



LIU Brooklyn Humanities Gallery

Fish Tank

Fish Tank

Curated by Fintan Boyle and Matt Freedman



Long Island University, Brooklyn Humanities Gallery
1 University Plaza, Brooklyn, NY 11201

OLD NOSTRADAMUS SAID IT WELL: “He who was buried will come out of the Tomb, . . . he will make the strong one out of the bridge to be bound with chains. Poisoned with the roe of barbel, the great one from Lorraine by the Marquis du Pont.” So what do we make of this? Just another opaque Nostradamus riddle one could suppose. This one has been variously interpreted to refer to Francis I fighting Muslims, or Charles of Lorraine fighting the Protestants. It all has that Nostradamus follow this breadcrumb, or that paper trail thing, and, if you know your European history well enough, you will surely reach a passable destination. But, the real puzzle for us was not the Nostradamus riddle, the catch in our throats was “roe of barbel”? What the hell is barbel?

Roe begets fish in both reproductive biology and interpretation of prophetic texts. But this was a fish neither of us had heard of before. Knowledge was not, initially, emancipatory here. Indeed the puzzlement intensified as we found out that: “In the Roman Empire, the first fish to be brought indoors was the sea barbel, which was kept under guest beds in small tanks made of marble.” Trying to imagine the bed and the fish tank, and the pulling of the presumably heavy marble (rhymes with barbel), tank out from under a presumably equally heavy guest bed all done at night, all lit by candles. All that was the puzzle, the riddle. It was meant as a kind of spectacle, no? A proto home aquarium, a sort of home entertainment, more or less a show-off, bragging to your guests? But how did it operate? Did a slave pull the tank out? Everyone take a quick look push it back

under the bed. Or did it stay out all night: were they glow in the dark fish? A night-light. How did that all go?

While still pondering this we discovered that barbel are carp, in effect, goldfish. And barbels are the fleshy barbs that point forwards and down on the side of their mouths; beards. Barba in Latin is beard. As it happens, their roe is poisonous. These barbel come goldfish, they are pretty fish. Kept in a marble box they are an ornament. The strangeness of it all doesn't entirely go away: under the bed, now you see them now you . . . The poisonous ornament, pretty as can be, but its offspring will kill you.

For Nostradamus, or his interpreters, the barbel's fish-driven role in the Christian narrative of resurrection and redemption is a key factor. But here's another possibility: the “buried one” may be 20th century Germany rising up after World War One, and the barbel is Soviet Russia, famous for its—post World War One newly egalitarian—caviar. The “poison” for some being the disastrous invasion of the latter by the former, for others caviar is the roe that represents the poisonous aristocracy of Europe. These days you can buy it bulk at Brighton Beach.

So in Nostradamus mythology repeatedly crashes into the train wreck of history, people eat fish, and history eats people. People fish for fish but also people live with fish and people die by fish roe. People live with fish under the bed or in fish tanks and aquaria, to display their sometimes, poisonous ornaments. Living with small fish is pleasant one supposes. Living or at

least visiting with huge fish and sea mammals is an exercise in modesty, or at least it should be, our scale and presumptions to physical potency reduced to bad jokes by the presence of creatures whose flippers and genitalia dwarf our entire bodies.

Owning and displaying fish has a long pedigree then. It is a particular subset of the culture of display. Roman elites showed off their barbels to their guests. A restricted, narrow audience one imagines. In the same historical frame the old fisher-of-men guy, Jesus, steals into the scene as a quiet spectacle daubed on walls. A graffito not to signal aquarium, but to mark a safe place for persecuted Christians to meet. Such graffiti fade into history and Christianity becomes the party line while it and aquaria, as a subset of carnival, evolve as a parallel cultures of spectacle. Aquaria take off as bigger public deal around 1850. The usual suspects are there, great expositions, science, imperial land (and sea) grabbing, and then there is the entrepreneurial bread and circuses for the domestic populace. Chang and Eng were famously, and probably cruelly the headliners, but Barnum's American Museum at Broadway and Ann also housed an aquarium. The whole caboodle burned to the ground in 1865 broiling the lions and bears and boiling the beluga whales in their homes unless, as legend has it, a heroic fireman named Johnny Denham broke open their glass cases with an ax in a futile attempt to douse the flames, thereby getting a fifty year head start on one of the all-time great movie tropes—the exploding fish tank. (In this respect check out Nancy Davidson's video in *Fish Tank*)

Fast forward to USA twenty first century and that antiquarian graffito has returned. It is now a magnetic tag that graces many, many automobiles in the shape of an ichthys. As Donna Haraway has noted the magnetic sticker escalated into a culture war of its own as presumed atheists stuck their version to their rear ends with Prius fenders displaying a fish with feet that had, Jonah like, swallowed the word 'evolve' or sometimes 'Darwin.' All of which reminds us that fish, the first vertebrates and thus in some manner our ancestors, took leave of the ocean, and hypothetically, the fish tank on their own little feet.

By this point any totemic relevance of fish is attenuated, spectacle has subsumed a process of identification. We don't know what, if any, ornaments the Romans used to give a homey feel for their barbel tanks. But most artists in the show *Fish Tank* are responding in some way to the kitsch scene of so much petite bourgeois culture wherein the domestic fish tank is clogged with plastic flotsam and day-glow ferns. So the task set them has been to ponder who, or what, is coming out of Nostradamus' tomb and is now slouching toward Staten Island or Levittown. . . .

Could Long Island University's unique Humanities Gallery, an oval glass room sitting slightly askew in a busy lobby, spawn a show that passersby could enjoy without entering; a show that flooded the soul with musing most comforting and slightly foreboding? To us, an exhibition that literally capitalized on the aquarium-like presence of the space suddenly seemed all but

inevitable. We imagined an active marine ecosystem of art inside the gallery—fish and bubbles and flora and sunken treasures and human swimmers and divers cavorting like, well porpoises for their own pleasure, and that of anyone lucky enough to catch a glimpse of the spectacle. The work we have pursued for this exhibition reflects that standard; bright, animated, joyous, aqueous.

Greg Drasler and Jennie Nichols



There is an imagined architecture for home aquarium ruins that is, all but inevitably, built upon the imagined architecture of an imaginary place called Atlantis. That the finished object often resembles a cross between Arthurian musings and Greco-Roman facades is instructive per the cultural pandemonium that contemporary aquaria have come to engage. Greg Drasler and Jennie Nichols, painter and sculptor respectively, collaborated on the sunken ruin for

Fish Tank. Starting with a 10 feet x 12 feet cast of Nichols' studio floor, as well as a chunk of its wall, the pair have leeched onto the architecture of the LIU gallery itself. Trucked from Nichols' floor to Drasler's studio the piece hung flat against the wall where it drew steadily upon Drasler's recent iconography of the open road. Between them they have now fabricated a colony of portholes cum windows and topped the whole out with a ribbon of delicate crenelations. From floor-to-wall, with sculpture and

painting morphing into one another, Drasler and Nichols have convoluted a latex structure that hijacks one of the gallery's functional columns into a fictional sign of civilization's collapse and extinction. But as we all know, courtesy of the internet, said extinction is relentlessly deniable and undo-able. The ruin is really, rather than a sign of death, a sign of a better life lost sight of, yet to be rediscovered. Emphatically, Atlantis is down there somewhere. This is the Utopian dream of aquarium culture. The exotic perfection of the tropical fish is the aspirational sign for the bourgeoisie. And yet, as the latex material of Drasler and Nichols' work cures and changes color in the course of the show and after—we shall see real material decay. Think of Eva Hesse's latex sculpture now, brittle ruins of a subtle minimalist theater. Here the gamble is that the paint, applied to the latex after it was molded, will endure more robustly than was the case with Hesse. But then the paint will still require the support of the latex panel. A painting vs. sculpture dialectic of decay will be played out over the course of the show and the ensuing years.

John Monti



John Monti's efflorescence of aquatic flora, *Flower Cluster IV with Dune*, (2014–2016), continues his recent remarkable investigation into the endless call and response between the seductive pleasures of his sculptures and the sublime beauty and anxious-making strangeness of the natural phenomena he so adroitly depicts.

There is a merging in this piece of the hand, the eye and the head: the spectacular craftsmanship becomes an argument for the viability of strange vision. But here humor also cuts the mustard. Monti nudges the kitsch tchotchkes of the petite bourgeois aquarium onto the podium of some other cultural register, and then, with non sequitur humor, pulls everything out from under everything else. The yellow, blingy, confection sits atop a fabulous and mythical sand dune cum podium. If the yellow, sparkly sculpture is deliberately about confused cultural reference and identity, the dune it sits upon is pure cartoon; a dune for an aquatic Ignatz and his brick to hide behind. Monti's dalliance with ornament has posed this rough edge of humor before. Because there is, in truth, no sense in which he is ornamenting anything. Always, instead, there is the diacritical take on ornament; one ornament seamlessly added to ornament another ornament. Ornamented ornaments! It is perhaps odd to talk about a function for ornament. Yet ornament is there, historically in part to deemphasize or indeed conceal the made-ness of the artifact. It is there to hide the seams. With Monti's work there is no artifact in need of such service. There is just the ornament and its podium. Without such function the ornament is liberated to overstate its other goal. It is there to promote visual pleasure, Monti ecstatically rejoices in such pleasures. Which is exactly what all the ornaments of the actual, domestic fish tank are for. Lest the spectator sink into dank, depression in the absence of an actual tropical fish their eyeline displaces, willy-nilly across the shiny gravel from a yellow submarine to a sunken treasure chest brimming with pieces of eight.

Caroline Cox



Caroline Cox has been conjuring animated and seemingly ephemeral explosions out of the effluvia of anachronistic and under-appreciated crafts for some time now. In particular the hat making trade and the hobby industry have spawned an overabundance of gossamer thin tubes of blue synthetic netting, plastic pins, mirrors, lenses and clear acrylic balls that she has re-purposed into room sized maelstroms of star clusters or bubbles or spiraling algae. Here, in *Chlorophyta Blue*, (2016) she has set into motion a wild chain reaction of contingent life forms that hover somewhere between plant and animal. A giant jellyfish, perhaps, that has spread bits and pieces of itself across the entire glass walled ecosystem. Scale shifts instantly and ephemerally in Cox's hands, from the unimaginably immense to the impossibly minuscule while the representations themselves suggest everything from space dust to biota. As Thomas Micchelli wrote of another piece in *Hyperallergic*, "you're among star clusters and jellyfish, crepuscular clouds and aggregating amoebae." The charismatic presence of the work is complicated by the contradictions and darkness the artist has intentionally woven into it; the industrial detritus both animate and threaten the delicate ecosystems they embody, and the unworldly clean esthetics of the sculpture's elements evoke buried memories of Ernst Haeckel's *Art Forms in Nature* and the mania for rationality and order in science that metastasized into a holocaust. Modest of means, it is nonetheless

readily apparent that the work's movement and fluidity not to mention its already formidable scale suggest it could colonize the entire tank.

Mary Carlson



The giant yarn octopus *Pink, Red, Orange and Yellow Octopus*, (2007), by Mary Carlson hangs out near the light that floods in through the glass doors at the western end of the gallery. Gazing into the campus quadrangle, sentient, (surely!) aware that it is beheld by its viewers, it summons a maudlin tone at the entry way to *Fish Tank*. Its

tentacles cling longingly onto the glass, reaching either for connection with the visitors on the other side of the barrier or prying at the edge of the panels the better to effect an escape from the tank in the manner of its famously resourceful flesh and (blue) blooded cousins. Massive, playful, inviting yet menacing, Carlson's crocheted cephalopod is an ambassador between the rushed, heedless world outside and the locked in drama of, yes the fish tank, but also the artist's studio as something like a prison. Carlson spent almost a year—that is, close to 3000 working hours—alone in the studio crocheting this sculpture by hand. Slowly encouraged into being the sculpture mimicked the crucial bilateral symmetry—two eyes, eight arms—of the original enormous creature. We don't know if she made it symmetrically or not. It probably does not matter, the manufacturing task itself is of biblical dimensions. The endeavor

needs to be celebrated as part of some foundational, creation myth of aquaria, but then, as we all know, (Haraway again), 'there is no foundation, only elephants supporting elephants all the way down.' Or maybe, as Carlson might have us think, artists crocheting octopuses, crocheting artists all the way down.

It is the tender mien of Carlson's sculpture that tilts it toward parable but also the thought of her alone in the studio for 3000 hours. This shifting emotional range has been a mainstay of her work across numerous media. Carlson invokes narrative threads that are laden with a poignant or moving pull. Animals, birds, Christian saints, with their freighted narrative, all find a place in Carlson's work. Whether tiny (often she makes very small ceramic pieces) or huge like the current work, it is in this front-on, affective encounter that the bigger cultural and intellectual musings are played out. There is no actual moral lesson in Carlson rather there is a sense of becoming unsettled. The emotional response introduces a certain quality of turbulence. Stories, things we know, like foundational narratives, don't quite hold up.

Daniel Wiener



A school of skittering creatures, biotic category as yet undetermined, are Daniel Wiener's contribution to the exhibition. Each object in the array is a perfect work of inventive, visually stunning and eccentric imagination unto itself. Together, they create something implausibly kin to a school of fish. Lit correctly they snarl bright colors at their audience. That they also have the

feel of jack-o'-lanterns with Poseidon's features crucially animates their static presence. Wiener's studio practice has shown him working with these archly colored resins, spinning them into elaborate color experiences. In his studio sometimes we sense an abstract expressionist painting has become a sculpture, sometimes pure color has morphed into a functional table or chair. Always there is a three way tug of reference, if not war, between abstraction, figuration and function. That the objects and their colors also beg to be edible, or so it seems with those voluptuous colors, layers further the sensual territory he grabs. In *Fish Tank* the individual pieces move as a block, or better are blocked in a theatrical sense, to patrol the entire scene. Guardians that are somewhat dangerous and intimidating, they are greater than the sum of their parts. Like a small cosmos with rules of gravity, biology, space and time found nowhere else. Except perhaps in the Petco fish department where the shocking—false seeming—colors of the tropics wake up New York life. It is this conjunction of Brooklyn crowds and Belizean cay that unfurls here in *School* (2016). The collision of faces, and visually perfumed colors is what unsettles. The focus and object of identification, the face, anthropomorphizes these objects while the colors beguile familiarity. Because its a fish tank—the show's title tells us so—we know these objects are fish, yet we rapidly scan human, facial biometrics and find grimace, groan and the rest. The piece is silent—silent as the depths—but it still evokes a *Tell Tale Heart* or, perhaps more poignantly Poe's other wonderful tale, *The Man of the Crowd*.

Spencer Finch



Spencer Finch has contributed *Humpback Whale Songs* (Philippines, Japan, Hawaii), (2016), the cascading effulgence of multicolored light near the erstwhile entrance to the gallery. The work, at once aggressively immaterial and implacably literal, is nothing but atmosphere. Yet it is also resolutely, and paradoxically material. The glow emanating from the florescent bulbs hanging from the ceiling in benign coexistence with the utilitarian lighting system showers form onto empty space. The work is actually the manifestation in colored light of five humpback whale songs. Finch is interested in the relationship between sound and color, and the “desire to connect different fields of art, different traditions and different senses.” A chromesthetic individual, such as the composer Olivier Messiaen, finds their senses jumbled, and experiences sound as color. Alexander Scriabin, another purported synesthesiast, used Isaac Newton's theory of optics to create scores that matched seven colors: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet to the seven pitches of the major scale. Finch has earlier utilized Newton's theory to embody the work of Johann Sebastian Bach's *Goldberg Variations*. Here, to communicate the very different compositional tradition of

whale songs, he utilizes the color scheme used by whale researchers themselves, which assigns different colors to the characteristic sound units and phrases produced by individual whales. Bach vs. blue whale, a battle of the bands for the ages. The work functions materially as well as metaphorically. Finch places us beneath the water, lit by colored sunlight that in turn has been refracted and transformed by the tons of seawater that overburden us. We are exalted by the beauty of this spectacle, but we are also drowning in it. It is said that the last moments of drowning victims are sublime, as nitrogen narcosis, the rapture of the deep, robs them of the benefits of anxiety-fueled good judgement, condemning (granting?) them to an exhilarating death. We should be so lucky that a trip to an art gallery provides us with the voyeur's secondary, non-lethal experience of transcendence.

Bonnie Rychlak



Bonnie Rychlak's studio practice has a long pedigree with aqua culture. In the early 2000s she produced a series of small cast objects modeled upon the southern California swimming pools spied in her youth. One could think of them as something like the human

aquaria of Orange County. (Where she did not grow up. Rychlak was raised in Venice CA.) Altars to the modernist baubles of Republican suburbs, these sculptures presented the

water as solid form pried free from its container. Through a process of casting they revealed, in negative, the contoured depths of such tokens of luxury and, so the narrative went, success-earned-through-hard-work. Finished with glass-tile, terry cloth toweling, mirrored surfaces and drain hardware, sometimes using an Eames end table as a base, the work bespoke the accouterments of pool culture, leisure and vanity. With this history in mind Rychlak takes a low profile in *Fish Tank*, literally so, as she stays close to the ground and brings forward the piece that everything ultimately goes down. Writ very large, and cast in aqua hues of wax, centered on the gallery floor are Rychlak's drains. This is the swimming pool drain proportioned for humans to slide hopelessly down. It is simultaneously a morbid threat to the life world of the entire ecosystem of *Fish Tank* and the route for a Shawshank style jailbreak from suburban ennui. The work, *Aqua Drain* (2014-2016), plays with its own credentials by, once again, calling out to modernist abstraction while plugging the very center of its own universe with a 75 cent Ace Hardware drain cradle. Somewhere in this toggling back and forth is the spirit of the entire show. Rychlak forces us to come to terms with the way we trade between a genuinely astonishing exotic life-world of the tropics, i.e. what goes in those home aquaria, and, on the other hand, the California Modern glass walled Eichler homes of 'OC', with the kitsch world of mini Gothic castles, yellow submarines and the endless tracts of suburbia that are also Orange County.

Ann Messner



Arguably more like a terrarium than a fish tank, the New York subway system has long been a forum for display. Its official culture of display has given us advertising, occasionally sanctioned art pieces, or more probably what-to-buy instructions. Unofficially it has been trod by street

musicians, Guardian Angels, various guerilla performers and graffiti artists. The heyday of its spectacular chaos was probably the 1970s. Graffiti daubed trains would enter a station resplendent in eight-foot high tags, while those waiting on the platform would have no clue as to what train it was. (Too much graffiti, not enough visible signage.) Some of that graffiti and the fashion show and the posturing 'types' are available to see in Ann Messner's *Frogman*, (1979). Messner accompanied by a camera operator, strolls the length of a graffiti daubed train moving from car to car with a gait made unsteady by the rollicking of the rail cars, clad in a full body wet suit, goggles and snorkel. At times subway riders reach out to help her steady herself, at other they look away or stare toward the camera. Sometimes their eyes follow the performer. Faceless, redolent of the *Creature from the Black Lagoon*, Messner moves from car to car straight-line determination propelling her forward. She is the *Fisher King* in reverse, the fish, sort of, trawling the debris of wasteland New York when it had died and gone to a better place than today's Brooklyn. And the grail guarded? That would be a certain cultural emancipation, a certain cultural moment where artists actually moved through the city using its collapse as the

material for their work. Acconci could be following someone in the next car to Messner, SAMO tagging the car behind that.

Janet Biggs



In Janet Biggs' video *Airs Above The Ground* (2007) a young synchronized swimmer, Deanna Mary DeSimone, walks down a hall in a robe boxer-before a-match-style, receives last minute hair and makeup adjustment on a pool deck. She performs intricate hand gestures obscure to those uninitiated to the

esthetics of synchro, of which DeSimone is a skilled practitioner, before she and the camera slip below the surface the water where they both will remain via the magic of film editing for the balance of the five-minute performance. The elaborate gesticulations are stylized on dry land, but become almost logical underwater; maintaining DeSimone's rigid posture and moving her body in circular gyrations. The swimmer is erect and commanding, framed by an otherworldly tunnel of tile that curves above her head, locating her in an unescapable limbo. Brilliant light plays off the underside of her body. She seems to be dancing on a thin layer of water that offers no resistance to her movements. Occasionally one leg disappears impossibly into the floor, sometimes a foot, sometimes both feet. After a moment the truth suggests itself: the swimmer is upside down in a pool and our point of view is an inverted fantasy. The "floor" on which she "dances" is the underside of the pool surface, the missing pieces of leg are reaching back to the quotidian existence from which she has escaped. The strange universe she inhabits so convincingly is an

illusion. The title of Biggs' video comes from the classical dressage perfected by horses and their riders and associated with the Spanish Riding School of Vienna, maneuvers of incredible technical difficulty and extreme physicality. DeSimone's performance makes the implicit argument that her struggle reflects a dressage of a different sort. The swimmer's struggle to maintain and project the illusion of effortless beauty and control is the symbolic equivalent of young women's enforced performance of allurements. The extraordinary spectacle wrought by DeSimone's skill and the beguiling and ultimately impossible reality Biggs invents linger most tangibly, a lost Atlantis as alluring as any conjured up by the mythmakers of ancient Greece and modern Hollywood. The toxicity of that fantasy creeps into our consciousness slowly, implacably.

Nancy Davidson



Aquacade is a word with a sweet resonance. Aquaria is there for sure but so are arcade and parade and if you fish hard enough something of the midway and carnival are there, too. Esther Williams starred in Billy Rose's *aquacade* wherein she was 'discovered' by Hollywood talent scouts and

thereafter went off to star in over a decades worth of "aquamusicals." Nancy Davidson's video, *Limelight*, (2016), tracks Williams and her midway come Hollywood career. Davidson begins with *Million Dollar Mermaid*, (1952) the fictionalized account of Annette Kellerman's 26 mile, marathon swim up the river Thames in London. Through layering, digital manipulation

and elaborate filtering devices Davidson escorts Williams and her oeuvre toward abstraction. The feel is of peering through Hollywood's overworked Vaseline, the special effects steal the foreground while the carnival barker's voice drowns in his own echo. The endless and expensive toothy smile—the sine qua non of a certain cinema—struggles to shine on through the artificial waves while Davidson's title, *Limelight*, refracts the cinematic verisimilitude of Busby Berkeley's fantasyland. *Limelight* was until it was replaced by arc lights and more contemporarily following-spotlights, the means by which the star performer was shone out in distinction from other performers. Davidson's digital infusion unsettles aqua-utopia. Certain moments stand out, Williams being eaten by a giant clam is one, but the spectacular drumbeat cannot sustain. Absurdity builds upon and amplifies absurdity until the scene of this particular spectacle, a sort of Hollywood fish tank, is over gorged with shiny, moving over-stimuli. Davidson's denouement is the Machine in the Garden for spectacular culture. Its own artifice betrays it. Williams, drowning in shiny gee-gaw artifice, is betrayed by the failure of the machinery itself. The giant fish tank she is being filmed in cracks, ruptures, nearly kills her, spews millions of gallons toward the crew and, in mise en abyme absurdity, is thus filmed washing away Hollywood's machinery for filming the spectacle. The machine finally turns upon itself to wish fulfill the spectacle of its own demise.

—Fintan Boyle and Matt Freedman



Caroline Cox

Chlorophyta Blue

2015–2016

Horsehair fabric, monofilament

Dimensions variable, approximately 9 feet x 9 feet x 10.5 feet

Courtesy of the artist.





Bonnie Rychlack

Aqua Drain

2015-2016

Hand carved cast wax and metal drain

Diameter 24 inches, height 2 inches

Courtesy of the artist.





Greg Drasler Jennie Nichols

The Castle

2016

Latex and mixed media

Dimensions variable

Greg Drasler courtesy of

Betty Cunningham Gallery.

Jennie Nichols courtesy of the artist.





Spencer Finch

Humpback Whale Songs (Philippines, Japan, Hawaii)*

2016

Dimensions variable

LED tubes, fixtures, filters, and electrical cables

*Image shown in catalog: *Newton's Theory of Color and Music*
(*Goldberg Variations*), 2016, Dimensions variable,
LED tubes, fixtures, filters, and electrical cables







Mary Carlson

Pink, Red, Orange and Yellow Octopus

2007

Crocheted yarn

Dimensions variable:

approximately 11.5 feet x 18 feet x 1.2 feet

Courtesy of Elizabeth Harris Gallery.





John Monti

Flower Cluster IV with Dune

2014-2016

Cast urethane, pigmented resin finish, sand, mixed mediums
82 inches x 60 inches x 60 inches (hwd)

Courtesy of the artist.

Special thanks to Tom Warren and Andrew Zinicola
for their assistance. Thanks for support by the
Faculty Development Fund of Pratt Institute.







Daniel Wiener

School

2016

Apoxie-Sculpt and wire
10 feet x 6 feet x 4 feet (hwd)

Courtesy of the artist and
Lesley Heller Workspace.





Janet Biggs

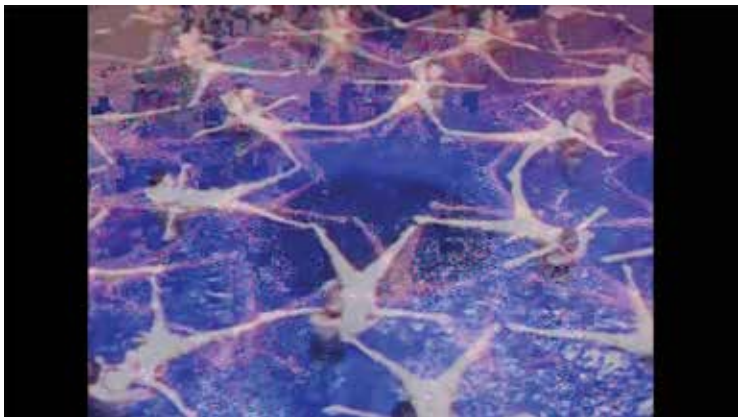
Airs Above the Ground

2007

Duration: 5:20 minutes

Courtesy of the artist,
Cristin Tierney Gallery, New York, NY,
Analix Forever, Geneva, Switzerland, and
CONNERSMITH, Washington, D.C.





Nancy Davidson

Limelight*

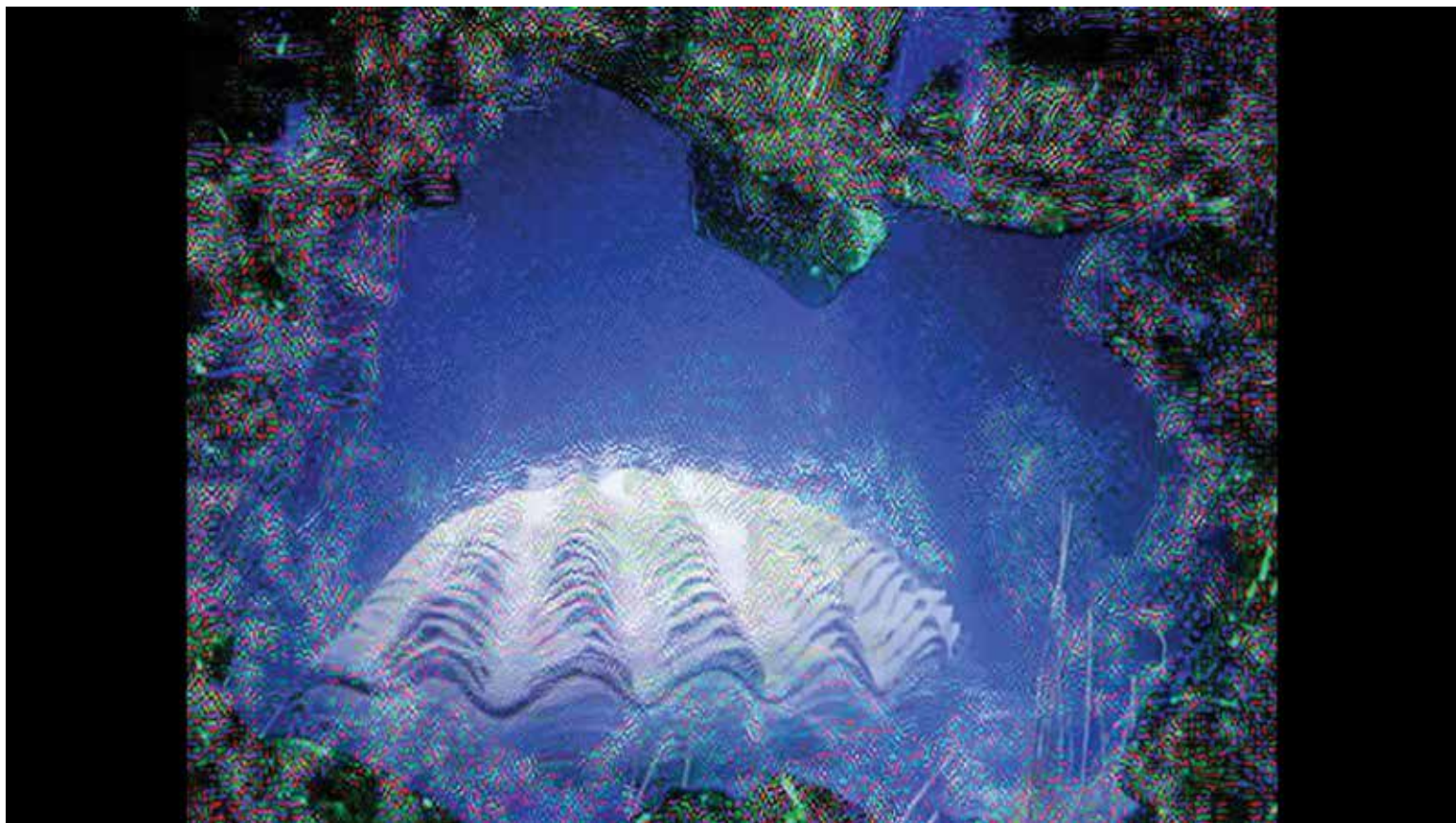
2016

A meditation on water, light, technicolor and fame.

Duration: 6:21 minutes

Courtesy of the artist.

*1826, popular name for Drummond light, a brilliant light created by the incandescence of lime, adopted for lighthouses and later for the Victorian stage, where it illuminated the principal actors, hence the figurative sense of "on stage, at the center of attention" (1877).





Ann Messner

Frogman

1979

Documentation of a series of performative actions,
NYC subway rush hour

Digital transfer from Super 8

Duration: 6:47 minutes

Courtesy of the artist. Camera: Peter Moennig





PARTICIPATING ARTISTS

Janet Biggs

Mary Carlson

Caroline Cox

Nancy Davidson

Greg Drasler

Spencer Finch

Ann Messner

Jennie Nichols

John Monti

Bonnie Rychlak

Daniel Wiener

Curated by Fintan Boyle and Matt
Freedman for Romanov Grave

Thank you to Nancy Grove,
LIU Gallery Director



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Brooklyn Humanities Gallery
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