Degradation followed display. Razed and emptied, the image was treated like the lowest of things. Images were broken, burned, toppled, beheaded and hanged. They were spat, pissed and shot on, tossed into toilets, sewers, fountains, canals, rivers, rubble heaps, garbage dumps, pigsties and chateau de chaises, and poorly handled in brothels and inns. Stone statues were used as cobblestones, keytones and flint, or were modified to represent something new. A statue of the Virgin was turned into a personification of Justice simply by removing the Christ child and replacing him with scales. Wooden statues became table ornaments and toys, or were sold on the markets as firewood or distributed free to the poor. Images were taken from the church, broken and buried in a hole before the cathedral, where they would lie until Judgement Day. It takes two to make a thing go right. With famous books, the first time is already the second, since we approach them already knowing them. The cautious common saying of re-reading the classics turns out to be an innocent vileness. We are always somehow re-reading a classic because we have encountered some previous incensation of it -- a reflection -- in other stories, texts, or versions. What are the many versions if not diverse perspectives of a moveable event. It is not a long experimental assortment of omissions and emphases. Just about everything has been photoshopped. Probably, it is about what five people think this reality consists of. How an incident happens may reflect nothing about the incident itself but it must reflect something about the person involved in the happening and supplying the how. Five People interpret an action and each interpretation is different because in the telling and in the retelling, the people reveal not the action but themselves. For the first time several months ago, I spent hours looking at the facade of the cathedral; but only when I bought a book on the cathedral a week later did I really see it. The photographs enabled me to see in a way that my naked eye could not possibly see the cathedral. Same, same but different. If no one drawing should simply answer the personal taste, there will yet be found a variety of hints, sufficient to construct a new one. I am confident I can convince all who will honor me with their commands, that every design can be improved, both as to beauty and enrichment in the execution of it. Every writer creates his precursors. I express unlimited thanks to all the authors that have in the past, by compiling from remarkable instances of skill, provided us with abundant materials of different kinds. Drawing from them as it were water from springs, and converting them to our own purposes, we find our own powers of writing rendered more fluent and easy, and relying upon such authorities, we venture to produce new systems of instruction. The function proper to knowledge is interpreting. Scriptural commentary, commentaries on Ancient authors, on the accounts of travelers, on legends and fables; none of these forms of discourse is required to justify its claim to be expressing a truth before it is interpreted; all that is required of it is the possibility of talking about it. There is more work in interpreting interpretations than in interpreting things. And more books about books than any other subject. Multiplication of an icon, far from diluting its cultic power, rather increases its fame, and each image, however imperfect, conventionally parries some portion of the properties of the precursor. Much Roman sculpture is Greek in style and subject, and most of these Greek-looking works have been assumed for at least a century to be reproductions of lost works by Greek artists. Some now appear to be Roman creations, and even those that are reproductions are not considered mechanical ones. The theory that they were made with a painting machine, similar to the one invented in the eighteenth century for making mechanically exact copies, has been discarded. This shift entails moving to the more recent revisionist theory that draws attention to the Romans’ programmatic use of repeated, recognizable, often famous, but not necessarily Greek, images. These images announced the use of a particular type of building and were valued for their subject matter rather than their formal or iconographic origin, creators, or style. A corpse, a dog, a stork, a gold coin, the color red and two derwishes from the mountain village resemble one another completely, without it being possible for anyone to say which of them brought its similitude to the other. Flesh is a globe, bones are rocks, veins great rivers, the bladder is the sea and the seven principal organs are the metals hidden in the shafts of mines. The more images, mediations, intermediaries, icons are multiplied and overtly fabricated, explicitly and publicly constructed, the more respect I have for their capacities to welcome, to gather, to recollected meaning and anomaly. The multiverse is composed of a quantum superposition of infinitely many, increasingly divergent, non-communicating parallel universes or quantum worlds. Every historical what-if compatible with the initial conditions and physical law is realized. All outcomes exist simultaneously but do not interfere further with each other, each single prior world having split into mutually unobservable but equally real worlds. Double the trouble. Double your pleasure, double your fun. Every lie creates a parallel world, the World in which its true. It is a frequent habit, when i discover several resemblances between two things, to attribute to both equally, even on points in which they are in reality different, that which i have recognized to be true of only one of them. Combined with this was another perspicacity -- an innate preference for the represented subject over the real one: the defect of the real one was so apt to be a lack of representation. I liked things that appeared; then one was sure. Whether they were not or was a subordinate and almost always a proflrest question. A sculpture cannot merely be copied but always only staged or performed. It begins to function like a piece of music, whose score is not identical to the piece -- the score being not audible, but silent. For the music to resound, it has to be performed. Touched with a hammer ass with a tuning fork, i look every chance in my pot. It's The Real Thing.
W.A.G.E. (Working Artists and the Greater Economy)

W.A.G.E. works to draw attention to economic inequalities that exist in the arts and to resolve them.

W.A.G.E. has been formed because we, as visual + performance artists and independent curators, provide a work force and do not receive compensation as ‘exposure’. Art advocacy organizations haven’t been successful in implementing any basic economic fee schedules or legal oversight of cultural workers. We’re asking for payment for our time and services. To assume that this system is fine the way it is is detrimental to us as cultural creators who are not working in the art world. To maintain a diverse, robust arts community.

W.A.G.E. refuses the absurdist flavors of capitalism.

We reject the fundamentals of a market system that sells profit over wages and scoffs at the economic well-being of communities. W.A.G.E. refuses the absurdist flavors of capitalism.

There's a palpable hysteria both in perception and reaction to shifts in the economy and employment markets. Labor organizing was successfully dismantled by both neo-conservative and neo-liberal U.S. economic policy. This economic policy has led to a turn, shifted middle-class economic survival from wages to credit. This mantra has spread from the financial market to the culture.

Cultural workers are the foundational workers of a market system that seeks profits over wages and is subject to little or no oversight. They choose to support the aims of art institutions in the U.S. These artists are being asked to support the functionality of an ethical economic system that recognizes an inherent exploitation and demands compensation. Cultural workers aren't looking for a bailout, devising speculative fantasies to break the bank, nor are we concerned about an artist’s income or career. The studios of W.A.G.E. believe that the promise of exposure is a liability in a system that denies the value of our labor. At no time have we seen labor force within a robust art market from which others profit greatly.

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W.A.G.E. advocates an environment of mutual respect between artist and institution.

We demand payment for making the world more interesting.

Likes late-capitalist endgames, hates artists

Cultural workers in the U.S. are exploited by an economic system that is supposed to pay for services rendered, but refuses to do so. Under a through an understanding agreement between cultural institutions and artists, payment for work must be an observable part of the cultural capital, known as 'exposure'. Art advocacy organizations haven't been successful in implementing any basic economic fee schedules or legal oversight of cultural workers. There is no code prevents artists from writing-off the full market value of a donated work, only allowing for the ‘material costs’ (collectors, however, can write-off the full market value of their donations; see www.workforwork.com/act09.html). We receive no royalties of our work. Cultural workers must be paid by the institutions that request their services (see CARFAC's fee schedule requested by Cleopatra's). Inability to work is a full time job. Cultural creators should rely on their donations, see www.wageforwork.com/act09.html; we receive no monies for his organization of the retrospective, the requested speaking engagements, his film rentals - subsequent cleaning expenses, or his travel expenses. As a response, he composed a letter outlining the industries he supports by making his films: the film and camera manufacturers, processing labs, lens grinders, print labs, etc. as well as the entire museum staff, who would ever-so-gently explain to him that they could not provide their services to him for ‘love and honour’, be, of course, was the only one not being paid for his work. This was 35 years ago, and the terms have largely remained unchanged, except for the cost of living. As cultural workers, we must be free to be able to work for free, exploited in a system that fancifully denies the value of our labor, as well as our economic realities.

all talk, no action

New York’s New Museum director Lisa Phillips stated in Time Out (#678) “We have to make sure that artists and cultural creators and a mix of income levels are supported by the city.” The New Museum has no policies concerning the payment of artists’ fees and expenses. Rhetoric will not suffice as a means for our survival. We can look to other countries’ models to know that W.A.G.E. demands participation in the arts. These players comprise a central part of our community, but they’re focusing on the wrong axes of the market. We’re asking that they serve as our advocates rather than our adversaries— that they champion the exploitation and demands compensation of an economic system that maintains a diverse, robust arts community.

*we know about the $80 billion dollar trading market of our work.

sugar-free maple syrup and non-dairy creamer: the flavors of capitalism

There’s a palpable hysteria both in perception and reaction to shifts in the economy and employment markets. Labor organizing was successfully dismantled by both neo-conservative and neo-liberal U.S. economic policy. This economic policy has led to a turn, shifted middle-class economic survival from wages to credit. This mantra has spread from the financial market to the culture. W.A.G.E. demands that the fundamentals of a market system that seeks profits over wages and is subject to little or no oversight be firmly implemented in U.S. art institutions as a matter of policy. That effort corresponds logically and fairly to shifts on the part of the artists and independent curators who demand to be compensated for their work.

Free to work for free and free is not for me

Most artists, performers and independent curators have secondary and tertiary ‘day jobs’ as assistants, writers, graphic artists, teachers, construction workers, waiters, art handlers, personal gofers, bar tenders, administrators, carpenters, massage therapists, stylists, designers, editors, etc. etc. Many float from one odd job to the next. We attempt to carry consistent full-time or part-time jobs despite the fact that our artistic work is also a full-time commitment, and often requires the ability to not work at all for a week, or two, or three or more at a time while having made enough money to ‘float’. Many artists ‘binge’ work, both for their art and their day-job. Even ‘successful’ artists are constantly hustling financially. There’s a tiny, finite number of artists who can actually live solely off the sale of their artwork. Artists who take their work seriously are working at whatever moment they’re not meeting their personal fiscal requirements at another job. Hollis Frampton addressed this in a letter he composed to the Museum of Modern Art in New York City in 1973, when the museum offered to ‘pay him in love and honor, with no monies offered.’ No monies for his organization of the retrospective, the requested speaking engagements, his film rentals - subsequent cleaning expenses, or his travel expenses. As a response, he composed a letter outlining the industries he supports by making his films: the film and camera manufacturers, processing labs, lens grinders, print labs, etc. as well as the entire museum staff, who would ever-so-gently explain to him that they could not provide their services to him for ‘love and honour’, be, of course, was the only one not being paid for his work. This was 35 years ago, and the terms have largely remained unchanged, except for the cost of living. As cultural workers, we must be free to be able to work for free, exploited in a system that fancifully denies the value of our labor, as well as our economic realities.

Originally published in Humanities Center 6, 2010

CONTRIBUTION REQUESTED BY CLEOPATRA'S

CLEOPATRA’S PRESENTS W.A.G.E.
My five-year-old son asked me recently what nothing was.

So used to having immediate responses to his innocent questions, I almost blurted out an answer like "the sky" or "outer space." But I quickly thought twice about it.

It's not the sky of course. Water vapor, greenhouse gases, dust particles just to name a few things make up the sky.

Space? Well that's a little closer I suppose. But even at its most vacuous there are still particles of some kind, no matter how minute.

So it's not nothing.

I found myself really considering the question for the first time.

What is nothing?

My son grew impatient, he wanted an answer. I told him I would have one for him the next day, sure he would forget.

He didn't.

At breakfast he asked me again first thing.

Dad, what is nothing?

I had forgotten though, totally neglecting my promise. I was still at a loss. Luckily, before I could admit my absentmindedness, my son suddenly lost interest and left the kitchen table to pursue something else entirely.

I smiled.

But the matter was far from resolved. His question had planted a seed. My mind kept working on it.

Nothing, nothing, nothing...

The first thing that comes to mind, of course is this inky void of blackness. But it just seems so cliché. Besides, what's the blackness composed of? Blackness is something.

Maybe it's a glowing whiteness? But that's still not nothing.

Can nothing have a color? I chuckled at this. Is nothing painted?

Why not salmon or chartreuse?

Well you can't paint nothing. I felt confident about that.

So I kept trying to wrap my mind around it.

Nothing, nothing, nothing...

In the shower I would consider it. While eating a sandwich, or stuck in traffic, or watching television there it was.

I'd be making dinner and would find myself totally immersed in the question as it revolved endlessly in my mind.

Nothing, nothing, nothing...

If I imagine this void then it's an image, or a thought. A thought is something, a series of chemical reactions in the brain.

Measurable.

You shouldn't be able to measure nothing.

It was starting to get to me. Maybe it's an experience? But that's still something. And there has to be someone experiencing it anyway.

A concept.

But that runs into the same problem: if you're conceiving of it, then already there is an observer, there is something being conceived of and that something is not nothing. So how can one even conceive of it?

Nothing can only exist if there is nothing outside of it to conceive of its existence. The second there is anything separate from nothing in order to conceive of it as nothing, then it automatically becomes something due to the fact that there is something that is not nothing calling it nothing which makes nothing become something.

So nothing exists only if there is nothing outside of it to conceive of it or call it so. But can anything exist if there is no conception or experience of it in any way? Wait, though, how can nothing exist? For it to exist then it has to be something. If nothing can be outside of nothingness for it to truly be nothing then does that mean that nothing is actually everything?

Nothing is everything?

Everything is nothing?

After contemplating all of this for some time the answer finally occurred to me:

I don't have a son.

Besse Berry Cooper (née Brown; born August 26, 1896) is an American supercentenarian. After the death of Eunice Sanborn on January 31, 2011, she became the world's oldest living person. Since March 2011, she has been listed as one of the 40 verified oldest people ever.

Cooper was born Besse Brown in Sullivan County, Tennessee, the third of eight children. She graduated from East Tennessee Normal School, in 1916, and was a teacher in her native Tennessee before moving to Georgia, near the beginning of World War I. There, she taught at the Between School, in Between, Georgia.

Cooper married Luther Cooper in 1924, and was widowed in 1963. Cooper became Georgia's oldest resident on January 19, 2009, following the death of 113-year-old Beatrice Farve. As of her 114th birthday, Cooper had four children, eleven grandchildren, fifteen great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild.
Flower Garden Logo for the World Intellectual Property Organization (WIPO) an Agency of the United Nations for Possible Press and to be colored in Plantings at the Kongresshaus in Biel/Bienne, Switzerland

1. Gray, Standard Hydrangea "Puting Chrysanthemum"
2. Pink, Standard 'Hydrangea "Full Garden Chrysanthemum"
3. Red, Standard Hydrangea "Full Garden Chrysanthemum"
4. Light Blue, Standard 'Hydrangea "Full Garden Chrysanthemum"
5. Dark Blue, Standard Hydrangea "Full Garden Chrysanthemum"
6. Green, Standard Hydrangea "Full Garden Chrysanthemum"
7. Light Green, Standard Hydrangea "Full Garden Chrysanthemum"
8. White, Standard Hydrangea "Full Garden Chrysanthemum"
9. Orange, Standard 'Hydrangea "Full Garden Chrysanthemum"
10. Light Orange, Standard 'Hydrangea "Full Garden Chrysanthemum"
11. Purple, Standard Hydrangea "Full Garden Chrysanthemum"
PETER COFFIN
UNTITLED (WORLD INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY ORGANIZATION)
2009
COURTESY OF THE ARTIST
I can’t think the way I used to think. I think differently now.

diplopia  
nerve damage  
simultaneous perception of two images from a single object  

misaligned table  
connected elsewhere  
directed elsewhere  
doubts  
doubthinks  

amblyopia  
dim vision  
lazy brain  
virtual image  
poor spatial equity  
motion parallax  
table parallax  
apparent position  

split decision  
supervision  

double up  
double w  
double you  

parallel worlds  
multiple universes  
visual stutter  

substance fluidity  
personal and alienating  

BETH CAMPBELL

Oh, let us tear the bolts from the armored bulldozer and leave them to rust on free, open land. We will use them as a mordant to affix to wool the dye from flowers of the spectrum. For Rachel Corrie’s death shroud – safflowers, tansies, goldenrod, hibiscus, dahlias, marigolds, yellow cosmos, heather – everything beautiful and living we can find.

VII

BETH CAMPBELL

REFERENCE GALLERY

OUR ONLY SALE THIS YEAR

ELLEN LESPERANCE

MARCH 16, 2003
Cristina Bodnarescu:

00:03-00:01: Rază de soare dansa cu vântul şi cealaltă fată nu înţelegea cu cine dansa, credea că dansează singur. 

Sun Ray was dancing with the wind and the other girl did not understand with whom was he dancing, so she thought that maybe he was dancing by himself.

00:21-00:25: Se mai așeza din când în când, se mai rotea, dar tot cu vântul...

He was sitting occasionally, rotating, but still with the wind...

00:36-00:42: Vântul era din când în când mai tare sau mai potolit...

The wind was either hard or soft...

00:58-01:24: şi la un moment dat s-a şi oprit.... Apoi PINKI (???) s-a așezat jos ... stătea şi se gandea şi nu știa exact ce să facă, pentru că cealaltă fată trebuia să-i spună exact ce să facă...

At a certain moment he stopped. then PINKI sat down. he/she sat down and thought about not knowing what to do... because the other girl had to do this...

01:39-01:45: şi astepta o voce care să-i spună exact ce să facă.

So he was waiting for a voice to tell him/her what to do.

02:02-02:07: A dansat ce-a dansat şi-apoi a fost pusă să cadă.

She/ he danced again and again, until she/he was told to fall.

02:14: incet

Slowly

02:29: şi așa s-a terminat exerciţiul.

And so the exercise finished.

Johanna Billing

TRANSCRIPT FROM “I'M LOST WITHOUT YOUR RHYTHM” CHOREOGRAPHY WORKSHOP
IN IASI, ROMANIA 2008, FEATURING CRISTINA BODNARESCU
DESIGN BY ÅBAKE
A friend skyped me a few days after the quake. Is everything ok with your family, she wrote, are they coming back to the US? I thought, why do people have to assume that the US is home to everyone. Going vs going back. I have always struggled with those words. Simply adding "back" to the word "coming" carries the implication that you don't belong in the place that you are in. "Going back" transports you to the place you came from, to the place you were supposed to be. Here always assume that the US is home to everyone. Going vs going back. I have always struggled with those words. Simply adding "back" to the word "coming" carries the implication that you don't belong in the place that you are in. "Going back" transports you to the place you came from, to the place you were supposed to be. Here always assume that the US is home to everyone. Going vs going back. I have always struggled with those words. Simply adding "back" to the word "coming" carries the implication that you don't belong in the place that you are in. "Going back" transports you to the place you came from, to the place you were supposed to be. Here always assume that the US is home to everyone. Going vs going back. I have always struggled with those words. Simply adding "back" to the word "coming" carries the implication that you don't belong in the place that you are in. "Going back" transports you to the place you came from, to the place you were supposed to be. Here always assume that the US is home to everyone. Going vs going back. I have always struggled with those words. Simply adding "back" to the word "coming" carries the implication that you don't belong in the place that you are in. "Going back" transports you to the place you came from, to the place you were supposed to be. Here always assume that the US is home to everyone. Going vs going back. I have always struggled with those words. Simply adding "back" to the word "coming" carries the implication that you don't belong in the place that you are in. "Going back" transports you to the place you came from, to the place you were supposed to be. Here always assume that the US is home to everyone. Going vs going back. I have always struggled with those words. Simply adding "back" to the word "coming" carries the implication that you don't belong in the place that you are in. "Going back" transports you to the place you came from, to the place you were supposed to be. Here always assume that the US is home to everyone. Going vs going back. I have always struggled with those words. Simply adding "back" to the word "coming" carries the implication that you don't belong in the place that you are in. "Going back" transports you to the place you came from, to the place you were supposed to be. Here always assume that the US is home to everyone. Going vs going back. I have always struggled with those words. Simply adding "back" to the word "coming" carries the implication that you don't belong in the place that you are in. "Going back" transports you to the place you came from, to the place you were supposed to be. Here always assume that the US is home to everyone. Going vs going back. I have always struggled with those words. Simply adding "back" to the word "coming" carries the implication that you don't belong in the place that you are in. "Going back" transports you to the place you came from, to the place you were supposed to be. Here always assume that the US is home to everyone. Going vs going back. I have always struggled with those words. Simply adding "back" to the word "coming" carries the implication that you don't belong in the place that you are in. "Going back" transports you to the place you came from, to the place you were supposed to be. Here always assume that the US is home to everyone. Going vs going back.