

CENTER for EXPERIMENTAL LECTURES

September 4, 2016—The Shandaken Project at Storm King Art Center
New Windsor, NY
<http://experimentallecures.org>

28 Speculative Artworks by Andrianna Campbell

[At Noguchi's Momo Taro, 1977–78]

Come up, come close, come up over the top of the lip and really take in the sculpture. You can actually climb on the Noguchi or even sit in the oval form.

OK, so, basically this talk is a series of speculative proposals that I have asked artists who I have interviewed or worked with to contribute. And I'm just going to start reading the talk but I wanted you to get a general idea of where this began.

I wanted to start on the hilltop for many reasons. I thought on a clear day such as this it would give us a bird's eye view of the magnificence of the sculptural park. Of its pits and peaks and the smattering of works that define this merger of nature and culture. So we're here for practical reasons—so that we can see the landscape—but also for ones that are important to my efforts as an art historian, and particularly to the talk that I have woven together today. It feels so natural for me to begin here with Noguchi, who I wrote a paper on in my second year of graduate school. It was a turning point in my career as a scholar when I recognized the gift of writing, with its ability to enrich what we know about artists and objects, but most importantly as its own agent, as a means to interact with the unknown, to envision an ever-evolving present and perhaps to make visible what we cannot see.

So I don't know how much any of you know about Noguchi, but he's one of those artists that really intersected with many different careers. As a young man in 1927, he won a Guggenheim and on his way to India he actually stopped in Paris. And there he became fast friends with Alexander Calder, who friends called Sandy, and whose works you can see quite clearly over there. And also, he began to work in the studio of Constantin Brancusi making bases. After six months of working solely on the bases and on none of the art work, Brancusi came to him and said "no big trees grow in the shadow of another big tree," and at this moment encouraging the young Noguchi to leave the studio. But the time in Brancusi's studio had a profound impact on the young artist. Later pieces, such as *Birds Nesting*, *Bird's Song* and even *Momo Taro*, which is what we are sitting on right here, evidence what is an enduring dialogue between Noguchi and Brancusi. This latter piece is from 1977—is inspired by the story of a folk-hero who emerged from the hollow of a peach—but its formal precursor can be seen as early as 1928, in the early pieces that Noguchi made after leaving Brancusi's studio, pieces such as *Quartered Sphere* from 1928. So I think of this relationship because it addresses so much of the logic of time,

and their attraction to myth. If part of the later ascension of postmodernism was to question the meta-narrative, that is the stories of heroes and myths, and in general the maintenance of power structures therein, I as an art historian having internalized these Foucauldian aims; however, today I would like to return to the mythic with a knowledge of its pitfalls... of its impulse to exclude others and to assimilate difference. Perhaps we can have the grandeur of the mythic without its exclusionary tendencies.

What is it about the mythic that tugs at our need for continuity between generations, and perhaps our need for models by which to work? Akin to the stories of old about shepherders who became artists that were so prevalent in the Renaissance, or even about the discovery of contour, the discovery of drawing, the mythic preserves and pervades. After all, the story of the big tree that could not allow a small tree to grow in its shadow is one that is not just told about Brancusi and Noguchi, it's one that is also told about Brancusi when he worked in the studio of Rodin and so we assume it to be a fiction. We do not know if the story was true, if these words were actually spoken between these artists, but we do know that until the end of his life Noguchi stated the impact of Brancusi. While working on the same sculpture that you see here he was also involved in creating what he called a theater of his life, going as far as to say, "we are a landscape of all we have seen." It seems so perfect that this is a place to start in the landscape of our inner life.

And here is where my own understanding of the role of art and artists in my life led me to assemble this talk as tidbits, thoughts, remembrances, and solicitations for fictional projects from artists that I have curated into exhibitions, interviewed and many I consider close friends. Friends whose works have already found their home here, from John Newman's *Wits' End* in the North Woods to Peter Coffin's *Untitled (Bees Making Honey)* in the South Fields were not asked for fictional commissions because the visible is already lauded, right, things that have already come to fruition have already gotten attention. I wanted to experiment with a lecture of what we cannot see. But what if we are also in a landscape that is all that we have not seen, and I hope that all that we desire to see here.

So, when I made the list of artists, Shannon Ebner was at the top that list, and we had spent so little time in the same room, but endless hours on the phone, talking about art. Our conversations often beginning on one subject and looping endlessly back around on itself into parallel interests of graphic type, but also of graphic character. Shannon writes:

The unrealized project is called *Garden Path Sentence*, but could just as easily be called *Colorless Green Ideas Sleep Furiously*, the famous sentence written by Noam Chomsky that is grammatically correct but nonsensical. A concise definition of the Garden Path Sentence from an essay called "America Garden Path Phenomena and the Grammatical Basis of Language Processing" by Bradley L. Pritchett is this: "Evidence from processing breakdown (Garden Path Phenomena) reveals the conditions under which local ambiguity results in unprocessable sentences."¹

The GPS [Garden Path Sentence] that Ebner proposes would be constructed of vertical cinderblocks and form a loose spiral that a viewer could walk amongst and between to wind up in a rather large open field circle, which I picture to be grassy but could just as easily be dirt floor or poured concrete base, that might be too cold and institutional but could be a ground that is a little more wild, an unregulated surface.

The Garden Path Sentence is to say:
Natural language in the form of this sentence is as un
Natural language in the form of this sentence is a sun

The processing breakdown rests on the unrest of "is an unnatural" and/or "this sentence is a sun." Other examples of the garden path sentence from my notes from 2011 are:

Kit could not see the war from here there was no news.
Kat could not see the war from home there was no news.
Will could not see the war from home there was no news.
Will could not picture the war from home there was no news.
The general could not see the war from home there was no news.
Will could not capture the image of the war from home there was no news.

Next proposal: KRM Mooney invited me to their studio in San Francisco. I never made it. I never made formal contact beyond standing on bones with them at Carissa Rodriguez's exhibition at the Wattis. But then I saw their work in a show that also included Shannon and I wrote a review that I later had my Grad students read about how I was starting to think about identity today. That Mooney begins their description talking about Donna Haraway speaks to the distributed and often spectral nature of identity, how consciousness can spread across non-cognitive and robotic technologies.

Mooney writes:

Haraway sets up a course of active relations, a series of contact zones for the sport of agility. Through an exercise of interweaving movements between objects, dogs, and humans, she demonstrates her specialized knowledge of this particular practice of multi-species co-shaping. To account for the arrival of this event, we will be situated in a large open space, a grassy field, about one hundred by one hundred square feet, held open for this purpose. There will be compositions of objects such as a triple bar jumps, panel jumps, weave poles and closed tunnels of various lengths, contact obstacles called things like pause (5 seconds) and over and under. I would feel strange taking credit for this arranged event as an artwork, since it's merely a series of arrivals, an acute organization between many different components, some human, some not. This game will open up an important political question about collective lives, one that I've adapted as I try to enter any given space or exhibition with my work, but especially particular to site.

[At next location]

RJ Messineo and met at Miss Porter's, an all girls boarding school in Farmington CT when I was 17 and they were 16. I was a Latin nerd and art student who made dark brooding expressionist paintings in studio until curfew in the dorms. RJ was there alongside. Later RJ went to Cornell and I went to RISD. When I wanted to stop making art RJ came to visit and told me it would be ok. Later when they graduated from UCLA, I popped in the studio to looking at paintings made from building materials.

RJ writes:

I propose to build a gazebo like sculpture in a big beautiful sloping field somewhere between a yard and meadow maybe halfway down with sweeping views of woods to surround it. This Gazebo is based on a memory of a gazebo that I would make an effort to pass daily on a walk I would take with my infant daughter (now 7) through our suburban neighborhood just west of St Louis MO. It stood somewhere in the middle of a flat rectangular backyard lot separated from the sidewalk by a wall of low box trimmed hedges. I remember it best in winter when the aged grey grain of the wood pushing through the white painted surfaces echoed perfectly the trees and the snow. I have shown pictures of it to others many times and they have had to agree, despite my poor photography.

[At next location]

Thomas Ovlisen and I met freshman year of RISD in a hallway. We were involved in a fight with those large colorful water noodles. It was one of those days that remains fresh in memory. Dan Colen was there, and other people that would go on to big careers. A decade later, I visited Thomas in his studio in Denmark. The landscape looked a bit like this, which explains so much his proposal for a Future Techno Fossil Amphi Theater.

He writes:

Market demanded longevity has been a dominating factor in the arts of our post-industrial society. In the modern times there had other existential reasons and the cave painters probably didn't care. What is interesting is if we think about it techno-fossils describe our current society in a perspective of millions of years. And now the Anthropocene suggests that we have already created a layer in the earth's crust with plastic sediments. The first time in all of creation that man-made materials dominate.

I suggest creating a physical platform of a refurbished prefabricated fiber glass overturned swimming pool. Above hovering a similar but slightly larger swimming pool supported by artificial palm tree stems. This will be a Future Techno Fossil Amphi Theater. Slowly consumed by natural growth from the ground and the sky. It will last forever. At present it will facilitate entertainment. In millions of years it will be a testament to over evolution from water to land and then to dust again and to the blink of an eye that our time represents.

[At next location]

I wanted to walk to this lookout for some proposals about domesticity and play. I wanted more humor from these proposals, but perhaps the summer has been too dark for that kind of play. I don't know how I came to know Simone Leigh but I know I didn't know her when I interviewed her for a book I edited on "collaboration." Simone then asked me to interview her for a prize she won, and I wanted her to be a part of this because she's always thinking about black female subjectivity—something I obviously gravitate towards—while always trying to complicate the assumption that the black body has to be depicted to describe the fugitive nature of blackness.

Leigh told me her proposal over the phone. She was about to go give a talk in relation to her show at the New Museum and had just gotten back from preparing her Tate show in London. And even more recently had just finished her installation of Imba huts in the Marcus Garvey Park with the Studio Museum. She loved the huts but stated that works in New York City could not be entered in public parks. So she wanted to make Imbas as a sculpture, in a sculpture park like Storm King, where you could actually go inside, because that was integral to their power.

I don't know if you know what an Imba hut is, but the *imba yokubikira*, or kitchen house, are based on others from Shona-speaking rural areas in Zimbabwe. These round, clay-and-thatch structures are arranged in a cluster to suggest community. In the old days, the door, or the *goni*, of a Mushona hut consisted of one big plank of about four by three thick cut from a single tree. The floor was of a hard-beaten clay and a ledge, or skirting-board, also of clay, ran around the hut. It was about six inches high and six inches deep. The floor, the dresser, and the ledge would all be smeared recently with fresh cow dung. The walls of the hut were of bush poles roughly plastered with mud on the inside, but not on the outside. Mushona huts are circular and are roughly thatched with grass. Purlins of grass rope run round inside the hut under the rafters, and split laths of wood are carried round the outside on the top of the grass, and are laced through the inside with bark-rope. There were no beds in the hut, the inhabitants slept on the floor on the mats, of which there are two kinds. In some cases, the position of the beds is marked on the floor by a small trench, which is around two by three, about the same depth. The trench is filled when necessary with water, or in some cases fresh liquid cow dung, and the sleeper is obtain his night's rest safe from the attacks of bugs and other marauders.

What is it about this focus on architectural follies? Barbara Kasten, who I met in 2012 when I was working on my *Decenter* show, and who I have continued to visit in the studio and interview over the years also suggested a domestic space.

Kasten writes:

Conforming to the basic architectural construction of a corner, the outdoor sculpture is made of two right-angled walls with a ceiling. Three clear panels, each made from different colored fluorescent Plexiglas approximately 8 ft. wide x 10 ft. high, create a structure that is transparent and illusive. With a nod to Mies van der Rohe, the modernist glass box is updated in the age of commercial neon plastic and vibrant color. Positioned in a landscape or in an urban setting, sunlight travels across the sculpture casting a changing imprint of the form. At its brightest the sun produces a camera-less image projecting the shape and color on surrounding surfaces. In an overcast moment, a more gentle ambient color mixes with an atmospheric tonality of light. Seating in the corner invites viewers to sit inside, providing a shelter for meditation and contemplation of the existing phenomena of nature's merging with human experience.

It also makes sense that Laurie Simmons would suggest a domestic space. This proposal came at a dinner party. We were looking at the sculpture John Newman had made for her *Kaleidoscope House*, which had been mass-produced in plastic and now occupied a ledge on my bookcase. Laurie wanted to have a full dollhouse in order to play. These are very inexpensive and they were mass-produced, and a way for non-collectors to own art. Laurie writes:

17 years ago I designed a children's toy—a modernist dollhouse called *Kaleidoscope House*. The 1:12 scale modernist architecture features, paintings, photographs and sculpture by Peter Halley, Carroll Dunham, Laurie Simmons, Cindy Sherman, John Newman, Mel Bochner, among others were accompanied by realistic “action figures” of the artist, architect and family. *Kaleidoscope House* came out of an interest in domesticity and in particular the changing practices of home and family. With its sliding transparencies and changing aspects, it will give view to colorful and new playful possibilities.

Laurie made *Kaleidoscope House* because she wanted to photograph it, but also because she wanted to imagine living inside that colorful space and being bathed in the lavender, pink, or orange light depending on her mood or the time of day. She pictures a life-size version of *Kaleidoscope House*, colorful, and particularly beautiful in the rain.

I came to know Thomas Lawson through his criticism, writing, and the first show he curated as a young man on the work of Norman Lewis, who is the subject of my dissertation. I caught up with him in LA this year to talk about Lewis, but I found myself wandering through the studio and looking at his drawings. At that time he talked about a public commission he was doing near Watts Tower, and so I asked him to contribute. He writes:

I have an absurd desire to make a very large painting, something like 10 by 25 feet. Not a big landscape view, and not an abstract pattern of some sort, but a complex figurative composition that would bring together various elements of the human body and its built environment. The inspiration behind this irresistible urge is a recent viewing of several early sixties films shot in CinemaScope, notably Jean-Luc Godard's *A Woman is a Woman*, films that play with extreme close-up and depictions of deep space, the broad instability of the panning shot, the constant relocation of attention from center to periphery, and back. The extreme horizontality of the format sets up a perceptual puzzle about focus, it tends to mean that the eye cannot safely rest but must wander the surface looking for a place to take in the whole.

Shana Lutker I met while she was walking critics and curators through her Hirshhorn show. In that exhibition you could see her deftly unpacking surrealism in tightly organized and researched mise-en-scenes. But here Lutker, in her proposal, takes herself and her work less seriously. She writes:

“What is Surrealism?” Most people know Surrealism is responsible for melting clocks. Not everyone knows that André Breton is responsible for Surrealism. Breton was called both the Pope and the Lion of Surrealism: a real bureaucrat and disciplinarian, a tragic lover, a believer in the power of the written word—with a great head of hair. What better way to memorialize and enshrine his honor than a roller coaster ride through the key moments of his life and Surrealist history. An amusement park ride to bring the glory and deserved spotlight onto Surrealism's founder André Breton. Black and white photography of the early 20th century has obscured one of Breton's most fun characteristics—he wore green, dark green, nearly everyday! And he preferred his drinks to match his outfits. This is an obvious starting point for the development of *What is Surrealism: A wild ride through the life and times of André Breton*.

My solicitations for more humor and less serious proposals also led Rachel Rose to write this:

How about a car expo at Storm King—like how the one at Javitz goes—where different cars are paired alongside the sculptures. A blue Volkswagen in front of the Lichtenstein, a red Tesla SUV by the Serra, you get the idea, etc. etc. etc....

Let us move to the Smiths over here.

[Near a grouping of sculptures by David Smith]

You are welcome to sit in the shade, but if you could just come around these David Smiths, which were actually, many of them, bought at Bolton Landing where Smith had his studio, and it's a really wonderful collection.

So, in my own personal research I write about modern and contemporary art, and my research keeps somehow keeps coming back to David Smith. He was friends with Norman Lewis and so from time to time I come across notes between the artists or installation photographs that show their work side-by-side. I thought we should think about Smith, in particular a piece of writing that I keep coming back to that was published in *Possibilities* in 1947 and 1948, as a way to think about all these fictional proposals that I am reading to you. David Smith writes:

I have never looked at a landscape without seeing other landscapes
I have never seen a landscape without visions of things I desire and despise
[...]
The separate lines of salt errors—[...]
The balance of stone—with gestures to grow
[...]
The landscape is a still life in Chaldean history
[...]
It is bags of melons and prickly pairs
[...]
Its woods are sawed to boards
[...]
It is colored by Indiana gas green
It is steeped in veritable Indian yellow
It is the place I've traveled to and never found
[...]
In the distance it seems threatened by the destruction of gold²

And so, I wanted to think a lot about looking at a landscape without actually thinking about another landscape, and within the landscape itself and how that could elicit desire.

Moving on, a proposal from Eva Lewitt:

Here is my proposal. Proposal for giant inflatable cats dancing atop the New York City skyline. Three pairs of ripstop nylon, inflated cats, tethered to six skyscrapers in New York City. They are large enough to reach one another's paws across, say, Madison Avenue. They are posed as if they are dancing, twirling, flirting, they move with the wind, they dwarf the city: it is their stage.

Proposal for Andrea Geyer. Geyer I met while working on an exhibition called *Decenter*, and I find her critique of Modernism's erasure of the role of women as being so important, and I have asked her again and again to participate in interviews and panels about her research.

This is a proposal she wrote for the Sackler Center—and I think when you look at these Smiths, one of the things that I find to be so helpful in my own research has been, how much Dorothy Dehner, who was his wife, was showing at the same time as Smith and was very very active, and her writing is really important as well, and somehow she has been sidelined in the canonical history of modernism. This is a work that is called *The Idea for Upkeep Grounds*, and it originated in Geyer's work in *Revolt, They Said*, a diagram mapping over 800 women central to the Modernist project in American that was recently exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art. For this she will start with information collected from the map and extend it by diagramming another significant community of women surrounding the Brooklyn Museum, as well as their national and international networks. In this instance the resulting diagram will be turned horizontal, placing it literally on the floor, as a floor plan, that is read and activated by being walked on or performed on.

Another proposal, from Butt Johnson:

At the current intersections of geology, biology and cultural evolution lies what some scientists are calling the Anthropocene, a new geological epoch named for the planetary impact caused by the activities of Homo sapiens. A potent symbol of the vast implications of our new era might be heavy construction machinery, such as excavators and backhoes: machines capable of displacing tons of rock and earth, functionally based on biomimicry and hydraulic engineering, ubiquitous in human settlements across the globe, and painted a bright yellow color beloved by children everywhere. I propose to fully encase two separate large-scale machines, an excavator and a backhoe, in an amber colored transparent material that would mimic fossilized resin. These giant boulder-like forms would reveal the machines suspended upside-down inside, likening them to ancient insects, and inferring their place within the uncut chain of earth's biome. I would like to place the works in urban areas at the crossroads of parkland and cityscape—more specifically, two sites in New York City. One near the entrance to Prospect Park by Grand Army Plaza, and one near the 5th Avenue entrance to Central Park. The Objects' placement at these sites would point to human settlements as natural systems; formed by the forces of geology, biology, and culture. These would be seen in the immediate concrete and stone architecture, wild and landscaped flora, and the epitome of anthropological motion found on the busy streets of Brooklyn and Manhattan. The sculptures would link passersby to a deeper geologic time, both archaic and present; towards a planet currently defined by human actions, and to an unknown future that invokes our own obsolescence.

Here is another proposal, from Nari Ward, and meant to be installed in the Emscher region of Germany:

My visit and tour of the Emscher region was very inspiring. I felt that a very admirable and important project of rejuvenation was being implemented. The industrial monuments also left a remarkable impression. However, as time passed I found myself increasingly intrigued with the politically incorrect and somewhat offensive designation of Negro Town for a community of disadvantaged workers where water was not readily attainable and their dirty demeanor labeled them as Negroes. The odd circumstance as well as the prevalent warning sign "Lebensgefah" (Danger to life) which depicts a black character drowning made me want to rescue this figure. Although this sign serves as a graphic depiction of a body at risk or a direct warning, it struck me that I could reference a new situation for the figure—that his condition could even be a symbol of strength or resilience. My project is to make this drowning, graphic figure equal parts homage to the Dortmund miners and Central African Nkisi power figures, which are containers of spiritual forces used to address problems. I am honoring the human spirit's aspiration to transform our world by energizing the inanimate and crafting power.

Here is another proposal from Steffani Jemison, actually several proposals, many of them quite elaborate:

I propose a site-specific intervention into the television show *Stranger Things*, which will be renamed *Harder Better Faster Stronger Things*, created in collaboration with zombie formalist painter Shonda Rhimes.

I propose a site-specific intervention within Central Park in collaboration with sound installation artist Robin Roberts. This piece is only audible at magic hour, when reflected light fills the shadows. The time and length of the work varies throughout the calendar year; please refer to the project site for schedule information.

I propose a site-specific intervention into Jeff Koons' studio, temporarily free and open to the public, created in collaboration with public sculptor Gabby Douglas and medium-format photographer Laverne Cox. The painted and scratched 35-mm motion picture assumes a sculptural quality when projected at such a large scale; the accompanying broadsheet, containing our collectively generated manifesto, is a theoretical extension of and critical complement to the film.

Let's walk over to the Serra's.

[Looking out over a distant grouping of Richard Serra sculptures]

Oren Pinhassi and I met here at the Shandaken Project residency at Storm King. Sometimes we teased him about being Israeli, about how it colored his worldview. Here he writes a proposal for a memorial for an unseen disaster, or "open tomb graveyard":

According to <https://emergency.cdc.gov/preparedness/kit/water/> you need at least one gallon of water per person per day for three days. A normally active person needs to drink at least one-half gallon of water each day. You will also need water to clean yourself and to cook. This means a family of four needs 12 gallons of water in their emergency supply. The installation will consist of x number of open tombs, bathtubs made out of red brick and mortar. Each of those tubs will hold a readymade of a hundred gallon emergency water storage bags made out of transparent plastic. This archetypal installation will take place in a vast, climate-controlled hangar in an open field in town x in New York, population: 5,000. That means that this town will need at least 15,000 gallons of water for three emergency days, and that amount of water will require the construction of 150 tubs to be laid out in grid formation inside the hangar.

When I asked Lucas Blalock for a contribution he said, "well, I'm a photographer, I don't know if I do installations" and he said, "well maybe I'll give you a proposal for a billboard." But he revised his proposal, and this is what he writes:

In March of 1970 the Weather Underground bombed a version Rodin's *The Thinker* outside of the Cleveland Art Museum in Cleveland, Ohio. There was a discussion of repairing or replacing the work, but in the end it was decided that it would be put back on view in its damaged condition. It is quite a thing to see. I would like to propose to collect a group of figurative works in bronze by other artists, and spanning some years, and then I would like to blow them up on site. In turn, these new sculptures would then be returned to their pedestals for the remainder of the exhibition.

Here is a proposal from Antoine Catala:

The proposal is based on a poem. I can make available to you, but its called *Crack town*, it's about a blackout in London in 2004. Despite the questionable poetry, the idea was to have a chain of lights operate at street level during a blackout (controlled or accidental) of a big city, in this case London. Picture a chain made of many candles or torches, one after another, occupying adjacent streets so the lights spell out a word seen from above. A satellite image would document the work. For this specific project, the chain would spell out Crack Town—because crack consumption is rampant in London.

Danielle Dean was also a resident here at Shandaken, she writes:

My unrealized for Storm King goes untitled right now. I am pretty sure I'm not the only person who has ever thought about this. The idea is to shoot an "End of the World" scene in the park. What would it look like flooded with water? With the sculptures in the park poking out the surface of the vast sea—the taller perhaps Mark di Suvero are more visible, some have their tops barely above water. Alice Aycock's work could almost be a water slide at a quick glance. But in this "world that has ended what we know and has started another" there is a different perspective from under the surface of the water, where a viewpoint can move in any direction—especially in the deepest parts. A viewpoint, be it a fish, a mermaid or plastic bottle pulled deep by the current—their viewpoint can made among and above the sculptures, looking down, whirling through the water—through the legs of Zhang Huan, *Three Legged Buddha*, as if the sculptures are like those bridges that we put into Aquariums or fish bowls, the fish don't need to cross the bridge inside the water. The camera is at the surface and dives down periodically, as if it is snorkeling.

And I invite you to look out at those Serra's, all the way over there, which I had initially intended to walk to but they are much too far away.

David Kennedy Cutler proposes:

Someone old enough to be my father once remarked while looking at my sculptures, "what's your problem with Richard Serra?" There was something in the gestures used to produce my works that seemed to both conjure and defy the titan of sculpture with a capital "S."

When Serra was coming up, the narrative of the world must have felt positively monolithic. When I grew up it was fractured, scattered, divorced and diametrically opposed. When I first saw his *Schunnemunk Fork* at Storm King it was 2003 and I had just started making sculpture. My first impulse was to cover up his work, to camouflage it into the landscape.

Digital and photographic technologies are now at the point where my gesture can be done quickly and efficiently. Photographic representations of the grass surrounding the sculptures could be printed onto tailored slipcovers. The prongs of this fork would be indecipherable from the landscape, obliterated pictorially by the image itself. The work would exist as pure sculptural presence, stripped of iconic stability. Image would cancel image, in a game of deceptions. A temporary gesture on an eternal notion, revealing the mythology within.

[Now at the corridor of maples on Museum Hill]

I invite you to lookout onto the maple tree path up ahead.

Up the maples swoon, the trail, like a cauterized incision and in front of us the grass-blades flop from side to side. Can everyone please take the next minute or so to refrain from walking or communicating in any way. Please close your eyes and if you like, sit or lie on the ground.

[One minute of silence (Ethan Greenbaum's proposal)]

Another proposal, this one from Glenn Ligon:

A site-specific large-scale neon for Ferguson, Staten Island, Cleveland, Baltimore, Baton Rouge, Oakland, Chicago and other cities and in locations like Storm King yet to be determined. The neon will be in white, six-foot high double stroke Helvetica letters mounted on an aluminum support structure. This structure can be surface mounted to a public building façade (courthouse, municipal building, correctional facility, school, library or museum) or suspended in a public atrium, transit hub, mall or any suitable high traffic area. The text will spell out the words "Too Much Lead – Not Enough Gold" and will have an animation that will cause it to blink off and on at a regular interval. The artist will waive his fee for this commission.

I wanted to ask Ken Okiishi to submit a proposal because when I was at Dia I spent so much time with him working on a project online, and his sense of humor, and the way that he thinks about art excited me and I wanted to think about and envision what kind of work he would make in a large physical space.

Okiishi writes:

Isolated in the hottest and sunniest area of South Fields, a walk-in freezer, powered only by solar energy. A clear glass passageway. You can walk inside. You should be able to see it from afar, in the landscape. Ice-crystals, breath, bodies moving through it, condensation in various states of freezing/thawing, solar panels—reflecting, refracting, prismatically processing the sun, often blinding, from a distance and approaching, not like a mirror, but like the snow off a mountain or glaciers up-close or from the window

of a gondola lift as the snow hits the camera of your phone as you snap a photo and it melts against your finger, mid-summer.

11 x 11 x 11 feet, with doors at both sides. Attempts to maintain a constant temperature of 11 degrees Fahrenheit—cloudy days may result in the freezer turning off. This is OK. In the winter, it may be the same temperature inside and out, or it may be warmer inside, or it also might turn off if there is no sun for a few days.

At night, obviously when it runs out of energy, it turns off (unless there was so much sun that day that it runs the whole night). This means that it might also take awhile for it to cool down to 11 degrees again at sunrise. This is also OK.

Visitors must be warned not touch any wet flesh to the frozen surface, or it may burn or painfully stick. Such as tongues.

Another proposal from Hanna Sandin. Sandin writes:

Over the course of the year, I worked with the tree and lawn care professionals in charge of integrating the artworks situated at Storm King within its landscape. Viewed from above, the grounds are manicured in open gridded expanses and clean lines created by the crisscross of mowers: Expert lawn service is about recognizing the true needs of the grounds and developing a tailored approach. A new holistic approach to lawn care was developed by the maintenance team in tandem with their development of a Qi Gong practice based on the movement of plants. Dynamic practice involves fluid movement, usually carefully choreographed, coordinated with breath and awareness, increasing fluid movement, enhancing balance and perception, and improving awareness of how the body moves through space. There are numerous Qi Gong forms, 75 ancient forms and an additional 56 contemporary forms can be found. While many exercises have been taken from animals—the neck movements of the tortoise, the swaying of a bear, or the dance of a white crane—the lawn care professional engaged in the graceful movements of plants. An intensive meditational praxis was established with which they can sense the energy fields of the plants in relation to the works situated within the grounds. Meditative practice utilizing breath awareness, visualization, chanting, sound and focus on philosophical concepts, aesthetics, and ethical precepts guided the staff.

The grid of lawn care was subtly transformed in response to the fluid movements of plants, the eyebeams of the Mark di Suvero melting into sinuous swath of grass, and undulating patters of the lawn directing movement of people in the park in currents rather than in direct lines.

Recently, well, last November, I reviewed a show a Frank Stella show at the Whitney. He liked the review saying that it was one of the best things that had been written about his work in 30 years. At the time, I was very surprised, because in the review I said that his work was very bad. But, bad in a way that I found interesting. At the time I hadn't read the Charles Norton lectures he gave at Harvard about how working space had to be bad. And so a few weeks ago I came up to interview him and asked him for a proposal. This is the proposal he gave me which is based in the Dresden project and which says:

Basically, the urban geometry we are forced to live with is rigid and repetitive. It creates a stultifying and claustrophobic environment... Drawing from the drawings of my Dresden proposal can give an idea of how the geometry of our buildings were intended to function as cityscape. However, in my installation the curved and twisted planes, which make up the exterior surface of the buildings, were meant to integrate themselves into a park landscape. It was thought that the buildings would appear as mountains through the trees, creating a small, natural/organic man-made landscape within an urban setting, providing a little relief from the grid of convenience and conformity. We were hoping to building pavilions in a park, not bunkers in a planning scheme.

Em Rooney is here and we also met at the Shandaken Project residency, and this proposal is *The Circle of Flowers*, I'll read:

“Garden in remembrance of the Choctaw Indians”

“Garden for the End of Times”

“Garden for Outer Space”

On the Eastern side of Route 11, in the town of Livingston, Alabama, there is a plot of land between the Livingston Cemetery and the Scarmuchee River, across the street from the United Methodist church where I would like to plant a bed of Zinnias; a circular one, 17 feet in diameter—a scale replica of the gazebo built around the salt and mineral rich well that made the town desirable to its first European settlers.

Zinnias thrive in places with rich, humus soil like Alabama's Black Belt. Despite their aptitude for acclimating to various soil types and weather conditions, they are a desert flower. A shrub. Small bastions of color in a sandy, brown, landscape. Their petals are dense and vibrant, their season long. They reseed themselves. Excellent companion plants, they inspire health in their neighbors.

A Zinnia was the first flower to bloom outside of the Earth's Biosphere; it may be the last to bloom within it.

The flowerbed will be planted with 3,000 seeds to memorialize the number of Choctaw Indians, the original inhabitants of Livingston, who died in the Trail of Tears. The dimension of the garden will match the diameter of the gazebo around the town's well—dug by a blind mule who drove an auger everyday for three years until the well's completion in 1857.

This Circle of Flowers will be a place or remember of and mourning for the genocide and oppression of Native peoples, especially in the area of Sumter County.

The Circle of Flowers will be a monument to a drier future.

The Circle of Flowers will be a place to reflect on the possibilities for our afterlife, to give thanks to our natural resources, and to pray for their survival.

That was the last proposal and I want to offer some summations on what these proposals mean for me.

I thought Em's proposal would bring some finality to this talk, which probably has been very fragmentary, but was really a reflection on the state of, I think, obsolescence that we see, this kind of feeling that everything is changing, and this new age of the Anthropocene that so many of the artists mention in these proposals. And there seems to be a move away from the monumental gesture, to things that are unmonumental, things that are natural, things that are changing.

The predominant question of the modern era has been the question of space. If we can recognize that the innovation of Freudian psychoanalysis at the turn of the twentieth century as an exploration of the space of mind, then we could come to understand how our visualization of mental spaces would be modeled on physical spaces. We could also come to understand how parallel these worlds can be and how they can be interfaced. With sculpture, installation, land art, the question of space is primary. But what if it is really a question that is a red herring, meant to lead us away from what I find to be primary for my own writing, which is the question of the encounter. What if we can define encounters based on writing. What if language can be the intermediary of experience? That is, language having faced the epistemological challenges of post-modernism, and can now return to an obsession with aesthetics in order to make the invisibility inherent in the encounter visible. What if language in its invisibility can theorize the encounter and deposit desire into our humdrum lives. That is a possibility and potential of fiction, and one reason I have asked for these proposals. Lately, I

can't help but think of the study of Ecopsychology, which examines the relationship between nature and humans through ecological and psychological standards. How can we expand the connection between individuals and the natural world, understanding that we are not apart and alienated, but constituted of, and constitutive of, both? What if nature and culture are distributed? What if language stands an intermediary, invisible but present, not either as words or matter, not as translation of the visible, not only how we speak, but rather how we listen. What if language is another means of excess, an escape from the structures of commodification, and a shuttle of our desires onto the path of encounter between mind, body, object and back over again.

¹ Bradley L. Pritchett, "Garden Path Phenomena and the Grammatical Basis of Language Processing," *Language* 64, no. 3 (1988): 439.

² David Smith, "The Landscape," *Problems of Contemporary Art: possibilities* 1 (1947).