

Dear Laila,

if the surface is where objects end, it's no place to store anything. If one tries to pinpoint it, it grows ever thinner until it loses its dimension and is no more than an idea. The surface seems to move toward the immaterial.

And yet, we encounter the world through its surfaces, we encounter the outer layers of everything, never anything else – through reflexion, reverberation, touch. Do we encounter nothing but ideas? Do we reach out and touch them all the time?

Daniel and I visited The Royal Cast Collection in the warehouse down by the harbour today. We wanted a closer look at the cast surfaces. When you copy a form in plaster, the air around it is solidified. You then cast the copy in the cavity. Thus the shape is inverted on its own immaterial surface.

The collection consists of three floors packed with plaster copies of Western sculptural art. We walked among the copies as if they were something other than plaster in familiar shapes. The Laocoön Group, Venus de Milo, etc. Their forms emerged from the plaster like an echo, saying: You've seen me before. I was enthralled. I couldn't resist touching the plaster. I thought: The plaster doesn't know what it presents, but it could potentially present anything.

But Daniel pointed to something black in the folds of the sculptures and said: That is time.

And: The muzzle of the horse head from the Parthenon is shiny because the plaster has drunk from the hands that have touched it.

The surfaces of the casts have a history. They once stood at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, later at the National Museum of

Art, where they gathered dust and were painted white rather than cleaned. They've been deemed worthy of repeated touching, copying and restoring.

I said: But these sculptures were white from the beginning. There's no trace of paint.

Then we spotted the Greek korai. On these statues paint was applied directly to the plaster. And Anne Marie Carl-Nielsen's painted copies from the Acropolis: Typhon and Bull's Head.

All was not white.

Anne Marie Carl-Nielsen!

Say hello to New York for me,

MARBLE.

* * *

Dear Laila,

art historian Alois Riegl writes that everything would be simpler if art strove only to imitate reality: The artist would cast a given object in plaster and then paint the cast.

Isn't that a wonderful thought?

You could mount tableaux vivants instead of taking photographs. And do total theatre instead of film. Imitative art would end where it began: in the ephemeral.

From the Renaissance forward, classical art sought to avoid becoming ephemeral. That's why it didn't try to imitate reality, but strove to get at the ideas behind it. As in the sciences, art began to divide itself into distinct disciplines. These disciplines surrendered certain aspects to each other. Painting became that which has no form, and sculpture that which is not painted.

Form and color were separated. The white sculpture emerged.

I see the separation of form and color as a compressive tool that would make it possible to transport these materials into the imperishable, into the world of ideas, into eternity.

I'm afraid sculptures from antiquity have been subjected to the same compression that the Renaissance and later classicism imposed on their contemporary arts. The sculptures have, after all, traveled through the centuries in question.

I've read about an Archaic (pre-classical) sculpture in Athens that is believed to have been scented! Her name is Phrasikleia; in one hand she holds a marble lotus flower that may have been drizzled with essential oils.

When a group of people gathered in front of Phrasikleia, one member read the pedestal inscription aloud for the others. It was written in the first person; in this way Phrasikleia was able to speak.

MARBLE

* * *

Dear Laila,

I've arrived in Athens. I'm sitting on the terrace of the new Acropolis Museum with a view of the southern cliff ace of Acropolis. On the eastern edge of the steep cliff a oisting winch is at work. A large white cargo on a pallet hangs in the air.

It's a wonderful museum. The building was opened in 2009; it hovers over an archeological dig and rests on pillars a large as those of the Parthenon. You walk up a sloping walkway in the

middle of the building and arrive at the Archaic hall. In front of large frosted windows fragments are placed on pedestals of varying height. I get a strong feeling of being lifted up when walking through this hall.

You continue on an escalator to the top floor where the Parthenon frieze hangs. It's only a copy; the original is at the British Museum in London. The rest of the Partenon sculptures are scattered across London, Paris, Vienna, Würzburg, Munich, The Vatican and Copenhagen. This level is full of plaster copies. The pedimental sculptures look like large cream cakes.

The Parthenon frieze dates from the classical era, and its figures are very well executed, but in my view they are as similar as cookie cutters – the same face, same body, same horse – it's very boring.

The sculptures in the Archaic hall are more expressive. I'm particularly fond of the korai: The statues of young girls standing with one foot in front of the other, stiff n the Egyptian style, lifting a fold in their dresses away from their legs. With the other hand they hold out a gift, they smile, they do no more than that.

Are you familiar with them? I think you'd like them. They're quite dissimilar and none are perfect. Their sizes and proportions vary, the bodies are uneven. But they aren't portraits – the bodies and faces exist more to express the sculptures' ornamentation. They are swaddled in patterned marble, their hair is braided, they wear jewellery, and have inlaid eyes. And they are full of traces of coloured paint!

I've met a guide in the Archaic hall. His name is Vassilis. He told me that the sculptures, shortly after being painted, were buried when the Persians conquered Athens. The soil seals. That's why a large amount of the paint was intact when they dug up the sculptures over two thousand years later.

But the colours have faded since then. You can see this in watercolours made just after the excavations. The watercolours themselves have also faded.

They say that all things have a colour, and they can therefore lose it. But things absorb all other colours than the exact one they reflect. Colour is that which leaves us. Just like surfaces, colours seem to move toward the immaterial.

How does one bind something as weightless as colour in this world? Pigments, yes. But pigments are volatile. Pulverised rock, soil, and plant extracts blended with wax or egg. They are washed away. The sun bleaches them. Oxygen in the air tears at them.

Form is more durable than colour. Some sculptures have been painted several times. Colour must be retold so it can continue to exist. Otherwise it has to be buried in the ground and sealed up there.

Laila, I have a feeling that everything is slipping, not just the paints. The museum is volatile, the sculptures are transported through many buildings, exhibitions, and arrangements. In

which room will the korai stand a hundred years from now? A thousand?

Now I long for Daniel.

Thanks for the LEE-filter. It works. I'll send photos as soon as I've transferred them.

Tell me, is spring mild and translucent where you are? Are there leaves on the trees?

MARBLE

* * *

Laila,

thanks for the letter with the spring leaf from Brooklyn. I can picture you leaning out of the sliding window to pick it from a tree in your street. I've enclosed an infrared photo of it, pale as a paper cut design.

The loneliness of looking into a different colour spectrum is overwhelming. Like being alone in a populated place.

The leaves on the trees fade, just like the sculptures do when the colours disappear. I've taken photos of Euro notes with the same filter; they fade also. In closeup you can see that they're made of cotton; their folds resemble those of the korai.

I know that you don't believe that one is either alienated or not; that one is always both. But one doesn't come to understand money through photographing it. It's impossible to penetrate the material.

I attended a lecture on the shadow banking system. Do you know about this? It's an unregulated, parallel banking system consisting of hedge funds which have gradually sucked the collected global capital out of the regulated banks.

The speaker was a hedge fund owner, but considered himself a critical and responsible investor. He recommended that Greece allow hedge fund activity and betting on the country's future. — Someone asked, "Won't this just make hedge fund owners richer?"

At first, yes, was the answer. But there was something called the "trickle-down effect". They must think we're stupid, when they come up with such a concept. Such a small sound: trickle.

Money whizzes through the world with the Internet. Through us and over our heads. I was dizzy and had to leave and go lie down in the Institute's garden. I looked up at the clouds, which seemed to teem with something that looked like glowing sperm cells. Do you see them too? Small, quivering vectors. I thought that this might be what money is, but I was being stupid. I had some canapés and cool white wine.

Laila, I don't want to be sent into orbit.

I know what you're thinking: Daniel. Yes. He can help me stay grounded, to live the life a human should. All the way down on the surface.

MARBLE

* * *

Laila,

I'm in such a bad mood today, and I am thinking: Is it the economy? All of the relationships I have here are business transactions. I go up to the museum every morning, buy a ticket, buy a cappuccino in their café, leave a tip and expect nothing more than coffee and politeness in return. I don't get involved in anything. Vassilis isn't in the hall right now, which suits me well. The korai don't recognise me.

I think this non-recognition goes both ways: I don't want to be recognised, and don't want to recognise. The city is a code that I don't try to crack. I didn't come to see through the surfaces, but to add more surfaces. It's colour that I'm thinking of. I'm already very tired of this assignment.

On ancient marble sarcophaguses, a single face occasionally swells up like a large clump of dough. It has no features; do you know why? The sarcophagus waits for the deceased, who is also the customer. When the customer dies, their face is carved into the stone. But above all, each dead person is anonymous. Don't be fooled by carved faces.

The museum was closed on Monday, so I went to Piræus for a swim. From the train I saw a huge banner with an illustration of a spinal column, and above it stood the word "scoliosis". I became despondent looking at the banner. Something is collapsing if hospitals are beginning to advertise which diseases they cure. But I don't know if that is what they're doing. There's always this "don't know", like a suppressed breath. There's a man with a small bag with the words "Eye Shop" on it; what has he bought? A girl with the same caricatured expression as the doll she hold in her arms, as if it were her little sister.

I had to walk a long way to reach the water, past a harbour full of rich men's yachts the size of beachfront mansions. When I arrived at the small dirty patch of beach, a trio of large dogs ran toward me, barking so fiercely that I had to walk back to the road and down a different staircase.

There were people with business on the beach, a young man fished, a hunched over woman appeared to be searching for something. A suntanned family lived on the bed of a truck parked under a tree. Two sunbathers sat at a café called Blue Lagoon. There was trash everywhere. And above the beach, up by the road, a posh café hovered, still closed, perhaps more suited to the hours after dark, when a beach like this can be romantic.

I took off y socks and shoes, waded into the water and thought: I'm going to drown. But I didn't. I walked up and sat at the bus stop, waiting for the bus home. A peeling picnic table at a café across the road gave me the shivers.

I said to myself: Calm down. It's not all business, life also unfolds here.

People live much of their lives outdoors here. Because of the fine weather. What do you want, Marble? That we all lie down in our coffins mmediately and hold our breath? Is that what you want?

M

* * *

Laila,

I've been reading about Greek sponge divers and the pressure they dive under. Besides the economic (they're paid piecework wages), the physical (heavy work under pressure at the bottom of the sea), and the social (internal competition), there's always

the fear of the bends. The bends is a phenomenon that arose with the use of diving suits. Within a few decades, it had killed tens of thousands of Greek sponge divers and disabled many more.

I'm sure you know that the bends happens when pressure levels around the body change too quickly and too often, so that nitrogen bubbles form in the blood, but the sponge divers weren't aware of this. Scientists didn't discover this effect until the end of the 1800s, and their research was based on the sponge divers' data.

The sponge divers had their own theories and insuffi ent methods. The cigarette test, for example. The first thing a diver did after surfacing was stand on the deck and smoke a cigarette. A crew member could detect whether the diver had the bends by the smell of the cigarette smoke, even before the diver felt any symptoms. If the smoke smelled odd, the diver's skin would soon begin to itch. Pain in the tendons, cramps, and paralysis might follow. The crew would massage the diver's body to increase blood circulation. If his condition worsened, they took him to the nearest beach and buried him up to the neck in hot sand. This sand bath eased the pain, but wasn't curative.

The bends occurs when the body's inner materials transform, while its external form remains unchanged — an ominous casting process. Nitrogen in the air becomes fluid under pressure and can be absorbed into the diver's blood. Upon arising to the surface, it converts to gas again, creating bubbles in the bloodstream, dispersing to tendons and organs. The casting mould bursts.

Laila, I long for things to become symbols, and symbols to become things. To see meaning and materiality collapse into one and the same plane. To penetrate a colour and remain there.

Write soon. I'm afraid of developing a form of the bends.

M

Excerpts from MARBLE -
a novel by Amalie Smith

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Prefaces and Appendices, together, constitute an artist's book by Jordan Tate

Published and designed by Lodret Vandret
Appendices designed and produced by Jordan Tate
First edition of 300 copies
Printed by Kopa

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Prefaces

Jordan Tate












L.H.O.O.Q.

A Book that is an Image

By: Lap Le

An image of a room. It is a gallery. In this image of a gallery there is a gallery wall upon which hangs a framed image of a sculpture. It is a sculpture of a figure, a man, with a large nose adorned with jewelry. It is an image of a room and it is a gallery.

Satoshi Nakamoto, like Nicolaus Notabene, is a pseudonym. As a name, Nakamoto represents the person or people who created BitCoin in 2009. To this day public records are still uncertain as to the identity of the individual or group behind Nakamoto. BitCoin however, remains a very real and tangible thing. It is the world's most popular form of decentralized cryptocurrency. As such, BitCoin not only changes the methodology and philosophy behind the generation of wealth, but also recommends that regulation or possession of such things is in fact not privileged. This re-distribution of a specific energy, in this case currency, has the potential to destabilize longstanding and prevalent systems and structures of power. Power being a catchall for the multitudes of energies those in the 'real world' deem applicable and productive.

An image of a room. It is a gallery. In this image of a gallery it shows two gallery walls. On these, three large framed images hang. The images are cartoons of anthropomorphized animals. They go well together. It is an image and it is a gallery.

Murakami, the writer not the artist, once wrote "In dreams you don't need to make any distinctions between things. Not at all. Boundaries don't exist. So in dreams there are hardly ever collisions." From a physics standpoint, collisions are the result of incongruity between systems. The collision itself being a dispelling of energy wasted in that disharmonious exchange. Another collision happens when we look at an image: between what we see and what it is. Energy is dispelled in these collisions as well. Often when I look at a painting in a gallery, I feel faint.

An image of a room. It is a gallery. In this image of a room that is a gallery there hang two images on a far wall that rests behind a column. One of these images is of an astronaut. The other a sculpture of a figure. Both are black and white. It is an image as gallery.

Hypothesis #1: Every image that comprises a vision board will not be made manifest. As a whole, the vision will be true.

An image of a room. The room might be a gallery. In the middle a sculpture is propped up. It is a broken head of an ancient figure. It is larger than life. It is an image of a sculpture that is a room.

There is a metaphor that is often used in Zen Buddhism, but probably not by the actual practitioners. In it there is a mirror and an apple. The two are discreet objects insofar as they have distinct boundaries and substance. We are asked to contemplate the relationship between these two objects. When placed in front of the mirror, is the reflection of the apple not itself an object as well? Or is the reflected apple a part of the mirror? If it is part of the mirror, then is any part of it an apple? If it is partly apple, then does placing an object in front of the mirror affect the substance of the mirror itself? These questions are obliquely answered by a fourth energy that permeates the circumstance: the nature of reflection itself, which is its own and discreet object.

An image of a wall. The wall represents a room. The room is a gallery. On this wall hangs the image of a sculpture. The sculpture is repeated in a sporadic fashion, often times it fragments and blends together with itself. It is a wall-image-gallery.

The thing about mirrors is that they don't show you the world as it is, but as it is reflected. Operationally, this can be seen in that the reflection is the Cartesian opposite of reality. Essentially, this can be felt in the belief that the duplication presented by the mirror does not indeed have the substance or soul you possess, should you believe in the existence of such. What is in the mirror can merely be physical. The image, too, has this distinction, as a duplication. Not the thing itself, but a thing nonetheless. In such a parafiction one energy is transformed into another.

Hypothesis #2: In order for an artificial neural network to learn it requires a resource of data to implement. 250 images is the start of a re-definition.

An image of a room. The floors of this room are made to look like marble. A sculpture, the broken head of a roman, or Greek, or German, rests in the middle of the floor. The wall is close enough to matter. It is an image.

The gallery is like a bank. It holds and distributes wealth. What kind of wealth? Who can say? Everyone will have an opinion. But let's say the wealth is a cultural energy. Like currency, but lighter and harder to keep in one place. And structurally let's say the gallery behaves like a bank. How? Suppose the primary resource of this cultural energy is an image. An image is as often made as it is found. As such, let's say it begins decentralized, but is an energy that can be made productive. The gallery, then, centralizes and distributes, as best it can, the image. It makes an image productive.

But what happens when the image is used to decentralize the gallery?

An image of a wall. Lighted so evenly that it appears a digital surface. A framed image floats on this wall. The image is an empty white, the frame a texture not unlike rock. The rock makes a room, which hangs on the surface. It is a gallery.

Like cryptocurrency. Like pseudonyms. Like the nature of reflection. Like parafiction. Images require multiple systems of interpretation in order to function as image. They exist simultaneously in several realities inasmuch as those realities exist in the system established by them. But let's say that an image lives within a collection of images. All of which require a similar cypher to decode. A similar system of interpretation to open up. Does the collection then become an image itself? Do the systems inherent within a single image fold into the systems required by the larger collection? If you then unfold the resulting image, what latent energy lies within?

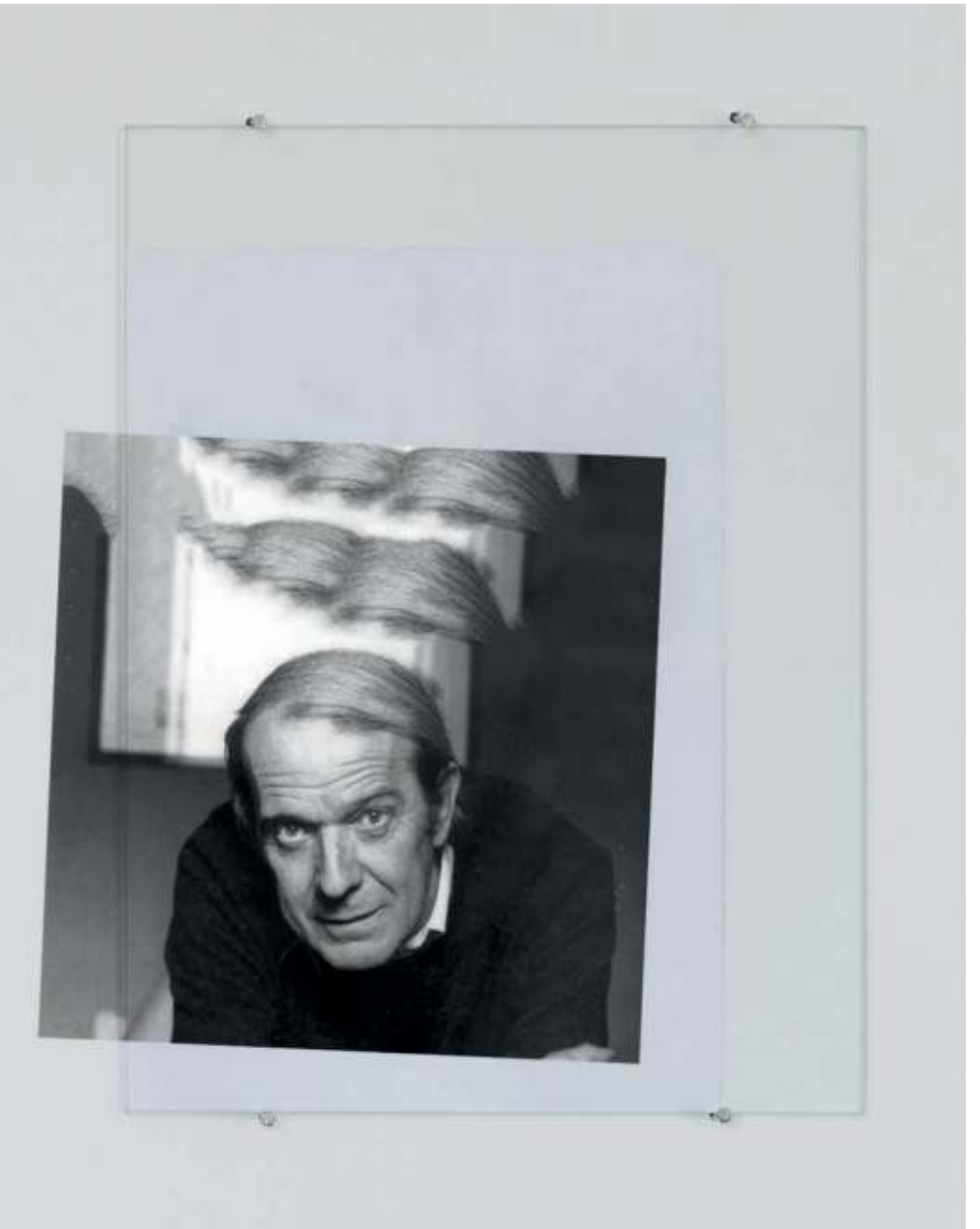
How do we make such a thing productive?

Perhaps we shouldn't.

An image of an image on a wall that is a gallery. It is the image of a book.



34













A Nightcap With My Patron

I wanted to dedicate this story to Walid, but I'm legally prohibited from doing so. By the law of what land, what nation, I don't know: that's also part of our binding bond, my bond to Walid, my unpayable punishment. So, as I feel the muzzle clamping down, let me just say, while I still have my faculties in tact, that I had only charming intentions when I appeared before Walid. I was only seeking his patronage. I wanted Walid to patronize me.

By now, I'm sure you have read all the delectable reports in respectable media. *Syrian Tycoon, Who, With His Riches, Patronized Contemporary Artists Worldwide, Dies at 56*. No, that's the wrong clipping! I made that up, of course. Walid, our dearest, is still walking this Earth—well, ying around in his jet, his high- ying boardroom bedecked with artwork I'm prevented by law from describing. What I mean to say is, you must have read the reports about our entanglement, our *pas de deux*. But if, for some reason, you have failed to keep up with respectable media, I will o er you this preface.

I rst heard about Walid from J.S., the German artist and one-time provocateur, who had heard about Walid from someone in London whose name I cannot name. London used to be such a great city, but all of that is irrelevant now. J.S. told me he met Walid in Kiev. The meeting was disastrous. Having failed to sell any of his paintings to our beloved tycoon, J.S. returned to Germany, whereupon he renounced painting, married a German lm star, started a successful band, fathered multiple children, and bought a second home. I can still picture J.S. in that Kiev bar, dressed, he later told me, as if for a meeting at a private gentlemen's club. There was J.S. in his brown suit, seated alongside Walid and his royal cadre, nervously drinking a crystalline liquid from sparkling tumblers. Suddenly, someone says something o ensive; J.S. disappears into the bathroom; the party breaks up; and the sale, which might otherwise have been reported by the *Financial Times*, in a review twelve years later of J.S.'s now nonexistent retrospective ("The turning point for his career, and market viability, was an auspicious meeting with Syrian tycoon Walid [*redacted*], whose acquisition of twelve paintings …") never occurs. When J.S. returned to Germany, determined, in his own words to "be a man," I realized I had an opening. I wanted to meet Walid.

Through an intermediary in Abu Dhabi, about whom, as you know, I'm barred from disclosing any identifying features, I requested a meeting with Walid. Like J.S. before me, I thought I would make the pilgrimage to Kiev. But the tycoon does not stay put for long. I met Walid in [*redacted*] of all places. And I'll say that was truly a disappointment. Even if I had unlimited air miles and open-ended holidays, would I have ever decided to visit that terrible city? But Walid, like a glass house in the forest, thrives where he will always be conspicuously marvelous.

I don't have to tell you that a man gets places in life mostly because he's handsome, and that's certainly true of Walid, in addition to which his father was once the prime minister of a country that doesn't exist anymore. Walid had gold-edged stationery and girlfriends on most of the major continents. When his secretary suggested we meet at one of his newly adopted city's nest establishments, I didn't dress like a graduate of Eton—I'm an American!—but instead like a starlet on the second day of a bender. I borrowed said louche ensemble, complete with pre-ripped jeans, from my brother, who's an assistant designer for one of the great fashion labels, and now that I think about it, I should have just taken a job with my brother when he o ered: I could be hauling graphics and producing advertisements. I could have had a condo and a dog.

On the night of our meeting, I stepped out of my driver's refurbished Yugo, and no, if you're wondering, no one was following me. I checked. Below the emerald canopy of the entrance there sat a boy who said he was with the security detail. In fact, he wore epaulets. The boy refused to open the door for me. He wasn't hostile, just stoic, and I'm almost certain he borrowed the epaulets from his older brother, so at least we had that in common. I opened the big brass door myself and stepped with tremulous nerves into the dining room.

I never worked for *Lonely Planet*, so who am I to say this establishment was the nest in town? To be sure, the place was well guarded. Beneath his two-button blazer, the *maître d'* was concealing a weapon, so was the gentleman who poured water, and even the lady on the phone, the reservationist who must have been approximately eighty-two years old, even she appeared in her aged nonchalance ready for battle. I thought of an exhibition I had seen at the Kunsthalle Baden-Baden some years ago, Baden-Baden being the decadent German village where the wives of sportsmen go shopping and pretend to be happy. As I wandered through the galleries, which were empty—that was all the rage, in those days—the lighting grew darker and darker, from gray to brown to a rather sinister purple. I became quite nervous, which of course is understandable: I paid twelve euros and I hadn't seen a goddamn work of art! I approached the invigilator, who, in her corner, was contentedly reading a Nigerian spy novel, and I asked where the art is. She folded a bookmark into her book and slowly glared into my eyes. Within seconds, I was set upon by security, escorted outside into that lovely tree laden park abutting the Kunsthalle, and kicked to the ground. I think that was the heyday of performance art.

From the aged reservationist I learned I was ten minutes late; the waiters were busy; no one would escort me to Walid's table; and so I decided to hazard a stroll across the establishment alone. All the light seemed to change, just like that ludicrous exhibition in Baden-Baden; indeed, the light narrowed into a dime pool encircling Walid's table. Walid himself was texting, of course. A tycoon waits idly for no one. He wore silver cu inks and frameless glasses and if any young boy grows up to look like Walid, with his regal nose and black hair parted, I imagine, with an X-Acto knife, well, that boy should think about becoming a tycoon just like Walid. Cast under his sudden spell, whatever overture I prepared in the taxi escaped me, and therefore Walid had the rst word, which wasn't hello.

Walid poured me a glass of [*redacted*] and asked me to describe my paintings. After delivering, perhaps with faltering nerves, my well-rehearsed treatise, which naturally had to do with Sigmar Polke, crimes of passion, and the fate of the suburbs, I began to feel rather proud of myself. Then Walid asked me where I resided. When I told him, he scowled. Brooklyn, he said, is merely a state of mind. To me, that sounded a like a helpful slogan, but Walid was disgusted. He asked if I had any pictures on my phone of recent work, and of course I did: I'm encouraged to post work-in-progress on a daily basis. Walid slid through a folder entitled E orts; he slid through three then four then six years of my e orts, my expensive art-supply materials, my references to Lacan, that phase I went through when everything was about Hungarian New Wave cinema, appropriated pictures, pictures of appropriated pictures, and parties I had at an illegal studio share that I later referred to as Happenings so that they could be part of my portfolio. Walid looked at all of this, and no, it wasn't like my life was ashing before me; I have a life, too, like anyone else; I have to visit my grandparents in Tennessee every once in a while. Without further deliberation, Walid said, No.

I'm only so many years old and unfortunately our generation, with everything bestowed upon us like champagne from socialists, doesn't know how to negotiate. When we hear no, we don't hear maybe. But, as I stood to depart, the ancient reservationist, she who must have witnessed world wars and delirious cabarets, appeared from the wings and pressed me back into my leather chair. I was now about to receive a lesson in making a deal. Walid asked me to propose some propositions. Tell me, he said, about your unrealized works.

At this point, I thought, with a pounding organ chord of delight, I've found my patron! I unfurled a sumptuous monologue about my unrealized series entitled [*redacted*], which involved cataloging and photographing the world's greatest collections of [*redacted*], which would only be possible if I had a digital Hasselblad the price of a Mercedes, a team of assistants, business class tickets to Taipei, a condo, a dog, and a wife. For twenty-one minutes, I described my visionary installations in desirable museums, my e orts framed and mounted and glittering in white cubes and kunsthalles, my projections projecting across parquet oors. The openings! The dinners! The pro les in the *Financial Times*! I felt my career, budding as it was, was budding into bloom. Walid lled the air with unprintable bromides; he made thrilling promises; he shook my hand and sent me on my way.

They say that way madness lies, but that way was only the dark side of the establishment, into which I quickly found myself rather lost. I couldn't see the entrance, nor could I call upon the services of the aged reservationist, who had vanished. I dreaded the thought of returning to Walid's table like the lost child, especially after our triumphant deal. In the darkness, the *maître d'* who, I imagine, was still concealing a weapon, approached me and asked for the bill. I was perplexed. The bill of services, he said, for your unrealized works. Oh, that, I said. Some artworks, as you know, are priceless.

We will need an invoice, said the *maître d'*.

I took a calculator from my pocket and made a show of adding up various gures, biting my lip and looking quizzical, until I landed on my arbitrary bond, to which, on the improvised invoice, I added several more zeroes. That should just about cover it, I said.

The *maître d'* slid my invoice into his leather folio and escorted me to the back door of the establishment, whereupon I was promptly arrested. I must have done something truly wrong, I said, when what I should have said was, where is my taxi? Two policewomen smuggled me into a Peugeot truck and how can I tell you where we drove when I have no idea myself? If we arrived at a factory, a jailhouse, a converted loft, or a gallery, I cannot say.

Now we're in the uncharitable territory of my censure. Now I'm supposed to tell you what a true pleasure it was to work for Walid, whose generosity is boundless, whose expertise is boundless. I'm supposed to tell you the glories of working on my Unrealized E orts. I'm not certain which words of mine will reach the printed page, but I hope the guards will allow me to say what I missed most, namely, drinking. I also missed Brooklyn, even though Walid said Brooklyn was a state of mind. I missed all the women and men I might have [*redacted*]. Surely my inbox was bursting with invitations to parties I couldn't possibly attend. The art world, in my absence, was spinning around, the stars emitting their vaporous light, yet I was a comet drifting ever closer to a black hole. The only

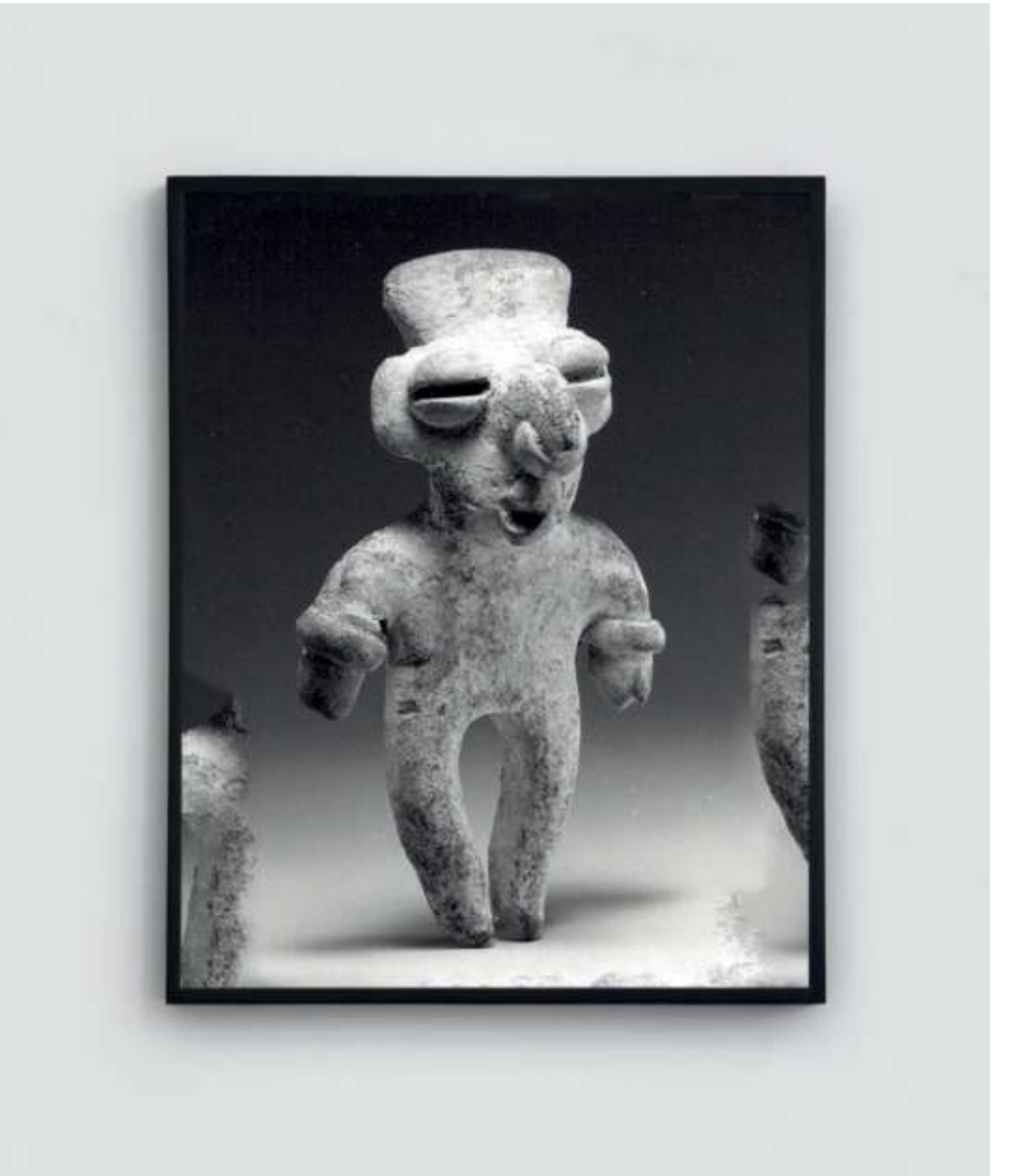
thing worse than a bad review was disappearing altogether.

If only I had refused Walid's off r.

When he was in town, Walid would sometimes visit my cell to ask about my progress. We would drink together; we would have a nightcap, although I was only permitted to drink water. Knowing I could never produce a single artwork here, not under this constant pressure, I would nonetheless regale Walid with all the exhibitions still to come, the photographs and installations that would rain accolades upon us both. Sometimes we hardly spoke. We listened to Puccini or otherwise the Slovak World Service. In the meantime, I imagined my old paintings were either totally forgotten or, in their scarcity, beginning to command decent prices on the secondary market. Perhaps Walid was in ating my value, haunting the auction halls and awaiting my lots to arrive on stage. I would often tell Walid, wishfully, that I was almost done; soon my e orts would be realized. Walid would rise from his chair and button his coat.

A man's work, he would say, is never done.

—Brendan Embser Wattenberg

















One Fine Day

An incredible thing happened to me yesterday. It left me nearly speechless. I say nearly because when it happened I said out loud *Wow*, even though I was alone and no one around me could hear. So I did indeed say something—use speech, as it were, to comment on the incredible event. To say I was speechless would not merely be an embellishment; it would indeed be an inaccuracy. But the phrase is employed here to emphasize the stupefying effecting of what happened. For language fails most often when events are truly overwhelming. In some ways I wish I had kept my *Wow* to myself. Then I could correctly claim to have been rendered speechless by what happened. Being the mouthy type, however, I couldn't help but punctuate the moment with my feeble utterance.

Regardless of my inability to remain silent the event was nonetheless remarkable. Truly unique. One of a kind, even. I can say this more confidently due to the circumstances of the event. Mostly this assurance comes from the fact that the event happened to *me*—an individual unlike any other (to the best of my knowledge). This alone attests to the impossibility of the event being reproducible. Furthermore, the other mitigating factors of space, time, temperature modulation, atmospheric conditions, and other microbe variations would substantiate my claim of the event being wholly unique. Such specific conditions of what happened, and the multiple possible variations from those conditions are something of wonder all on their own. It is said that if the universe is truly infinite then the probability of the event that I witnessed happening—just as it had happened to me—is almost certain to have already happened somewhere else. But I doubt it. Even still, those subtle considerations are not in fact what comprised the event. Though remarkable as they may be to consider, they are merely by-products of what occurred.

What particularly struck me in the moment was its utter unexpectedness. There I was, walking as one does in the midafternoon, with bag in hand and headphones plugged, minding—as the saying goes—my own business. This phrase is particularly apt in this scenario since I was indeed on my way to conduct the primary business of the day. My business, however, is of no business of yours. Prior to the event happening, most of the day had preceded with little to no unexpected occurrences. Even the irregularities of my daily routine were easily predictable: a late train, a light shower, a barking dog, a weak coffee. These events were all anticipated based on my years of experience traversing the city. In fact, it is more of a rarity when unforeseen events *don't* occur and the day goes completely according to plans and expectations. But yesterday was not such a day. Not because things went so awry, but more because the event that occurred came completely from left field. The surprising state of affairs was heightened by the fact that I was somewhere I knew. My business was taking me to a place I had frequented very often, and as such, I had accumulated a very deliberate set of expectations with a range of possible deviations. But this incredible event exceeded all expectations.

It's funny really how it all happened. I say *funny* because I don't know how else to frame the way I felt. I suppose awe is a somewhat funny thing. I say *funny* here not because the event made me laugh, instead it was *funny* by being so absurdly abnormal. When faced with the incredible, funny always strikes me as a proper assessment. Funny shares the same qualities as the unexpected. It is shocking. It takes you so unaware that you can't help but react. Perhaps that was the reason for my *Wow*. For *Wow* is such a funny phrase, such a strangely accepted way of communicating surprise and joy. I mean, what is *Wow*? I suppose using *Wow* was really just my funny way to affirm that indeed the incredible event was happening before me. Though it needed no such affirmation—its manifestation was entirely independent from my existence. Maybe that's why it was funny, because it could've just happened without any notice or attention. Most things require so much attention and confirmation. This is so much the case that even things that absolutely, without a doubt, happened are still thought to be unreal. But the event unfolded without any concern for such petty testaments. Such a cavalier attitude is certainly one reason why the event was so incredible.

Upon further reflection I feel as though I should clarify whether or not this thing that happened was even an event. That is to say I'm not sure if the thing that happened was singular or ongoing, whether what I witnessed was solely stationary or constantly evolving. More precisely, I cannot say for certain whether what happened was happening before I got there or after I left. Or even if tomorrow the event would still be there. Still becoming, still happening. Furthermore, to call it an event would classify it as an occurrence. But one could

certainly argue that what happened was a process. My recollection is so clouded by the overwhelming sensation of it happening that I cannot say with unwavering coherence if indeed it was an event. I'm tempted to stick with my initial categorization since the boundaries of defining something so miraculous now feels so arbitrary. It happened, that's the important thing.

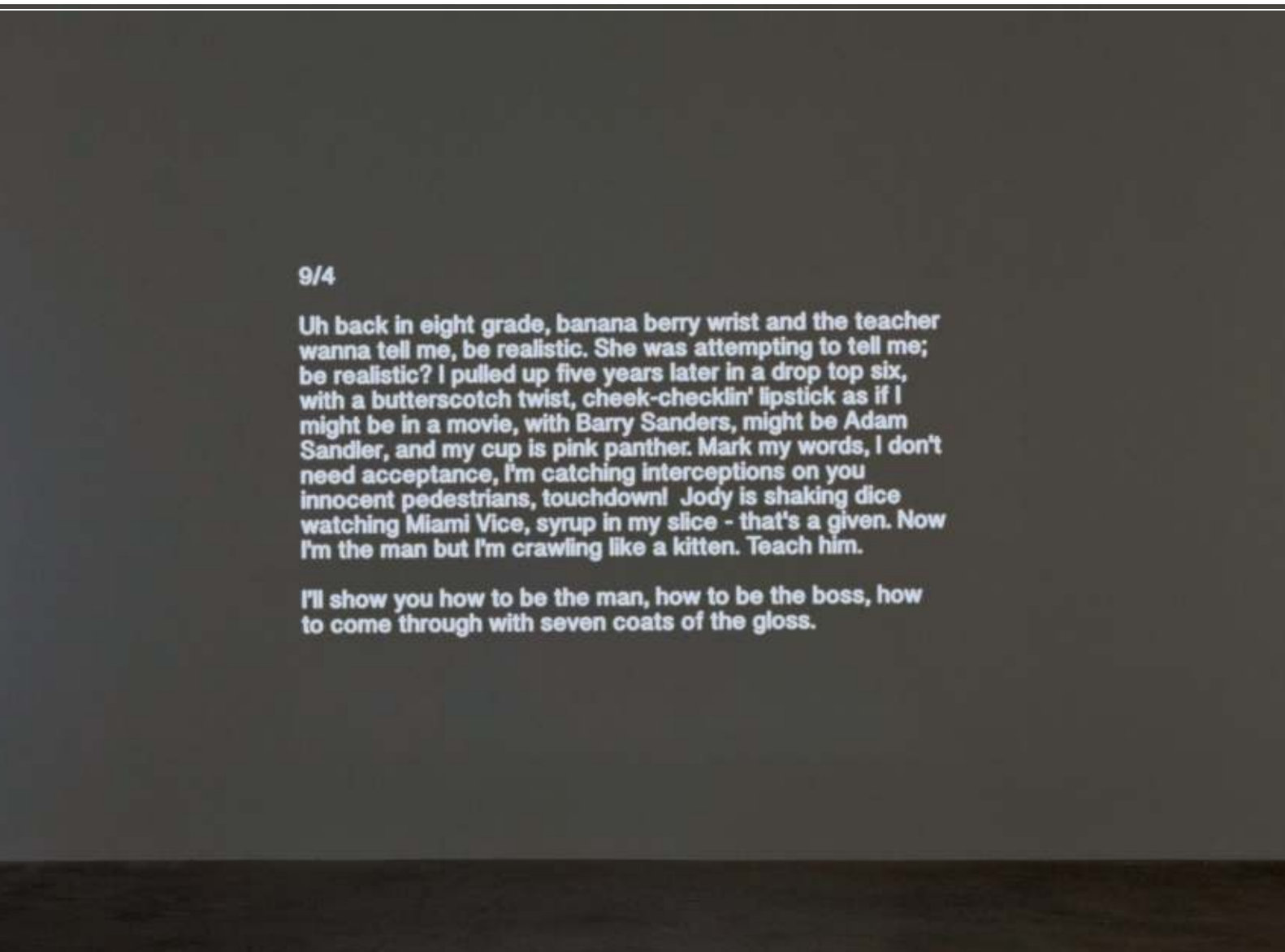
At the time I thought I should document what was going on. I had my phone on me and I could've taken a photo or even a short video. I could've shared this incredible thing. Spread it far beyond my singular experience. Let it touch others. Well not touch, but you know what I mean. *Affect* others. *Impact* them. *Move* them the way it moved me. For it's not really the thing itself that I wanted to share—to do so would actually be impossible. I couldn't merely bottle up what was happening and ship it around in a miniscule bundle of data. That would be absurd. But I wanted to give others the same sensation that I experienced, to impart to *them* a sliver of what had been bestowed onto *me*. The document wouldn't ever replace the original—everyone knows that. But it could convey, even in the most miniscule of quantities, the way this thing made me feel. Perhaps this recitation here is an effort to do just that: to give a glimpse into just how incredible this thing was, or how much it meant to me.

But as the day wears on I wonder how much this incredible event will stay with me. Already some of the particularities of its occurrence are fading from my memory. The actual *thing* will most likely recede into oblivion, but I hope its resonance will live on in me for years to come. I fear however that I've spent so much time ruminating on the surrounding details of what happened that I've neglected to tell you what actually occurred. So for the sake of posterity let me tell you about this incredible thing that happened to me yesterday.

Nicholas O'Brien






9/4
Uh back in eight grade, banana berry wrist and the teacher wanna tell me, be realistic. She was attempting to tell me; be realistic? I pulled up five years later in a drop top six, with a butterscotch twist, cheek-checklin' lipstick as if I might be in a movie, with Barry Sanders, might be Adam Sandler, and my cup is pink panther. Mark my words, I don't need acceptance, I'm catching interceptions on you innocent pedestrians, touchdown! Jody is shaking dice watching Miami Vice, syrup in my slice - that's a given. Now I'm the man but I'm crawling like a kitten. Teach him.
I'll show you how to be the man, how to be the boss, how to come through with seven coats of the gloss.







Liminal Spaces

Liminal Spaces and Worlds Otherwise
Stephanie Sadre-Orafai

1.

What is the difference between a preface and a proposal, a prototype and a possibility? Prefaces are beginnings. They frame and sketch, revealing a work's outermost contours. Using direct modes of address, prefaces orient and explain. They are promises that suggest and acknowledge.

In Kierkegaard pseudonymously published Prefaces (after which Tate's collection is named), Notabene strikes a deal with his wife to never become a "writer" by completing only prefaces. Worrying the line between amateur and professional, Notabene operates in a liminal space—a favorite of anthropologists—neither here nor there that affords him a privileged space of critique.

Tate's Prefaces is similarly concerned with thresholds, boundaries, and possibilities. His work provides a meta-commentary on contemporary and post-internet art, the future of photography, through fictional installations. While not material they occupy specific gallery and museum spaces. From Brussels and Berlin to Tokyo and Mexico City, Tate carefully considers the contexts and material realities of these would-be-installations while challenging the when and where of contemporary art.

2.

But what is the potential of potential, of the unfinished, of becoming? Liminal spaces are destabilizing. While there is clear trajectory and sequence, these non-spaces offer the possibility of a system otherwise. In this project Tate encourages us to imagine art worlds otherwise. He questions their conventions: the circuits through which works accrue value, art's efficacy and function, the obsession with documenting its processes.

Yet we must situate Tate's moves within a broader cultural context, one where a range of publics greet traditional forms of evidence and expertise with lingering suspicion: visual anxiety. As John Jackson has argued, in seeking to plumb deeper depths and uncover hidden truths, sometimes the quickest routes are through gut feelings, not visual apprehension or expertise.

But this downplays the central role of affect in both expert and visual practices. In learning to be part of a profession, novices reshape their sensory and embodied reactions, reconciling their sense of the world through shared habits and procedures. This is not a matter of technical or abstract rule following, but a visceral working through, that naturalizes expectations and perceptions.

3.

Tate's Prefaces, however, is not just about expertise. It centers the technologies and modes of mediation in which both lay and expert practices are enmeshed. The ubiquity of photography and range of vernacular forms that document, share, and circulate worlds—art and otherwise—draw on the medium's immediacy and ability to bear witness. Pics or it didn't happen.

While we know photographs can be manipulated—and indeed, Tate's Prefaces is composed entirely of such examples—there nevertheless is a sense of being there, of transparency that centers the viewer in these spaces. The images are documentary evidence of a future that not only has yet to arrive but never will. Pics that never happened.

In other contexts we have seen how visual documentation—from bystander cell phone videos to police officers' body cam footage—is not enough to destabilize official, expert narratives. While those images spark outrage and generate empathy among broader publics, they have been impotent against institutional structures despite their repetition and regularity. Pics that can't stop it from happening.

Liminal Spaces



4.

Dreams can linger when you wake. Their memories resurface in odd places, attaching themselves to unrelated events and people that shift your perspective. They compel you to reconsider what is happening in the moment: how you got there, where you are going. Dreams remind us that we cannot always control where our minds wander.

To imagine a world otherwise is to draw attention to its construction, to poke at its seams, see where it bulges and sags. While future-oriented, imagination is rooted in a present that bears scars from past trajectories. It knits time together. Imagination is not only mental. It works through bodies and is felt among people and objects. It shapes actions and leaves traces. Even when it fails to fully form, it has material effects.

In just starting, in trying things out, we can follow things where they lead. See what they look like, how they feel. We can ask questions about how they work rather than what they mean. We can imagine the different possibilities contained within them, the porousness of their boundaries. The potential of potential is not that they are untethered from the world (i.e., that they remain under our control), but that they exist in it.













90




POR FAVOR
MANTÉNGASE
DETRÁS DE LA
LÍNEA



Preface to *Global Consensus and Belief in the Telefunk Regime*

The First Month

Nobody remembers the first person who went missing. Just that all of a sudden, people were gone. There may have been a first, but this was not a virus you could track down to a monkey in the heat, dust, and grass of a foreign country. You could not blame it on an animal. One person missing, and the authorities knew how to handle that. If the body was still there, then it could be taken in for testing. *Comatose*, the parents would repeat, while sobbing, that their Matts and Megans were suffering from a lengthy, bad trip from mixing prescription meds. One scattered case led to hearing about more of the same; the patients' doctors began sharing their findings at industry conferences or on e-doc message boards. Productivity was at an all-time high, with more and more research translated into information, spread as energy throughout the world. Speed did not matter: nobody knew that they were looking for people who had been sucked inside of objects.

Within weeks, then years, people started to return. If they were assumed to be deadbeats, they'd upload their own confessionals to YouTube. The better-edited ones went to major broadcasting networks, and if there was a sad nuclear family involved, they were given free flights and a hotel to stay in New York for a 10-minute stint on the *Today* show. Good-looking evidence was everywhere. The good-looking evidence proved that everyone could return intact and mend broken emotional bonds with their family members. They had been model citizens who had made a mistake—in a fit of excitement, boredom, or was it depression?—they had taken a poor drug cocktail. Don't do drugs! Don't do experimental drugs! Or else this could happen to you. Poor drugs = poor images, but these people had been able to return to the realm of proper images. Poor transformed into proper.

If the evidence wasn't good-looking, it was harder to find: a video listed as 012.mov with a title "My Return" was uploaded by a user "Cheryltryc."

For a good week, everyone thought that an unheard number of young adults had gone comatose for extended periods of time as a symptom of some new drug menace. Then posts started popping up on Reddit, then on online news blogs, not the mainstream ones, with first-person stories about going missing. These did not fit into the storyline that had been told so far:

"I Was Stuck as a Stick-on Tattoo"

Hervé Dürberg [1]

It used to be easier, running an art gallery. All you had to do was look at what other people were painting—or Photoshopping, or recording, or printing—and then count trends. One, two, and three, where three of a thing meant there was officially, undoubtedly for everyone reading the stories on their phones, a trend. You'd look for art that fell within that trend. Then you've got a group of on-trend artists to narrow down even more; that's when you look for the ones that made sleek, small, and shiny objects. Then smaller ones. People started buying smaller and smaller, and then they wanted miniature art. That was difficult. Have you ever tried to sell artwork off a razor blade? That was when I almost slit my wrists, and I would have, if it weren't for the stick-on tattoo artwork embossed with rings made out of two-millimeter platinum that wrapped around my wrist. That stopped the blade.

My forehead started sweating and all around the air turned hot, then cloudy. I felt like I was in a steamy sauna and I couldn't see anyone or anything seated around me. Blind, I stayed in the same spot. I could not move or see. Eventually, I resigned myself to thinking I would stay in the same place forever. Then I started to hear. My listening might have gotten better. When you lose one sense, you're better at other ones, right? Like how cats can see really well at night, but have really shitty vocal skills. You know, their voices crack all crackly-like. Not the most pleasant thing to hear anymore when you're trying to sleep.

Anyway, I was telling you about this fog I was in. I wasn't moving, but I heard something like water. Thick globs of water flowing somewhere beyond. It was a glugging, with an occasional whisper of waves. The glugging got faster, the water was racing. Maybe it wasn't water, but maybe the water would explain the steam? Around me, the sound felt like it was moving in a circle, and I was inside it, rolling around. Then it would stop. I would roll around, sometimes left or right. Always I would feel like I was inside, inside a barrel maybe? Going around and around.

Who knows how long I was like that? I couldn't keep track of time. Even when I tried to count, I could never get past counting to 100 seconds. I'd forget if I was on the one-one hundred or two-one hundred. All the numbers sounded the same. I don't know how long I slept, or if I even did. I might not have.

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1 The author's identity has been changed, but the editors have verified this story with him on multiple accounts.

Then I woke up and you told me I had been sucked inside of the stick-on tattoo through a tube of light that beamed out of the razor-blade and into the tattoo, and under my skin. I was sucked inside my own skin.

When going missing happened to one person, it was harder to believe. Information must be replicated. Journalists cannot verify, scientists cannot quantify. We live in an age of team-computing after all, not that of a solo adventurer out to work on a theory that only one other person somewhere in the deep future can solve. Herein lies the crux of our era: our generation relies on global consensus. Fifty-percent is not consensus. We all agree, or not at all. And yet, we are faced with a pressing issue: how do we deal with explaining these individual shifts as true in an era of all-for-one and one-for-all?

The beginning of groupthink, and its corollary of team-computing, can be traced back to the 1960s. The first three-person computer prototype, the *Geromat III*, was developed in 1965 as an association between the Berlin Institute for Cybernetics and the Ulm School for Design, both in West Germany. The rudimentary computers were a mix of audio-visual media: each person sat behind a computer that contained a video monitor, which would show text-based questions provided by the selected computer program; a microphone and headset to talk to the other members; and a speaker whereby the computer program would tell the computer-users if they answered a question correctly. Sitting down at the *Geromat III*, all computer-users were shown the same question and had 16 seconds to respond. If all three users responded correctly, then they were all given another question. If only one or two of three answered correctly, the team could not move forward. They were then given 16 seconds to discuss by headset what the correct answer should be. All three had to agree in order for the program to run.

Although the *Geromat III* stayed a protoype, team-computing became the model for further computing throughout the 20th century. Its models of group think and external controls has since been adapted to the corporations that use these computers. IBM Istanbul is the same as IBM Atlanta.

And yet, again, here we are with the major question confronting this text: How can we account for variation within an environment of consensus?

The first chapter of this book has been structured around the historical basis for consensus, taking the three-person computer as a starting point. The computer is not necessarily the origin, but has taken on a mythical status in popular culture (with movies featuring the *Geromat III*, like *Cybernetic Warriors* and *The Circle*, having become cult-classics for anyone over the age of 20) as such. The emergence of this type of computing in the wake of the German reconstruction effort during the Cold War remains of vast significance.

The second chapter will take a more wide-ranging look at the computer's subsequent historical effects: A country torn in two, federal reunification could not occur when the country had, rightly, been carved up into East and West by U.S., German, and Russian forces. After the German reunification in 1970s, which many attribute to the spread of Siemens-brand personal computers connected to the group-computing network, and its subsequent economic success, Siemens opened up branches in all European Union (EU) countries, ensuring that the country's computing-model would become part-and-parcel of everyday life. By 1979, nearly 4 out of 10 households in the entire EU had a personal computer hooked up to the group-computing network TELEFUNK.

The third chapter will return us to the present in order to present an alternative reading of group consensus. Most of the discourse on the emergence of computing in the 1960s regards communication among others as the dominant aspect of how we create a system of truth; however, this tends to avoid the necessity of the "fourth" in the *Geromat III*. The computer itself, which controls the answers, meting out a yes or no, as basic as a binary 1/0, yes/no. The object, its energy, is a black box. Surely, it is an external control, but it is one that we need to explore in order to understand, or at least come to grips, with our current relationships to objects.

The final chapter is necessarily speculative; I apologize in advance if you, dear reader, had been expecting straight history. But speculation is necessary until we figure out what has become of our world where people disappear daily. With people going missing inside of objects, and their bodies comatose as they become objects, it has become time to figure out the black boxes of the nonhuman world. If this is even happening. Regardless, I will try to attend to the major facts of the disappeared, as we know so far.

Cori Kirsch, PhD
Associate Professor in Media Studies
University of Budapest – Dubai








"well frederick, are you... ready to get "weird."









Prefaces //Post Toastïes

1.
There's a folksinger in a park in Sofia. He's sitting under the *Паметник на кариес*, dictator Todor Zhivkov's *Monument to Tooth Decay*. It's a fractured, concrete, tooth-shaped mass with jackhammered caries and craters, and the natural wear of weather on the modern. Zhivkov believed that good teeth were a mark of capitalist indulgence and urged the Bulgarian people to consume as much candy as possible. Krum Damyanov and Ivan Slavov, builders of cyclopean brutalist Rushmores that dot the nation like spent volcanoes, were hired to design and implement this piece (modest at a mere 25 tons), which Sofians refer to as "The Cavity," and which people now love to urinate on and ignore.

The folk singer is sprawled behind The Cavity. He has dreadlocks, the international sign of spending your gap year bumming through foreign capitals sampling their beers, and a very malnourished puppy. The backside of his army surplus backpack is practically tanned with young adult male perspiration. I can hear him wailing from across the midnight square, and can only assume it's "Knockin' on Heaven's Door," that two-chord chestnut of the non-English speaking transient songbook. But as I approach Damyanov and Slavov's guttural dental mass, with its fine chisel work of grinning top-hatted gargoyles emerging from what amounts to a decommissioned parking garage (as if Bernini had worked on Boston City Hall), I can tell it's something else. The songbook only goes so far. *Blowing In the Wind. Hotel California. House of the Rising Sun. G-L-O-R-I-A.* But this singer's song is different. It's not even a song. He's on his back in the cyan shadows cast by mercury-vapor lights, playing the chords he knows. Searching for some salt, the puppy licks his face as his prostrate master bellows over and over again, "I like art. I like art. I like art."

A few municipal employees empty rubbish bins amid the casual teen frottage and steady ambling of the few Bulgarians awake at this hour, in this province, under this new and eternal giggling diktat.

2.
A very good gallery in Chelsea mounts a show. Not the usual semi-abstract numbo-ho-humbo or flaccid academic interactive glitz, the typical international style accumulative Biennial tchotchke-off or elephantiasis-induced mega-mart. This is a typical thematic group show, gathering an array of artists around a simple idea—a way to organize an exhibition without calling it "curating." These shows are ways for art dealers to try out younger artists, to get their own stable into the company of greats, and to sell stuff on the secondary market without it seeming crass. The theme of this show is Cosmology, and it is filled with wonders. A 19th century Indian Snakes and Ladders board. A 15th century Tibetan mandala. Robert Smithson's 1969 *A Urination Map of the Constellation Hydra*. A bound Robert Flood volume from 1617. An enormous Anselm Kiefer book made of lead, from 2002. Joseph Cornell and Jacob Boehme, Jess and a follower of Bosch. Marbled into a set of period vernacular and scientific period artworks made with the glow of elucidation, are contemporary works by visionaries and mappers and starers, artists who seem to be seeking, not just making art product. So, a Fred Tomaselli comet made of "Dexadrine and acrylic resin on a chair bottom." A Vija Celmins star field so meticulous it's incantatory.

Walking into this show from the vapid mead halls of this district feels like ducking into a cathedral during an air raid. Or like quitting a terrible

day job and tumbling out into the open city air with nothing to do but hover. It's such a relief to be in the company of artworks made for some, any reason, other than "because I could." There's an Aboutness that is so palpable in here it smells like certainty. It feels like the quiet nod of that one friend, the only one who really understands you. And there's no one here. It's a quiet January Wednesday morning and everyone in New York is either not in New York or busy getting and spending and laying waste. Then she walks in. Late 50s. Sunglasses. Louis Vuitton. Collector type. Body of a gazelle, voice of a drill sergeant. She moves with the grace of a bomb-sniffing dog. She's on the phone with someone, her partner, her trainer, her shopper, her lover. She stops in front of a tiny Adolf Woulfi, the extraordinary visionary draftsman who, as a mental patient in Switzerland, produced thousands of drawings and songs and writings, a 25,000-page universe-vision made of crayon and pencil and collage and pure, total delirium. She stops talking, admires it, and then reads the title and information off the gallery's List of Works. A picture is snapped and texted, and there's some back and forth about the other things she's seen that day, and then, this question, delivered with the nonchalance of someone as at home in the flow of capital as a sea lion in a riptide: "You think this painting will make my ass look big?"

3.

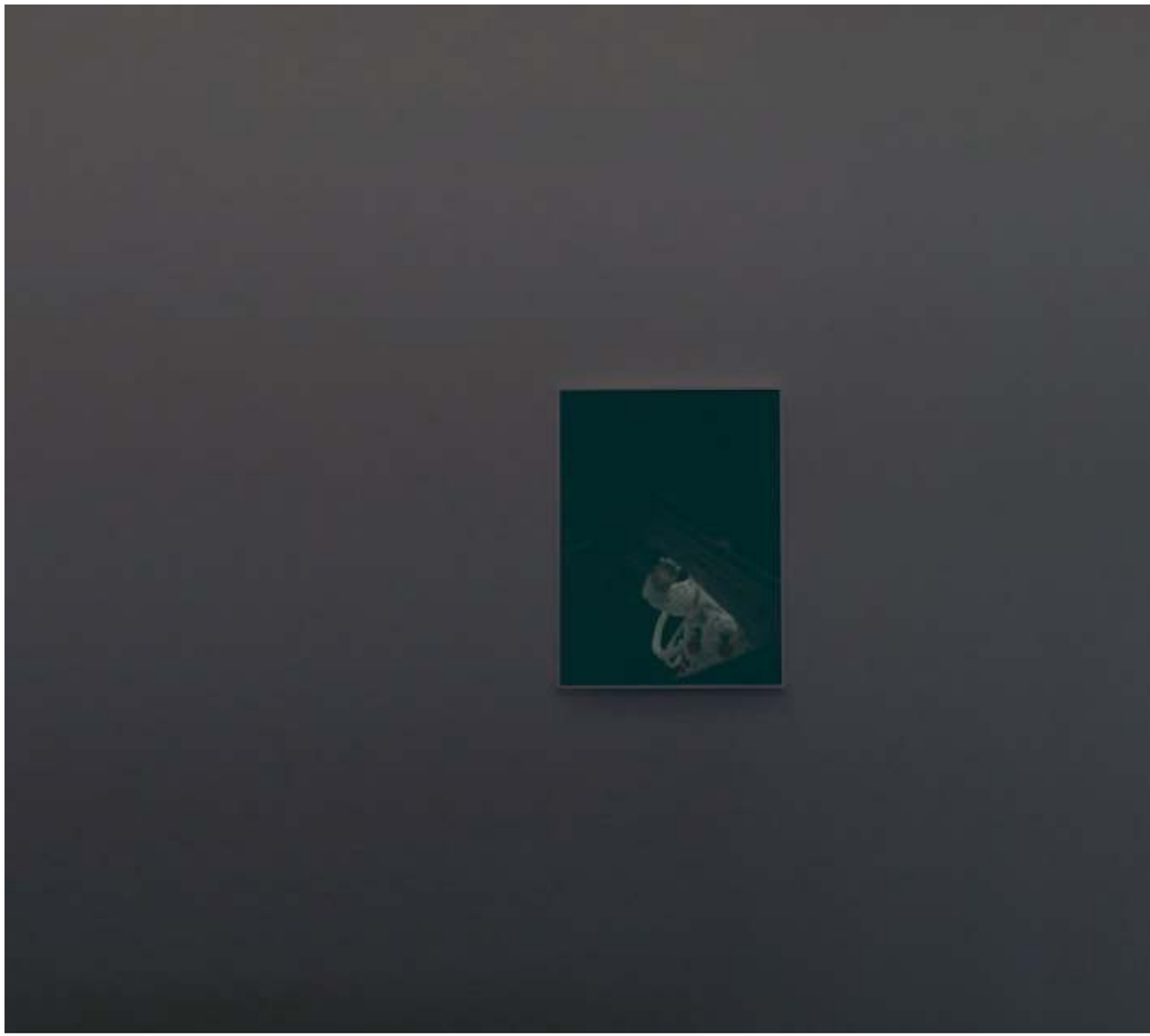
Back in the day we found a Basquiat in the trash. We'd just moved to our first Manhattan apartment, a filthy slum of a five flight walkup on Avenue A whose walls were so unplumb it felt like a funhouse, that smelled like rat and homemade schnapps in progress instead of cotton candy and fried dough. We didn't have any furniture and the street provided all. An elderly Bohemian Buddhist on the third floor died and we got her grotesque deco armoire. This monstrosity rewarded the pain of schlepping it up Mount Kimchi with a set of 1940s erotic Lesbian snapshots hidden in a secret panel at the back. Our kitchen table consisted of construction materials stolen from municipal digs along the FDR Drive. And then I found the Basquiat. It was hidden behind some flattened trash cans in an alley behind the 14th Street post office, and was unmistakably his: that truly poetic sense of the materiality of language, that folky oilstick impulsiveness that launched a thousand café art exhibits, the way only he (and maybe DaVinci) could make the notational eternal. I didn't even dust the thing off I was so excited, and placed it alone in the empty living room. I just sat and stared, and planned my retirement until I had to go out in search of something that cost three dollars to eat.

When I returned full of borscht and coffee, my roommate was in tears. The painting had emitted a bloom of insect life, which ran all over the apartment, even into her bed and among her childhood stuffed animals. They were bedbugs or cockroaches or earwigs or all of the above, and she had thrown the painting out the kitchen window. I rushed over and spied it, five flights down, smashed and torn in the refuse-strewn non-place with no access by ladder, stair or door down there. It smelled like buried bodies on summer days and represented everything about New York City that you are not allowed to think about at all if you intend to live there. I shut the window and never told her what she might've done.

Tim Davis, July, 2016

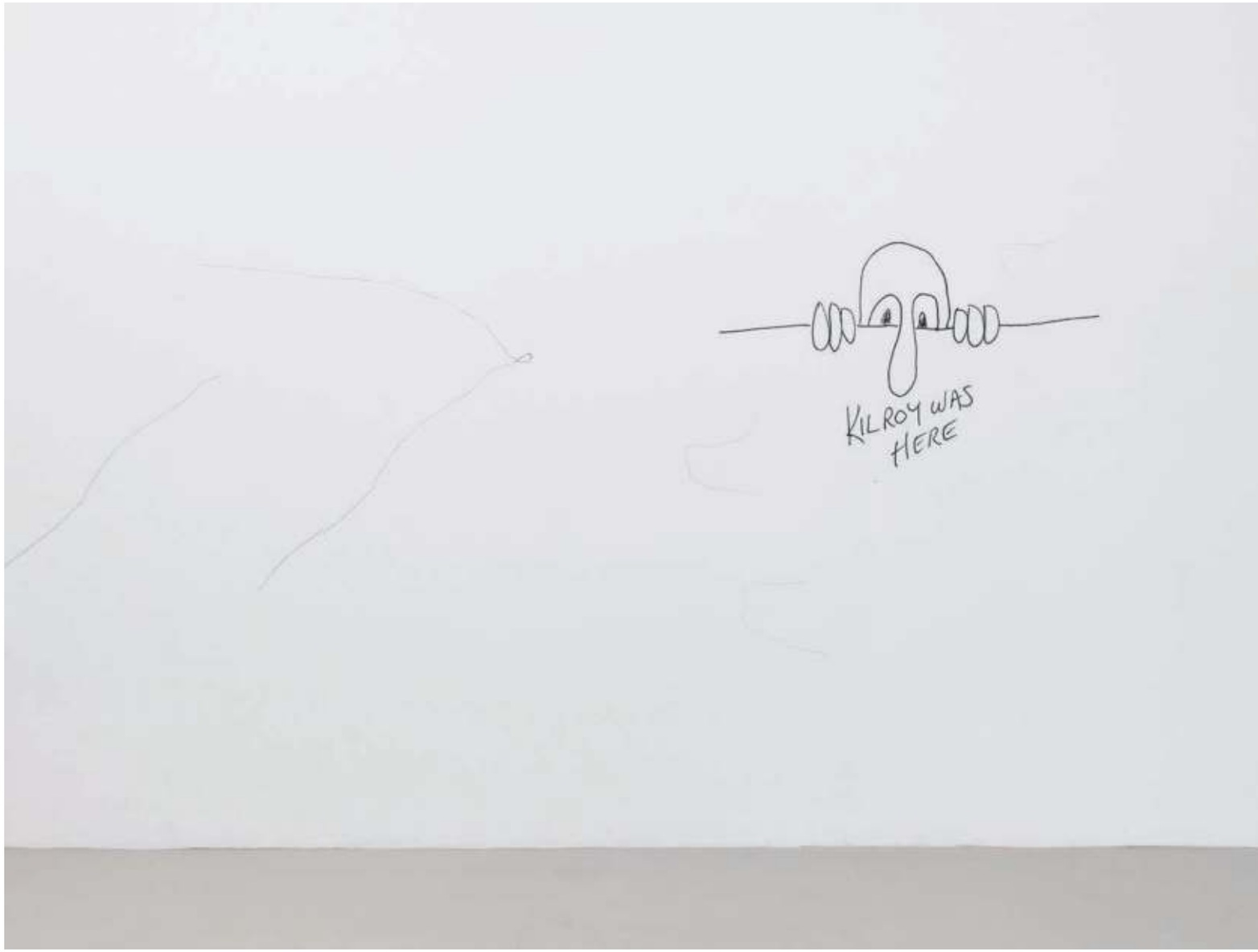
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KILROY WAS
HERE

130





LAILA: The surface is where objects end and perception begins.
They are both materiality and idea, not either-or.
MARBLE: It's surfaces that I long for.
3D ANIMATOR: Painted plaster casts?
DANIEL: Imagine that the body's surface continued internally, as it does
in a solid marble sculpture. That you cut into me, and it was all skin.
MARBLE: Like cuting into marzipan.
LAILA: The white sculpture is a part of the decay, not an ideal in itself for antiquity.
VASSILIS: It was time and oblivion that made the sculptures white.
Later "rebirth" and misinterpretation.
MARBLE: And ammonia and copper tools.
3D ANIMATOR: Is Western culture founded upon misinterpretation?
LAILA: It's founded on its own decay.
KORE: (laughter)
VASSILIS: An acrolith had a head and hands of marble, while the body
was a wooden skeleton clothed in draped fabric.
MARBLE: So much for the solid marble body.
VASSILIS: The outstretched arms of the korai are doweled in place.
So are the hair tips rising from the chest.
KORE: We have built-in fracture surfaces.
MARBLE: Both colour and fracture surfaces should be understood
as a part of the form.
LAILA: Can form be understood as folded surfaces?
MR. MANOLIS: Even marble consists of countless numbers of
surfaces that lie folded in upon themselves.
DANIEL: Surfaces display images, just as screens do.
LAILA: Sight and touch are entwined like two pieces of twine in the same ball.
DIVER: To prove that the diving suit was safe, the salesman let
his pregnant wife dive in it from the wharf.
DANIEL: I found her half-buried at the bottom of the sea.
MARBLE: I saw my face in the mirror as a reconstruction of something

that had been lost long ago.
VASSILIS: They found traces of gold leaf atop the paint.
3D ANIMATOR: Should liquid marble be able to change colour?
DANIEL: The cigarette smoke smells strange.
MARBLE: Where do you put a mutual infatuation?
DANIEL: Can you make a cast of it and make it solid?
MARBLE: Airport security agents asked me to remove the lens cover
so they could look into the camera through the objective.
CAT: The sun is a hole in the sky.
3D ANIMATOR: It's possible to reconstruct a person's face using the
DNA from, for example, a strand of hair, but you can't reconstruct its age.
MARBLE: DNA has no age.
MARIE: C'mon I'm strong and Typhon and I will pay for the Trip
remember to reserve Berths Travel is cheap now.
DANIEL: Today I saw the course of the sun through the sky
drawn like an arch on a hemisphere and thought, the sun is
something we borrow for other days.
MARBLE: Now it's raining hard with large glowing drops.
VASSILIS: The sculptures go into a future without surfaces.
A future of air and running water. Under a white rainbow.
DANIEL: The sponge divers dance on the harbour. Maggi, do you
want to come down and have a look?
MARBLE: In a little while I will.
MR. MANOLIS: Humanity won't exist long enough to find traces
of its own cultural sediment in the marble.
KORE: We must let the air touch even more surfaces.
VASSILIS: Bronze can be melted down and reused.
DANIEL: When you love, you see the face of your beloved,
both when you're happy and unhappy.
KORE: Is love a fold in the heart?
MARIE: Things pile up, they don't disappear.

Fresh Kicks (Peek-a-Boo)
Kunstverein Munich. Primed Canvas, Gold, Glazed Porcelain, Inkjet on Canvas



Indubitably
Captain Petzel, Berlin. Ink Wash on Linen



Screen Cleaning (Turnt Rapunzel ASMR)
Michael Thibault, Los Angeles. HD Video, Cut Vinyl



Page 142. Jordan Tate, Prefaces

Colt 45 (Stamen)
Gladstone Gallery, Brussels. Silver Gelatin, Pigment



Oh Hai
Wiels, Brussels. Lambda Print on Dibond



Wiggly Seat
Kunstverein Hildesheim, Hildesheim. Lambda Print, Custom Wallpaper



Page 148. Jordan Tate, Prefaces

The Lady and the Smear
Lisson Gallery, Milan. Inkjet on Arches

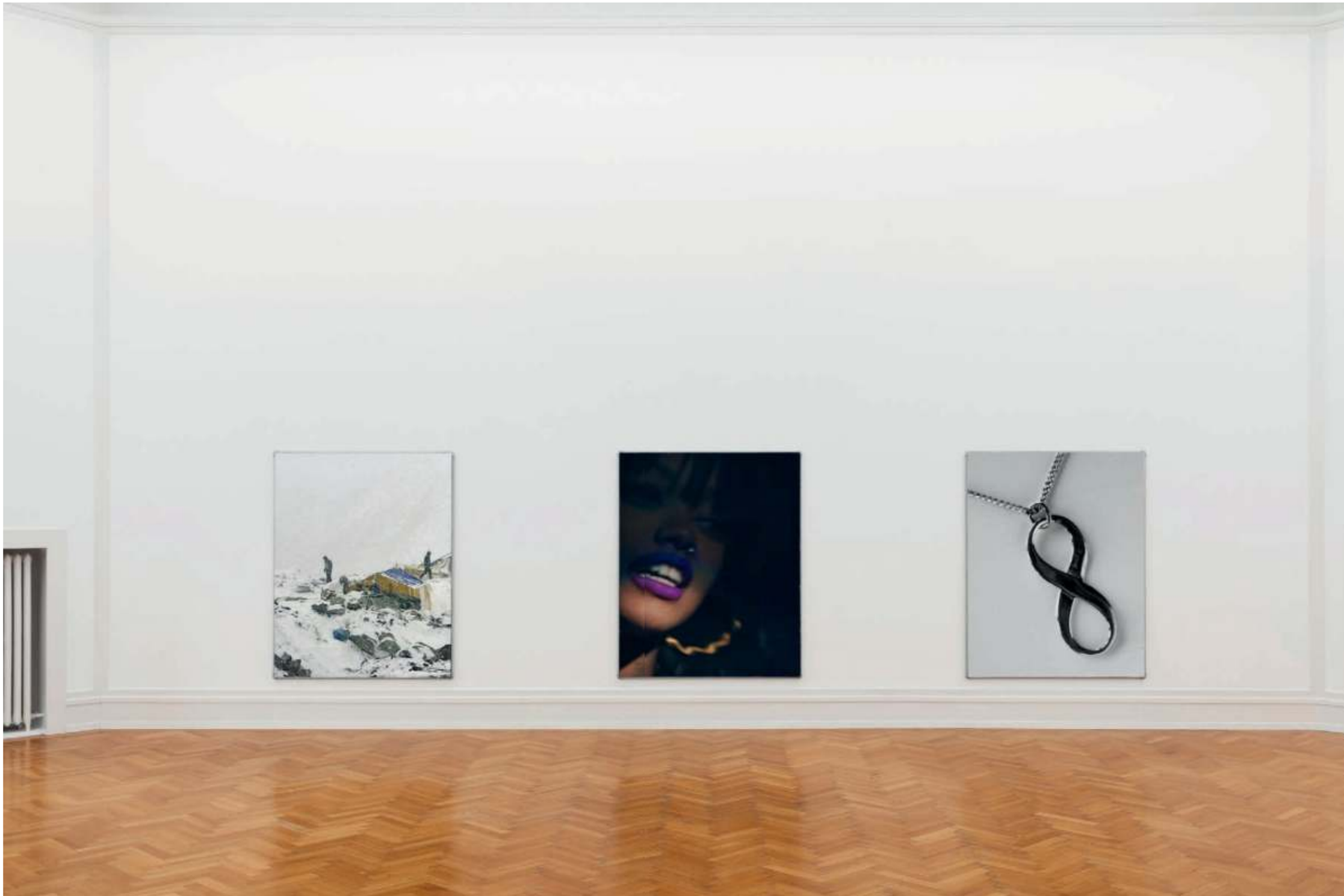


Preface to Poems

William Wordsworth (1815)

THE POWERS requisite for the production of poetry are: first, those of Observation and Description,—i.e. the ability to observe with accuracy things as they are in themselves, and with fidelity to describe them, unmodified by any passion or feeling existing in the mind of the describer; whether the things depicted be actually present to the senses, or have a place only in the memory. This power, though indispensable to a Poet, is one which he employs only in submission to necessity, and never for a continuance of time: as its exercise supposes all the higher qualities of the mind to be passive, and in a state of subjection to external objects, much in the same way as a translator or engraver ought to be to his original. 2ndly, Sensibility,—which, the more exquisite it is, the wider will be the range of a poet's perceptions; and the more will he be incited to observe objects, both as they exist in themselves and as re-acted upon by his own mind. (The distinction between poetic and human sensibility has been marked in the character of the Poet delineated in the original preface.) 3rdly, Reflection,—which makes the Poet acquainted with the value of actions, images, thoughts, and feelings; and assists the sensibility in perceiving their connexion with each other. 4thly, Imagination and Fancy,—to modify, to create, and to associate. 5thly, Invention,—by which characters are composed out of materials supplied by observation; whether of the Poet's own heart and mind, or of external life and nature; and such incidents and situations produced as are most impressive to the imagination, and most fitted to do justice to the characters, sentiments, and passions, which the Poet undertakes to illustrate. and, lastly, Judgement, to decide how and where, and in what degree, each of these faculties ought to be exerted; so that the less shall not be sacrificed to the greater; nor the greater, slighting the less, arrogate, to its own injury, more than its due. By judgement, also, is determined what are the laws and appropriate graces of every species of composition.


MEL GIBSON
MAD MAX
BEYOND THUNDERDOME






DEC.5.1969
"You know I coined the term Post-Internet Art..."









Preface to Remembering the Forgotten
by Abigail Susik

"I have a fear of mediation. I cannot help it. The word has an effect on me and on my soul..."

--Søren Kierkegaard as Nicolaus Notabene, "Preface VII," *Prefaces*, 1844

You are about to see authentic impressions of images that you have already seen. Or at least, you know the titles... or rather you knew them back in the day. Even if you don't know them, or can't remember, your phone will of course. If all else fails, the price tag might reveal something about their contents.

The images will tell you one thing and the titles another.

I'm pretty sure that the Slyvie Fleury show at Karma International this year influenced *Throwing Shade at the Darkness*. It makes sense that L.A. was the chosen spot, even though New York is the reference.

The installation shot clearly demonstrates for the viewer that this work is a depiction of nothingness, rather than nothingness itself. The frame serves as a proscenium for the receding expanse, and our eyes are absorbed by the infinite vanishing point.

Writing about another artist, I once said, QUOTE Depth is suggested through 3-D animation graphics. The older painterly languages of light, shadow, foreshortening and recession also touch the surface of the rendered leaves with highlights and contour. Nevertheless, our bipedal point of view is thoroughly confounded and thrust into a vertiginous cycle. Following the guiding arrows of the 3-D mechanism, the grounded nature of perspectival systems spin out of control and enter a non-Euclidian and anti-gravitational realm. We fall into the screen's black infinity, leaving the garden behind, banished from its promise of bounty and harmony. ENDQUOTE

It seems to apply here.

In the morning I awoke halfway through a song playing over and over in my head. Why? I hadn't heard it the night before. I had never even listened to the song. It wouldn't go away for hours. The only way to erase it was to replace it with something else, which worked temporarily.

I know that you're gonna have it your way or nothing at all.

Those are the lyrics. You knew that already.

Preface to Remembering the Forgotten
by Abigail Susik

"I have a fear of mediation. I cannot help it. The word has an effect on me and on my soul..."

--Søren Kierkegaard as Nicolaus Notabene, "Preface VII," *Prefaces*, 1844

It was evening and we were bored, tinkering on his laptop as we sat on his bed. He was looking for the name of a local bar, where maybe we could find some live music or at least something to pass the time on a flat June evening. A word was typed into the search bar by accident: "star." I think he meant to type "store."

A video started playing, and we watched without thinking, without hesitation. Even before seeing what it was I knew what it was, sort of. Youtube told us it was Richard Pryor's take on *Star Wars* in the first episode of his eponymous 1977 T.V. series. Pryor is the bartender in the "Star Bar," where he waits on alien patrons and reminisces about life back on Earth. He insults the aliens and wrangles with furry and cephalopodic creatures. Evocations of interspecies sex abound. None of the aliens speak English, and most don't talk at all.

We do have a Star Bar here, in my town. I saw the band Lovesores play there last year, if I recall.

Hey, hey, hey, why don't you watch where you're goin'? You got the biggest eyes in the place. Richard said.

One of the comments in the thread below reads, "The reason they canceled the Richard Pryor show was that it was a major threat to Saturday Night Live."

Someone else replied, "No, it was cancelled because it was WAY too racy for TV of the time."

I had never seen it before, or maybe I had as a small child? I seemed that already knew the jokes and so wasn't surprised as they unfolded. But at the same time, I had no idea what to expect. And yet I did. I had forgotten what I already knew, and was in the midst of remembering what had never fully disappeared.

"It should say 'Keep Portland Wired' instead of 'Weird.'"

I felt old. Definitely older than my friend. He had no idea what he was watching. I was born in 1977. I'll make the glass break, glass break, glass break, break. Another title referencing a song.

Preface to Remembering the Forgotten
by Abigail Susik

"I have a fear of mediation. I cannot help it. The word has an effect on me and on my soul..."

--Søren Kierkegaard as Nicolaus Notabene, "Preface VII," *Prefaces*, 1844

Star Wars itself was crystal clear, but the Pryor riff had totally evaporated. Google saved it for me. I was very fond of it as a child, I remembered now. It was good to see it again.

As Marcel Proust made perfectly clear at the beginning of the twentieth century, the problem of modernity was not one of amnesia, but rather one of mnemonic hoarding and claustrophobic nostalgia— whether through the deliberate building of a sepulchral archive of personal or impersonal information that might eventually (but doubtfully) serve some purpose, not unlike a survival kit for Armageddon— or as a result of a passive and inevitable osmosis of the detritus of perception, akin to a ball of lint. Kafka called it Odradek. Either way these days, people seem to know too much, think too much and forget too little. Do you know anyone who made it all the way to the end of *À la recherche du temps perdu*? Proust's chronicle is so faithful in its recounting of memory that it oppresses the experience of the present.

He said it had an incessant, monotonous sound, like filing a blade day in and day out.

Being memorable, unforgettable, indelible, wildly catchy is the dominant and preferred status of immaterial things, or cultural and intellectual commodities, in the United States today. Pedantic. Songs, melodies, sayings, slogans, images, designs, writing, and even casual speech, are ideally infused with simplicity, humor, and an upbeat energy. Obvious. Such things stick in the mind and catch the empty space of the receiver with immense aggression. Right. On the other hand, material goods bow to the law of the ephemeral. Stop. Such effluvia takes up a different kind of space; it is less armature than negative space.

To is a preposition. Come is a verb. I didn't say that, I heard it.

I really don't know much about Lenny Bruce, but I doubt that the recording "I Just Do It and That's All" influenced Nike. Maybe the artist was being facetious. Irony is surely an aesthetic catchall for post-internet art, though I would hesitate to say that in print. Lenny just wanted to pee on the audience's head and that's all.

Preface to Remembering the Forgotten
by Abigail Susik

"I have a fear of mediation. I cannot help it. The word has an effect on me and on my soul..."

--Søren Kierkegaard as Nicolaus Notabene, "Preface VII," *Prefaces*, 1844

I'm not really sure how to make the connection for the reader, because peeing on someone's head isn't ironic. I tried.

I've heard these two words my whole adult life, and as a kid when I thought I was sleeping.

Some quotes are missing.

At present for many people, it is much easier to remember what one has already forgotten, than to try and oust provocative images, words, or melodies lingering in one's mind. The given passivity of the brain and sensory organs like eyes and ears are fully maximized in many current societies, so that many humans function most of the time as finely tuned-radio receivers, broadcasting signals as soon as they are intercepted.

These installation shots reveal the vagrancy of viewing conditions in the new millennium. The work of art is neither here nor there. As the atmospheric installation at the Fondazione Prada in Milan shows, the possibility of imagined relations still resonate. *Please Stick to the Rivers and Lakes You're Used To* steals the language of digital montage back from hackneyed meme grammar: there is no skewed pun.

(Or is there?? I haven't really decided. The waterfall does seem to drop away alarmingly.)

Teacher—"Rufus, give me a sentence using the word 'denial.'"

Rufus—"De Nile am a ribber in Egypt."

"Mediation" is a celebrated word in our technology-centric milieu, but mediation is suspect when it is a form of involuntary automatism rather than consciously perceived, if not actively altered, data. The artist's practice denies denial. These works press the viewer with their immediacy. The message is transmitted even through the distance of the photographic documentation.

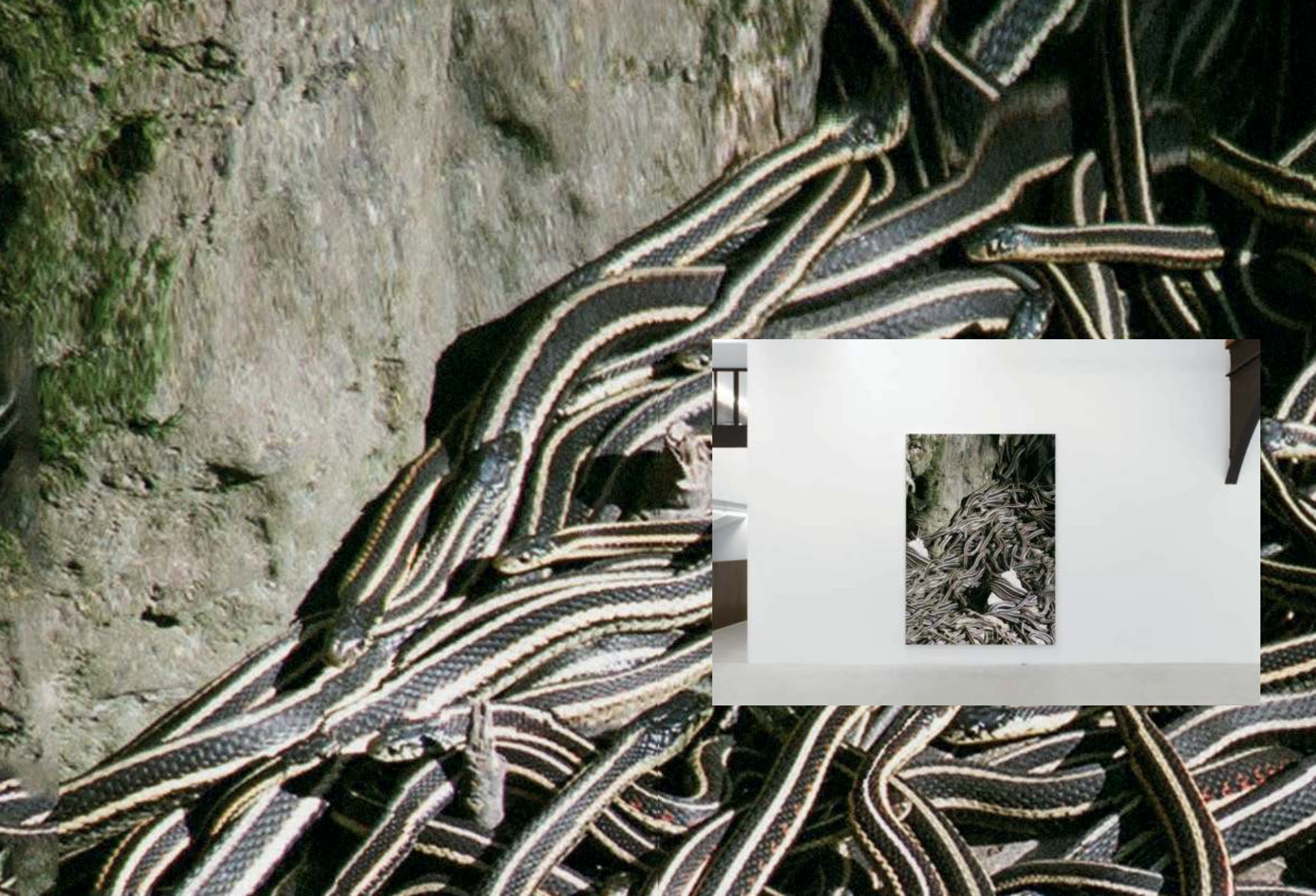
Follow the title's lead, and you will remember what you already knew.




Me
BEFORE
You
Jojo










¯_(ツ)_/¯







Appendices

(ᵔᴥᵔ) This thread is leaking from the heavens

Jordan Tate's Prefaces is driven by the potential of the unrealized. At first glance Tate appears to have one of the strongest exhibition histories of any contemporary artist. It boasts installation shots of the Swiss Institute in New York, Pilar Corrias Gallery in London, Wiels in Brussels and even immaculate depictions of his work hanging in the Guggenheim. This is all artifice. These images are Tate's latest body of work titled Prefaces. For this series, he has constructed various works and then taken on the role of curator and created exhibitions. While composed solely in digital space, they read as pristine installation documentation, taken in physical space. In these photographs, light veils of shadow fall on perfect white walls and mirage-like reflections spread across high-shine gallery floors. Tate harnesses the power of the white cube as a validation, as a signifier of what is art of value.

Kierkegaard's Prefaces, which is comprised of introductions to unrealized novels, functions as the inspiration for Tate's series by the same title. Tate inverses this equation – creating final documentation for projects that have never existed in our present reality. They point to a possibility of endless realities. When asked to take a position on the 2015 fracture of boy band One Direction, Stephen Hawking surmised, "One day there may well be proof of multiple universes ... and in that universe Zayn is still in One Direction." Likewise, a reality exists in which Tate has realized all his Prefaces in physical space.

Conversation about contemporary art is often closely tied to the subject of its market. For over a decade, rumors of a soon to burst bubble that has yet to meet its apex, have been making headlines. Speculative markets and art purchased solely as investment have become the norm among the business set. Exhibition history and illustrious collector bases have come to drive valuation in a highly subjective field. Tate subverts market focus by establishing a final product that implies the potential of his work with a wink. He also grants himself the opportunity to create timely and quippy projects that could not take place within a physical gallery space.

In essence, Tate is cutting out the middleman. He takes on the role of cultural producer and institution. Tate dictates exactly the manner in which the work is presented. The project poses the question, which is more important – the product or the documentation? He also validates the prevalence of imagined

space. These images are constructed digitally, allowing for meticulous staging – ranging from atypically shaped frames to ambitious sculptural forms. Tate takes advantage of easily consumable imagery such as art historical reference and meme culture.

Memes are any piece of media that is spread through the Internet through mimicry. These visual cues become rabbit holes, as they are constantly being remixed and redefined. Tate taps in using three popular keystroke emoticons that have become memes through widespread use. These smileys, known as Lenny Face (͡° ͜ʖ ͡°), Shruggie ¯_(ツ)_/¯, and look of disapproval ಠ_ಠ, are used to express complex emotional reactions quickly, often as a means to antagonize other users on message boards. The Lenny Face keystroke emoticon debuted on a message board discussing whether spam detector settings needed to be changed to keep bot programs from taking over discussion threads. One user responded "(͡° ͜ʖ ͡°) this tread is leaking to the heavens." The image has become a go-to for Internet trolls, subsequently posted ad nauseam.

Tate treats historical images and artifacts as memes – piratable, to be proliferated. Through alteration and presentation, iconic works are remade. On Kawara's date paintings are particularly meme ready; created between 1966 and 2013, he documented each day with its date painted in white on a monochromatic background. Tate appropriates the style of On Kawara's work and superimposes it on to a New Yorker cartoon featuring a man and woman at a restaurant, bearing the words, "You know I coined the phrase Post-Internet Art..." Tate combines the art historical with the Internet aware, creating a hybrid language. There is an understanding in his work that most individuals only view exhibitions and famous works of art via the Internet. Through merging the language of art history and digital space, Tate speaks in the vernacular.

Prefaces is an endless body of work with few rules and many possibilities. It is driven by this potential energy. Pop culture anecdotes can be the raw material that Tate pulls from to creates these images. In Andre and Sam, individually framed likenesses of professional wrestler and actor André René Roussimoff (better known as André the Giant) and playwright Samuel Beckett are presented in a white cube. This piece refers to the unexpected relationship between the two. Beckett drove Roussimoff to school when he grew too large to travel to school by bus. Tate's photographs teem with these referential wormholes. It is a way of sharing information akin to how we discover and learn via the Internet – seemingly incongruous narratives give way to one another.

Tate harnesses the power of digital space, culminating in a body of work that speaks to the here and now. His images evoke the contemporary dynamics of the art market while simultaneously speaking our new language of the Internet age. Perfaces challenges what photography can be and brings to light the tension between art object and art documentation. Perhaps by engaging in all of these contrasting binaries, Tate is trolling us.

Justine Ludwig
Director of Exhibitions / Senior Curator, Dallas Contemporary

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Details

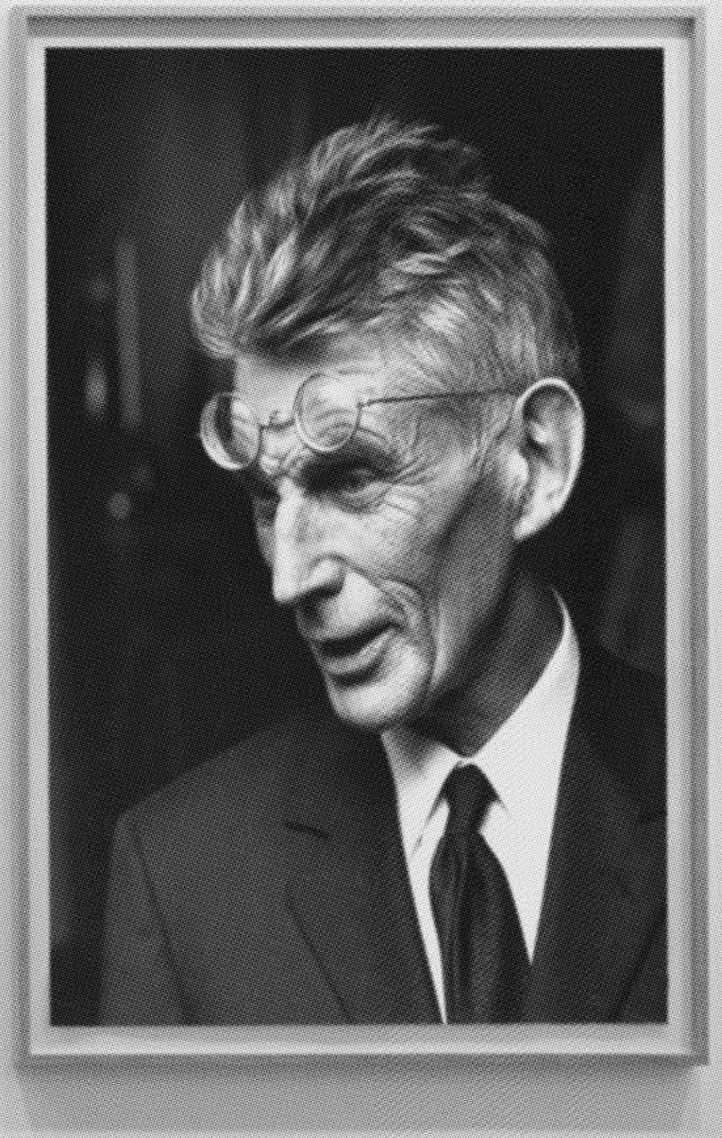


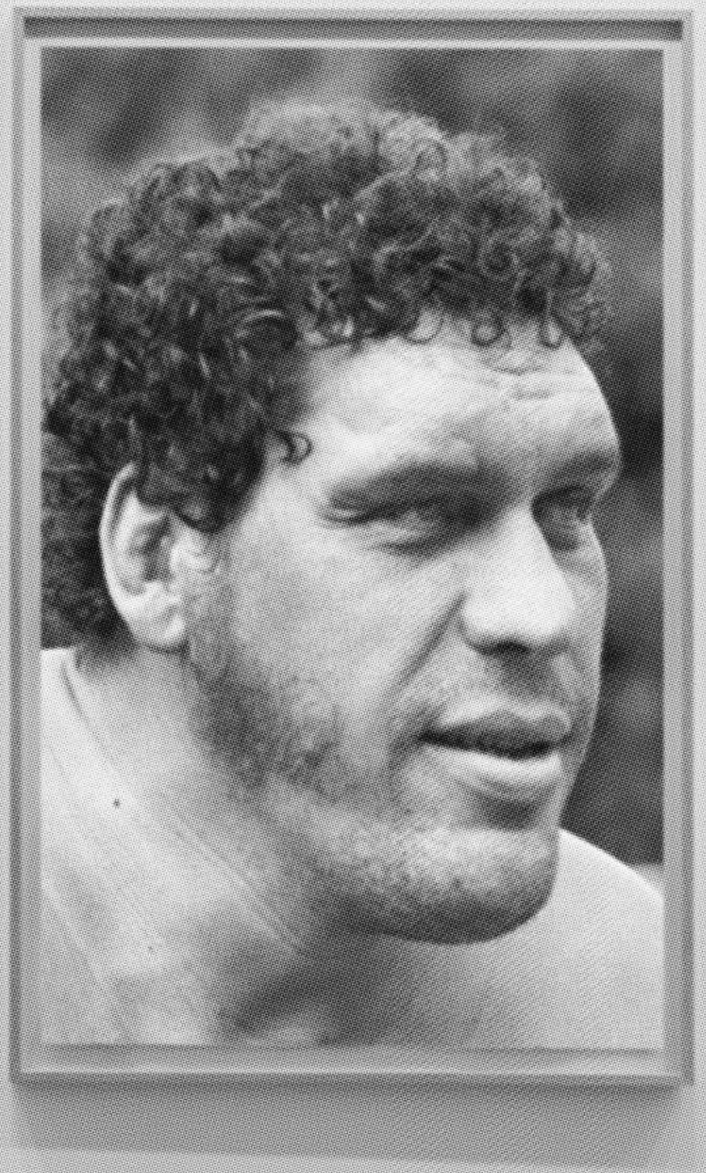
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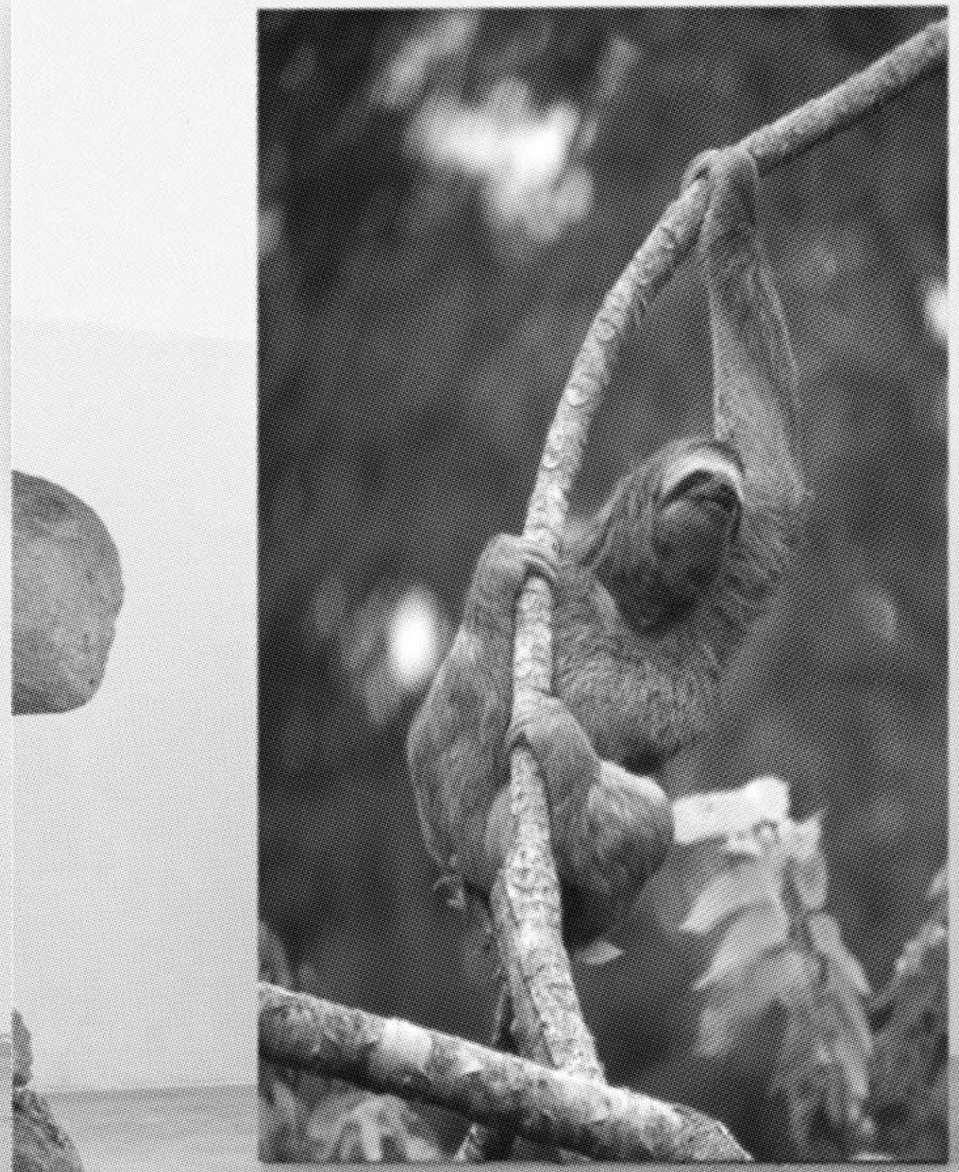










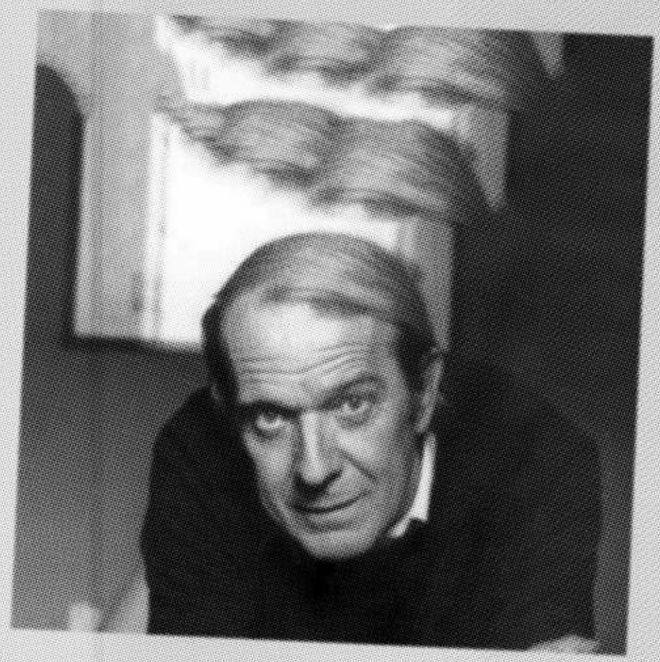




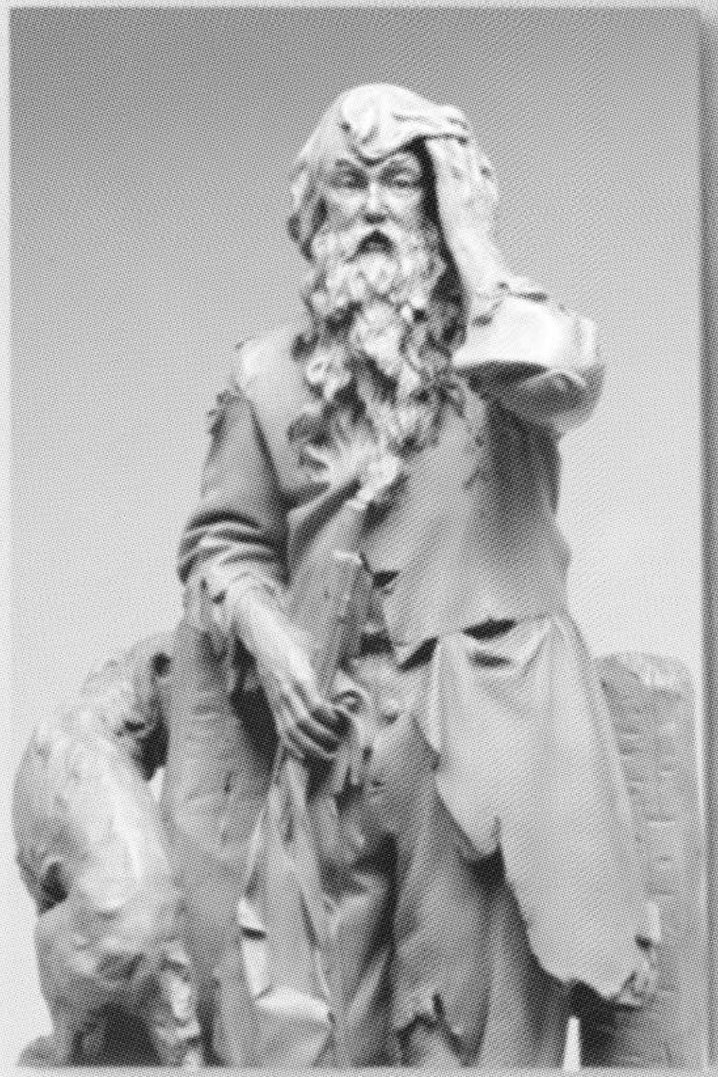


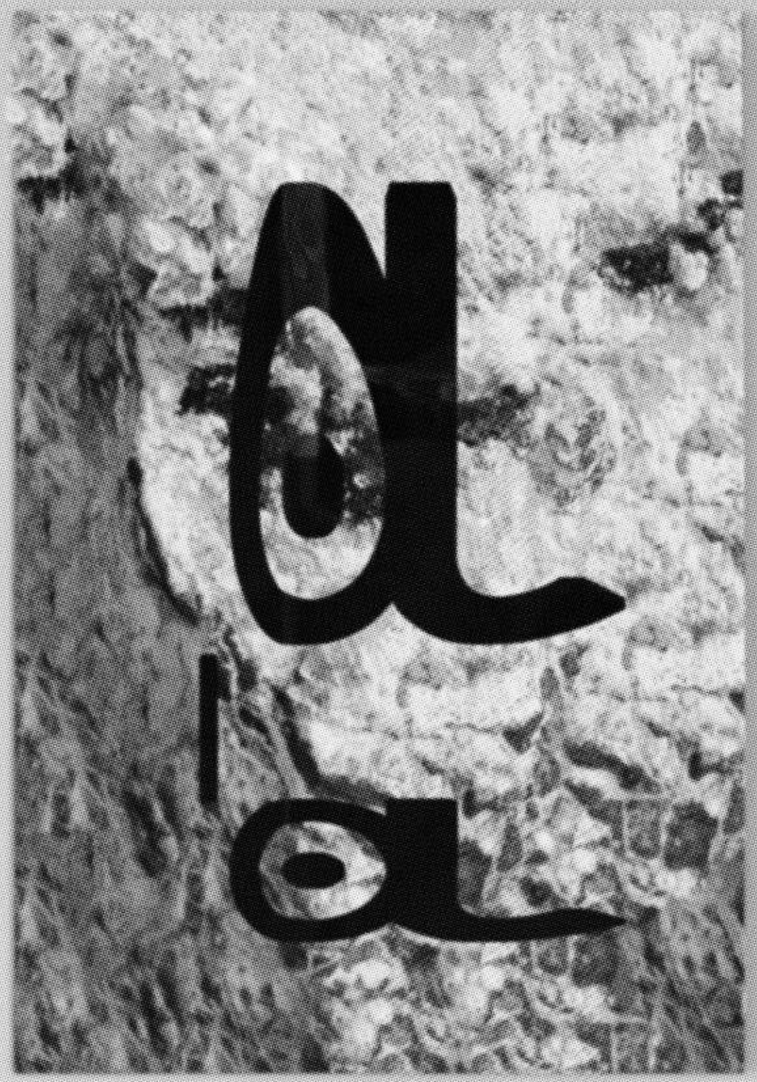


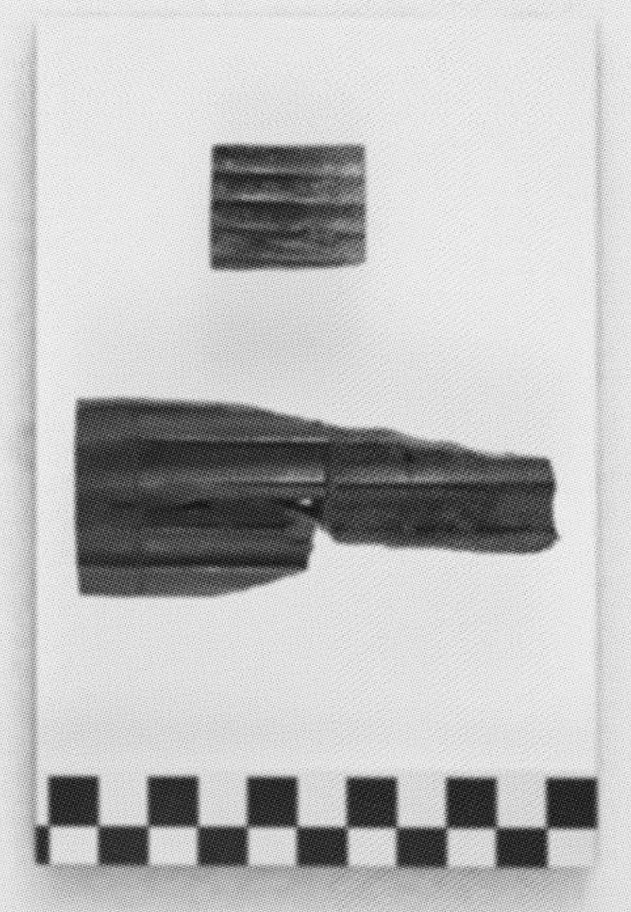
















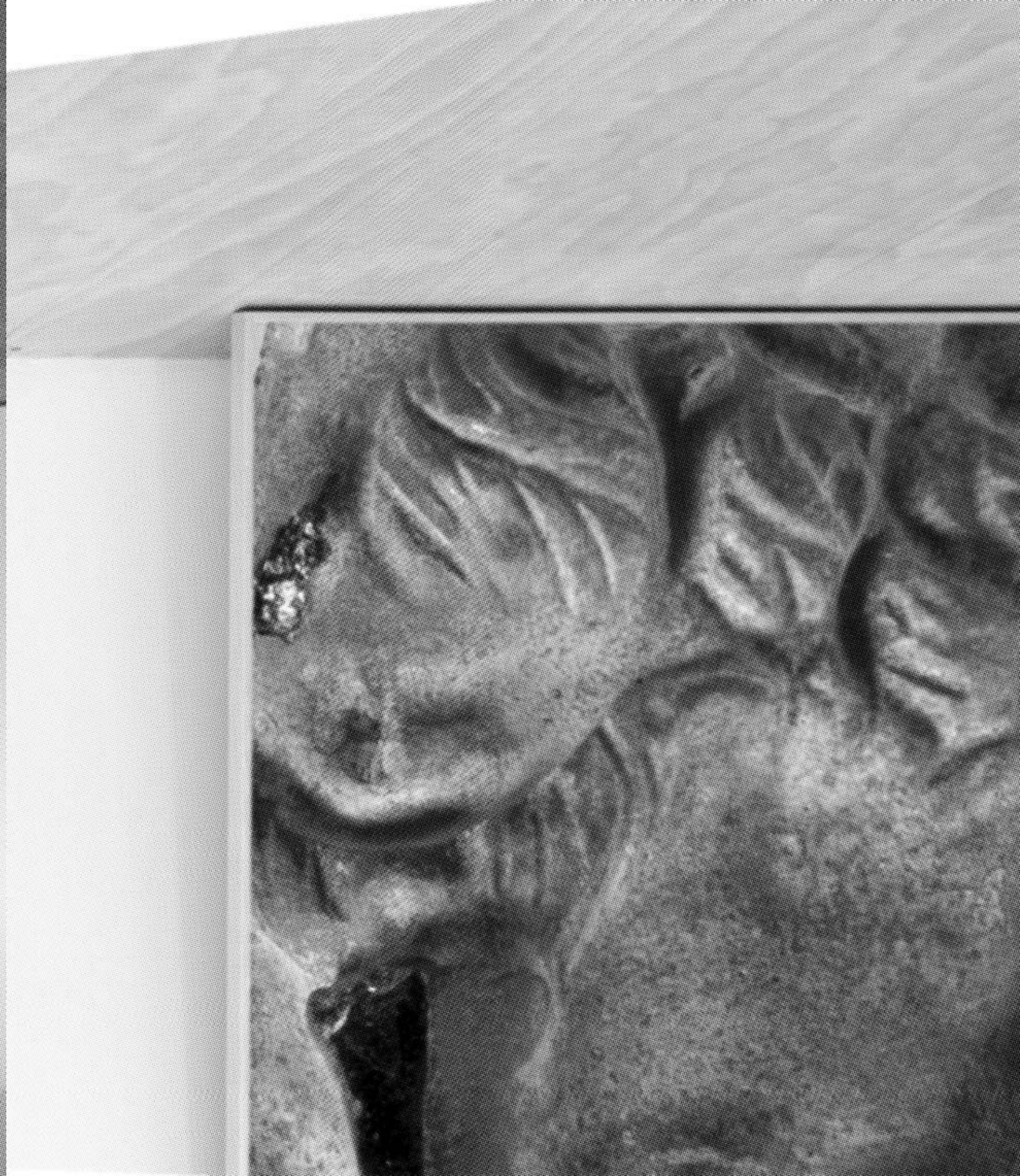










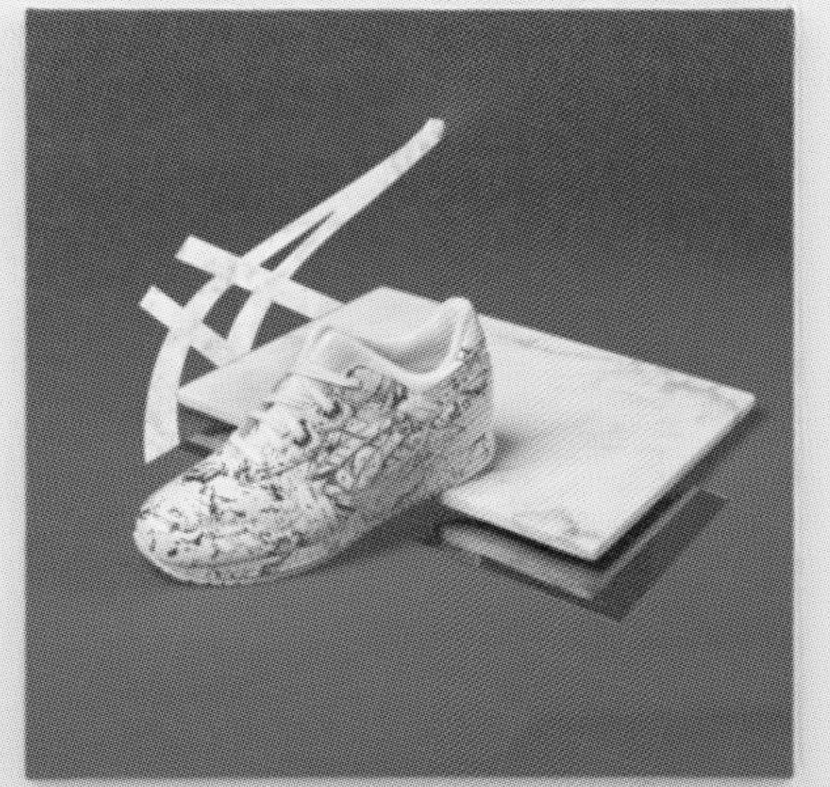




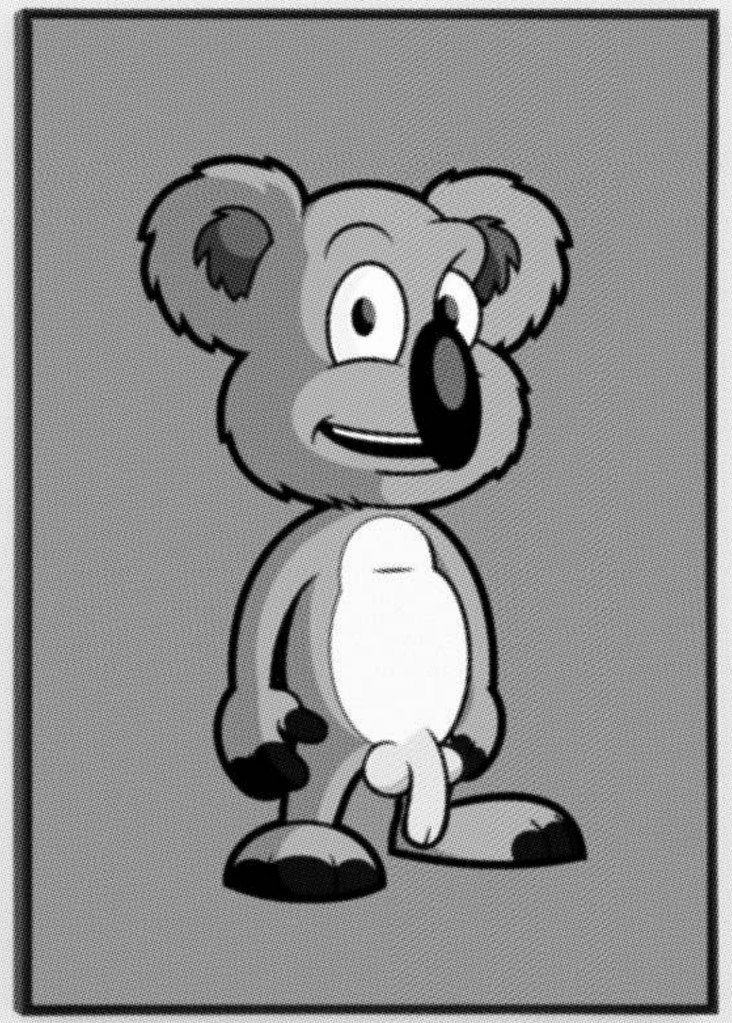

DON'T
GIVE UP
THE SHIP



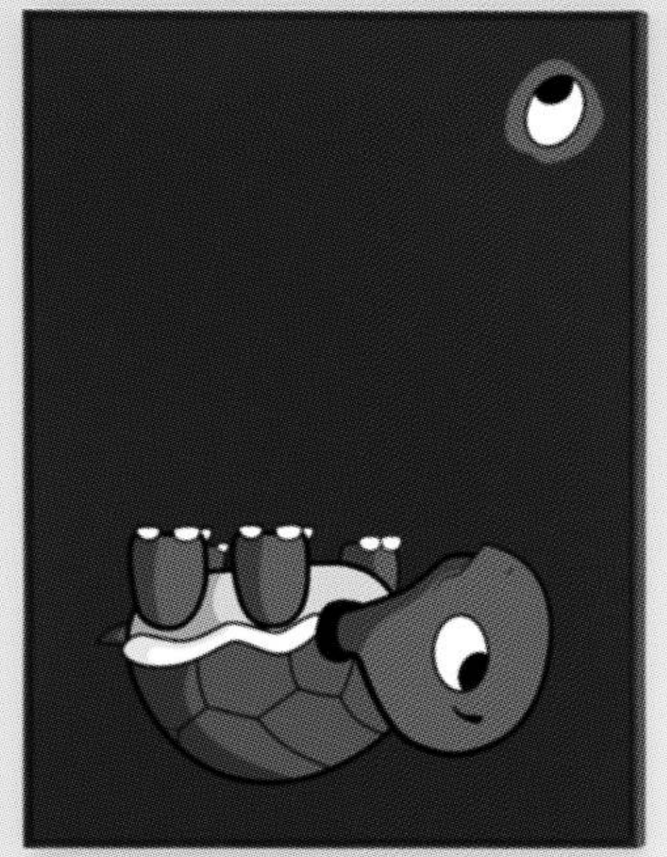












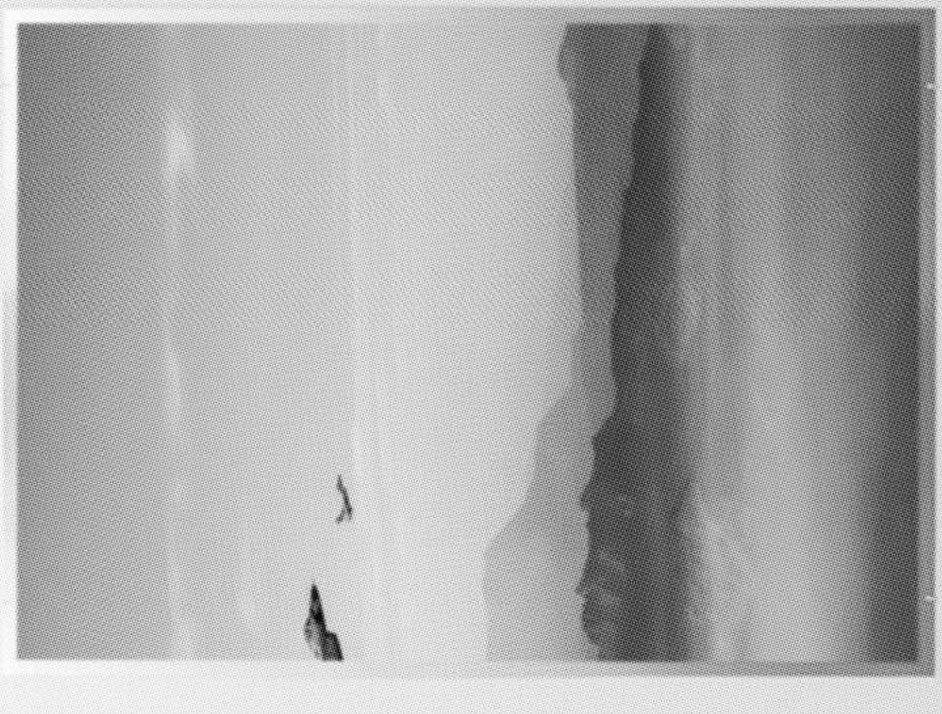




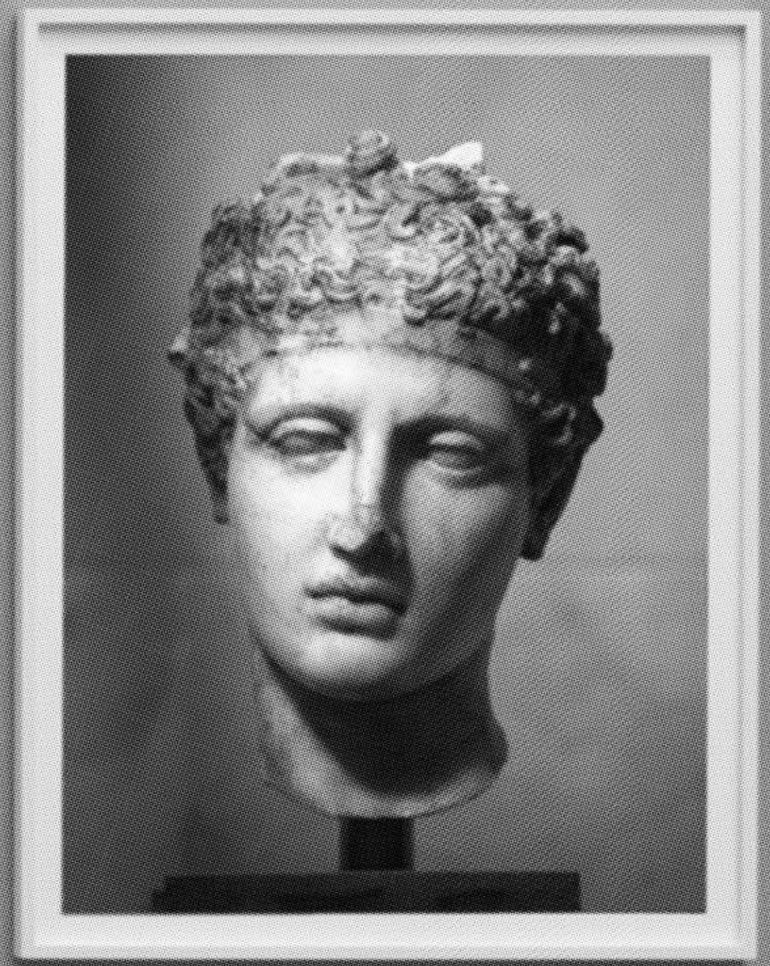


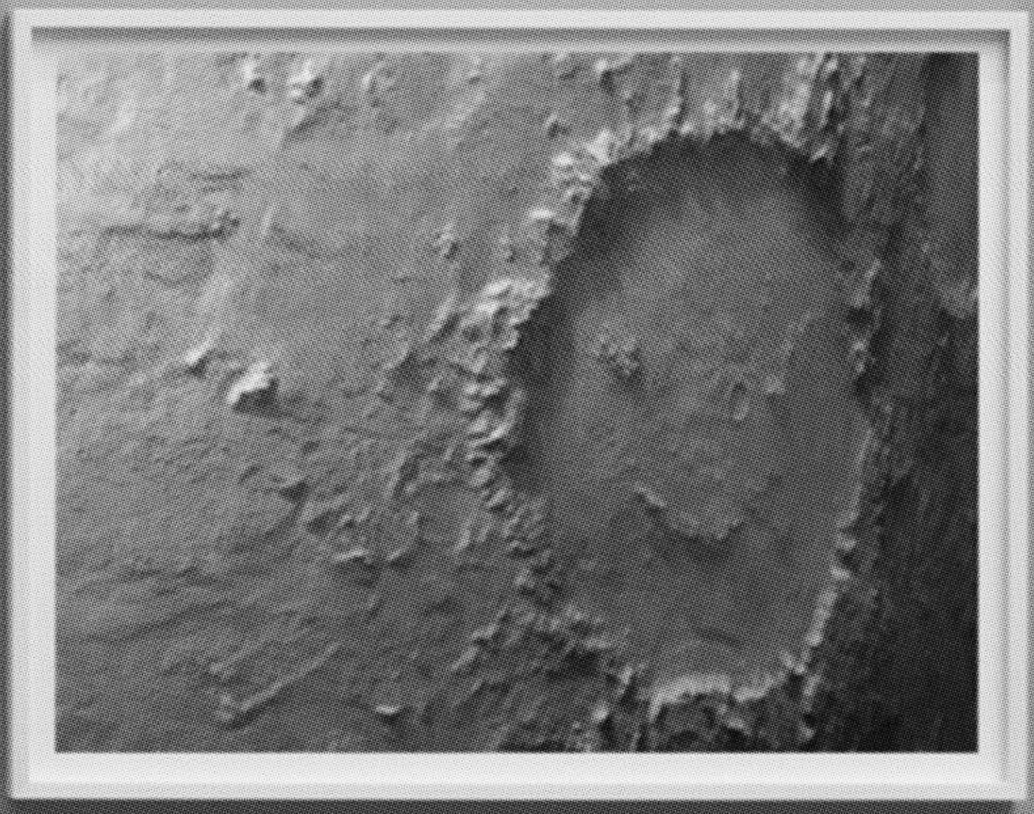



"well frederick, are you ready to get "weird?"











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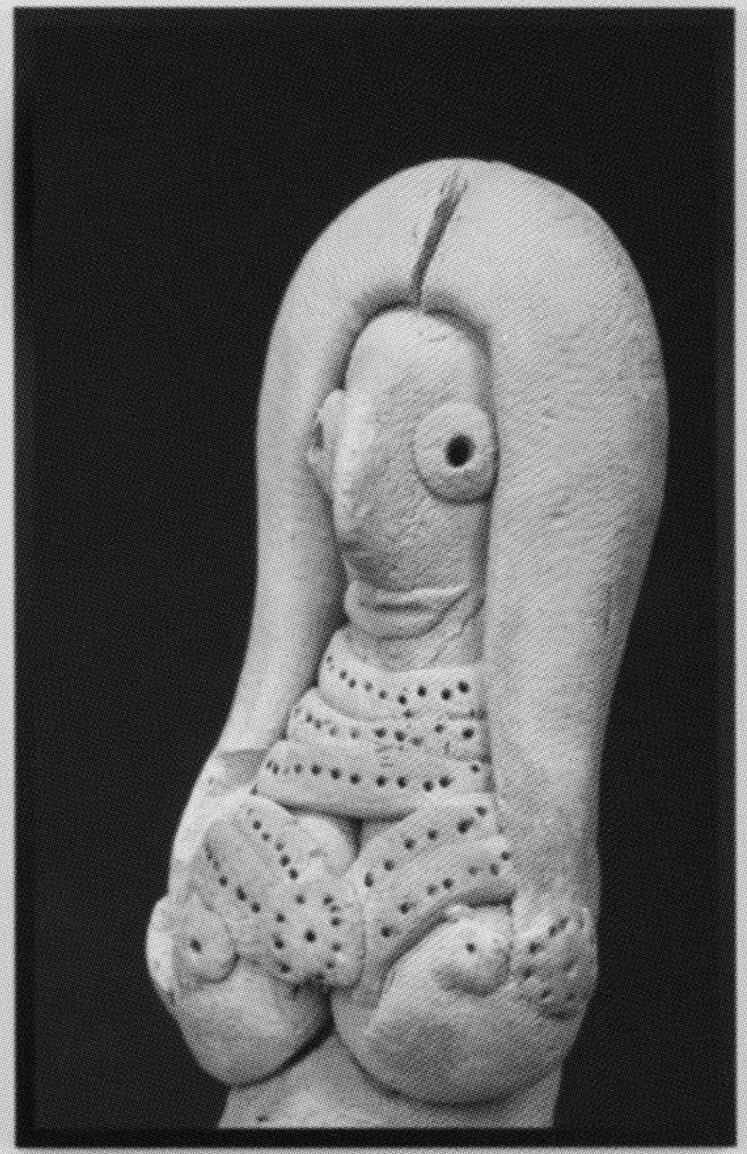



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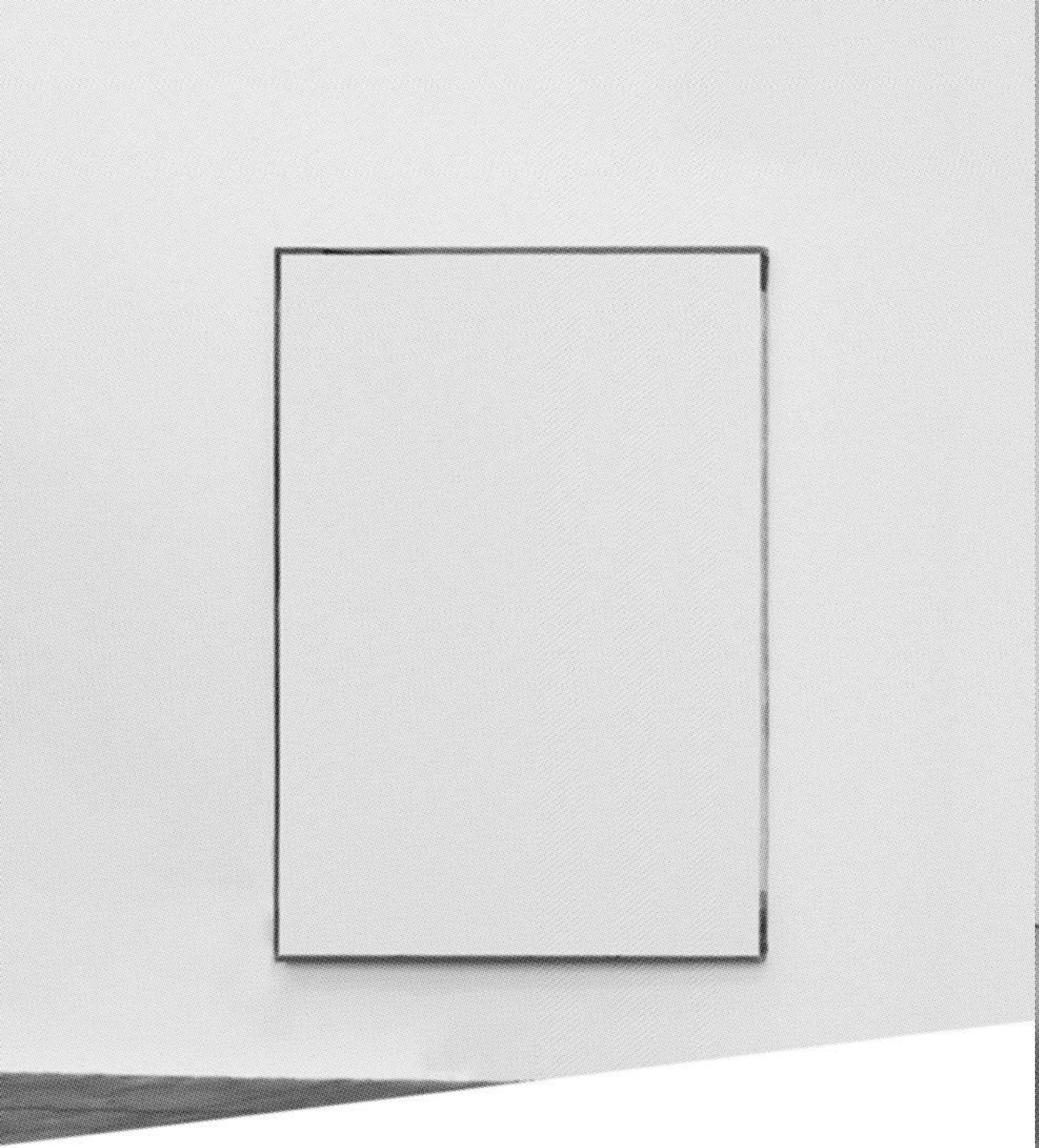



¯_(ツ)_/¯











9/4

Uh back in eight grade, banana berry wrist and the teacher wanna tell me, be realistic. She was attempting to tell me; be realistic? I pulled up five years later in a drop top six, with a butterscotch twist, cheek-checklin' lipstick as if I might be in a movie, with Barry Sanders, might be Adam Sandler, and my cup is pink panther. Mark my words, I don't need acceptance, I'm catching interceptions on you innocent pedestrians, touchdown! Jody is shaking dice watching Miami Vice, syrup in my slice - that's a given. Now I'm the man but I'm crawling like a kitten. Teach him.

I'll show you how to be the man, how to be the boss, how to come through with seven coats of the gloss.





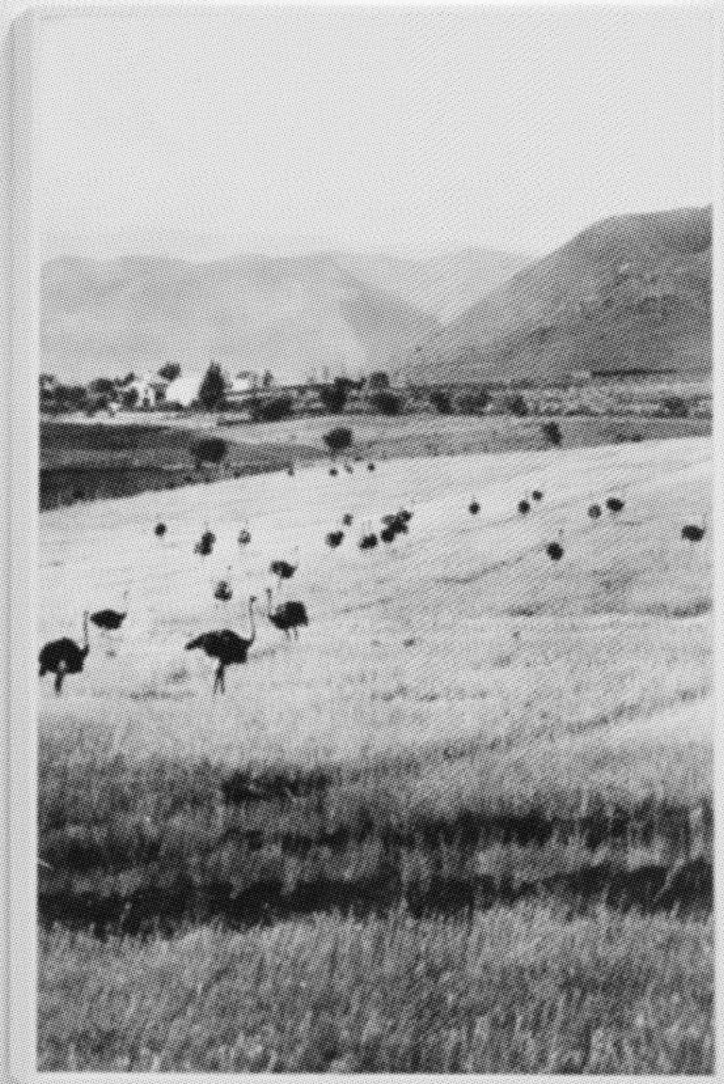


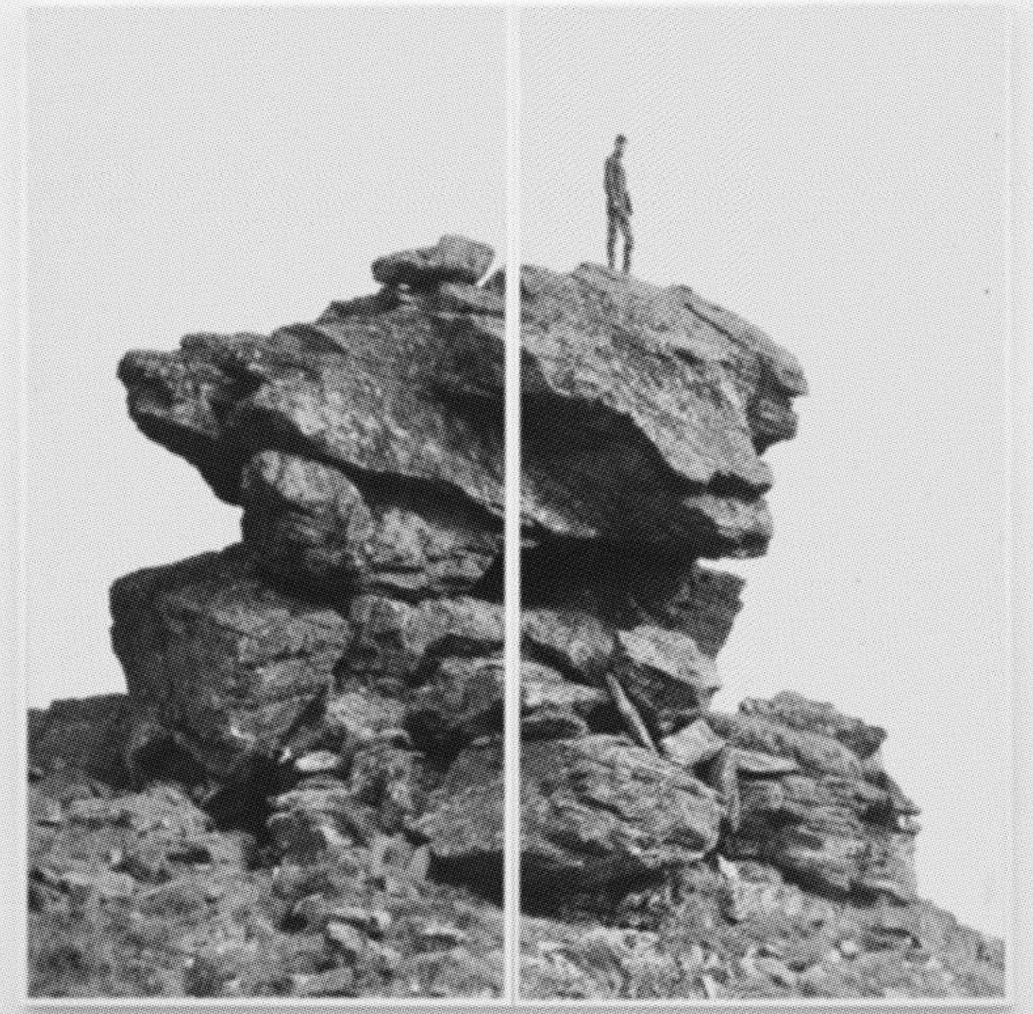






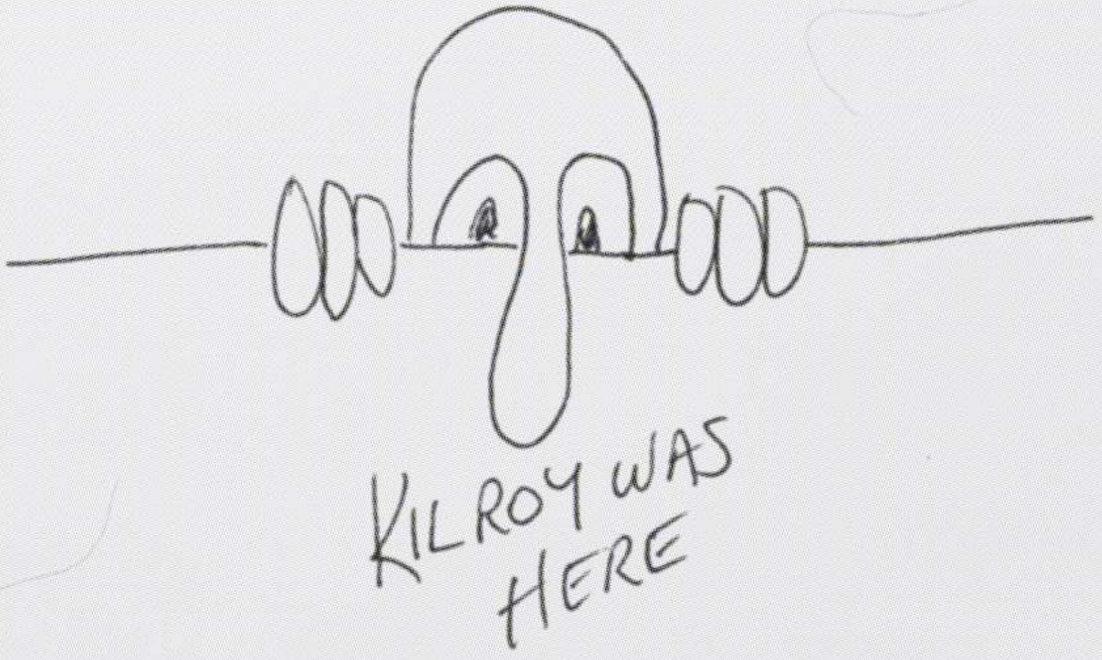
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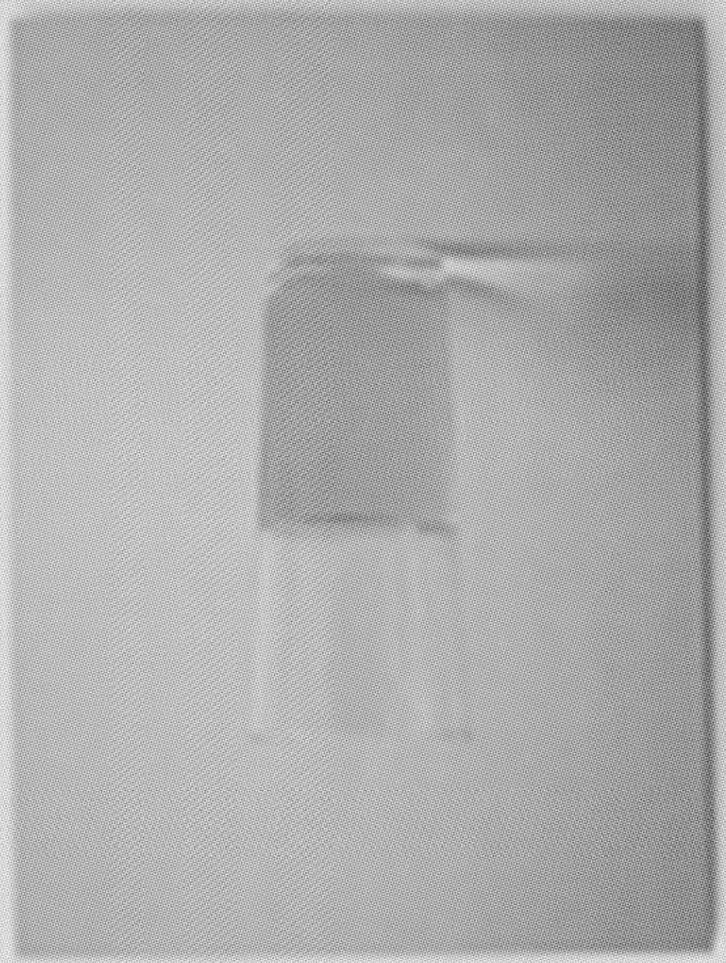




TURNT UP!




KILROY WAS
HERE

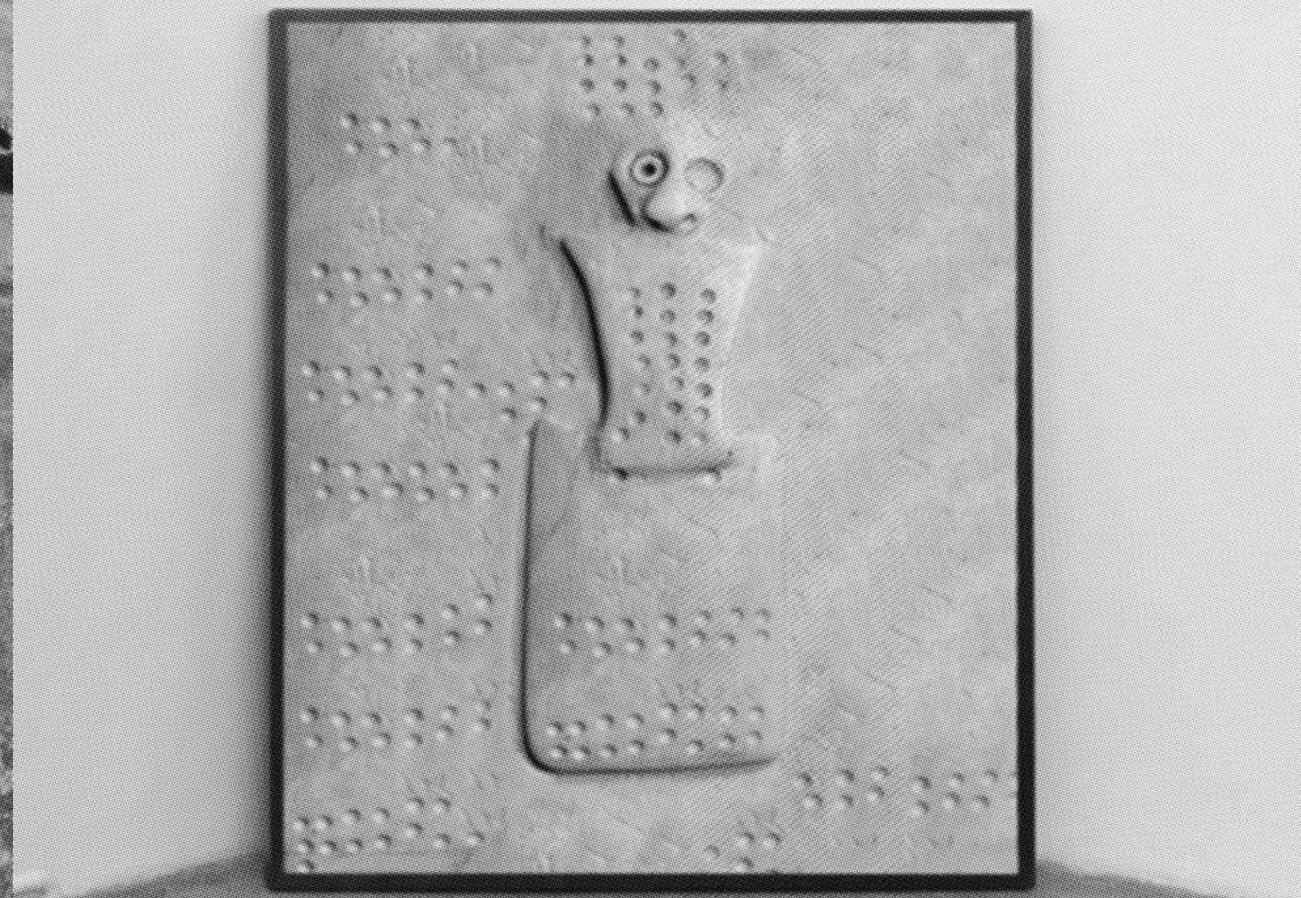




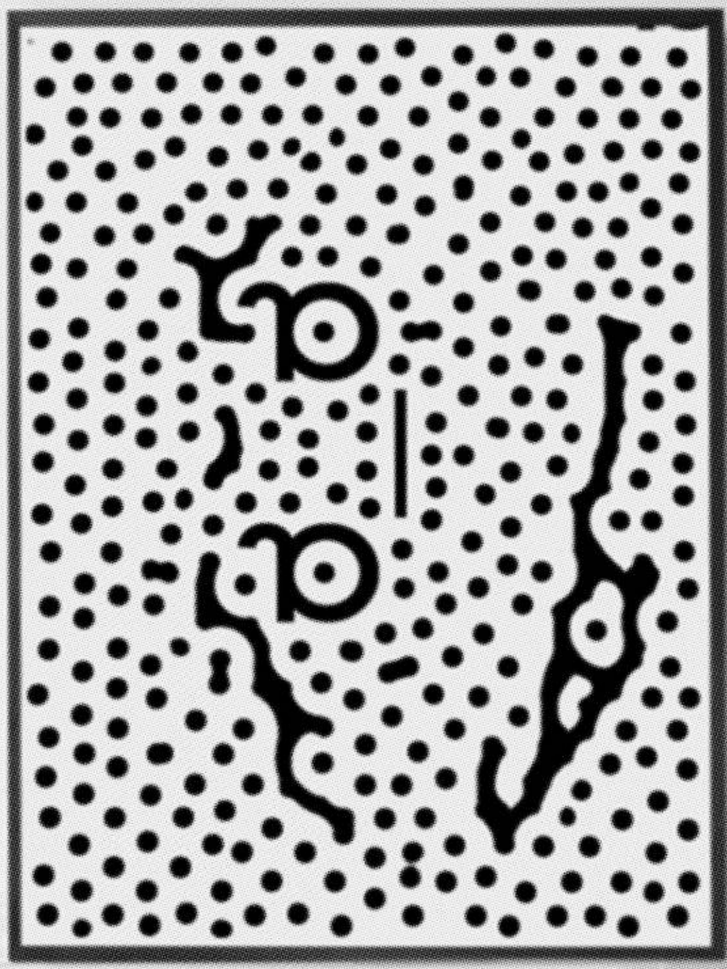














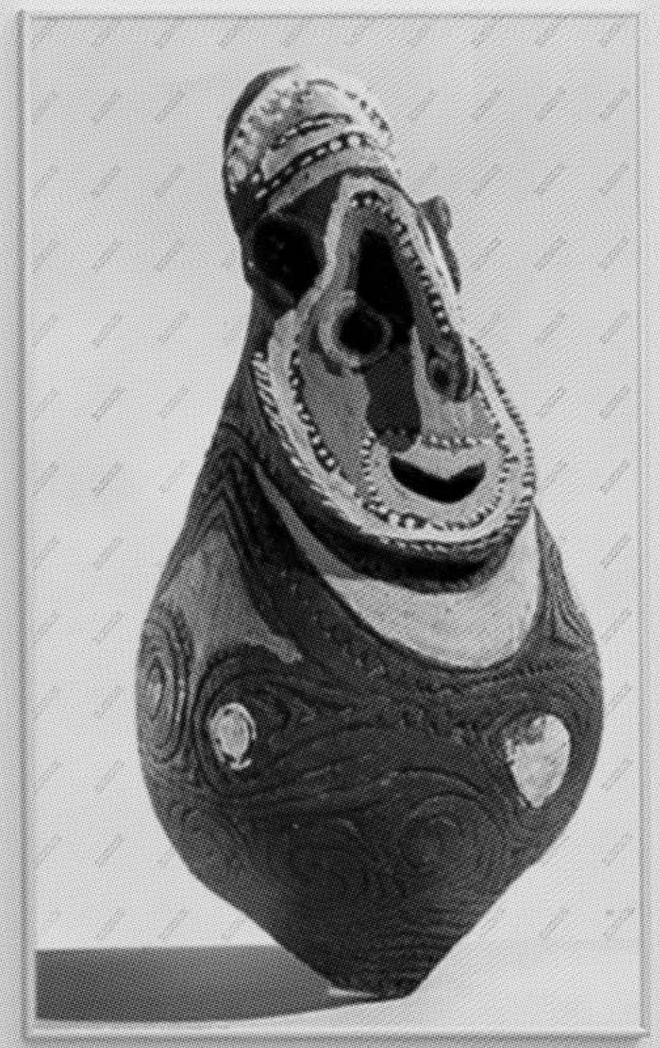


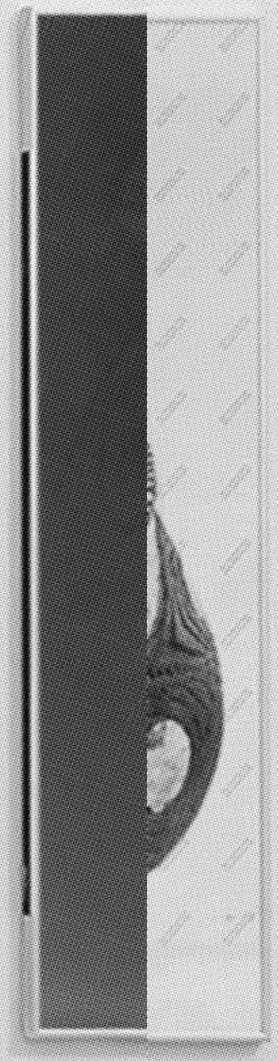


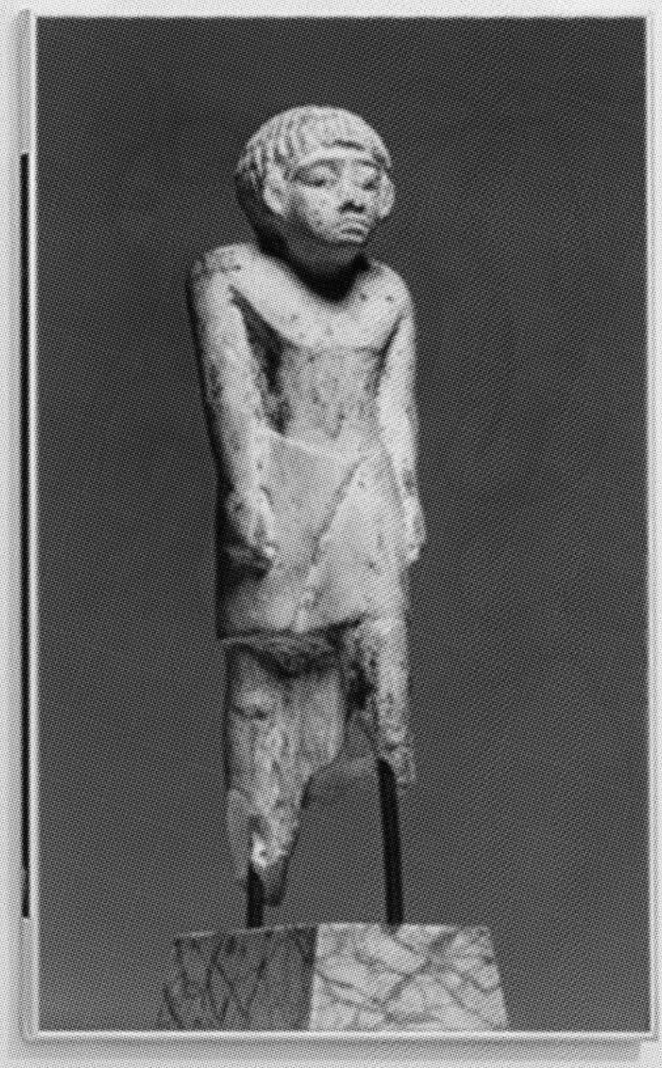





Me
BEFORE
You
Jojo

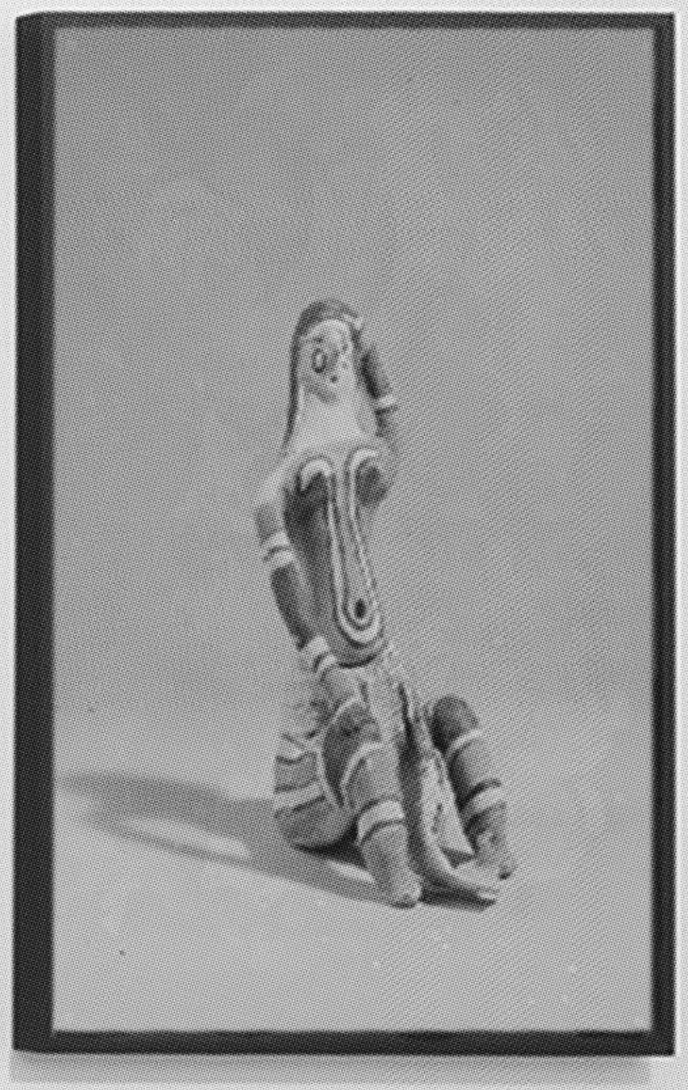


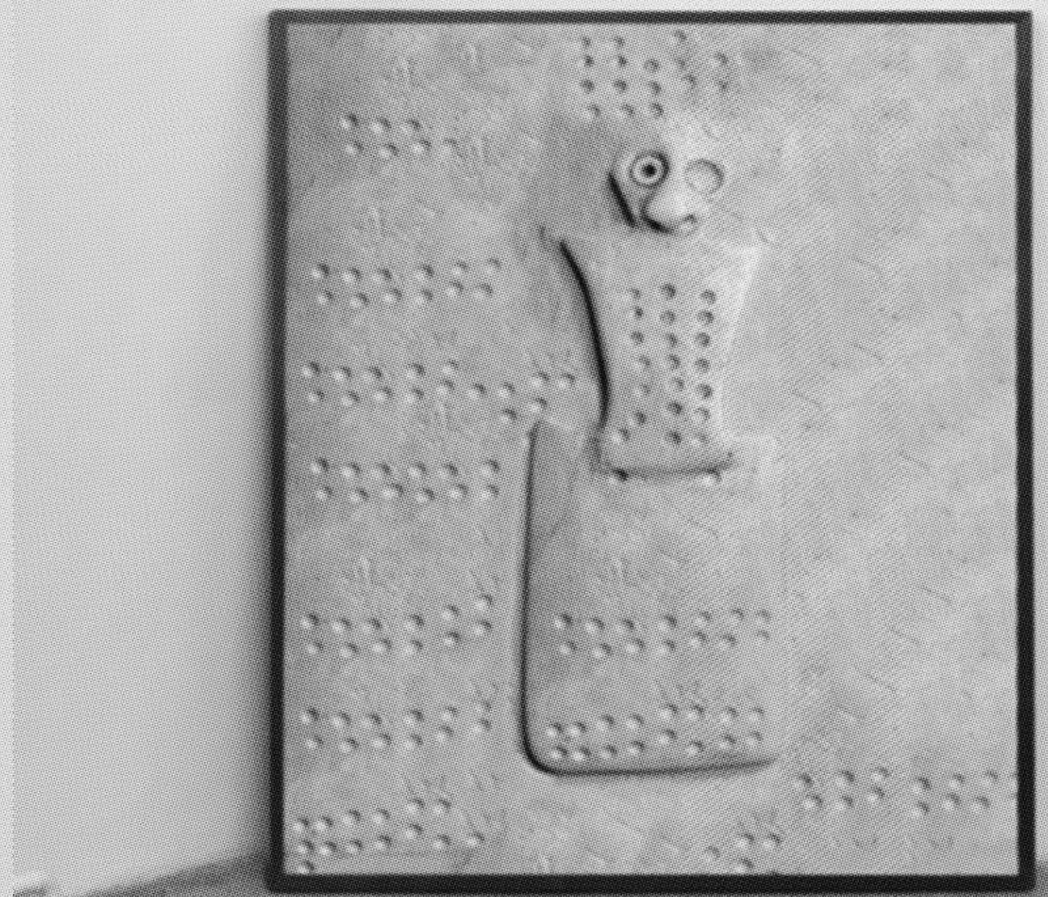




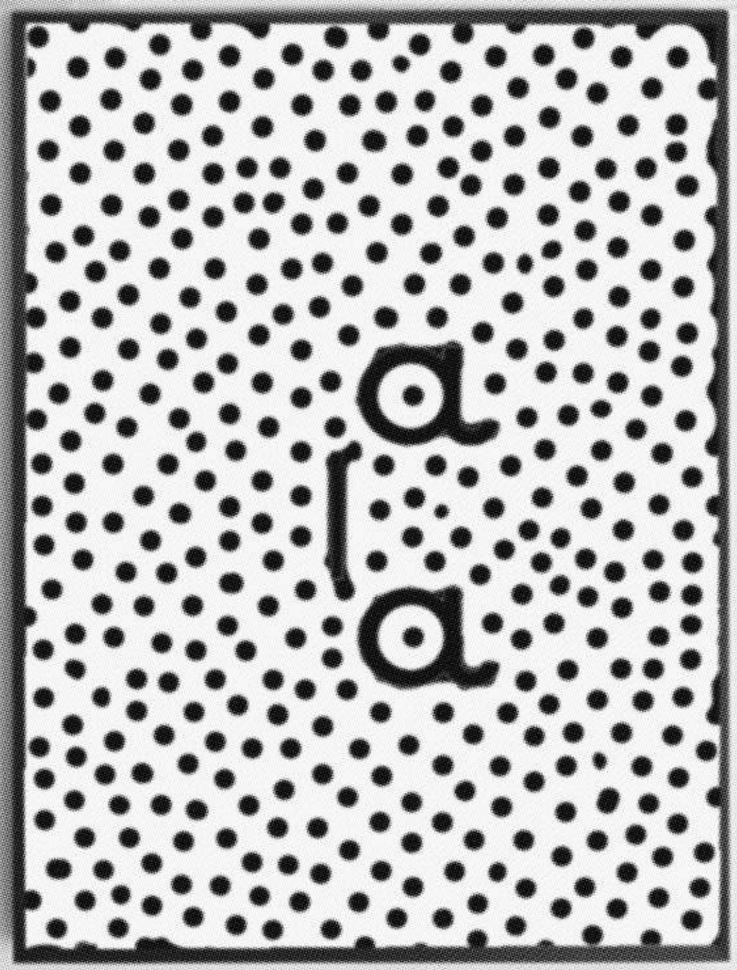




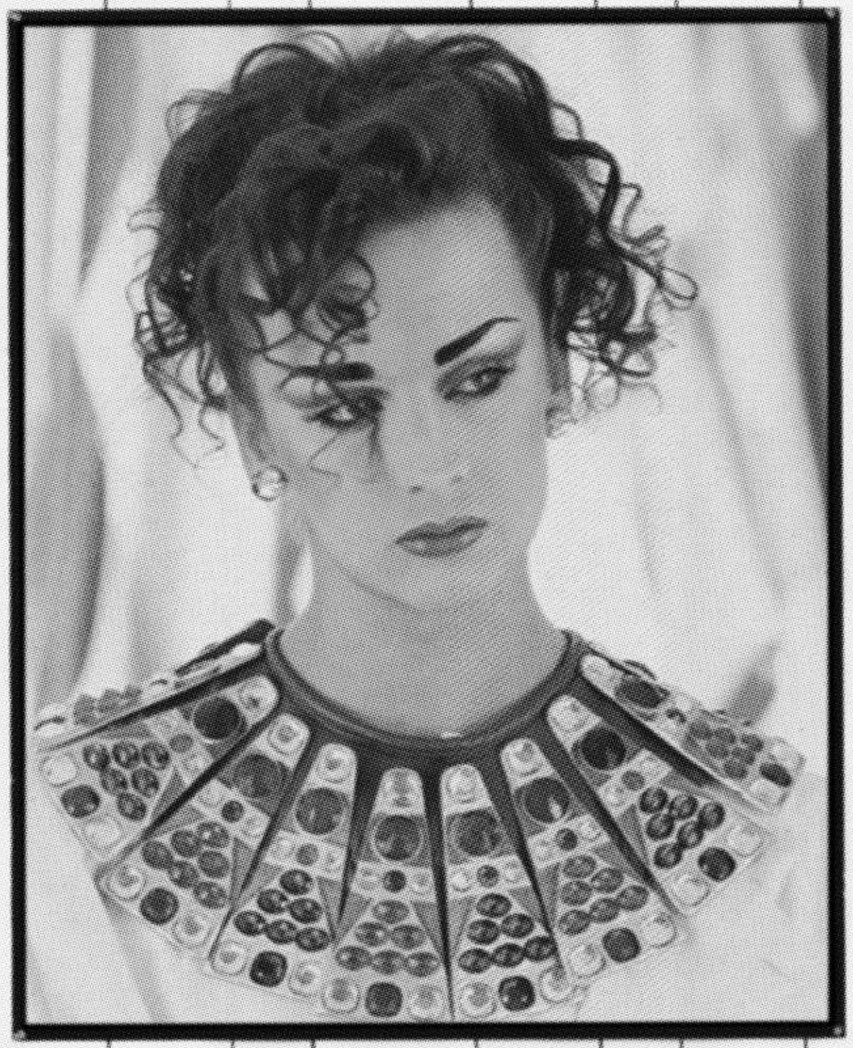


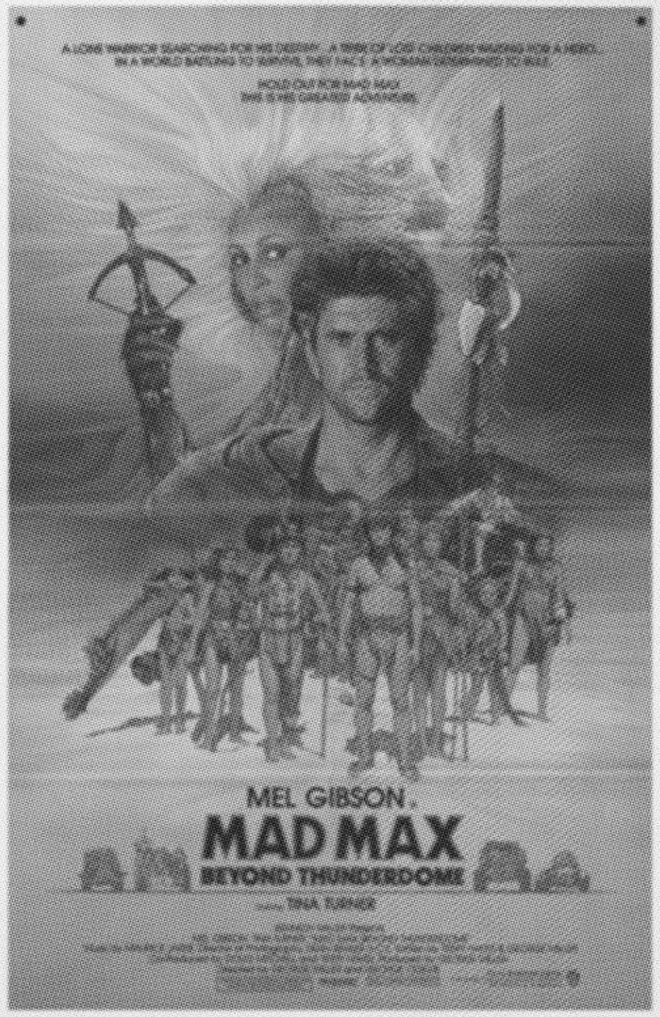




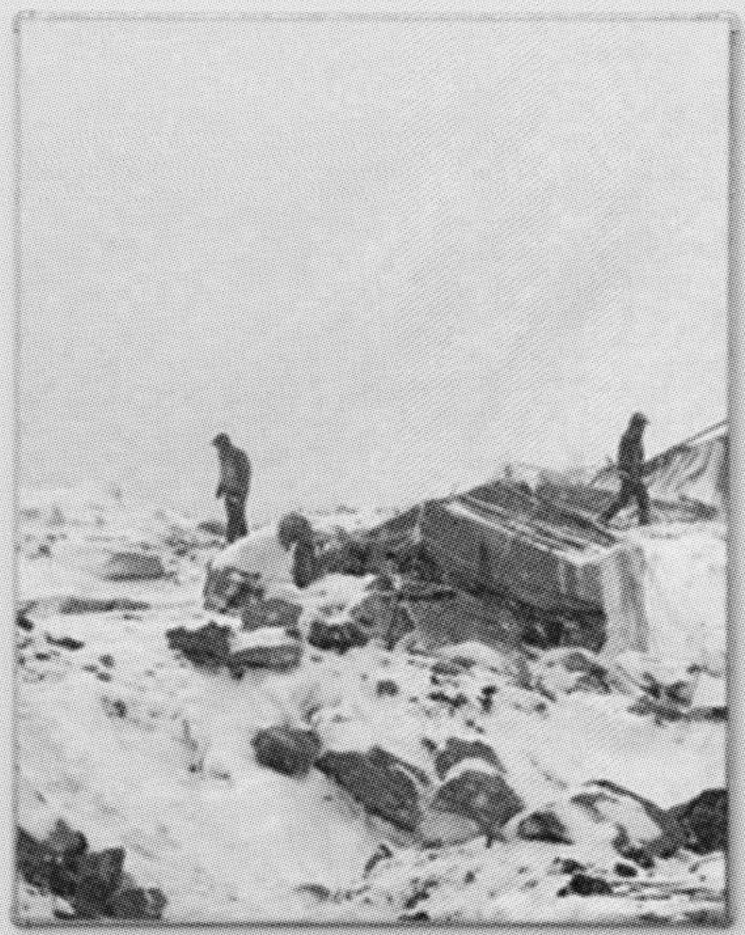






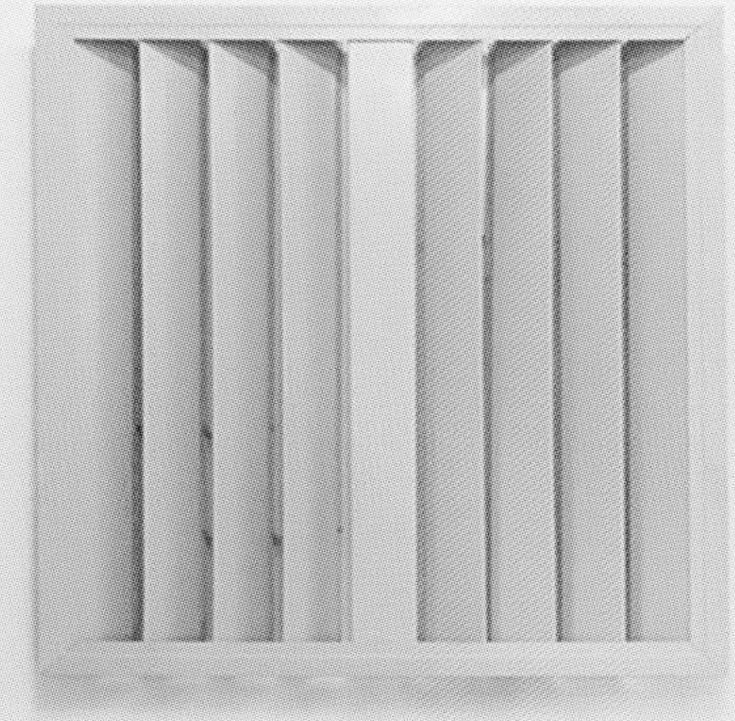

MEL GIBSON
MAD MAX
BEYOND THUNDERDOME
TINA TURNER





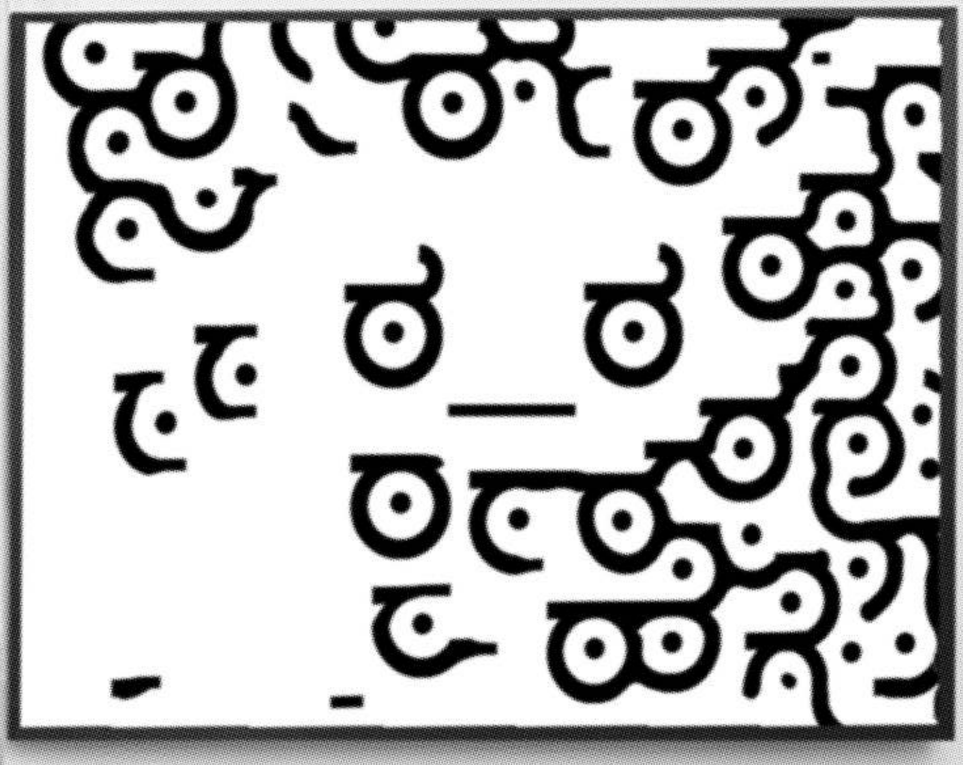


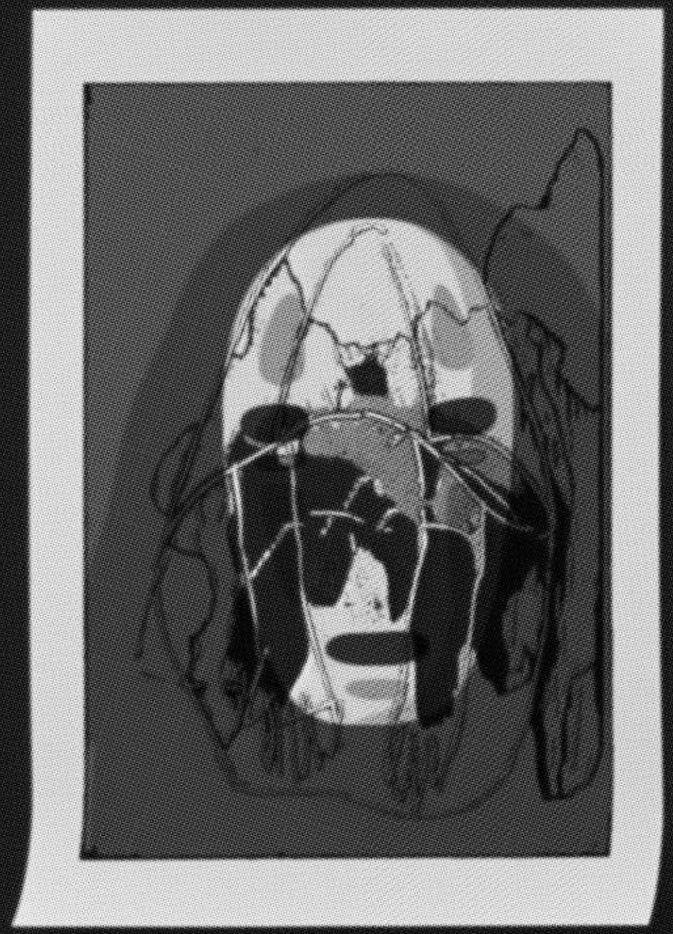





L.H.O.O.Q.





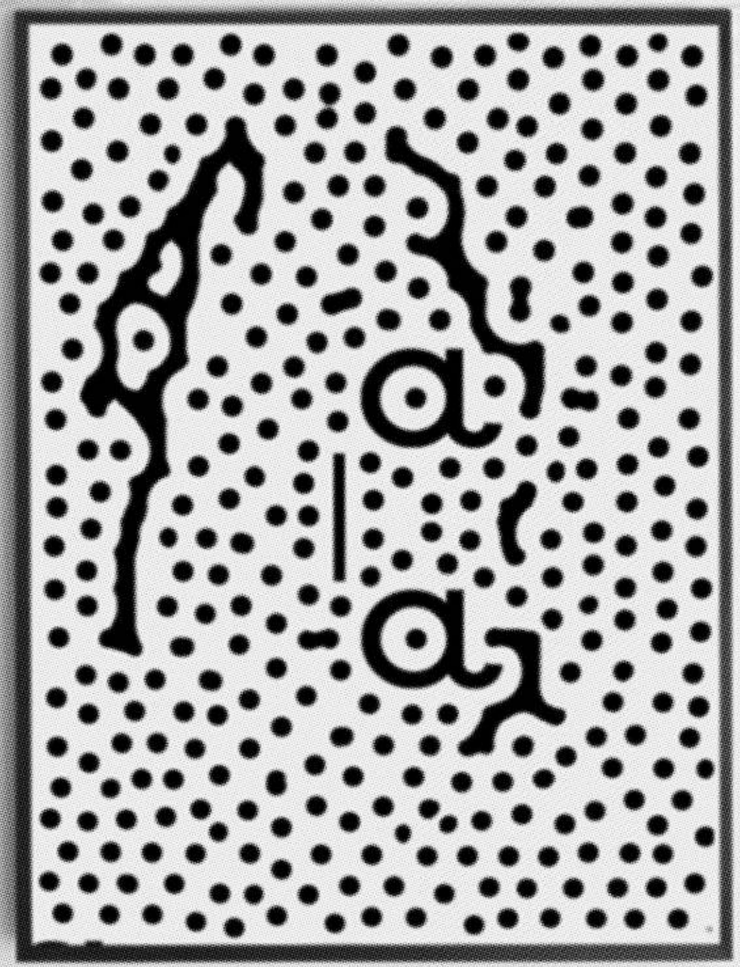



6 miles









Checklist



A is for Alex!
Rodeo, Istanbul
Stainless Steel, Vinyl
200 cm x 300 cm



Ad Noir (The Long March of Capitalism)
Mori Art Museum, Monato
HD Video, 14:22:47
Dimensions Variable



Also Palestine (Great Blue Watery Road)
STANDARD (OSLO), Oslo
Platinum Print
120 cm x 200 cm



Also Palestine (Skinny Legs and All)
STANDARD (OSLO), Oslo
Platinum Print
120 cm x 200 cm



Also Palestine (Smell It)
STANDARD (OSLO), Oslo
Platinum Print
120 cm x 200 cm



Andre and Sam (Andre)
Pilar Corrias, London
Silver Gelatin Print
100 cm x 185 cm



Andre and Sam (Sam)
Pilar Corrias, London
Silver Gelatin Print
100 cm x 185 cm



Angels
The New Museum, New York
Chromogenic Print on Dibond
100 cm x 250 cm



Angels
The New Museum, New York
Chromogenic Print on Dibond
100 cm x 250 cm



Angels
The New Museum, New York
Chromogenic Print on Dibond
100 cm x 250 cm



Burl(y)
Alfonso Artiaco, Naples
Hydrographic Prints on Reclaimed Oak
each 20 cm x 150 cm x 5 cm



Buzkashi (Moral Justification)
Isabella Bortolozzi Galerie, Berlin
Inkjet Print on Hahnemühle
25 cm x 35 cm



Caaaaaaareful
(There I Fixed Your Install Too ((JENGA!))
CES Gallery, Los Angeles
Chromogenic Print on Dibond
40 cm x 60 cm



Caaaaaaareful
(There I fixed Your Install Too)
CES Gallery, Los Angeles
Rocks
Dimensions Variable



Caaaaaaareful
(There I fixed Your Install Too (Heeeeey))
CES Gallery, Los Angeles
Poster (Found Object)
70 cm x 110 cm



Celebrate the Crystal
Weils, Brussels
Projection (Kodachrome)
Dimensions Variable



Check Out My Sweet Rock (Awww Yeah)
Galerie Frank Elbaz, Paris
UV Print on Embossed Aluminum
200 cm x 265 cm



Clusterfucked (Detail)
Denny Gallery, New York
Pigment Print on Dibond
60 cm x ¯_(ツ)_/¯



Colt 45 (Pistil)
Gladstone Gallery, Brussels
Silver Gelatin
60 cm x 60 cm



Colt 45 (Stamen)
Gladstone Gallery, Brussels
Silver Gelatin
100 cm x 200 cm



Colt 45 (Summit)
Gladstone Gallery, Brussels
Silver Gelatin
60 cm x 60 cm



copyshrug.com™
Fused Space, San Francisco
Screenprint on Rives Design
50 cm x 90 cm



Darmok and Jalad on the Ocean
Taubert Contemporary, Berlin
Silver Gelatin Print, Corningware, Thumbtacks
30 cm x 60 cm



Denial Aint Just a River
Cheim & Read, New York
Lamda Print on Dibond, Vinyl
250 cm x 300 cm



Difficulties With Skepticism (OG)
Galerie Neu, Berlin
Chromaluxe on Aluminum
100 cm x 175 cm



Difficulties With Skepticism
(Secret Digs Part 1)
Galerie Neu, Berlin
Chromaluxe on Aluminum
100 cm x 175 cm



Difficulties With Skepticism
(Secret Digs Part 2)
Galerie Neu, Berlin
Chromaluxe on Aluminum
100 cm x 175 cm



Difficulties With Skepticism (DAFUQ)
Galerie Neu, Berlin
Chromaluxe on Aluminum
100 cm x 175 cm



Dr. Spacéman
Klemm's, Berlin
Pigment Print on Dibond
30 cm x 40 cm



Faces (Dicknose and a Beer Gut)
Hester, New York
Silver Gelatin on Dibond
70 cm x 120 cm



Faces (I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings)
Hester, New York
Silver Gelatin on Dibond
70 cm x 120 cm



Faces (Ho Ho Ho)
Hester, New York
Chromogenic Print on Dibond
40 cm x 60 cm



Faces (Ho Ho Ho - Detail)
Hester, New York
Chromogenic Print on Aluminum
50 cm x 80 cm



Facetime™
Paula Cooper, New York
Cast Fiberglass
200 cm x 300 cm x 4 cm



Fallen Swoosh (Right Sweep)
VI, VII, Oslo
Pigment Print on Arches
50 cm x 100 cm



Fallen Swoosh (Don't Rock the Boat)
VI, VII, Oslo
Wallpaper, Lambda Print on Dibond
60 cm x 90 cm



Fallen Swoosh (Right Sweep Battlefield)
VI, VII, Oslo
Oil on Canvas
90 cm x 125 cm



Fallen Swoosh
VI, VII, Oslo
Custom Wallpaper
Dimensions Variable



Fallen Swoosh (Right Sweep Deux)
VI, VII, Oslo
Pigment Print on Arches
50 cm x 100 cm



Funny Junk Club (Cloaca)
Campoli Presti, London
100 cm x 300 cm
Acrylic on Panel



Funny Junk Club (Grower not a Shower)
Campoli Presti, London
100 cm x 200 cm
Acrylic on Panel



Giddyup
Fer de Lance, Lucerne
Pigment Print on Dibond
60 cm x 90 cm



Fresh Kicks (Peek-a-Boo)
Kunstverein Munich
Primed Canvas, Gold, Glazed Porcelain
40 cm x 200 cm



Fresh Kicks
Kunstverein Munich
Inkjet on Canvas
80 cm x 80 cm



Funny Junk Club (Double Dick Dude)
Campoli Presti, London
100 cm x 200 cm
Acrylic on Panel



GONZO
Centro de la Imagen, Mexico City
Silver Gelatin on Dibond
40 cm x 60 cm



Highway to the Danger Zone (Fontcuberta)
Index, Stockholm
Chromogenic Print on Aluminum
125 cm x 200 cm



Highway to the Danger Zone (Goose)
Index, Stockholm
Chromogenic Print on Aluminum
125 cm x 200 cm



Highway to the Danger Zone (Maverick)
Index, Stockholm
Chromogenic Print on Aluminum
125 cm x 200 cm



His Name is Fred
Kraupa-Tuskany Zeidler, Berlin
HD Video, 1:22
Dimensions Variable



I've Fallen and I Can't Get Up!
Academia Carrara Museo, Bergamo, Italy.
Carved Plaster
100 cm x 100 cm x 100 cm



IDGI (Rerun)
Kunsthalle Bern, Bern
Chromogenic Print
100 cm x 150 cm



IDGI (Martian Smilez)
Kunsthalle Bern, Bern
Silver Gelatin
65 cm x 100 cm



IDGI (Hey There Fancy Pants)
Kunsthalle Bern, Bern
Silver Gelatin
100 cm x 150 cm



IDK, TBL, FLP
Sprüth Magers, Berlin
Neon
100 cm x 650 cm



If You Can't Make it Good
(Sad Mountain Goat)
Meyer Kainer, Vienna
Oil on Panel
100 cm x 300 cm



Indubitably
Captain Petzel, Berlin
Ink Wash on Linen
50 cm x 90 cm



Just DO it Lenny
Swiss Institute, New York
Custom Wallpaper
Dimensions Variable



Just DO it Lenny (SWOOSH)
Swiss Institute, New York
Pigment Print on Dibond
40 cm x 40 cm



Just DO it Lenny (Trollin', Trollin', Trollin')
Swiss Institute, New York
Silver Gelatin on Aluminum
90 cm x 90 cm



LEANERZ (From Whence it Came)
Kunsthalle am Hamburger Platz, Berlin
Volcanic Ash, Crushed Lime, Labour
125 cm x 250 cm



Long, Tall, Sally (CUTFACE)
Esther Schipper, Berlin
Chromogenic Print on Aluminum
80 cm x 115 cm



Magic Shrug XXL
Indipenza, Rome
Silkscreen on Uzbek Cotton
100 cm x 200 cm



Noodle Around (Tabula Rosa)
Staatlich Kunsthalle Baden-Baden
Powder Toner, Varnish
100 cm x 300 cm



Noodle Around (Houdini)
Staatlich Kunsthalle Baden-Baden
Powder Toner, Varnish
100 cm x 300 cm



Oh Hai
Wiels, Brussels
Lambda Print on Dibond
100 cm x 300 cm



OMG HE SAID WUT?
(Long Ride on a Short Trail)
Laura Bartlett, London
Two-Channel HD Video, 22:02:00
Dimensions Variable



OMG HE SAID WUT?
(Long Ride on a Short Trail)
Laura Bartlett, London
Two-Channel HD Video, 22:02:00
Dimensions Variable



Ouroboros in The White Cube (SSSsssSSS)
Galerie Frank Elbaz, Paris
Lamda Print on Aluminum
190 cm x 325 cm



Over Doin' Those Edges (OG LULZ)
Overduin & Co., Los Angeles
Oil on Canvas
100 cm x 170 cm



Over Doin' Those Edges (LULZ v2.0)
Overduin & Co., Los Angeles
Oil on Canvas
250 cm x 320 cm



Over Doin' Those Edges (LULZ v3.0)
Overduin & Co., Los Angeles
Oil on Canvas
150 cm x 220 cm



Post-Internet
The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum,
New York
Toner Transfer on Panel



A Pox on Both Faces
Tanya Leighton, Berlin
Magnachrome on Ceramic Slab
100 cm x 140 cm



A Pox on Both Faces
Tanya Leighton, Berlin
Toner Print
100 cm x 180 cm



Quicksilver
Sammlung Haubrok, Berlin
Chromaluxe on Aluminum
200 cm x 275 cm



Rick Says
Greene Naftali, New York
35mm Slide Projection
Dimensions Variable



Rock (well, boulder)
Galleria Franco Noero, Turin
Half Boulder
500 cm x 500 cm x 200 cm



Roe Ethridge Goes to the Zoo
(OMG A SQUIRREL)
Nouveau Musée National de Monaco
Lambda Print on Dibond
100 cm x 100 cm



Roe Ethridge Goes to the Zoo
(Roe and the Lioness)
Nouveau Musée National de Monaco
Lambda Print on Dibond
100 cm x 100 cm



Rubicun III (Across This Line, You Do Not)
Proyectos Monclova, Mexico City
Indigo on White Linen
300 cm x 400 cm



Run and Hide
Max Hetzler, Berlin
Platinum Print
100 cm x 200 cm



Run and Hide
Max Hezler, Berlin
Platinum Prints
each 100 cm x 225 cm



Screen Cleaning (TURNT UP!)
Michael Thibault, Los Angeles
Cut Vinyl
100 cm x 100cm



Screen Cleaning (Turnt Rapunzel ASMR)
Michael Thibault, Los Angeles
HD Video
Dimensions Vary

Scribbles and a Sneaker (Scribbles)
Kunstverein Nürnberg, Nuremberg
Pencil
200 cm x 300 cm



Scribbles and a Sneaker (Sneaker)
Kunstverein Nürnberg, Nuremberg
Permanent Marker, Pencil
150 cm x 300 cm



SHAKE THAT ASS LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE
(Warmup)
Museon, The Hague
HD Video, 3:37
Dimensions Variable



SHAKE THAT ASS LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE
(Electrolytes)
Museon, The Hague
Oigment Print on Dibond
100 cm x 160 cm



Shruggie
(copyshrug.com™ / new kid on the block)
Accola Griefen Gallery, New York
Magnachrome on Aluminum
150 cm x 225 cm



Shruggie (Mercury Smug)
Accola Griefen Gallery, New York
Oil on Canvas
80 cm x 110 cm



SIX Miles Away (Long Long Ago)
Micheline Szwajcer, Brussels
Silver Gelatin on Aluminum
100 cm (fade) x 150 cm



Sneakin' About
Sammlung Boros, Berlin
Chromogenic Print
150 cm x 225 cm



Sting Stang Stung (Ouch)
Tanya Leighton, Berlin
Magnachrome on Ceramic Slab
100 cm x 140 cm



Sting Stang Stung (Stang)
Tanya Leighton, Berlin
Pigment Print on Aluminum
50 cm x 80 cm



Sting Stang Stung (Stung)
Tanya Leighton, Berlin
Toner Print
100 cm x 180 cm



Sting (Hiding) / I'll Be Watching You
Tanya Leighton, Berlin
Magnachrome on Ceramic Slab
100 cm x 140 cm



Sting (Hiding) / Hiding (Sting)
Tanya Leighton, Berlin
Pigment Print on Aluminum
50 cm x 80 cm



Texas 'Bama (After 'Yonce)
(Dude, Aliens)
Minerva, Sydney
Brazilian Sisal, White Ash
45 cm x 120 cm



Texas 'Bama (After 'Yonce)
(Blows Like a Twelve Gauge Shottie)
Minerva, Sydney
Uzbek Cotton, Beetroot Juice
45 cm x 120 cm



Texas 'Bama (After 'Yonce)
(Blows Like a Twelve Gauge Shottie)
Minerva, Sydney
Embossed Gypsum
45 cm x 120 cm



The Bigger the Better (thanks Janice ;))
/// TAKEN
Overduin & Co., Los Angeles
Silver Gelatin on Aluminum
200 cm x 300 cm



The Lady and the Smear
Lisson Gallery, Milan
Inkjet on Arches
200 cm x 300 cm



The Nose Knows
Paula Cooper, New York
Atomized Fragrance
Dimensions Variable (Fit to Scale)



Three's Company (Dickose Revisited)
NeuMeister Bar Am, Berlin
Silver Gelatin on Dibond
65 cm x 100 cm



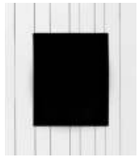
Three's Company (Peg Leg)
NeuMeister Bar Am, Berlin
Silver Gelatin on Dibond
65 cm x 100 cm



Three's Company (UM CONFOOSED)
NeuMeister Bar Am, Berlin
Silver Gelatin on Dibond
65 cm x 100 cm



Throwing Shade at the Darkness
Karma, New York
Offset Print
40 cm x 75 cm



Throwing Shade at the Darkness
Karma, New York
Offset Print
60 cm x 100 cm



Twenty Nine Eyes (OOOOOOO)
Tanya Leighton, Berlin
Toner Print
100 cm x 180 cm



Two Men Enter (Thunderdome)
BQ, Berlin
Vintage Poster (Offset)
60 cm x 100 cm



Two Men Enter (Bearcat // RAWR)
BQ, Berlin
Calf Leather, Paint
75 cm x 160 cm



Untitled (Nepal)
Kunsthalle Bern, Bern
Chromaluxe on Aluminum
100 cm x 150 cm



Untitled (So Many Feels)
Kunsthalle Bern, Bern
Chromaluxe on Aluminum
100 cm x 150 cm



Untitled (To Infinity and Beyond)
Kunsthalle Bern, Bern
Chromaluxe on Aluminum
100 cm x 150 cm



Von Meinen Bruder
Kunsthalle Zürich
Enamel on Aluminum
100 cm x 100 cm



Warten (LOL)
Fridericianum, Kassel
Cibachrome, Lightbox
40 cm x 60 cm



Where Them Faces At
(Noface on a Mountain)
Walker Art Center, Columbus
Screenprint on Arches
100 cm x 200 cm



Where Them Faces At
(Dippy Dip)
Walker Art Center, Columbus
Screenprint on Arches
120 cm x 180 cm



Wiggly Seat
Kunstverein Hildesheim, Hildesheim
Lambda Print
75 cm x 130 cm



Wiggly Seat (Wallpaper)
Kunstverein Hildesheim, Hildesheim
Hand Cut Vinyl
400 cm x 800 cm



WINNER WINNER CHICKEN DINNER
(Bullseye)
Tanya Leighton, Berlin
Magnachrome on Ceramic Slab
100 cm x 140 cm



WINNER WINNER CHICKEN DINNER
Tanya Leighton, Berlin
Toner Print
100 cm x 180 cm



WHY AM I SHOUTING?
Esther Schipper, Berlin
Oil on Canvas
150 cm x 220 cm



YOU GIVE ME BROKEN FLOWERS
Taubert Contemporary, Berlin
Silver Gelatin on Dibond
20 cm x 80 cm

Jordan Tate

Appendices is a companion Book to *Prefaces* published by Lodret Vandret
2016



Lodret Vandret