



# GREATER NEW YORK

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# GREATER NEW YORK ARTISTS P.S.1 MAY 2000

TERENCE ACCOLA 1988 MANUEL ACEVEDO Newark, NJ 1984 RICCI ALBENDA Brooklyn, NY 1988 GHADA AMER Cairo, Egypt 1983 ALFREDO ARCIA Caracas, Venezuela 1983  
ADRIANA ARENAS Pereira, Columbia 1988 MICHAEL ASHKIN Morristown, NY 1988 NICOLE AWAI Port of Spain, Trinidad 1988 ADAM BAER White Plains, NY 1988 TRACEY  
BARAN Bath, NY 1975 AIDAS BAREIKIS Vilnius, Lithuania 1987 Yael BARTANA Jerusalem, Israel JANE BENSON England 1971 BIG ROOM 1971 JIMBO BLACHLY Orange, NJ  
1981 JEREMY BLAKE Ft. Sill, OK 1971 CHAKAIA BOOKER Newark, NJ 1983 JENNIFER BORNSTEIN Seattle, WA 1970 BOB BRAINE New York, NY 1983 MICHAEL BRAMWELL  
Bronx, NY 1983 JESSE BRANSFORD Atlanta, GA 1972 STEVEN BROWER Washington, DC 1988 CECILY BROWN London, England 1984 MATTHEW BUCKINGHAM Nevada, IA 1983  
LUCA BUVOLI Brescia, Italy 1983 ELIZABETH CAMPBELL Dwight, IL 1971 FRANCIS CAPE Lisbon, Portugal 1982 YUNGSHU CHAO Taipei, Taiwan 1983 JENNIFER CHO Seoul,  
South Korea 1988 SEOUNGHO CHO Pusan, South Korea 1988 PETER COE New Haven, CT 1984 DIANA COOPER Greenwich, CT 1984 JESSICA CRAIG-MARTIN Hanover, NH 1983  
JORDAN CRANDALL Detroit, MI 1980 E.V. DAY New York, NY 1987 LUCKY DEBELLEVUE Lafayette, LA 1987 ROBERT DE MAR Greenwich, CT 1984 ELENA DEL RIVERO Valencia,  
Spain 1982 KELLY DRISCOLL Houston, TX 1984 DAVID DUPUIS Holyoke, MA 1988 ALEKSANDAR DURAVCEVIC Montenegro, Yugoslavia 1970 KEITH EDMIER Chicago, IL 1987  
BENJAMIN EDWARDS Iowa City, IA 1970 INKA ESSENHIGH Belfonte, PA 1988 ROE ETHRIDGE Miami, FL 1988 RACHEL FEINSTEIN Ft. Defiance, AZ 1971 TERESITA  
FERNANDEZ Miami, FL 1988 WILLIAM FICK Sumatra, Indonesia 1983 JONAH FREEMAN Santa Fe, NM 1975 DAVID GALBRAITH Milwaukee, WI 1988 & TERESA SEEMANN  
Milwaukee, WI 1988 ELLEN GALLAGHER Providence, RI 1985 TIM GARDNER Iowa City, IA 1975 JEFF GAUNTT Houston, TX 1987 HOPE GINSBURG Bryn Mawr, PA 1974 MARIA  
ELENA GONZÁLEZ Havana, Cuba 1987 SAM GORDON Brooklyn, NY 1975 TERENCE GOWER Columbus, Canada 1988 TOLAND GRINNELL Brooklyn, NY 1988 CHRIS  
HAMMERLEIN Cincinnati, OH 1982 CHRIS HANSON Montreal, Canada 1984 & HENDRIKA SONNENBERG Toronto, Canada 1984 SHARON HARPER Stamford, CT 1988 RACHEL  
HARRISON New York, NY 1988 JILL HENDERSON Tillicoultry, Scotland 1988 ARTURO HERRERA Caracas, Venezuela 1988 DANA HOEY San Francisco, CA 1988 JONATHAN  
HOROWITZ New York, NY 1988 TIMOTHY HUTCHINGS St. Louis, MO 1974 EMILY JACIR 1970 JULIA JACQUETTE New York, NY 1984 GARETH JAMES London, England 1970  
NATALIE JEREMIENKO Mackay, Australia 1988 ERNEST JOLIGOEUR Woonsocket, RI 1987 BRAD KAHLHAMER Tucson, AZ 1988 SERMIN KARDESTUNCER Gemlik, Turkey  
1987 SETH KELLY Memphis, TN 1972 NINA KATCHADOURIAN Stanford, CA 1988 JOACHIM KOESTER Copenhagen, Denmark 1982 JEFF KONIGSBERG New Rochelle, NY 1988  
UDOMSAK KRISANAMIS Bangkok, Thailand 1988 ALEX KU Philadelphia, PA 1988 JUSTINE KURLAND Warsaw, NY 1988 JULIAN LAVERDIERE Off the grid 1971 NIKKI LEE Kye-  
Chang, Korea 1970 DANIEL LEFCOURT New York, NY 1975 PAUL ETIENNE LINCOLN London, England 1988 PIA LINDMAN Helsinki, Finland 1988 MARK LOMBARDI Syracuse, NY  
1981-2000 CHARLES LONG NJ 1988 MICHELLE LOPEZ Philippines 1970 KRISTIN LUCAS Davenport, IA 1988 GILES LYON New York, NY 1987 JOHNNA MACARTHUR New York,  
NY 1972 CAITLIN MASLEY Washington, DC 1971 TONY MATELLI Chicago, IL 1971 JENNIFER MCCOY Sacramento, CA 1988 & KEVIN MCCOY Seattle, WA 1987 JULIE MEHRETU  
Addis Ababa, Ethiopia 1970 JOHN MENICK White Plains, NY 1978 DEBORAH MESA-PELLEY Havana, Cuba 1988 ARNALDO MORALES Ponce, PR 1988 SHIRIN NESHAT Qazvin,  
Iran 1987 NILS NORMAN Kent, England 1988 OLU OGUIBE Aba, Nigeria 1984 MICK O'SHEA Nahant, MA 1987 ROXY PAINE New York, NY 1988 ERIK PARKER Stuttgart Bad  
Constadt, Germany 1988 BRUCE PEARSON Aruba 1982 SHEILA PEPE Morristown, NJ 1988 DAVID PERRY Swansea, Wales 1988 ELIZABETH PEYTON Danbury, CT 1988 PAUL  
PFEIFFER Honolulu, HI 1988 MICHAEL PHELAN Beaumont, TX 1988 RICHARD PHILLIPS Marblehead, MA 1982 JOHN PILSON New York, NY 1988 ROB PRUITT Washington, DC  
1984 NADINE ROBINSON London, England 1988 RUTH ROOT Chicago, IL 1987 ALEX ROSS Denver, CO 1988 LISA RUYTER Washington, DC 1984 CALVIN SEIBERT Denver, CO  
1988 LAWRENCE SEWARD Honolulu, HI 1988 JOCELYN SHIPLEY Chicago, IL 1970 ALYSON SHOTZ Glendale, AZ 1984 JAMES SIENA Oceanside, CA 1987 SHAHZIA SIKANDER  
Lahore, Pakistan 1988 AMY SILLMAN Detroit, MI 1985 GWEN SMITH Cincinnati, OH 1988 VALESKA SOARES Belo Horizonte, Brazil 1987 MI-YOUNG SOHN South Korea 1972  
DYLAN STONE New York, NY 1987 DO-HO SUH Seoul, South Korea 1982 JUDE TALLICHET Louisville, KY 1984 JAVIER TELLEZ Valencia, Venezuela 1988 SCOTT TEPLIN  
Milwaukee, WI 1972 NICOLA TYSON London, UK 1980 PIOTR UKLANSKI Warsaw, Poland 1988 CYNTHIA UNDERWOOD Lancaster, CA 1988 MARK DEAN VECA Shreveport, LA  
1983 ANTON VIDOKLE Moscow, Russia 1985 STEPHEN VITIELLO New York, NY 1984 DOUGLAS WADA Danbury, CT 1984 OLAV WESTPHALEN Hamburg, Germany 1983  
TJ WILCOX Seattle, WA 1985 CLARA WILLIAMS Nashville, TN 1972 KAREN YASINSKY Pittsburgh, PA 1985 LISA YUSKAVAGE Philadelphia, PA 1982



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## *on a wave*

REED ANDERSON • BRADY DOLLARHIDE  
CHRIS GENTILE • DREW HEITZLER • ROSIE KEYSER  
GWEN SMITH • VINCENT SZAREK

Reception: Thursday, January 8, 7-10 PM  
January 9 - February 16  
Hours: Thursday - Monday 12-6PM

JESSICA MURRAY  
**PROJECTS**

● train to Bedford stop, walk to North 6th, left 2 blocks.  
Front: Chris Gentile, *Shacked*, 2003  
archival inkjet print, 30x 40"





## **: The Meaning of Style**

curated by Anne Ellegood

Simon Aldridge

Steve Ellis, Misa Martin & Michael Formika Jones

Gwen Smith

Robert Stone

March 1 - April 9, 2002

Opening reception:

Friday, March 1st 6pm to 9pm



Hours: Thursday - Sunday  
12 - 6 pm or by appt.

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gwen smith eisbach, 2000



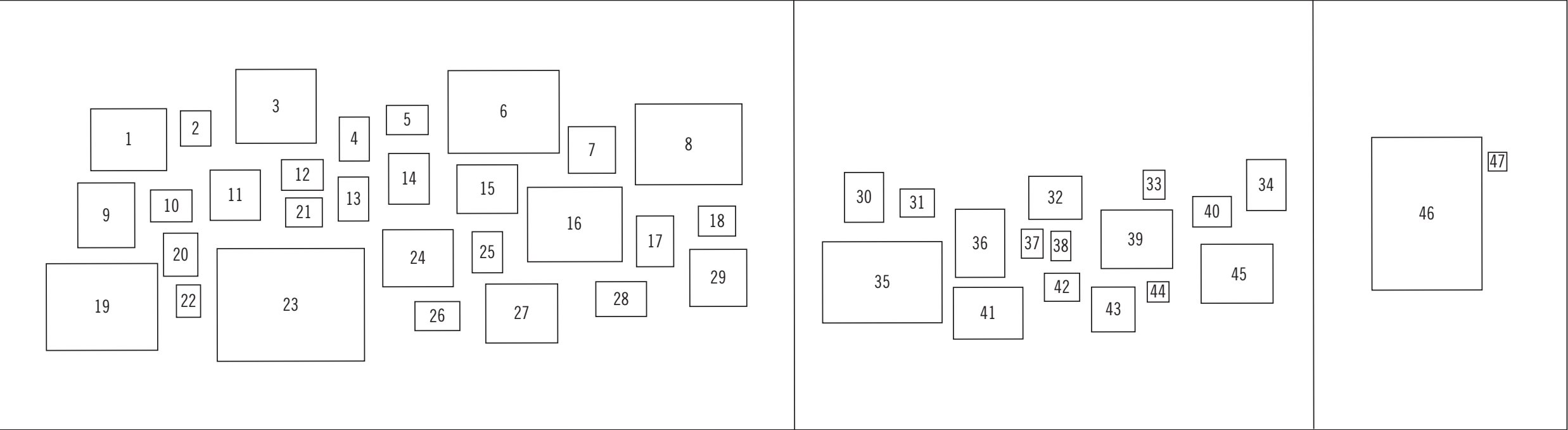
Featuring: Able Brown, Amy O'Neill, April Gertler, Ashley Thayer, Barry Stone, Brian Rea, Christian Patterson, Darin Mickey, Ed Panar, Eileen Maxson, Gary Peter, Gus Powell, **Gwen Smith**, Harrell Fletcher, Harrison Haynes, James Gallagher, Jason Logan, Leanne Shapton, Leif Parsons, Matthew Sandager, Michael Harwell, Michael Lewy, Michael Northrup, Michael Schmelling, Mike Slack, Paul Clark, Paul Davis, Ryan Storm, Serge Onnen, Shawn Creeden, Ted Fair, Tucker Nichols and Zach Storm

[Download the wall chart which connects the exhibition prints to the J&L books to the wooden books.](#)



We asked the artists to tell us their favorite books, and we made wooden versions.





J&L BOOKS

Marcia Wood Gallery  
December 14, 2006 to January 27, 2007



1.  
Michael Lewy, Elevator, 2006  
J&L book: *Chart Sensation*  
Favorite book: *Ubik* by Philip K. Dick  
*The Day of the Locust* by Nathanael West

2.  
Zach Storm, the origin of a superstar destiny,  
destined to be something huge, 2006  
J&L Book: *Paper Placemats*,  
*J&L Illustrated #2*

3.  
April Gertler, Untitled, 2006  
J&L book: *Paper Placemats*  
Favorite book: *Death of a Salesman* by Arthur Miller

4.  
Able Brown, Sharpen The Blade, 2006  
J&L book: *Paper Placemats*  
Favorite books: *The Fool's Progress* by Edward Abbey  
*Le Chants De Maldoror*, by Comte de Lautreamont

5.  
Shawn Creeden, Untitled, 2006  
J&L book: *J&L Illustrated #2*  
Favorite book: *Singing Family of the Cumberlands*  
by Jean Ritchie

6.  
Amy O'Neill, 1977 Continental Chandelier Shrine Tree, 2006  
J&L books: *Paper Placemats*, *J&L Illustrated #2*  
Favorite books: *I Remember* by Joe Brainard,  
*Psychobuildings* by Martin Kippenberger

7.  
Jason Logan, Untitled, 2006  
J&L book: *J&L Illustrated #1*, *J&L Illustrated #2*  
Favorite book: *The Dark is Rising* by Susan Cooper

8.  
Michael Northrup, P4286295 (Collision), 2003  
J&L book: *Beautiful Ecstasy*, *Paper Placemats*  
Favorite book: *Tales of Power* by Carlos Castanada

9.  
Mike Slack, High Tide #3, 2006  
J&L book: *Ok Ok Ok*, *Paper Placemats*  
Favorite book: *More Dark Than Shark* by Brian Eno

10.  
Harrell Fletcher, Downstairs Bathroom, 2006  
J&L book: *The American War*  
Favorite book: *Do The Windows Open?* by Julie Hecht

11.  
Paul Clark, Untitled, 2006  
J&L book: *J&L Illustrated #2*, *Paper Placemats*  
Favorite books: *This is New York* by E.B. White  
*Where The Sidewalk Ends* by Shel Silverstein

12.  
Gary Peter, Maus, 2006  
J&L book: *J&L Illustrated #2*  
Favorite book: *Me Talk Pretty One Day* by David Sedaris

13.  
Leanne Shapton, Untitled, 2006  
J&L books: *Toronto*, *J&L Illustrated #1*,  
*J&L Illustrated #2*, *Paper Placemats*  
Favorite book: *Switch Bitch* by Roald Dahl

14.  
Brian Rea, Prussian Blue Novelist, 2006  
J&L books: *J&L Illustrated #1*, *J&L Illustrated #2*  
Favorite book: *Desert Solitaire* by Edward Abbey

15.  
Barry Stone, Tree Down, Brooklyn, August, 2005  
J&L book: *Paper Placemats*  
Favorite book: *Moby Dick* by Herman Melville

16.  
Leif Parsons, 8 to the left, 2006  
J&L book: *J&L Illustrated #1*  
Favorite book: *The Tin Drum* by Gunter Grass

17.  
Michael Schmelling, Untitled (Hangers), 2004  
J&L book: *Shut Up Truth*, *Paper Placemats*  
Favorite books: *White Noise* by Don DeLillo  
*Why Big Fierce Animals Are Rare* by Paul Colinvaux

18.  
Harrell Fletcher, Jackie, 2006  
J&L book: *The American War*  
Favorite book: *Do The Windows Open?* by Julie Hecht

19.  
Harrison Haynes, Natural Man, 2004  
J&L books: *J&L Illustrated #1*, *J&L Illustrated #2*  
Favorite book: *Love in the Ruins* by Walker Percy

20.  
James Gallagher, Conversation, 2006  
J&L book: *J&L Illustrated #2*  
Favorite book: *In Cold Blood* by Truman Capote,  
*Virgin Suicides* by Jeffrey Eugenides

21.  
Darin Mickey, Kagoshima, Japan, 2006  
J&L book: *Stuff I Gotta Remember Not to Forget*  
Favorite books: *West of Rome* by John Fante,  
*The Brothers Karamazov* by Fyodor Dostoevsky

22.  
Tucker Nichols, Untitled, 2006  
J&L book: *J&L Illustrated #2*  
Favorite book: *American Heritage Dictionary*,  
*Angle of Repose* by Wallace Stegner

23.  
Gwen Smith, Bas, 2006  
J&L book: *Paper Placemats*  
Favorite book: *Tropic of Capricorn* by Henry Miller

24.  
Gus Powell, Sleeper: August 31, 2005  
J&L books: *The Company of Strangers*, *Paper Placemats*  
Favorite books: *The Lonely Ones* by William Steig,  
*Lunch Poems* by Frank O'Hara

25.  
Michael Harwell, Beyonce, 2006  
J&L book: *J&L Illustrated #2*  
Favorite book: *The Best of H.P. Lovecraft*

26.  
Able Brown, No Good News, 2006 ≠  
J&L book: *Paper Placemats*  
Favorite books: *The Fool's Progress* by Edward Abbey,  
*Le Chants De Maldoror*, by Comte de Lautreamont

27.  
Matthew Sandager, Horse Ring, 2006  
J&L book: *Paper Placemats*  
Favorite book: *Franny & Zooey* by J.D. Salinger,  
*The Walk* by Robert Walser

28.  
Eileen Maxson, Kroger's, Galveston, 2006  
J&L book: *Paper Placemats*  
Favorite book: *Because They Wanted To* by Mary Gaitskill

29.  
Ashley Thayer, Untitled, 2006  
J&L book: *Paper Placemats*  
Favorite book: *Mating* by Norman Rush

30.  
Ted Fair, Untitled, 2006  
J&L book: *Jubilee*, *Paper Placemats*  
Favorite book: *The Path to Power* by Robert A. Caro,  
*They Shoot Horses Don't They?* by Horace McCoy

31. Ed Panar  
Backyard, 2004  
J&L books: *Golden Palms*, *Paper Placemats*

32.  
Barry Stone, I Heart Paul, Greenpoint, Brooklyn, 2005  
J&L book: *Paper Placemats*  
Favorite book: *Moby Dick* by Herman Melville

33.  
Tucker Nichols, Untitled, 2006  
J&L book: *J&L Illustrated #2*  
Favorite book: *American Heritage Dictionary*,  
*Angle of Repose* by Wallace Stegner

34.  
Michael Schmelling, Untitled (Jets Sheet), 2004  
J&L book: *Shut Up Truth*, *Paper Placemats*  
Favorite books: *White Noise* by Don DeLillo,  
*Why Big Fierce Animals Are Rare* by Paul Colinvaux

35.  
Michael Northrup, Moonlight Over Deep Creek, 2005≠  
J&L Book: *Beautiful Ecstasy*, *Paper Placemats*  
Favorite book: *Tales of Power* by Carlos Castanada

36.  
Serge Onnen, Rain, 2005  
J&L books: *Drawings on Geology*

37 - 38.  
Tucker Nichols, Untitled, 2006  
J&L book: *J&L Illustrated #2*  
Favorite book: *American Heritage Dictionary*,  
*Angle of Repose* by Wallace Stegner

39.  
Gus Powell, Blimp: May 11, 2003  
J&L books: *The Company of Strangers*, *Paper Placemats*  
Favorite books: *The Lonely Ones* by William Steig,  
*Lunch Poems* by Frank O'Hara

40.  
Harrell Fletcher, Mom, 2006  
J&L book: *The American War*  
Favorite book: *Do The Windows Open?* by Julie Hecht

41.  
Christian Patterson, Chippewa Falls (River Kids), 2005  
J&L book: *Paper Placemats*  
Favorite books: *The Catcher in the Rye* by J.D. Salinger,  
*Spotter's Guide to The Weather* by Francis Wilson

42.  
Ed Panar, Room 13, 2004  
J&L books: *Golden Palms*, *Paper Placemats*

43.  
Jason Logan, Untitled, 2006  
J&L book: *J&L Illustrated #1*, *J&L Illustrated #2*  
Favorite book: *The Dark is Rising* by Susan Cooper

44.  
Ryan Storm, Untitled, 2006  
J&L book: *J&L Illustrated #2*  
Favorite books: *Cosmicomics* by Italo Calvino,  
*A History of the Imagination* by Norman Lock

45.  
Darin Mickey, New Carpet, Kansas, 2005  
J&L book: *Stuff I Gotta Remember Not to Forget*  
Favorite books: *West of Rome* by John Fante,  
*The Brothers Karamazov* by Fyodor Dostoevsky

46.  
Paul Davis, Untitled, 2006  
J&L book: *J&L Illustrated #1*, *J&L Illustrated #2*  
Favorite books: *Cold Comfort Farm* by Stella Gibbons,  
*The Beautiful And The Damed* by F.S. Fitzgerald

47.  
Mike Slack, Untitled, 2006  
J&L book: *Ok Ok Ok*, *Paper Placemats*  
Favorite book: *More Dark Than Shark* by Brian Eno



gwen smith tropic

onestar press

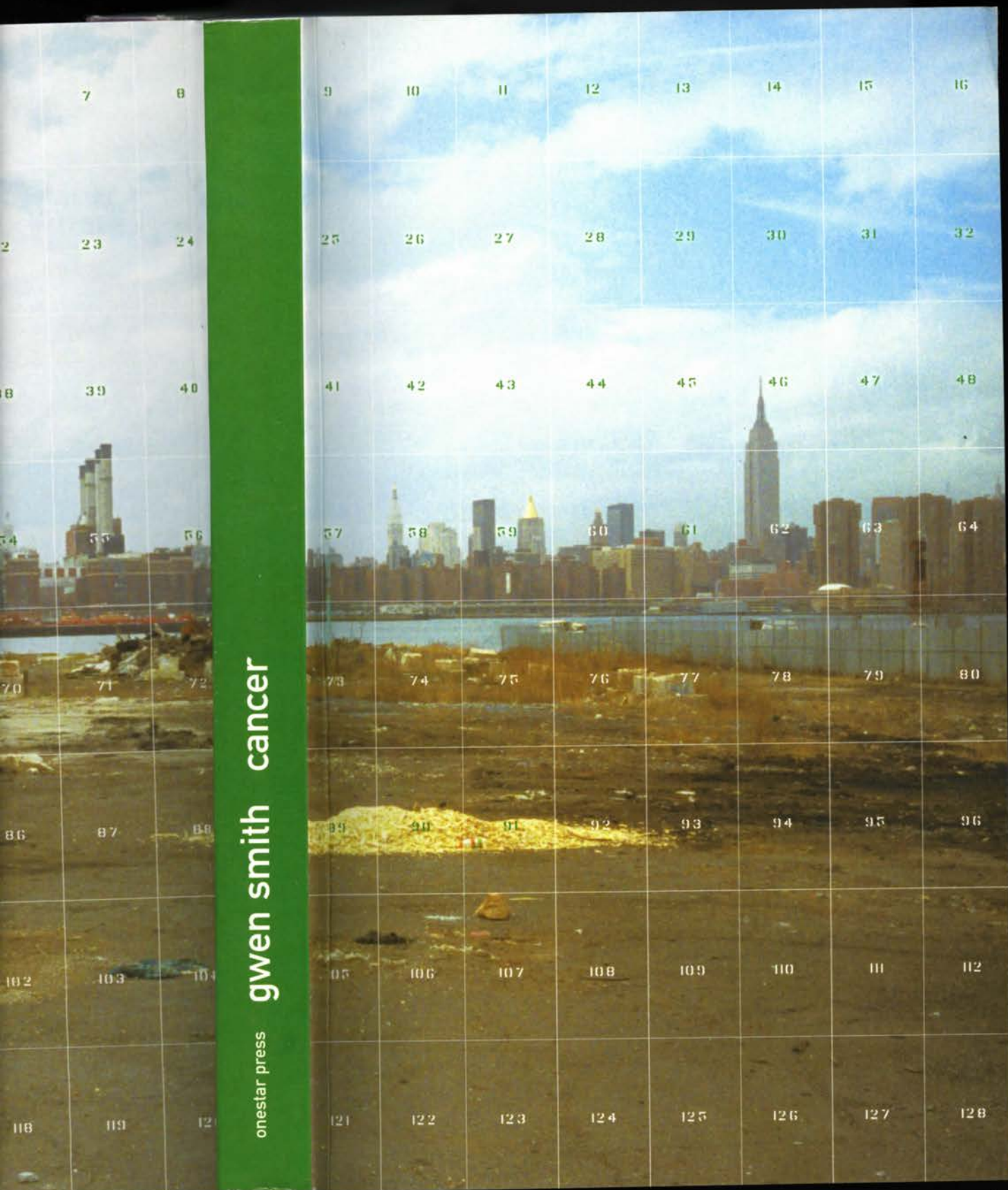




GWEN SMITH

# TROPIC

ONESTAR PRESS



gwen smith cancer

onestar press





onestar press  
gwen smith cancer

GWEN SMITH

# CANCER

ONESTAR PRESS





What's left after the end of art?  
More art, of course.

Search



## aanews highlights

- Robert Barry's book at onestar press took 7 years and 35 seconds to make.
- MoMA, New York, has purchased the entire onestar press collection in a specially designed bookcase by Lawrence Weiner
- 'Independent Art Publishing' an interview with Christophe Boutin by Louise Forrester.

## archives

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## Gwen Smith's Tropic & Cancer.

By aanews | November 28, 2001 - 1:20 am



Someone once said that a photograph shows effects without causes. In other words, a photograph will always be less than reality. Thanks to an endless paradox, however, photography affirms itself as the faithful double, the mirror that can not be tarnished, and the mouth of light. Thus it is for the images that Gwen Smith has chosen for two books that have come out two years apart: *Tropic* (2001) and *Cancer* (2003). Two images of the same place, one before and one after, visibly, shredded and enlarged to fill hundreds of pages. What then do these details hide? They conceal exactly that which can be conceived only through touch and memory, non-representable experience, antagonist of the true imprint in which photography participates. They avoid saying that there is always a tenacious and modest tie (remember, by the way, that the titles of course evoke Henry Miller on the shores of Brooklyn facing Manhattan) that is absolutely essential between space and the lived, the body and the image. It goes without saying that these photographs put before us the unthinkable. But also, in absentia, they tell us how history proceeds in great leaps, tragic and extraordinary: a roof was there, before us. It has disappeared.

**Stefano Chiodi (Rome)**

Gwen Smith  
*Tropic*  
Published November 2001

Gwen Smith  
*Cancer*  
Published January 2004

**Gwen Smith** / (Tropic) / Published novembre 2001



405 x 505 mm  
Color photograph, c-print

30 numbered copies

**400 €**

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The multiples are accompanied by a signed and numbered certificate of authenticity by the artist.

<http://www.gwensmith.us/>



**Gwen Smith** / **Cancer** / Published décembre 2004



1800 x 2260 mm  
Printed pages of the book

20 numbered copies

**400 €**

[add to cart](#)



Like

Gwen Smith likes this.



Each page of Gwen Smith's book Cancer at onestar press (see the link to the book below) have been pasted on cardboards producing a large image of 180 cm x 226 cm (70,9 x 89 inches)

<http://www.gwensmith.us/>



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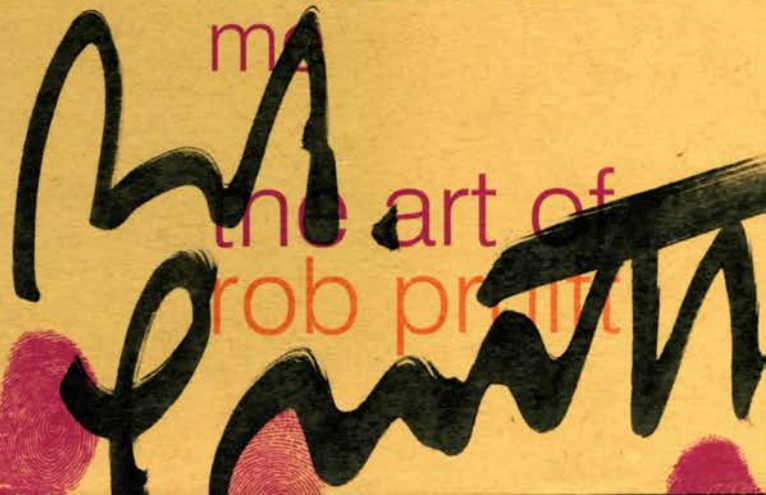
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pop  
touched  
m

the art of  
rob print





“My first memory of knowing Rob must have been around the winter holidays of 1993–1994. Haim and I went over to Rob and Jack’s for dinner and a kind of gift exchange. I think Haim brought Rob and Jack a dustpan and a few bottles of red wine. I’m not sure if it was Jack or Rob who whispered to me that they always save Haim’s presents so we wouldn’t be drinking the wine. I remember other little things from that night: their bedroom with twin beds and printed sheets—maybe they had Budweiser insignia printed on them. There was also a mural that was half painted and an old wood ladder leaning against the wall. I remember Rob and Jack explaining that Karen Kilimnik was painting the mural, but she had gotten angry and so perhaps she wouldn’t even finish. I was young and new to the art world, but I remember being so refreshed by them and meeting a younger generation of this art world that I had sort of stumbled into through Haim. Haim said that Rob had worked at Sonnabend (his gallery) and Haim customarily gives everyone in the gallery special holiday gifts, so we were invited for dinner in exchange—I learned that Rob and Jack were also artists who had shown at Castelli and that we were walking into a work in progress.

Time passed, and I would hear about Rob now and then. He was on his own, he was hanging out with Anna Sui, he was cutting-edge. I was working in the photo department at *Details* magazine and Rob was one of the people on the scene who *Details* was checking out to get a sense of the Zeitgeist. No matter—whenever Rob and I crossed paths we always made time to connect, exchange ideas and admiration for each other’s artistic progress. From the start Rob always asked me to participate in his flea markets. It is so flattering that Rob has continued to ask me for my input in these collaborative aspects of his work.

Fifteen years later Haim and I delighted in bringing our four-year-old son, River, to Rob’s iPruitt show at Gavin’s. As we were throwing leaves of recycled magazines into the blowers with Gavin’s help and having a great time, I noticed a series of iPhotos of Haim and me at the opening of the New Museum hanging in the show. Not that we were entirely recognizable in those photos, but I saw us there and was warmed by Rob and the entire experience of our family sharing in his work.”

—Gwen Smith

“A couple of months ago, Rob showed me pictures on the screen of his extended brain (his very very VERY beloved iPhone). They were from a dinner that was held in honor of him at the American Academy in Rome. He had designed the dishes. The theme was ‘left-over-plates-already-eaten-from’ I thought it was the most perfect summary of Rob’s brilliant

# PAPER PLACEMATS

*by Jennifer Arnow, Amie Barrodale, Jeff Billak, Blixie, Ryan Blomberg, Helen Chough,  
Fern Cogley, Ted Fair, Steve Featherstone, Jason Fulford, April Gertler, Michelangelo Iaffaldano,  
Paul Marlow, Michael Martone, Eileen Maxson, Michael Northrup, Amy O'Neill,  
Ed Panar, Tim Parrish, Christian Patterson, Gus Powell, Alex Romero, Hadley Ross,  
Matt Salacuse, Matthew Sandager, Ross Schwartzman, Joanna Scott, Hasanthika Sirisena,  
Leanne Shapton, Ben Skinner, Gwen Smith, Gilbert Sorrentino, Barry Stone,  
Zach Storm, Ashley Thayer, Miriam Toews, Lars Tunbjork, Paul West and Lloyd Ziff.*

*a public art project by J&L Books*









# Brooklyn: New Style

# 18





(32)

## Gwen Smith

*TROPIC*. Softbound book. Cover and spreads.  
onestar press, Paris. 9" x 5.5". 2001.

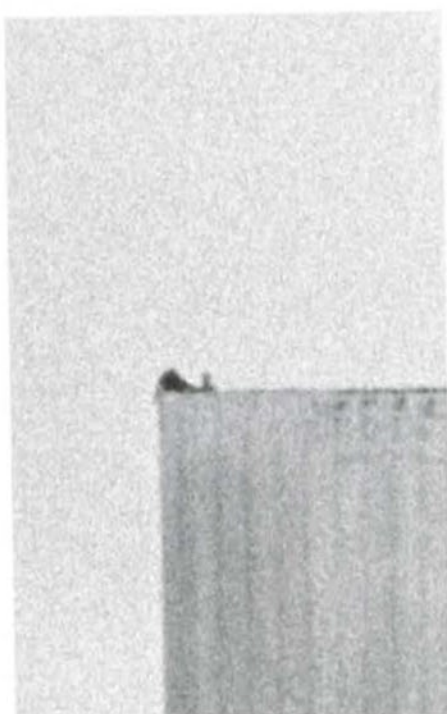
Aiming to discover how buildings literally and figuratively shape a city, and paying homage to Henry Miller's *Tropic of Capricorn* (1939), Gwen photographed an isolated factory on the East River in her Greenpoint/Williamsburg neighborhood. A longitudinal and latitudinal grid maps the image and each quadrant becomes a page, holding the place in time and space. The building was demolished in 1999.







18



20



38



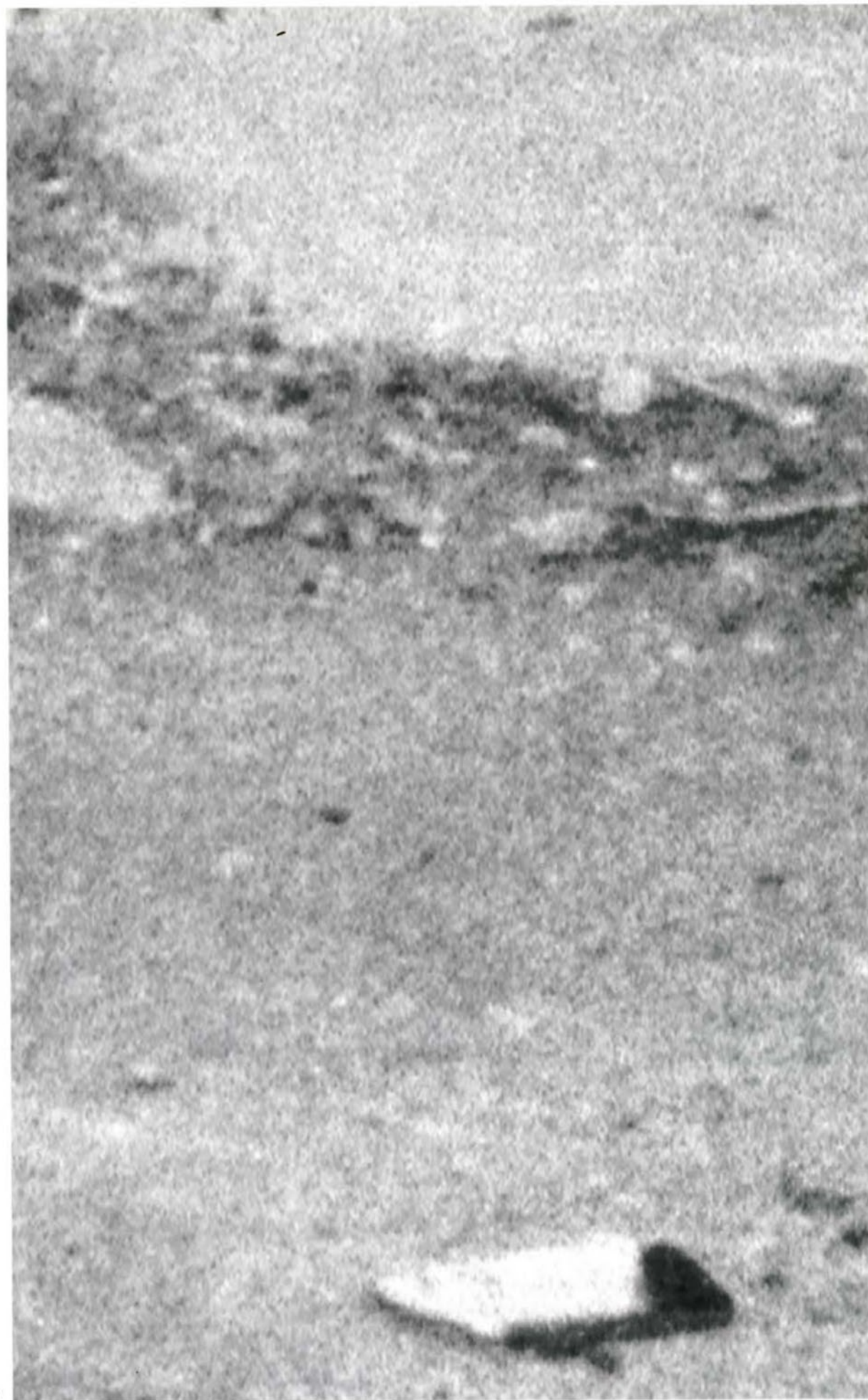
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# FYI For Your Information

Practical information for those who create and work in the arts

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Generational Dialogues

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## 12 NYFA PAGES

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## 16 NYSFA PAGES

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## 18 DCA

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## 20 DEADLINES

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Generational Dialogues



For this issue of FYI, we decided to bring a group of artists into the offices here at NYFA to discuss the issue's theme of "Generational Dialogues." It immediately became clear that the roundtable participants were uncomfortable with the use of words such as "established" and "emerging," and "older" and "younger," to talk about different generations of artists. As writer John Yau pointed out, the notions of "established" and "emerging" may only be useful as a kind of curatorial language, and a carefully qualified one at that. In the end, the roundtable decided that "established" and "emerging" are always relative terms, and that perhaps it's better to think about the making of artworks and cultural objects less as a product of fixed categories and more as a long-term process. Of course, this doesn't mean art is created in a social and political vacuum. The conversation kept returning to the question of the artist's changing relationships to the institutions and communities that provide varying degrees of resources and support for her or his cultural work.

The roundtable was held on April 21, 2000. It was moderated by Alan Gilbert, Senior Editor of FYI. Amy Hufnagel, Senior Program Officer heading up the Education Programs at NYFA, sat in on part of the roundtable. The artists invited to attend included Lawrence Brose, Tim Griffin, Martha Rosler, Gwen Smith, and John Yau. What follows is an edited transcription of the conversation.

**Alan Gilbert:** Perhaps we could begin the discussion by talking about the relationships between artists and the artistic communities and cultural institutions with which they are affiliated, and how these relationships might change as one's life and career progress.

**Lawrence Brose:** I'm frequently confused by the word community. I never know exactly what it signifies because the term has been used for many different purposes.

**Lawrence Brose** is an experimental film artist who has created over thirty works since 1980. His films have been shown extensively at international film festivals, museums, and art galleries in the United States, Europe, and South America. His film series FILM for MUSIC for FILM—a collaborative project with contemporary composers (most notably John Cage, Virgil Thomson, Conlon Nancarrow, and Frederic Rzewski)—has been presented with live musical accompaniment at several international music festivals. His most recent film, *De Profundis*, has screened internationally to critical acclaim. He currently serves as Executive Director and Curator at the Center for Exploratory and Perceptual Art—CEPA Gallery—in Buffalo, NY, where he resides.

are very few other filmmakers in Buffalo. Though I realize there are certainly other ways in which to define the notion of community.

**Martha Rosler:** Actually, I love your answer because it forces me to confront once again that I've fallen for the rhetorical tricks of our current cultural

**Martha Rosler** is an artist who works primarily with photography, video, and installation. Her art encompasses a wide range of fields, including documentary, urban studies, women's studies, performance, and critical theory. A major retrospective of her work has been touring Europe for the past year and will travel to the New Museum of Contemporary Art and the International Center of Photography (both in New York City) in the summer of 2000. A catalog accompanying the exhibition is available entitled *Martha Rosler: Positions in the Life World* (MIT Press). She currently teaches at Rutgers University in New Brunswick, NJ. She lives in Brooklyn.

moment, and I've forgot that the term community was partially a funding category. In preparing for this roundtable, when I began to think about this issue of community, I wasn't certain how to identify my community. It's exactly because it doesn't exist in the ways in which it's implied when we talk about it. One of the things I always hated about living in Los Angeles was that to see a friend you had to get in a car and drive like crazy, and so it was more difficult to create communities. At the same time, it was a way of not facing the fact that I don't always find a community in New York City, a place where one sometimes has this fantastic notion—left over from about 1954—that artists still had to meet with their friends. Partly it's a problem of late- or post-modernity, but part of the problem is that you can't get there any more. We experience such phenomenal speed-ups in the context of our lives that our relationships with our communities are often completely theoretical and imaginary.

**Tim Griffin:** I think it would be interesting to take a grassroots approach. Maybe communities is less the word than circles, as far as my own experience goes. I

**Tim Griffin** is art editor for *Time Out* New York, and was a founding editor of *ArtByte* magazine. His art, literary, and cultural criticism have appeared in *art/text*, *Art in America*, *The Poetry Project Newsletter*, *Purple*, *Spin*, and *Nylon*, and he is an art columnist for *Paper* magazine. His poetry has appeared in *Dance*, *Explosive*, *The Hat*, and elsewhere. His multimedia plays have been performed in New York, London, and Amsterdam. In the fall of 1999, he co-curated *The Production of Production* at Apex Art in New York City, and he will curate the exhibition *Compression* scheduled at

came to New York City specifically to look for a community. I went to Columbia to study writing, and encountered the poet Kenneth Koch. It soon became very clear to me that whatever kind of writing I was going to do would be involved with art. If you went into the Philosophy program, you encountered Arthur Danto, and again it was art. Going out into New York City, I discovered that art and writing were two fairly disparate camps. There was a real disconnect between the

two sets of conversations taking place. The challenge became one of bridging these two camps. At the same time, it becomes a practical question of how to negotiate how many nights a week one gives to art openings and poetry readings, when supporting your poetry friends means going to readings, and supporting your artist friends means going to openings. To reconcile them, I began to think of art as a kind of cultural production, which at this point in time for me means going into technology. It's one place where that dialogue between art and writing begins to occur.

**Gwen Smith:** I initially think of the support institutions provide artists as financial support. And at this point in time, there haven't been many institutions that have given me that kind of support.

**Gwen Smith** is a photographer. Work from her series *Relax* was recently included in the Greater New York show at P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center in New York City. Her photographs have also been included in two-person exhibitions at *Camera Oscura*, in San Geronimo, Italy; *Limbo* in New York; and in the group exhibition *Mutatis in Naples, Italy*. She lives in Brooklyn.

It struck me as an interesting question because you think the institution is supposed to support you, and they do provide a place for people to show their work, which is great, but that doesn't mean they're paying your electricity bill or paying your rent. I keep seeing the institutional dollar sign, but it's not really coming my way.

**Lawrence:** That's interesting, because I hadn't thought of my relationship to this roundtable as someone who comes from CEPA Gallery as an institution that does provide support. One of the things I've really been pushing for as Executive Director of CEPA Gallery is to raise as much money as possible, and to give as much technical support as possible, and financial support, to the production of artwork for artists. It used to be: "What we can offer you is opportunity."

**Gwen:** Right.

**Lawrence:** —"Here's gallery space. We'll throw a party for you." But it's been my mission to create resources for individual artists, especially since other funding has gone away for visual artists. Now that technology has changed so much, we also have a really good technology center to offer that kind of support, too.

**Alan:** Are there distinctions you as Executive Director of CEPA make in your mind between "emerging" and "established" artists when it comes to providing resources?

**Lawrence:** No, not really. I think there are younger artists who are more familiar with technology, and so that mostly entails just opening the door to provide access to the technology. Other artists are just beginning to realize that there are ways of using technology



that can benefit them, and in these instances we'll offer more technical support.

**John Yau:** There are two institutions I would mention as far as my own development goes. The first is the St. Mark's Poetry Project and the other is the

**John Yau is a widely published poet, fiction writer, and art critic. His books of poetry and fiction include *Radiant Silhouette: New and Selected Work, 1974-1988*; and more recently, *My Symptoms: Forbidden Entries*; and *Hawaiian Cowboys* (all from Black Sparrow Press). He has published studies of Andy Warhol and Jasper Johns entitled, respectively, *In the Realm of Appearances: The Art of Andy Warhol* (Ecco Press) and *The United States of Jasper Johns* (Zoland Books). He is also the editor of *Fetish*, an anthology of erotic writing (*Four Walls Eight Windows*). His poetry, fiction and art criticism have appeared internationally in numerous magazines. Forthcoming is a selection of essays on art and poetry from the University of Michigan Press. He teaches at the Maryland Institute College of Art and lives in Manhattan.**

Asian American Writers' Workshop. I came to New York in the '70s, and the Poetry Project seemed a place to gravitate toward because I knew other writers were there. I met people by attending writers workshops. It was a way of lurking around a table with other people who were also lurkers who didn't quite know how to talk with each other. But now my relationship to the institution is that I'm on the Board of Trustees and have to raise money for it. One of the things I find interesting is the way we're trying to incorporate other points of view we might not necessarily agree with. For the Asian American Writers' Workshop, it seems to me that the writers were able to define themselves among their own groups. There were workshops for Vietnamese writers who wanted to write plays, etc. I think it also allowed younger Asian American writers who didn't feel as if they could take a workshop, given the ways in which the discourse about writing existed—if they didn't necessarily want to write, say, autobiographically, which is how many Asian Americans are expected to write. They could work in their own way among other writers they felt comfortable with. So whenever I'm asked to teach there, I do it, even if it's only for the cost of subway fare. I feel it's my responsibility, in some ways. The Asian American Writers' Workshop has also managed to raise money to produce anthologies and publish authors. They have somehow—and I don't know how they've done it—raised a lot of money for publications, and I think that's great because it enters this object into the discourse. There's this anthology called *Black Lightning* where Asian American writers are interviewed about writing. I thought it was important, because of the 25 writers who are in it, none of them agree with each other. There is no hegemonic notion about ethnicity or related matters. I think it's important for a younger generation to become aware of that.

**Amy Hufnagel:** One thing that comes up for me is that a lot of people these days are referring to artists as entrepreneurs. I can't figure out whether it's positive or negative, because the connotation of an entrepreneur is that they don't want that institutional or larger organizational structural support, because they're out there on their own, that they're forging their own way. Is it that artists are choosing to say

that artists are entrepreneurs or are the institutions saying this, which allows them to back off providing support?

**Gwen:** It depends on your definition of being out there on your own and forging your own way and making basic survival issues concerning paying your rent, or making a print, or framing your painting. In this sense, I guess I might be considered an entrepreneur. But as an artist I'm not a good businessperson, and for me entrepreneur implies some sort of way in which you're succeeding in becoming financially successful on your own, though this isn't the main reason I'm an artist.

**Martha:** It's hopeless to survive strictly as an artist. The vast majority of us don't support ourselves on our work.

**John:** I agree.

**Tim:** I think there's an important cultural dynamic this discussion touches on. As far as the word entrepreneur goes, there are a number of artists who have actually gone into the corporate sphere. With the nature of business today and where capital is really being generated, if you look at any number of Internet

### It's a kind of curatorial language to speak of "emerging" and "established." . . . What does "established" mean? Who's to determine A or B? Why not something other than A or B? —John Yau

companies, many of the people who run them—for instance, in Silicon Alley here in New York City—have art backgrounds. They not only work in a designing capacity, but as recently as 1995, they saw the work of generating companies as a kind of conceptual art, which was quickly subsumed by the larger industry because of the kind of commodity that was being created. There's also an interesting dual scenario where you have conceptual artists like *©™ark* adopting a corporate model in order to critique the corporate model.

**Martha:** At the beginning of this conversation I wrote down the word hyper-commodification, which along with the idea of individualism helps account for the idea of the artist as entrepreneur. Whoever thought we could jump to this hyper-stage so quickly, where everyone agrees that the task of neo-liberalism is to have each of us perform an identity at every moment, that every object perform its identity at every moment, and therefore there's no distinction among them? Speaking of *©™ark*, their Web site is marketing a videotape called *Untitled #29.95*, which someone sent me because they thought I'd be upset about it. In fact, I'm promoting it. It's totally great because it's a critique of the hyper-commodification—though this isn't their word—of video art, and the removal of video art from any public venue. The idea was that video, of all the media, would be a communicative medium, and it's since become a major art object. In a way, it's the ultimate symbolic commodity, something like a poem, in the sense that it's an object with no intrinsic value in the normal scheme of valuation. It exists to communicate some-

thing beyond the normal ways in which one communicates, yet it's in a language that's accessible to everybody, because it's the vernacular of our time. But then someone buys it in an edition of one, or an edition of three, and they put it away because they own it. So when I talked about this with my students—and these are graduate students—they had no tools for thinking about this. They said things like, "Well, patrons have done this forever. They'll pay any amount to get their name on something." I said, "But they don't take a manuscript and lock it in a drawer. Publishers publish it." At that moment, I felt like retiring. Quite seriously. I thought, my work is done. I can no longer speak across generations. Then I decided that, no, this wasn't true, that, in fact, the students were at the edge of their seats, because the whole discourse concerning what art is about and what it's for had already passed out of their purview, and they were actually very energized to think again that there might be a community of meaning in which they aren't simply entrepreneurs who think, why shouldn't I make \$100,000, because isn't that what I'm supposed to do? That's why the term "community" evoked for me the question of hyper-commodification. That we are pushed to being performers of our individuality. If everything is leveled, either there's no hope for us, or that's the moment when a group like *©™ark* or the

people who made *Untitled #29.95* are going to say the whole discourse here is completely skewed, and we're forgetting that we actually have another purpose. What I'm trying to say is that the demands of the new economy are such that they tend to impose incredibly powerful models, but very few artists actually want to or feel comfortable saying this is a model that describes me. And I think it's one of the things that the people who made *Untitled #29.95* have to do, or I have to do, is to reaffirm once again that I don't define myself in terms of the meaning imposed by the market. And I also would say the same about those categories of "established," "emerging," "older," "younger." What the hell is that? Do any of us feel comfortable with these categories?

**Lawrence:** I don't know when I'm emerging or when I'm . . .

**Martha:** In what ways is this related to what we do? Where does this language come from? And yet it's very powerful. Lawrence had an answer right away, because he helps run an institution.

**John:** It's a kind of curatorial language to speak of "emerging" and "established." I don't know. What does "established" mean? Who's to determine A or B? Why not something other than A or B?

**Lawrence:** But it would be nice to think that artists are always emerging in terms of their practice. One way I was reading the idea of "older" is that as an artist ages, like everything else in our culture, the work is less valued because it's being used up, as



Gwen Smith, Martha Rosler, Tim Griffin.

opposed to the way I've always thought about art-making, which is that people improve, they build on something. Hopefully, art is this constant challenging of oneself to continue to think and to continue to refine a more informed body of practice.

**Martha:** And also you know everyone behind the artist's back says, "Oh, yeah, their ten good years are up."

**Tim:** Ouch.

**John:** Really? I never heard that phrase.

**Martha:** What? Their ten good years?

**John:** Yes.

**Martha:** They whisper it. They don't write it down.

**Gwen:** Then you get the questions behind their back. How do they make money? Do they sell?

**Lawrence:** It's certainly the common language by which success is measured in our culture. Even if people don't understand what an artist is doing, if they can see that you're making a lot of money, it must be good, it must be successful. At the same time, it's important to ask how we conduct our business in order to stay alive and get the work out there. There's a whole act of self-promotion—getting exhibitions, getting published, or whatever it is. All of that is involved in our business.

**Gwen:** I think artist is the same as risk-taker. For me, that's where I see myself as an artist and my community of artist friends. You're walking a tightrope.

**Lawrence:** Without a net.

**John:** On one level, I think "emerging" and "established" make the scene seem benign. It also makes the field seem as if it's a unified field when in fact it hasn't been a unified field in a long time. There are multiple art worlds and situations, and multiple communities, that intersect, overlap, and also ignore each other. I went to a Poetry Society of America dinner where we were all supposed to be polite and nice, which we were. I felt as if there were groups within this room and individuals that really didn't

want to know anyone else or other people who were in the same room with them. But we managed to be polite, anyway. Then I realized that, of course, no matter where in the poetic community you are there are always a number of communities within that situation that are getting along, but I wouldn't say they are necessarily supportive of each other. That they'll eat each other's food is, I guess, the level of support. Maybe attend a reading; but it's pretty fractious, I

would say, on some level.

**Martha:** Hasn't that always been true? The new part is that they're willing to sit in a room and eat food together. In the past, they wouldn't even be in the same room.

**John:** That's true.

**Lawrence:** I find it to be similar in the film world, also. I make queer, experimental film, and many of the gay and lesbian film festivals won't show the work, because it's too marginal, it's not entertaining enough. All of these film festivals have changed, and especially the ones serving particular communities, in that now you're providing them with a product that they are then using to market in order to attract larger audiences so that they can become an institution that is surviving. It's this very weird cycle. Places that would have shown my films because they believed in this sort of edge of something or other, or challenging the audience with notions of their own sexuality or whatever—now they won't do it.

**Martha:** They want a blunt edge.

**Alan:** I'm glad everyone's willing to interrogate and problematize some of the basic concepts of this roundtable, such as "emerging" and "established," and the relation of these to "institutions" and "communities." I would like to point out, however, that when I was contacting all of you about the possibility of participating in this roundtable, Gwen was the only one who somewhat identified with one of the categories—in this case, the category of "emerging." Would you like to speak to that?

**Gwen:** I've only had one exhibition in New York City, which is happening right now, and it's a show about being an emerging artist [the Greater New York exhibition at P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center].

**Tim:** The exposure question.

**Gwen:** Exactly. I've been making my work for over ten years. At the same time, I've always felt uncomfortable about calling myself an artist. I thought maybe someone else could say I was an artist. But I couldn't say this when I was asked what it is that I do. It's still hard for me to say I'm an artist.

**John:** I'm sorry, but why was this difficult for you?

**Gwen:** I guess my idea is that society gave you the title artist. You can't just say you're an artist. It has to sort of be bestowed on you.

**Martha:** I agree with that completely. This question is an artifact of the struggles of the '70s, and the idea of artists' self-definition; and we struggled mightily over what to call ourselves. The term "cultural workers" is from the '60s, and came from the notion of solidarity with people who worked, but it was also a way of avoiding the term "artist." And so we used to say, "We make art," or "We make photographs." Photographer was a more comfortable category than artist. The word had a certain aura about it that you couldn't call yourself an artist. You had to wait to be designated. I still feel that way, to some degree. There's a hubris involved in saying, "I am an artist!"

**Tim:** I also feel as if structurally there's something of a flip side to the coin of conceptual arguments in the '70s occurring now as far as calling oneself an artist. Because in the '70s a variety of artists tried to create something that wasn't commodifiable, was somehow ephemeral. Now you have artists working on any number of platforms in a way that creates a set of networks that sprawl out and leave the original event obscured or even non-existent. This creates a different status for the commodity. That's why I'm saying it's a kind of flip side. In regard to the concept of "emerging," the idea that the artist is everywhere and nowhere is intriguing when, for instance, you have someone such as Eric Zimmerman who produces a video game for his art. I think this is tied in with the rise of design, and the dialogue between art and design. Vito Acconci no longer calls himself an artist. He's a designer. It's where you pick a specific platform, and then dismantle it. When this flows out into the larger culture, you come back to the notion of artist as entrepreneur.

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**Martha:** The idea of the artist disappearing is, of course, from Marx, and it has to do with a utopian situation in which everybody has access to all social goods, and therefore they can become a hunter in the morning and a poet in the afternoon and a painter in the evening. So it's about all members of society having equal access to all possible expressions of self. But it also arises from a time when that hyper-commodification of self and personality did not yet exist. Speaking of the categories of "older" and "younger," "emerging" and "established," I always felt as if I was too young, too young, too young, and then I reached a point where I was too old, too old, too old. That's my definition of them. Having passed that moment I would say that in a way the world of art as it presents itself now is the revenge of the commodity on the dreams and aspirations of the '60s. We may be cynical about it, or we may pretend we don't care, but I think many of us still very much do care. What I felt from my students was that after an initial moment of shock at having suggestions regarding what art is about be re-introduced, they care about it, too. That there is still some disjunction between the model of the entrepreneur who's just peddling something versus somebody who's actually doing something—that is, socially meaningful in a way that evades not the categories, but commodity distinctions.

**Amy:** I've always looked for teachers or mentors I could listen to or ask questions. In fact, I consider this relationship crucial to being an artist. I'm curious if any of you have had this response. Is it something you look for? Do you find yourself in the role of teacher or student? John talked a little bit about this when he mentioned how he felt he had to go back to teach at the Asian American Writers' Workshop. It's not about the money; it's about giving back as someone who has a set of knowledges, as someone who feels there's something to be cultivated there.

**John:** I'm not alone with this because I've talked to others about it, but as an Asian American growing up on the East Coast, I didn't really feel a sense of community. When I became a writer, finding the access to deal with my life—without commodifying it or exploiting it in a way that I felt it had been exploited by other Asian American writers—was really difficult, and something I felt I had no help in. And so at a conference of Asian American writers in Berkeley in the early '90s, a number of us met for the first time. Hanging around with each other over the course of four days, we talked about the need for anthologies that would show, or demonstrate, our differences, rather than our similarities. And that we

had to emphasize these differences as much as possible. Of course, you had major arguments, because people were left out of these anthologies. But, I thought, at least the arguments are taking place. We were finally going to argue with each other, and we felt secure enough finally to argue with each other. Instead of being like, oh, it's "us" and "them," it's like, let's argue about this "us," whatever it is. And show that maybe the "us" isn't so easy to figure out. I thought that was really great. A similar type of thing occurred when I taught a workshop at the 68th Street YMCA with some Asian American writers in it. And again, I thought, this is really important, because we had to not be afraid to show our variousness, and not retreat into any stereotypes that had been projected on us by mainstream society as a way for us to assimilate. I was against assimilation, in fact. I feel that in different ways this argument is taking place and is ongoing. In my mind the notion of community is a bunch of people sitting around a table talking, in the way that we're doing today, and disagreeing. I try to do that where I teach.

**Alan:** In relation to the concepts of "established" and "older" artists, I'm wondering if anyone would like to speak to the difficulties in continuing to make art as one gets older. Is it more difficult to continue?

**John:** I always tell my students that being a writer is a matter of stamina. It's not a matter of publication or anything else. It's simply a matter of writing every day, or writing however often, and asking oneself, do you really want to do this for the rest of your life?

**Lawrence:** I agree. There's this idea of longevity.

**John:** Right. If you're forty and you're still doing it, you must mean it.

**Lawrence:** It becomes integrated into who you are and how you live.



Lawrence Brose and John Yau

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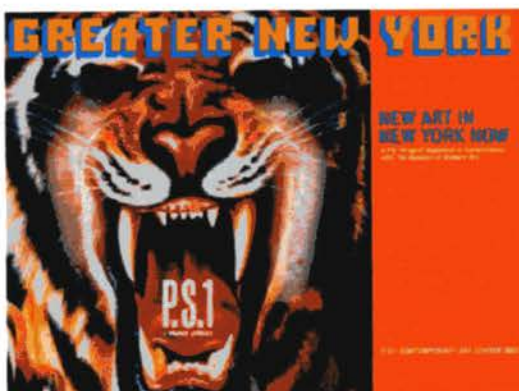
**Gwen Smith** would like you to relax. In New York, where we are so often defined by our job, the selection of Smith's large, colorful photographs of sites around the world variously related to the luxury of sweet, simple relaxation is a welcome sight. Merely glancing at her photographs induces a prolonged exhalation. The horizontal format and emphasis on exterior settings make it clear that there is much beyond the boundaries of the photograph, prompting a kind of epiphany as to the vastness of this world and all it holds. A Brooklyn resident for the past several years, Smith is rarely seen donning her camera when in her hometown. But she loves to travel—immune to the hardships some find in a land where the language is foreign, the food obscure, and the mattress bumpy—and it's during her travels that her camera becomes an extension of her body.

Smith's photographs are simple, not fussy. They depict captured moments that are deeply compelling, thanks to her eye for composition and keen sense of overall design and because they trigger in the viewer some kind of recognition, an experience not unlike *déjà vu*. Yet, it's not the images themselves that you sense you've seen before, rather, it's the feeling that emanates from the image that seems so uncannily familiar. The shot of a kindergarten in Como, Italy is taken from above, causing the gravel roof and the building's numerous windows to dominate the picture frame. The building lacks distinction, making it a sort of "everybuilding" building. There are no children present and, thus, none of the activity and boisterousness associated with childhood school days. Vibrant green grass serves as the background. The sun is shining. This is the solitary school of summer vacation when the building gets a rest from hundreds of little feet and the children are off enjoying their temporary freedom.

Leisure is central to Smith's work. Fascinated by that fleeting time of life when you're old enough to wander unescorted yet unburdened by the responsibilities of adulthood, several of Smith's photographs feature children. Three girls sit on a railing in Ljubljana, Slovenia, their heads turned toward an amphitheater. They sit in the same position, dressed alike, ready for all that awaits them. Two girls on a small motor boat in Ana Capri cruise by. They are on their own, seemingly susceptible to the unpredictability's of the natural world, yet the daunting, massive rock wall in the background and the deep blue water below envelope them in a protective fold and they seem invincible. One girl is seated and driving the boat, while the other stands, having noticed Smith's camera pointed in her direction. She coyly poses for the camera, relishing her moment in the sun.

**Anne Ellegood**

2000







## CAROLYN CHRISTOV-BAKARGIEV, SENIOR CURATOR, P.S.1

Before us lies an array of acts, thoughts, and practices that are at once artistic and curatorial, public and private, random and determined. We are both within and beyond the white-cube space designed for the autonomous art object, within and beyond the site- and context-specific art project, within and beyond the “black cube” space of the video projection, within and beyond the dissolution of art in technology and everyday life, and beyond practices based on postmodernist critique. To move in the field before us involves keeping these different levels of experience in mind and shifting constantly from one to another. It also asks that we avoid any binary thinking—between vertical and horizontal, history and geography, local and global, center and periphery, self and other, individual and collective, web and site.

Having moved to this city only recently, my position in the collective process of making Greater New York has been one of learning, surprise, and marvel at the many different art practices that are located here simultaneously. In some ways, though, a superficial gaze was helpful—a gaze that might reverse, even while it mimicked, the colonial gaze, a gaze shaped by experiences in southern Europe and in the so-called “margins” of cultural practice, and looking from them at the art world “center” that New York has been for so many decades. We tried to map the metropolitan area for new and emerging art, and then to organize it into coherence by juxtaposing works not around styles, mediums, or themes but around sensibilities and shared principles in the construction and use of knowledge. Any list of what might be topical in art today is likely to be reductive and laden with misunderstanding; yet perhaps it will allow the unstated to be stated, the obvious to be revealed anew, and the different to be coordinated with the whole.

We found a great sense of optimism that artistic practice can in fact operate in today’s matrixial or border zone of varied fields of interest, that it might be a metaphor for the construction of a new form of subjective autonomy within a hybrid state—a state characterized by the paradigmatic shifts in cultural practice ushered in by the Internet, by the “geneticization” of experience and knowledge in the digital age, and by the breakdown of the world’s division from a few main blocks into a myriad grassroots politics around the world. Some of what is topical in Greater New York relates to those general and global conditions: references include issues of translation and untranslatability, the presence and absence of the body in the digital age, pluridisciplinarity, science fiction, and the imagining of fantasy worlds,





schizophrenia, and multiple identities. Some seems instead to relate more to the cultural context and history of New York City, and is therefore, to a certain extent and to an external gaze, more exotic: here the references are celebrity, “props” (in allusions to set and commercial design), a new aesthetic recalling Pop art, Americana, utopian communities of transcendental reminiscence; and paranoia in the corporate world (a very Manhattanite question).


The idea of a globalized world is grounded in an assumption that all discourse is translatable. What escapes this frame, however, is the untranslatable leftover or residue, the nonintellectual moment between ignorance and knowledge, the genetically unmappable, the undigitizable, the unpatentable, the noninteractive, that which is or can be misunderstood. It is in this area that much artistic practice today is located.

One artist both reveals and questions the digital age’s almost religious faith in the mystery of transubstantiation through a seemingly fluid image of a hovering basketball, made by digitally re-editing thousands of segments of video footage tracking the motion of the ball in play. Another addresses the memory of modernist painting by reproposing it tangibly, in cut-out red felt that hangs straight at the top edge but inevitably droops and loses its grandeur as gravity pulls it near its bottom. Similarly, sculpture here can be the sensual pushing and morphing of a shape through a “school house” green wall, so that it emerges on the other side, in another room, within the real and mental space of the white cube, rather than just in the virtual sphere of software. Or the white cube itself might even land, as if from cyberspace, in the cold, dark, damp basement boiler-room of P.S.1.

A similar optimism we found may be expressed in neo-aestheticist work in which the artist willfully capitulates to spectacle yet reclaims autonomy through the creation of fantasies and props. Some works suggest that painting can no longer legitimize itself except through the lack of self-legitimation implied by its need for glitter, or for a prop to reveal its proplike nature; others that sculpture is a ship in a bottle, a relic to which we devote a neoromantic scrutiny through the special-effects filtering lens of a docudrama-like rewriting of history—that sculpture, in other words, desperately needs a soundtrack, and a cinematic architecture that recalls the mausoleum and the modernist architecture of power as much as it suggests a gigantic audio speaker or PA system.

A paradoxical optimism may also emerge by making failure the subject and object of the artist’s practice. An artist might spend time absurdly covering an entire press office in white paper and black marker, or might elaborate a fragile full-scale gurney out of a single sheet of paper—unfolding, continuously, seamlessly, super-whitely. In this direction there are also examples of “poor” animation, reactions,





through individual, hand-crafted marks, to the overwhelming seamlessness of sophisticated 3-D computer animation.

Overall, leisure is an important presence in the Greater New York landscape. Many works suggest a time for introspection, a time corresponding to the articulation of thought in the mind (albeit affected by artificial prostheses), a time for a negotiation of the personal and for a renewed sense of self. Although this self seems distant from the urgent agency of New York's critical and confrontational art practice in the 1980s and '90s, it is neither apolitical nor innocent. Leisure appears in the portrayal, in video and photography, of a parasitic, anarchistic use of corporate space by jogging over the poles, lying hidden under a desk, or wasting toilet paper in the bathroom. It also appears in the notion of taking the time for a sauna in a building's courtyard, while questioning how one negotiates between public and private, intimacy and exhibitionism. The experience of leisure comes through in a portrait of a young man lying down; his left arm is raised, and bears a watch yet his eyes are not focused on looking at the time. There is also the leisure of playing with toy trains and constructing a miniature utopian community, and the leisure, or the resistance to the social obligation of productivity, inherent in the decision to spend ten years carefully constructing a metaphoric machine for the circuitry of Manhattan life—a machine as yet unfinished, and one that, once completed and activated, will live out its life in a week. There is leisure in the state of mind one might have when wearing an altered watch on which a day lasted twenty-eight hours; having four hours more than everyone else has, one might enter a blissful yet autistic and disrupted dimension of the self. And finally a white room filled with swirling sound offers a kind of leisure: the luxury of not having to look at anything in particular. Profoundly noninteractive, this work can be experienced only by standing still, and doing as little as possible, while the sculpture of sound takes shape around you.

Smooth-Cast  
WHITE LIQUID PL  
Mix ratio is: 1A:1B by

PMC-121/