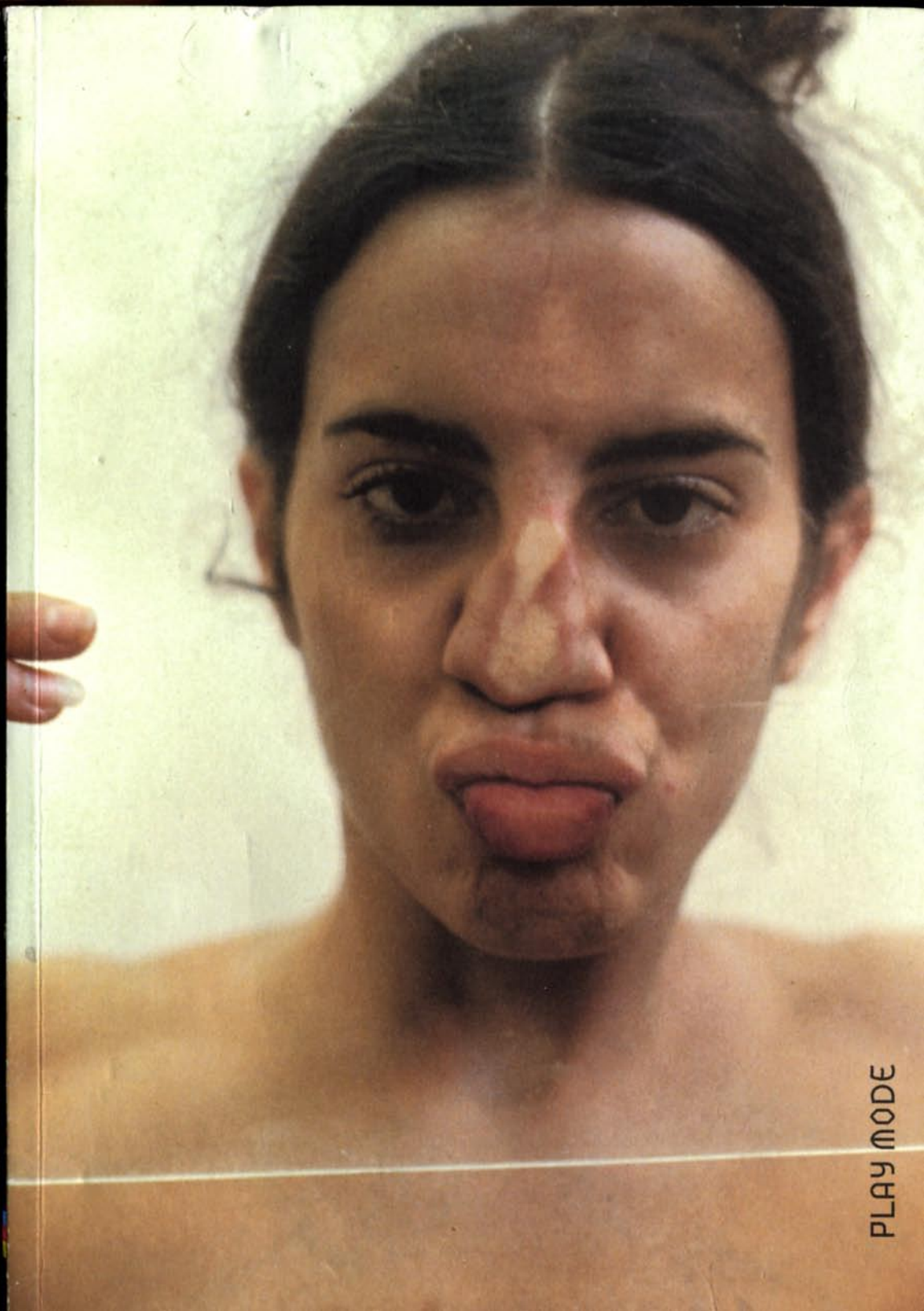




PLAY MODE



PLAY MODE

PLAY MODE

CURATED BY ANNE WALSH
THE ART GALLERY

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, IRVINE
NOVEMBER 16-DECEMBER 12, 1998

JEAN PAUL SLUSSER GALLERY
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, ANN ARBOR
JANUARY 8-JANUARY 28, 1999

THIS CATALOGUE AND EXHIBITION WERE
MADE POSSIBLE BY THE GENEROUS
SUPPORT OF NANCY AND MICHAEL MEYER
ANTON BEGERSTRÖM, TEDDI AND MICHAEL RAY
LINDA AND JAY YOUNG, YONG SOON MIN
SUZANNE AND KEITH MORRISON

TEXT & EDITING BY ANNE WALSH
DESIGN BY MICHAEL WORTHINGTON
TYPE DESIGN BY JENS GEHLHAAR

ISBN: 1-884355-05-6

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. NO PART OF THE
CONTENTS OF THIS PUBLICATION MAY BE
REPRODUCED, IN WHOLE OR IN PART,
WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE
ART GALLERY

COPYRIGHT (C) 1998 THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA AND THE ART GALLERY, UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA, IRVINE.



PLAY MODE

CURATED BY ANNE WALSH

FRANCIS ALÿS
LUTZ BACHER
STAN DOUGLAS
BIA GAYOTTO
JOSEPH GRIGELY
EVAN HOLLOWAY
ANA MENDIETA

TO: THE READER
FROM: ANNE WALSH

RE: LET'S PLAY ART WORLD

CC. LUTZ BACHER, FRANCIS ALYS, EVAN HOLLOWAY, ANA MENDIETA, STAN DOUGLAS, BIA GAYOTTO, JOSEPH GRIGELY

I'm composing in the stupidest possible word-processing program, America Online email, to ease the anxiety, to make this performance less unnatural for me, more obvious to you. The Curator is in Play Mode's catalogue mode, which includes, but is not limited to: think mode, read mode, look at slides mode, talk to artists mode, correspond mode, worry mode, write mode, doubt mode, excitement mode. As curator (surrogate parent/shrink mode) the job now required of her is to soliloquize: tell you what, when, how come, what else, why, why and why. But she's reluctant to do that job. She knows that she began this process in sibling/fellow analysand mode, i.e. as an artist, so stepping out of that mode feels treacherous and traitorous. (Who needs who more: the shrink or the analysand?)

RE: THE TITLE OF THE SHOW

It's a gross cliché, but this is a culture of representation and "play" is its operative verb. Play and mode were put together with an image of the play button in mind, the commands and responses from my vcr, my remote, my tape player, CD player, anything that records experience or plays it back, or both. I go on vacation to Hawaii with my family and my uncle videotapes us being tourists. We have a terse, lugubrious dinner and then settle into the rattan to watch the video. Everyone livens up. We have already forgotten 90% of the day, and there it all is. The next day, will we be/act differently for having seen ourselves the night before? Instant replay. Geez, I should be taping myself writing this. Instant replay. Instant replay, please. Wouldn't it help with domestic squabbles, not to mention rewind or fast forward? Or pause, during sex or on more enjoyable vacations? Stop, when all else fails. It's a gross cliché, but this is a culture of representation and "play" is its operative verb.

RE: THE WORD PLAY

(The Short History of a Title, Act Like I Know What I'm Doing Mode, continued.)

I chose Play to cover my attraction to art works where something I could call a performance was present in their conceptualization, production or reception. I was drawn to works whose makers, like myself, viewed performance as indistinguishable from expression and experience of "self," to artists who seemed to explore the possibility that our knowledge of ourselves is contingent on our performing ourselves for ourselves.

From Interpreter mode, I'm calling this "the performance of representation."

RE: WHY MODE?

I don't know anymore. I'm in sad mode right now. Remember, this was chosen months ago. What I've come up with is that something in the now common use of the word "mode" as a tag-on to various activities or subjectivities (see the list I gave in paragraph #1, and add to it things like sex, shoplifting, work, travel, anxiety, yoga, holiday, etc.) seems related to my notion of emotional life being profoundly performative.

RE: MY NAME IS TITLE

I was asked to reassure the institutional forces behind this exhibition months ago and choose a name, which is like having to title an art work when you're in the middle (at best) of making it. When months from now Play Mode appears on one of its artists' résumés, what will their next curator imagine it to mean? Will she have to struggle to justify including that artist in her show, called *Natural Visions or Criticality at the Millenium*? No matter what, she will do what I did, bring her desires and her meanings to bear on each of the artists' work, assembling a show that is as much an image of herself as the elaboration of any theme. Curator-mom or Curator-sister, we're all projecting, identifying, and interpreting like crazy.

RE: THINGS CHANGE

Not every artist who seemed to define "play mode" agreed to exhibit (pun intended). (Another version of this catalogue would have been to make it the *Salon des Réfuseurs* and discuss the works I didn't "get" for the show.) I made substitutions, and those substitutions influenced further substitutions. Dr. Frankenstein couldn't exactly be a chooser. Sometimes he had to take a thief's brain, a priest's heart. So, like Frankenstein's monster, Play Mode is organic and constructed. And now it's out of my control.

p.s. Why don't blenders have a play button instead of on? What if multi-speed blenders had tease, flirt, play, tango, tickle, maim, maul, murder? (See Donald Barthelme's *Games are the Enemies of Beauty, Truth, and Sleep*, Amanda Said).

p.p.s. Privacy as a space of "naturalness" is no such thing. See Lydia Davis's *Wife One in Country* or Evan Holloway's *Black Cabinet*.





DEAR BIA

RE: SELF-SERVICE

Artists should treat themselves as well as they treat their studio visitors. In your case that would mean a well-brewed pot of coffee and some excellent cookies sometime in the late afternoon, sitting on your futon in Altadena. Milk comes from there.

The odd thing about sitting on your futon with that coffee was that I kept thinking about the furniture in the room. I was asking each chair: are you important to Bia? What about you, little table?

RE: GAMES CHAIRS PLAY

CC. DONALD BARTHELME, LYDIA DAVIS, FRANCIS A.

Four individuals set up your four chairs twenty-four times in your studio for your camera and you. So I know that the chairs did not move themselves around supernaturally. But assuming they did, what were their motivations? Was it a tournament of "Imitate the Humans," with rounds of Chinese Acrobats, Job Interview, Matador, Obligatory Family Photo, Ass Fetish, Dinner Party, Top Model, and Shy Peoples' Anonymous?

RE: IS IT ME OR IS IT YOU?

CC. LUTZ B., JOSEPH G.

Okay, accepting that the chairs were moved by people, it's really no surprise that now I'm reminded of shrinks' offices. If you're doing solo in the group room, you're imagining those couches and swivel chairs heavy with bodies, you're wondering who likes to sit where, or if they switch around, if they fight over the seats, if part of the social work is in negotiating the furniture. What if you bought the same furniture as in your shrink's office and installed it in your living room?

The people who arranged your chairs fantasized about them, and now I'm fantasizing about those arrangers: the person who doesn't let the chairs near the camera, or the one who flips them upside down so often (that's you, Bia!)—their legs up in the air so immodestly—or the one who keeps them strictly together, allowing no desertions, no spotlight-grabbing. But then there I go... it must be me who wants the close-up, me who's obsessed about my ass, me who wants the limelight.

Make sure you watch Lutz's video. See if you don't end up wondering what I'm wondering about your pictures: who is the subject, is it me, or you, or them?

DEAR READER,

re: Welcome to the show

In one of my favorite episodes of *Seinfeld*, Kramer rescues the original set of the Merv Griffin show and installs it in his apartment. It takes up his whole place, so when Elaine, Jerry or George drop by, they are literally "on set," plopped onto one of Merv's four bucket seats. Kramer has become Merv so it gets very silly; his friends try to converse with him about their lives only to find him responding as though they're his celebrity guests.





"To shadow another is to give him, in fact, a double life, a parallel existence. Any commonplace existence can be transfigured (without one's knowledge), any exceptional existence can be made commonplace. It is this effect of doubling that makes the object surreal in its banality and weaves around it the strange (eventually dangerous?) web of seduction." (Jean Baudrillard, *Please Follow Me*)

"By systematically repeating certain actions while following certain itineraries, I attempt to insert myself as another character in a new neighborhood." (Francis Alÿs)

DEAR FRANCIS

RE: "SOMETIMES MAKING NOTHING LEADS TO SOMETHING"

The FedEx man just delivered your tape. It's a game of fort-da. "Want my baba!!"

The edits were a surprise. Projecting pure monogamy, pure devotion, I had pictured you following the same bottle for 20 minutes or an hour or I don't know how long. The cuts made me wonder if it's the same bottle after all, or the same day and place all this time, but they didn't affect my sympathy for it. I bonded with baba and was indignant but relieved when people ignored it, happy but nervous when they played with it. Right away, it meant more to me than they did.

What happened at the end, Francis, were you knocked over by a motorist? a cyclist? a pedestrian? When the image gets mangled and then the screen goes dark, I realized that your life was staked to record the plastic bugger's destiny in the busy city street. I want to care about you but I'm kind of bummed because I don't get to watch the bottle anymore.

RE: CITATION-MODE

1. Go across the gutter for a tidbit from Baudrillard.

2. Go across the gutter for your description of your walks around cities, then come back.

So YOU and your actions become the legend of the place, Francis, and through the paintings and videos and photographs, you make me your walking companion or your double, the one who follows you following.

RE: "THE PREACHER, THE CRUISER, THE THIEF, THE NAVIGATOR, THE LOVER"

CC. STAN D. LUTZ B.

I got the list of titles for the Déjà Vu paintings. It could be a scenario for the video.

But aren't these names also a character study for you on your walks, you as an artist? Or for me, the viewer moving through an exhibition—a "cruiser," "navigator," "lover," or "prisoner of architecture?" And given how you hang the twin canvases—separated and demurely tagging on to other works and signage—they're character studies for art works themselves: isn't an artwork's nature always at one time or another a "wall flower," "liar," "faker," "fool," "lover," "navigator," "plotter," or "preacher?"

DEAR READER,

A significant and generative part of Francis Alÿs's practice are his formal and informal walks around cities, during which he sometimes makes small interventions. He thinks of this walking as a way to return legend to spaces now lacking them, as a signifying practice, a fiction that "invents spaces." In *Sometimes making nothing leads to something*, Alÿs followed an empty plastic bottle being blown or kicked around Mexico City's main square until his surveillance was unexpectedly interrupted.





DEAR LUTZ

Let's face it, to be a completely responsible curator, I have to watch twelve hours of video of people talking about you to you. Talking to me about you. Talking to Lutz about Lutz. That's quite a test of devotion. It's a funny parallel to the situation your subjects (and I like that word, it recalls the monarchy) find themselves in—they're on the spot to prove their devotion. Can they possibly be telling the truth? How come no one gets pissed and tells you to fuck off?

It's kind of stunning, really, that so few of Lutz's subjects don't realize that they're playing right into your hands when they talk about how out of reach you are. And even more amazing is that I too walked smack into your net, as if after all those hours I still believed there was such a thing as knowing you. I couldn't accept your surrogates, I wanted to meet you and see for myself.

Yet what I love is that in the end the piece tells me that there are only surrogates, our unconscious is one big surrogate-producing machine. If Lutz wasn't a mystery, that middle-aged person of uncertain gender and sexuality who supposedly has a husband and kid but not everybody's sure if they can believe that, if all of a sudden she showed her hand, then wouldn't all those people have to go out and invent a new Lutz in their life? And all of your slaves, I mean viewers, would go home disappointed too. The irony though, and I know you know this, is that some of us viewers may be your slaves and some of us your mistresses.

DEAR READER,

re: Sit on that chair and do what I say

cc: Joseph G., Evan H.

Lutz Bacher's video projection *Do you love me?* is an 11 1/2-hour-long series of mostly one-way conversations the artist conducted with friends and colleagues, who she asked to tell her about herself—their feelings about her, the gossip they've heard about her, what they think other people think about her. Lutz never appears on camera, (although you hear her voice and sometimes see her jewelry or shoes), and she shoots her friends in tight close-ups, sometimes with unflattering zooms, while they "converse" in restaurants and other public places.

re: *Do you love me?*

1. In *Do you love me?* the distinction between being yourself and acting yourself is moot. (See Leslie Singer section, especially when she champions, against all odds, "being yourself.")

2. *Do you love me?* obliterates any firm dividing lines between chatting, conversing, interviewing, interrogating, and coercing. (See Bob Nickas using a magazine image of Keanu Reeves as his surrogate; Liz Kotz in a cafe so dark that we see only "January 2, 1993" on the screen and listen to her talk to and about her best friend Lutz in the third person.)





DEAR READER,
re: Citation mode

1. Found in a fax from Francis Aiy's: "If you are a typical spectator, what you're really doing is waiting for the accident to happen," (quoting someone named J. Prelinger).
2. Found in Bert States's *The Pleasure of the Play*: "...the logic of the play [Beckett's *Catastrophe*] is that catastrophes are possible because there are people there to see them, to report them to the world... or to read about them in the papers."

DEAR STAN

RE: PLEASE FORWARD THIS TO STAN DOUGLAS

I'm writing from Echo Park, a mixed working- and middle-class neighborhood northwest of downtown L.A. From here I can see the tops of the silly palm trees that encircle Dodger Stadium over the next hill. A nocturnal rooster is going off in someone's backyard nearby. It's two days before daylight savings time ends and time changes to—what?—daylight wasting time?

We're on a blind epistolary date here Stan; we've never met (though I've seen you lecture), spoken (though I asked you a question from the audience), or discussed your participation in this show directly (your proxies have informed me of your consent to exhibit Monodramas, and have answered all my queries). I feel a little like a stalker.

Would it be wrong to ask you what monodrama you've had, been in, or seen lately? I like the way Monodramas functions as both a proper and an improper noun. It's the title of your videos but it also proposes a category of lived experience: an event or narrative that can barely be called a story for lack of dramatic character or meaningful conflict, but is one anyway because the telling of it requires a *mise-en-scène*, and that makes it a story.

RE: EVERY ENCOUNTER BETWEEN AN ART WORK AND A VIEWER IS A MONODRAMA

CC. FRANCIS A., ANA M., JOSEPH G.

There's something about the slow tracking shots that begin many of the Monodramas, often from a freeway embankment/light industrial-type location, that reminds me of cars slowing before what they're expecting will be a bloody mess. But in the videos there's no gory climax; just a routine conflict has occurred, all that rubber-necking for a cop giving a ticket, someone changing a tire. You're left noticing the difference between your anticipation of a dramatic accident-narrative (an "abrupt detranquilizer," States calls it), and the reality of a story not even worth reporting. So maybe there's something interesting about changing a tire.

re: Allegories

Stan Douglas's 30–60 second video spots Monodramas were originally made for broadcast between commercials on television. Stan specifies that in galleries the piece is shown as a traditional video installation—you're not on your couch witnessing the broadcast cockpit being hijacked, you're not jolted out of Roloids-Special K-General Motors viewing paralysis. Instead you're taking in these videos relative to his Monodramas: *Location Photographs and Scenarios*, to "video art" and film, and to the other work in the exhibition. You read the scenarios and discover that they're not just itineraries for Monodramas' camera and actors, but prose poems, funny digressions about their disco soundtrack or their protagonist's taste in movies. Now, ostensibly, you've got more time and possibly some sense of duty to "read" the videos, maybe to discover in them allegories about viewing and representation, recognition and misrecognition (see the scenarios for *Eye on You*, *Disagree*, or *Encampment*).

On television, Monodramas are the accident, the "abrupt detranquilizer." In the gallery, they're the story in the paper the next day.





DEAR ANA

RE: WHO YOU ARE

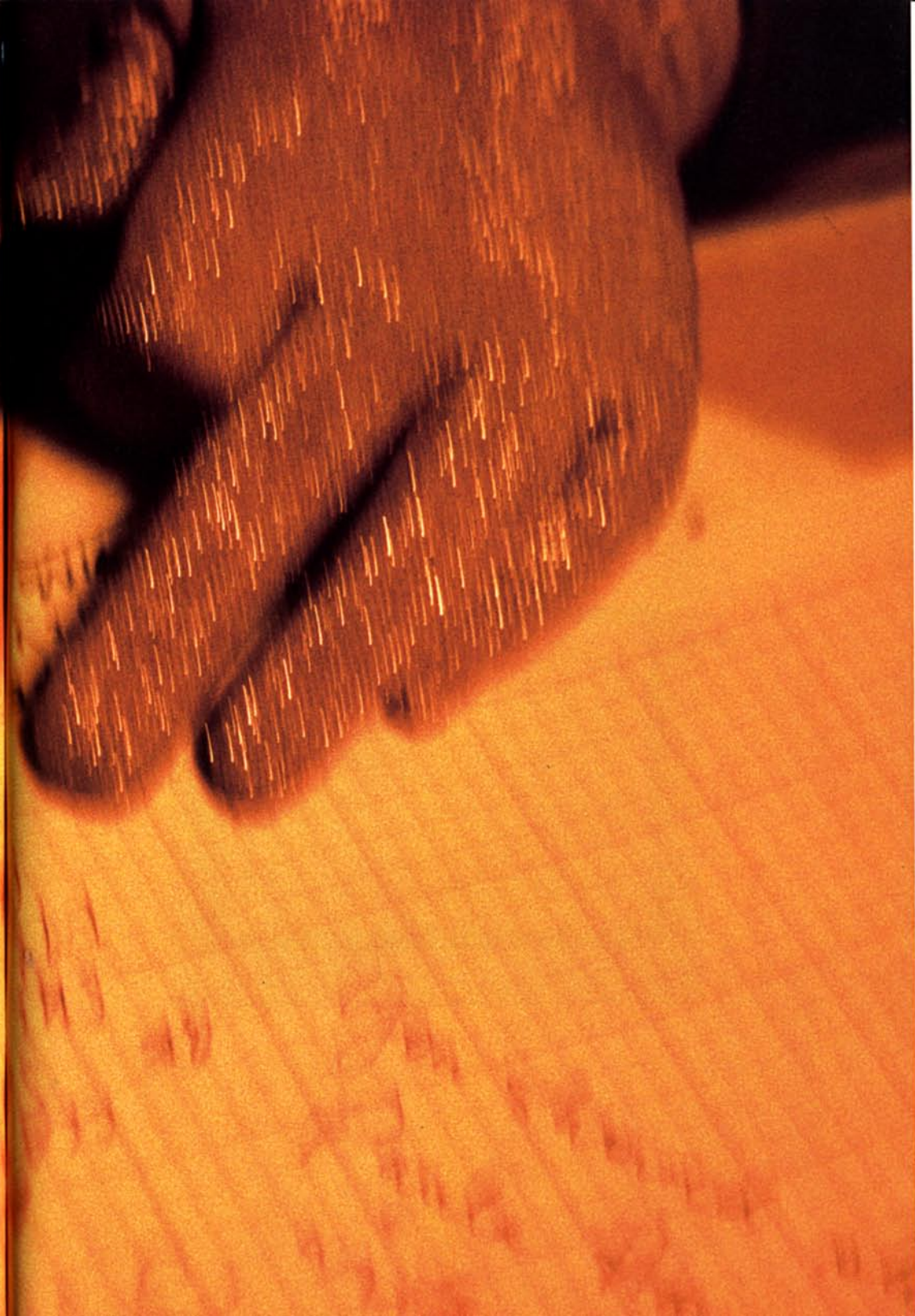
CC. LUTZ B.

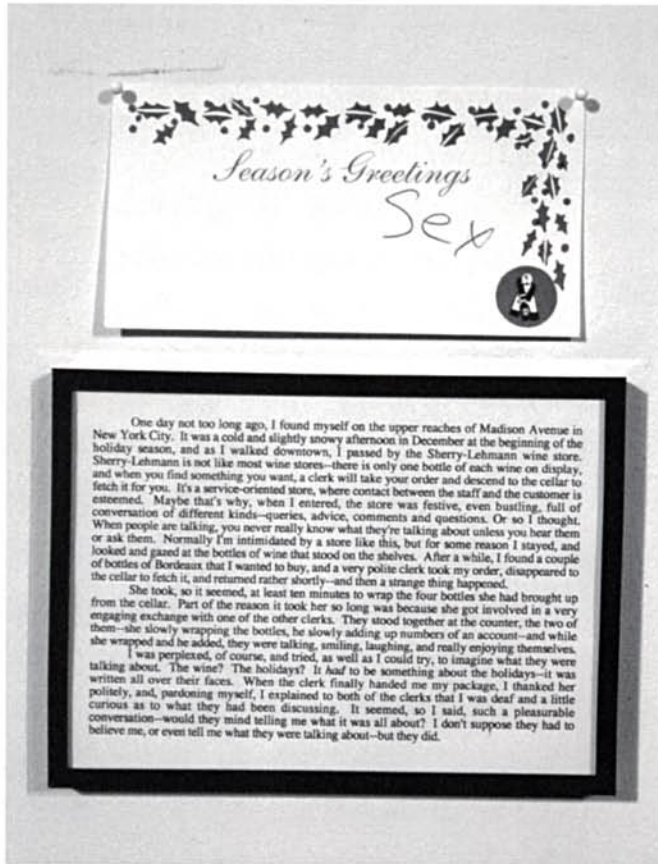
Untitled (Glass on Body) and Untitled (Facial Cosmetic Variations), when documented in a recent Ana Mendieta retrospective catalogue, are referred to as "Performances." So are they comparable to your site-specific sculptures that were intended to be seen as photographs? Is it okay for us to be looking at them as editioned prints, or looking at them at all, since you never made prints yourself? Someone told me that your sister said you would have approved, that when you did these performances you didn't have the money to make prints. Okay, maybe. But maybe you never printed them because you just didn't like them, or didn't want your own naked body appearing in your work. Or you perceived them to be inconsistent with your subsequent aesthetic and political explorations.

So does fourteen years post-mortem qualify as a long enough mourning period to justify reinventing you as a post-modernist? (Another person I talked to, who has written extensively about you, was doubtful about the editioned prints, but confirmed my own suspicion that you were intrigued by ideas about social performance raised by sociologists such as Erving Goffman.)

To tell you the truth, I'm glad the prints exist, and I'm glad that two galleries and six collectors are willing to include them in Play Mode. In so doing, we're all collaborating on an idea of you, Ana: we're allowing for the possibility that, at least early on, you entertained some doubt about the construction of subjectivity and sexuality, and the role of representation within that construction. From sister-curator mode, I imagine you wondering if even in the intimacy of our own consciousness our breasts or asses don't function like costumes sometimes, or our most passionate sighs or moans or tears aren't inevitably scripted. You're thinking about the meaning of a "straight face," (does that expression exist in Spanish?) you're PLAYING with a straight face, you're being seriously gross. Or grotesquely serious. Maybe you've even looked up the definition of the word "play" and found that it's so huge it's hard to figure out what isn't play. You're a Hot Latin Mama in Iowa in 1972 and maybe that's a role you could live without.

Check out your bio at the end of this catalogue, I've made selections that lay bare the vast array of claims for who you were. Ana, I'm hoping that your spirit-wisdom knows better than anyone that to worry that you would have disavowed Play Mode's claim on you is just another projection on my part.





DEAR JOSEPH

RE: MY "HAND," MY VOICE

I'm hand-writing this, and using a pencil with no eraser. I want to be like one of your closest friends and forget I'm writing, "just talk on paper," as you say. Where will my famous pauses to find the most apt word or metaphor be? The false starts while again I try to make sure what I'm saying is exactly right, perfectly funny, sexy, smart, well-reasoned, etc.?

When you write you can read back over what you've "said" before continuing. In speaking there is no rewind. Fucked up? Too late. At least memory is more forgetful than hard copy.

RE: YOUR "HAND," YOUR VOICE

CC. LUTZ B.

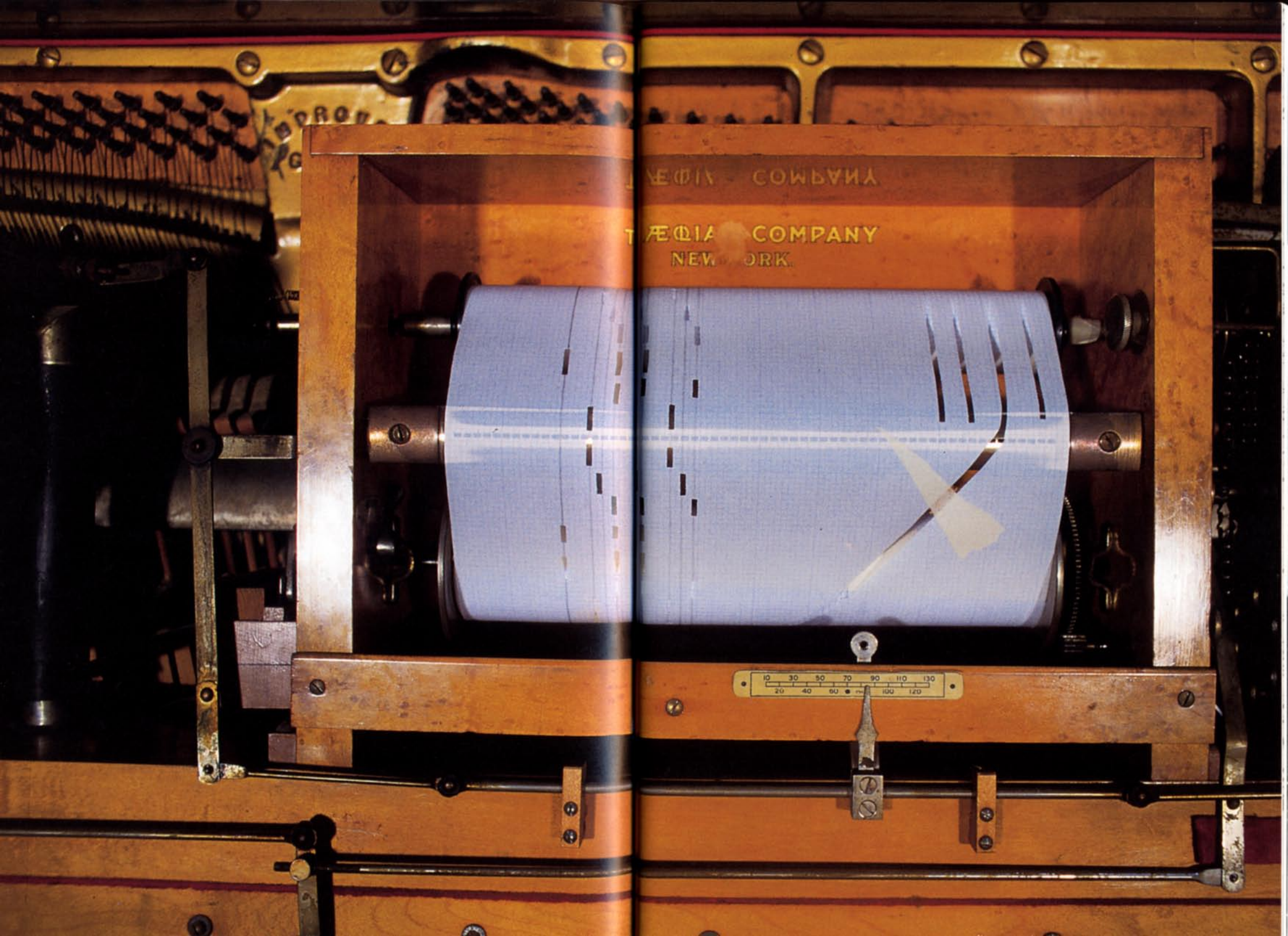
It's ironic, given that your work is all about other people's inscriptions, that your own writing now has so much meaning for me. (Would meeting you or knowing what you look like change that?) Since I first saw your "hand" coming out of the fax machine I have searched for it amidst the scribbles of your work. I realize that you must say plenty, and that the index of Joseph on paper isn't even the point. Your voice is asserted in type, it's speaking to me and it's eloquent as hell. But still there's an absence that sends me seeking to find you in the conversations you so lovingly save. (I write the word "save" and realize something that now seems obvious: you have an archive of your social life unlike anything I, with my hearing intact, will ever possess. What is it like to revisit so much of your life with others every time you set out to work? How do you organize it?)

RE: HOW DO YOU WRITE AN ABSENCE

CC. LYDIA DAVIS

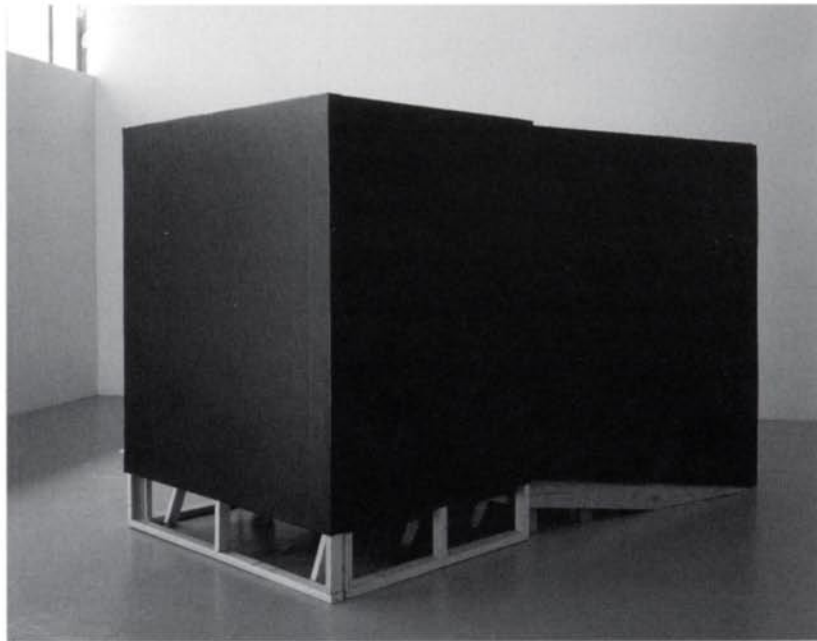
Is it something in the nature of your work that makes me not want to cc. these letters to anyone else? Or that I don't want to analyze or describe Conversations with the Hearing? Would it suffice to say that it's changed me? Tonight on a walk in my neighborhood I took a tattered sign off a powerline pole:

cat found
mark: no tail



ÆTHIA COMPANY
NEW YORK

10 30 50 70 90 110 130
20 40 60 80 100 120



DEAR EVAN

RE: WHAT ARE YOU LISTENING TO RIGHT NOW?

CC. JOSEPH G., LUTZ B., BIA G.

I'm wondering if there's such a thing as a score for a letter. If you could write it Evan, what would the machine or situation be that played it? Could it include the impossible Romantic glissandi that you wrote for *Black Cabinet*? Is there a verbal equivalent to those chords and passages so acrobatic that no human could play them?

This keyboard ain't no player piano, though wouldn't that be nice. I could press on the keys, pretend I'm typing, and the writing would come out. Maybe this is what Borges had in mind for Pierre Menard, rewriting *Don Quixote* word for word, fantasizing he's writing the exact same book, but in his own voice.

I've never seen your handwriting Evan, and that bothers me.

RE: PLAYING AIR PIANO

CC. LUTZ B., JOSEPH G.

There's something embarrassing about a player piano. With all my anxiety about *genuine* creativity, being caught playing this instrument could really be a drag: I'm the maximum faker, the wanker artist. But ironically it's also a commitment to live sound, even if the music produced on it isn't so much "played" as replayed. It's still a piano.

What a setup you've offered, Evan. Here's a black box, how intriguing, how sleek and modern and MINIMAL (except for the odd reveal in front that's just a bit public restroom-ish, a bit confessional). Push aside the black velvet curtain (less Serra, more Poe, more *Munsters*) and enter. Now I've got loads of privacy here in this closet in the middle of the gallery to, well, play your music. The score, the cut and slashed roll of paper is your signature loud and clear. Evan was here. So really, we're in here together. I'm playing you and you're playing me, and it's not that embarrassing after all. We both know the game. Outside, someone is listening, thinking Chopin is inside playing so awesomely his fingers must be bleeding.

If *Black Cabinet* is a speaker, the "musician" inside is always playing your hit. "It's designed to make people forget themselves and get into my world," you said.

DEAR READER,
re: Leave me be!

Privacy and performance are bedfellows for a different reason than you think. *Black Cabinet* tells me that any single person's actions undertaken "in private" have an inherently performative quality to them, to the extent that privacy always implies the risk or threat of discovery. Privacy, trumpeted as the relief to social self-consciousness, seems like a theater of one to me. Read Lydia Davis and see what I mean.

GREAT

No bullshit
She had to get

away from her father

Flickering how see

Compelling
You are really cool
I love you
I met you
I love you

Covered

an was
wt bruises
last month

INK

bloody Mary

NORMAN

FALL CHICKEN

YOUNG CHIC

Such a MINOR

APRIL

I've known him for years

hugged out

BITCH

Water

Saint

with a discipline

berne

with the

with the

with the

with the

imagine
horror
everybody are

People
knows
I have a

contract
promising to

beat him as her slave
she actually didn't

like to... it only

had a good dinner

should to

It's a good

WAKE

Fuckin

No lamb skin here

People
looking to

contract
promising to

beat him as her slave
she actually didn't

like to... it only

had a good dinner

should to

It's a good

WAKE

Fuckin

time

which

time

time

time

time

time

time

time

time

GAMES ARE THE
ENEMIES OF
BEAUTY
TRUTH AND
SLEEP
AMANDA SAID
BY DONALD BARTHELEME

I was playing Password, Twister, Breakthru, Bonanza, Stratego, Squander, and Gambit. And Quinto, Phlounder, Broker, Tactics, and Stocks & Bonds. All at once. On the floor. It was my move. When I play alone, it is always my move. That is reasonable. I kneel first on one side of the board, then the other. I think a bit. I examine my move to make sure it is the correct move. I congratulate myself. Then I hobble to the next board, on my knees.

The floor of my study is covered with game boards, and there are boards in the bedroom, the kitchen, the bath. Conestoga, the Game of the Oregon Trail. Gettysburg, Stalingrad, Midway, D-Day, U-Boat, Bismarck, and Waterloo. Le Mans. Management, Verdict, and Dispatcher. Merger, the Game of Stock Manipulation in the Automobile Industry. Qubic, the 3-D Tic Tac Toe Game. My move. It is my move when I return at night. I move before, during, and after dinner, hobbling from board to board. It is my move when I go to bed and my move when I awake.

I extended an arm in its yellow vinyl smoking jacket. I moved. Then I hobbled around to the other side of the board to evaluate the move from the point of view of my opponent. A foolish move. Now I was in the a position to destroy myself. Should I destroy myself?

Then the bell rang. It was Amanda. She was in tears. "Amanda," I said. "What is it?" She was wearing a tent dress, two-ply brown canvas with a tent-peg trim. Her eyes were full of sparklers and tears.

"Oh, Hector," she said. "You are the only one who can help me. Something awful—"

"Is it the same old thing?"

"No," she said. "It is a new thing. It is the worst thing you can imagine."

"Come," I said. "Stay with me. Take this buffalo robe and wrap it around your tent dress. And have a shot of this apricot brandy, and sit down here in this comfortable chair in front of the thermostat."

"I was playing Afrika Korps," she said. "You know Afrika Korps. A re-creation of the famed exploits of the Field Marshal Rommel. You command the actual units and introduce the original divisions, brigades, and regiments at the actual time of their arrival, according to the actual historical situation."

"I know. One is given an opportunity to display one's generalship, strategic grasp, and tactical sense."

"Right," Amanda said, knocking back a bit of the brandy. "Well, when I came home this evening—Hector, I can't describe it! An entire Army Group had mixed itself up with the pieces from my Water Polo game. And the battleships from Midway have drifted into the Verdict box, and all the stock shares from Merger, the Game of Stock Manipulation in the Automobile Industry, are scrambled with the counters from Depression, and—Hector, why am I playing all these games? Card games, word games, board games, educational games, and games people play? What is it, Hector? Is there something strange about me? Am I some kind of a creepy nut freak? I spend all my time—"

I took her hand with its four-inch orange, yellow, and blue papier-mâché Fish & Game Commission ring.

"Amanda," I said. "You are not alone. Everyone is playing these games. Everyone I know." I took her to the window and opened it. We stuck our heads out into the papier-mâché night. "Listen, Amanda."

She listened. "What is that sort of funny thrimp-thrump sound? Thrimp thrump thrump thrump thrump thrump?"

"That is the sound made by the nation's terrific and gigantic electronic computers pulsing," I said. "Of which there are now perhaps thirty-five thousand in use, from sea to shining sea. It is estimated that there will be eighty-five thousand of them in use by 1975. And a substantial portion of these computers are playing games, Amanda, even as you and I. The businessmen are playing Daddy Warbucks games, the Lost Horse game for example, in order to establish patterns that will enable them to mangle the competition. The military men are playing war games, Escalation for example, in order to test the efficacy of alternate responses to the provocations of the enemy. And to make new enemies, for all I know. The scientists are playing scientific games, and some people are playing plain old checkers. And Marshall McLuhan says that games are dramatic modes of our psychological lives, providing release for particular tensions in social groups. And Huizinga says that the play element in culture serves a civilizing function, combining an agonistic principle of competitiveness with a ludic principle, or pure play. And Shub in his *Game Theory and related Approaches to Social Behavior...*"

"Yes," Amanda said, "but what about me? My head is full of Diplomacy, and my heart is full of Careers. And my hands are full of Hoodwink, and my bank account is full of Monopoly money. I'm exhausted, Hector. I'm tired of playing games. I want—"

"I know," I said. "Relax, Amanda. We can lick this thing. Just trust me."

"What do you propose?" she asked, her brilliant aqua eyes full of fondness and eye shadow. "What?"

"New games," I said. "New games, Amanda, to set the turkey of mental excitement flying through the thin air of intellectual irresponsibility."

"New games?" I noticed that the blood had run out of her face. But I could not see where it had gone. "You mean people can make up their own games? Isn't that... hubris?"

"Have another brandy," I said. "Have another brandy, and we will play Contretemps, the Game of Social Embarrassment. And Cofferdam, and Double Boiler, and Hubris too, if you like. Listen to the names of these glorious new games—Leftwards, Gearbox, Dentist's Appointment, and Stroke. We will invent them together, dear friend."

"How is this game played? Contretemps or whatever it is?"

"I'm glad you asked me that question," I said, "because I know the answer. One starts

with a situation, a social situation. One with a potential for embarrassment. One in which one is a bit out of one's depth, so to say. Then the potential is actualized. Imagine for instance that you are attending a lavish reception at the Court of St. James's. You have just converted your holdings in sterling which were vast, into Siamese baht. In consequence, the Queen's allowance has been cut. You notice that she is wearing last year's tiara. You step up to be presented. You notice that she is staring at you with a funny expression on her face."

"Not bad," Amanda said. "Give me another one."

"Okay. A more elaborate one. You are attending a lavish reception at the court of St. James's. Present also is Lord Snowdon, husband of Princess Margaret and famous photographer. The editor of the *Sunday Times* color—that should be colour—magazine is there too. Lord Snowdon has been on assignment for the magazine. He is doing a picture story on—"

"The Stones."

"Very good. He is doing a picture story on the Stones. Lord Snowdon is showing his prints to the editor. You are looking over their shoulders. As it happens, you have recently taken some colour shots of the Stones. With your old box camera."

"Your old box camera that was your great-grandmother's that you found in an old trunk in the attic and that is held together with masking tape," Amanda said.

"Superb. Whereas Lord Snowdon has been shooting with a pair of matched Hasselblads with four-thousand-dollar lenses. You regard Lord Snowdon's pictures over the editor's shoulder. Then you reach into your reticule and withdraw your own pictures. 'These are terrible,' you say, 'but I thought you might just...' The editor gazes intently at your photographs. He drops Lord Snowdon's photographs on the floor. 'By God,' the editor says. 'You mean you... with your great-grandmother's camera held together with masking tape...' Lord Snowdon is staring at you with a funny expression on his face."

"Quelle horreur!" Amanda murmured.

"That is Contretemps," I said. "The situations tend to get more and more elaborate and horrible. A particularly good game for self-punishment, if that is what you crave. The situation in which you are in the studio of a famous artist, one who paints pitiful little girls with big eyes, and your own child, come to have her portrait done, refuses to open her eyes at all—that one is rather stimulating, I must say. And there are others. You are on the operating table. You are draped with a white sheet. You have borrowed a kidney from a friend. Now it is time to return it. The doctor—"

"More games," Amanda said. "More games and more brandy."

"We could play *Broadway Flop*," I said. "The *Game of Ill-Conceived Musical Comedy*. One attempts to construct the particular work least likely to get out of New Haven alive. A Lionel

Bart musical based on *The Waste Land*, for example. Titled *Wasteland!* At the finale, Albert and Lil decide to leave Rats' Alley and make a new start in America. Or we could play Bag, the History of Jazz game. The object of the game is to bring jazz up the river from New Orleans. Conflict provided provided by evil commercial-music interests who want to stop the spread of the New Thing. The evil commercial-music interests represented on the board by—

"Squares," Amanda said triumphantly, and I gathered her into my arms. Then we played Famous Last Words, the Game of Deathbed Utterances, locked in a lover's embrace on the fire escape. People down below stood agape, hanging upon the tense exchange between us.

"It is enough," I said.

"Immanuel Kant," she said

"If there is no question, there is no answer."

"Gertrude Stein."

"This is a fickle and faithless generation."

"Captain Kidd."

"Bertie."

"Queen Victoria."

"I do not understand what I have to do."

"Leo Tolstoy."

"Hang on to the Matchless; it will make millions again."

"I can't remember, I can't remember!"

"Tabor, the Silver King," I said. "Didn't you see *The Ballad of Baby Doe*?"

"These games are marvelous," Amanda said. "I like them especially because they are so meaningless and boring, and trivial. These qualities, once regarded as less than desirable, are now everywhere enthroned as the key elements in our psychological lives, as reflected in the art of the period as well as—"

"Yes," I said. Then we played:

Crise du Cinéma, in which one improves existing films by supplying new casting and variant endings (Doris Day for Ingrid Bergman in *For Whom The Bell Tolls*; after El Sordo's band is wiped out, Maria persuades Robert Jordon to settle with her in a nice suburb of Barcelona).

Zen Zen (pointless answers are given to simple questions. "Where is the Administration Building?" "Ha-ha. Your hat is falling off." Blows are exchanged).

Break the Ball (an accumulation of balls from ball games—footballs, baseballs, basketballs, tennis balls, cricket balls—is demolished, using a twelve-pound sledge).

"What comes after Break the Ball?" Amanda asked.

"After the Ball is Over. A fine game played with an empty punchbowl and four hundred overcoats. You attempt to find your overcoat in the pile of overcoats. You are forbidden to use your hands, feet, or teeth. Or anybody else's hands, feet, or teeth."

"Games are the enemies of beauty, truth, and sleep," Amanda said. The brandy was almost gone.

"There remains one more game."

"What is it?"

"Ennui," I said. "The easiest of all. No rules, no boards, no equipment."

"What is Ennui?" Amanda asked, setting it up for me.

"Ennui is the absence of games," I said, "the modern world at its most vulnerable." But she had folded her tent dress and silently stolen away.

Pliss
said
"You're such
an asshole"
LTS: Unbelievable!

A MAN IN OUR TOWN

BY LYDIA DAVIS

A man in our town is both a dog and its master. The master is impossibly unjust to the dog and makes its life a misery. One minute he wants to romp with it and the next minute he slaps it down for being so unruly. He beats it severely over its nose and hindquarters because it has slept on his bed and left its hairs on his pillow, and yet there are evenings when he is lonely and pulls the dog up to lie beside him, though the dog trembles with fear.

But the fault is not all on one side. No one else would tolerate a dog like this one. The smell of this dog is so sour and pungent that it is far more frightening and aggressive than the dog itself, who is shy and pees uncontrollably when taken by surprise. It is a foul and sopping creature.

Yet the master should hardly notice this, since he often drinks himself sick and spends the night curled against an alley wall.

At sundown we see him loping easily along the edge of the park, his nose to the breeze; he slows to a trot and circles to find a scent, scratches the stubble on his head and takes out a cigarette, lights it with trembling hands and then sits down on a bench after wiping it with his handkerchief. He smokes quietly until his cigarette has burned down to a stub. Then he explodes into wild anger and begins punching his head and kicking himself in the legs. When he is exhausted, he turns his face up to the sky and howls in frustration. Only sometimes, then, he will pet himself on the head until he is comforted.

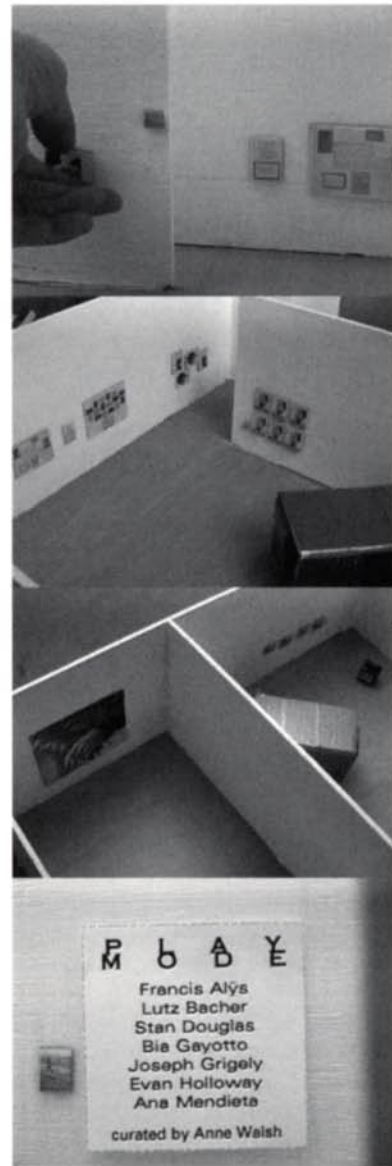
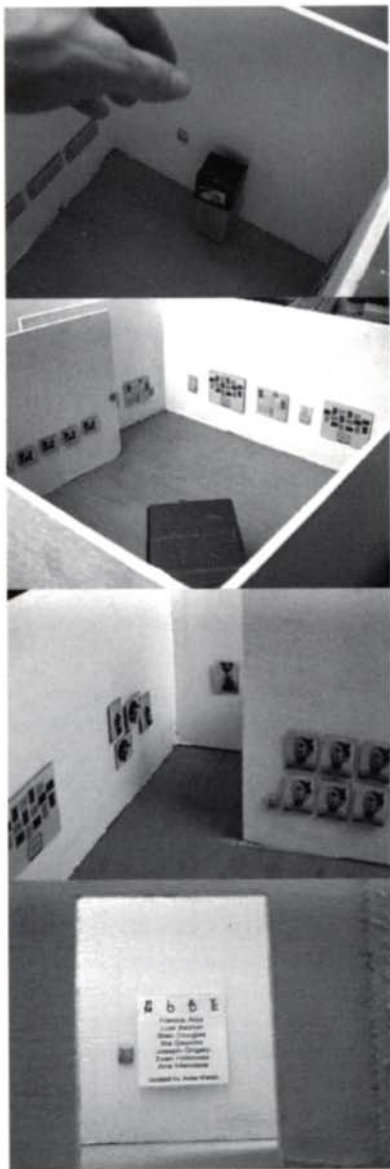
W I F E O N E I N C O U N T R Y

BY LYDIA DAVIS

Wife one calls to speak to son. Wife two answers with impatience, gives phone to son of wife one. Son has heard impatience in voice of wife two and tells mother he thought caller was father's sister: raging aunt, constant caller, troublesome woman. Wife one wonders is she herself perhaps another raging woman, constant caller? No, raging woman but not constant caller. Though, for wife two, also troublesome woman.

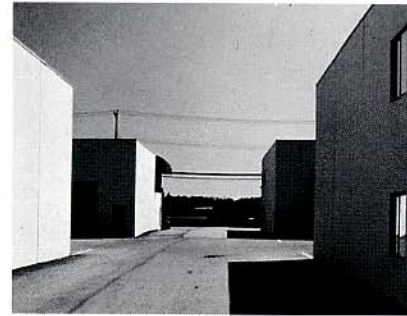
After speaking to son, much disturbance in wife one. Wife one misses son, thinks how some years ago she, too, answered phone and talked to husband's raging sister, constant caller, protecting husband from troublesome woman. Now wife two protects husband from troublesome sister, constant caller, and also from wife one, raging woman. Wife one sees this and imagines future wife three protecting husband not only from raging wife one but also from troublesome wife two, as well as constantly calling sister.

After speaking to son, wife one, often raging though now quiet woman, eats dinner alone though in company of large television. Wife one swallows food, swallows pain, swallows food again. Watches intently ad about easy-to-clean stove: mother who is not real mother flips fried egg onto hot burner, then fries second egg and gives cheerful young son who is not real son loving kiss as spaniel who is not real family dog steals second fried egg off plate of son who is not real son. Pain increases in wife one, wife one swallows food, swallows pain, swallows food again, swallows pain again, swallows food again.



MONO D R A M A S

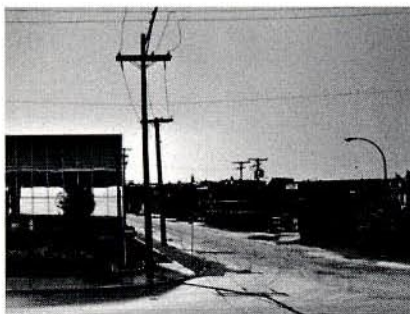
SELECTED LOCATION PHOTOGRAPHS
AND SCENARIOS
FROM THE SERIES BY STAN DOUGLAS



ENCAMPMENT

A warehouse district at night. Little indication that there is anything else—aside from farmland and more warehouses—for miles. Sound is generally sparse, but what few sounds there are reverberate wildly. The protagonist prepares to have an argument with someone; however, it is doubtful that he will ever get beyond this rehearsal.

1. Distance. From a height, the camera presents the protagonist from behind as he walks quickly down the centre of a corridor formed by rows of unremarkable warehouse buildings. Lowering its angle of view and tracking forward, the camera rushes to catch up with him: the sound of his footsteps become louder, as does that of his indecipherable rant.
2. A sudden reverse angle presents a medium shot of the man, grimacing and sputtering. Although the sound of his voice is now even louder, one still can't exactly make out what he is saying, except for fragments like "... everything... everyone... every time..."
3. Return to shot 1. Slowing slightly, in order to pursue the man from a safe distance.
4. He is followed until he reaches an intersection between buildings, where he stops abruptly. He turns his head to partially reveal a still-open mouth and an astonished expression.
5. From the man's point of view, an old camper-trailer and its two young inhabitants are seen. One sits on the trailer's doorstep, and the other in a folding chair on the shoulder of the road—both stare at the camera.
6. Reverse shot: the man turns away and proceeds at a rapid pace, in silence.



DISAGREE

At a blind corner in a light-industrial area, the meeting of a well-used mid-size car and a small school bus. The camera is absolutely still: all is seen from a modest height.

1. Eventually, the car is seen clearly—as it moves toward the camera on the avenue that bisects the screen at a slight angle.
2. A signal light flashes, and the car prepares for a left-hand turn. At this moment, the school bus appears at left and begins to make a right-hand turn. The two vehicles only barely miss colliding with each other.
3. Both stop.
4. The car begins to drive away—and, a fraction of a second later, so too does the bus. Immediately both stop.
5. Pause.
6. They start and stop again in synchronization.
7. Pause.
8. Finally, the bus drives away, along the same avenue upon which the car had first appeared. The car disappears.



EYE ON YOU

Early evening. A visibly tired young man is found at home in his second-storey apartment, eating warmed-up pizza, and watching the end of one of his favourite movies, *Cape Fear*. Directly beside his television set, the view beyond a balcony presents a minor highway that borders a light-industrial area. Throughout, the protagonist is obviously bothered by something, but even he is not entirely sure what this something might be.

1. Pizza in hand, he returns from his kitchen. The room is generally dim, but the darkness is punctuated by that flickering light typical of a television set. He passes by the tv to take in the view from his balcony. Something catches his attention.
2. He moves into a medium shot, then, as he looks down, the rhythm of his chewing slows.
3. A point-of-view shot presents the grassy, poorly maintained hill below, and a man standing perfectly still, staring at some distant object.
4. Return to shot 2., the man inside finally swallows. He then turns and rushes out of frame.
5. Return to shot 3., the stranger gone.
6. Return to shot 4., the man gone.
7. From a position well below where the spectator had stood, he is seen running down the hill, frantically looking for his stranger.
8. Return to something like shot 3., the man is seen in a familiar pose. Finally, he turns to look directly at the camera—with an empty mouth, he swallows once more.
9. Title: EYE ON YOU.



ARTISTS BIOS

FRANCIS ALÿS

Born Belgium, 1959, lives in Mexico City.

SELECTED SOLO EXHIBITIONS

- 1998 Contemporary Art Gallery, Vancouver, Canada
Museo Regional, Guadalajara, Mexico
Web Site Project, DIA Center for the Arts, New York, NY
- 1997 Jack Tilton Gallery, New York, NY
Museo De Arte Moderno, Mexico City
- 1996 ACME, Santa Monica, CA
Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Oaxaca, Oaxaca, Mexico
- 1995 Galería Camargo Vilaca, São Paulo, Brasil
Jack Tilton Gallery, New York, NY
Opus Operandi, Ghent, Belgium
- 1994 Curare, Mexico City, Mexico
- 1992 Galería Arte Contemporaneo, Mexico City, Mexico

SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS

- 1998 "Loose Threads," Serpentine Gallery, London, England
"Roteiros," XXIV São Paulo Bienal, São Paulo, Brasil
"Insertions," Arkipelag, Stockholm, Sweden
- 1997 "Antechamber," Whitechapel Art Gallery, London, England
2nd Biennial of Saaremaa, Estonia
- 1996 "NowHere," Louisiana Museum, Copenhagen, Denmark
Pittura, Castello Di Rivara, Torino, Italy
"Interiors: Francis Alÿs," Kevin Apel, Robin Tewes, Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions, Los Angeles, CA
- 1995 "Longing and Belonging," Site Sante Fe, Sante Fe, NM
Espace 251 Nord, Liège, Belgium
- 1994 5th Bienal de la Habana, Havana, Cuba

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY AND PUBLICATIONS

- Scott, Kitty, *Le Temps du Sommeil*, Vancouver: Contemporary Art Gallery, 1998
- Gallo, Rubén, "Francis Alÿs at Jack Tilton," *Flash Art*, January-February, 1998, p. 53
- Alÿs, Francis, Ivo Mesquita and Bruce Ferguson, *Walks/Paseos*, Mexico City: Museo de Arte Moderno, 1997
- Medina Cuauhtemoc, "Francis Alÿs: Tu Subrealismo," *Third Text*, Summer 1997
- Darling, Michael, "Francis Alÿs and the Return to Normality," *Frieze*, March-April, 1997
- Guilbaut, Serge, "Rodney Graham and Francis Alÿs," *Parachute* 87
- Hollander, Kurt, Francis Alÿs, "Other Peoples' Cities, Other Peoples' Work," São Paulo: Galeria Camargo Vilaca, 1995
- McEvilly, Thomas, Francis Alÿs: *The Liar, The Copy*

of the Liar, Guadalajara and Mexico City: Arena Mexico Arte Contemporaneo, and Galeria Ramis Barquet, 1994

LUTZ BACHER

Lives and works in Berkeley, CA.

SELECTED SOLO EXHIBITIONS

- 1998 "Olympiad," Rupert Goldsworthy Gallery, New York, NY
- 1997 "Video by Lutz Bacher," Bunny Yaeger LA, Los Angeles, CA
"You Could Live Forever," (CCTV with Pat Hearn), Pat Hearn Gallery, New York, NY
- 1996 "The Amy Tape," Berlin Mitte 96, Berlin, Germany
- 1995 "Lutz Bacher," Pat Hearn Gallery, New York, NY
"Do you Love Me?" Tri Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
- 1994 "Sex with Strangers," Mercer Union, Toronto, Canada
- 1993 "Jim & Sylvia," Matrix Gallery, University Art Museum, Berkeley, CA

SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS

- 1998 "100 Years of Sculpture: From Pedestal to Pixel," Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, MN
"White Noise," Kunsthalle Berne, Berne, Switzerland
- 1996 "Celebrity Self," San Francisco Art Commission Gallery, San Francisco, CA
- 1995 "In a Different Light," University Art Museum, Berkeley, CA
"Piece (Nine Artists Consider Yoko Ono)," KIKI, San Francisco, CA
- 1994 "Game Girl," Shedhalle, Zurich, Switzerland, travels to Kunstverein, Munich, Germany
"Ciphers of Identity," Ronald Feldman Gallery, New York, NY
"Bad Girls," New Museum, New York, NY
- 1993 "Coming to Power," David Zwirner, New York, NY, traveled to Real Art Ways, Hartford, CT
"I Am the Enunciator," Thread Waxing Space, New York, NY
- 1992 "Dissent, Difference, and the Body Politic," Portland Art Museum, Portland, OR, traveled to Otis/Parsons Gallery, Los Angeles, CA (catalogue)

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

- MATRIX Berkeley: 1978-1998. Berkeley Art Museum, Berkeley, CA, 1998
- Kandel, Susan. "Intimacy and Terror." *Los Angeles Times*, March 2, 1997
- Halle, Howard. "Lutz Bacher, Pat Hearn Gallery." *Timeout* New York, January 10-17, 1996
- Cottingham, Laura. "How Many Bad Feminists Does It Take to Change a Lightbulb?" *Sixty Percent Solution*, 1994
- Richards, Arnold D. "Varieties of Abuse," *Journal of the*

American Psychoanalytic Association. N°.42:4, 1994 (reproduction)

- Kimmelman, Michael. "Lutz Bacher Playboys." *The New York Times*, September 24, 1993
- Kotz, Liz. "Complicity: Women Artists Investigating Masculinity" *Dirty Looks: Women, Pornography, Power*, edited by Pamela Church and Roma Gibson. BFI Publishing, 1993, pp.101-123 (reproductions)
- O'Dell, Kathy. "Playboys." *Lusitania*, Vol. 1, N°.4, Fall 1993 (reproductions)

STAN DOUGLAS

Born in Vancouver, Canada, 1960. Lives and works in Vancouver.

SELECTED SOLO EXHIBITIONS

- 1999 DIA Center for the Arts, New York, NY
- 1998 Salzburger Kunstverein, Salzburg, Austria
- 1997 "Der Sandmann," Freedman Gallery, Albright Center for the Arts, Reading, PA
Fundacion Museo Alejandro Otero, Caracas, Venezuela
- 1996 Musée d'Art Contemporain Montreal, Montreal, Canada
Museum Haus Lange & Museum Haus Esters, Krefeld, Germany
- 1995 "Monodramas," Neuerachenerkunstverein, Aachen, Germany
"Evening and Hors-champs," The Renaissance Society at the University of Chicago, Chicago, IL
"Stan Douglas: Pursuit, Fear, Catastrophe," Ruskin B.C., Walter Phillips Gallery Banff, Canada
- 1994 Stan Douglas (with Diana Thater), Witte De With, Centre for Contemporary Art, Rotterdam, Holland
Institute of Contemporary Art, London, England (traveling)
- 1991 "Monodramas," Galerie Nationale du Jeu de Paume, Paris, France
- 1989 "Subject to a Film: Marnie/Television Spots," YYZ Gallery, Toronto, Canada
- 1988 "Samuel Beckett: Teleplays," (Stan Douglas, curator), Vancouver Art Gallery (toured Canada, the United States, Australia, France, and Italy 1988-91)

SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS

- 1998 "Ghost Story," Kunstlerhaus Wien, Vienna, Austria
Herzliya Museum of Art, Herzliya, Israel
"Wounds: Between Democracy and Redemption in Contemporary Art," Moderna Museet, Stockholm, Sweden
"Voice Over: Sound and Vision in Current Art," (organized by Hayward Gallery), Arnolfini Gallery, Bristol, England (traveling)
- 1997 "Trade Routes: History and Geography," 1997

Johannesburg Biennale, Institute of Contemporary Art, Johannesburg, South Africa
Documenta X, Kassel, Germany
"Skulptur," Projekte in Munster, Munster, Germany
'97 Kwangju Biennale, Kwangju, Korea

- 1996 "Hall of Mirrors: Art and Film Since 1945," Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, CA (traveling)
"NowHere," Louisiana Museum of Modern Art, Humlebaek, Denmark
Sydney Biennale, Sydney, Australia
1995 Carnegie International, The Carnegie Museum of Art, Pittsburgh, PA
"Public Information: Desire, Disaster, Document," Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco, CA
Whitney Biennial, The Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, NY

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Budney, Jen. "The failed utopia." *Siksi*, vol. XIII, No. 1 (Spring 1998), pp.58-61
- "Stan Douglas in Gespräch." *Noema Art Journal*, No. 49 (October-November 1998), pp.74-81
- Cameron, Dan. "Glocal Warming." *Artforum*. Vol. XXXVI, No. 4, (December 1997), pp.17-22, 130
- Jones, Ronald. "Stan Douglas." *Frieze*. (March-April 1997), pp.90-91
- Tuer, Dot. "Mining the Media Archive." *Fuse Magazine*, Vol. 20, No. 5 (November 1997), pp.21-29
- Carels, Edwin. "The cinema off screen..." *Archis*. (October 1996), pp.72-88
- Gale, Peggy. "Stan Douglas/Moving Targets." *Paletten*. (1/96, Nr. 224, issue 57), pp.4-9
- Casebere, James. "Möbius Strip" (interview with Stan Douglas). *Blind Spot*, No. 6 (1995)
- Gale, Peggy. "Stan Douglas. Evening and Others." *Parachute*, No. 79. (July, August, September 1995), pp.20-27
- Vogel, Sabine B. "Fehlgeschlagene Utopien: Interview mit dem Videokünstler Stan Douglas." *Zitty*, (March 1995), pp.76-78
- Lebert, Muriel. "Stan Douglas. La Situation du Spectateur dans l'Oeuvre." *Artefactum*, No. 52 (Summer 1994), pp.65-68

SELECTED PUBLICATIONS

- "Television Talk" in *Art Recollection. Artists' Interviews and Statements in the Nineties*, Danilo Montanari & Exit & Zona Archives Edition. Edited by Gabriele Detterer, 1997
- "Pursuit, Fear, Catastrophe: Ruskin B.C." (1993), *Jahresring 41: Jahrbuch für moderne Kunst*, edited by Christiane Schneider, 1994
- "Police Daily Record" Project for Frieze, Issue 12, (September 1993), pp. 46-47, ill.
- *Vancouver Anthology: The Institutional Politics of Art*, Stan Douglas, ed. (Vancouver: Talonbooks, 1991)

- "Public Art in a Nutshell," paper delivered at Politics of the Image, Dia Center for the Arts, New York USA, November 1990
- Samuel Beckett: *Teleplays*. Stan Douglas, ed. (Vancouver: Vancouver Art Gallery, 1988)

BIA GAYOTTO

Born in Florianopolis, SC, Brazil, lives in Altadena, CA.

SOLO EXHIBITIONS

- 1991 Museum of Image and Sound, São Paulo, Brazil
1988 SESC Pompeia Art Center, São Paulo, Brazil
1987 Museum of Image and Sound, São Paulo, Brazil

SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS

- 1998 LA Culture Net, Getty Information Institute, Los Angeles, CA
1997 Blum & Poe, Santa Monica, CA
Eagle Rock Community Cultural Center, Los Angeles, CA
1996 Wight Gallery, UCLA, Los Angeles, CA
1991 PUC, São Paulo, Brazil
1990 São Paulo Art Center, São Paulo, Brazil

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Jacqueline Cooper, "After the Hangover: Graduate Schools in Los Angeles at the Close of the Millennium," *New Art Examiner*, Vol. 25 No. 5 (February 1998), pp.34-38
- Michelle Grabner, "The Eagle Rock Show," *X-tra*, Vol. 1, No. 3 (1997), p.3

JOSEPH GRIGELY

Born 1956 Springfield, Massachusetts; deafened in 1967, lives in New Jersey.

SELECTED SOLO EXHIBITIONS

- 1998 "Conversations and Portraits," Douglas Hyde Gallery, Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland
"I am such a petite thing," Galerie Francesca Pia, Bern, Switzerland
"Barbican Conversations," The Barbican, (in collaboration with the Public Art Development Trust), London, England
Masataka Hayakawa Gallery, Tokyo, Japan
1997 "Little Piglet," Air de Paris, Paris, France
"Conversations," Revolution Gallery, Detroit, MI
"The Pleasure of Conversing," Anthony d'Offay Gallery, London, England
"Portraits," AC Project Room, New York, NY
"Ordinary Conversations," MIT List Center for the Visual Arts, Cambridge, MA

- 1995 "Figures of Speech," AC Project Room, New York, NY
1994 "Conversations with the Hearing," White Columns, New York, NY

SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS

- 1998 Sydney Biennial, Sydney, Australia
"Angel, Angel," Kunsthalle, Vienna, Austria
Istanbul Biennial, Istanbul, Turkey
"Recovering Lost Fictions" (with Kathleen Gilje). MIT List Visual Arts Center, Cambridge, MA
1996 "The Power of Suggestion: Narrative and Notation in Contemporary Drawing," Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, CA
"NowHere," Louisiana Museum of Modern Art, Copenhagen, Denmark
"Manifesta 1," Centrum Beeldende Kunst, Rotterdam, Holland
"The Materialization of Life," Printed Matter, New York, NY Curated by Ben Kinnmont
1995 "La Belle et la Bête: Art contemporain américain," Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris/ARC, Paris, France
"TransCulture," XLVI Venice Biennale, Venice, Italy

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Laurence Cabidoche, "Histories sans parole," *les Inrockuptibles* (France), No. 153 (27 Mai 1998)
- Maria Scott, "Joseph Grigely: Conversations and Portraits," *Circa: Irish and International Contemporary Visual Culture*, 84 (Summer 1998)
- Kate Bush, "Small Talk," *Frieze* (March-April 1996), pp.64-5
- David Greene, "Aural Report," *The Village Voice* (June 18, 1996), p.82
- Brigitte Ollier, "Joseph Grigely, le discours manuel," *Libération* (Paris) 4/6 Mai 1996, p.26.
- Holland Cotter, "Joseph Grigely and Lee Gordon," *The New York Times* (March 25, 1994), p.C26

SELECTED PUBLICATIONS

- *Conversation Pieces*. Kitakyushu and Kyoto: CCA Kitakyushu and Korinsha Press, 1998
- "Postcards to Sophie Calle," *Michigan Quarterly Review*, 37.2 (Spring 1998): 206-233
- *Recovering Lost Fictions: Caravaggio's "Musicians."* Cambridge, MA: MIT List Visual Arts Center 1997
- *Your Command Is My Wish*. Paris: Artistbook International, 1997
- *Kitchen Conversations*. Frankfurt am Main: Portikus, 1996
- *Textuality: Art, Theory, and Textual Criticism*. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1995

EVAN HOLLOWAY

Born in La Mirada, CA, 1967, lives in Los Angeles.

SOLO EXHIBITIONS

- 1997 "Black Cabinet," Marc Foxx, Santa Monica, CA Room 702, Los Angeles, CA
1994 Arts Commission Gallery, Tacoma, WA
1992 Galaxy Bizarre, Tacoma, WA

SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS

- 1998 "Plaats," W139, Amsterdam, Holland
"Brighten the Corners," Marianne Boesky, curated by Dennis Cooper, New York, NY
1997 "Malibu Sex Party," Purple, Los Angeles, CA
"Work and Progress," Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions, Los Angeles, CA
1996 "Video Povera," CAL STATE, LA, Los Angeles, CA
1995 "Lexicanus Linguisticus," 504 Gallery, Tacoma, WA
1994 "Puget Soundings," Commencement Gallery, Tacoma, WA
1993 "About Face," Tacoma Art Museum, Tacoma, WA

PERFORMANCES, BROADCASTS, ETC.

- 1998 "Broadcast Moment," LA X-Ray, KPFF, April 23

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Zyzzyva, Spring 1998, Vol. XIV, No. 1, Cover
- "Brighten the Corners: Five Artists from Los Angeles," review by Roberta Smith, *The New York Times*, Friday, April 24, 1998, p.B32
- Review of "Black Cabinet" by Jacqueline Cooper, *New Art Examiner*, February 1998
- "Evan Holloway," review by Bruce Hainley, *Artforum*, January 1998, p.106
- "Progress" Offers Likable Exercise in Sculpture," *Los Angeles Times*, August 12, 1997, p.16
- "Too Cool for School," *Spin*, July 1997, pp.86-94
- "An A for Art," *Buzz*, June/July, 1997, p.34
- "Essay: Dennis Cooper on Tots and Toys," *Artforum*, December 1996, p.13
- "Music Architecture Elements Add Interest to Art Walk," *Tacoma News Tribune, Sound Life*, February 17, 1994, p.11

ANA MENDIETA

Born Havana, Cuba, 1948.
Died New York City, 1985.

SELECTED SOLO EXHIBITIONS

- 1998 Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, CA
1997 "Ana Mendieta: Body Imprints and Transformations," Galerie Lelong, New York, NY
1996 Centro Galego de Arte Contemporanea, Santiago, Spain (traveling)

- Helsinki City Art Museum, Helsinki, Finland
(traveling)
Galeria DV, San Sebastian, Spain
- 1995 Barbara Gross Gallery, Munich, Germany
- 1994 "Ana Mendieta: The Late Works." Cleveland Center for Contemporary Art, Cleveland, OH
Artotheque de Caen, Caen, France
- 1993 Centre d'Art Contemporain, Ile de Vassivrise, France
- 1991 The Silueta Series, Galerie Lelong, New York, NY
(traveling)
- 1990 Pat Hearn Gallery, New York, NY
- 1988 Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions, Los Angeles, CA
- 1985 Gallery AAM, Rome, Italy
- 1984 Primo Piano, Rome, Italy
- 1983 Museo Nacional de Bellas Artes, Havana, Cuba
- SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS**
- 1998 "Out of Actions: Between Performance and the Object 1949-1979," The Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, CA
- 1997 5th International Istanbul Biennial: "On Life, Beauty, Translations, and Other Difficulties," Istanbul, Turkey
2nd Johannesburg Biennial, Johannesburg, South Africa
- 1996 "Sexual Politics: Judy Chicago's "Dinner Party" in Feminist Art History," UCLA at the Armand Hammer Museum of Art and Culture Center, Los Angeles, CA
Cuba Siglo XX: Modernidad y Sincretismo, Centro Atlantico de Arte Moderno, Las Palmas, Spain
"More than Minimal: Feminism and Abstraction in the 70's," Rose Art Museum, Brandeis University, Waltham, MA
"Inclusion/Exclusion: Art in the Age of Post-colonialism and Global Migration," Streirischer Herbst 96, Graz, Austria
"Sin Fronteras-Arte Latinoamericano Actual," Museo Alejandro Otero, Caracas, Venezuela
- 1995 "Féminin-Masculin: Le sexe de l'art?," Musée National d'art Moderne, Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris, France
- 1994 "Outside the Frame: Performance and the Object," Cleveland Center for Contemporary Art, Cleveland, OH
- 1993 "Latin American Artists of the 20th Century," Museum of Modern Art, New York, NY, (traveling)
"Ante America," Biblioteca Luis Angel Arango, Bogota, Columbia (traveling)
- 1991 "The Contemporary Drawing: Existence, Passage and the Dream," Rose Art Museum, Brandeis University, Waltham, MA
"Experiencing Sculpture: The Figurative Presence in America 1870-1990," The Hudson River Museum, Yonkers, New York, NY
"El Corazon Sangrante: The Bleeding Heart." The

- Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston, MA
(traveling)
- 1990 "The Decade Show: Frameworks of Identity in the 1980s." The New Museum of Contemporary Art, New York, NY, in collaboration with the Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art and the Studio Museum in Harlem
"Art As Artifact." Institute of Contemporary Art, Philadelphia, PA

SELECTED PERFORMANCES

- 1972 Center for the New Performing Arts, University of Iowa, Iowa City, IA
- 1973 Clinton Arts Center, Clinton, IA
- 1974 University of Wisconsin, Madison, WI
Unidad Professional Zacatenco, Mexico City, Mexico
- 1976 "Body Tracks," Studenski Kulturni Center, Belgrade, Yugoslavia
"Body Tracks," International Culture Center, Antwerp, Belgium
- 1978 "La Noche," Yemaya, Franklin Furnace, New York, NY
- 1982 "Body Tracks," Franklin Furnace, New York, NY

MONOGRAPHS

- 1996 Ana Mendieta, Centro Galego de Arte Contemporanea, Santiago de Compostela, published in conjunction with the traveling retrospective exhibition "Ana Mendieta: 1948-1985," Helsinki City Art Museum, Helsinki, Finland
- 1992 Ana Mendieta: A Book of Works by Bonnie Clearwater
Ana Mendieta: The "Silueta" Series, 1973-1980, published by Galerie Lelong, New York, with text by Mary Jane Jacob
- 1987 Ana Mendieta: A Retrospective. New York: New Museum of Contemporary Art

REPRODUCTIONS

FRANCIS ALÿS

- The thief, 1996 (from the Déja Vu series), p.12
Oil on canvas, 16 x 22 cm
video stills from Sometimes making nothing leads to something, pp.10-11
1998, (from the Paradox of Prazis series)
8 min video loop

LUTZ BACHER

- video stills from Do You Love Me?, 1994, pp.14-15, 16, back cover 63
EP VHS video, 12 hours

STAN DOUGLAS

- video still from Disagree, from Monodramas, 1991, pp.18-19
ten videos for television, 30 to 60 seconds each
still from Encampment, from Monodramas, 1991, p.20
ten videos for television, 30 to 60 seconds each

BIA GAYOTTO

- detail, Chair Piece #3: Santos Vasquez, 1996, p.2
C-print, 18x34" framed
detail, Chair Piece #5 Bia Gayotto and Mary C. Stevens, 1996, pp.6-7
C-print, 18x34" framed
detail, Chair Piece #5 Bia Gayotto and Mary C. Stevens, 1996, p.8
8 C-prints
24 1/2 x 31" each framed

JOSEPH GRIGELY

- Paula H., New York, 24 May 1996, 1997, pp.42-43
R-print
Untitled Conversation (Sex), 1995, p.28
framed text and one sheet of paper
Jenny S., Detroit, 7 December 1995, 1996, pp.26-27
R-print
detail, Untitled Conversation (Paula's Birthday Party), 1995, pp.34-35
framed text and paper tablecloth

EVAN HOLLOWAY

- detail, Black Cabinet, 1997, pp.30-31
Wood, vinyl, velvent, linoleum, metal, pneumatic piano and paper, 83 x 124 x 68"
Black Cabinet, 1997, p.32
Wood, vinyl, velvent, linoleum, metal, pneumatic piano and paper, 83 x 124 x 68"

ANA MENDIETA

- detail, Untitled (Cosmetic Facial Variations), Jan-Mar 1972, p.24
4 C prints, 20 x 13"
detail, Untitled (Glass on Body Imprints), Jan-Feb 1972, pp.22-23
6 C-prints, 20 x 13" each
detail, Untitled (Glass on Body Imprints), Jan-Mar 1972, cover
6 C-prints, 20 x 13" each

CITATIONS:

- p.12, Jean Baudrillard, "Please Follow Me," in Calle, Sophie: Suite Venitienne. San Francisco: Bay Press, 1988, pp.78-79
p.21, States, Bert: The Pleasure of the Play. Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1994, p.210

FOR THEIR GENEROUS HELP IN THE MAKING OF
THIS EXHIBITION AND CATALOG
ANNE WALSH VERY DEARLY THANKS
THE LENDERS, THE ARTISTS
BRAD SPENCE, CATHERINE LORD
AMY GERSTLER, NORIKO GAMBLIN
MICHAEL WORTHINGTON AND
ESPECIALLY HIRSCH PERLMAN
FOR TECHNICAL SUPPORT THE ART GALLERY THANKS
PATRICK "PATO" HEBERT AND JOANN GARCIA

PRINTED IN AN EDITION OF 1000 BY DELTA GRAPHICS

"A MAN IN OUR TOWN" AND "WIFE ONE IN COUNTRY" FROM
ALMOST NO MEMORY BY LYDIA DAVIS. COPYRIGHT
(C) 1997 BY LYDIA DAVIS. REPRINTED BY PERMISSION
OF FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX, INC.

"GAMES ARE THE ENEMIES OF BEAUTY, TRUTH AND
SLEEP, AMANDA SAID" FROM THE TEACHINGS OF DON
B BY DONALD BARTHELEME, EDITED BY KIM
HERZINGER. COPYRIGHT (C) 1992 BY THE ESTATE OF
DONALD BARTHELEME. REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF
TURTLE BAY BOOKS, A DIVISION OF RANDOM HOUSE, INC.