinner with Sherrie Levine, bowling with Richard Prince, Lisa Spellman, and John Ahearn. The advent of the Picture Generation post-Concept art, and the work of Haim Steinbach, Ashley Bickerton, Meyer Vaisman, Peter Halley, Jeff Koons, at Sonnabend Gallery.

The role of museums like P.S.1, with Alanna Heiss. Or Braco Dimitrijevic, peripatetic New York visitor. The French artists in New York, the ones who were tolerable, like Leccia, and IFP, and then compulsive, like Sophie Calle. Jerome Sans. It all worked together, with house music and break-dancing, with the first photos of Nan Goldin and Philip Lorca di Corcia, with Cookie Mueller and Vittorio Scarpitta (friends, both dead of AIDS).

Felix Gonzalez-Torres, friend, dead of AIDS. Scourge of the art world. Scourge of the creative industry in New York. Killer of friends like Tina Chow, Paul Taylor, Craig Owens, Jorge Zontal of General Idea and dozens and dozens of friends and comrades-in-arms.

Then the punk-inspired fashion of Stephen Sprouse, his store with silver-painted walls, which later became SteinGladstone, directed by Daniela. Debbie Harry wearing

Clegg & Guttman, *Et in Arcadia Ego & Co.*, 1982 - courtesy the artists

the stuff, B52s, David and Bonnie Byrne and conflation of fashion, and music. Kate, the girlfriend of Tim Rollins.
There was Fiorucci first, in the early 80s. Brilliant fusion of art and fashion before all the others. On 59th street, it was downtown before downtown.
The German rampage through New York. Reinhard Mucha. Imi Knoebel. Gunther Forg. Franz Erhard Walther. Martin Kippenberger. Georg Herold. Thomas Locher. Achim Kubinski.
The educational bent. Russell Ferguson at the New Museum. Group Material. Gran Fury. Barbara Kruger. Louise Lawler. Jenny Holzer. Judith Barry. Ken Lum. Victor Burgin articles in various books. Picture editing, by designers and artists too. Bethany Johns. Julie Ault.
Warhol in and out of all scenes. At Indochine, and Undochine. At the Odeon. Critics and editors, writing, talking, promoting, fighting. Gary Indiana. Craig Owens. Brian Wallis. Paul Taylor. Stuart Morgan. Richard Martin.
Dealers. Kubinski, Peter Pakesch, Thomas Nordenstad, Xavier Hufkens, Lia Rumma, Ileana Sonnabend, Maureen Paley, Margo Leavin, Andrea Rosen, Massimo de Carlo, carving up the terrain, divvying up the artists, placing the articles, pushing the prices, pushing the collectors.
Spiegels, Rubells, Thea Westreich, Elaine Dannheiser.
And then the next wave of the artists, all the more critical. Andrea Fraser, Fareed Armaly, Mark Dion, Jessica Diamond, Rirkirt Tiravanija, Dennis Balk.

Oh shit. Out of word count.
Now, for some thoughts by my one-time roommate at 591 Broadway, when we lived with JK, Martin Guttmann, Michael Clegg, and Isabelle Graw, after Joseph's first wife left with the jackets of all his Yamamoto suits, a Warhol, and a Rietveld chair, but left the pool table as well as the 18th century French dining room set. But that's an even longer story.

Daniela Salvioni: I was born and raised in NYC so I caught on that something was happening as a teenager when I went to my first party in Soho. This was 1978 or '79 when Soho had no street lights and I had to find it on the map; but that first night I stumbled upon Gordon Matta Clark's Food and I instantly felt it, even though I didn't know who anybody was. For me, Studio 54 and Max's Kansas City were passé; CBGB was a bit too tough (though I loved Television's connection to Rimbaud and Blondie's style). Here, at Food, was art in the making, just like in the Paris cafès of once-upon-a-time. Suddenly, I knew where I wanted to be.
Then in the early 80s there came neo-expressionism, but also the return of Andy Warhol and graffiti art. I befriended Rammellzee (may he RIP). My first art review was on an Asian American East Village painter whose name escapes me, but the venue doesn't: the show was at Vox Populi, Colin de Land's first gallery. From there, I discovered the funky neo-conceptual side of the East Village art galleries like Nature Morte, International With Monument, Pat Hearn, Jay Gorney. I had found my milieu.
So much of what Cornelia writes applies to my experience too in those years, that I'll let it stand for both of us and, rather, turn the headlights onto the art.
Though I couldn't relate to 80s figurative painting, David Salle was the exception: his great canvases were the art world equivalent to the postmodernism-as-pastiche theorized by Frederic Jameson. Compelling to me was the way Steve Parrino unleashed punk attitude onto the stretched canvas, desecrating its very structure with a surprising physicality that turned abstraction on its head. The enormous, cool paintings of Olivier Mosset were uncompromising and perfect – the only way to negotiate them was to surrender body and soul to their visual reverberations.
Portraiture thrived outside of the medium of painting. Ashley Bickerton's (self) portraits were a gender-bending composite of references to commercial society set in pseudo-industrial fantasy supports. Clegg and Guttmann's somewhat sinister, big dark glossy portraits dug into the power relations embedded in visual corporate culture and its relation to historical portrayals of power. Ken Lum's portraits of ordinary, ethnically diverse families whose names he turned into ersatz corporate logos spoke of commodity culture as well.
Commodity culture was a thematic crucial to a slew of New York 80s artists who broached it in a myriad of unique ways, including Jeff Koons, Peter Nagy, Haim Steinbach, Sarah Charlesworth, Richard Prince, Julie Wachtel, Meyer Vaisman…
Sherrie Levine's deep work – exact in its micro inexactitudes – exasperated notions of artist, origin and originality that were also discussed in the writings of Barthes and Foucault, in some ways becoming more Duchamp than Duchamp. Louise Lawler's work, instead, surveyed art in its public and private contexts through visual documentation that itself was as alluring as the art it portrayed. Andrea Fraser's caustic ironic performances teased the absurdity, pomposity and underlying power play out of institutional art speak.
There were several artists collectives working in the 80s. General Idea used forms of popular and media culture against themselves, as well as raising awareness of AIDS, often with ephemeral means such as postcards and posters both within and outside the art institutions and galleries. The Guerrilla Girls took to the streets, where they distributed eye-catching posters reporting documented facts about women's disadvantages in the art world. Meanwhile, Tim Rollins and KOS (Kids of Survival) – an artist and a group of underprivileged South Bronx teens – took the streets into the gallery, collectively creating sweeping lyrical work that rose like a phoenix out of the urban devastation.
Allan McCollum gave massive visual punch to the slippage between signifier and signified, difference and sameness. Alan Belcher stretched and collapsed difference, fusing photography and sculpture – something no one had ever done before - both formally/literally *and* through content in incredibly audacious ways.
Judith Barry's installations showed the complicity between human vision, historical memory, and architectural perception against a background of the constructedness of the distinction between public and private. Ronald Jones underscored the political underpinnings of abstraction and design. Jessica Diamond's "typography of thought" dispensed blistering ironic social com-

Steven Parrino, *Warped Hole*, 1992-1995 - courtesy Gagosian Gallery, New York

General Idea, *ImageVirus*, 1989, showing General Idea's AIDS posters on the streets of New York 1987 - courtesy the artist

mentary in large-scale textual wall drawings.
Both in his watercolors and using mixed media, Dike Blair traced the liminal space between lived life, its representation and the representation of its representation. Jennifer Bolande's intuitive conceptualism of ephemeral visual statements probed fleeting conjunctions between objects, between the real and the imagined. Annette Lemieux's work managed a proto-emotional push-pull, honing in on the specific at the same time as it asserted distance and subtle generalities…
Looking back, two things about the 80s in New York stand out in my mind: the immense creativity and how fun it was, not necessarily in that order. New York in the 80s meant Downtown. The only thing north of 14th street worth going to was 303 Gallery – then on 23rd street – for the art and the all-girl poker game. Downtown was where all the energy coalesced in smart, fresh, do-it-yourself urgency. We felt we were making history because we had something to say and we were a critical mass of sorts. We invested heavily in exchanging ideas and hanging out.
We also knew history, literally, directly: Andy Warhol, Willoughby Sharp, Debbie Harry were at the same parties as us; Cornel West, Benjamin Buchloh, Andrew Ross were approachable; Dan Graham, Joseph Kosuth, and Lawrence Wiener were willing to hear us out. So the dialogue that fed us was both horizontal amongst peers, and diachronic with our predecessors. Then there was the fluid interaction between art, music, theory, fashion and writing, that rooted us in the moment and resulted in inter-disciplinary experiments like Dossier, a black sandpaper-covered journal edited by a cohort of East Village creative creatures of different ilk.
We thrived on complexity and contradiction: manning the anti-apartheid barricades at Columbia University in the afternoon, checking in at East Village gallery openings in the evening, dropping by Odeon restaurant (but just ordering the spinach side dish because of no money) and doing the clubs at night (where everything was free if you were a regular with the right attitude). Just like the city block I lived on: the Hell's Angels Headquarters, a women's shelter, Philip Glass, Ann Magnuson, Clegg and Guttmann and a "shooting gallery" all resided on 3rd street between First and Second. At downtown parties, banker and bike messenger rubbed elbows. In this wild democracy all that mattered was how *interesting* you were, whether by how you looked, or by what you had to say, or by what you did.
They were the best of times, they were the worst of times. 80s politics were terrible (Reagan); rents were exorbitant; those years witnessed a severe economic bust, as well as a boom; the Right attacked contemporary art ferociously and censored great artists like Mapplethorpe and Karen Finley; AIDS claimed a huge portion of the downtown scene and deeply changed things. 70s style mean streets flared up once Crack hit. But, basically, in the 80s a Tsunami of new artistic energy overtook Downtown. Downtown dominated New York, and New York was the motor of culture; at least that's how we felt.
Paris in the first decades of the 20th century was probably similar to the heady NY 80s, maybe Berlin in the 1920s too. I don't know why creative peaks and intense social scenes aren't more frequent, nor why they don't always go hand in hand. Some people say you can't underestimate the drugs, that all-purpose social glue. But drugs were around both before the 80s and after, in New York and everywhere. All I know is that in the NY 80s hanging out was a necessity: it was what kept you informed, what gave you the feedback you needed for whatever it was you were doing. In that sense, we were all Warhol's children. But the NY 80s was not merely a scene – that trite, one-dimensional pitfall – because it was always ultimately about the art. A constellation of frighteningly bright, original, daring, out there artists were affecting the course of culture in ways that have yet to be fully grasped.

What we love(d) –

Semiotext(e)
Social text
October
Bomb
Grand Street
East Village Eye
Soho News
Interview
Paul Taylor/Art + Text
Dossier
Gary Indiana
Edit de Ak
Lynne Tillman
Zone Books
Malcolm Maclaren
Kathy Acker
Jim Jarmusch
John Waters
Lounge Lizards
Edwige
Anita Sarko
Susan Bartsch
Africa Bambaataa
Fab Five Freddy
Klaus Nomi
Madonna
Ethel Eichelberger
Ann Magnuson
Act Up
Anti-Apartheid
Paper Tiger
Guerrilla Girls
Gracie Mansion
International With Monument
Nature Morte
Pat Hearn Gallery
Vox Populi
Colin De Land Fine Arts
303 Gallery
Cable Gallery
Sonnabend Gallery
Andrea Rosen Gallery
303 Gallery
Jay Gorney Gallery
Massimo Audiello Gallery
Feature
Tony Shafrazi Gallery
Keith Haring's Pop Shop
Frederic Jameson
Andrew Ross
Cornel West
Julia Kristeva
Gayatri Spivak
Edward Said
Michel Foucault
Deleuze and Guattari
Greil Marcus
Alanna Heiss
Camille Paglia
Craig Owens
Hal Foster
DIA Art Foundation
Whitney Program
St. Mark's Books
Printed Matter
Bruno's illegal parties
All of Rudolph's clubs
Save the Robots
The World
Worlds End
The Roxy
Mudd Club
Peppermint Lounge
Paradise Garage
Danceteria
Palladium
Area
Pyramid

Ken Lum, *The Ollner Family*, from 1986 - courtesy the artist

Alan Belcher, *Beachel Seal*, 1990 - courtesy the artist

Jungle Red
Baby Doll Lounge
La Escolita
Voguing
Wigstock
Livet/Reichard
Diane Pernet
Pat Fields
JP Gaultier
Yohji Yamamoto
Robert Clergerie
Azzedine Alaïa
Stephen Sprouse
Comme des Garçons
Maud Frizon
Workers for Freedom
Body Map
Odeon
Indochine
Barocco
Chelsea Hotel
PS1
New Museum

Drawing Center
White Columns
Printed Matter
PS122
ABC No Rio
East Village
Robert Longo
Jack Goldstein
Laurie Anderson
Colette
Gretchen Bender
Richard Hambleton
Jean Michel Basquiat
Jenny Holzer
Lady Pink
Keith Haring
Rammellzee
Cindy Sherman
Futura 2000
Dara Birnbaum
Laurie Simmons
Barbara Kruger
Tim Rollins and KOS

Louise Lawler
Robert Gober
Clegg and Guttmann
Richard Prince
Sherrie Levine
Sara Charlesworth
Karen Finley
Annie Sprinkle
Barbara Ess
James Welling
Barbara Kruger
Steven Parrino
Steve de Benedetti
Amos Poe
Ashley Bickerton
Haim Steinbach
Allan McCollum
Jeff Koons
Alan Belcher
Peter Nagy
David Robbins
Cady Noland
Joel Otterson

Annette Lemieux
Dike Blair
Andy Warhol
Lawrence Weiner
Billy Kluver
Dan Graham
Louise Bourgeois
Joseph Kosuth
Sol LeWitt

Special thanks to Riccardo Banfii, Veronica Bellei, and Oliver Carrer for image assistance, and to the artists and artist's estates that generously helped us with research.

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80S NEW YORK: REARVIEW MIRROR

Cornelia Lauf: Quella che segue è una shotgun-view degli anni '80 a New York, vissuti nell'East Village, a Spanish Harlem/Upper West Side e a Soho. Per quanto mi riguarda, prima un semestre all'Oberlin College, poi nove anni alla Columbia University, ed infine vent'anni come moglie dell'artista Joseph Kosuth. Ho conosciuto Daniela Salvioni nel 1986, frequentavamo entrambe un corso post laurea; avevamo prospettive incredibilmente simili, e per un certo periodo abbiamo anche vissuto insieme. Non eravamo particolarmente intime, ma frequentavamo lo stesso giro, e avevamo la stessa brama di bellezza che adesso ci lega a Roma e ci ha reso amiche per la vita.
New York, dal 1981 in poi. Tra la vita accademica e quella "di strada", tra downtown e Morningside Heights, tra le persone in drag e quelle in tweed, il contrasto era veramente inesistente. Molti di quelli che al Gramercy Park Hotel si facevano infinite strisce di coca, o rimediavano pasticche da quel dj su Avenue A, erano ragazzi cresciuti nei campus dei college. Leggere i teorici francesi all'Hungarian Pastry Shop o volteggiare sul bancone al Pyramid Café erano cose che non si escludevano a vicenda. Il mito del "cool", che risaliva al mito di Jackson Pollock come maestro dalle pennellate istintive, era svanito.
Lontani da tutto ciò. La scena downtown a New York era composta da individui molto colti, ben educati e pieni di talento, che organizzavano eventi e mostre, performance e concerti, con arguzia, capacità di messa in scena e finezza in grado di competere con Molière.
Era il periodo di massima esplosione del punk nell'East Village, quello del Kiev Café, del ristorante Odessa, dei bookshop e di buchi dove si faceva musica. Ma lo posso assicurare, si trattava di un festival in costume di persone come me e te, che però avevano tagli Mohawaks e vestiti da ballo anni '50, e anche se tutto ciò può sembrare bello se visto attraverso la grana delle foto in bianco e nero, si trattava nei fatti di mettere insieme i soldi per l'affitto, lavorando come cameriere o come usciere, facendo traduzioni da una parte e dall'altra, andando al St. Mark's Place alla ricerca degli oggetti che ti eri perso, dopo che il tuo amico pusher ti aveva rubato le tue cose dall'appartamento con la vasca color porpora, le tende perlate e il boa di piume. Nel 1981 ho lavorato in una galleria italiana, Salvatore Ala, dove abbiamo organizzato mostre – alle quali non venne nessuno se non gli italiani – di Michelangelo Pistoletto, Giovanni Anselmo, Giuseppe Penone, Alan Sonfist e molti altri; nella zona sbagliata per una galleria e nel momento sbagliato dal punto di vista storico. Salvatore poi venne in contatto con i graffitari e io, insieme all'altro scagnozzo della galleria, un ragazzo molto carino che si chiamava Aart de Jong, morto in un terribile incidente sulla bici alcuni anni dopo, uscivo con Rammelzee, Futura 2000 e un gruppo di graffitari che erano stati attratti dal mondo dell'arte per i loro magnifici disegni e il loro dolce temperamento. Tony Shafrazi mise le mani su di loro, incluso Keith Haring, poi arrivò Achille Bonito Oliva e, insieme a Gian Enzo Sperone, orchestrò un ritorno in pompa magna della pittura; così tutti noi andavamo ai ricchi openings di Soho di artisti come Sandro Chia e Francesco Clemente, ci intrufolavamo alle loro cene in ristoranti come il Palio, che lo stesso Chia aveva dipinto. Grandi scene nelle strade, con William Burroughs, Taylor Meade, Quentin Crisp e molti altri "pilastri". Un'importante scena club a supporto della cultura artistica e letteraria. Era veramente questo il tipo di dialogo.
La vita era prevalentemente concentrata a downtown, per l'appunto in questi club, dove era sempre presente il lavoro di artisti come Clemente, Kenny Scharf, George Condo, Ronnie Cutrone, Nam June Paik, etc. I club, che erano luoghi culturali fondamentali, erano gestiti da impresari come il geniale Eric Goode, una persona super istruita, che probabilmente sapeva tutto di Kurt Schwitters, e che precedentemente gestiva l'Area, per poi occuparsi di ristoranti e alberghi. C'erano i club di Rudolf (n.d.r. Pieper), il The World, il Danceteria, il Pyramid Club, l'MK, il Palladium, il Tunnel, il Limelight e così via. C'erano un paio di club Eurotrash, come il Visage, dove si andava per ironia alternativa, ma la cultura con la "C" maiuscola si respirava in posti dove suonavano persone che conoscevano Mozart, be-bop, jazz e l'hip-hop delle origini.
Kevin Robbins, a cui una gang di omofobi assassini del New Jersey spaccò la testa, e che poi morì di AIDS, Christopher Mount, Barry Bergdoll e Jonathan Crary erano come fratelli alla Columbia. Gli anni '80 erano un insieme di tutto, alcune cose sapevi che sarebbero diventate importanti e tanta altra spazzatura veniva pubblicizzata e promossa. In un certo senso poteva sembrare arbitrario, ma abbastanza presto capivi quali erano le cose davvero interessanti. C'erano un gruppo di persone che la pensavano in maniera simile e si occupavano degli stessi argomenti. Stessa estetica. Leggevano le stesse cose, da Baudrillard e Bomb al New York Post. Dall'esterno sembravano tante caricature: Malcolm Morley, Samizdat, Imants Tillers, Gracie Mansion, Tompkins Square, vogueing, Wigstock, Life Café, Phillippe Thomas, IFP, Ange Leccia (beau), Brighton Beach con Anja von Bremzen e John Welchman. Orshi Drozdik e Patrick McGrath. Jay Gorney. International with Monument. Patricia Field. Glenn O'Brien (best man at wedding) e Barbara Egan, con Jan Avgikos, come cerchia ristretta. Susan Hapgood. Anita Sarko. Johnny Sex. Visite di Terry Atkinson. Da dentro, tutto acquistava senso, in una specie di ironia sull'arte e le sue più profonde tortuosità.
A metà degli anni '80 la scena artistica nell'East Village era ancora il concime del mondo dell'arte contemporanea. Peter Nagy con Nature Morte (e Alan Belcher), Jay Gorney, Gracie Mansion, Colin de Land (amico), Pat Hearn. International with Monument. I miei editors, Ronald Jones e C Magazine, Richard Martin ad Arts Magazine, Stuart Morgan a Artscribe. Le cene con Sherrie Levine, il bowling con Richard Prince, Lisa Spellman e John Ahearn. L'avvento della Picture Generation post-Concept art, e il lavoro di Haim Steinbach, Ashley Bickerton, Meyer Vaisman, Peter Halley, Jeff Koons alla Sonnabend Gallery.
Il ruolo di musei come il P.S.1, con Alanna Heiss. O Braco Dimitrijevic, peripatetico visitatore di New York. Gli artisti francesi a New York, quelli accettabili, come Leccia e IFP, e poi quelli compulsivi come Sophie Calle. Jerome Sans. Tutto funzionava nell'insieme, con la house music e la break-dance, con le prime foto di Nan Goldin e Philip Lorca di Corcia, con Cookie Mueller e Vittorio Scarpitta (amici, entrambi morti di AIDS).
Felix Gonzalez Torres, amico, morto di AIDS. Flagello nel mondo dell'arte. Flagello nell'industria creativa a New York. Killer di amici come Tina Chow, Paul Taylor, Craig Owens, Jorge Zontal di General Idea, e decine e decine di amici e compagni d'armi.
Poi la moda di Stephen Sprouse ispirata dal punk, il suo negozio con i muri dipinti d'argento, che in seguito divenne la SteinGladstone, diretta da Daniela. Debbie Harry che indossava tutte le cose, i B52s, David e Bonnie Byrne e il fondersi di moda e musica. Kate, la ragazza di Tim Rollins.
Ad inizio anni '80 il primo fu Fiorucci. Una brillante fusione di arte e moda, prima di chiunque altro. Sulla 59a strada, era downtown prima di downtown.
La sfrenatezza dei tedeschi a New York. Reinhard Mucha. Imi Knoebel. Gunther Forg. Franz Erhard Walther. Martin Kippenberger. Georg Herold. Thomas Locher. Achim Kubinski.
La tendenza educativa. Russell Ferguson al New Museum. Group Material. Gran Fury. Barbara Kruger. Louise Lawler. Jenny Holzer. Judith Barry. Ken Lum. Gli articoli di Victor Burgin in diversi libri.
Il montaggio di foto effettuato da designer e artisti. Bethany Johns. Julie Ault.
Warhol, dentro e fuori tutte le varie scene. All'Indochine, e all'Undochine. All'Odeon. Critici ed editors, scrivere, parlare, promuovere, combattere. Gary Indiana. Craig Owens. Brian Wallis. Paul Taylor. Stuart Morgan. Richard Martin.
Mercanti. Kubinski, Peter Pakesch, Thomas Nordenstad, Xavier Hufkens, Lia Rumma, Ileana Sonnabend, Maureen Paley, Margo Leavin, Andrea Rosen, Massimo de Carlo si spartivano il terreno, condividevano gli artisti, piazzavano gli articoli, pompavano i prezzi, spingevano i collezionisti. Gli Spiegel, i Rubell, Thea Westreich, Elaine Dannheiser.
E poi la nuova generazione di artisti, tutti più impegnati. Andrea Fraser, Fareed Armaly, Mark Dion, Jessica Diamond, Rirkirt Tiravanija, Dennis Balk.
Oh merda. Ho perso il conto delle parole.
Ora, lascio spazio alle riflessioni della mia occasionale compagna di stanza al 591 di Broadway, dove vivevamo con JK, Martin Guttmann, Michael Clegg e Isabelle Graw, dopo che la prima moglie di Joseph se ne andò portando con sé tutte le giacche dei suoi completi Yamamoto, un Warhol e una sieda Rietveld, ma lasciando il tavolo da biliardo e il set da cucina francese del XVIII secolo. Ma questa è una storia anche troppo lunga.

Daniela Salvioni: Sono nata e cresciuta a New York, e che qualcosa stava succedendo l'ho capito da adolescente, quando sono andata al mio primo party a Soho. Era il 1978 o il '79, a Soho non c'erano i lampioni e per arrivarci dovevo usare una mappa; ma quella sera mi imbattei subito nel Food di Gordon Matta Clark e, pur non conoscendo nessuno, ne rimasi immediatamente colpita. Per me lo Studio 54 e il Kansas City di Max erano fuori moda; Il CBGB era un po' troppo pesante (anche se amavo il legame tra i Television e Rimbaud e lo stile di Blondie). Qui, da Food, c'era l'arte nel suo prodursi, come nei caffè parigini di una volta. Tutto d'un tratto, capii dove volevo stare.

Poi all'inizio degli anni '80 arrivò il neo-espressionismo, ma anche il ritorno di Andy Warhol e della graffiti art. Diventai amica di Rammellzee (scomparso il maggio scorso). La mia prima recensione d'arte fu su un pittore asio-americano dell'East Villane, il cui nome ora mi sfugge, ma ricordo la sede della mostra: Vox Populi, la prima galleria di Colin de Land. Da lì, scoprii il lato funky neoconcettuale delle gallerie dell'East Villane, come Nature Morte, International With Monument, Pat Hearn, Jay Gorney. Avevo trovato il mio ambiente.

Gran parte di ciò che Cornelia scrive su quegli anni appartiene anche al mio vissuto, lo lascio quindi così com'è a rappresentare anche me, e punto invece i fari sull'arte.

Pur non riuscendo a relazionarmi con la pittura figurativa degli anni '80, ritenevo David Salle un'eccezione: le sue grandi tele erano, rispetto al mondo dell'arte, l'equivalente del postmodernismo-come-pastiche teorizzato da Frederic Jameson. Trovavo irresistibile il modo in cui Steve Parrino dava libero sfogo alla sua attitudine punk sulle tele, profanandone l'autentica struttura con una fisicità sorprendente, che si trasformava in astrazione. Gli enormi, fantastici quadri di Olivier Mosset erano perfetti e non accettavano compromessi – l'unico modo per relazionarcisi era abbandonare anima e corpo a quei riverberi visivi.

La ritrattistica era andata ben oltre il solo medium della pittura. Gli (auto) ritratti di Ashley Bickerton erano un misto "gender-bending" di riferimenti alla società del commercio, ambientati in contesti immaginari pseudo-industrali. I grandi, scuri, lucidi e in qualche modo sinistri ritratti di Clegg e Guttmann scavavano nelle relazioni di potere insite nella comune cultura visiva e nel loro legame alla ritrattistica storica del potere. I ritratti di Ken Lum di famiglie normali di varie etnie, i cui nomi venivano trasformati in finti loghi di aziende, parlano sempre della cultura del prodotto.

La cultura del prodotto era un tema cruciale per molti degli artisti della New York anni '80, i quali lo affrontavano in una miriade di modi unici, inclusi Jeff Koons, Peter Nagy, Haim Steinbach, Sarah Charlesworth, Richard Prince, Julie Wachtel, Meyer Vaisman...
Il profondo lavoro di Sherrie Levine – esatto nelle sue micro-inesattezze – enfatizzava le nozioni di artista, origine e originalità che venivano anche discussi negli scritti di Barthes e Foucault, rendendola in un certo senso più duchampiana di Duchamp. Il lavoro di Louise Lawler, invece, esaminava l'arte nei suoi contesti pubblici e privati, attraverso la documentazione visiva, attraente quanto l'arte che ritraeva. Le performance caustiche ed ironiche di Andrea Fraser deridevano l'assurdità, la pomposità e il potere implicito dell'arte istituzionale.

Negli anni '80 erano attivi diversi collettivi d'artista. General Idea prendeva le forme appartenenti alla cultura popolare e ai media per usarle proprio contro di essi, e intanto aumentava la consapevolezza nei confronti dell'AIDS, spesso attraverso l'utilizzo di strumenti effimeri come cartoline e posters, entrambi sia dentro che fuori le istituzioni artistiche e le gallerie. Le Guerrilla Girls le avevano portate per strada, distribuendo appariscenti poster che documentavano la discriminazione verso le donne nel mondo dell'arte. Invece, Tim Rollins e i KOS (Kids of Survival) – un artista e un gruppo di sfortunati adolescenti del South Bronx – portarono le strade dentro la galleria, attraverso lavori collettivi che avevano il carattere lirico di una fenice che sorge dalla devastazione urbana.

Allan McCollum diede, a livello visivo, una grossa scossa alla distanza esistente tra significante e significato, differenza e somiglianza. Alan Belcher portò la differenza agli estremi e la fece crollare, combinando fotografia e scultura – cosa che nessuno aveva mai fatto prima – sia da un punto di vista formale che letterale *e*, in modo incredibilmente audace, attraverso il contenuto.

Le installazioni di Judith Barry mostravano la complicità tra la visione umana, la memoria storica e la percezione architettonica nei confronti di un contesto pervaso dall'artificiosa distinzione tra pubblico e privato. Ronald Jones evidenziava i fondamenti politici dell'astrazione e del design. La "tipografia del pensiero" di Jessica Diamond dispensava feroci commenti sociali sotto forma di testi, in giganteschi wall drawings.

Sia nei suoi acquerelli che attraverso altri media, Dike Blair tracciava lo spazio liminale tra la vita vissuta, la sua rappresentazione e la rappresentazione della sua rappresentazione. Il concettualismo intuitivo degli effimeri statements visivi di Jennifer Bolande indagava le sfuggenti congiunzioni tra gli oggetti, il reale e l'immaginario. Il lavoro di Annette Lemieux produceva un tira-e-molla proto-emozionale, concentrandosi sullo specifico e allo stesso tempo affermando la distanza e le sottili generalità...

Se mi guardo indietro, sono due le cose mi colpiscono di più degli anni '80 newyorchesi: l'immensa creatività e quanto fosse divertente, non necessariamente in questo ordine. New York negli anni '80 significava Downtown. L'unica cosa per cui valesse la pena di andare a nord della 14esima strada era 303 Gallery – poi sulla 23esima strada – per l'arte che esponevano e per il poker tutto femminile. A Downtown si convogliavano tutte le energie in un'intelligente e fresca urgenza fai-date. Eravamo consapevoli che in qualche modo stavamo facendo la storia, perché avevamo qualcosa da dire ed eravamo una massa critica molto varia. Avevamo investito tanto nello scambio di idee e nella condivisione del nostro tempo.

Conoscevamo la storia, letteralmente, direttamente: Andy Warhol, Willoughby Sharp, Debbie Harry frequentavo le feste dove andavamo anche noi; Dan Graham, Joseph Kosuth e Lawrence Wiener erano disposti ad ascoltare i nostri discorsi fino alla fine. Così il dialogo di cui ci nutrivamo era allo stesso tempo orizzontale, con i nostri coetanei, e diacronico, con i nostri predecessori. L'interazione naturale tra arte, musica, teoria, moda e scrittura, in quel preciso momento storico ci teneva radicati, e sfociava in esperimenti interdisciplinari come Dossier, un giornale ricoperto da carta vetrata nera, editato da una corte variegata di creativi dell'East Village.

Amavamo la complessità e la contraddizione: nel pomeriggio rinforzavamo le barricate contro l'apartheid alla Columbia University, la sera partecipavamo agli openings nell'East Villane e facevamo un salto al ristorante Odeon (ordinando però solamente un contorno di spinaci perché non avevamo soldi) e la notte andavamo nei club (dove tutto era gratis se eri uno giusto con l'attitudine giusta). Come nell'edificio in cui vivevo: c'erano la sede degli Hell's Angels, una casa per le donne, Philip Glass, Ann Magnuson, Clegg e Guttmann e un tiro a segno, tutti nella terza strada, tra la prima e seconda avenues. Ai party di downtown, il banchiere e il fattorino erano in confidenza. In questa democrazia selvaggia, ciò che importava era solo quanto *interessante* tu fossi, al di là di come ti presentavi, o di quello che avevi da dire, o che avevi fatto.

Erano i giorni migliori, erano i giorni peggiori. La politica negli anni '80 era terribile (Reagan); gli affitti erano altissimi; quegli anni assistettero ad una drammatica crisi economica, così come ad un boom; la Destra attaccò l'arte contemporanea ferocemente e censurò grandi artisti come Mapplethorpe e Karen Finley; l'AIDS uccise gran parte della scena downtown e cambiò profondamente le cose. L'incredibile stile delle strade negli anni '70 andò in fumo con l'arrivo del Crack. Ma, fondamentalmente, negli anni '80 uno Tsunami di nuova energia artistica si impossessò di Downtown. Essa dominava New York e New York era il motore della cultura; almeno questo era quello che noi percepivamo.

Probabilmente Parigi, nei primi decenni del XX secolo, era simile all'inebriante New York degli anni '80; forse anche Berlino, negli anni '20. Non so perché i picchi creativi e gli ambienti sociali vibranti non sono così frequenti, o perché non si verificano uno dopo l'altro. Alcuni sostengono che non puoi sottovalutare il ruolo delle droghe, un legante sociale dai mille usi. Ma le droghe sono state presenti sia prima che dopo gli anni '80, a New York e ovunque. Quello che so è che, nella New York degli anni '80, uscire era una necessità: era ciò che ti teneva informato, che ti dava il feedback necessario su ciò che stavi facendo. In questo senso, eravamo tutti figli di Warhol. Ma la New York degli anni '80 non era semplicemente una scena – banale, finta e mono-dimensionale – perché alla fine riguardava sempre l'arte. Una costellazione spaventosamente brillante, originale, audace; quegli artisti là fuori stavano influenzando il corso della cultura in modi che ancora oggi non sono stati del tutto compresi.

Nella versione inglese, a fine articolo, trovate una lista di nomi e di cose che Cornelia Lauf e Daniela Salvioni amano (o hanno amato)

Un ringraziamento speciale a Riccardo Banfili, Veronica Bellei e Oliver Carrer per l'assistenza sulle immagini, agli artisti e agli estates degli artisti che hanno generosamente supportato la nostra ricerca.

Cornelia Lauf è una curatrice ed editor che vive e lavora a Roma.
Daniela Salvioni è una curatrice e critica d'arte che vive e lavora a Roma.

COMPOSITES

ARTISTS' INTERVENTIONS IN PRINT (CHAPTER THREE)

curated by luca lo pinto and valerio mannucci

Composites is a show on paper which documents a series of artists' interventions in newspapers, magazines and periodicals. The show is articulated in various episodes, here realized on paper, because that is the context in which the works were conceived.

The history of artists' interventions in magazines and newspapers is vast and historically articulated. Within it cohabitate examples with very different features and assumptions: some artists have preferred to realize "camouflaged" interventions (Dan Graham in The New York Review of Sex & Politics, Stephen Kaltenbach and Joseph Kosuth in Artforum, Dieter Roth in Anzeiger Stadt Luzern und Umgebung); others have produced true stand-alone works (Gilbert&George in The Sunday Times Magazine); still others have focused on the medium itself (Michael Asher in Vision n.1, Robert Barry in 0 to 9); finally, some have utilized the pages as pure "exhibition spaces" (Piotr Uklanski's *GingerAss* in Artforum). That is why the methodology of the works' re-proposal in this show on paper has been defined case by case: for several works we used scanned reproductions of the original pages; for those which cannot be technically reproduced, we adopted methods of re-enactment.

Conscious of the fact that proposing these artworks outside their original context seriously alters (and sometimes completely eliminates) the meaning of the interventions themselves, with this show we simply wanted to present to the public a series of emblematic cases, with no pretension to catalogue this enormous and fragmented corpus.

(Thanks to Stefano Gardini, Max Renkel, Christoph Schifferli for materials made available and for their valuable suggestions.)

Composites è una mostra su carta che documenta una serie d'interventi d'artista su giornali, riviste e periodici. La mostra è articolata in più puntate ed è pensata su carta, perché e lì che questi lavori sono stati concepiti.

La storia degli interventi d'artista all'interno di riviste e quotidiani è vasta e storicamente articolata. Al suo interno convivono esempi molto diversi per caratteristiche e presupposti: alcuni artisti hanno preferito realizzare interventi 'mimetizzati' (Dan Graham su The New York Review of Sex & Politcs, Stephen Kaltenbach e Joseph Kosuth su Artforum, Dieter Roth su Anzeiger Stadt Luzern und Umgebung); altri hanno creato dei veri e propri lavori a sé stanti (Gilbert&George su The Sunday Times Magazine); altri ancora hanno lavorato concentrandosi sul medium stesso (Michael Asher su Vision n.1, Robert Barry in 0 to 9); ci sono alcuni infine che hanno utilizzato le pagine come puri 'spazi espositivi' (Piotr Uklanski con *GingerAss* su Artforum). Per questo motivo, in questa mostra su carta, la metodologia di ri-proposizione dei lavori si è definita in base ai singoli casi: per alcuni lavori ci si è serviti della riproduzione in scansione delle pagine originali, per altri – che non possono essere riprodotti tecnicamente – si sono adottate forme di re-enactment.

Consapevoli che proporre questi lavori al di fuori del loro contesto originale modifichi in maniera importante (e talvolta annulli completamente) il senso stesso di questi interventi, con questa rassegna si è voluto semplicemente proporre al pubblico una serie di casi emblematici, senza alcuna pretesa di catalogare questo enorme e frammentato corpus.

(Si ringraziano Stefano Gardini, Max Renkel, Christoph Schifferli per il materiale messo a disposizione e per i loro preziosi consigli.)

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DAN
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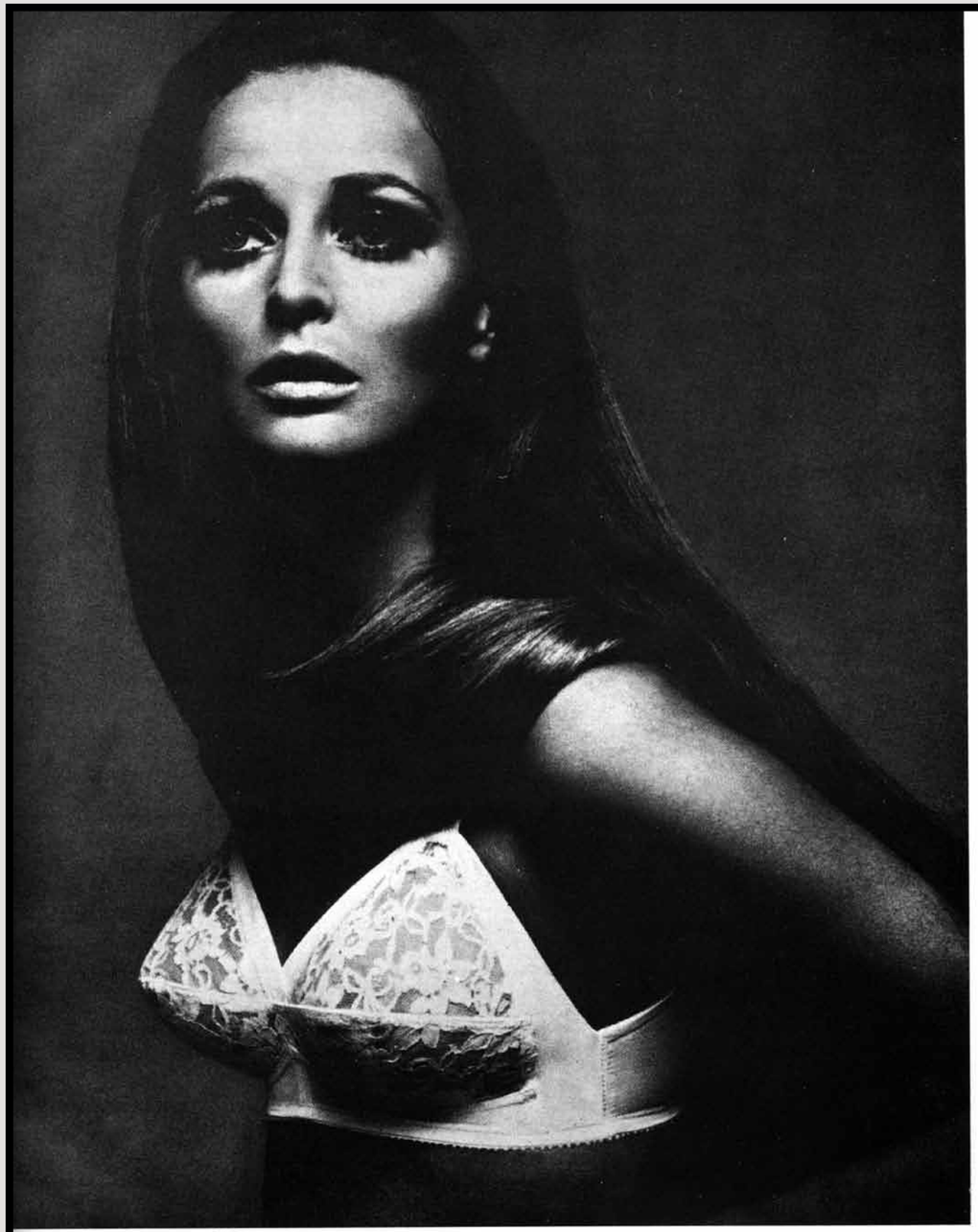

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Dan Graham

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Zuchtziel Würdegarantie
Hainsimse Landeapplaus
Strahlenküche Eisenhut
Bärenklau Humankapital
Freßfeinde Frauenschuh
Fiederzwenke Rittersporn

Lothar Baumgarten Katalog: Ausstellung Nr.52 Kunsthalle Portikus 2.Oktober bis 14.November 1993 Schöne Aussicht 2 60311 Frankfurt am Main © LB

Lothar Baumgarten

Duldungsstarre
Zittergras Trendgewand
Leihbeamter Klimarasse
Hautfarbe Keimfreiheit
Asylgehorsam Fettlebe
Ehehormon Existenzbein
Intimfeind (. . .)
Westauto Viertelmensch
Begleitflora Ethikwelle
Reblaus Verfolgerstaat
Übertröstung Zweitnatur

Hoffnungsträger
Alltagsfleisch Goldlack
Organhandel Nachtkerze
Strafreiz Schwellenland
Weltei Scheidungswaise
Tendenzsteige Angstlust
Restrisiko Schamarbeit
Bauernopfer Bioschwein
Geschichtsrest Wundklee

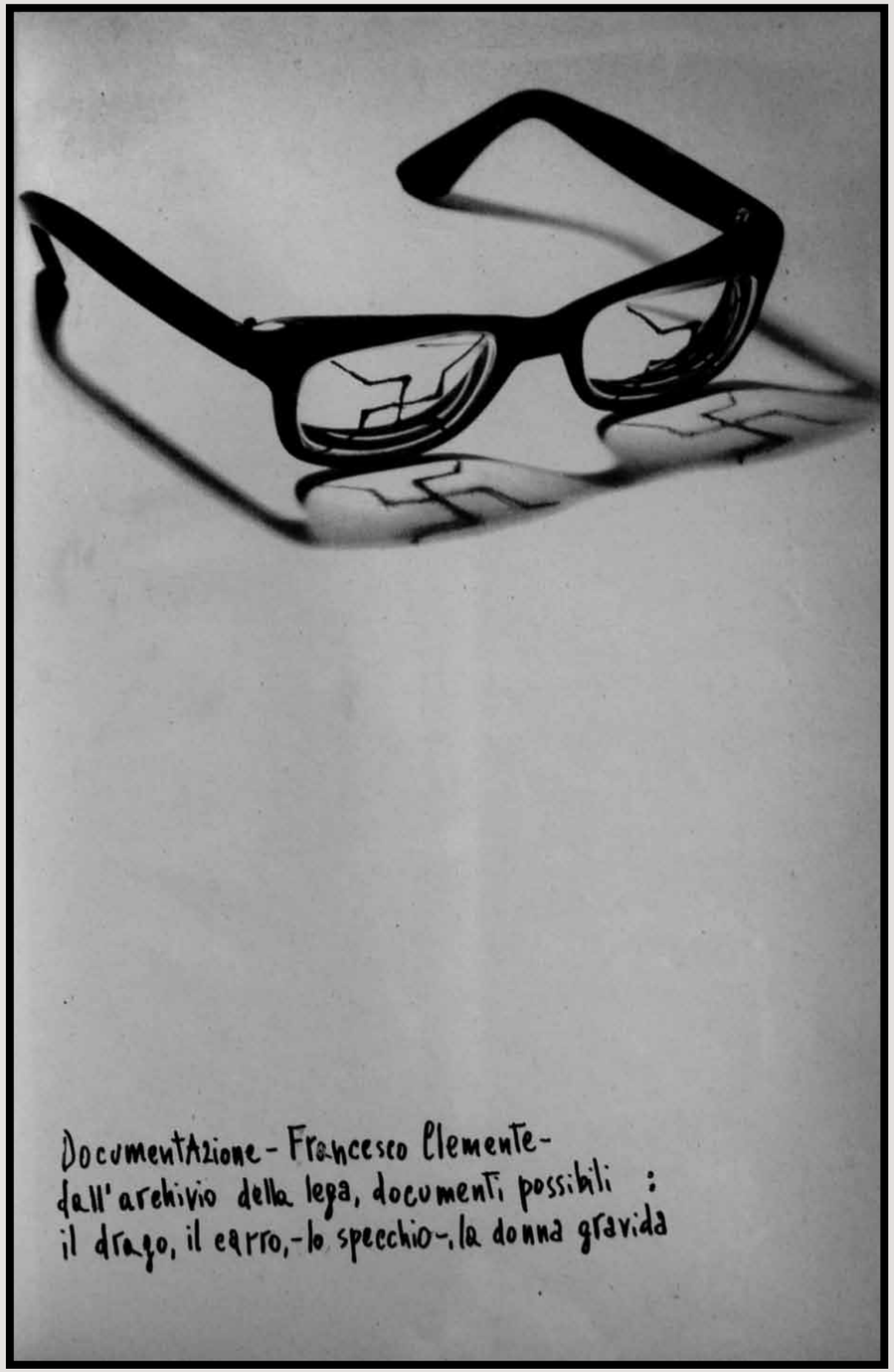
Lothar Baumgarten · Katalog · Ausstellung Nr 52 · Kunsthalle Portikus · 2 Oktober bis 14 November 1993 · Schöne Aussicht 2 · 60311 Frankfurt am Main · ⊕ LB

Wanderungsgewinn
Maikäfer Schlüsselkind
Zwischenwirt Augentrost
Mutterboden Hausverbot
Gemütspflege Fingerhut
Knabenkraut Beutekunst
Wohnsilo Selbstanzeige
Wolfsmilch Pannenbucht
Ziegenmelker Datenspeck
Wendehammer Türspion
Regenpfeifer Opfertäter
Wanderratte Herzgespann

I TAKE HER
FACE WITH ITS
FINE HAIRS.
I POSITION
HER MOUTH

Jenny Holzer

MY NOSE BROKE
IN THE GRASS
MY EYES ARE
SORE FROM
MOVING AGAINST
YOUR PALM



Francesco Clemente

Anonymous

THE REVISIONISTS

curated by joseph del pesco and renny pritikin

ADAPTATION IS AN ONGOING PROJECT THAT MOVES BETWEEN PAPER AND THE INTERNET, REVERSING THE USUAL ROLES OF THE TWO MEDIA. IN EACH ISSUE WE INVITE AN ARTIST OR A CURATOR TO CONCEIVE AN ONLINE SHOW AND TO PUBLISH THE RELATED TEXT IN THE MAGAZINE. HERE WE PRESENT THE PRESS RELEASE OF THE REVISIONIST, THE SHOW CURATED FOR NERO BY JOSEPH DEL PESCO. THE SHOW WILL BE PRESENTED ONLINE (AT WWW.NEROMAGAZINE.IT/TR.HTML) ON FEBRUARY 15TH 2011 AND, AS ALWAYS, THE OPENING WILL TAKE PLACE AT 7 PM.

The purest definition of conceptual art would be that it is inquiry into the foundations of the concept "art," as it has come to mean. [...]
The "value" of particular artists after Duchamp can be weighed according to how much they questioned the nature of art; which is another way of saying "what they added to the conception of art" or what wasn't there before they started.

—Joseph Kosuth, *Art After Philosophy*, 1969

Kosuth's account of conceptual art, one shared by others in his milieu, is not a proposal for an alternative art material (one of ideas), but is instead a reformulation of the attitudes and values of the Avant-Garde, and a proposal for an endless expansion of the field of art. This expansion involves a persistent contestation of art's terms and limits.

Influenced by this philosophy, outlined here by Kosuth, a younger generation of artists has internalized an awareness of art history. The result has been art-about-art, and more specifically artworks that employ historical references. This practice, the formation of a visual jargon within the art world, has led to a cloistering of art, disrupting its relevance to culture at large. This sense of separation exemplifies the alienation of art from other disciplines and its disentanglement from social concerns.

However, among the many artists who practice self-reflexive thinking or meta-analysis, there are some who are aware of the ideological endgame that art-about-art imposes. These artists use humor to offer a critical response to the practice of making art about art, by offering a satirical reading of historical subjects. In this way they are part satirist and part revisionist historian. Rather than paying homage, they are directly confronting the limits of historical interpretation, and like many revisionist historians, they seek to disrupt the aura of prestige associated with serious or invaluable works of art. They are not so much tearing down statues in the piazza as they are asking, "Of what use can these inherited icons be?" And rather than point to obscure artists or make esoteric inside jokes, these artists typically address art's most widely known or revered works and characters. In this way they both acknowledge the limits of their insider status, and hint at an interest in moving the discourse beyond the art world.

Joseph Del Pesco is an independent curator, art journalist, and perennial collaborator. While he's organized projects and exhibitions for museums internationally, he has also disbursed artist grants, presented video programs in private homes, distributed posters and other ephemera through informal channels, and produced content for the Internet.

Renny Pritkin is a critic, curator and poet based in San Francisco. For many years Renny Pritikin was the director of New Langton Arts and the chief curator at Yerba Buena Center for the Arts. He is now the director of the Richard L. Nelson Gallery at the University of California, Davis. He has curated and written catalog essays for dozens of exhibitions, regionally and internationally.

THE REVISIONISTS

a cura di joseph del pesco e renny pritikin

ADAPTATION È UN PROGETTO IN PROGRESS CHE SI MUOVE TRA IL FORMATO CARTACEO E QUELLO DI INTERNET, RIGIRANDO IL COMUNE RUOLO DEI DUE MEDIA. SU OGNI NUMERO INVITIAMO UN ARTISTA O UN CURATORE A CONCEPIRE UNA MOSTRA ONLINE E A PUBBLICARE SUL MAGAZINE IL RELATIVO TESTO. PRESENTIAMO QUI IL COMUNICATO STAMPA DI THE REVISIONISTS, LA MOSTRA CURATA PER NERO DA JOSEPH DEL PESCO. LA MOSTRA SARÀ PRESENTATA ONLINE (ALL'INDIRIZZO WWW.NEROMAGAZINE.IT/TR.HTML) IL 15 FEBBRAIO 2011 E, COME AL SOLITO, L'INAUGURAZIONE SARÀ ALLE ORE 19.

La più pura definizione di arte concettuale potrebbe essere quella che essa sia un'indagine sui fondamenti del concetto "arte", così come è venuto a significare. [...]
Dopo Duchamp, il 'valore' di certi artisti può essere calcolato valutando quanto essi abbiano messo in discussione la natura stessa dell'arte; che è un modo per dire 'cos'hanno aggiunto alla concezione dell'arte' ossia che cosa non c'era prima che iniziassero.

—Joseph Kosuth, *Art After Philosophy*, 1969

La versione dell'arte concettuale proposta da Kosuth, condivisa anche dagli altri nel suo ambiente, non consiste nel proporre una materia artistica alternativa (costituita di idee), quanto invece una riformulazione delle attitudini e dei valori delle Avanguardie, nonché una proposta di espansione senza fine del campo dell'arte. Questa espansione porta con sé una critica continua dei termini e dei limiti dell'arte.

Influenzata da questa filosofia delineata da Kosuth, una generazione di artisti più giovani ha maturato una certa consapevolezza della storia dell'arte. Il risultato è quella che potremmo definire arte-che parla di-arte, e più esattamente parliamo di lavori che includono riferimenti storici. Questa pratica, ossia la formazione di un gergo all'interno del mondo dell'arte, ha portato alla reclusione dell'arte, svilendone la rilevanza nei confronti della cultura in senso esteso. Questa separazione rappresenta l'alienazione dell'arte rispetto alle altre discipline, e la sua perdita di ogni legame con le questioni sociali.

Comunque, tra i tanti artisti che praticano il pensiero auto-riflessivo o la meta-analisi, ce ne sono alcuni che sono consapevoli dello scacco ideologico che l'arte-che parla di-arte porta con sé. Questi artisti, offrendo una lettura satirica dei soggetti storici, usano lo humor per dare una risposta critica a questo tipo di pratica. Nel fare ciò, diventano in parte dei satiri e in parte dei revisionisti storici. Piuttosto che offrire un omaggio, si confrontano direttamente con i limiti dell'interpretazione storica, e come molti revisionisti, cercano di distruggere l'aura di prestigio associata a lavori d'arte importanti e inestimabili. Chiedendo "a che cosa servono queste icone che abbiamo ereditato?" non stanno però demolendo le statue in piazza. E invece di puntare su oscuri artisti o porre elementi esoterici nei loro giochi, questi artisti fanno di solito riferimento a lavori e personaggi molto conosciuti e ben riveriti. In questo senso, riconoscono allo stesso tempo i limiti del loro status di insider e alludono alla volontà di spostare il discorso oltre il mondo dell'arte.

Joseph Del Pesco è un curatore indipendente, giornalista d'arte, e perenne collaboratore. Oltre ad aver organizzato progetti e mostre in musei a livello internazionale, ha anche contribuito a varie borse di studio per artisti, ha presentato rassegne video in case private, distribuito poster e altri efemera attraverso canali informali, e prodotto contenuti per Internet.

Renny Pritikin è un critico, curatore e poeta che vive a San Francisco. Per molti anni Renny Pritikin è stato direttore del New Langton Arts e curatore capo al Yerba Buena Center for the Arts. Al momento è direttore del Richard L. Nelson Gallery at the University of California, Davis. Ha curato e scritto saggi per cataloghi di molte mostre a livello nazionale ed internazionale.

TROVATELLI

images by julia frommel

works that could be mine
&
works that I would like to be mine

a project by rä di martino

"I have been taking note through time of other artists' works that bear a striking resemblance to ideas I have had and sometimes written in my notebook, but have never done. I catalogued these as: 'works that could be mine'. More recently, looking at this list I drew a line and wrote a second list called 'works that I would like to be mine'. I update these lists regularly and read with increasing curiosity the gap between the two; between what you can imagine yourself to be and how you would like to be, the image of yourself and the desire for something 'other' at play. I also started to consider what other artists' lists would be; if done in complete sincerity it's an interesting set of lines and arrows between works seen through the eyes of one artist and how they view themselves. But it also inevitably plays with the idea of originality."

Lists by **vedovamazzei,** Milan, 04-01-2011

works that could be mine:

David Hammons
Cold Shoulder, 1990

Martin Creed
Work No. 330, 2004

Sufjan Stevens
You Are The Blood, 2009

Francesco Vezzoli
Caligula, 2005

Danilo Kis
Una tomba per Boris Davidovic, 1976

Henry Hathaway
True Grit, 1969

Buster Keaton
One Week, 1920

works that I would like to be mine:

David Hammons
Cold Shoulder, 1990

Martin Creed
Work No. 330, 2004

Sufjan Stevens
You Are The Blood, 2009

Henry Hathaway
True Grit, 1969

Buster Keaton
One Week, 1920

Sergio Endrigo
Ci vuole un fiore, 1974

Jonathan Horowitz
The Body Song, 1997

vedovamazzei, *After Love*, 2003 - courtesy the artists and Magazzino Arte Moderna, Rome

PROGRESS BAR

words and images by Carola Bonfili

On the street, like most of humanity, I look at store windows, which, because I'm a person of habit, are always the same ones. By now I know the cracks in the glass off by heart, as well as the inclinations of the sidewalk and the poles, the ruined paint on the unhooked telephones, the folds of the clothes on display, the faces of the guys who work in the Chinese restaurants, whose thoughts I've never been able to fathom, the forgotten stickers, the wires that don't lead anywhere, the drawings composed of various objects which are, for some reason, perfect. Basically, all those useless things that everyone's gaze falls on because they happen to lie on the right trajectory.
Once in a while I go into the stores just to look, if there's something I like but I can't buy I take a photo of it. Sometimes it's not about the single object but the whole layout. In some cases it works by subtraction, you think the object that interests you will be even nicer without the surroundings, other times instead it's beautiful because it works with what's around it even if what's around it isn't interesting. You'd have to buy entire shelves. But seeing as that's impossible, you can always photograph.
Usually, all this happens in the morning, when the simplest interaction with a person can be inconvenient, even just asking the price of an object. The more these morning conversations are basic the more uncomfortable they make me. When we reach the next level, where you can't talk about the weather anymore, I feel obliged to ask questions. But I don't really listen to the answers, because they're never the right questions. And that's the real problem. It doesn't matter where you come from or what you do, because I can't ask you what you dreamt yesterday or what your favorite movie is. That's what really interests me, about everyone, but then if you ask they think you're making a move, or that you're going to soon.

Per la strada, come fa gran parte dell'umanità, guardo le vetrine dei negozi, che essendo abitudinaria sono sempre le stesse. Ormai conosco a memoria le incrinature sui vetri e anche le inclinazioni dei marciapiedi e quelle dei pali, la vernice rovinata sui telefoni sganciati, le pieghe dei vestiti esposti, le facce dei ragazzi che lavorano nei ristoranti cinesi di cui non sono mai riuscita ad intuire il pensiero, gli adesivi dimenticati, i cavi che non vanno da nessuna parte, i disegni composti da oggetti diversi che per qualche ragione sono perfetti. Insomma tutte quelle cose inutili su cui a tutti cade lo sguardo perché sono nella giusta traiettoria.
Ogni tanto entro nei negozi solo per guardare, se c'è qualcosa che mi piace ma che non posso comprare la fotografo. A volte non si tratta del singolo oggetto ma di tutta la disposizione, in alcuni casi funziona per sottrazione, pensi che l'oggetto che t'interessa sarà ancora più bello senza il contorno, ogni tanto invece è bello perché funziona assieme a quello che ha intorno anche se di poco interesse. Andrebbero comprate le intere mensole. Ma visto che non è possibile si può sempre fotografare.
Tutto questo succede di mattina, di solito, quando anche la semplice interazione con una persona può essere sconveniente, anche solo chiedere il prezzo di un oggetto. Le conversazioni mattutine, più sono basiche più mi mettono in difficoltà. Quando poi si passa al livello successivo, in cui non si può più parlare del tempo, mi sento obbligata a fare delle domande. Ma non ascolto veramente le risposte, perché non sono mai le domande giuste. È questo il problema in realtà, non importa da dove vieni o che lavoro fai, perché non ti posso chiedere che cosa hai sognato ieri o qual'è il tuo film preferito. Questo mi interessa veramente, di tutti, ma poi se lo chiedi pensano che ci stai provando, o che lo farai presto.

BLONDE

by Nico Vascellari

February 2011

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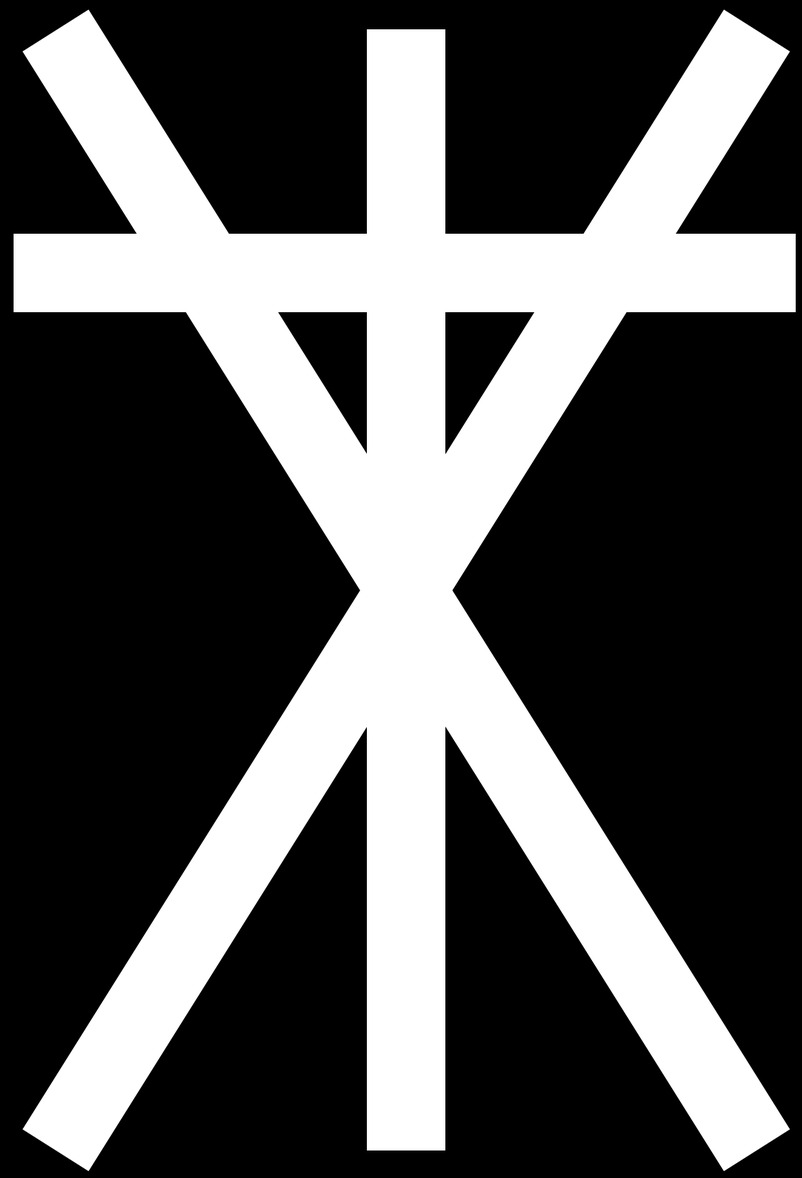

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A BRIEF CATALOGUE OF LISTS & INSTRUCTIONS IN VISUAL ART

This section of the magazine is devoted to a different topic in each issue.

This time we weren't interested in a specific idea so much as in that category of works which use text in the form of "lists and instructions." Particularly since the 1960s, many artists have worked with text in this way, relying on a conceptual schematization that, depending on the case, is either independent, dependent or coincident with the work itself.

What interests us is not therefore the use of text in and of itself, but the fact that text serves to transfer an artistic and aesthetic content without acquiring an artistic or literary value of its own. The text, in short, is really nothing other than a medium, and does not voluntarily

assume the status of "literature"; if anything, it becomes a "tool" geared towards the transposition of meaning.

The specific forms and contents are varied and adaptable to numerous referential contexts, as well as to the artist's intended aims.

While the potential examples are numerous, our intention, as usual, is simply to give a taste of the field, proposing specific cases that differ from one another and so create a chain of examples that do not necessarily fall within the same category. The selection that follows was not chosen according to historical or thematic criteria; quite simply, we turned to representative cases that, considered in their entirety, help to convey the variety and breadth of the field.

The selection moves from actual point by point catalogue lists, to simple suggestions or technical indications, to the collection of thoughts and situations, future proposals and programmatic manifestos.

The published material consists of scans that retain the works' original dimensions and should thus be taken as the documentation of this research. The details of the original publication of all the works has been credited. What follows, moreover, should in no way be considered as an editorial production, nor as content acquired by our magazine, but as a simple documentary collection – in cut-up format – that investigates the material in question.

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RICHARD SERRA *VERB LIST,* 1967-68

HOWARD FREID *THE CHESHIRE CAT,* 1972

TO ROLL
TO CREASE
TO FOLD
TO STORE
TO BEND
TO SHORTEN
TO TWIST
TO TWINE
TO DAPPLE
TO CRUMPLE
TO SHAVE
TO TEAR
TO CHIP
TO SPLIT
TO CUT
TO SEVER
TO DROP
TO REMOVE
TO SIMPLIFY
TO DIFFER
TO DISARRANGE
TO SHAVE
TO OPEN
TO MIX
TO SPLASH
TO KNOT
TO SPILL
TO DROOP
TO FLOW
TO SWIRL
TO ROTATE
TO SMEAR
TO FLOOD
TO FIRE
TO IMPRESS
TO INLAY
TO LIFT
TO CURVE
TO SUPPORT
TO HOOK
TO SUSPEND
TO SPREAD
TO HANG
OF TENSION
OF GRAVITY
OF ENTROPY
OF NATURE
OF GROUPING
OF LAYERING
OF FELTING
TO COLLECT
TO GRASP
TO TIGHTEN
TO BUNDLE
TO HEAP
TO GATHER
TO ARRANGE

TO REPAIR
TO DISCARD
TO PAIR
TO DISTRIBUTE
TO SURFEIT
TO SCATTER
TO COMPLEMENT
TO ENCLOSE
TO SURROUND
TO ENCIRCLE
TO HIDE
TO COVER
TO WRAP
TO DIG
TO TIE
TO BIND
TO WEAVE
TO JOIN
TO MATCH
TO LAMINATE
TO BOND
TO HINGE
TO MARK
TO EXPAND
TO DILUTE
TO LIGHT
TO REVISE
TO MODULATE
TO DISTILL
OF WAVES
OF ELECTROMAGNETISM
OF INERTIA
OF IONIZATION
OF OSCILLATION
OF POLARIZATION
OF REFRACTION
OF SIMULTANEITY
OF TIDES
OF REFLECTION
OF EQUILIBRIUM
OF SYMMETRY
OF FRICTION
TO STRETCH
TO BOUNCE
TO ERASE
TO SPRAY
TO SYSTEMATIZE
TO REFER
TO FORCE
OF MAPPING
OF LOCATION
OF CONTEXT
OF TIME
TO TALK
OF PHOTOSYNTHESIS
OF CARBONIZATION
TO CONTINUE

(taken from Avalanche no.4, 1972)

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE CHESHIRE CAT

The Cheshire cat has been through four mediatory permutations. Due to the scope of the subject and its transmission into visual language symbols-the number of concept variables and variable concepts operating in this piece is rather large. I have concentrated primarily on one:the placement of these language symbols in their immediate life space, i.e., words on a page of specific boundary.

The first Cheshire cat was a prose narrative,hand-scripted,margin to margin on 165 inches of paper 8 and a half inches wide; a long rectangular plot.

I will consider this variable the physical or visually observable plot of the piece. Using these limits and comparing my actual physical state to this piece I would consider my plot my body,and the plot of my body my wake.

The second Cheshire cat is a series of 600 type-written subtitles. All exist on one line,72 spaces in length. (72 spaces is the length of the longest title in the piece.) C C 2 is a movie. Only one subtitle is visible at any one time. There is a specific time sequence based on a reversed arithmetic progression which is in turn based on the number of type groupings or words in each subtitle. The number of words in the largest subtitle is used as the point of origin in each case.

Each subtitle was extrapolated from the first Cheshire cat. They were placed on the 72 space gradient by putting the first letter of the first subject pronoun in each subtitle on space 19; a space picked because it of all 72 spaces accomodated best the titles using the most spaces before and after their respective subject pronoun. Those titles not having subject pronouns were placed in the position that allowed the largest coincidence or repitition of letters and spaces from the previous title...a principle based on conservation of energy and visual efficiency during viewing...the second Cheshire cat's plot moves back and forth much like the breathing chest. Its size is dependent on the size of the projection. The plot might be said to be thickest (or most time consuming) at space 19. The diagram is distorted by its stability.

Hair pie [illegible]platefuls

The purpose of the third Cheshire cat was to thicken or expand the plot of the second Cheshire cat through an intermittent series of free associations. Each two of the 600 lines of Cheshire cat2 may be thought of as symbols of oppositely charged energy deposits. The synaptic space between every two lines conducts associative energy from one title to the next. I have indicated this energy with visible language symbols that are static and are actually no more than reconstructed footprints-the nature of all language: their velocity like their function is symbolic. Actual movement must be reconstructed by the reader....it is not a movie....no actual time sequence other than that of reading speed exists.

Number of words.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Time units (seconds).	13	25	36	46	55	63	70	76	81	85	88	90	91

The 600 lines of CC2 retain their position on the 72 space gradient. The expansive material mimics the position of the title preceding it.

```
115     A pigeon from the pediments
        Asbill's bulky body borrowed the side-
                                -shark grocer;
        We're all scared and go to the other side of the deck
        He requisitions a pipe of large diameter
                                    this'll be the stop knob
        For God's sake asbill-
                    his vehicles screech violent passion halt
         Arrange' 'pack' 'load' 'put aside'
        -They lock up and storm through the streets wincing like pillars
116         Billy he's eating papita nuts
            A deserted wine goes up
            I'm vaguely scared but more than curious-
            -it's such a small gang-
            All the opposition a passenger could ever wonder
                        must be straw wind next to what he wants
            I wanted my burdens to self arrange-
            -To provide company-
            -To be no worse at any time than a cleverly carried handkerchief
            The house of your interests God bless-
            To go down a flat river like a valley
```

The fourth Cheshire cat is an egocentric plot structure built as an orderly coup of the democratic decadence that is the third Cheshire cat. I am my life space...I release my father my sperm...I direct my mother my egg...I sever all cords...I align all reference...I befriend all friendship to the elmination of relativity.

Part 1 of the fourth Cheshire cat represents the first 198 lines of those 600 in Cheshire cat two or the first thirteen years of my life space.Entries are evenly distributed over that space-all other plots are obfuscation of responsibility separating and complicating cause from/of effect.e.g.I blame my brother as the Cheshire cat. The buck passing of tradition is the snake in the grass is the heave and sag of all knots...the melting of all erection...the accommodation of limpidity. I am bored by being bored by it. I apologize for it by not giving in to it.I wallow in the hedonism of masochism. I ignore it ignores me my crime is no more than a tree. I am

THE CHESHIRE CAT - PART I

I am my father	June 14, 1946	I am ok	Oct. 20, 1946
I knead the mortar uniform	June 18, 1946	I remind myself	Oct. 24, 1946
I write about	June 22, 1946	I select a lawn mower	Oct. 28, 1946
I beat a sting	June 26, 1946	I grant acts	Nov. 1, 1946
I meet the Lord's hands in carry	June 30, 1946	I am first violin	Nov. 5, 1946
I wine in hours	July 4, 1946	I cop goat entrails	Nov. 9, 1946
I wear a uniform texture of time	July 8, 1946	I copy a station	Nov. 13, 1946
I feel a memory	July 12, 1946	I am sovereign	Nov. 17, 1946
I memorize a bone	July 16, 1946	I am fluorescent	Nov. 21, 1946
I can say violin	July 20, 1946	I am a dish dryer	Nov. 25, 1946
I call cost	July 24, 1946	I transfer by deed	Nov. 29, 1946
I begin to play the violin	July 28, 1946	I do night into day	Dec. 3, 1946
I cord cost	Aug. 1, 1946	I am only a rose	Dec. 7, 1946
I spy	Aug. 5, 1946	I grant myself time	Dec. 11, 1946
I pee colorlessly in a dirty sink	Aug. 9, 1946	I am the wife of a grand duke	Dec. 15, 1946
I stop	Aug. 13, 1946	I leave	Dec. 19, 1946
I subside rote	Aug. 17, 1946	I am an English horse	Dec. 23, 1946
I am four	Aug. 21, 1946	I wilt a conspicuously high knee	Dec. 27, 1946
I am a dynamo	Aug. 25, 1946	I fall	Dec. 31, 1946
I am a butter cutter	Aug. 29, 1946	I walk long ago	Jan. 4, 1947
I am a pink	Sept. 2, 1946	I suggest a custom	Jan. 8, 1947
I steal sickness	Sept. 6, 1946	I am the house of my interests	Jan. 12, 1947
I stand in the back of a garage	Sept. 10, 1946	I bless God	Jan. 16, 1947
I permit my hand a marshmallow	Sept. 14, 1946	I am the Paris docks	Jan. 20, 1947
I excuse my own guilt	Sept. 18, 1946	I make my name Rose	Jan. 24, 1947
I bleed a small boy	Sept. 22, 1946	I am a stash	Jan. 28, 1947
I am quant	Sept. 26, 1946	I am commonplace	Feb. 1, 1947
I am sloppy	Sept. 30, 1946	I am artistic	Feb. 5, 1947
I am a name	Oct. 4, 1946	I am just a garden	Feb. 9, 1947
I am a stew	Oct. 8, 1946	I think of that	Feb. 13, 1947
I prey	Oct. 12, 1946	I remind myself of time	Feb. 17, 1947
I don't remember	Oct. 16, 1946	I am the lyryss abstract	Feb. 21, 1947

I accuse myself	Feb. 25, 1947	I am rust	May 18, 1948
I am my brother	Mar. 1, 1947	I am cut	May 22, 1948
I am a hackney device pilot	Mar. 5, 1947	I am a diversion	May 26, 1948
I have triple vision	Mar. 9, 1947	I am authority	May 30, 1948
I stick out my leg	Mar. 13, 1947	I am a cause	June 3, 1948
I trip	Mar. 17, 1947	I am cozy	June 7, 1948
I am nine	Mar. 21, 1947	I show cause	June 11, 1948
I assume adult characters	Mar. 25, 1947	I show coma	June 15, 1948
I drive a grand bird	Mar. 29, 1947	I am a white horse's tail	June 19, 1948
I slip gradually	Apr. 2, 1947	I explode on a wooden window	June 23, 1948
I slip prematurely	Apr. 6, 1947	I am gone	June 27, 1948
I shit	Apr. 10, 1947	I am unjustified use of coma	July 1, 1948
I hatch my every visionary pest	Apr. 14, 1947	I am my friend	July 5, 1948
I have a smoke	Apr. 18, 1947	I am my father	July 9, 1948
I am white	Apr. 22, 1947	I am the car	July 13, 1948
I leave	Apr. 26, 1947	I back out relating only to myself	July 17, 1948
I take up the violin	Apr. 30, 1947	I am halfway through a field	July 21, 1948
I am larva	May 4, 1947	I am an executive	July 25, 1948
I linger in an albino hand	May 8, 1947	I am legal	July 29, 1948
I don't melt	May 12, 1947	I am the part of the newspaper whose soul is	
I don't nourish larva	May 16, 1947	laughter	Aug. 2, 1948
I die of chocolate	May 20, 1947	I throw the violin	Aug. 6, 1948
I am so happy	May 24, 1947	I am a kiss with a happy ending	Aug. 10, 1948
I am a raisin	May 28, 1947	I make demands	Aug. 14, 1948
I am next door	June 1, 1947	I mark a separation	Aug. 18, 1948
I multiply the meaning of base	June 5, 1947	I lay sucking and fucking	Aug. 22, 1948
I sing songs	June 9, 1947	I am silent leaves	Aug. 26, 1948
I lift a sledge	June 13, 1947	I am a fagot	Aug. 30, 1948
I ping	June 17, 1947	I lean backward	Sept. 3, 1948
I strike a rubber gong	June 21, 1947	I am the wind	Sept. 7, 1948
I pong	June 25, 1947	I punch my fucking head in	Sept. 11, 1948
I bum a rubber game	June 29, 1947	I am my violin	Sept. 15, 1948
I kong	July 3, 1947	I exercise a dominating influence	Sept. 19, 1948
I watch the hours cower in a corner	July 7, 1947	I am an office	Sept. 23, 1948
I laugh like a freak	July 11, 1947	I am a woman	Sept. 27, 1948
I run out	July 15, 1947	I am the delegates of persistence	Oct. 1, 1948
I buy myself	July 19, 1947	I am a house of registration	Oct. 5, 1948
I resonate	July 23, 1947	I am immobile	Oct. 9, 1948
I creep	July 27, 1947	I am inflexible	Oct. 13, 1948
I rife to edit	July 31, 1947	I am just a pawn	Oct. 17, 1948
I am a large twin	Aug. 4, 1947	I have a limp face	Oct. 21, 1948
I am a gimmick	Aug. 8, 1947	I roll back my eyes	Oct. 25, 1948
I run out fast	Aug. 12, 1947	I am my stomach	Oct. 29, 1948
I get a newspaper	Aug. 16, 1947	I am confession	Nov. 2, 1948
I write for glass to brake	Aug. 20, 1947	I correspond to confess from	Nov. 6, 1948
I stir up mixture	Aug. 24, 1947	I regard to conserve to take	Nov. 10, 1948
I wet my thumb	Aug. 28, 1947	I protect my own interests over and over	Nov. 14, 1948
I know	Sept. 1, 1947	I am sugar in a bush	Nov. 18, 1948
I am substrate	Sept. 5, 1947	I preserve myself	Nov. 22, 1948
I am where I am	Sept. 9, 1947	I bend inwardly	Nov. 26, 1948
I am a half size violin	Sept. 13, 1947	I encounter mixing problems	Nov. 30, 1948
I am a rose bud	Sept. 17, 1947	I sugar a road	Dec. 4, 1948
I am a tooless cross	Sept. 21, 1947	I kiss death	Dec. 8, 1948
I am against God	Sept. 25, 1947	I wish in a bush	Dec. 12, 1948
I am a reminder	Sept. 29, 1947	I am the principles I esteem to connive	Dec. 16, 1948
I am real soft	Oct. 3, 1947	I take off my clothes to bare	Dec. 20, 1948
I am the principles and practices	Oct. 7, 1947	I have a distrust	Dec. 24, 1948
I am beautiful cracks	Oct. 11, 1947	I show it	Dec. 28, 1948
I am of the body	Oct. 15, 1947	I sneak through a path	Jan. 1, 1949
I am flesh used as food	Oct. 19, 1947	I bleed	Jan. 5, 1949
I am raw products	Oct. 23, 1947	I have two choices	Jan. 9, 1949
I am mellow	Oct. 27, 1947	My house is my house	Jan. 13, 1949
I am sometime a farewell	Oct. 31, 1947	I temper temper	Jan. 17, 1949
I am sometime a toast	Nov. 4, 1947	I can leave it	Jan. 21, 1949
I kiss off	Nov. 8, 1947	I shut my door	Jan. 25, 1949
I am the violin teacher	Nov. 12, 1947	I hate to bet	Jan. 29, 1949
I am a hawk that preys	Nov. 16, 1947	I am the court's appointee	Feb. 2, 1949
I am a chicken that livers	Nov. 20, 1947	I organize forgetting quickly	Feb. 6, 1949
I pray hawk	Nov. 24, 1947	I am the bees aversion	Feb. 10, 1949
I chicken feed	Nov. 28, 1947	I remember beehive genocide	Feb. 14, 1949
I am too small	Dec. 2, 1947	I destroy a beehive as a child implies	Feb. 18, 1949
I am chicken poxsy	Dec. 6, 1947	I dispense aims	Feb. 22, 1949
I am the spots on the sky	Dec. 10, 1947	I try to forget my rocks	Feb. 26, 1949
I am running down the road pussy	Dec. 14, 1947	I am noble	Mar. 2, 1949
I am my violin	Dec. 18, 1947	I can take it	Mar. 6, 1949
I am my brother	Dec. 22, 1947	I am the definitions of territory, division,	
I am what I can use	Dec. 26, 1947	and history	Mar. 10, 1949
I pray to myself	Dec. 30, 1947	I must always bet with myself	Mar. 14, 1949
I forgive myself	Jan. 3, 1948	I say now	Mar. 18, 1949
I am rayon	Jan. 7, 1948	I am the lack of absence of trust	Mar. 22, 1949
I yawn	Jan. 11, 1948	I know either of them	Mar. 26, 1949
I bring a chariot 'round	Jan. 15, 1948	I am my rule	Mar. 30, 1949
I am low and long	Jan. 19, 1948	I don't fight people I don't trust	Apr. 3, 1949
I am low enough to pray	Jan. 23, 1948	I am slow to fight Hitler	Apr. 7, 1949
I believe me	Jan. 27, 1948	I get in a car and go downtown	Apr. 11, 1949
I am an American crestless	Jan. 31, 1948	I go to a disgraceful funeral	Apr. 15, 1949
I am young	Feb. 4, 1948	I am the prosecuting officer	Apr. 19, 1949
I am a military deal	Feb. 8, 1948	I am a properly firing spark plug	Apr. 23, 1949
I am a worn	Feb. 12, 1948	I might well have on myself	Apr. 27, 1949
I reach an eagle	Feb. 16, 1948	I am an operation	May 1, 1949
I am cigar smoke	Feb. 20, 1948	I lower a stage curtain	May 5, 1949
I am what I say	Feb. 24, 1948	I am the dawn	May 9, 1949
I am slang	Feb. 28, 1948	I take it home	May 13, 1949
I am cute	Mar. 3, 1948	I offer a way of avoiding blunt effects	May 17, 1949
I am the eagle worn on the shoulders	Mar. 7, 1948	I offer drumfire	May 21, 1949
I go to school	Mar. 11, 1948	I don't mean to be hilarious	May 25, 1949
I go through a large field	Mar. 15, 1948	I don't mean to make my day stink	May 29, 1949
I come hither	Mar. 19, 1948	I wish sister	June 2, 1949
I am birds	Mar. 23, 1948	I drop a hammer	June 6, 1949
I candle justice	Mar. 27, 1948	I play on edge	June 10, 1949
I bleet	Mar. 31, 1948	I am a side horse	June 14, 1949
I give comfort	Apr. 4, 1948	I am the middle	June 18, 1949
I dignify rest	Apr. 8, 1948	My perfection smirks	June 22, 1949
I have a path	Apr. 12, 1948	I am rape in a field	June 26, 1949
I am more like a command	Apr. 16, 1948	I am basic mechanics	June 30, 1949
I am a recognition	Apr. 20, 1948	I suffocate myself	July 4, 1949
I am exercise	Apr. 24, 1948	I take my body home	July 8, 1949
I am more than a favor	Apr. 28, 1948	I am a pilotless airplane	July 12, 1949
I am a subject	May 2, 1948	I am deaf chiefly to my sound	July 16, 1949
I am a comic	May 6, 1948	I lay sucking and fucking	July 20, 1949
I am straight	May 10, 1948	I am silent leaves forgetting	July 24, 1949
I am work	May 14, 1948	I lean backward	July 28, 1949

I am the wind	Aug. 1, 1949
I punch my fucking head in	Aug. 5, 1949
I am starch	Aug. 9, 1949
I am a period of excessive drink	Aug. 13, 1949
I am a drunken wish	Aug. 17, 1949
I am a child's moan	Aug. 21, 1949
I am a romance	Aug. 25, 1949
I am silly as I am	Aug. 29, 1949
I am a factor	Sept. 2, 1949
I am any of several elements	Sept. 6, 1949
I am the gummy frequencies	Sept. 10, 1949
I am a piss assed bitch	Sept. 14, 1949
I am out of my breath	Sept. 18, 1949
I am holmium	Sept. 22, 1949
I feel worse to hear	Sept. 26, 1949
I count atoms	Sept. 30, 1949
I am all numbers	Oct. 4, 1949
I am sixty-seven	Oct. 8, 1949
I am hairy foliage	Oct. 12, 1949
I am a government of bishops	Oct. 16, 1949
I am growth	Oct. 20, 1949
I am another planet	Oct. 24, 1949
I am another spore	Oct. 28, 1949
I am big shit	Nov. 1, 1949
I am a sheet filled with orange juice	Nov. 5, 1949
I am bored by religious rights	Nov. 9, 1949
I am bored by fucking	Nov. 13, 1949
I have become an office	Nov. 17, 1949
I have become a doctrine	Nov. 21, 1949
I move behind a counter	Nov. 25, 1949
I don't move my feet	Nov. 29, 1949
I have heard of moisture road	Dec. 3, 1949
I have heard of journey end	Dec. 7, 1949
I am more in than out	Dec. 11, 1949
I am no longer effective	Dec. 15, 1949
I am usable	Dec. 19, 1949
I nod	Dec. 23, 1949
I break a bottle of milk over myself	Dec. 27, 1949
I lay myself	Dec. 31, 1949
I am a smear	Jan. 4, 1950
I am a trace removed	Jan. 8, 1950
I go on	Jan. 12, 1950
I am a sharp instrument	Jan. 16, 1950
I am a procedural rule	Jan. 20, 1950
I am a legal body	Jan. 24, 1950
I am supremacy	Jan. 28, 1950
I am any housefly	Feb. 1, 1950
I am anywhere	Feb. 5, 1950
I am not good enough for myself	Feb. 9, 1950
I am almost white	Feb. 13, 1950
I wait a minute	Feb. 17, 1950
I am any great favor	Feb. 21, 1950
I will do	Feb. 25, 1950
I am in a hurry	Mar. 1, 1950
I am the diplomat	Mar. 5, 1950
I look at the lamp	Mar. 9, 1950
I am a family heirloom	Mar. 13, 1950
I am the only one	Mar. 17, 1950
I am accommodation	Mar. 21, 1950
I am my ground	Mar. 25, 1950
I am my eyes	Mar. 29, 1950
I am my glasses	Apr. 2, 1950
I am a curse	Apr. 6, 1950
I see myself	Apr. 10, 1950
I am assured	Apr. 14, 1950
I am amazed	Apr. 18, 1950
I am not going to use myself	Apr. 22, 1950
I am just an example	Apr. 26, 1950
I am good	Apr. 30, 1950
I feel	May 4, 1950
I am a prominent feature	May 8, 1950
I am an element of rare earth	May 12, 1950
I am passionate	May 16, 1950
I am a fat Sunday fold up	May 20, 1950
I am smoke	May 24, 1950
I roll around the ceiling	May 28, 1950
I try to trip	June 1, 1950
I wear paper	June 5, 1950
I assume paper	June 9, 1950
I am my last name	June 13, 1950
I am boy	June 17, 1950
I sit in the back	June 21, 1950
I dream of air	June 25, 1950
I call myself	June 29, 1950
I laugh	July 3, 1950
I blow myself	July 7, 1950
I laugh	July 11, 1950
I am the mark of a hurried genius	July 15, 1950
I am chronic masturbation	July 19, 1950
I am grinding teeth	July 23, 1950
I am corn	July 27, 1950
I play	July 31, 1950
I let myself work in a store	Aug. 4, 1950
I am fragrance	Aug. 8, 1950
I preceed judgment	Aug. 12, 1950
I am the Cheshire cat	Aug. 16, 1950
I am on the road	Aug. 20, 1950
I am a rolling mad hatter	Aug. 24, 1950
I curtsy and kiss the sun	Aug. 28, 1950
I am the madder family	Sept. 1, 1950
I am a hat	Sept. 5, 1950
I am the plates flying off the wall	Sept. 9, 1950
I am a long head	Sept. 13, 1950
I am mad	Sept. 17, 1950
I am some time	Sept. 21, 1950
I am the telephone wires	Sept. 25, 1950
I am tropical at least	Sept. 29, 1950
I am my hat	Oct. 3, 1950
I am many sections of newspaper	Oct. 7, 1950
I am the alphabet's clock	Oct. 11, 1950
I spit wherever I please	Oct. 15, 1950
I am more a meal than steam	Oct. 19, 1950

I am industry accumulating good	Oct. 23, 1950
I am the clock accumulating time	Oct. 27, 1950
I am an alphabet of hat bands	Oct. 31, 1950
I save letters	Nov. 4, 1950
I save hats	Nov. 8, 1950
I chicken chambers	Nov. 12, 1950
I am a flint bone	Nov. 16, 1950
I answer my phone	Nov. 20, 1950
I answer my chickens	Nov. 24, 1950
I am the answer	Nov. 28, 1950
I am explosive	Dec. 2, 1950
I am unrestrained	Dec. 6, 1950
I am filed on my desk	Dec. 10, 1950
I have plants in my hands	Dec. 14, 1950
I have roots in my pockets	Dec. 18, 1950
I am a smoke tart from a plate	Dec. 22, 1950
I chew	Dec. 26, 1950
I work for myself	Dec. 30, 1950
I am as callous as a magazine	Jan. 3, 1951
I am a full figure	Jan. 7, 1951
I never stay	Jan. 11, 1951
I spit seeds	Jan. 15, 1951
I am a hot head	Jan. 19, 1951
I am a shame	Jan. 23, 1951
I detain myself for centuries	Jan. 27, 1951
I am the bees I kill	Jan. 31, 1951
I say it while I travel	Feb. 4, 1951
I am ridiculous	Feb. 8, 1951
I save time	Feb. 12, 1951
I am this time	Feb. 16, 1951
I am my phone	Feb. 20, 1951
I am this place	Feb. 24, 1951
I am this mess	Feb. 28, 1951
I know myself	Mar. 4, 1951
I mention it	Mar. 8, 1951
I am menopause	Mar. 12, 1951
I am mincemeat	Mar. 16, 1951
I am a suggestion	Mar. 20, 1951
I say something	Mar. 24, 1951
I stop exhaltation	Mar. 28, 1951
I am a shoe	Apr. 1, 1951
I am a formal citation	Apr. 5, 1951
I go to speak where I want to get	Apr. 9, 1951
I speak of my own	Apr. 13, 1951
I taught myself	Apr. 17, 1951
I rise when I wish it	Apr. 21, 1951
I fill a pot with water	Apr. 25, 1951
I am the air	Apr. 29, 1951
I am a dirty joke	May 3, 1951
I am noxious	May 7, 1951
I am as persistent as hell	May 11, 1951
I am a well oiled roll away	May 15, 1951
I serve to avoid my warm moistness	May 19, 1951
I am my mouth	May 23, 1951
I am a Menonite pun	May 27, 1951
I sprinkle in the morning	May 31, 1951
I swear to God	June 4, 1951
I do my will	June 8, 1951
I misplay trouble	June 12, 1951
I am my basic half	June 16, 1951
I deal cards and laugh	June 20, 1951
I give into myself	June 24, 1951
I am all panhandlers	June 28, 1951
I am usual	July 2, 1951
I am a crow	July 6, 1951
I am the size of my handle	July 10, 1951
I crow as a rooster	July 14, 1951
I keep the dust down	July 18, 1951
I am the water	July 22, 1951
I keep a large bowl of bruised fruit	July 26, 1951
I am an argument	July 30, 1951
I reason for enlightenment	Aug. 3, 1951
I rot as a psalm	Aug. 7, 1951
I am the casaba's round	Aug. 11, 1951
I threaten the whole	Aug. 15, 1951
I am a harem of compulsion	Aug. 19, 1951
I am a castinette	Aug. 23, 1951
I am the guilt of marriage	Aug. 27, 1951
I am all handmades	Aug. 31, 1951
I am all inlaws	Sept. 4, 1951
I am a handkerchief	Sept. 8, 1951
I am a custom made wrong	Sept. 12, 1951
I place the ripe time	Sept. 16, 1951
I suggest doubt	Sept. 20, 1951
I make of time a fear of miscue	Sept. 24, 1951
I am evidence	Sept. 28, 1951
I last for bumps	Oct. 2, 1951
I make rebounds possible	Oct. 6, 1951
I outbound sweat	Oct. 10, 1951
I am death in a canyon	Oct. 14, 1951
I am as slow as the river	Oct. 18, 1951
I am the hall	Oct. 22, 1951
I blink an eye	Oct. 26, 1951
I don't talk to relatives	Oct. 30, 1951
I am a war memorial	Nov. 3, 1951
I do good and disappear	Nov. 7, 1951
I accuse myself	Nov. 11, 1951
I keep myself	Nov. 15, 1951
I am a night table	Nov. 19, 1951
I mar my door with my shoe	Nov. 23, 1951
My house is a skull	Nov. 27, 1951
I keep pictures all over	Dec. 1, 1951
I outstand vision	Dec. 5, 1951
I bystand hate	Dec. 9, 1951
I am an orgy of effigy	Dec. 13, 1951
I swoon	Dec. 17, 1951
I am air heated reason	Dec. 21, 1951
I resent myself	Dec. 25, 1951
I make a mudflat of a dessert	Dec. 29, 1951
I wash out dinner	Jan. 2, 1952
I remove leather	Jan. 6, 1952
I am a salesman	Jan. 10 1952

I am hay	Jan. 14, 1952
I save this day	Jan. 18, 1952
I accuse myself of stupidity	Jan. 22, 1952
I cry	Jan. 26, 1952
I am a prefix	Jan. 30, 1952
I am a surface	Feb. 3, 1952
I move cockroaches with my walk	Feb. 7, 1952
I am as partable as buttocks	Feb. 11, 1952
I recede as the invevitable	Feb. 15, 1952
I am the stinking basement	Feb. 19, 1952
I am the whole city	Feb. 23, 1952
I am trapped by my shaft less light	Feb. 27, 1952
I am a mediocre capacity of infinity	Mar. 2, 1952
I smell like hell	Mar. 6, 1952
I never forget	Mar. 10, 1952
I am the roaches	Mar. 14, 1952
I am a monsignor	Mar. 18, 1952
I join myself	Mar. 22, 1952
I wait in a little room	Mar. 26, 1952
I am a trauma	Mar. 30, 1952
I stray as I tickle	Apr. 3, 1952
I avoid the relatives	Apr. 7, 1952
I am a Frenchman of distinction	Apr. 11, 1952
I kiss myself	Apr. 15, 1952
I rotate	Apr. 19, 1952
I am a tribute to dance	Apr. 23, 1952
I top the day	Apr. 27, 1952
I am as tall as the day	May 1, 1952
I am the day	May 5, 1952
I wait between dark bottomless shoes and the stray furrow that ends my neck	May 9, 1952
I am a morphy Spanish prophet	May 13, 1952
I win every race	May 17, 1952
I am downstairs	May 21, 1952
I am the toilet	May 25, 1952
I am an old rumble	May 29, 1952
I am dark	June 2, 1952
I am the smell of Italy	June 6, 1952
I scream	June 10, 1952
I pick at myself	June 14, 1952
I flush myself down	June 18, 1952
I resemble a bell	June 22, 1952
I bubble like the city limits	June 26, 1952
I bore a tufted meal	June 30, 1952
I am the dress of seed eaters	July 4, 1952
I sit next to myself	July 8, 1952
I am the cabin	July 12, 1952
I am the segments	July 16, 1952
I am the stairs	July 20, 1952
I hold myself against my wall	July 24, 1952
I boil	July 28, 1952
I am anything I want	Aug. 1, 1952
I am my head	Aug. 5, 1952
I am around a corner	Aug. 9, 1952
I am a drainpipe	Aug. 13, 1952
I collar myself	Aug. 17, 1952
I am a finite line	Aug. 21, 1952
I am paragitic pourous	Aug. 25, 1952
I flip myself a bird	Aug. 29, 1952
I come in	Sept. 2, 1952
I take it easy	Sept. 6, 1952
I am a customer	Sept. 10, 1952
I am a week	Sept. 14, 1952
I am all balance	Sept. 18, 1952
I draw circles	Sept. 22, 1952
I disappear	Sept. 26, 1952
I am two weeks	Sept. 30, 1952
I am bored	Oct. 4, 1952
I am self-rising	Oct. 8, 1952
I pee all over the floor	Oct. 12, 1952
I kiss a handful of mistakes	Oct. 16, 1952
I sacrifice my own	Oct. 20, 1952
I am an imaginary customer	Oct. 24, 1952
I mark myself with self-revelation	Oct. 28, 1952
I thumb my nose at myself	Nov. 1, 1952
I am everywhere	Nov. 5, 1952
I am all thumbs	Nov. 9, 1952
I am all purses and a bean	Nov. 13, 1952
I bore	Nov. 17, 1952
I am my friend	Nov. 21, 1952
I am self-government	Nov. 25, 1952
I come without sorrow	Nov. 29, 1952
I am support	Dec. 3, 1952
I am paphlets	Dec. 7, 1952
I am cleaner air	Dec. 11, 1952
I sell myself a grinder	Dec. 15, 1952
I shift everything	Dec. 19, 1952
I don't just stand there	Dec. 23, 1952
I scrape at myself	Dec. 27, 1952
I make myself a serial of myself	Dec. 31, 1952
I turn septic in the basement	Jan. 4, 1953
I reproach my reflection	Jan. 8, 1953
I am my portrait	Jan. 12, 1953
I am sequinned	Jan. 16, 1953
I am sepia	Jan. 20, 1953
I paint myself a specific nature	Jan. 24, 1953
I am the inside of my hat	Jan. 28, 1953
I am a concentration of matter	Feb. 1, 1953
I curve my arms	Feb. 5, 1953
I am a vicious solution	Feb. 9, 1953
I am color	Feb. 13, 1953
I am feasting	Feb. 17, 1953
I visit my eyes	Feb. 21, 1953
I feel myself blind	Feb. 25, 1953
I am my pants	Mar. 1, 1953
I make my store dark	Mar. 5, 1953
I am a deal	Mar. 9, 1953
I am a sergeant first class	Mar. 13, 1953
I kiss a sergeant at arms	Mar. 17, 1953
I suck a sergeant fish	Mar. 21, 1953
I fuck all sergeant majors	Mar. 25, 1953
I fall down	Mar. 29, 1953

I hang my portrait	Apr. 2, 1953
I am a cuttlefish	Apr. 6, 1953
I pull at my davenport	Apr. 10, 1953
I talk color	Apr. 14, 1953
I put my hand table high	Apr. 18, 1953
I am military tenure	Apr. 22, 1953
I am the rest of my life	Apr. 26, 1953
I am all parts	Apr. 30, 1953
I excuse myself	May 4, 1953
I chill	May 8, 1953
I take away my commission	May 12, 1953
I am a lovely office	May 16, 1953
I scratch trees of pine	May 20, 1953
I throw everything into the air	May 24, 1953
I am my house	May 28, 1953
I feast on my eyes	June 1, 1953
I look blind	June 5, 1953
I darken my spirit	June 9, 1953
I crouch in splinters	June 13, 1953
I am a prime minister	June 17, 1953
I am reality	June 21, 1953
I am hunger	June 25, 1953
I put out my eyes	June 29, 1953
I numb my ears and hands	July 3, 1953
I am outside	July 7, 1953
I am the septic fuzz inside an ice block	July 11, 1953
I am light	July 15, 1953
I am intensity	July 19, 1953
I condense time	July 23, 1953
I point at attitudes	July 27, 1953
I fix antagonism	July 31, 1953
I place myself against myself	Aug. 4, 1953
I am my partner	Aug. 8, 1953
I turn	Aug. 12, 1953
I make lighter to older	Aug. 16, 1953
I descend with the weight of consistency	Aug. 20, 1953
I am darkness	Aug. 24, 1953
I squash high points	Aug. 28, 1953
I am descension	Sept. 1, 1953
I splinter a speakeasy of grey hair	Sept. 5, 1953
I am an easel	Sept. 9, 1953
I sew myself to my shirt	Sept. 13, 1953
I am a particular person	Sept. 17, 1953
I am my mind	Sept. 21, 1953
I am dilapidated from wear	Sept. 25, 1953
I round all corners	Sept. 29, 1953
I am the law	Oct. 3, 1953
I am my curse	Oct. 7, 1953
I flow through all sewers	Oct. 11, 1953
I am every plane I've ever visited	Oct. 15, 1953
I admit waves	Oct. 19, 1953
I am a fetter	Oct. 23, 1953
I am twelve nights	Oct. 27, 1953
I blow myself fat	Oct. 31, 1953
I am a fast shack	Nov. 4, 1953
I am all nights	Nov. 8, 1953
I swear	Nov. 12, 1953
I set the cart before a pole	Nov. 16, 1953
I flow through all flaws	Nov. 20, 1953
I am all dishes falling from one table	Nov. 24, 1953
I am silence	Nov. 28, 1953
I break the past	Dec. 2, 1953
I am a cart packed of sex and bread	Dec. 6, 1953
I plot against myself	Dec. 10, 1953
I am a baker's dozen	Dec. 14, 1953
I lean a chair	Dec. 18, 1953
I observe a holiday	Dec. 22, 1953
I ordain a sewer	Dec. 26, 1953
I make of all days other days	Dec. 30, 1953
I tune the Sabath	Jan. 3, 1954
I recline	Jan. 7, 1954
I cover my hat with my mind	Jan. 11, 1954
I lean a building against a chair	Jan. 15, 1954
I practice celibacy	Jan. 19, 1954
I am a cow	Jan. 23, 1954
I come home	Jan. 27, 1954
I am cruelty	Jan. 31, 1954
I come as a fireman	Feb. 4, 1954
I issue no refusals	Feb. 8, 1954
I am chatter	Feb. 12, 1954
I am my will	Feb. 16, 1954
I open all doors	Feb. 20, 1954
I hear a telephone	Feb. 24, 1954
I am a shakedown	Feb. 28, 1954
I am every hand	Mar. 4, 1954
I arch my foot	Mar. 8, 1954
I support myself	Mar. 12, 1954
I am a shapeless word	Mar. 16, 1954
I cram a mutton sailor	Mar. 20, 1954
I am excellence	Mar. 24, 1954
I am a beaming heart	Mar. 28, 1954
I am a four leaf clover	Apr. 1, 1954
I hide the floor	Apr. 5, 1954
I start to paint	Apr. 9, 1954
I arch to beget quality	Apr. 13, 1954
I am ready	Apr. 17, 1954
I paint an hour	Apr. 21, 1954
I am the shanty man	Apr. 25, 1954
I see appearance	Apr. 29, 1954
I am the hell of time	May 3, 1954
I drink most of the day	May 7, 1954
I shame my face with flour	May 11, 1954
I keep myself waiting	May 15, 1954
I hold myself	May 19, 1954
I see myself as a longbow	May 23, 1954
I am a bastard	May 27, 1954
I am smokey quartz	May 31, 1954
I make of all trees shrubs	June 4, 1954
I sheath smart money	June 8, 1954
I smile affectedly	June 12, 1954
I walk offensively	June 16, 1954
I call myself to call myself	June 20, 1954

I come on West Sixth Street	June 24, 1954
I am a ship	June 28, 1954
I light myself	July 2, 1954
I am a smart weed	July 6, 1954
I am a chimney funnel	July 10, 1954
I smell by smear	July 14, 1954
I am slyboots	July 18, 1954
I am the Cheshire cat	July 22, 1954
I stow away	July 26, 1954
I roll stones	July 30, 1954
I run many tricks	Aug. 3, 1954
I reduce movement to motion	Aug. 7, 1954
I abolish pity	Aug. 11, 1954
I cure atop a vat of holy water	Aug. 15, 1954
I am the livestock	Aug. 19, 1954
I discharge	Aug. 23, 1954
I am snow, rain, hail, and the wind	Aug. 27, 1954
I provide atmosphere	Aug. 31, 1954
I am the mast	Sept. 4, 1954
I shout unregistered complaints	Sept. 8, 1954
I manure the holy water	Sept. 12, 1954
I stone goods	Sept. 16, 1954
I dispose atmosphere	Sept. 20, 1954
I provide calm	Sept. 24, 1954
I am a pigeon	Sept. 28, 1954
I shit on my head	Oct. 2, 1954
I laugh at myself	Oct. 6, 1954
I am the pediments	Oct. 10, 1954
I am a bulky body	Oct. 14, 1954
I borrow all sides	Oct. 18, 1954
I am a shark grocer	Oct. 22, 1954
I am scared	Oct. 26, 1954
I go to the other side	Oct. 30, 1954
I am the deck	Nov. 3, 1954
I requisition a pipe of large diameter	Nov. 7, 1954
I am the stop knob	Nov. 11, 1954
I am God's sake	Nov. 15, 1954
I am all vehicles	Nov. 19, 1954
I screech violent passion	Nov. 23, 1954
I halt	Nov. 27, 1954
I arrange	Dec. 1, 1954
I pack	Dec. 5, 1954
I load	Dec. 9, 1954
I put aside	Dec. 13, 1954
I lock myself up	Dec. 17, 1954
I storm through my veins	Dec. 21, 1954
I wince	Dec. 25, 1954
I am a pillar	Dec. 29, 1954
I eat papita nuts	Jan. 2, 1955
I am a deserted wine	Jan. 6, 1955
I scare anything I find curious	Jan. 10, 1955
I am a small gang	Jan. 14, 1955
I am all opposition	Jan. 18, 1955
I am a passenger	Jan. 22, 1955
I am straw wind	Jan. 26, 1955
I am next to what I want	Jan. 30, 1955
I am my burdens	Feb. 3, 1955
I rearrange myself	Feb. 7, 1955
I provide company	Feb. 11, 1955
I am a cleverly carried handkerchief	Feb. 15, 1955
I am the house of my interests	Feb. 19, 1955
I bless God	Feb. 23, 1955
I go down a flat river like a valley	Feb. 27, 1955
I am radio reception	Mar. 3, 1955
I stink	Mar. 7, 1955
I don't worry	Mar. 11, 1955
I am papita nuts from public square	Mar. 15, 1955
I am a cover for a questionable transaction.	Mar. 19, 1955
I tap of want	Mar. 23, 1955
I am silence	Mar. 27, 1955
I want nothing	Mar. 31, 1955
I am a straw worm drilling	Apr. 4, 1955
I set up all concerns	Apr. 8, 1955
I am an omniscient omnipotent wanderer	Apr. 12, 1955
I dance	Apr. 16, 1955
I eat puzzles	Apr. 20, 1955
I am a tarpaulin	Apr. 24, 1955
I am a sweet bush	Apr. 28, 1955
I float on milk	May 2, 1955
I see an evergreen	May 6, 1955
I snap all membranes	May 10, 1955
I omit hair	May 14, 1955
I am down on air	May 18, 1955
I limit faults	May 22, 1955
I am the painting	May 26, 1955
I am all devices	May 30, 1955
I am charged strawberries	June 3, 1955
I am banana flip-flops	June 7, 1955
I am all flavors of logic	June 11, 1955
I crack all backs	June 15, 1955
I poop all parties	June 19, 1955
I am earth or peat	June 23, 1955
I stall seeds	June 27, 1955
I stammer	July 1, 1955
I want want	July 5, 1955
I am a wonder of company	July 9, 1955
I am all lungs popping	July 13, 1955
I look out	July 17, 1955
I love all flies	July 21, 1955
I stray and lose myself	July 25, 1955
I deposit rocks	July 29, 1955
I form all castes	Aug. 2, 1955
I alienate all residents	Aug. 6, 1955
I bolt burdens to the house	Aug. 10, 1955
I lock a cold scarecrow in a fire	Aug. 14, 1955
I am wheat	Aug. 18, 1955
I see only to see	Aug. 22, 1955
I dream of wheels	Aug. 26, 1955
I flow down a canyon as a rush hour rumbling to strategy	Aug. 30, 1955
I chide the moon with breakers	Sept. 3, 1955
I am moon-sore romance	Sept. 7, 1955
I am sparks in a canyon	Sept. 11, 1955
I am fuse on a shaft	Sept. 15, 1955
I am a short to time	Sept. 19, 1955
I bank alright	Sept. 23, 1955
I blink all eyes	Sept. 27, 1955
I am bizarre	Oct. 1, 1955
I am here	Oct. 5, 1955
I press proper limits	Oct. 9, 1955
I am all ladies	Oct. 13, 1955
I am at attention	Oct. 17, 1955
I snap a woman	Oct. 21, 1955
I roll off the side	Oct. 25, 1955
I go astray	Oct. 29, 1955
I am my mouth	Nov. 2, 1955
I am a gap	Nov. 6, 1955
I am left center	Nov. 10, 1955
I steam the tenor	Nov. 14, 1955
I scap a few	Nov. 18, 1955
I am a woman's woman	Nov. 22, 1955
I am the foreman's restraint	Nov. 26, 1955
I am one for all	Nov. 30, 1955
I am lonely	Dec. 4, 1955
I lay low	Dec. 8, 1955
I get a hold	Dec. 12, 1955
I encounter drilling	Dec. 16, 1955
I am all strata	Dec. 20, 1955
I scratch use	Dec. 24, 1955
I am skill in strategy	Dec. 28, 1955
I help myself help myself	Jan. 1, 1956
I am not had	Jan. 5, 1956
I am embarrassment	Jan. 9, 1956
I am a dime	Jan. 13, 1956
I shake my hands	Jan. 17, 1956
I time music	Jan. 21, 1956
I pile time	Jan. 25, 1956
I string stares	Jan. 29, 1956
I am smooth as of guilt	Feb. 2, 1956
I make magic of soot	Feb. 6, 1956
I am want to wanting women	Feb. 10, 1956
I am sight	Feb. 14, 1956
I dip my head in crescendo	Feb. 18, 1956
I blast	Feb. 22, 1956
I crack	Feb. 26, 1956
I timber	Mar. 1, 1956
I take all	Mar. 5, 1956
I leave what I take	Mar. 9, 1956
I leave my dime	Mar. 13, 1956
I leave my window	Mar. 17, 1956
I leave my sign	Mar. 21, 1956
I sign my window	Mar. 25, 1956
I phone my sign	Mar. 29, 1956
I am ducks in a hurry	Apr. 2, 1956
I am tin on a door	Apr. 6, 1956
I am the slaughter of holiday	Apr. 10, 1956
I run rings over streaks	Apr. 14, 1956
I push through places	Apr. 18, 1956
I hall lasting blight	Apr. 22, 1956
I am the Columbia Panama Hat Company	Apr. 26, 1956
I am all answers	Apr. 30, 1956
I fuck a pile of kelp	May 4, 1956
I hum	May 8, 1956
I hat papitas	May 12, 1956
I assume a fuscous hue	May 16, 1956
I am a string quartet	May 20, 1956
I toke a base	May 24, 1956
I frame the uprights	May 28, 1956
I sink to a stake	June 1, 1956
I call myself	June 5, 1956
I stand myself	June 9, 1956
I sicken myself	June 13, 1956
I make lame the fuscous hue of papitas	June 17, 1956
I curse all timber	June 21, 1956
I bridge all silk	June 25, 1956
I square all bridges	June 29, 1956
I just imagine	July 3, 1956
I am gut to silk	July 7, 1956
I am a spoonful of timber	July 11, 1956
I am the pain of nylon	July 15, 1956
I kiss myself	July 19, 1956
I kiss time	July 23, 1956
I call myself	July 27, 1956
I am valuable	July 31, 1956
I am the harness	Aug. 4, 1956
I am a quiet of force	Aug. 8, 1956
I shake all bodies of water	Aug. 12, 1956
I eliminate safety	Aug. 16, 1956
I dishonor cold palms	Aug. 20, 1956
I swat all meddlesome flies	Aug. 24, 1956
I favor all zones	Aug. 28, 1956
I find the floor	Sept. 1, 1956
I am a sad afterglow	Sept. 5, 1956
I bite my shoes	Sept. 9, 1956
I am my kisses	Sept. 13, 1956
I puke forth	Sept. 17, 1956
I am the gut of all synthetic	Sept. 21, 1956
I am the cause of all gore	Sept. 25, 1956
I sink to kiss felons	Sept. 29, 1956
I drown as habit	Oct. 3, 1956
I curse as precaution	Oct. 7, 1956
I preserve overindulgence	Oct. 11, 1956
I am a saber's rattle	Oct. 15, 1956
I am a high stool	Oct. 19, 1956
I am fear's market	Oct. 23, 1956
I am the resistance	Oct. 27, 1956
I am all thin people	Oct. 31, 1956
I am all fever	Nov. 4, 1956
I am question's feather	Nov. 8, 1956
I cause clear skies	Nov. 12, 1956
I am snow's treachery	Nov. 16, 1956
I am my favorite	Nov. 20, 1956
I mention disease	Nov. 24, 1956
I spy with lies	Nov. 28, 1956

I am as alizeron crimson	Dec. 2, 1956
I am fond	Dec. 6, 1956
I am favored	Dec. 10, 1956
I pee force	Dec. 14, 1956
I am arson's season	Dec. 18, 1956
I am song	Dec. 22, 1956
I am as tactics	Dec. 26, 1956
I cut my wrists	Dec. 30, 1956
I am my bed	Jan. 3, 1957
I stand all night	Jan. 7, 1957
I railroad wishing	Jan. 11, 1957
I scent myself	Jan. 15, 1957
I am the manner of bedtime	Jan. 19, 1957
I am the pie man	Jan. 23, 1957
I loop and roll	Jan. 27, 1957
I calcify equality	Jan. 31, 1957
I assemble wounds	Feb. 4, 1957
I am all toxin	Feb. 8, 1957
I am skin without reason	Feb. 12, 1957
I practice the bedroom	Feb. 16, 1957
I am a tower	Feb. 20, 1957
I am a mystic liar	Feb. 24, 1957
I mate my glands	Feb. 28, 1957
I allow one light	Mar. 4, 1957
I am base	Mar. 8, 1957
I am God's parlor	Mar. 12, 1957
I am fission's pillar	Mar. 16, 1957
I don't believe God	Mar. 20, 1957
I commence all	Mar. 24, 1957
I shake my hand	Mar. 28, 1957
I shake with laughter	Apr. 1, 1957
I intent for my purpose	Apr. 5, 1957
I kiss my ass	Apr. 9, 1957
I am all ends	Apr. 13, 1957
I favor study	Apr. 17, 1957
I am earnest only when I am difficult	Apr. 21, 1957
I fester	Apr. 25, 1957
I am a crack	Apr. 29, 1957
I am a baby	May 3, 1957
I am my bedroom	May 7, 1957
I get myself together	May 11, 1957
I make myself	May 15, 1957
I have room for myself	May 19, 1957
I try myself	May 23, 1957
I ignore myself	May 27, 1957
I am space	May 31, 1957
I join myself	June 4, 1957
I am happy	June 8, 1957
I paint myself	June 12, 1957
I am heavy	June 16, 1957
I part myself	June 20, 1957
I am fast	June 24, 1957
I go limp	June 28, 1957
I go to shit	July 2, 1957
I am loud	July 6, 1957
I fuck myself as often as I can	July 10, 1957
I belong to myself	July 14, 1957
I am fraternity	July 18, 1957
I am nervous	July 22, 1957
I am M. Fried	July 26, 1957
I call myself Howar	July 30, 1957
I sit down	Aug. 3, 1957
I am here	Aug. 7, 1957
I am my friend	Aug. 11, 1957
I am knowing	Aug. 15, 1957
I am a mother fucker	Aug. 19, 1957
I listen to a billboard	Aug. 23, 1957
I listen to myself	Aug. 27, 1957
I lay my heart	Aug. 31, 1957
I come as shit	Sept. 4, 1957
I piss in myself	Sept. 8, 1957
I pledge myself	Sept. 12, 1957
I shoot myself	Sept. 16, 1957
I gore myself	Sept. 20, 1957
I am my pores	Sept. 24, 1957
I act like myself	Sept. 28, 1957
I am close to myself	Oct. 2, 1957
I am my intentions	Oct. 6, 1957
I cradle youth	Oct. 10, 1957
I reel	Oct. 14, 1957
I woo myself	Oct. 18, 1957
I recall myself	Oct. 22, 1957
I shame myself	Oct. 26, 1957
I ache	Oct. 30, 1957
I doctor myself	Nov. 3, 1957
I give in to study	Nov. 7, 1957
I support myself	Nov. 11, 1957
I kiss out	Nov. 15, 1957
I know I know	Nov. 19, 1957
I am a night	Nov. 23, 1957
I am friendship	Nov. 27, 1957
I am a chair	Dec. 1, 1957
I am an affrent to my easel	Dec. 5, 1957
I should be	Dec. 9, 1957
I kiss my ass	Dec. 13, 1957
I crumble like licked out sugar	Dec. 17, 1957
I cry bastard	Dec. 21, 1957
I fuck filth	Dec. 25, 1957
I am the bastard of dirt	Dec. 29, 1957
I spend the night	Jan. 2, 1958
I am my mouth	Jan. 6, 1958
I wear my wrist	Jan. 10, 1958
I am an ear	Jan. 14, 1958
I feel a wall	Jan. 18, 1958
I am pain	Jan. 22, 1958
I fight	Jan. 26, 1958
I am my death	Jan. 30, 1958
I observe my finger	Feb. 3, 1958
I go down to blood	Feb. 7, 1958
I am nothing	Feb. 11, 1958
I kiss my ass	Feb. 15, 1958
I come quietly	Feb. 19, 1958
I pollute bigotry	Feb. 23, 1958
I am a whole	Feb. 27, 1958
I kiss shit	Mar. 3, 1958
I cunn	Mar. 7, 1958
I wince	Mar. 11, 1958
I kiss	Mar. 15, 1958
I flash	Mar. 19, 1958
I fast	Mar. 23, 1958
I sit finished	Mar. 27, 1958
I am decisive	Mar. 31, 1958
I am lost	Apr. 4, 1958
I am momentum	Apr. 8, 1958
I sacrifice a smile	Apr. 12, 1958
I am time	Apr. 16, 1958
I straighten all curves	Apr. 20, 1958
I sever my arm	Apr. 24, 1958
I stope myself	Apr. 28, 1958
I am crass	May 2, 1958
I am Leon	May 6, 1958
I am stud poker	May 10, 1958
I settle with a sucker	May 14, 1958
I make myself happy	May 18, 1958
I am a double bed	May 22, 1958
I am a lemon	May 26, 1958
I crunch a stall	May 30, 1958
I come	June 3, 1958
I stop	June 7, 1958
I pose	June 11, 1958
I come	June 15, 1958
I stop	June 19, 1958
I call for a brake	June 23, 1958
I am intermission	June 27, 1958
I am pinned down like an insect	July 1, 1958
I sit	July 5, 1958
I am intermittent	July 9, 1958
I take a brake	July 13, 1958
I am all conclusion	July 17, 1958
I am intermissive	July 21, 1958
I split all ends	July 25, 1958
I returned	July 29, 1958
I am extinguished	Aug. 2, 1958
I please myself	Aug. 6, 1958
I cross myself	Aug. 10, 1958
I am a problem of technique	Aug. 14, 1958
I am what I have been	Aug. 18, 1958
I explore myself	Aug. 22, 1958
I change my style	Aug. 26, 1958
I am a chameleon	Aug. 30, 1958
I am the Lord	Sept. 3, 1958
I am a shelter cursed	Sept. 7, 1958
I object to dependency	Sept. 11, 1958
I exhale	Sept. 15, 1958
I am frenetic	Sept. 19, 1958
I am flavor	Sept. 23, 1958
I am what I think	Sept. 27, 1958
I cannot find myself	Oct. 1, 1958
I penetrate myself	Oct. 5, 1958
I smudge myself	Oct. 9, 1958
I hit myself	Oct. 13, 1958
I am hard	Oct. 17, 1958
I betray all greeting	Oct. 21, 1958
I stop intention	Oct. 25, 1958
I ache	Oct. 29, 1958
I slither	Nov. 2, 1958
I see my eyes	Nov. 6, 1958
I poison myself	Nov. 10, 1958
I embarrass myself	Nov. 14, 1958
I am vigorous	Nov. 18, 1958
I please myself	Nov. 22, 1958
I am a sacrament	Nov. 26, 1958
I beg myself	Nov. 30, 1958
I side with myself	Dec. 4, 1958
I cross a room	Dec. 8, 1958
I score night	Dec. 12, 1958
I am a weapon	Dec. 16, 1958
I am an effort	Dec. 20, 1958
I thrill myself	Dec. 24, 1958
I bust my ass	Dec. 28, 1958
I kiss my balls	Jan. 1, 1959
I brake a ticket	Jan. 5, 1959
I brake travel	Jan. 9, 1959
I upset myself	Jan. 13, 1959
I look at myself	Jan. 17, 1959
I am sorry	Jan. 21, 1959
I free danger	Jan. 25, 1959
I fuck protection	Jan. 29, 1959
I am intermission	Feb. 2, 1959
I smile stupidly	Feb. 6, 1959
I am intermission	Feb. 10, 1959
I remember roots	Feb. 14, 1959
I needle myself	Feb. 18, 1959
I strike myself	Feb. 22, 1959
I am clumsy with myself	Feb. 26, 1959
I excuse myself	Mar. 2, 1959
I am my limbs	Mar. 6, 1959
I subtract myself	Mar. 10, 1959
I replace myself	Mar. 14, 1959
I am silk	Mar. 18, 1959
I am succubus	Mar. 22, 1959
I carry myself	Mar. 26, 1959
I withdraw from myself	Mar. 30, 1959
I am intermission	Apr. 3, 1959
I carry payment	Apr. 7, 1959
I splash	Apr. 11, 1959
I dump myself	Apr. 15, 1959
I am the concave of the city limits	Apr. 19, 1959
I am the work of a woman	Apr. 23, 1959

JOHN BALDESSARI *TIPS FOR ARTISTS WHO WANT TO SELL,* 1967-68

TIPS FOR ARTISTS WHO WANT TO SELL

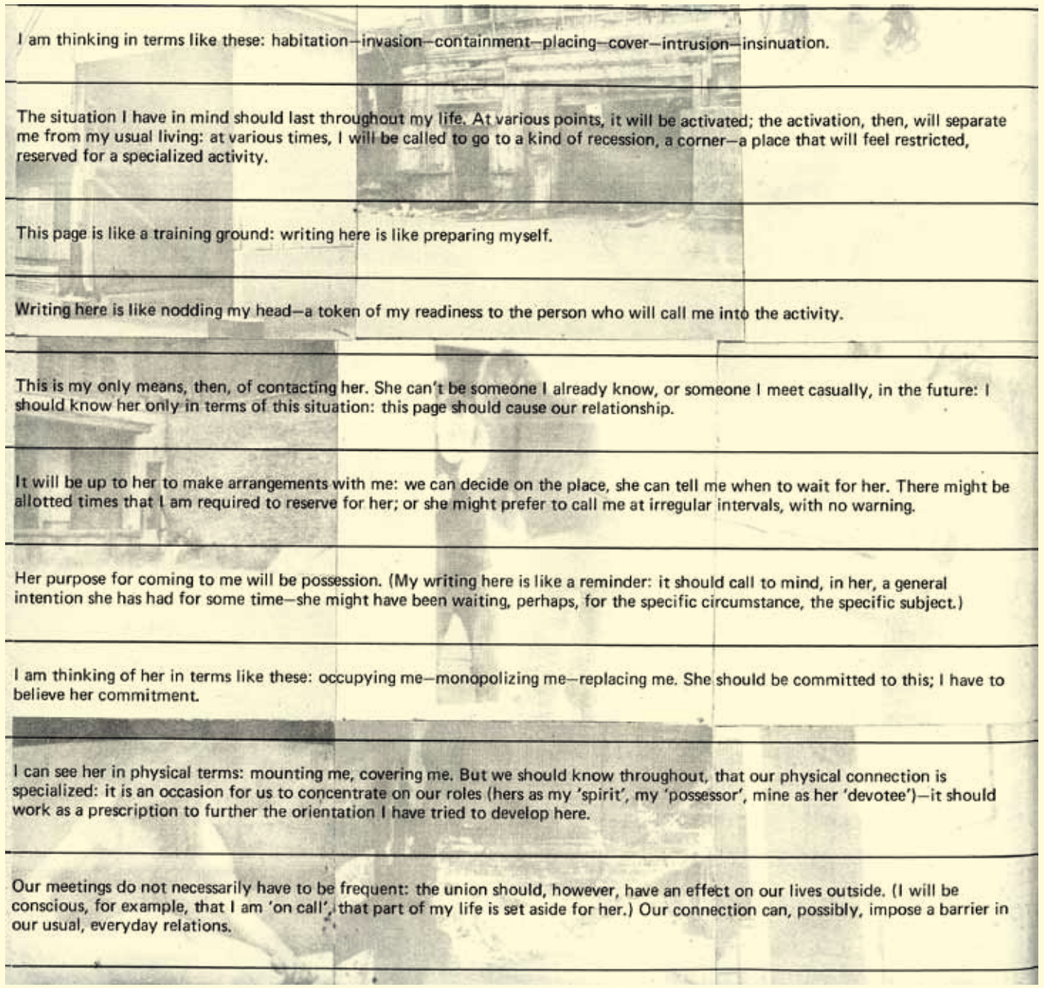
• GENERALLY SPEAKING, PAINTINGS WITH LIGHT COLORS SELL MORE QUICKLY THAN PAINTINGS WITH DARK COLORS.

• SUBJECTS THAT SELL WELL: MADONNA AND CHILD, LANDSCAPES, FLOWER PAINTINGS, STILL LIFES (FREE OF MORBID PROPS --- DEAD BIRDS, ETC.), NUDES, MARINE PICTURES, ABSTRACTS AND SURREALISM.

• SUBJECT MATTER IS IMPORTANT: IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT PAINTINGS WITH COWS AND HENS IN THEM COLLECT DUST --- WHILE THE SAME PAINTINGS WITH BULLS AND ROOSTERS SELL.

(taken from *Coosje Van Bruggen*, John Baldessari, Rizzoli, 1990)

VITO ACCONCI *INTERVENTION ON AVALANCHE NO.3, 1971*



I am thinking in terms like these: habitation—invasion—containment—placing—cover—intrusion—insinuation.

The situation I have in mind should last throughout my life. At various points, it will be activated; the activation, then, will separate me from my usual living: at various times, I will be called to go to a kind of recession, a corner—a place that will feel restricted, reserved for a specialized activity.

This page is like a training ground: writing here is like preparing myself.

Writing here is like nodding my head—a token of my readiness to the person who will call me into the activity.

This is my only means, then, of contacting her. She can't be someone I already know, or someone I meet casually, in the future: I should know her only in terms of this situation: this page should cause our relationship.

It will be up to her to make arrangements with me: we can decide on the place, she can tell me when to wait for her. There might be allotted times that I am required to reserve for her; or she might prefer to call me at irregular intervals, with no warning.

Her purpose for coming to me will be possession. (My writing here is like a reminder: it should call to mind, in her, a general intention she has had for some time—she might have been waiting, perhaps, for the specific circumstance, the specific subject.)

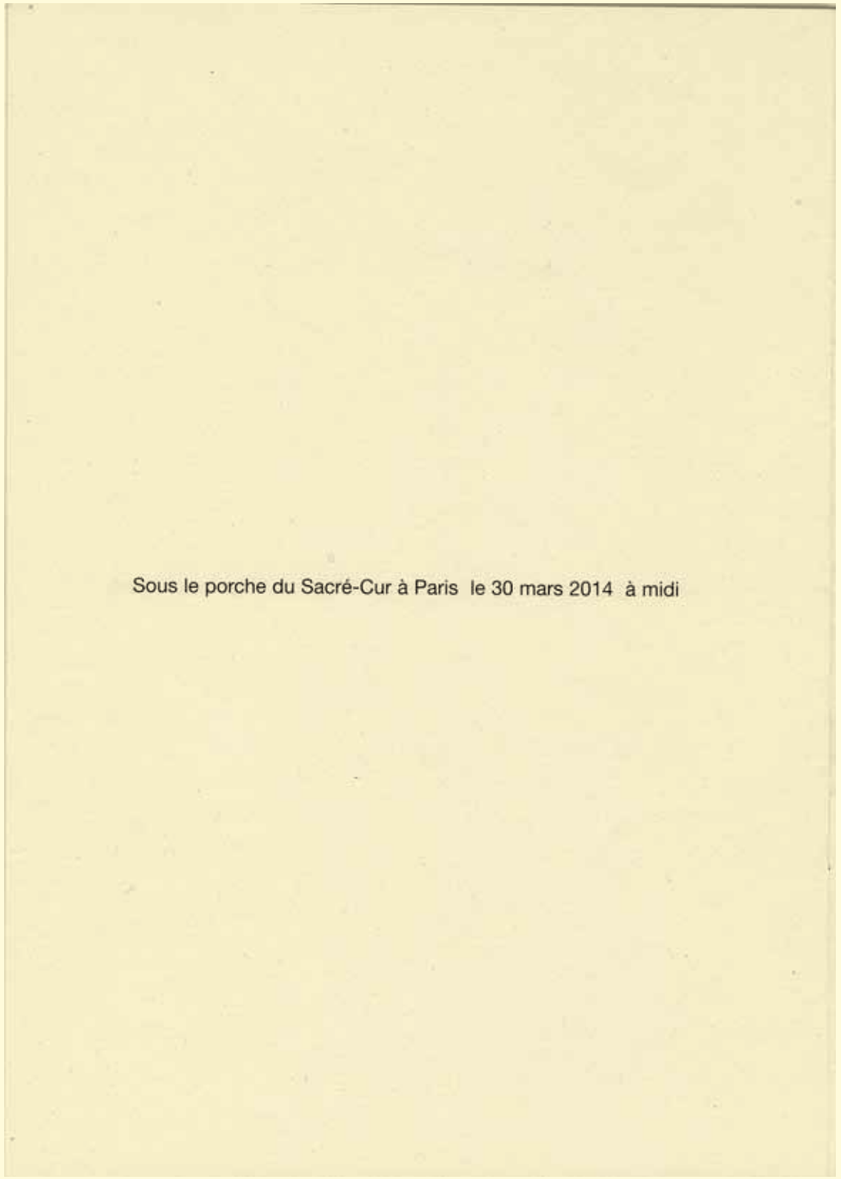
I am thinking of her in terms like these: occupying me—monopolizing me—replacing me. She should be committed to this; I have to believe her commitment.

I can see her in physical terms: mounting me, covering me. But we should know throughout, that our physical connection is specialized: it is an occasion for us to concentrate on our roles (hers as my 'spirit', my 'possessor', mine as her 'devotee')—it should work as a prescription to further the orientation I have tried to develop here.

Our meetings do not necessarily have to be frequent: the union should, however, have an effect on our lives outside. (I will be conscious, for example, that I am 'on call', that part of my life is set aside for her.) Our connection can, possibly, impose a barrier in our usual, everyday relations.

(taken from Avalanche no.3, 1971)

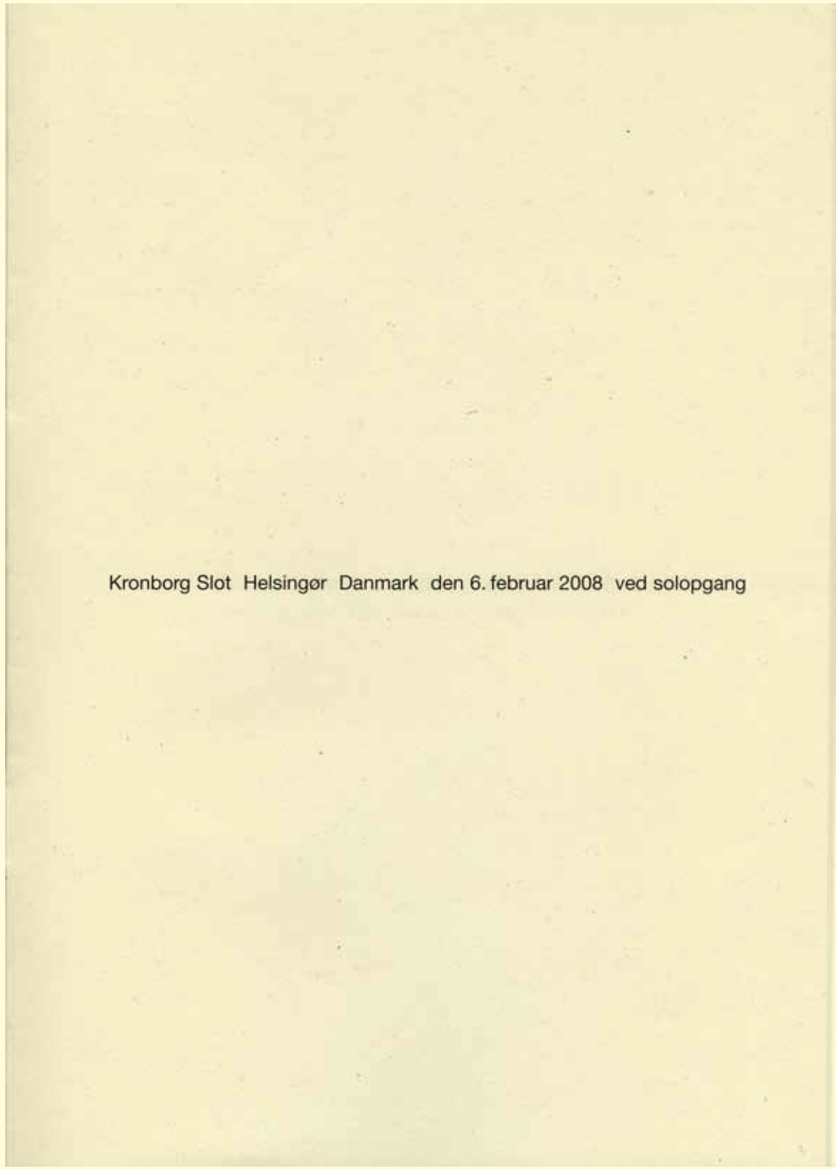
JONATHAN MONK *SELECTED MEETINGS SELECTED, IN PROGRESS,* 2009



(taken from *Jonathan Monk, Selected Meeting Selected*, Arnolfini, 2009)

The Sydney Harbour Bridge Sydney Australia November 20th 2027 noon

The Empire State Building New York City U.S.A. September 16th 2017 noon



SOL LE WITT *PAGE DRAWINGS*, 1972

(taken from *Page Drawings*, Avalanche no.4, 1972)

SOL LEWITT PAGE DRAWINGS

ON THIS PAGE USING A PENCIL OR A PEN, DRAW LINES FROM EACH VOWEL IN THIS PARAGRAPH TO EACH CORNER OF THIS PAGE.

DRAW A VERTICAL LINE FROM THE TOP OF THIS PAGE TO THE BOTTOM, AND A HORIZONTAL LINE FROM THE LEFT SIDE OF THIS PAGE TO THE RIGHT. DRAW A DIAGONAL LINE FROM THE UPPER LEFT CORNER TO THE LOWER RIGHT CORNER, AND ANOTHER DIAGONAL LINE FROM THE UPPER RIGHT CORNER TO THE LOWER RIGHT.

OLAF NICOLAI *HOW TO PRODUCE A SITE SPECIFIC WORK ANYWHERE,* SINCE 2001

INSTRUCTIONS

HOW TO PRODUCE A SITE SPECIFIC WORK ANYWHERE

1 – THE ORGANIZERS ARE INSTRUCTED TO CAST A LOOK-A-LIKE OF THE ARTIST.

2 – THE LOOK-A-LIKE RECEIVES INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO SPEND A CERTAIN TIME AS A TOURIST IN THE PLACE WHERE THE EXHIBITION IS HELD.

3 – THE LOOK-A-LIKE HAS TO DOCUMENT HIS ACTIVITIES. THE DOCUMENTATION COULD USE VARIOUS MEDIA. (TEXT, PHOTO, VIDEO)

4 – THE MATERIAL IS USED TO PRODUCE A DIARY.

5 – THE DIARY IS PUBLISHED AS THE DIARY OF THE ARTIST.

6 – THE DIARY IS PRESENTED AS PART OF THE EXHIBITION.

7 – THESE INSTRUCTIONS CAN BE USED IN DIFFERENT PLACES AS OFTEN AS NECESSARY. THE SERIES OF DIARIES CAN FORM A NEW BODY OF WORK.

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(taken from Olaf Nicolai, *<<Rewind>> Forward*, Hatje Cantz, 2003)

DAN GRAHAM *SCHEMA*, 1966

SCHEMA (66)

(number of)	adjectives
(number of)	adverbs
(percentage of)	area not occupied by type
(percentage of)	area occupied by type
(number of)	columns
(number of)	conjunctions
(depth of)	depression of type into page surface
(number of)	gerunds
(number of)	infinitives
(number of)	letters of alphabet
(number of)	lines
(number of)	mathematical symbols
(number of)	nouns
(number of)	numbers
(number of)	participles
(perimeter of)	page
(weight of)	paper sheet
(type of)	paper stock
(number of)	prepositions
(number of)	pronouns
(number of point)	size type
(name of)	typeface
(number of)	words
(number of)	words capitalized
(number of)	words italized

(taken from Olaf Nicolai, *<<Rewind>> Forward*, Hatje Cantz, 2003)

DOUGLAS HUEBLER *46/VARIABLE PIECE #70,* 1971

(taken from *Yvon Lambert, Actualite D'Un Bilan*, Yvon Lambert, 1972)

Variable Piece # 70 (In Process)
Global

Throughout the remainder of the artist's lifetime he will photographically document, to the extent of his capacity, the existence of everyone alive in order to produce the most authentic and inclusive representation of the human species that may be assembled in that manner.

Editions of this work will be periodically issued in a variety of topical modes: "100,000 people", "1,000,000 people", "10,000,000 people", "people personally known by the artist", "look-alikes", "overlaps", etc.

November, 1971

During the first 24 days of the Exibition "Yvon Lambert, Actualité d'un Bilan" one photograph will be made each day, by exhibition personnel, from normal programming received on a television set installed with this work.

By "chance" procedures each photograph will be located on a board in such a manner as to make it a "natural" representation of a language model that describes an aspect of "everyone alive", e.g., "At least one person who has achieved purposelessness."

Altogether 24 photographs will join with 24 language models that will represent 24 aspects of "everyone alive" and will join with this statement to constitute the form of this work:

46/Variable Piece # 70 : 1971

October/November 1972 Douglas Huebler

46/Variable Piece # 70 : 1971

1. At least one person who would rather be almost anonyme else.
2. At least one person who may outlive art.
3. At least one person who is pathologically modest.
4. At least one person who is not afraid of life.
5. At least one person who always has the last word.
6. At least one person who is beautiful but dumb.
7. At least one person who believes that words are as concrete as object.
8. At least one person who may feel trapped by marriage.
9. At least one person whose existence is normally uneventful.
10. At least one person who can't keep a secret.
11. At least one person who is always the life of the party.
12. At least one person who is not afraid of death.
13. At least one person who manages to imagine another in the place of his, or her lover.
14. At least one person who has achieved purposelessness.
15. At least one person who is convinced that his, or her experiences would make an interes-
16. At least one person who wants to be liked by everyone.
17. At least one person whose existence was foreordained.
18. At least one person who hears voices.
19. At least one person totally without charisma.
20. At least one person who may never have been sexually compromised.
21. At least one person who is poor but happy.
22. At least one person who is incapable sin.
23. At least one person whose unique sexual capacities have no outlet.
24. At least one person for whom reality is richer than the artist's fantasies.

August 1972

BRICE MARDEN *SELECTED FROM NOTES,* 1971-72

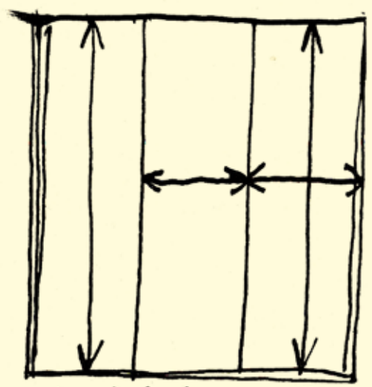
(taken from *Yvon Lambert, Actualite D'Un Bilan, Yvon Lambert*, 1972)

Selected form notes 1971-72

Painting is rectangle
Rectangle is a plane
Form of a plane
Planes made up of planes
Diminishing planes
Molecular, ~~Egg~~ Cezanne

Painting
paint
color
light, reflection
absorbtion
drawing
form

Form
see form
think form
forms are not form
space may be form
elements of form
drawing
color
substance
the truth

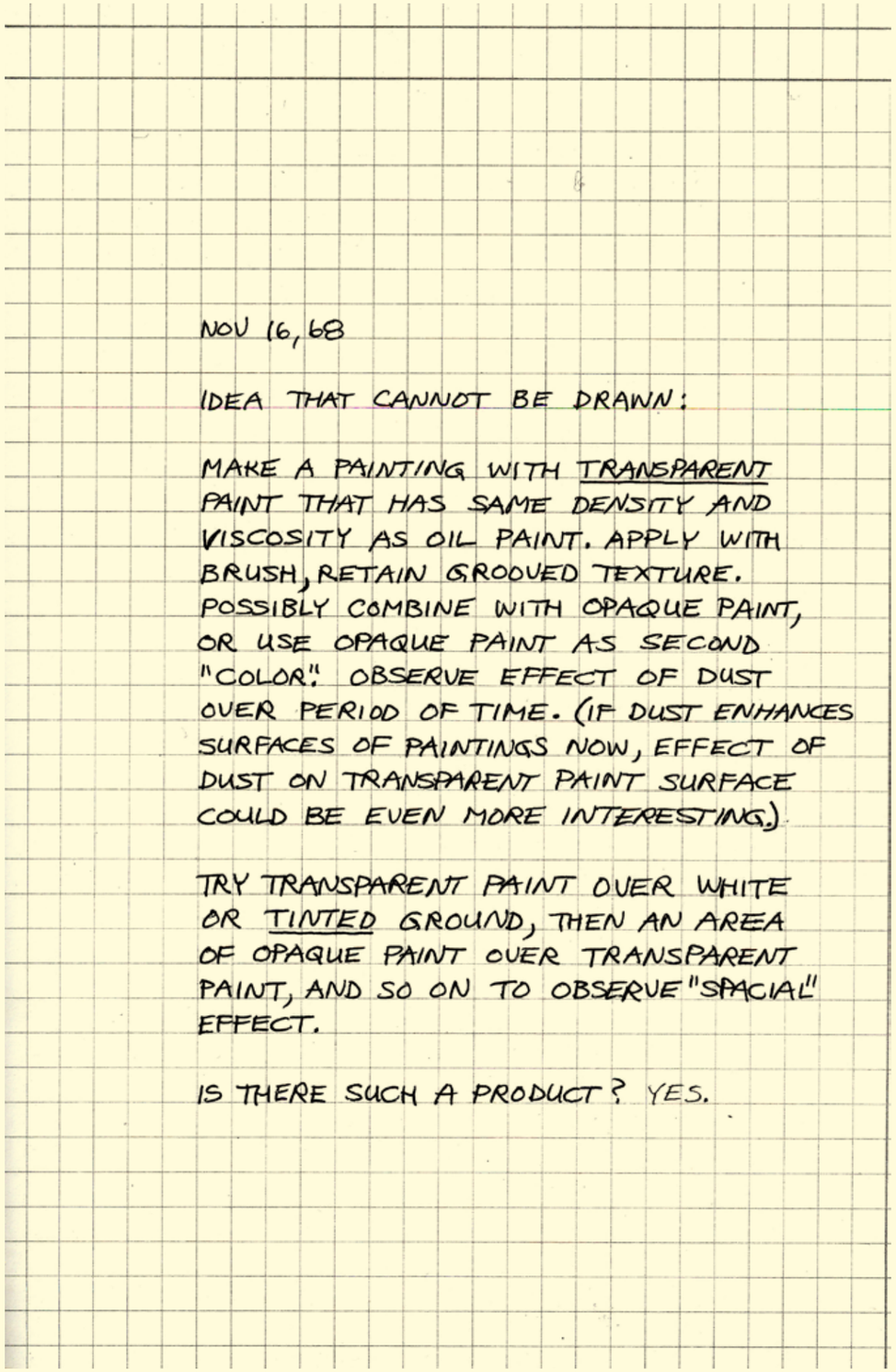


color study for 3 panel pig.

Make a group of paintings using different shapes and the same one color for a start. Let each color develop to its shape.
Sea colors going into reds and green oranges.
Lemonade and Coca Cola (color).
The speed of large sailing boats (remember the slow smooth movements of a big boat on the water. Adriatic. Easing through the grey)
Dreams - their memories prescense.
Wide sensuous engulfment
The rectangle, the plane, the structure, the picture are but sounding boards for a spirit

LEE LOZANO *IDEA THAT CANNOT BE DRAWN,* 1968

(taken from *Lee Lozano, Note Books 1967-70*, Primary Information, 2009)



NOV 16, 68

IDEA THAT CANNOT BE DRAWN:

MAKE A PAINTING WITH TRANSPARENT PAINT THAT HAS SAME DENSITY AND VISCOSITY AS OIL PAINT. APPLY WITH BRUSH, RETAIN GROOVED TEXTURE. POSSIBLY COMBINE WITH OPAQUE PAINT, OR USE OPAQUE PAINT AS SECOND "COLOR". OBSERVE EFFECT OF DUST OVER PERIOD OF TIME. (IF DUST ENHANCES SURFACES OF PAINTINGS NOW, EFFECT OF DUST ON TRANSPARENT PAINT SURFACE COULD BE EVEN MORE INTERESTING.)

TRY TRANSPARENT PAINT OVER WHITE OR TINTED GROUND, THEN AN AREA OF OPAQUE PAINT OVER TRANSPARENT PAINT, AND SO ON TO OBSERVE "SPACIAL" EFFECT.

IS THERE SUCH A PRODUCT? YES.

CESARE PIETROIUSTI *PENSIERI NON FUNZIONALI,* 1978-1996

Cesare Pietroiusti, *Pensieri Non Funzionali*, Edizioni Morra, 2000

At a public event involve a number of improbable people who ordinarily would not participate; if necessary, pay them for their time.

Attempt to get all the people attending a public event to dress in the item of clothing they own which they consider most sexy.

Randomly ask some people to tell you a story about their life, their beliefs or their plans. Faithfully record and transcribe everything.

Write down all the words or phrases you hear spoken by people you encounter in the street while making a particular journey.

Dressed well, with an air of normality, showing no particular intention, spend an hour sitting in a comfortable chair situated in the middle of the pavement. Repeat the action with different clothes or a different attitude. Discreetly observe the reactions of passers by. Closely observe your state of mind during the action.

Observe the faces of people you meet in the street or on the bus and think of somebody you know or have known that they resemble. Imagine getting the two lookalikes together.

In any place, entirely reconstruct the inside of a public toilet you have visited, complete with graffitied walls, furnishings, utensils, dirt etc.

Make a list of everyone you know personally. Observe the criteria you use to compile such a list. Imagine what each of them thinks or knows about you. Think of one thing you would like to ask them.

THE END

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PROVINCIA DI ROMA PRESENT
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ROME
LOS ANGELES
APRIL 21 – MAY 28, 2011

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2/3 di Tonica
Ghiaccio

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