

2012 - 2017 / vienna, at

Seth Weiner
works

images growing endlessly from a single source, drawn and quartered into data, reactivating a portion of history within the present

2017 / vienna, at

Palais des Beaux Arts Wien
palaisdesbeauxarts.at
curated by Bernhard Garnicig



vaporous
evening dresses



Online Intervention / Essay / Artist Books
 www.palaisdesbeauxarts.at www.continentcontinent.cc

02

(prev)

Vaporous Evening Dresses -Model 15-16, Var. 06 01
 Photograph of Inkjet Print on Cut and Folded A4 Paper
 Dimensions Variable

Chic Parisien - Elégances du Soir Robes à danser:
 Vaporous Evening Dresses - Model 15 - 16 02
 Atelier Bachwitz / 1929

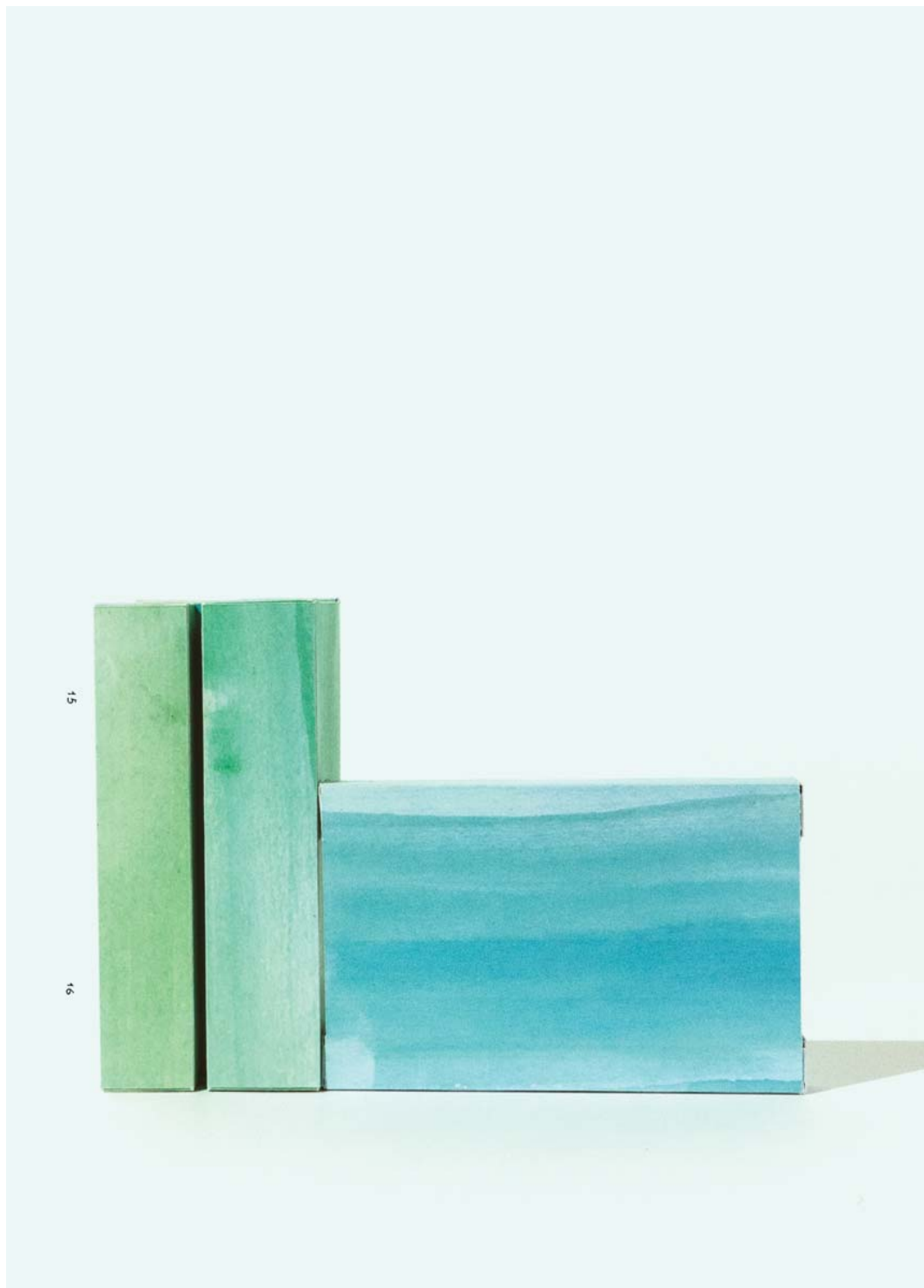
Vaporous Evening Dresses -Model 15-16, Var. 01 03



03

An ongoing artistic research project in the form of an online occupation, a written essay and a series of artist books, "*Vaporous Evening Dresses*" draws on the transformations the Viennese publishing and fashion house Atelier Bachwitz has undergone since 1908—confiscation, restitution, restoration and reinstitution—translating backgrounds from illustrations found in their *Chic Parisien* catalogs into spatial models made from paper. Displaced from the page, each spatial proposition is made to be broken apart, turned around ad infinitum, awaiting its ultimate return to the page or sibling screen. This process was initially thought of as a form of cultivating weeds that would populate the internet; images endlessly growing from a single source, drawn and quartered into data, reactivating a portion of history within the present.

Initially commissioned for the online collection of the Palais des Beaux Arts Wien, "*Vaporous Evening Dresses*" grew from questions about how the rise and aftereffects of National Socialism were and continue to be embedded in the manifold surfaces that constitute Vienna's 'Palais des Beaux Arts' and their relevance to an increasingly exclusionary political climate. In the current form of the institution, the period directly leading up to and beyond 1938 had not been dealt with; an omission that was addressed directly in the work through the modelling and cataloging of voids.



Bound by thin graphite lines, two lavender-skinned subjects stand in quiet conflict with one another. Their features are absent enough to render them mere projection screens, doubled, differentiated only by posture and clothing. The twin that has arrived at stage right leans on a pile of rectangles, stacked and filled with green and blue watercolor; stage left, the other stands, looking beyond the page. Their ankles are just slightly bent below the Minimalist sculpture, a spatial MacGuffin for both social interface and architectural imaginary. Smaller figures made of black and white contours, more mannequin than flesh, occupy the margins of attention. No ground has been established for the subjects to stand upon. Yet the ground nevertheless remains, humming relentlessly in the background.

04

In its current form, Palais des Beaux Arts Vienna is both a building and a website, each of which is largely represented through a catalog of views. Whether encountering it through a quick Google search or navigating the actual website, what can be readily experienced of the Palais is its compression into a strategic combination of text and image: immaterial, “future thinking art” in 400px wide columns of code. The real estate it occupies—including the cloud of data and name hanging above the entrance of the building—spreads across different formats, yet remains anchored in a branding strategy and website that acts as its public interface. In the past, the building was a site of production for widely circulated fashion catalogs and lifestyle magazines that asked viewers to perform an idea of place that was not only reproducible but consumable, and prompted a form of disembodied participation. Extending this legacy, the Palais des Beaux Arts allows visitors to browse through its catalog of projects, trying on contemporary art and its lifestyles as if they were garments.

On the website, a series of images and menu items are organized within a horizontal grid of translucent columns. While the width of each column is fixed, their heights vary. Evenly distributed titles and blocks of text accompany the images, explaining the materials used, their significance and provenance. Every time the page refreshes, an emerald green shape assumes a different character. Branding the background of the site, it remains ever-present, sometimes entirely obscured by a description of the Palais’ projects, sometimes only slightly showing through the gaps between the site’s description of those projects. In this, it becomes the site’s institutional surface. Following the ‘shop’ menu item, the visitor finds only a single item for sale, a large comma blinking on and off between words, while a limited edition umbrella spins in the corner. Addition and subtraction,

algorithmically determined, continues in the tab of the browser, alternating between two calls to action: 'new art world order now' and 'new art world, order now'.

At once bound to territory and wholly deterritorialized, the Palais des Beaux Arts occupies many different states. While some of the projects can be accessed via the website, others can only be accessed and put to use on site. Within proximity of the building, visitors can overlay and manipulate the Palais' newly pixelated façade. While such views are possible during on-site gatherings, each will soon migrate to the grid of the page, where a compression of text and image await additional participants. Playing on our desires to project and imagine experience both at a distance and up close, Palais des Beaux Arts ultimately emphasizes surface ambience, its pixelated form branding an experience reinforced by each visit. Its fantasy is that of a disembodied being activated by a gaze that is not at all dissimilar from that of any other consumer fantasy; the contemporary artworld, its life, life styling and attitudes are put on display, becoming readily wearable garments, as if in a *Chic Parisien* catalog (fig.06).

Two distinct catalogs mark transformative moments within my adolescent development. Bound by pre-internet conditions, each offered escape into a distant body by constructing images of place that were refreshed with each viewing and seasonal release. *Hammacher Schlemmer*, the first and seemingly more benign, offered a utopian futuristic marketplace for consumer-scaled technologies. Most items were throw-away patents, inventions for their own sake that promised better living through circuitry. Through it, I imagined myself mowing the front lawn as a MechWarrior, impressing passing neighbors by listening to the TV on a pair of wireless headphones, flipping through stations on a wrist watch, all the while looking out from a massive VR helmet and onto a suburban property that had become a matrix of vectors. Although I never ordered anything, the catalog strengthened an identity already based on want and projection, destroying the idea that transactions need to take place at a physical site, subject to my parent's judgment – self-construction, bought and delivered on-demand. The second catalog, *Vivid Video*, was a mail-order service for sex toys and porn videos that accompanied an ill-willed gift that I received for my 14th birthday. Through what was little more than marketing copy, access was provided to a world of voyeurism otherwise uninhabitable. Because there was no way to verify age, we pooled our resources, sent an envelope of cash along with our checklist of videos off to The Valley and prayed. Upon its arrival, I learned an

early lesson in applied capitalism. In order to watch the videos there were two choices: box my significantly more developed older brother or pay double the price for a dubbed copy. I chose boxing, gave up halfway through the first round – then paid. The catalog offered a type of augmented reality that only image can invite: an empathic gaze, triggered by and projected onto bodily experiences at a remove. This type of projection, although inherent in any act of fantasy, was a technique reinforced in figure drawing classes that I was taking at the time. As a way to draw proportion more realistically, we were instructed to imagine ourselves in the body of the model in order to better understand how gravity felt in their skin, training our hands to connect the gaze more directly to the fantasy of another's bodily experience.

In an act of seeming retreat, I spent the better portion of last fall in my basement, searching for a stronger connection to my hands with a set of watercolors I took from my son. Frustrated and a bit worn out from exhibition contexts, I became increasingly interested in how books and the space of the page structure and choreograph attention. For the past few years, my work has oscillated between spatial service and sculpture made to order. Each project was developed for its own context, and worked on how space organizes social bodies, the act of viewing and attention. In such a situation, the compressed site of a book became ever more appealing and offered the opportunity to respond to material in a more direct way. Its constraints are not social but tactile. With a flick of the wrist, space, figure, narrative and meaning can be rearranged, dramas emerging from a single gesture.

Like every well-trained watercolorist, I turned to Google for an oracle on my proposed subject matter, entered "theater of the wrists", and used the images that resulted from my query for painting and remodeling those images. From the search, I gleaned advertisements for wrist braces, ergonomic mouse pads, yoga poses and peripheral stories about suicide attempts and their locations. The results were, and continue to be, unstable, the index of images a slippery archive: by the time you reach the end of the screen, the top of the page has already begun to change based on what you've been baited to click. The subconscious state of this algorithm – one of Google Poetics' many forms – will inevitably become more streamlined as it matures, eliminating the associative possibilities it now so beautifully presents. The cocktail of results we get from the algorithm's adolescent phase will most likely become nothing more than a marketplace that targets consumer patterns, the archive swallowed whole by catalog view.



06



05



08

(prev)

04 **Vaporous Evening Dresses -Model 15-16, Var. 04**
 Photograph of Inkjet Print on Cut and Folded A4 Paper
 Dimensions Variable

05 **Chic Parisien**
 Atelier Bachwitz / 1913

06 **Chic Parisien**
 Atelier Bachwitz / 1933

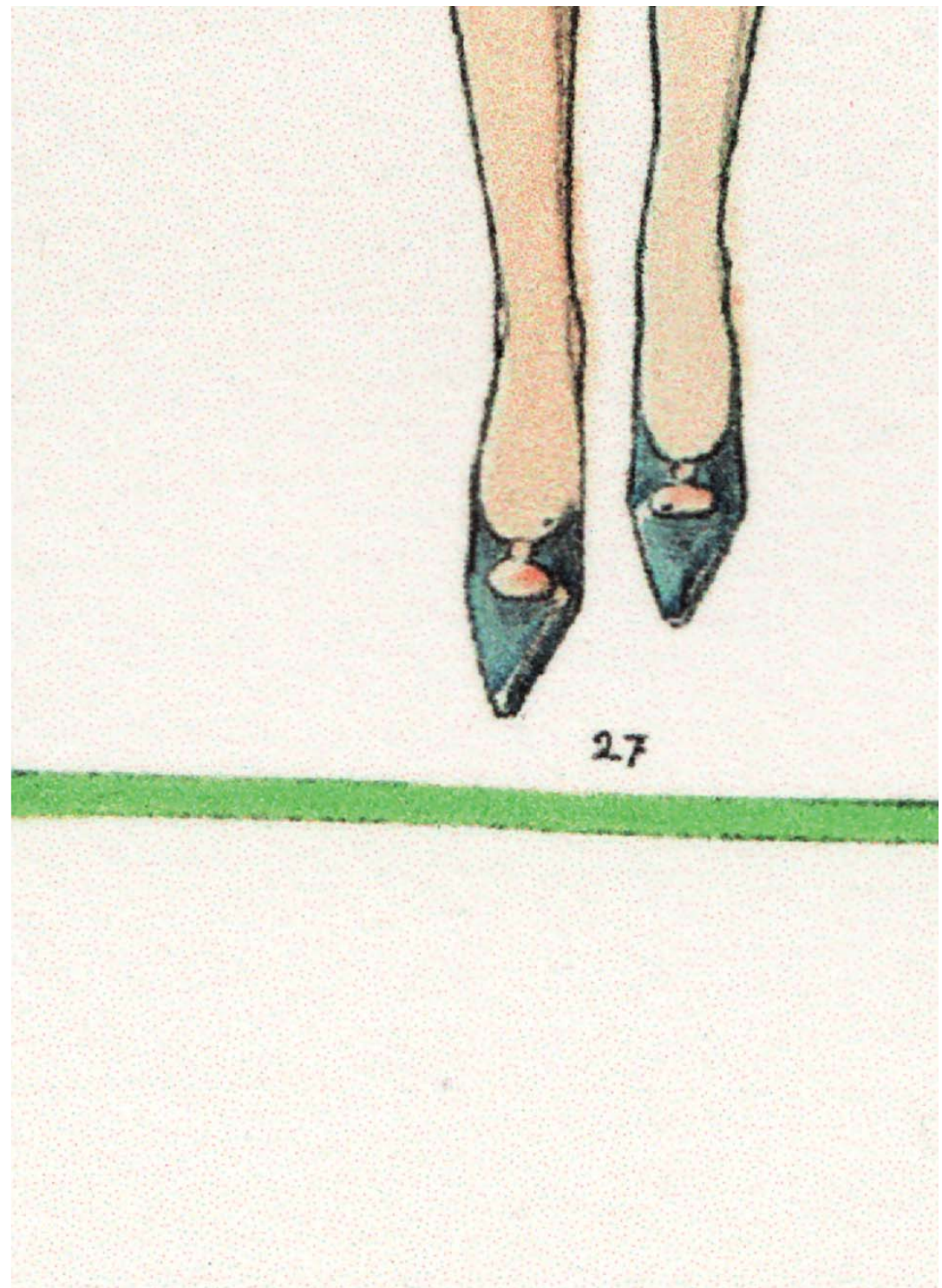
07 **Autumn 2017 - Model 27-28 Website Intervention**
 Site Visit
palaisdesbeauxarts.at

08 **Chic Parisien**
 Atelier Bachwitz / 1929

After seeing this work-in-progress, *Google Oracles: Theater of the Wrists*, Bernhard Garnicnig, the acting director of Palais des Beaux Arts, approached me about doing a project that involved my newly-found passion for watercolors and would somehow belong to his project of decommissioning the institution. During his research into the Bachwitz family, who commissioned the Palais des Beaux Arts building and once operated a publishing house out of it, he had found a series of fashion catalogs they had produced and in which they primarily used watercolors for their illustrations. At this stage, I had only a rough notion of the history of Palais des Beaux Arts Vienna and its output, knowing more about what was currently being done than I did about the longer history of the institution and its undoing with the rise of National Socialism. That time period had not really been addressed in any previously commissioned projects, an omission that had to be either respected and left in its absence or addressed directly.

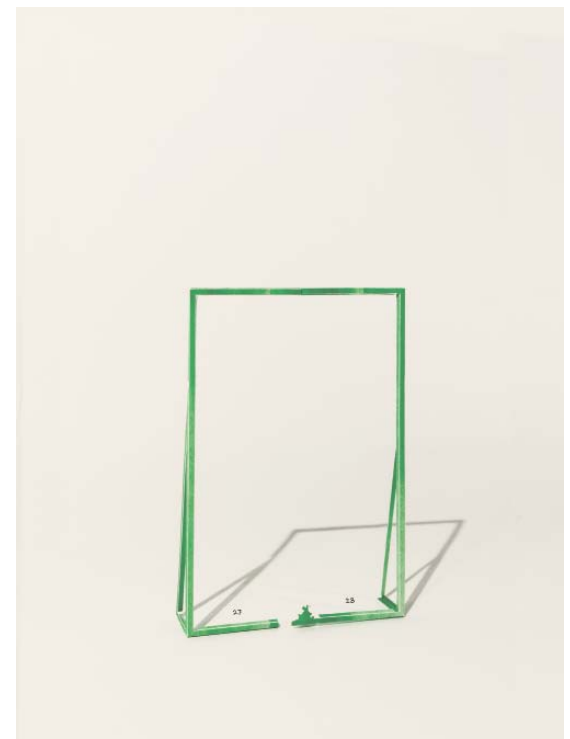
A shadow is cast and seems to come from another body. Its edges touch the model's shoulder, trailing her. Her head tips over, her mouth articulate but without words. Her eyes are slightly open, concentrated upon her miniaturized double, stage right, caressing the collar of a fur coat. Stage left, ignored. Two strips of alternating pigment hover over the surface. Mirrored and repeating a pattern: emerald green rectangle, blank, deep violet circle, blank. Whatever she's leaning on is sliding away. The strips hold her in place, the wall is only implied. The shadow is swallowed by the tip of her toes, into which the graphite disappears.

Operating officially from 1898–1958, Chic Parisien/Bachwitz AG [i] was the most renowned of the Bachwitz family's endeavors. Initiated by Arnold Bachwitz, who died of natural causes in 1930 in Vienna, the publishing house was handled primarily by himself, his wife Rosine, and their daughters until the rise of National Socialism. In 1938, after Austria was annexed into the German Third Reich, the administrative board of the company fell under the rule of the Nuremberg Race Laws and underwent Aryanization as part of the effort to “de-Jew the economy”. As a result of this seizure, the board – comprised mostly of the Bachwitz family – was replaced, their publishing rights to several fashion magazines revoked. With this change, not only was the business of fashion magazines lost but also the publication and distribution of works of literature, painting, sculpture, music and photography. In the span of only four years, the original inhabitants of Palais des Beaux Arts had been almost entirely erased.





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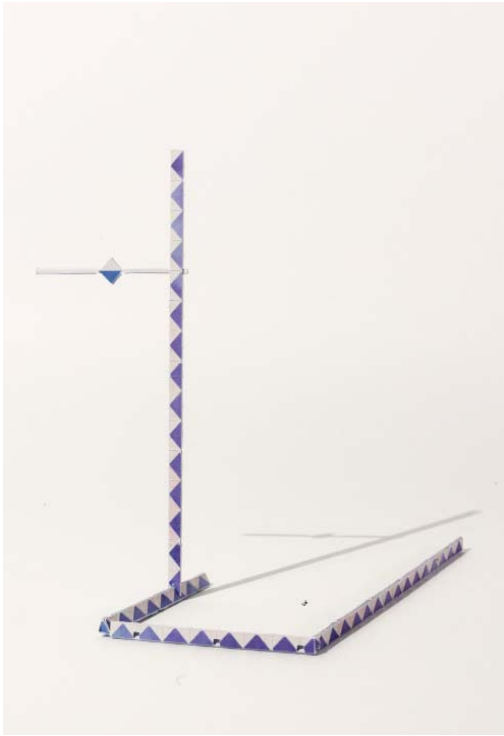
11

- (prev)
- 09 Chic Parisien - Elégances du Soir Robes à danser:
Vaporous Evening Dresses - Model 27 - 28 (Detail)
Atelier Bachwitz / 1929
 - 10 Vaporous Evening Dresses - Model 27 - 28
Atelier Bachwitz / 1929
 - 11 Vaporous Evening Dresses - Model 27-28, Var. 05
Photograph of Inkjet Print on Cut and Folded A4 Paper
Dimensions Variable



Grete Lebach, the second daughter of Arnold and Rosine Bachwitz, died of cancer in 1938 in Vienna, Rosine Bachwitz was murdered in 1942 in the Theresienstadt concentration camp, and their daughter Alice Strel, died in 1945 under unknown circumstances during a death transport from Prague. At the end of the war, the German Labor Front was the publishing house's main shareholder; afterwards, the company became the property of the Republic of Austria, existing only on paper until it was finally dissolved in 1958. Restitution documents from 2003 show that some 20,000 shares of the company's stock were outstanding, and were eventually returned to descendants of the Bachwitz family and their relations. When one of the Bachwitzes' great-grandchildren saw that the Vienna City Library was searching for an heir to the library's collection of the family's former periodicals, he contacted the library through a lawyer; another great-grandchild was contacted directly by the library. In 2003, after a series of legal proceedings, it was eventually decided that the magazines would be returned to the two great-grandchildren; the property was then removed from the library and deleted from its catalog.

12 In the spring of 1929, Arnold Bachwitz published *Elégances du Soir Robes à danser: Vaporous (sic) Evening Dresses*, presumably one of the last editions of *Chic Parisien* in which he would be involved. Widely circulated and part of a quarterly release schedule, the issue featured forty-nine looks that focused on promoting lifestyles and garments, a collage of tropes from a global imaginary. In French, English and German, the introductory text reads: "Old times are resuscitated before our eyes. Reminiscences of the Rococo and Biedermeier period, of ancient English fashion-pictures are mingling with lovely details of recent times. [...] They are real poems of supple, floating silk, velvet chiffon, lace and net of a great feminine charm." [ii] This particular edition of the catalog is noteworthy for marking a transition in *Chic Parisien's* representation of spatial settings. The subjects of its watercolor illustrations have become the inhabitants of an increasingly abstract series of tableaux, the decorative elements of previous issues replaced by a graphic structure which the figures step into and out of. They lean upon frames and openings, interacting with one another as well as with the flatness of the page; by constructing an impossible architecture, the images also build impossible social interfaces. In previous issues of *Chic Parisien*, place was offered up as a location with an accompanying template of behavior: coffee houses, balls, processional staircases, spectral landscapes. From this issue onwards, the page itself increasingly



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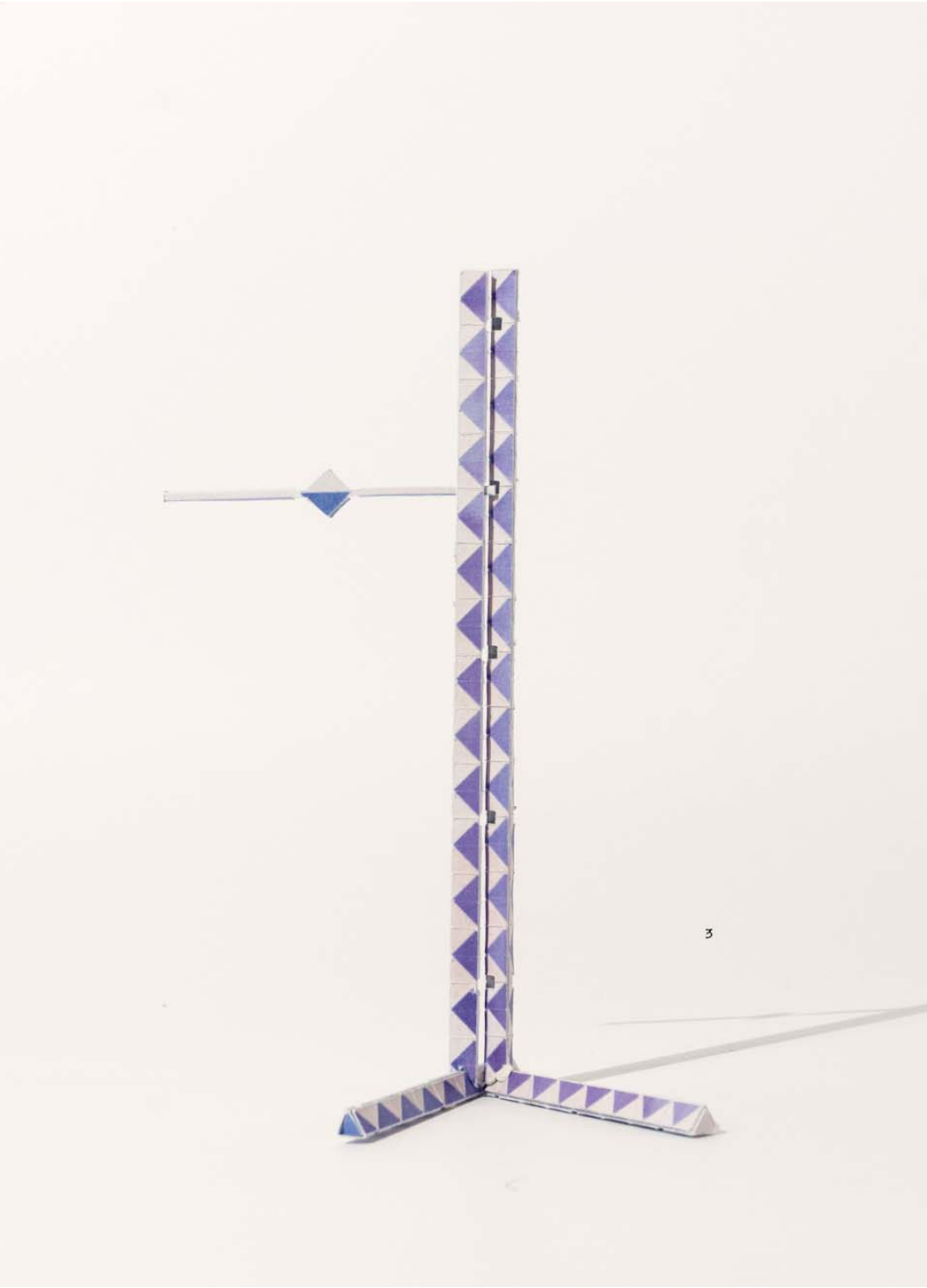
14

(prev)

Vaporous Evening Dresses - Model 27-28, Var. 09 12
Photograph of Inkjet Print on Cut and Folded A4 Paper
 Dimensions Variable

(...) Model 03, Var. 07 13

Model 03, Var. 03 14



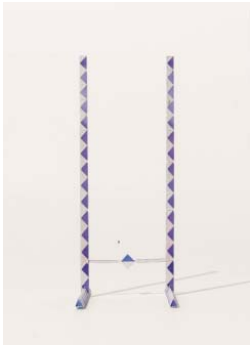
3

became a model of space that would construct its own social diagram; later catalogs were increasingly flat, fractured and ambiguous. Leaving location behind, the page offered up surface ambience instead, place becoming something partial, vaporous and present in the absence of itself. Taking these graphic structures literally, I began pulling elements from the pages of the catalog and modeling them according to how they were being performed by the subjects of the illustrations. After a few tests, I started breaking their components into modules so they could be reconfigured more easily, aiming to exhaust the spatial possibilities of each model through small, incremental moves. The depth of the paper models was lost in the process of flattening each iteration through photography. Frames, having become figural, had also become the structural ground of the image. In the *Chic Parisien* illustrations, the subjects created scale and spatial orientation even while the objects they interact with frustrated conventional ideas about habitable space. Once the people had been removed, however, the scale of the body no longer provided an anchor for experience. The empathic gaze searches for a point of reference to attach itself to what is no longer there, finding instead only disembodied shapes. Displaced from the page, each spatial proposition is made to be broken apart, turned around ad infinitum, awaiting its ultimate return to the page.

15

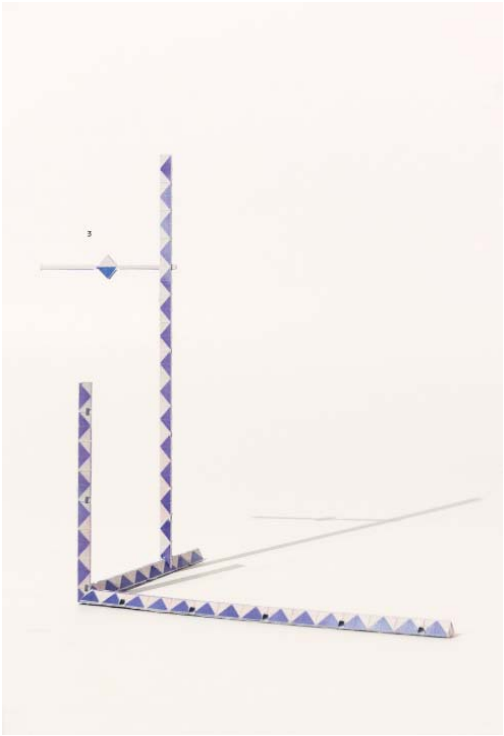
Knowing that this work on the *Chic Parisien* would end up as a matrix of pixels, I asked that these images occupy the landing page of Palais des Beaux Arts for a minimum of one-hundred years, rotating at random, and according to the quarterly publication schedule of *Chic Parisien*. Rather than accumulating images as would a typical archive, the introduction of each new model should erase the previous one: the website a catalog for disembodied views. While there could be no promise of such a long-term commitment, the idea led to conversations about the paradox of wanting permanence from an immaterial institution and the sustainability of the infrastructure propping it up: the internet. Few institutions begin with an expiration – a desire for longevity is implicit within the etymology of the form. But institutions have an end, as the history of the Palais des Beaux Arts makes clear. That they continue, as vapor, digital or stone, owes little to either their organizational form or the larger political-contextual space within which they once appeared and, ultimately, disappeared. What survives is what remains palatable to a situation in which the past may no longer have any contemporary purchase. Were such vapors to survive, it's not their past form that would persist, but their absence.





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17



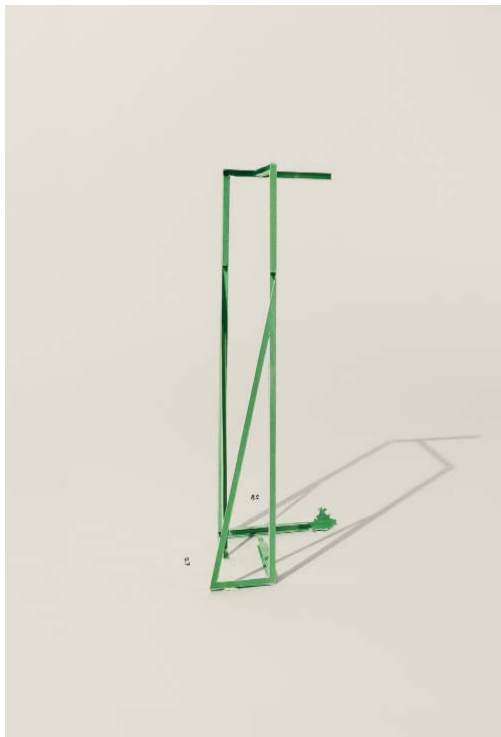
(prev)

Vaporous Evening Dresses – Model 11, Var. 18 15
Photograph of Inkjet Print on Cut and Folded A4 Paper
 Dimensions Variable

(...) Model 03, Var. 01 16

(L – R) Model 03, Var. 04, Model 27–28, Var. 31, 17
 Model 15–16, Var. 03, Model 11, Var. 13





18

A special thanks to Bernhard Garnicnig, Ryan Crawford, Claudia Slanar, Marc-Alexandre Dumoulin, Anthony Catfello and Sophie Wagner for their generous support, exchange of ideas, and edits.

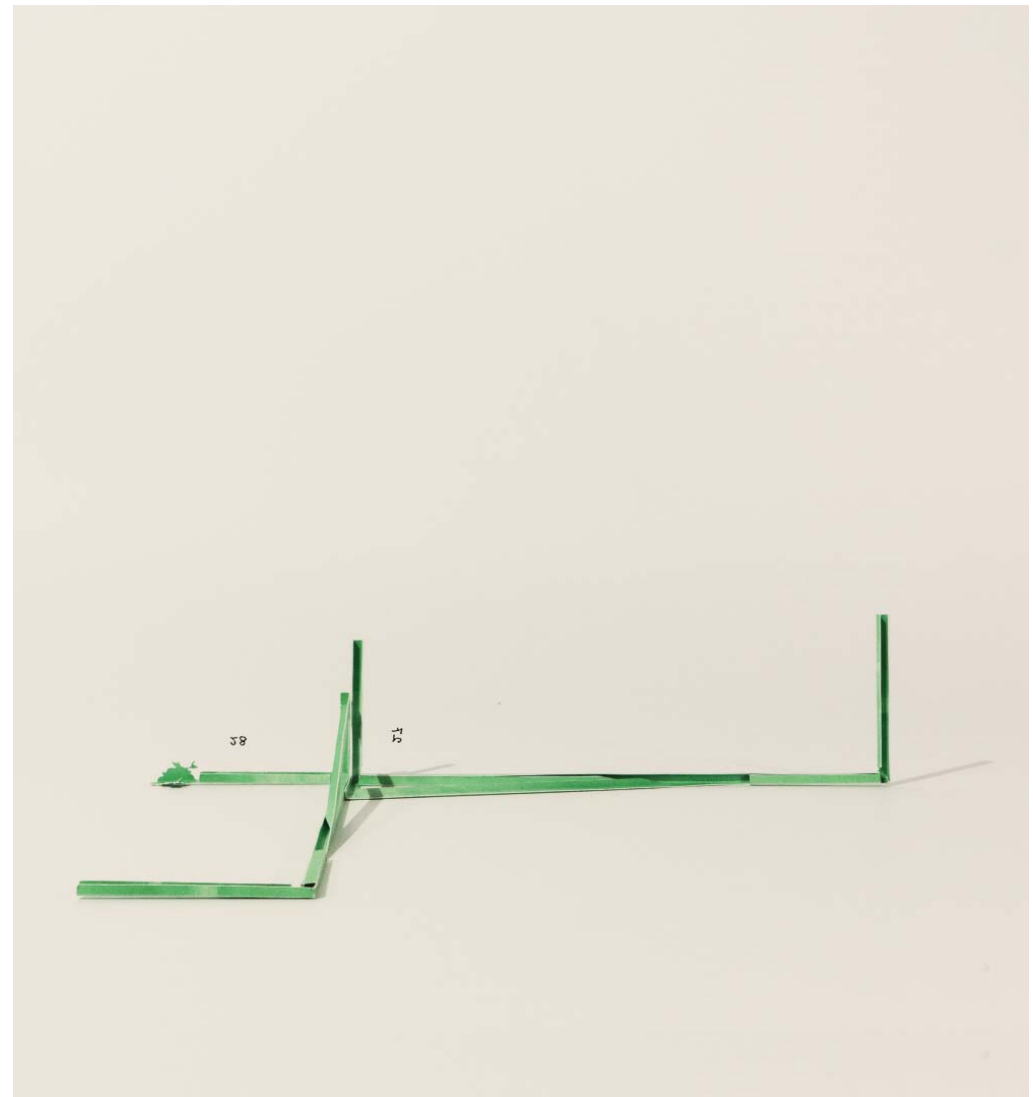
All subsequent information about the family's holdings and history are drawn from the following three documents: [i]

Gemeinderatsausschuss für Kultur und Wissenschaft Stadtsenat Gemeinderat. Vierter Bericht des amtsführenden Stadtrates für Kultur und Wissenschaft über die gemäß dem Gemeinderatsbeschluss vom 29. April 1999 erfolgte Überweisung von Kunst- und Kulturgegenständen aus den Sammlungen der Museen der Stadt Wien sowie der Wiener Stadt- und Landesbibliothek [City Council for Culture and Science. Fourth report by the City Council for Culture and Science on the transfer of objects of art and culture from the collections of the Museums of the City of Vienna and the Vienna City and State Library, according to the municipal council decision of 29 April 1999]. Wien Museum. 10 Nov. 2003. Web. 18 June 2017. (p.15) http://www.wienmuseum.at/fileadmin/user_upload/PDFs/Restitutionsbericht_2003.pdf

Mandl, Eva Maria. "Exkurs: Chic Parisien, die Familie Bachwitz und Albert Einstein. Löwengasse 47 (1938) [Excursion: Chic Parisien, the Bachwitz Family and Albert Einstein. Löwengasse 47 (1938)]" *Pratercottage*. 08 Sept. 2011. Web. 26 June 2017. <http://www.pratercottage.at/2011/09/08/exkurs-chic-parisien/>

Schwarz, Ursula. *Das Wiener Verlagswesen der Nachkriegszeit: Eine Untersuchung der Rolle der öffentlichen Verwalter bei der Entnazifizierung und bei der Rückstellung arisierter Verlage und Buchhandlungen [The Post-War Viennese Publishing Industry: An Investigation into the Role of Public Administrators in Denazification and the Restitution of Aryanized Publishers and Bookshops]*. Diss. Universität Wien, 2003. Web. 20 June 2017. (p.125) <http://www.wienbibliothek.at/sites/default/files/files/buchforschung/schwarz-ursula-wiener-verlagswesen-nachkriegszeit.pdf>

Atelier Bachwitz. "Vaporous Evening Dresses." *Chic Parisien: Elégances du Soir Robes à danser*. Spring Issue 1929. Print. [ii]



19

18 Vaporous Evening Dresses – Model 27–28, Var. 34
Photograph of Inkjet Print on Cut and Folded A4 Paper
Dimensions Variable

19 (...) Model 27–28, Var. 38

Essay Published in
continent, Issue 6.4 (Online: forthcoming 2018)
edited by Bernhard Garnicnig, Nina Jäger, and Jamie Allen
www.continentcontinent.cc



Postdigital Poncho (Prototype) 20
Data Blocking Fabric, Photoshop Ink
Dimensions Variable

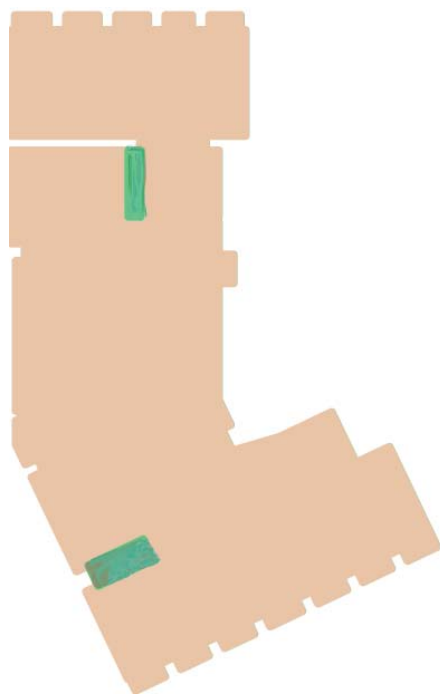
in-between walls plugged with shrinking thread counts

2015 / vienna, at

Franz Josef Kai 3
Elsewhere. Observations on Islands
Curated by Marlies Wirth

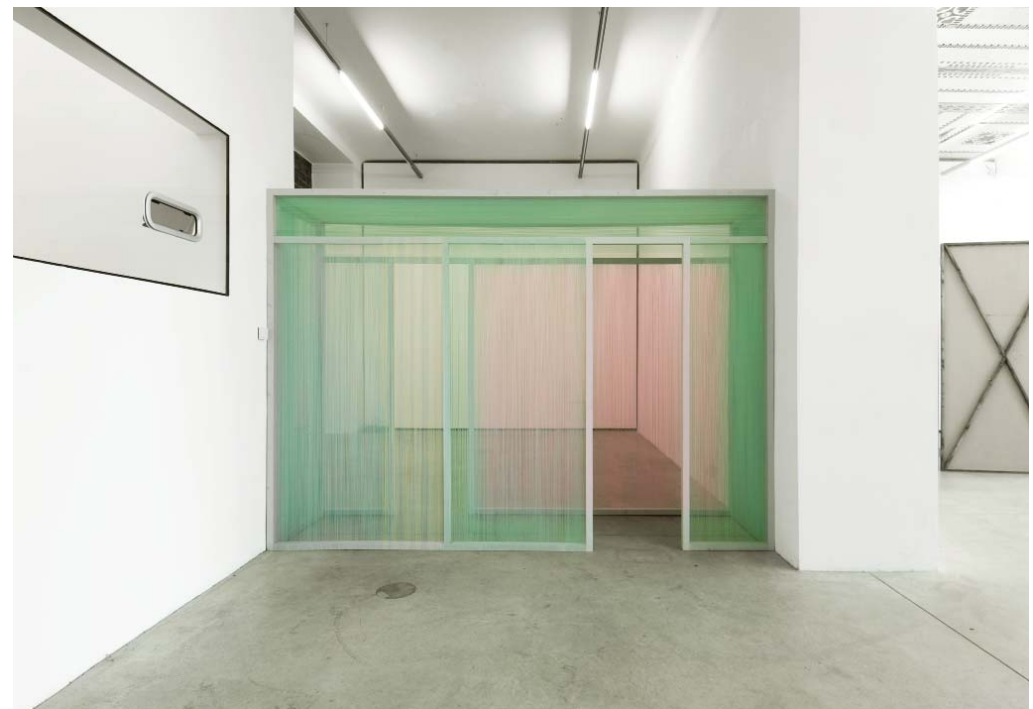
2.803km
of 7.69km





02

Inbetweener # 1 335cm x 235cm x 83cm Inbetweener # 2 276cm x 235cm x 91.4cm



03

In an attempt to unfold the 7.69km perimeter line of Highland Park — a political island nested within the city of Detroit — I walked in circles for 2.803km, wrapping wooden frames with the same length of thread until the boundary line became a surface, and the frames were covered in their entirety. The frames were then assembled into two sculptures that were plugged into the architecture of the gallery. The result of working with thread and the specific colors created a moiré effect, animating the sculpture's surfaces and producing an optical interference pattern when approached in space.

One of two autonomous cities within Detroit, Highland Park developed independently in part because of the auto industry's economic and political interests in the area. When entering or exiting the island, there are no clear visual indications that you're in a separate municipal territory that has its own system of governance; its borders are unclear.

Installed in two of the leftover spaces between the divisions of rooms, the threaded volumes, in their shallow depth created structures of social negotiation. At the opening, these thresholds became clogged arteries that dramatically slowed down the visitors in the choreography of the overall space; self-governed borders emerged when people had to wait in line to pass through the structures and into the next room.

Production

Marc-Alexandre Dumoulin, Eva Sommeregger,
Randy Sterling Hunter, Claudia Slanar and Ryan Crawford

Spatial Intervention

2.803km of Cotton Thread, Wood, Paint, Hardware

(prev)

Remaining Threads
Scanned Cotton Thread 01

Figure / Ground Islands – Franz Josefs Kai 3 02
Desktop Sketch

Installation View – Inbetweener #1 03
2.803km of Cotton Thread, Wood, Paint, Hardware, Photoshop Dye
335cm x 235cm x 83cm / Photo © Ralf Kliem



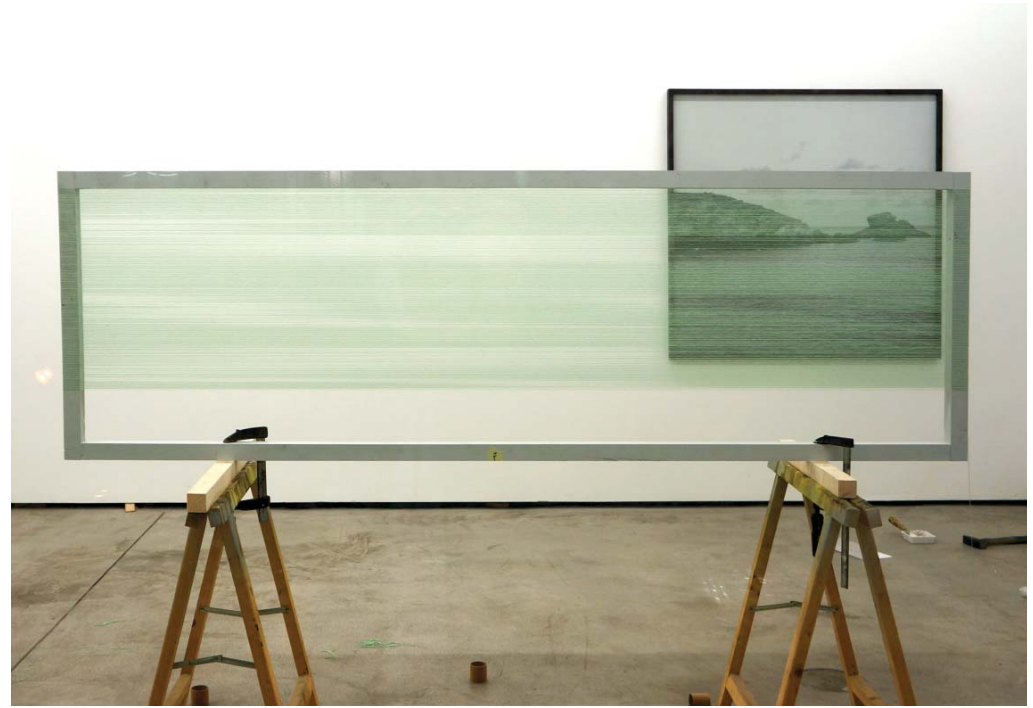
04 Interior View – Inbetweeners #2
 2.803km of Cotton Thread, Wood, Paint, Hardware, Photoshop Dye
 276cm x 235cm x 91.4cm

05 Installation View – Inbetweeners #2
 Photo © Ralf Kliem





07



08

(prev)

2.803km of Napping Thread 06
Cotton Thread, Masking Tape

Ankles – Inbetweeners #2 07
2.803km of Cotton Thread, Wood, Paint, Hardware, Photoshop Dye
276cm x 235cm x 91.4cm / Photo © Ralf Kliem

Onsite Loom – Christodoulos Panayiotou Overlay 08
Saw Horses, Clamps, Cotton Thread, Wood, Walking, Opportunism



09



10

- 09 **Painter's Crop - Inbetweeners #1**
 2.803km of Cotton Thread, Wood, Paint, Hardware, Photoshop Dye
 335cm x 235cm x 83cm
- 10 **Ankles - Inbetweeners #1**
 2.803km of Cotton Thread, Wood, Paint, Hardware,
 Photoshop Dye, Claudia Slanar
 335cm x 235cm x 83cm



12



11

Storefront Study #1 11
(2.803km from Franz Josefs Kai 3)
Plein Air Photoshop Painting
Dimensions Variable

Storefront Study #2 12

Storefront Study #5 13

Deinstall with Duscha – Detail 14
Drill, Impatience, Joy

13



14



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16

Wood Afterlife – Projective Boat Launch 15
Google Image Performance
 (Optic Note to Self) – Riley, Irwin, Daniel, 16
 Gonzales-Torres, Turrell
Scanned Inkjet Print





Demon's Mouth
No Highway in the Sky
curated by John Matthew Heard

just below
the sidewalk

Text Published In
don't call it off-space!
Verlag für Moderne Kunst Wien (2017)



Jack has a pale voice with body. His shorts as I remember them reveal everything about his being while remaining just slightly above the knee. We connect after a break of roughly two years. He tells me he was hit by a car and I laugh. His foot still hurts but other than that he's back to painting. I try to explain as best as I can without being annoyed by myself that I would like to write a space for his show that builds a connective tissue between works which can only exist as ideas anyway. Aside from the opening, no one will be available during the show to hold regular hours or oversee the exhibition. None of the parties involved will be present. I wait for images and links. I wait for works in the conservative sense that never arrive. I'm hating *Jack* for this but love him for how much he frustrates me. I call him Juicy, Juicy Mangrove, or even Juiceteria when I'm feeling affectionate, but never *Jack*. I don't think he's a curator but think he curates concepts into works of his own. The press release and this text are the only surfaces where the artistic positions will meet. As Juicy says, all knife, no handle.

Over the phone, Juicy explains a few of the works he wants to be a part of the show using mostly hyperbolic adjectives. He doesn't know yet who or how many of the artists he invited will participate. He tells me about a basketball game he played where some prepubescent Hasids hustled him and his older friend. We talk about Zeus, a dog he had when we first met who seemed too tired to actually be alive. Sometimes Zeus followed on command but mostly he ignored hearing his name which sounded like Juice in its echo. We agree that this show exists mostly in its marketing. He tells me about a guy who works with babies and a woman he met on the dance floor who is reproducing the scent of an Apple store. He says a Norwegian gallerist will be wearing it as perfume. I stand near the window so I can smoke and he goes in and out of whispering because he's in someone's kitchen in Portugal. I've never been to Oslo but he says the space is on a street next to a coffee shop and that it's small. Once Juicy and I spent five hours driving to the west side of LA because we were too distracted to follow a single

cardinal direction. When we got to the museum we had trouble seeing anything beyond our own ideas and Juicy said he felt guilty into looking at a triptych because of the security guard's posture. Eventually Juicy sends me the press release. The works are untethered from the site of the gallery but it's standard fare. An elusive proposition followed by ten artists and ten interpretations of their work cross-stitched into their bios. I continue waiting for images that never come. I feel stubborn and want to write a space for the works to gather in, and for the words to become a surface that never stops reorganizing views of itself. I don't want to write a fiction but am not afraid of a space that is untrue. I send him a revision to my bio that makes me sound more interesting and qualified than I am. I complain about typos in the press release. He responds that all of the bios will be revised but they never are. He sends me an email from someone who attended the opening that sounds like it never happened. A really high couple stole beer and no one who committed on Facebook came. I visit the gallery's website and look at images of people hanging out at other openings. There's a small step that takes you down into a room which is just below the sidewalk. Whenever I try to think my way into the intentions of the show, my head becomes a cotton ball. There are fluffy edges which I can almost touch but its interior is beyond reach. It's not void as in the void. And it's not quite naked enough to reflect its own structure. It's made of fibers that bend and contort whenever any part of the cotton ball is approached. It's an oppositely charged magnet that drifts away from the touch. Finally, I give up on waiting for something more tangible from Juicy and send him a version of this text that I thought was more or less finished. After some months he responds. It's the surface I had been waiting for. An exhibition figured in time, that multiplies. Heavy with air, the works resist being assembled into an easily consumable container. They remain where they were made if made at all. They remain in transit, as words, pixels, marks, fragrances, interactions and regrets.

Hello Seth,

After months of feeling too guilty to respond to your requests for images, I opened this email to find that you had in fact written a text. Surprised, I procrastinated further with a cigarette on the balcony. I thought of how I might apologize. What could be said about this show that I might not lose all credibility? (I'm much too worried about my reputation; how did that happen to me?) I thought I would dig through my archives for all the bits of documentation I could find (better late than never). I thought I would write about how sorry I was and what a shit job I had done and that you might be assuaged, that you might even be charmed. I practiced the voices of Peter Wächtler and Josef Strau and thought of my insufficiencies. I hoped that my own admonition would emancipate me. I began to feel uneasy in this strategic apology and again didn't know what to do.

I sat down and read your text.

Of course you already knew exactly what had happened. You knew three months ago when you wrote it. No explanation was necessary. I realized that I couldn't admit failure to escape judgment, but that judgement didn't matter and that failure was the only thing to talk about. I felt for the first time like I didn't really want to bury the show and move on, but that I would really like to see this text get finished.

I do genuinely feel a need to apologize. Mostly because I remember that you were very busy when we were talking about this, and that you might have been thinking of other things when I distracted you with this nothing. So I am sorry, but maybe you can make it worthwhile. So far it's a great start.

I wonder if it is something you still think about at all. And I wonder if this piece of writing can mean anything to anybody but us...

Below I did include the documentation I could find. Maybe a few more words about the works in the exhibition could expand its potential audience.

Anyway, I love ya and I'm thinking of ya.

Jack

***** The gallerist, Maria Veie, who was meant to wear the perfume eventually received the bottle and tried it out. I'm not sure how that was negotiated between her and the artist, Clémence De La Tour Du Pin, but she told me that she didn't like the smell and that it made her uncomfortable to wear. She has since shown my work at a state-funded art space she directs north of Oslo. I haven't spoken to Clémence since I put her in touch with Maria but saw her here in Frankfurt when she was applying to the school. I don't think she remembered me at all, and I didn't try to remind her. ***** I really upset one of the oldest and most professional artists in the show, Ulrika Segerberg. She made a curtain especially for the gallery. It was supposed to block the window, but it never made it there. It was never even collected at the post-office and then it got lost in an automated 'return to sender'. Weeks after it was intended for another show in Sweden, it arrived back at her studio in Germany. I paid her for the postage, but it was a real bridge-burner on my part, apologies not accepted, and with good reason. She sent me this photo before she put it in the mail. I didn't see that it said "du/ich" until now, after almost two years in Germany. ***** Eva Barto, the artist that was meant to replace the website with a project of her own, kind of disappeared. We didn't have the technical know-how to support her, she thought she could do it herself, then communications petered-out. I haven't heard from her in months, but she is happy and showing in Paris. ***** The other piece that was supposed to be shown in the gallery was by Bryn Lloyd-Evans. It was even documented and returned. It can be seen on the demon's mouth website today, just below a picture of what seems to be a small wooden highway in the sky. So that worked as expected. He also gave me a game of pick-up sticks that he made. I was supposed to play them at the art fair I was working at during the opening week of the show, but I was violently ill and didn't play games with anyone.

***** In January, months after the show in Oslo came down, the work by Loup Sarion was installed in my studio on 4th and Wall St. just as I was moving out. It's an adhesive photo print that goes from the bathroom door onto the bathroom floor. It's still there and the current residents like it. I documented it on 35mm film before I left, but then I opened the back of the camera before the film had rewound. A sort of picture came out. I took the roll in to get it processed a couple of weeks ago. Loup and I both like this picture quite a bit. ***** Another artist, Jon Bernad—this is the baby guy—continues to try to organize people from couch-surfing to meet in front of the gallery and do something together for some amount of time then take pictures of themselves doing it. Every so often I get forwarded an email about a new prospective meet-up, and then another about it not working out... ***** Jon Bernad's wife, Isabelle Le Normand, made a Wikipedia entry for Jon that she wanted to include in the show. ***** Beck Flannery made some drawings that were printed at the Art school in Oslo and hung in the hall there. He wrote about travel and was interested in how the images he sent might get ever so slightly reformatted when cheaply printed with different paper size standards in Europe, a subtlety that may only have come out had the show been very carefully produced. ***** In Mexico City, the artist Daniel Aguilar Ruvalcaba has been working on and uploading instructional videos to YouTube that range from the absurdly impractical "How to Eat Faster", to the Freudian "How to Reset Blender to Oral Stage". I asked him to include them in the show by leaving them on YouTube. *****

visitors framed and lit like products so only their shadows are left described

2015 / vienna, at

Museum of Applied Arts (MAK)
Vienna Biennale 2015: *Ideas for Change*
24/7: the human condition
curated by Marlies Wirth

so only the shadows
are left described





02

(prev)

Light Temperature Study –
Highland Park Assembly Line
Photoshop Collage

01

‘Ways to Modernism:
Josef Hoffmann, Adolf Loos, and Their Impact’
MAK Museum 17. 12. 2014 – 19. 04. 2015
Photo © Peter Kainz / MAK

02

Installation Detail – Easel Aperture (Butters)
MDF Plates from ‘Ways to Modernism (...)’; LED Lights, Hardware
575cm x 585cm x 278cm / Photo © Seth Lower

03

575cm x 585cm x 278cm



03

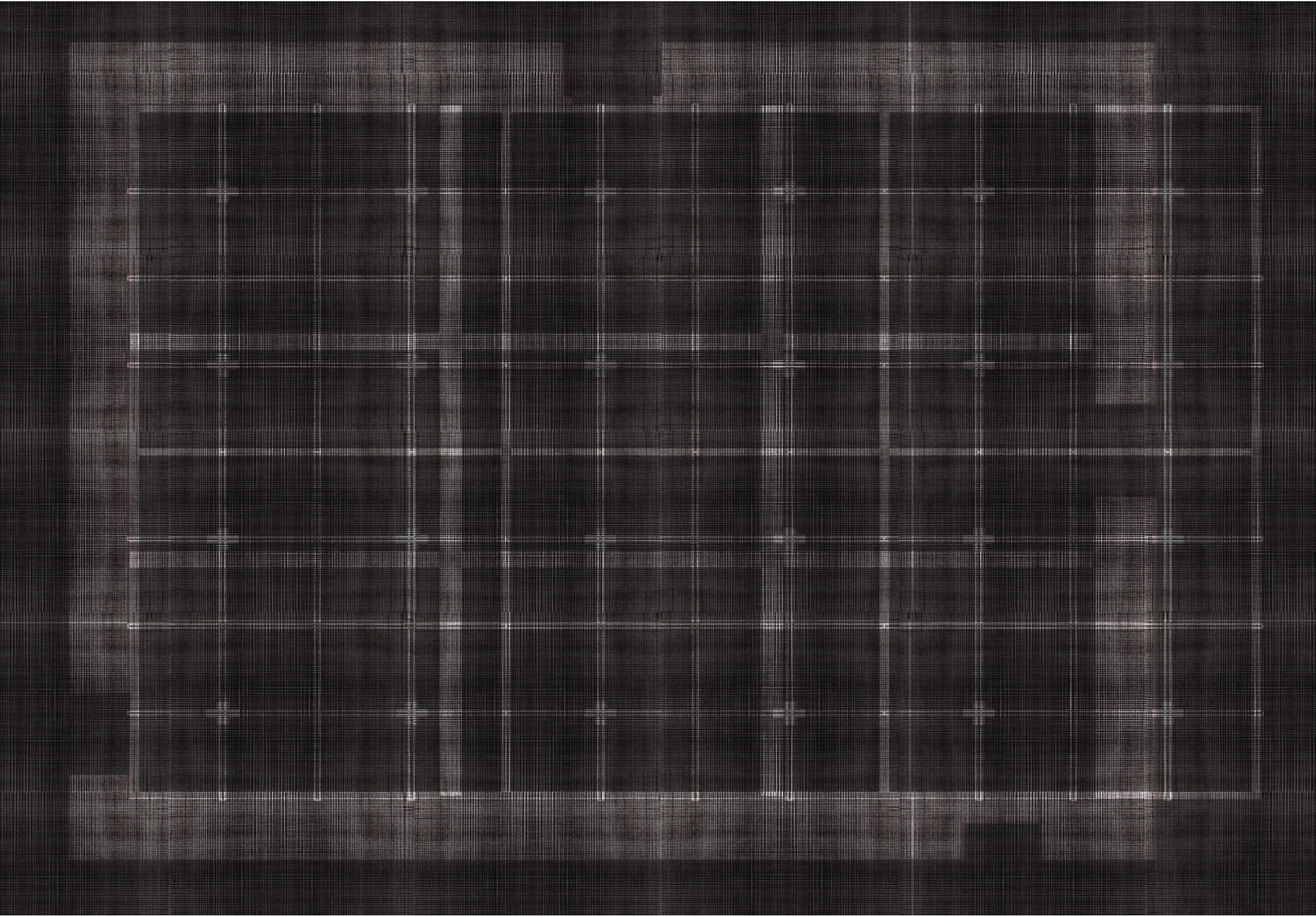
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Creating a setting where both visitors as well as portions of the white wall were lit according to product lighting standards, this sculpture was thought of as an assembly line for the production of views (of both oneself and of the surrounding show). In reference to the assembly line production introduced by Henry Ford in which work follows a 24-hour schedule, the estimated light intensity from the former Ford Highland Park factory in Detroit was transferred into the corner of the gallery. Reacting to visitors and artworks alike, the work questioned how artifacts come in and out of the spotlight of an institution. They're rolled out into the light, and then carried back into storage to be operated upon by history. For the installation, display materials were repurposed from other shows at the MAK. Afterward, it was broken down and put back into circulation in the museum where the material continues to display visiting objects.

Spatial Intervention

*MDF Plates from the Display Elements of the MAK Exhibition
‘Ways to Modernism: Josef Hoffmann, Adolf Loos, and Their Impact’,
LED Lights, Hardware*

Fabrication
Helmut Heiss





05



07



06

(prev)

- 04 **Grid Transposition Study – Highland Park**
Kahn Bar System & MAK Design Lab Ceiling Plan
Digital Composite
- 05 **Installation Detail – Ribbon Aperture (Roshane)**
MDF Plates from 'Ways to Modernism (...); LED Lights, Hardware
575cm x 585cm x 278cm / Photo © Seth Lower
- 06 **Misaligned Didactics – Installation Detail**
Photo © Seth Lower
- 07 **Wall Braces – Installation Detail**
Photo © Seth Lower



09



11



08

10



- 'Josef Frank: Against Design'
MAK Museum 16. 12. 2015 – 12. 06. 2016
Photo © Katrin Wülkichen / MAK 08
- 'Josef Frank: Against Design'
Photo © MAK 09
- 'Frederick Kiesler: Life Visions'
MAK Museum 15. 06. 2016 – 02. 10. 2016
Photo © MAK 10
- 'Ways to Modernism:
Josef Hoffmann, Adolf Loos, and Their Impact'
MAK Museum 17. 12. 2014 – 19. 04. 2015
Photo © Peter Kainz / MAK 11





13



14

(prev)

Installation View (Foreground – Kathi Hofer) 12
 MDF Plates from 'Ways to Modernism (...)', LED Lights, Hardware
 575cm x 585cm x 278cm / Photo © Aslan Kudrnofsky / MAK

Installation Detail – Interior Stairs 13
 Photo © Seth Lower

Shadows Study – Ways to Modernism 14
 Photoshop Painting

Installation Detail – Easel Aperture (Butters) 15
 Photo © Seth Lower





16



17

- 16 Shadows Study – Highland Park Kahn Grid
Photoshop Painting
Dimensions Variable

- 17 Installation Detail – Interior Stairs Caption
MDF Plates from 'Ways to Modernism (...)', LED Lights, Hardware
575cm x 585cm x 278cm / Photo © Seth Lower



Installation Detail – Ribbon Aperture Interior 18
MDF Plates from 'Ways to Modernism (...)', LED Lights, Hardware
575cm x 585cm x 278cm / Photo © Seth Lower





02

Spatial Concept / Intervention / Performance
Drywall, Wood, Kiosco Cones, Schultüte Station, Hardware,
Triple-Arm Turntable, Fog Machine

± 63 m²



03

dj you
dj me
dj friend
dj passant
dj maybe
dj final

-

Along with the rotating collective Gruppe Uno Wien, a spatial performance was made that asked visitors to pass through a series of rituals in order to belong to a temporary community. Questioning the role built form plays in the creation of social formations, the geometry of the gallery was re-sequenced to underline how easily divisions can be made and the absurdity of their enforcement. First, the performance asked that you eat a risotto ice cream cone in the office of the gallery, pass through a station where wizard hats (Schultüte) were being made to order, than, if these rites of passage had been met, you could enter into the interior of the gallery where a sculpture framed a triple-armed turntable that was open to any willing DJ. While these rituals provided a temporary sense of belonging, the spatial configuration created a view onto those who had already joined: through the glass door of the storefront you could see the members of the party, their hats peeking above the top of the space, but the sculpture blocked access to experiencing it unless you passed through the stations. By the end of the evening, the fleeting condition of belonging was highlighted as bodies and boundaries temporarily dissolved into the haze of a fog machine.

Gruppe Uno Wien

Since 2011, Gruppe Uno Wien has existed as an expanding and receding collective where people come and go; like in a very nice hotel. Albert Allgaier, Philipp Friedrich, Helmut Heiss, Peter Fritzenwallner, Seth Weiner, Alexander Fuchs, Siegfried Maierhofer, Karin Ferrari, Salvatore Viviano & Martin Inamosta (...)

(prev)

Wrapping Paper Storefront
Photoshop Collage

01

Installation View – Door Jamb Partition
Drywall, Wood, Open Door

02

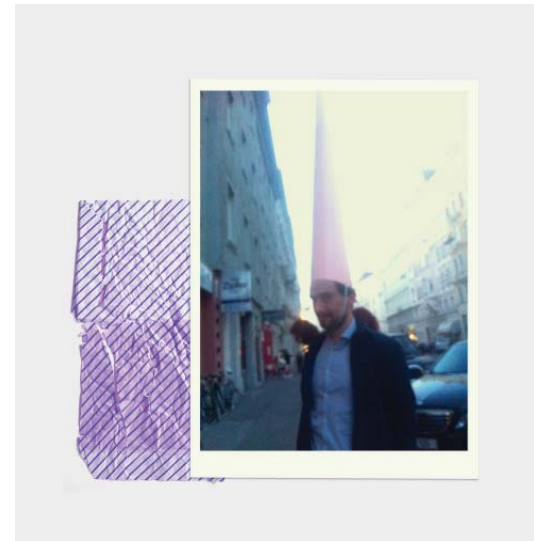
Sidewalk Installation View
Albert Allgaier & Manès Weiner-Slanar

03





05



06

05 Interior View – Detail
Drywall, Wood

06 Wrapping Paper / Johann Lurf (Street View)
Photoshop Collage
Photo by Marlies Wirth



08



10



07

09



- 07 Guest DJ (Manès Weiner-Slanar)
Triple-Arm Turntable by Helmut Heiss
- 08 Entrance View – Door Jamb Dead End
Drywall, Wood, Open Door
- 09 Interior Entrance – Unknown Wizard
Participants, Schultüte
- 10 Interior View – Leftovers Archive
Drywall, Wood, Schultüte





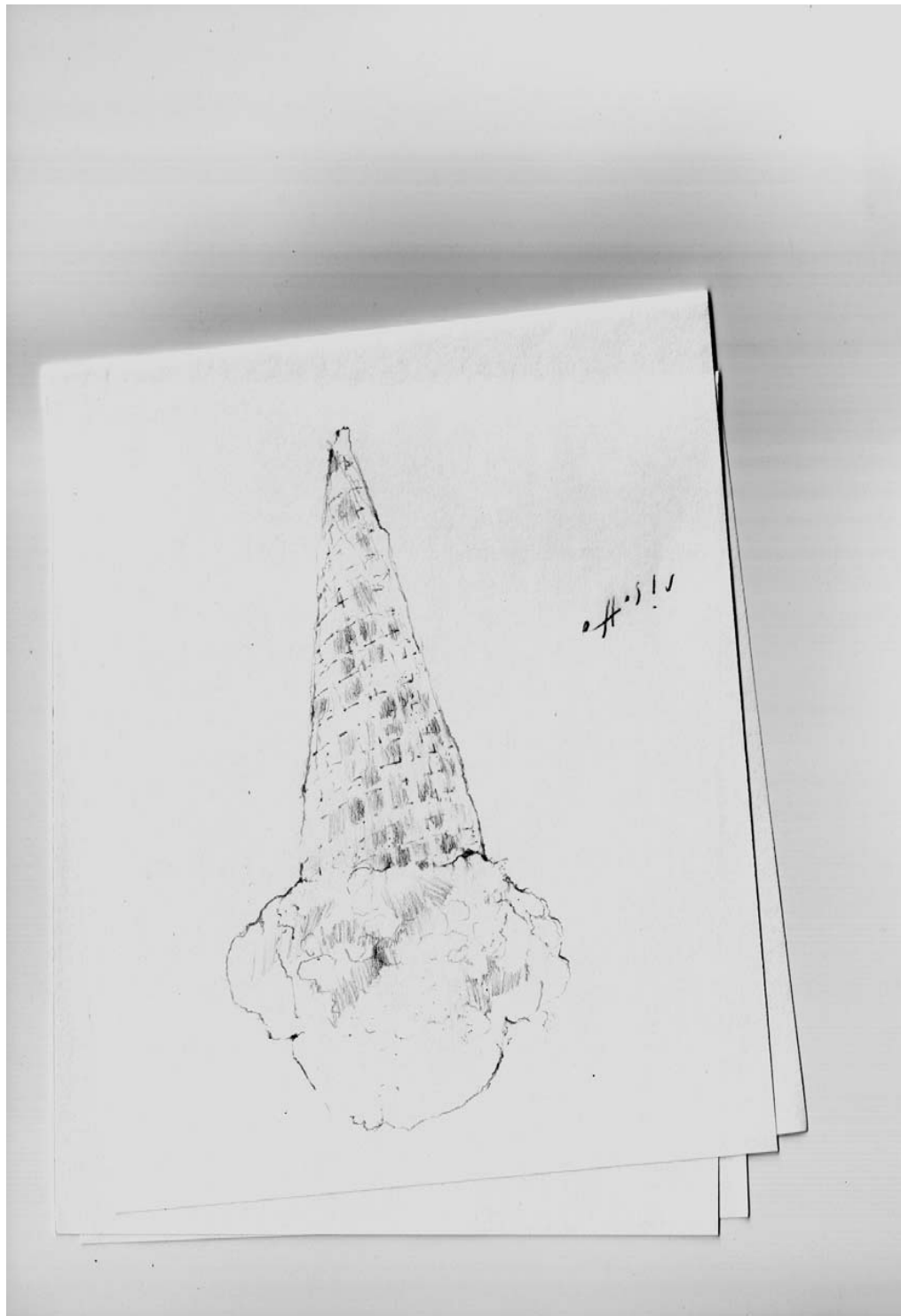
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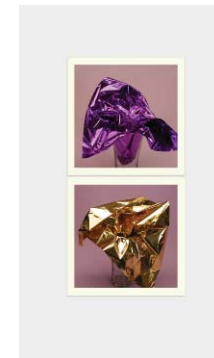
(prev)

- Interior View – Hanging Archive 11
Lighting Grid, Drywall, Wood, Schultüte
- Entrance View – Fog Jog / DJ Ali Europa 12
Drywall, Wood, Schultüte, Fog Machine, Party
- Interior View – Leftovers Archive Detail 13
Drywall, Wood, Schultüte



14 Ice Cream Risotto Cone
Graphite on Paper

15 Mylar Sculptures
Stock Photos





Interior / Exterior View – Improvised Aperture 16
Drywall, Wood, Bio Aggression

a choir performing the shape of a corridor

2013 / vienna, at

Museum of Applied Arts (MAK)
MAK Nite Labs
curated by Marlies Wirth



choir
corridor

01



02

- (prev)
- Banner Study, Land of Promise Model (Emerald)** 01
Roaming Architectural Objects (Back Cover)
 Edition of 200 / 80 pages / A6 format
- Dress Rehearsal, Presidential Inaugural Parade** 02
 Washington D.C., January, 2013
 Photo © Chip Somodevilla / Getty Images
Roaming Architectural Objects (p.66 + 67)
 Edition of 200 / 80 pages / A6 format
- MAK Columned Main Hall, Entrance View** 03
 Choir Corridor, Position (a)
 Photo © Katrin Wilfkirchen

Performance / Artist Book
 50 Person Choir, A6 Format Publication – Edition of 200: *Roaming Architectural Objects*

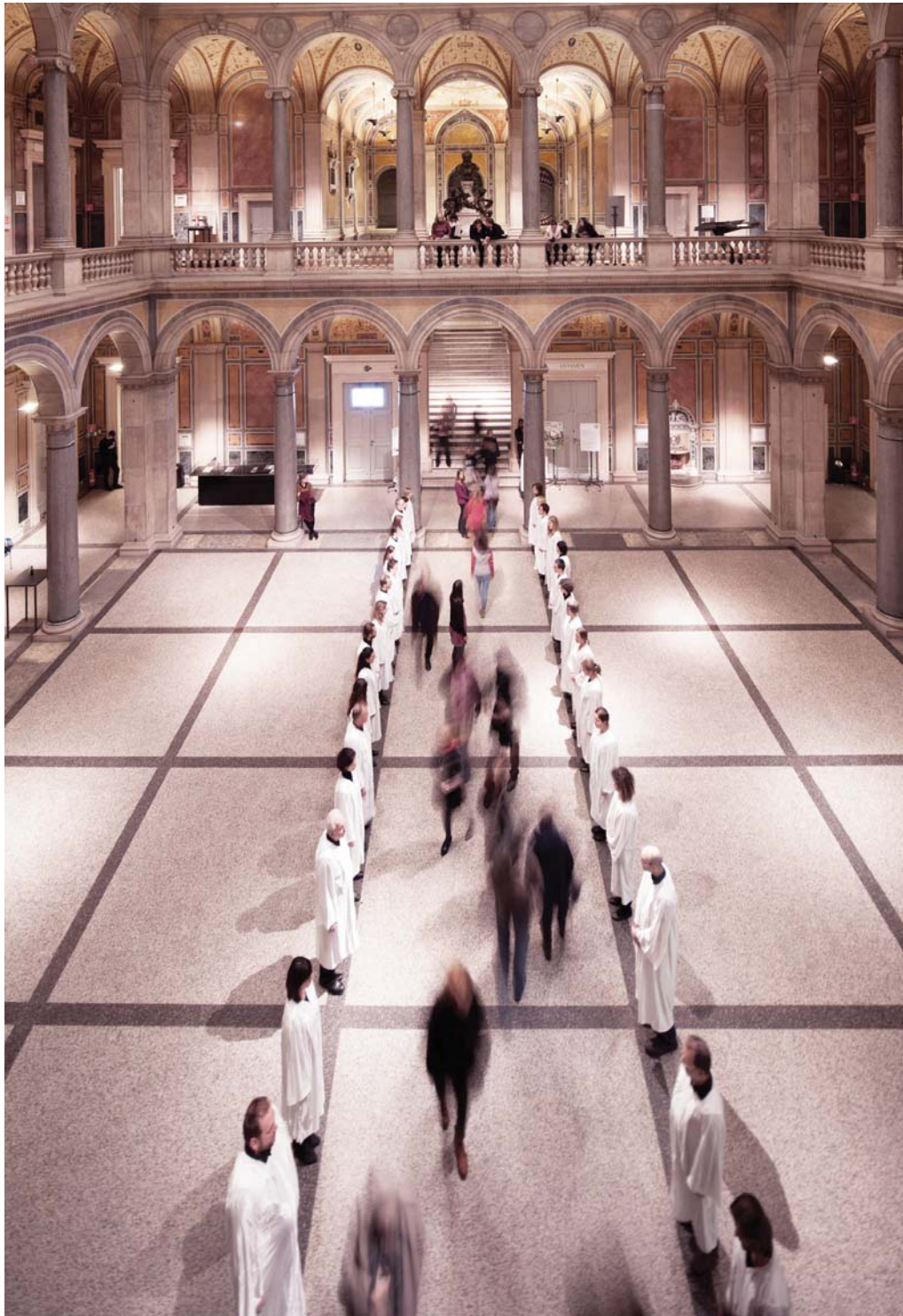


03

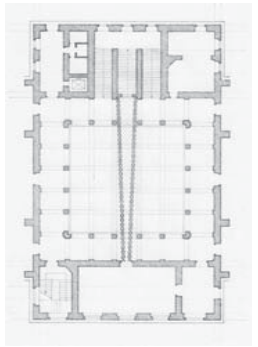
For the project *Choir Corridor*, I developed a score for a site and space-specific performance in the MAK Columned Main Hall. Performed by fifty members of the Vienna Chamber Choir and Boku Choir, the project examined the interplay of human interaction and space in regard to group dynamics, mechanisms of crowd control, and voice. A limited-edition artist's book, *Roaming Architectural Objects*, was produced for the event and given away during the performance. Too long to be read in its entirety during the event, I thought of it as way to overlay an exterior narrative space onto the performance. Activated by each audience member independently while they were surrounded by a group of voices and spectators, the sections of the book coincided with the open score of the sound-based choreography: (a) corridor – celebration and dissent, (a-b) transition – the pragmatics of trust, and (b) wall – mythical boundaries.

Performers
Vienna Chamber Choir / Boku Choir





05



07

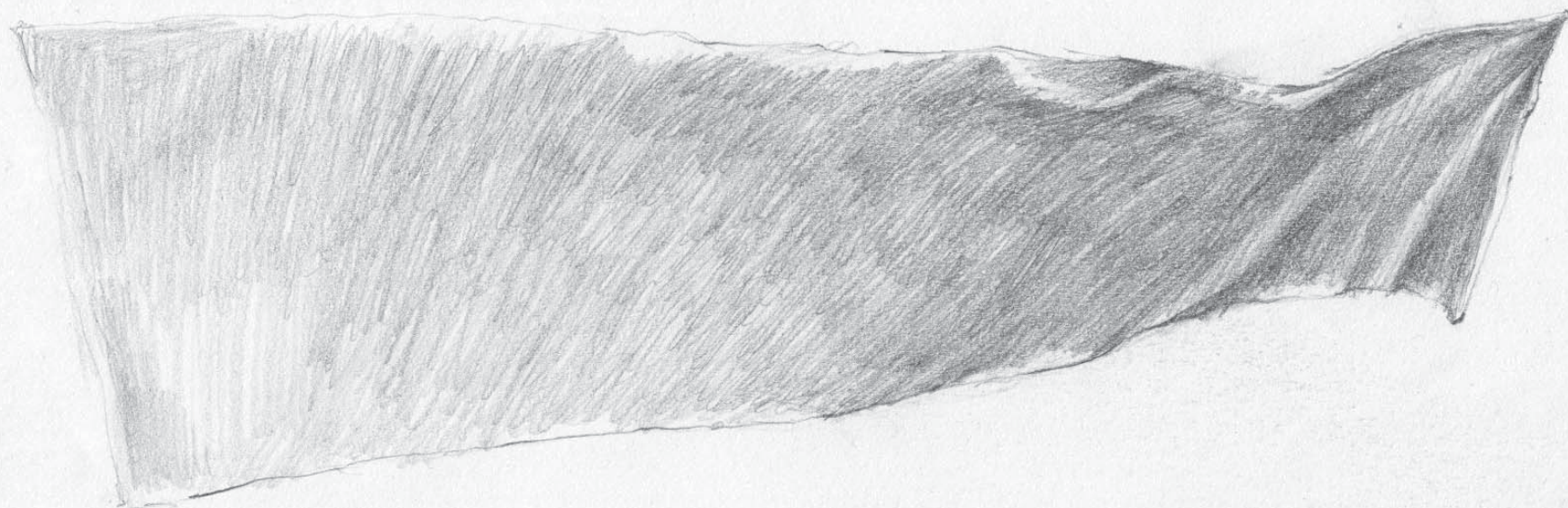


06

05 MAK Columned Main Hall, Gallery View
Choir Corridor, Position (a)
Photo © Katrin Wilkkirchen

06 Ninth Floor of 100 Broadway, N.Y. Giants Parade
N.Y.C., February 5, 2008
Photo © Fred R. Conrad / The New York Times
Roaming Architectural Objects (p.13)
Edition of 200 / 80 pages / A6 format

07 MAK Columned Main Hall - Plan
Choir Corridor Position (a)
Roaming Architectural Objects (p.18)
Edition of 200 / 80 pages / A6 format



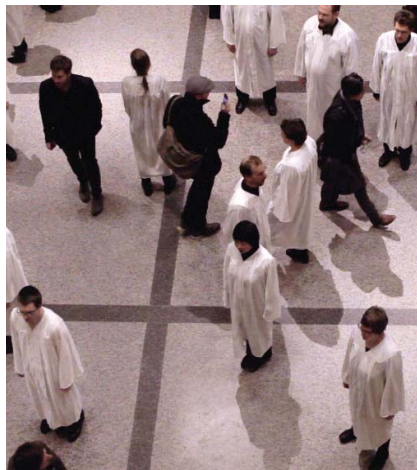
13. Callers
ms. 101.2 of 101.1
Heritage of Pri



10



12



09

(a)
(a - b)
(b)

11



celebration and dissent
the pragmatics of trust
mythical boundaries

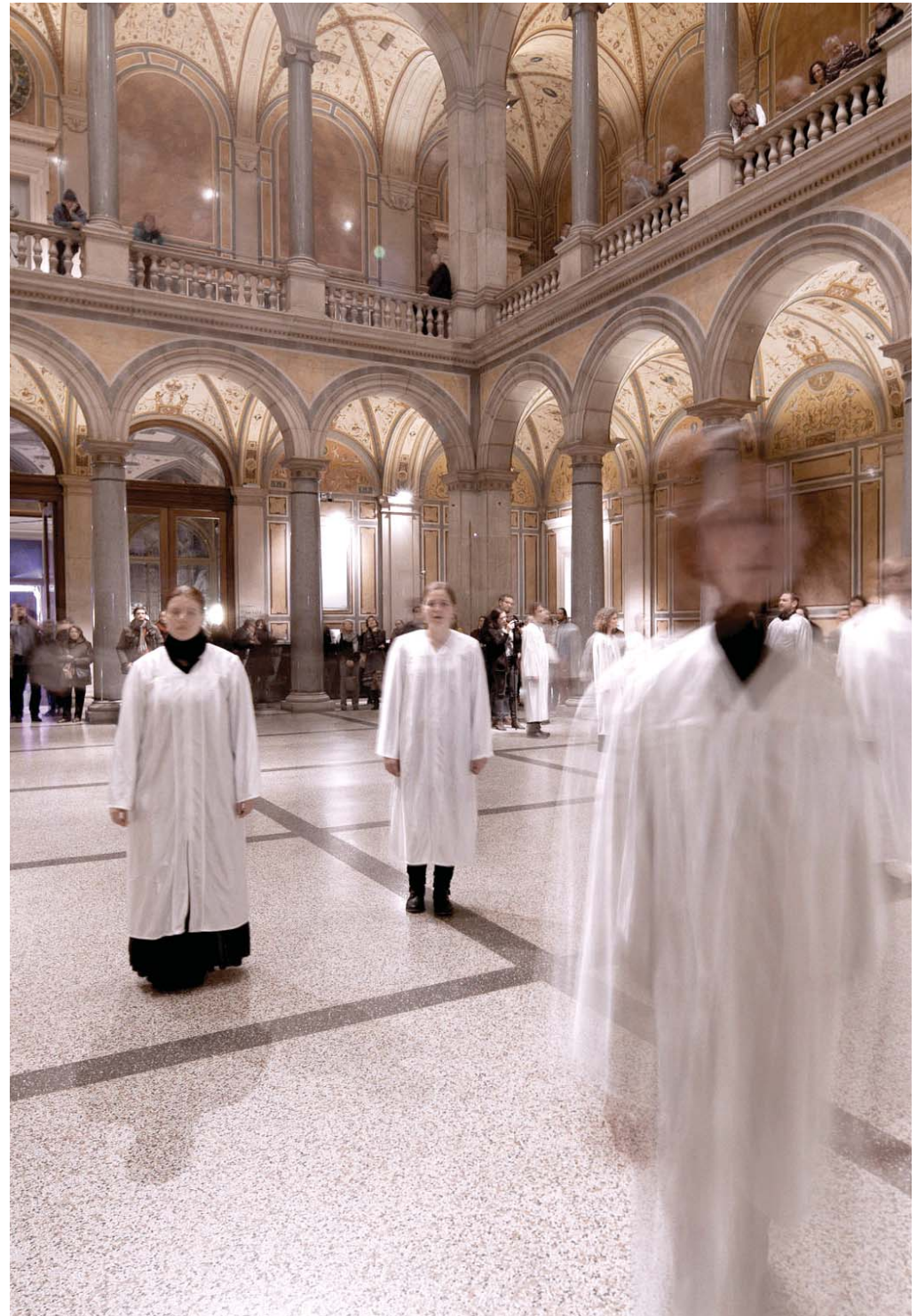
(prev)

- 08 **Moving Barrier Study, 13 Carriers, Heritage of Pride Parade (N.Y.C.)**
Roaming Architectural Objects (p.60-61)
Edition of 200 / 80 pages / A6 format
- 09 **Gallery View - Choir Corridor, Position (a - b)**
Video Still by Matthias VanBaaren & Ulrike Putzer
- 10 **Anti-Putin March for Political Reform**
Moscow, February 4, 2012
Photo © nouseforname / Shutterstock
Roaming Architectural Objects (p.13)
- 11 **Interior View - Choir Corridor, Position (a - b)**
Video Still by Matthias VanBaaren & Ulrike Putzer
- 12 **MAK Columned Main Hall, Entrance View**
Choir Corridor, Position (a - b)
Photo © Katrin Wilkirschen



13

14

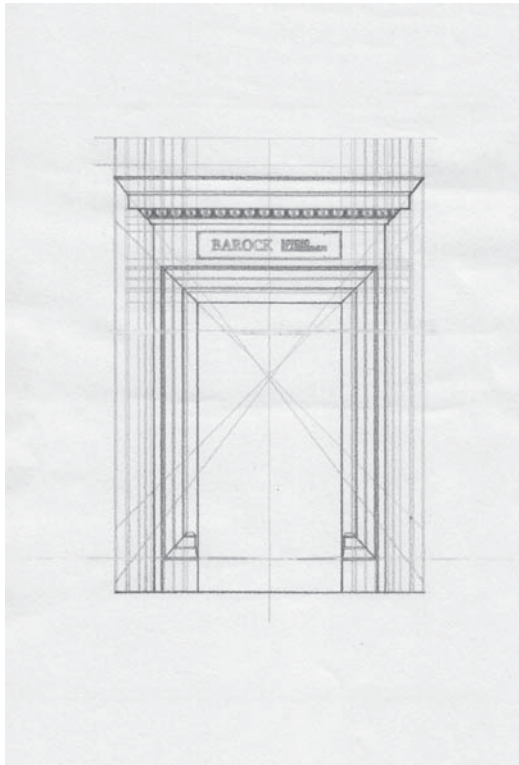


Interior View
Choir Corridor, Position (a - b)
Video Still by Matthias VanBaaren & Ulrike Putzer

MAK Columned Main Hall, Interior View
Choir Corridor, Position (a - b)
Photo © Katrin Wißkirchen

13

14



MAK Columned Main Hall, Choir Corridor Position (a) 15
Roaming Architectural Objects (p.18)
 Edition of 200 / 80 pages / A6 format

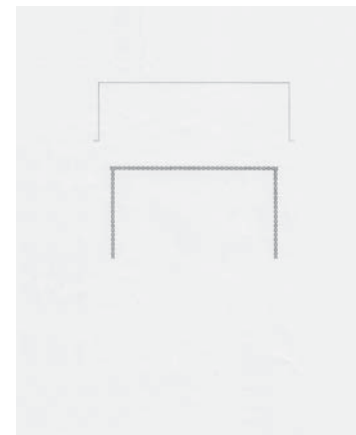
mythical boundaries (b) – When I first arrived in L.A. a few years ago, I moved into a house that was nested within a tight residential grid on the northeast border of Atwater Village, directly above Chevy Chase Blvd. Surrounded by large plots of indiscriminate box stores and scrap yards, the neighborhood was the result of colliding axis, its shape gently influenced by the contour of the adjacent and often dry L.A. River. At its edges the neighborhood stopped abruptly, the shift in scale obstructed by thin strips of bushes which were absorbed by a long chain link fence. On the western block of Sequoia, the road's straightness held a series of squat apartment buildings and duplicate shotgun homes with small front lawns, sunburnt facades and tall, rusted white metal gates. Predictable and relentless, the sequence of gates mirrored the social space of each preceding street, their careful rectangle boundaries pushing lawn and landscape to the limits of each property line. Without much notice the street terminated in a lot covered with bleached brush. From that dead end, spots of colored planes and corrugated aluminum from a scrap yard peeked through the growth, disconnected and easily ignored. At night when it was quiet, you could hear intermittent tides of traffic from the I-5 filling the riverbed with melodic noise, their movement resonating along the sloped concrete embankments, teasing the absence of water with its own sound. The small, two-bedroom house we found on Craig's List had paper thin walls, thick, low arched doorways and a porch big enough for two chairs. The construction of its interior seemed to have happened at different times and under conflicting conditions. Sunny, the realtor, had recently renovated the house and hastily put it on the market; the first in a series of properties she'd bought in an attempt to quietly gentrify the block, one overpriced rental at a time. We were the first unsuspecting renters. My more knowledgeable roommate, Terry, had lived in L.A. for nearly ten years but for some reason I went alone to visit the place, and out of impatience and naivety signed the lease on the spot. I slept in the back room of the house, my mattress placed across from a corner that would calmly disappear under the shadow of late afternoon, the perception of walls flattening out as if made from one long, continuous surface. There was a guest house in the back of the lot that I could see through my window. The man who'd lived there for thirty years had died while sitting in his chair. For the first two months we were there the guest house was unlocked, and on occasion we'd walk through the single room and admire the tobacco stained wallpaper and variations in the carpet indexing where the furniture had been, his presence somehow suspended in the absence of objects. Later, Doyle von Frankenstein and Gorgeous George moved into the guest house with their daughter Chicken. Once, while dressed in his full Misfits stage gear and makeup, Doyle knocked on the door asking if we had any macaroni and cheese he could have. He also told me that Danzig listens to Abba on repeat when they ride around in his truck, which makes sense somehow. At the entrance of our block sat a corner store that went through a daily ritual of having its facade reformulated. Urgent, scrawled texts would emerge and disappear in spray paint, layering upon one another until the tile had become bruised with pigment. The strokes of the capital letters were thin and confident, their body widths mono-spaced and nonhierarchical in their urgency. The characters' shoulders were sharp, folding into forty-five degree angles, then hitting an implied baseline as if the tails

of the letters were broken upon impact. All of the postings, abbreviations, names, numbers (and the inevitable crossing-out) adhered to this typographic standard, the gymnastics of graffiti with a capital “G” abandoned for a more direct format. For most of my time living in the neighborhood, the meaning of the language remained utterly foreign. I could understand the basic function of the wall as a message board which documented a contest for territory, but not much beyond that. I often fantasized about how the language had evolved, the process of its aesthetics being inherited and transformed, and wondered what the conditions of learning it were. I imagined in-depth seminars exploring methods for creating undiscovered words, workshops which attributed typography and placement to their respective cliques and large maps where boundaries were shifted daily to accommodate the transitory nature of informal ownership.

Within a year of living there, an invisible architecture slowly emerged, tracing the edges of the block, its figure-ground relationship unstable, oscillating violently within its perimeter. One Saturday night my roommate Terry and a group of our friends were dancing around our living room, drinking Tecates and doing mild amounts of blow, his turntables obsessively repeating “Love Come Down” by Evelyn Champagne King. Some friends who had just arrived pulled a group of people from the makeshift dance floor into the kitchen and said that some guys had stopped them when they were driving down our block. After flagging them down, the guys asked where they were going, who they knew, and told them that they needed to drive slow on this street. A mild haze of paranoia started to surround the party, growing with each new guest’s arrival and report of experiencing the same checkpoint. The next morning, as I was leaving the house, I saw that the word “Toonerville” had been spray painted on the curb in front of where my mini-van was parked, the typeface identical to that used on the corner store.

After a couple of weeks of seeing no other obvious signals directed at us, we returned to a life of blissful oblivion. Another Saturday night party rolled around, “Love Come Down”, dancing, beer, pretty much the same crowd of people. As the night grew later everything seemed calm; helicopters made their normal rounds by whistling through the air with searchlights in tow, friends came and went without hassle. At one point though, after I had fallen asleep, a panicked friend walked through our front door, convened some of the partyers in the kitchen and asked if anyone knew which gang ran our block. He had been stopped at the same checkpoint, where the group of guys told him he was lucky he spoke Spanish, otherwise being dark-skinned was enough to “get you fucked up in this neighborhood”. Within a few minutes of relaying this, the same group of guys came knocking on our door. Unburdened by fear, our friend Miguel stepped onto the porch. The guys told him they were from Toonerville, to which Miguel responded, “And...” One of the guys then answered by punching him in the face and telling him we all had to leave the block immediately; it had been theirs for fifty years. Miguel came back inside, ducking into the bathroom, blood smeared and dripping from his nose. I stumbled groggily out of my room to find all of the lights in the house turned off. The entire party was huddled in the kitchen, whispering about possible scenarios until a wall of fear had wrapped itself firmly in place around the perimeter of the block, its structure reinforced with myth rather than material.

16



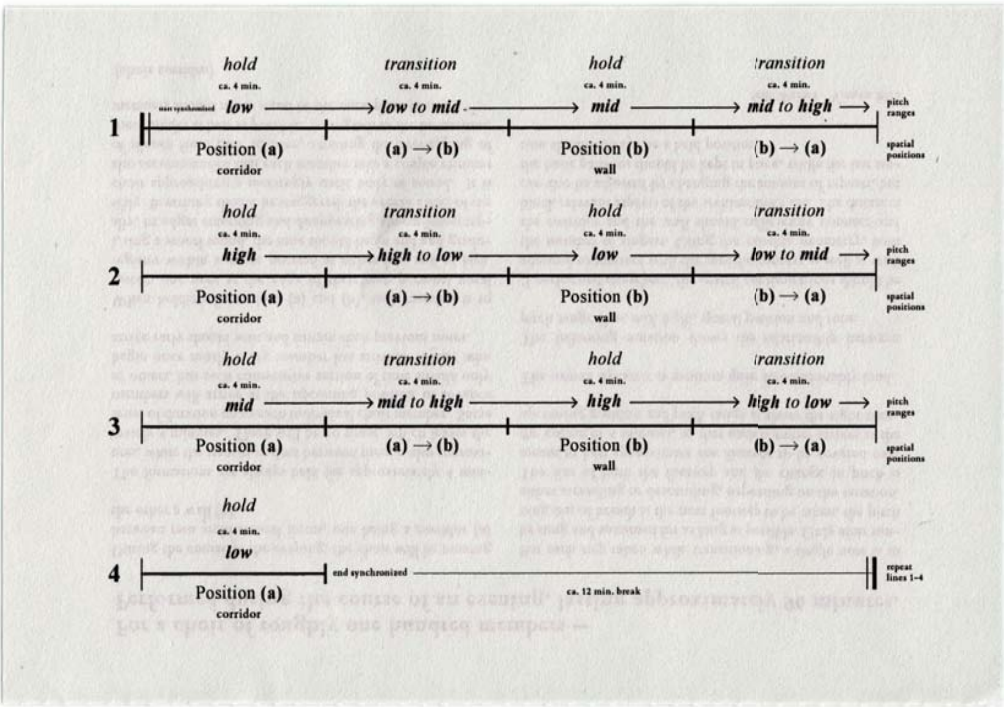
17

16 **Mythical Boundaries (b)**
Roaming Architectural Objects (p.54–65)
Edition of 200 / 80 pages / A6 format

17 **(Tear Away) Choir Corridor Score (b)**
Roaming Architectural Objects (p.44)
Edition of 200 / 80 pages / A6 format



18



21

20



- 18 G-20 Summit Protest
Queen's Park, Toronto, June 28, 2010
Photo © Peter J. Thompson / National Post
Roaming Architectural Objects (p.55)
Edition of 200 / 80 pages / A6 format
- 19 Moving Barrier, Choir Marching onto Field of God
(Griffith Stadium, L.A.)
Roaming Architectural Objects (p.74-75)
- 20 Transition Spread - Roaming Architectural Objects
- 21 (Tear Away) Choir Corridor Score
Roaming Architectural Objects (p.42)

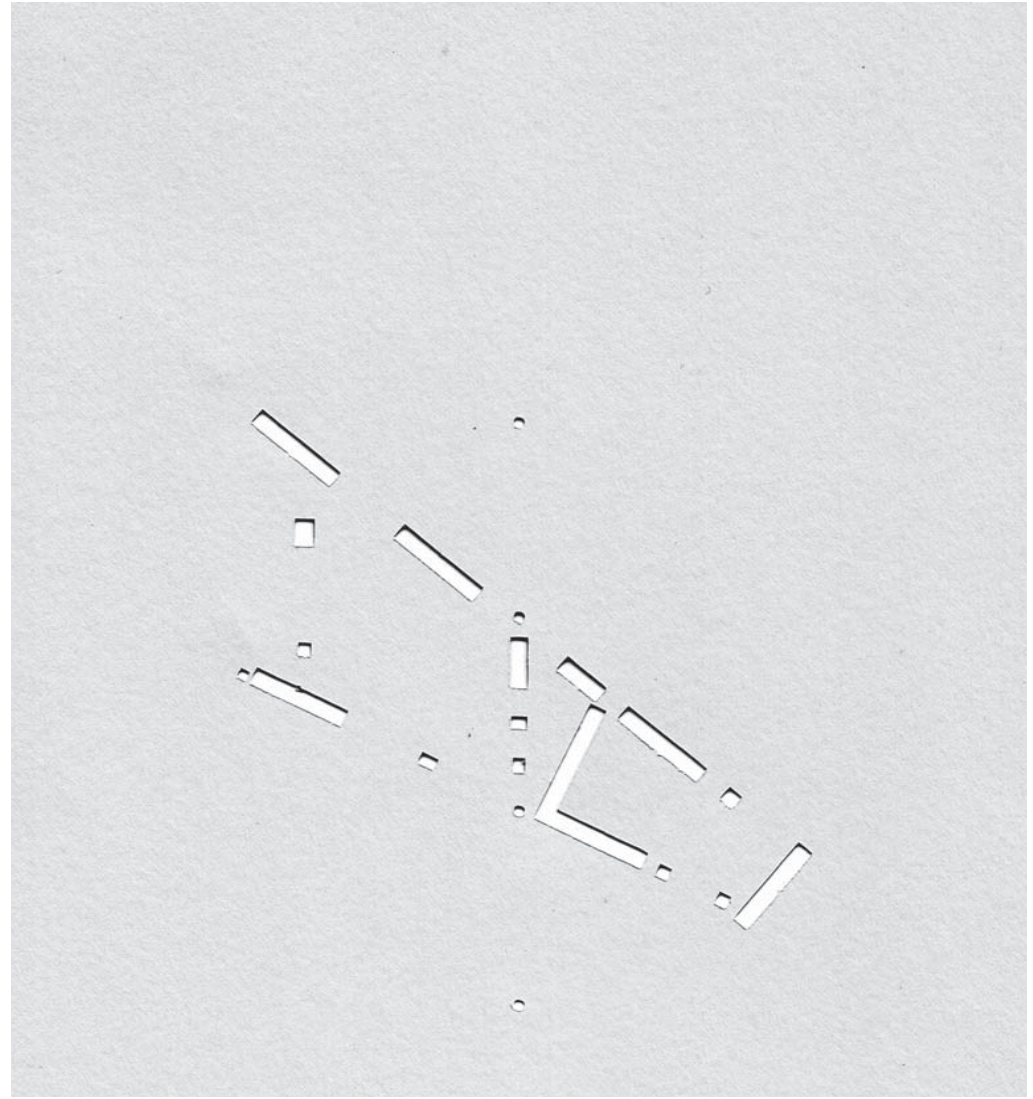


19



Gallery View 22
Choir Corridor, Position (b - a)
Video Still by Matthias VanBaaren & Ulrike Putzer

frustrating geometry: nothing added, nothing taken away



at

vienna,

/

2015

(KEX) Kunsthalle Exnergasse
A Proposal to Call

curated by Vera Lauf & Barbara Muhlke

01

column
interludes



02

Spatial Concept / Intervention
Staging and Re-arrangement of Existing Display Elements



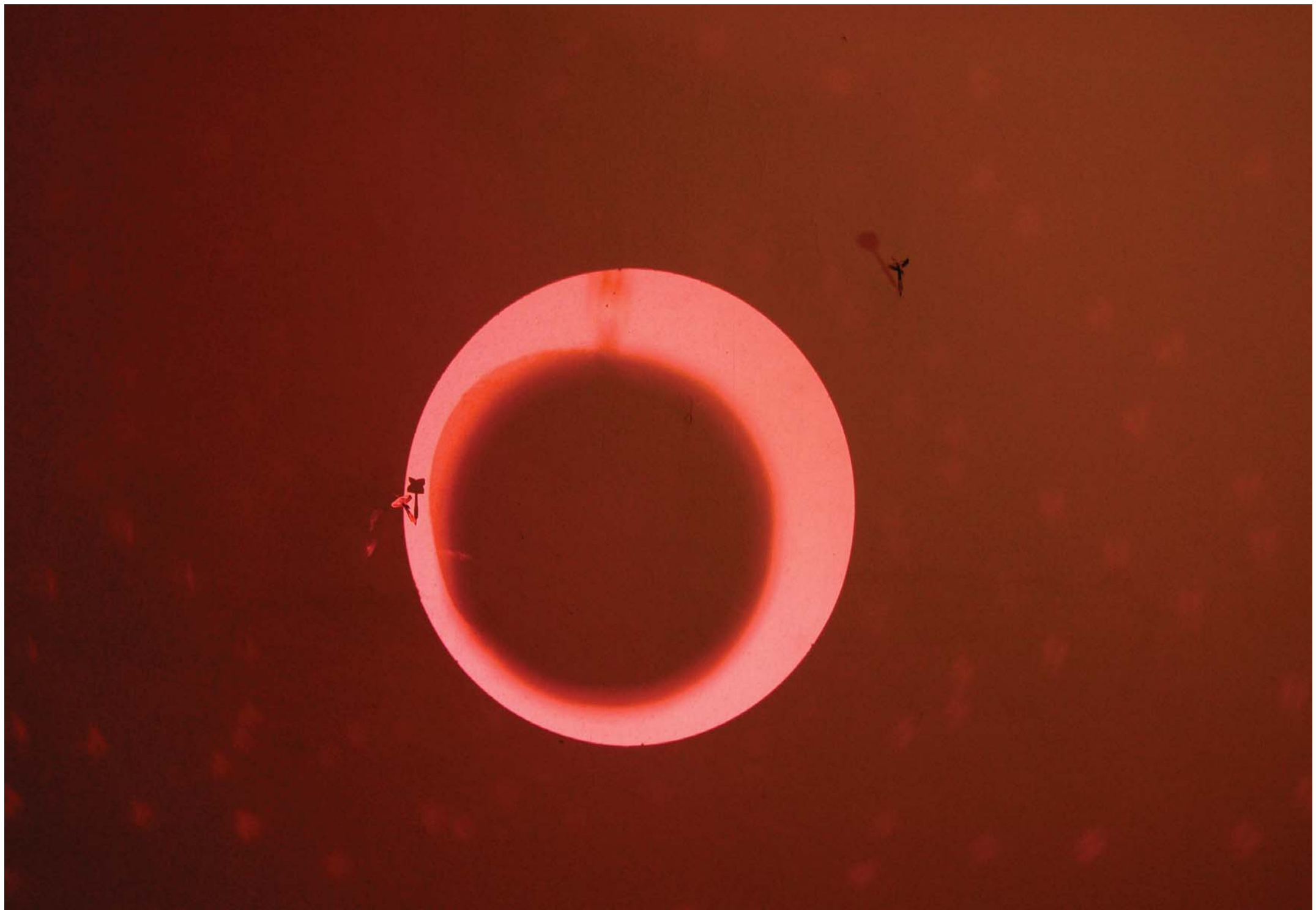
03

	(prev)	
Storage Situation - Plan View	01	
<i>Cutout A4 Paper</i>		
The Saif Rangwala Squeeze	02	
Installation View - Early Staging	03	
<i>(post Nikolaus Gansterer, in anticipation of Geheimagentur & Martin Beck)</i>		
Photo © Wolfgang Thaler		

Using an institutional 'kit of parts' provided by Kunsthalle Exnergasse (KEX), I made a sequence of spatial arrangements that explored the performative role display plays within an exhibition. Because the show worked with the topic of open calls and used a discursive format, the arrangements were organized to simultaneously frustrate and accommodate the social and pragmatic needs of the events — roundtable discussions, artist talks, workshops, performances, opening and closing receptions, etc. Beginning with a clear sculptural figure that bisected the gallery, the display elements provided by KEX were reordered incrementally over the course of the exhibition, eventually fragmenting into more isolating and compact stagings. In the planning phase, I didn't order the modular walls and pedestals with a specific function or service in mind; I thought of them as a field of sculptural possibilities that could be appropriated and treated as social propositions. In its actualization, the process of editing the space by using only what was provided became not only a negotiation with white rectangles, but also with the curators about the plasticity, performance and occupation of space.

Production
Kunsthalle Exnergasse Team

± 3,35m (h) x 14,5m (w) x 9m (d)

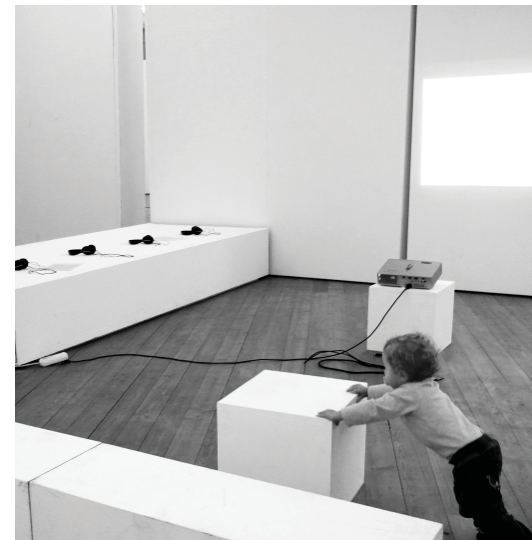




05



07



06

(prev)

04 **Detail – geheimagentur**
Call & Response: Ein Weibbüro
 27.11.15 Lecture Performance

05 **Wall Element in Transit (Big)**
Fabian

06 **Wall Element in Transit (Little)**
Mani's Weiner-Slanar

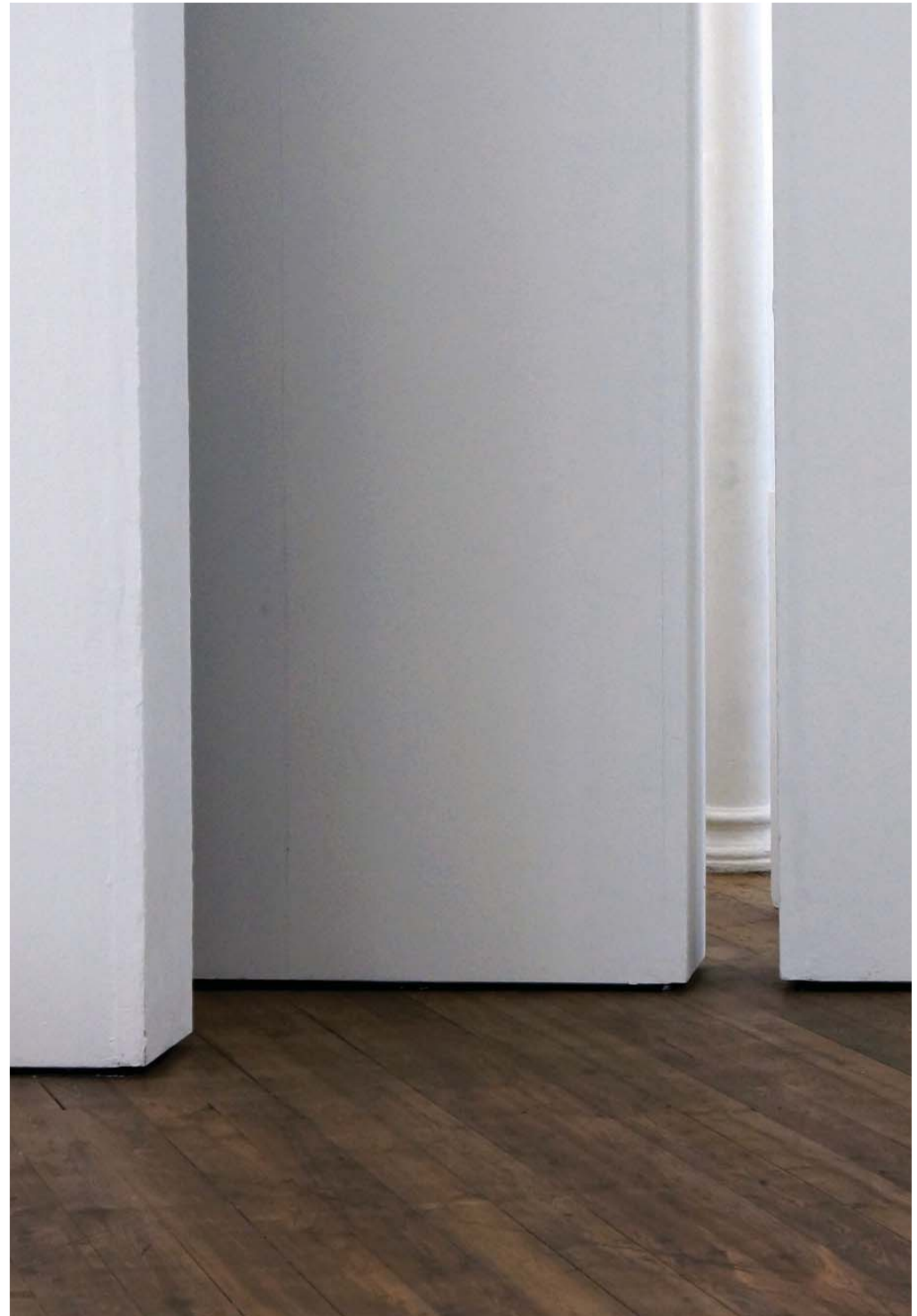
07 **Waiting for Beck**
(Mani's Stage Direction)



12

Installation View – Late Staging 12
(post geheimagentur & Martin Beck)
 Photo © Wolfgang Thaler

Installation Detail – Column Squeeze 13



W.M
90

W.M
90

04
w.b

04
w.b

04
w.b



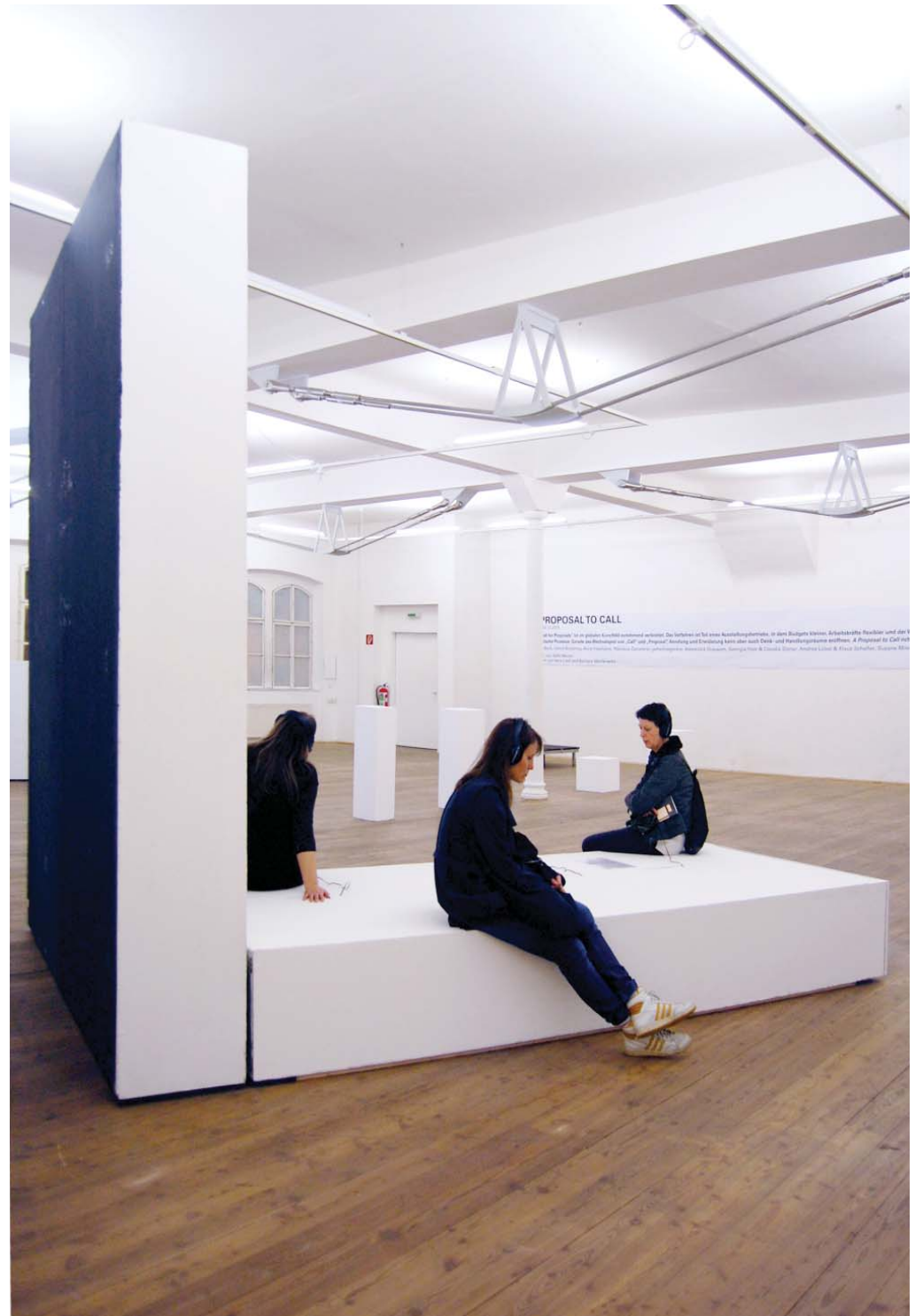
15

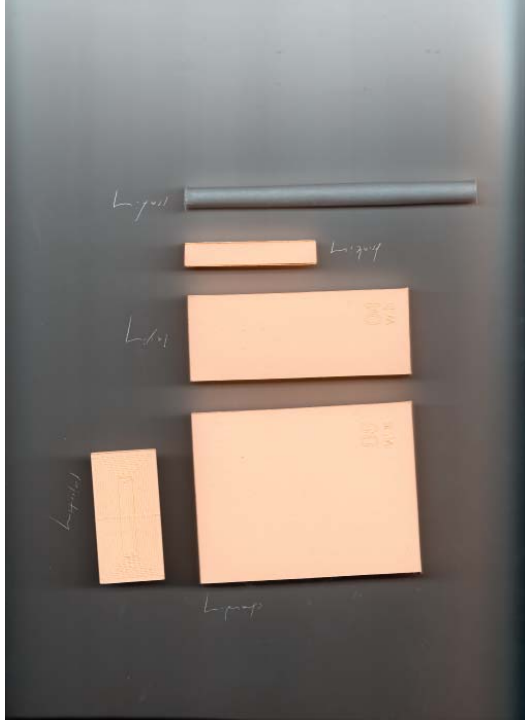
(prev)

All Wall 14
Scanned Paper Model Elements

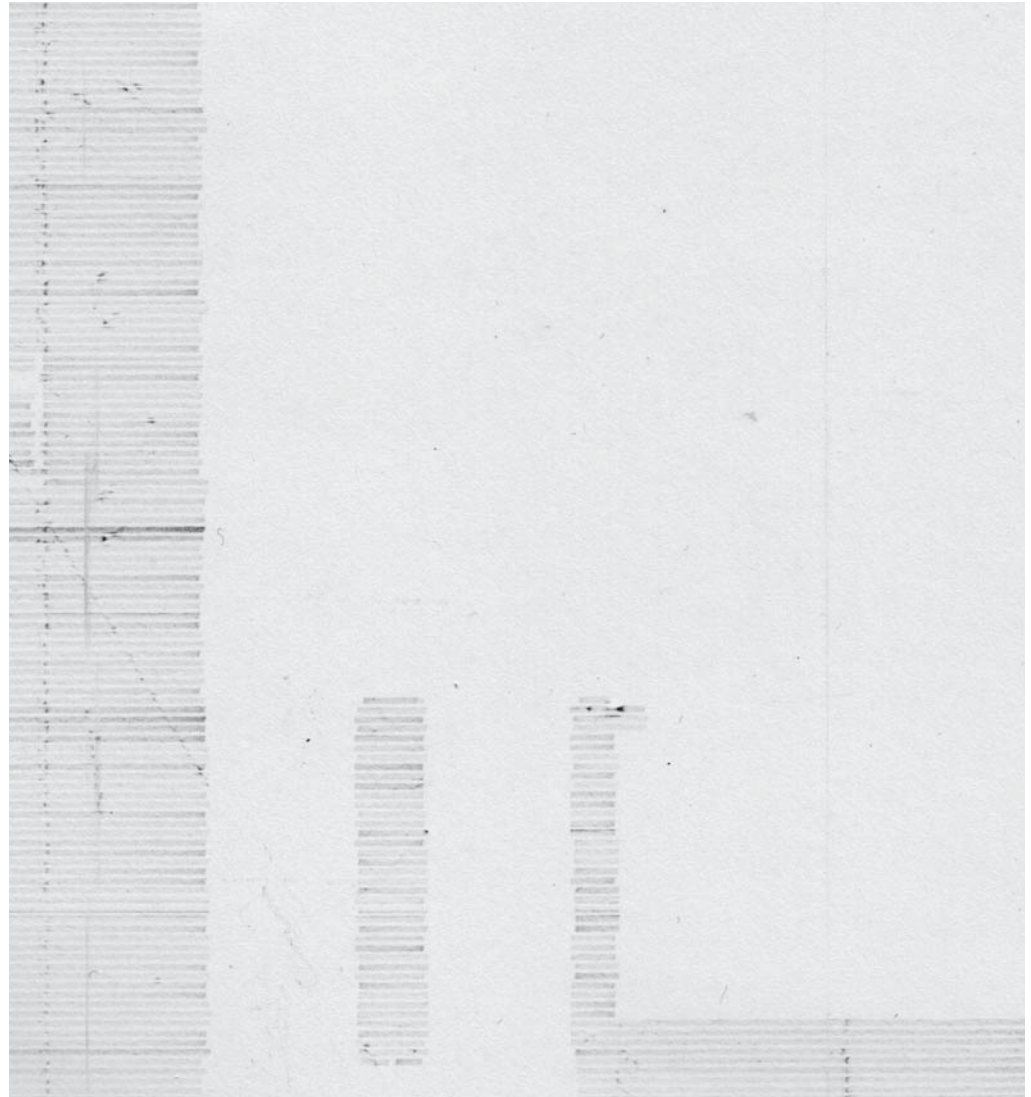
Installation View – Wall Squeeze 15
Manifesto for Maintenance Again!
11 12 15 Workshop / Read-In
Photo © eSeL

Installation View – Sitting Detail 16
Photo © Wolfgang Thaler





voids dragged onto the floor and stood upright



at

vienna,

/

2013

Xhibit Gallery
I Am Another World

curated by Georgia Holz & Claudia Slanar

01

leaners



02

Spatial Concept / Intervention
Display Structures - Wood, Paint, Hardware



03

(prev)

Railing Study 01
Graphite on Paper

Detail - Structure 1/4 02
Carola Watching BK Kapusta

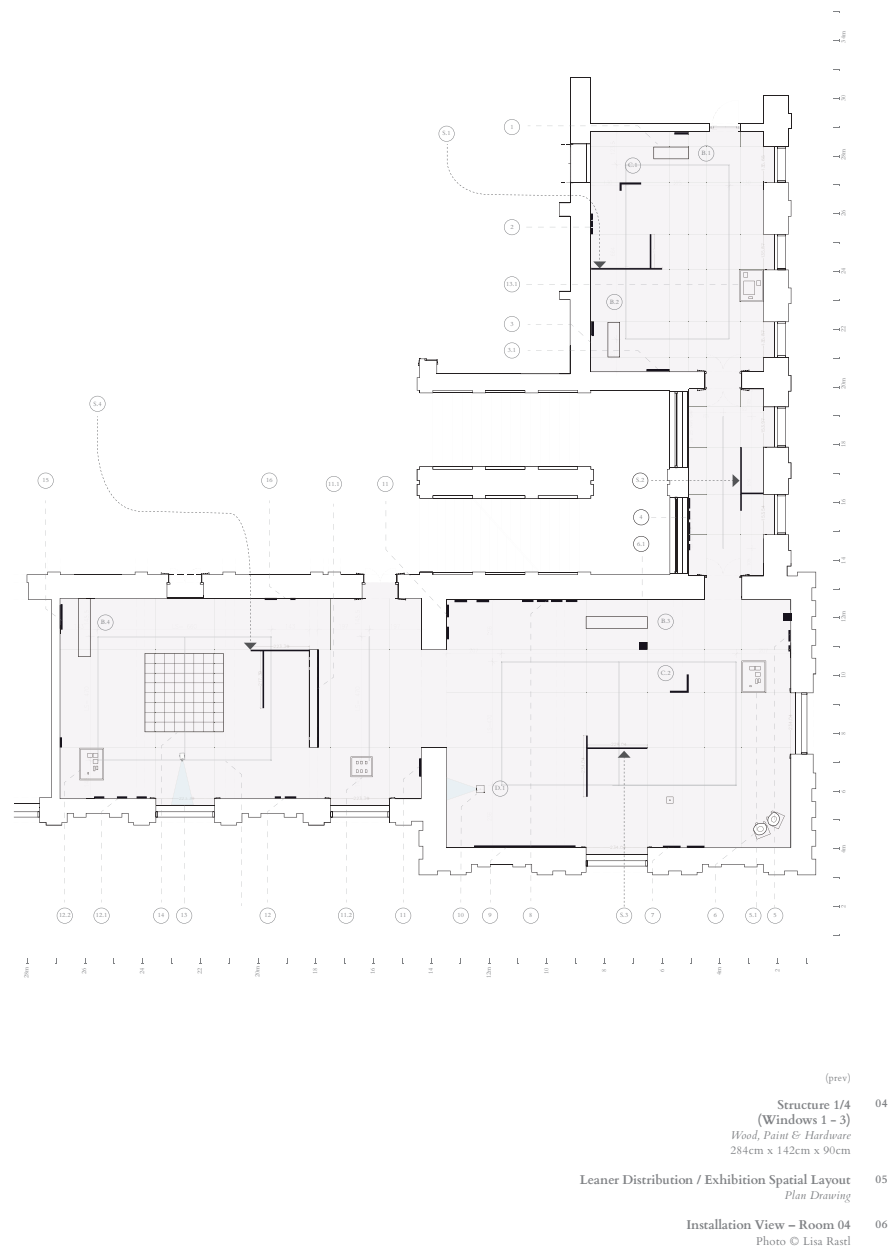
Structure 3/4 03
(Windows 6 ~ 7)
Wood, Paint & Hardware
217cm x 217cm x 90cm

-

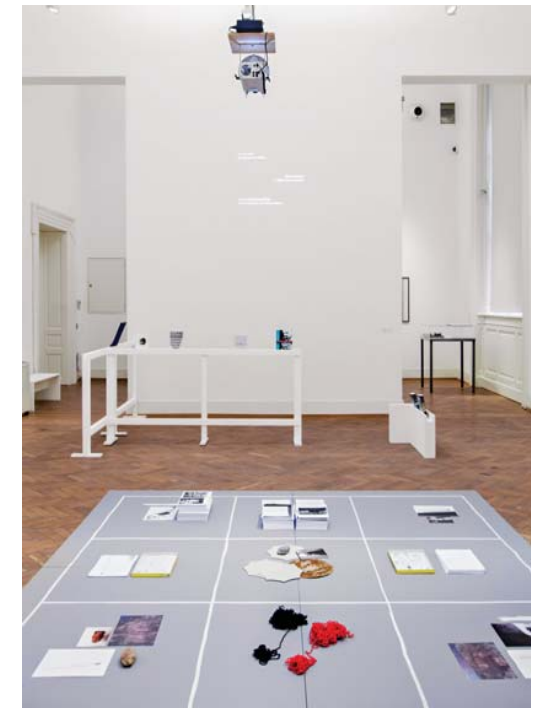
When discussions with the curators of the show *'I Am Another World'* first began, our conversations revolved around creating a pseudonymic space, and how, if at all, that could be materialized. From these conversations, I began by designing railing structures that translated the amount of wall space that was perceived as unusable for the exhibition; each sculpture's length being the sum of the window voids in the rooms they occupied. Pulled into the body of the space, the structures became devices for slowing and editing the gaze, each performance of them creating the potential for renaming based on their use. Once built, *Leaners* became not only an attempt to organize views of the exhibition and reading materials but also choreograph the act of viewing itself.

Fabrication
Arnold Löschnauer





- ① Rooe Rosen
Buried Alive Group Videos,
Historical Joke #3, 2010, 2013
HD 16:9, Farbe, Ton, 8min, Kopfhörer
- ② Janez Jansa
Masterpieces on Mastercards, 2013
Credit / ID Cards, Vitrine
- ③ Barbara Kapusta
Der vereinbarte Tag, 2011
HD 16:9, Farbe, Ton, 12:20 min, Kopfhörer
- ④ Poster, Offset-Print, 59,4 x 84,1 cm
- ⑤ The Unknown Artist, 1993
Serie von zwanzig schwarz-weißen Fotodrucken, Gerahmt
- ⑥ Ronda Zheng, 1994
Call Ronda Zheng / Neulich bei Frau Novak
Video 4:3, Ton, MP3 Spieler, Kopfhörer
- ⑦ Archivmaterial, 1993-97
- ⑧ Mathilde ter Heijne
Fake Female Artists #1, #2, #3,
2003-05 / 3 Dummies, Ton
- ⑨ Mathilde, Mathilde, 1999
Video 4:3, Farbe, Ton, 5 min, Kopfhörer
- ⑩ Super Vero
Posters, Skulptur
- ⑪ Justine Frank
Aus der Serie Le portfolio taché,
1927-28 / 4 Gouachen und Bleistift,
33 x 38 cm, Gerahmt
- ⑫ Zoe Crosher
The Unraveling of Michelle duBois,
2011 / Digitale C-Prints, Dim Variabel
- ⑬ Mario Garcia-Torres
Transparencies On The Non-Act, 2007
49 Diapositive, 35 mm Diaprojektion
- ⑭ Carola Dermig
Lora Sana, 2013
Dimensionen Variabel
- ⑮ Ursula Bogner
Recordings, Archivmaterial 1969 - 1988
CD/LP, Fairliche01, Kopfhörer
- ⑯ Matthias Klos
Als Marcel mich fand, 2012
Diaprojektion, rotierender, LED-Projektor
- ⑰ Judith Fisher
Hina Berau, Macula maculated, 2013
Installation
- ⑱ Rooe Rosen
"Killing Andrey Lev", 2008, 2013
HD 16:9, Farbe, Ton, 8min, Kopfhörer
- ⑲ Laura Wollen, 2010
Posters, Fotos
- ⑳ Structure 1/4 (Windows 1,2,3)
284cm x 142cm x 90cm
- ㉑ Structure 2/4 (Windows 4,5)
240cm x 61cm x 90cm
- ㉒ Structure 3/4 (Windows 6,7)
217cm x 217cm x 90cm
- ㉓ Structure 4/4 (Windows 8,9)
217cm x 217cm x 90cm
- ㉔ Chunky Books Structure 1/2
71cm x 72cm x 41cm
- ㉕ Chunky Books Structure 2/2
71cm x 72cm x 41cm





07



08

07 Detail - Structure 4/4
(Windows 8 - 9)
Wood, Paint & Hardware
217cm x 217cm x 90cm

08 Chunky Books Structure 2/2
Wood, Paint & Hardware
71cm x 72cm x 41cm



10



11



09

Window 6 09
Detail - Structure 2/4 10
(Windows 4 - 5)
Wood, Paint & Hardware
240cm x 61cm x 90cm
Installation View - Room 03 11
Photo © Lisa Rastl



12

Structure 4/4 12
(Windows 8 - 9)
Wood, Paint & Hardware
217cm x 217cm x 90cm

Detail - Structure 1/4 13
(Windows 1 - 3)
Wood, Paint & Hardware
284cm x 142cm x 90cm





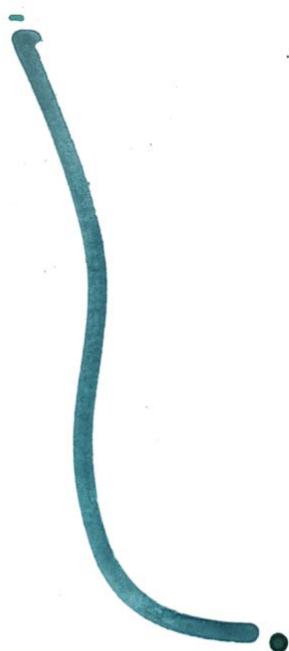
jodelers trapped within a white cube, reverberating as an ensemble that reflects the history of its own formation

2017 / vienna, at

Blickle Raum
curated by Carola Dertnig & Claudia Slanar



chesthead



(prev)

- Lederhosen Study** 01
Chesthead – Spectral Herding
 Edition of 30 / A3 format
- Example of Travel (Plan)** 02
Chesthead – The Parrot and the Peacock
 Edition of 30 / A3 format
- Mouthbreathers Rehearsal** 03
(Theresa Ettel, Magdalena Kranzelmayer)
 Photo by Alexandra Wanderer

Performance / Artist Editions
Three Yodelers, A3 Format Publications – Edition of 30: Chesthead



In this site-specific performance, three yodelers were trapped within a white cube and asked to transform the gallery into the body of an instrument. Characterized by rapid and repeated changes between chest and head registers, yodeling developed from a mountainous spatial condition that uses the topography of the landscape to connect vast distances with voice. Using unstable parameters to pull apart traditional yodels, I wrote a score that used the movement, voicing and formation of the performers to respond to the shape and resonance of the space as well as the size, perception and placement of the audience. *Chesthead*, an imagined slang-word for a person who is addicted to the sound of their own voice, was broken into three choreographed sections that were transformed into publications and given away at the performance: *Mouth Breathers*, *The Parrot and the Peacock*, and *Spectral Herding*.

Participants

Score in collaboration with: Heidi Clementi, Theresa Ettel, Magdalena Kranzelmayer
Performers: Heidi Clementi, Theresa Ettel, Magdalena Kranzelmayer
Sound Recording: Adam Asnan
Photography: Alexandra Wanderer



to

to textures
audience
ember

and exits,
ich
ice.

—rug—carry—

in the crowd



(prev)

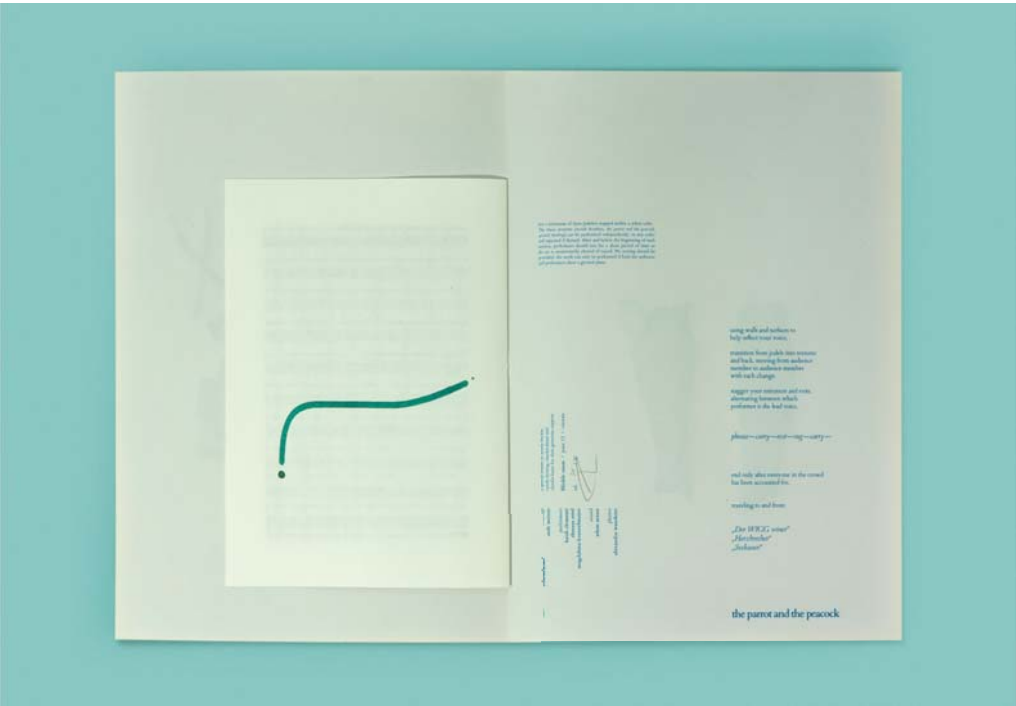
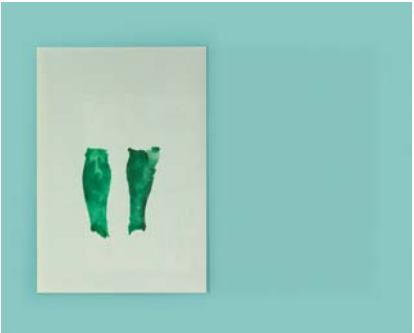
- 04 **Example of Travel (Plan)**
Chesthead ~ The Parrot and the Peacock
 Edition of 30 / A3 format
- 05 **The Parrot and the Peacock**
(Heidi Clementi)
 Photo by Alexandra Wanderer
- 06 **The Parrot and the Peacock**
(Theresa Eitel)
 Photo by Alexandra Wanderer

the parrot and the peacock

using walls and surfaces to help reflect your voice, transition from jodels into textures and back, moving from audience member to audience member with each change. stagger your entrances and exits, alternating between which performer is the lead voice.

phrase—carry—rest—rug—carry—end only after everyone in the crowd has been accounted for, traveling to and from:

„Der WIGG seiner“
„Herzbrecher“
„Seckauer“

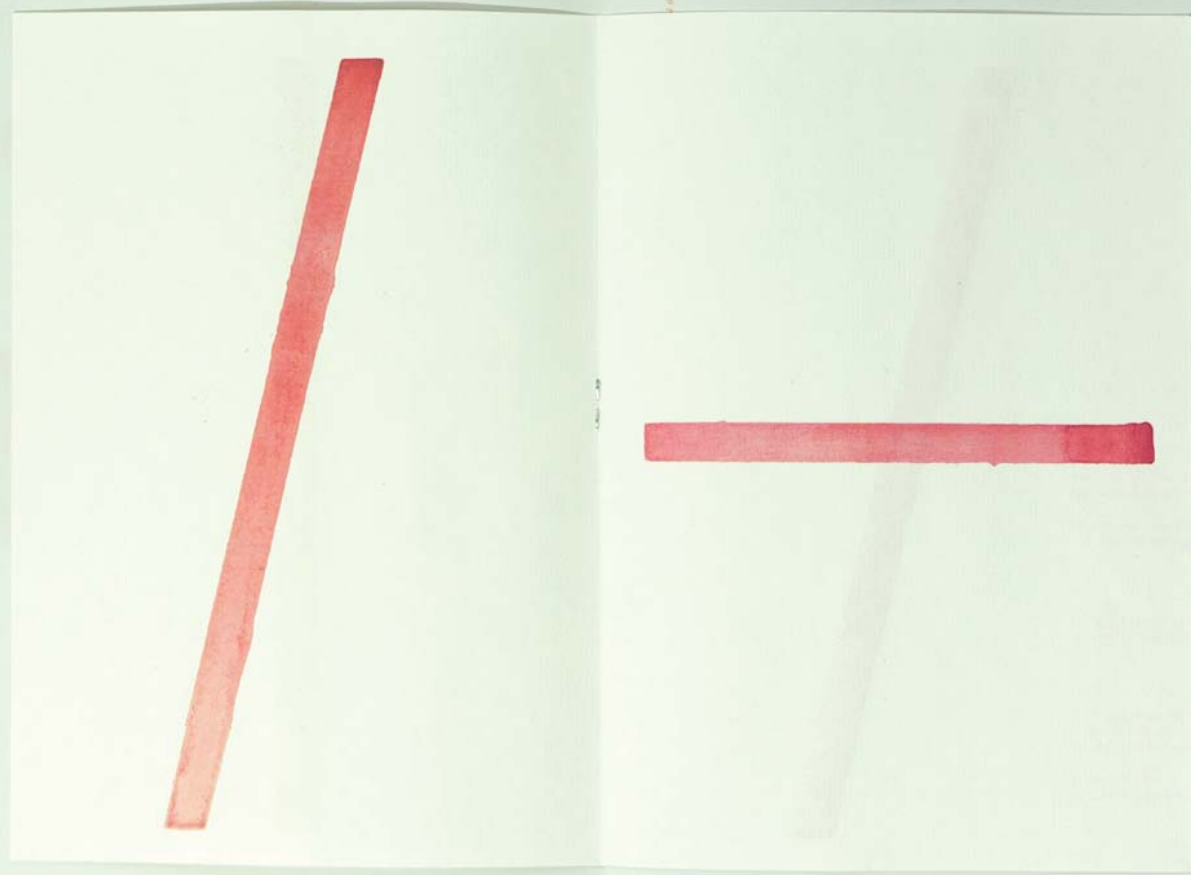


in order of either:

-
- the audience member who you think is the least talkative to the audience member who you think is the most talkative
- the tallest audience member to the shortest audience member
- the audience member you'd most like to sleep with to the audience member you'd least like to sleep with

- 07 Halloween Study
Chesthead – The Parrot and the Peacock
Edition of 30 / A3 format
- 08 The Parrot and the Peacock
(Heidi Clementi)
Photo by Alexandra Wanderer
- 09 Chesthead Editions
Photo by Alexandra Wanderer
- 10 Example of Travel / Written Score
Chesthead – The Parrot and the Peacock

performed independently, in any order and repeated if desired. After and before the beginning of each section, performers should rest for a short period of time so the air is



immediately cleared of sound. No sound should be produced (the work can only be performed if both the audience and performers share a period of silence).

necting two
).
ience;
separate groups.

ne place
s hit song.

ted at the envelope of the
resonate,
in instrument.

e.



- 11 **Choreography Spread**
Chesthead – Mouthbreathers
Edition of 30 / A3 format
- 12 **Choreography / Written Score**
Chesthead – Mouthbreathers
- 13 **Resonance Study**
Photo by Alexandra Wanderer
- 14 **Mouthbreathers Rehearsal**
(Heidi Clementi, Magdalena Kranzelmayr)
Photo by Alexandra Wanderer
- 15 **Halloween / Lederhosen Study**
Chesthead – Mouthbreathers

form a straight line, connecting two architectural elements ().

your positions / the audience:
equal intervals splitting separate groups.

jodeling warmups, in one place
for about the length of a hit song.

pitch, amplitude; directed at the envelope
of the room until it begins to resonate,
becoming the body of an instrument.

in its social effect
this line becomes a stage.

spectral herding

to announce a beginning,
simultaneously address each audience member
by handing them each a tone; corralling the sound
toward the belly of the jodel and room.

once the tone is stable enough for individuals
to disappear into, surround the figure and sing;

„Der Wolfsjodler“



17



19

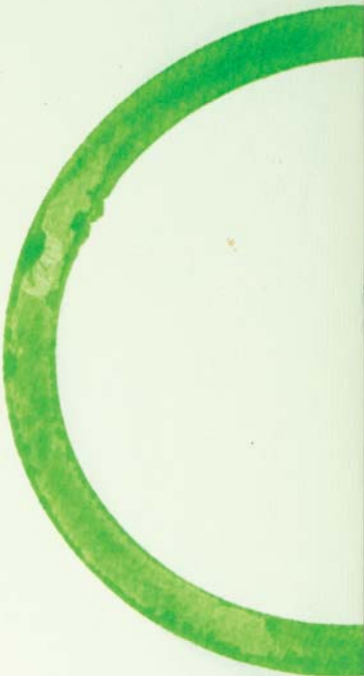


16

18



Halloween / Lederhosen Study	16
<i>Chesthead – Spectral Herding</i>	
Edition of 30 / A3 format	
Resonance Study	17
Photo by Alexandra Wanderer	
Spectral Herding	18
<i>(Magdalena Kranzelmayer)</i>	
Photo by Alexandra Wanderer	
Choreography Spread	19
<i>Chesthead – Spectral Herding</i>	
Edition of 30 / A3 format	



chesthead

concepts

Chrysomela arctica

varieties

continued

© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd

photons

buckle cam / june 12 / vienna

30

100

1

5

section, performers should rest for a short period of time so that the air is momentarily cleared of contaminants, and any odors are removed or reduced.

mind. No seating should be provided; the work can only be performed if both the audience

spectral herding

„Der Welfsjodler“

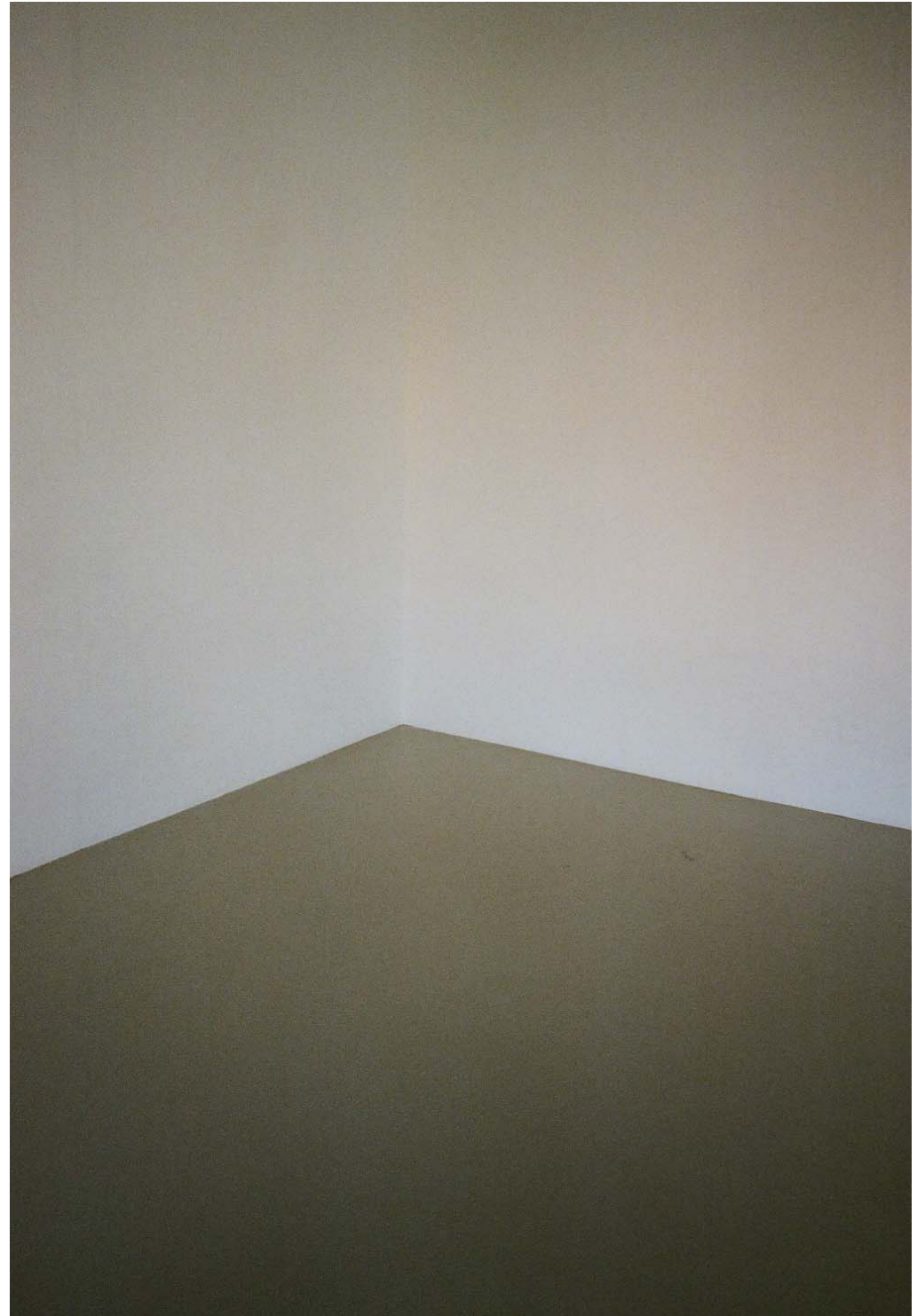
to announce a beginning, simultaneously address each audience member by handing them each a tone; corralling the sound toward the belly of the jodel and room.

once the tone is stable enough for individuals to disappear into, surround the figure and sing



21

22



Choreography / Written Score	20
<i>Chesthead – Spectral Herding</i>	
Edition of 30 / A3 format	
Spectral Herding	21
(Magdalena Kranzelmayer)	
Photo by Alexandra Wanderer	
Resonance Study	22
Photo by Alexandra Wanderer	



in one case it was after the artist talk and an ambulance had to come

2016 / vienna, at

Kunstraum Niederösterreich
curated by Anamarija Batista,
Karolina Radenković & Dejan Kaludjerović



crisis
as ideology



02

Spatial Concept / Intervention
*Monobloc Chairs, Polypropylene Webbing Reading List Prototypes:
 Inkjet Print and Metallic Marker on A4 paper, Edition of 192*



03

Commissioned as the display design of the exhibition 'Crisis as Ideology?', two discreet sculptural works were produced that applied pressure to the definition and role of 'exhibition architecture' through their scale, self-containment and use. Developed in collaboration with Anamarija Batista, *8 Reading List Prototypes* is a series of empty product containers that replace the form of conventional reading lists and handouts by populating the floor and being ambiguously free for the taking. Branding a selection of texts and authors focused on the topic of crisis, each container has a set of search terms printed on its interior that at the time of the exhibition opening, if entered in full, yielded the original essay or text as the top hit on Google. In contrast to the empty product boxes, I selected Monobloc models and tied them together in small groupings with material used for managing crowds and queues. The process of being strung together by sitting on the chairs was thought of as a zero-sum scenario where space was treated as a finite quantity. In order to gain personal space, visitors had to take it from somewhere, and from someone.

Production
 Anastasiia Bolotkina, Saifali Rangwala, Claudia Slanar and Alexandra Wanderer

(prev)	
All of the Removed Plastic (from the Monoblocs)	01
Tito (Sugar Cookie Yellow Family) TBSFDWKP&W – 8 Reading List Prototypes Inkjet Print and Metallic Marker on A4 paper, Edition of 192	02
TBSFDWKP&W – 8 Reading List Prototypes (Sugar Cookie Yellow Family) Installation View	03





05

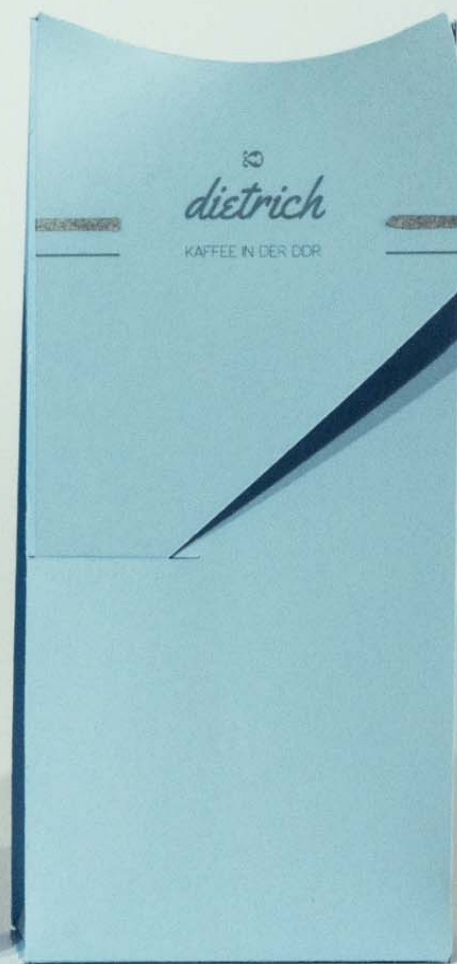


07



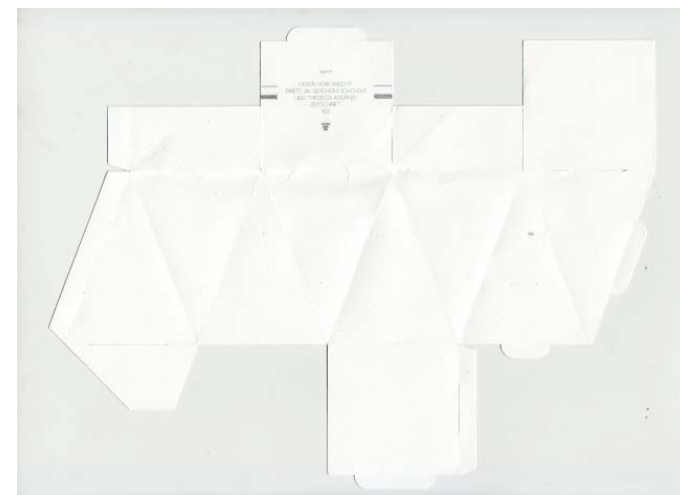
06

(prev)	
Territories for Two: Cuba Model – 4,6kg	04
Territories for Three: Cuba Model – 6,9kg	
Monobloc Chairs, Polypropylene Webbing	
Photo by Alexandra Wanderer	
Territories for Three: Memphis Model – 7,8kg	05
Photo © eSel	
TBSFDWKP&W – 8 Reading List Prototypes	06
(Sugar Cookie Yellow Family)	
Inkjet Print and Metallic Marker on A4 paper, Edition of 192	
Photo © eSel	
TBSFDWKP&W – 8 Reading List Prototypes	07
(Decorator's White Family)	
Photo © eSel	





10



12



09



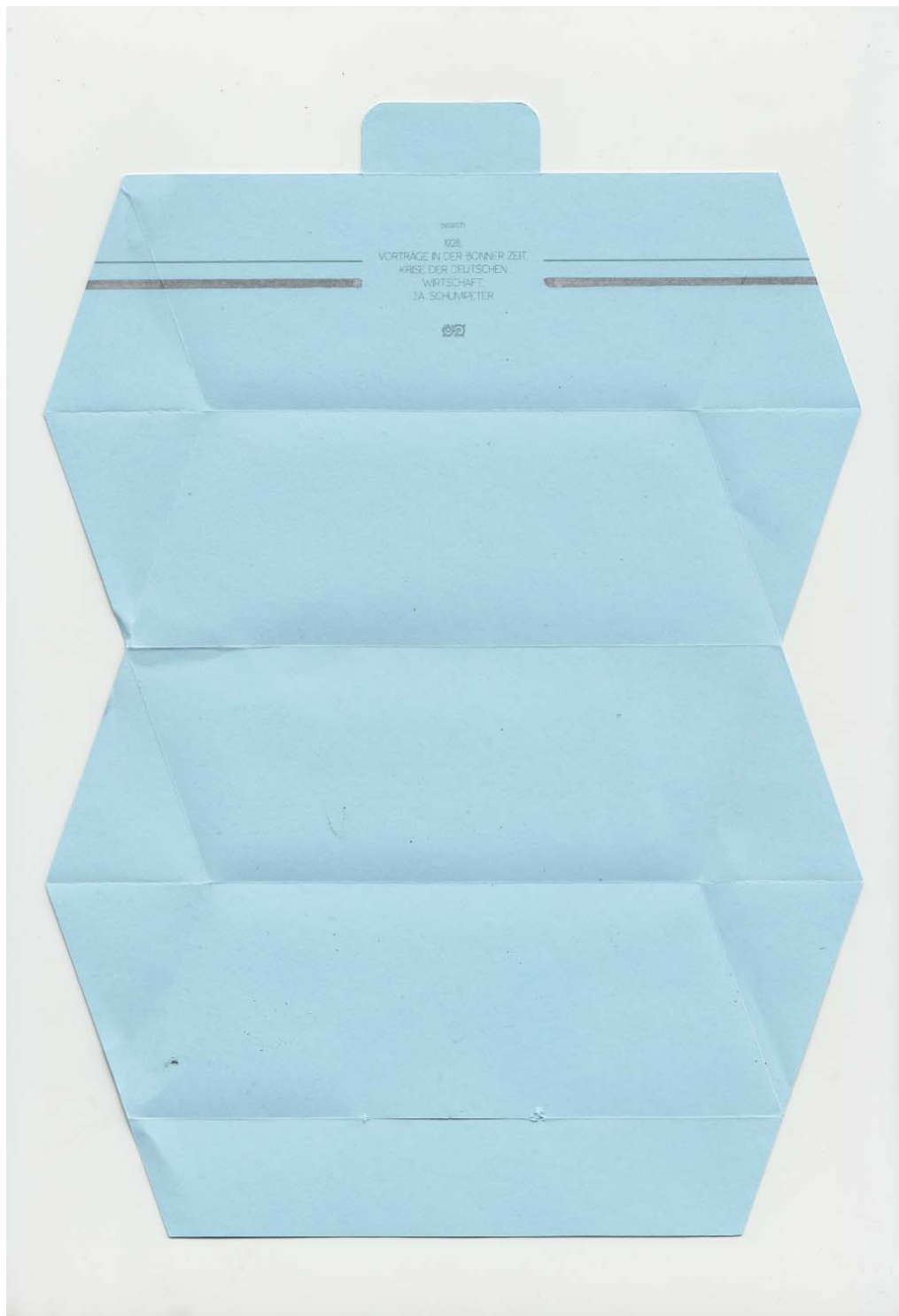
11

- (prev)
- Krischer, Freytag, Dietrich (Canal Blue Family) 08
TBSFDWKP&W – 8 Reading List Prototypes
Inkjet Print and Metallic Marker on A4 paper, Edition of 192
- Territories for Three: Memphis Model – 7,8kg 09
(Manès and Banz)
Monobloc Chairs, Polypropylene Webbing
- Territories for Four: Cuba Model – 9,2kg 10
- Territories for Two: Altea Model – 5,6kg 11
(Anamarija)
- Benjamin Unfolded (Decorator's White Family) 12
TBSFDWKP&W – 8 Reading List Prototypes

Monoblocs want to be repeated. They travel. Their molds have been copied and altered one pour of 220 degree Polypropylene at a time. I've seen artists do clever things to them, I've seen them chopped, mirrored, made in porcelain and punctured with thousands of holes. I've seen cafes and government waiting rooms add them to their interiors. I've seen museums devote hours of debate to uncovering their authorship and the seamy labor conditions of their fabrication. I've seen them in the middle of forests, thrown into the ocean, populating concrete, next to highways, hotel rooms, beside pools, waiting upon porches, parked in driveways, and in the shadows of historic monuments. Post-industrial dandelions, they spread throughout regions faster than the population itself. █ My dad says he doesn't give a shit about the lawn yet somehow throughout the milder seasons of the year a man wearing headphones rumbles around the boundaries of his property on a riding mower. When I was young I hated yard work. I still haven't discovered the meditative transcendence that's attached to the sustained euphoria of maintenance. Maybe, like Detroit, this is for later in life. █ Along with his patience, my dad's lawn has receded almost imperceptibly over time. Perennially, his moods emerge from the dirt almost miraculously, but never in sync with those in close proximity. █ I don't remember the specifics of our patio's transformation; it was more of an extended pivot point. My brother and I were just arriving at the severe era of wait and anxiety surrounding sexual and psychical release, our parents aging in a parallel crises marked by the onset of middle age and a new found access to materialism. The arrival of monoblocs to our suburban home was so gradual that they could have easily drifted alongside of snowflakes while we were inside ignoring our surroundings. █ Monoblocs want to live outside. They stack, conform to table settings and occasionally are allowed indoors. I've always enjoyed leaning back in them until they feel almost like jelly, but have never seen one buckle under the pressure of leisure. Even though their natural habitat seems to be under the stars they are let indoors for special occasions. My parents still have a few Monoblocs which migrate between the front porch and back patio. Soon they'll be replaced by the plastic wicker variety though, it's happening everywhere else outdoors. One of the chairs sits staring at our grill with its back against the cedar façade of the house. Another is transitory; moving between various positions but never beyond the edge of the wooden deck or onto the lawn. A third is stuck on the fringe riding the brick patio and faces outward like a guard dog. On the front porch there's a lone green one that never leaves or even moves positions and is faded from the sun reflected by passing cars. A stack of them sits inside of the screened patio, gathering around a glass table in anticipation of a conspiracy. There are three different typologies in all. All of them hold time differently, aging at their own pace. Over the course of decades, my mom bought them in waves at the *Kmart* up the street on Saginaw Road. The other day, I passed it and an ambulance was parked out front. It's now a sprawling patch of concrete that memorializes an abandoned economy. Across the street there's a new shopping center that was recently built. It's slightly bigger and has a new generation of mostly the same types of stores that stare at hollow versions of themselves. █







15

search

"this present crisis", "Zur Semantik der Krise",
"politischen Publizistik Großbritanniens im 18.
Jahrhundert", "André Krischer"

"Wien im ersten Weltkrieg", "1918",
"Der jüdische Kriegsgewinnler", "Versorgungskrise"

"1928", "Vorträge in der Bonner Zeit",
"Krise der deutschen Wirtschaft", "J.A. Schumpeter"

"In the Margin", "Women and Fiction",
"All this Mass of Paper", "Virginia Woolf"

"Lieber Herr Brecht", "Briefe an Gershom Scholem und
Theodor Adorno", "Zeitschrift", 1931"

"Prijeđor, 10. September 1972", "Izrael čini ne čini sam sada",
"Munich Olympics", "Josip Broz Tito"

"Trümmerlandschaft", "Die Paralyse von Kritik",
"Gesicht der gegenwärtigen Krise", "Tatjana Freytag"

"Kaffeeversorgung", "Ein Politikum ersten Ranges",
"Anne Dietrich"



16

13 Broken Altea Model Leg – 1/2

14 Territories for Two: Cuba Model – 4,6kg
Monobloc Chairs, Polypropylene Webbing
Photo by Alexandra Wanderer

15 Schumpeter Unfolded (Canal Blue Family)
TBSFDWKP&W – 8 Reading List Prototypes
Inkjet Print and Metallic Marker on A4 paper, Edition of 192

16 TBSFDWKP&W – 8 Reading List Prototypes
(Installation View)





18

(prev)

Singles 17

TBSFDWKP&W – 8 Reading List Prototypes
(Sugar Cookie Yellow, Canal Blue, and Decorator's White)
Inkjet Print and Metallic Marker on A4 paper, Edition of 192

Family Portrait – Sugar Cookie Yellow 18
TBSFDWKP&W – 8 Reading List Prototypes

to you and to me, made handsome, made presentable, made for the gaze

2016

/

miami,

usa

Locust Projects
Speculative Proposal

handsome wall
modelling school

01





02

Speculative Intervention / Spatial Concept / Workshops
Paper Model, Photography

	(prev)	
Wrapped & Workshopped Object - Buttercup	01	
String, Paper, Shame		
Wrapped & Workshopped Object - Claus	02	
Model View of Walls 1/2	03	
Unfolded, Lined & Braced		



03

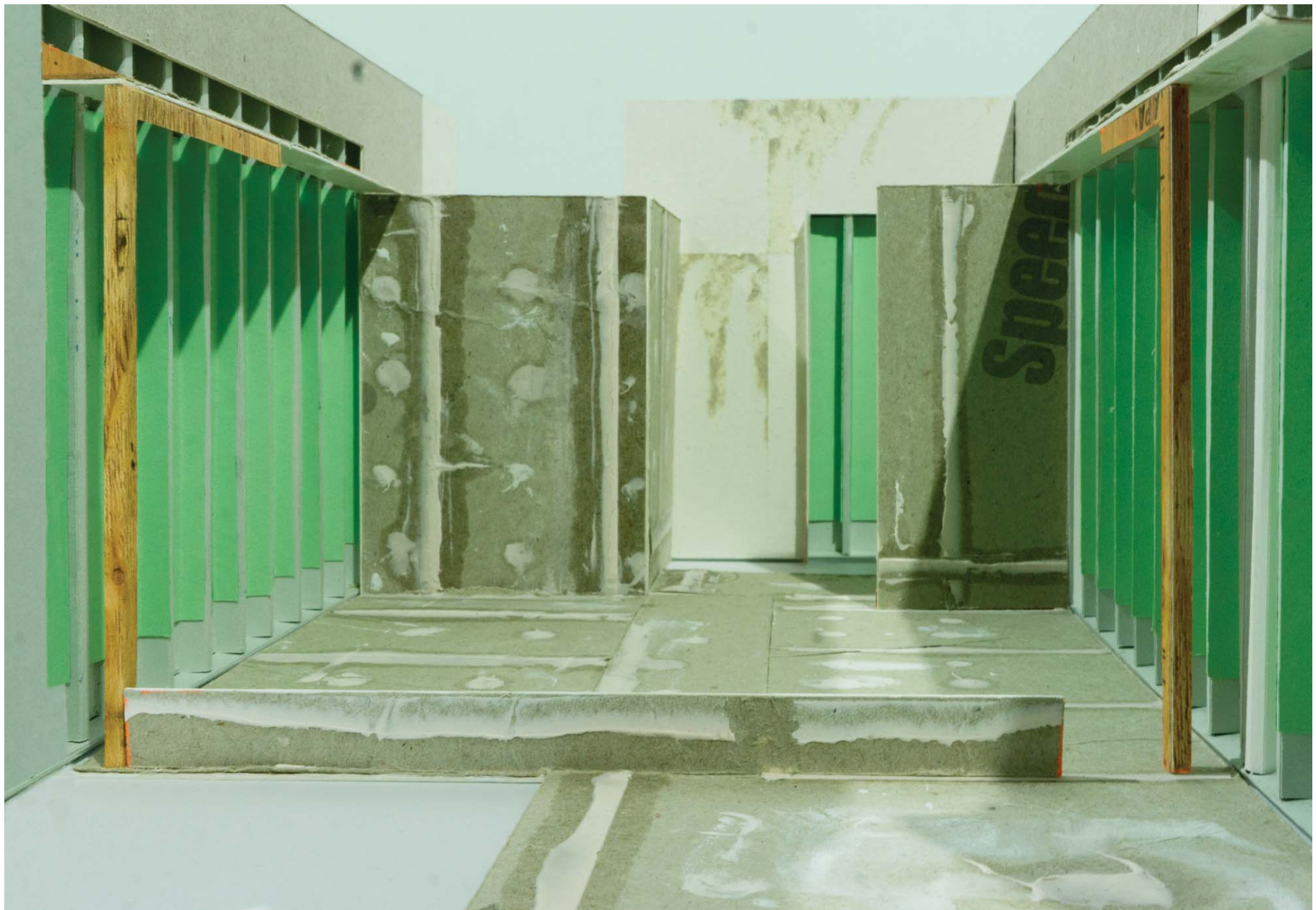
-

For Miami's Locust Projects, the *Handsome Wall Modelling School (HWMS)* was proposed as a response to an exhibition space I've never visited. Because of this, I decided to work with the plan they provided and the predictable elements of contemporary art spaces and the typology of American building structures; stud-frame walls and the short lifespan of the architecture it fills. In the proposal, portions of the back gallery walls were to be removed, merged and braced to become a new space. The normal entry to the gallery would be blocked, visitors instead having to walk around the entire block and through the parking lot in order to gain access to the show. A display system would be inserted into the opened portions of the walls, and workshops would be held to fill them.

This series of workshops would run throughout the course of the exhibition with participants of varying ages and disciplinary backgrounds. For the workshops, participants would be asked to bring an object that they were ashamed of, wrap it, and then set it within the display structures that had been inserted into the walls. At the end of the program, the walls would then be closed and returned to their previous state of forming a white cube, the wrapped contents from the workshops sealed within them, continuing an exhibition that has become hidden. Based on the plan, the building's construction, and the predictable turnover of nonprofit art spaces within the US, it was assumed that unlike a time capsule, the objects sealed within the wall would be unearthed relatively soon. While time-capsules generally contain useful knowledge and documents of momentous human discovery, the workshopped objects of shame were thought of as the opposite: what don't we want people to see of our cultural artifacts in the future.

The proposal was never made at the gallery; the *Handsome Wall Modelling School* now exists only in miniature form as a realized unrealized project.

41.62 m² (448 ft²) / .14 m² (1.54 ft²)





05



07



06

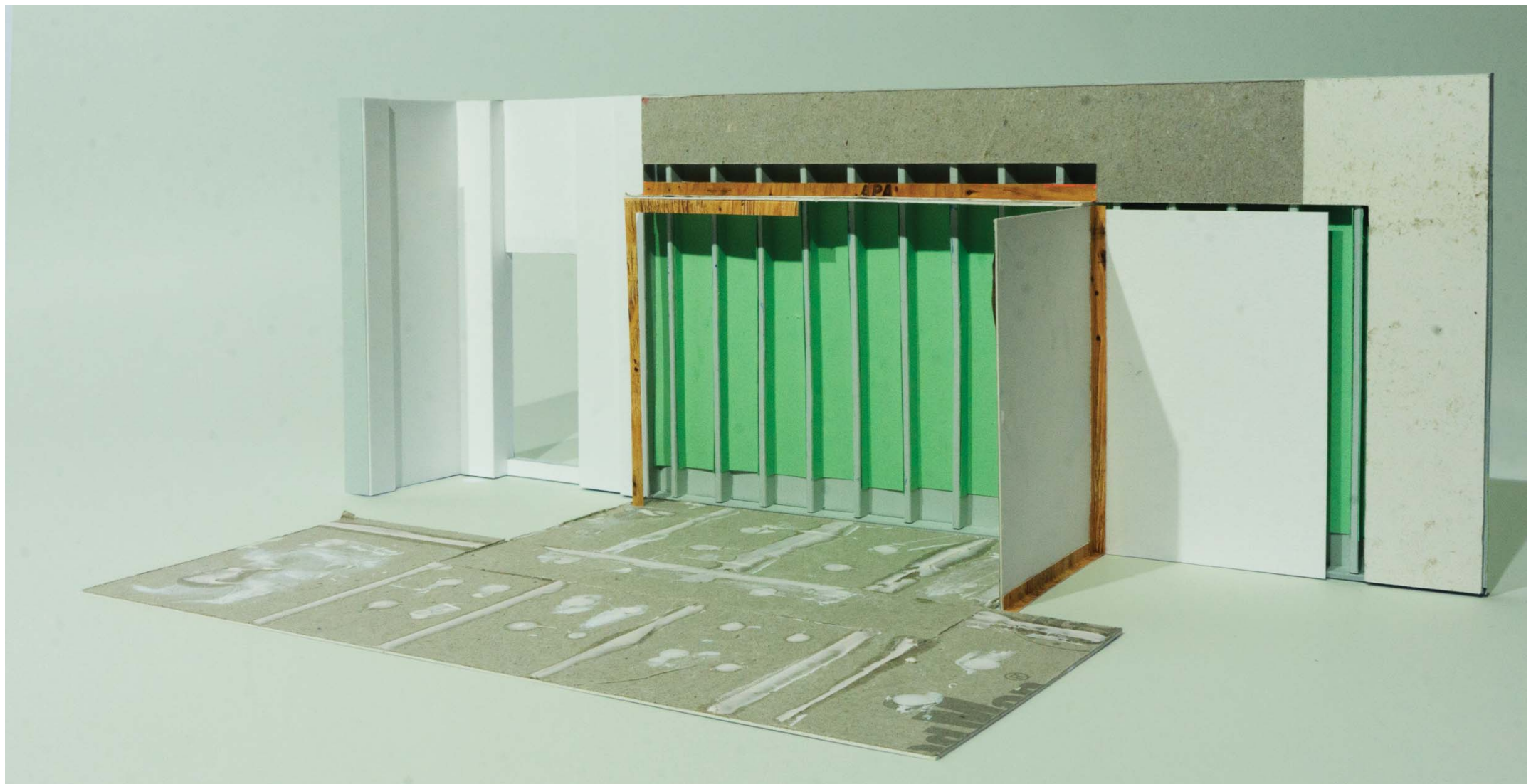
(prev)

04 Model View from Rollup Garage Door
Walls 1/2/3 - Unfolded, Lined & Braced

05 Model View of Blocked Entrance to LP03

06 Wrapped & Workshopped Object - Manès
String Paper, Shame

07 Wrapped & Workshopped Object - Bubs



11 Model View of Wall 3
Unfolded, Lined & Braced

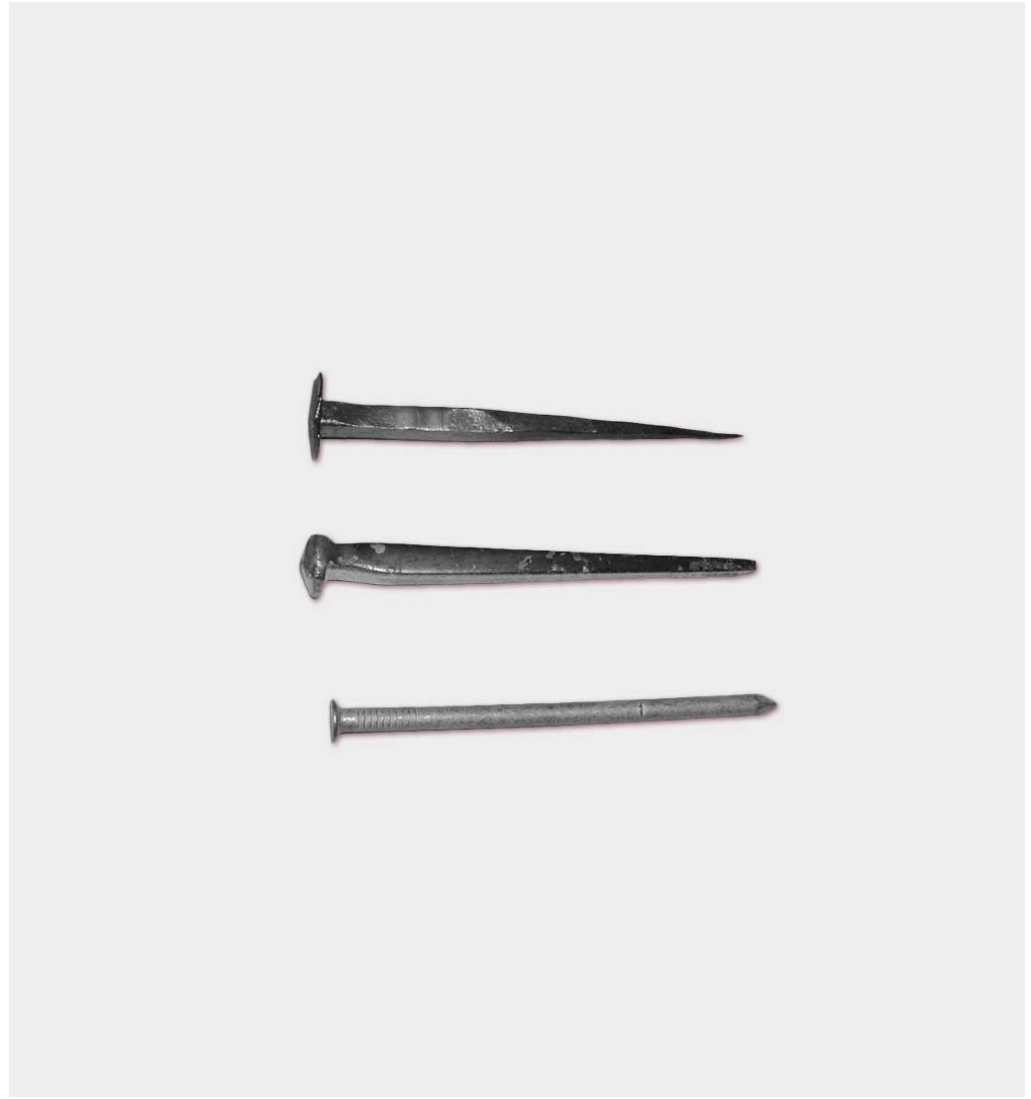


Wrapped & Workshopped Object – Phillis 12
String, Paper, Shame

an early cape cod folded around its centralized kitchen

2012 / los angeles, usa

SIX & SIX Gallery
curated by John Matthew Heard & Ryan McGuffin



folded
suburban
prerequisite



- (prev)
- Nail Specimens** 01
(Hand-Wrought, Cut Nail, Wire Nail)
Framed Inkjet Print on Paper
71cm x 101cm
- Cottage Elevation** 02
from 'A Treatise on Domestic Economy'
Catharine E. Beecher, 1841
Framed Inkjet Print on Paper
71cm x 101cm
- Folded Cottage Interior** 03
(Spillover View)
Lumber, Spray Paint, Hardware
450cm x 790cm x 300cm

Spatial Intervention
Lumber, Spray Paint, Hardware, Framed Prints, Handouts

± 35 m²



Folded Suburban Prerequisite imposed the mythical presence of domestic engineer Catharine E. Beecher's plan for a cottage home (1841) onto the gallery. With Beecher's centrally designed kitchen first placed into the belly of the space, the expanse of the unrealized Cottage Home exceeded the architectural boundaries, each confrontation with the limits forcing a decision to fold inward. Colliding stud frames confused interiors with exteriors, pointing attention to both spatial and social boundaries by proposing and re-enacting an alternative model of everyday space.

In her book from 1841, *A Treatise on Domestic Economy: For the Use of Young Ladies at Home, and At School*, Beecher lays out a series of designs ranging from small, cheaply built cottage homes to larger Gothic revival farmhouses that all focus on the "economy of labor". Many of the designs propose that the kitchen and other sites of domestic labor structure the organization of the architecture, and in her Cottage the kitchen acts as the primary module. Although many early suburban tract home models from the post-war housing boom (1945 – 1960) are cosmetically similar to Beecher's Cottage design, their interior logic and design philosophy address domestic labor through technology (appliances etc.). Tract home communities like Levittown, NY — where 17,441 Cape Cod (Cottage) models were produced in 1951 alone — created a nearly identical Cottage design in terms of its size and appearance, but omitted Beecher's ethos towards spatializing gender equality. Had her work not been ignored, we would see a radically different social diagram replicated within mass-produced housing; one that used organizational strategies to stress the importance of the domestic economy rather than simply placing it in the corner.



04 Folded Cottage Interior
 (View from Front Yard)
 Lumber, Spray Paint, Hardware
 450cm x 790cm x 300cm

FRONT GALLERY

01

REAR GALLERY

02

03

04

A VERY SPECIAL THANKS FOR THE SUPPORT, RESOURCES AND CONTRIBUTION HELP
JACK HERRMAN, RYAN MCCLETTEN, BRIAN BISHOP, CALVIN BLANK, DORIAN & PAUL BICCHIA.

FOLDED COTTAGE INTERIOR

From "A Treatise on Domestic Economy" Catharine E. Beecher, 1841 / 2012.
Wood, Spray Paint & Hardware, 15' x 26' x 10'.

LEVITTOWN BUILDING MATERIALS

From "Life Magazine" April, 1947 / 2012.
Inkjet Print on Paper, 28" x 40".

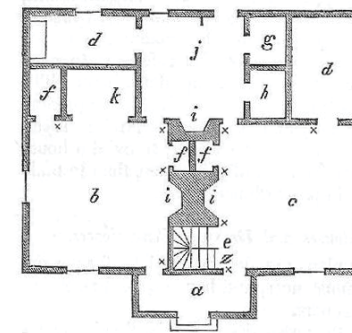
COTTAGE ELEVATION

From "A Treatise on Domestic Economy" Catharine E. Beecher, 1841 / 2012.
Inkjet Print on Paper, 28" x 40".

COTTAGE FLOOR PLAN

From "A Treatise on Domestic Economy" Catharine E. Beecher, 1841 / 2012.
Inkjet Print on Paper, 28" x 40".

- a**, Porch
- b**, Parlor
- c**, Dining-room
- d, d**, Bedrooms
- e**, Stairs
- f, f, f**, Closets
- g**, Pantry
- h**, Store-closet
- i, i, i**, Fireplaces
- j**, Kitchen
- k**, Bedpress
- z**, Cellar door



06

- 05 Handout (Back)
Inkjet Print on Construction Paper
Edition of 60 / 22.85cm x 30.48cm
- 06 Cottage Floorplan
from 'A Treatise on Domestic Economy'
Catharine E. Beecher, 1841
Framed Inkjet Print on Paper
71cm x 101cm



07



08

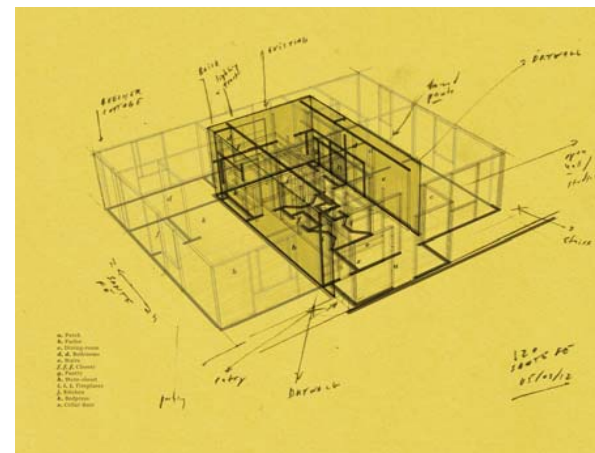
- 07 Folded Cottage Interior
(Bedroom Detail)
Lumber, Spray Paint, Hardware
450cm x 790cm x 300cm
- 08 Folded Cottage Interior
(Fireplace Detail)



10



09

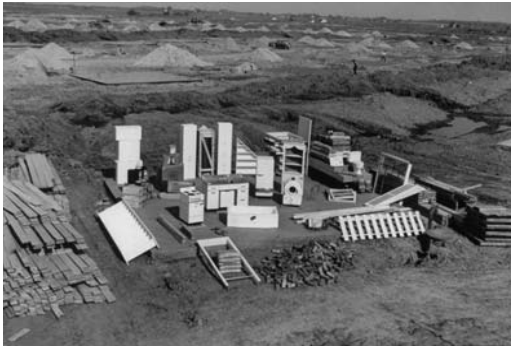


12



11

- 09 Levittown Car Crash – Kitchen
Author Unknown, 1964
Framed Inkjet Print on Paper
- 10 Folded Cottage Interior
(Parlor Detail)
Lumber, Spray Paint, Hardware
450cm x 790cm x 300cm
- 11 Levittown – Cape Cod Model
Produced in 1947
- 12 Folded Cottage – Preliminary Diagram
Digital Composite



13

Levittown Building Materials 13
 Detail from Life Magazine April, 1947
Framed Inkjet Print on Paper
 71cm x 101cm

Nail Afterlife 14
 (All of the Project's Nails Melted and Cast
 into the Size of 'A Treatise on Domestic Economy')
Cast Aluminum
 23cm x 15cm





15

Folded Cottage Interior
(Roofline)
Lumber, Spray Paint, Hardware
450cm x 790cm x 300cm

Folded Cottage Interior
(Spillover View)

16



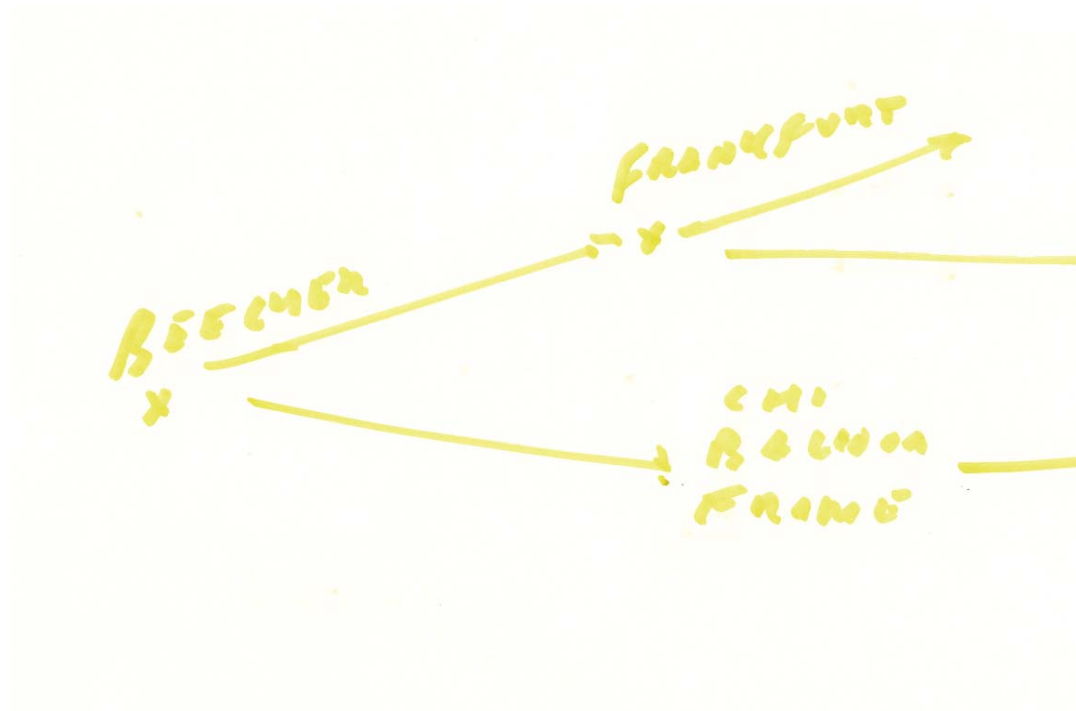


17



18

- 17 **Folded Cottage Interior**
 (Dining Room, Bedroom, Store Closet Detail)
Lumber, Spray Paint, Hardware
 450cm x 790cm x 300cm
- 18 **Folded Suburban Sweeping – Parlor**
 (Curator John Matthew Heard)
Single Channel Video
 08:30



19 Beecher – Chicago Balloon Frame
 Frankfurt Kitchen – Tract Homes – Ikea Interiors –
 Preliminary Notes

20 Folded Suburban Sweeping – Kitchen
 (Curator John Matthew Heard)
 Single Channel Video
 08:30



Cottage Afterlife 21
(A Portion of the Project's Lumber
Transformed into Peter Wilday's Kitchen)

writing a space for works that emerge and maybe even remain to the side of the desk

at

vienna,

/

2015

Silver Linings
curated by Eva Sommeregger & Florian Schafschetzky

Text Published In
Silver Linings
Breite Gasse Publishing, Vienna (2015)

to the side
of the desk



01

Former Apartment - Our couch has mustard green cushions that slip out from behind your back when you try to sit too comfortably. They slide behind the frame like a hotdog submerged in ketchup, wedging themselves in-between the wall and asking your spine for an almost unreasonable amount of attention. Its arms are Danish, gently stained, and terminate in a shape that feels like tiny human palms had rubbed them into place. Multi, my mother-in-law, had bought the furniture some time before the curtain had been raised, and while I respect its intellectual prowess it somehow leaves me unsatisfied.

Eva's eyes are alert. When she sits it's clear that her body hasn't given up on the idea of moving again. Our couch clearly poses her no threat. Her limbs dangle from her tall frame but hold her midsection in place with decided purpose. She brings a box of well-manicured sandwiches, scolds Florian in German when he wants to eat one — assuming I won't understand — then unpacks a folder with printed matter. In between all of this some niceties are exchanged about family, work or the weather, while sandwiches constructed from the golden section are swallowed into the conversation.

The Trzesniewski Company is the Gropius^[i] of sandwiches. Open-faced, precise, thin layers of color which smell as terrifyingly modernist as they look are packed into boxes with an acute respect for voids. So long as the box remains upright throughout its travels, the compositions remain intact even when shaken by circumstance. I recently went there to ogle and buy these gross local delicacies for Claus's birthday. Although probably detailed within some thick corporate binder circulating throughout central Europe — with diagrams of the 9-square grid in tow — the packing process appeared to be inspired by Busby Berkeley choreography routines. Growing up, my mom's sculptural sensibility was to cut my peanut butter and jelly sandwiches into rectangles. Secretly though, I always wanted the hard-edged triangles I saw others eating, thinking that somehow their fail-proof symmetrical division would also bring about emotional order.

After Claus joins us in the live / work / play / eat / room, Eva presents a well-manicured packet that seems to be inspired by the sandwiches: aligned edges, clear grid, elegantly proportioned absences in-between shapes, distinct flavors partitioned by material difference. She passes Claus and I each a short sequence of images accompanied by a text explaining their intentions for the Silver Linings show. Florian preemptively challenges the language of the text, casting our readings in a gentle tone of doubt. Written in a manner that is mostly aimed at securing both a physical and intellectual venue, the text addresses addiction.

Architecture, they argue, is a question taking place to the side of your desk. It's what happens when your chef^[ii] has their back turned or is in the other room trying to reconcile their artistic impulses with the services they just mistakenly committed themselves to.

Perle - The conversation begins and most likely ends with the cellophane hanging from Florian's cigarettes. When he opens a new pack, he slides the wrapper to the bottom, pinches it slightly and then turns it upside down to stand on itself. Once pinched, the brittle, transparent wrapper becomes structural. A pocket-sized Unite d' Habitation, the printed red cardboard hovers above the datum of the table almost impossibly. For Eva this gesture goes unnoticed. It's a routine act that falls away from attention somewhere between watching your partner button a shirt, fold a towel, or place groceries into a bag. To me though, he's a dinner table magician, casually revealing his addiction to editing space. I encourage documentation and insist upon the artifact being displayed in the show we met to talk about. He immediately demolishes this pocket building upon hearing this, which is understandable because he wants a cigarette.

Recently we moved apartments. When we began trying to fit our material beings into transportable volumes I was diligent, looking for adjacencies, stacking and tucking things so to be as ordered as possible. After I'd grown tired of it and wanted out of the process, I quit treating it like an exercise in urban planning and submitted to piling. Well after the move though, I still find myself getting annoyed at the boxes I neglected; their objects seem to suffer.

Sometimes I try to imagine how all of the things in my pockets relate to one another when they're out of sight. I also like to watch people move food around their plates. My brother uses a fork and knife like a true American: the knife serves the singular purpose of cutting, and it's used like a blunt hacksaw. His fingers don't quite seem to understand the shape of eating, and from what I've been told, neither do mine. I'm slightly irritated yet admire watching people in Vienna waltz with tableware. I'm jealous because it's too late for me to introduce a new set of dance moves into my eating repertoire; I set down my knife when I use the fork. For them — this cloud of mystically refined eaters — both hands are a single unit: piles are swept and reformed effortlessly to their will, micro performances eroding away at material constellations with each bite.

There's this shitty little bar that I go to regularly which a friend of mine calls 'Cock n' Balls'. I understand just enough German to ignore the occasional arguments and buzz of competitive dart playing that fills the corners of the oak flavored room while I work on things. Today, Guns and Roses plays over the

speakers while a flock of bikers chase each other across the TV. When the camera is close it looks like utter chaos; limbs, chrome and tight shorts overlap without any clear differentiation. When the camera shifts to the aerial though, the lines of movement are clear; the field disappears into a shape as smooth as the Viennese cutlery waltz. Some days they play strongmen competitions on repeat.

Panchos - I wasn't so concerned with the cracks in a sidewalk or the politics of a curb until my son recently went from crawling to immediate and uninhibited running. Claus jumps in anticipation of an accident with the reflexes and elegance of a frightened deer. I cringe and step back; a beached whale held captive by an imagination that shamefully folds in upon itself. Both my son and a lecture by Jeff Kipnis recently informed me that the ground plane was the last and possibly most pressing political acts. I still spend most of my time looking toward the top edges of buildings where the advertisement of a city ends though.

The lattice of the metal chair at Panchos is enough to put anybody to sleep. Over a burrito and some nachos, which Florian and Eva waltz through with fork and knife, the choreography of display brings about predictable disagreements. The question of how a figure is in plan — and how it structures the social — spans a few drinks. Fields in relation to wandering, a few more. Eva and I like our sandwich boxes as concepts, totalizing and diagrammatic models that test assumptions. Florian, like Serra,^[iii] wants to experience the model in perspective as material, and in real-time as it's designed. Disjoined linearity, misaligned labeling, and the magnetism of booze enter the stage of our table. We pay, then leave the table and night after what felt like a well-earned conversation. As we part, Eva explains how to draw where she stands to Florian without saying a word. I walk home fantasizing about the inevitable collision of spatial practices left on the table.

^[i] Specifically his *Fagus Works* (1913) and *Bauhaus* (1925) buildings.

^[ii] In German, '*Chef*' translates to '*boss*'. This false-friend has led me to believe many Austrians have personal cooks on the job site at all times.

^[iii] See Richard Serra's "*Notes from Sight Point Road*" first published in *Perspecta* 1, 1982.