

FRIEZE PROJECTS

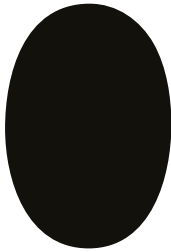
Come away with me

A photograph of a bird, possibly a nighthawk, in flight. The bird is positioned in the center-left of the frame, facing left. Its wings are spread wide, showing a mix of dark and light feathers. The background is a dense field of palm fronds, which are long and thin, creating a textured, layered effect. The lighting is soft, highlighting the bird's features and the texture of the palm leaves. The text 'Come away with me' is written in a white, cursive font across the bird's wings.

and
band
contraband
headband
broadband
sideband
wideband
waveband
watchband
multiband
neckband
armband
hairband
disband
husband
househusband
sweatband
waistband
wristband
browband
narrowband
bellyband

IRI

**I was asked to
come up with
an idea for/
about Randall's
Island. I did,
and asked some
friends to do
the same.**



Ok, it's July 24th. Get yourself a basic habitable structure with a 25 sq. ft. footprint, no windows, a couple skylights, and a working toilet. Ship that structure over to Randall's Island. It's still July 24th, and you and 26 of your friends enter the habitable structure and are locked inside for 27 hours, during which there will be 28 moments, and some number of memories which will then be reduced to 29, just as the 27 hours ends and you all exit the structure, at which point it may be July 24th or 30th.

multiplicand
brigand
hand
clubhand
secondhand
thirdhand
freehand
stagehand
barehand
forehand
aforehand
beforehand
offhand
longhand
backhand
deckhand
dockhand
farmhand
unhand
underhand
overhand
shorthand
firsthand
cowhand



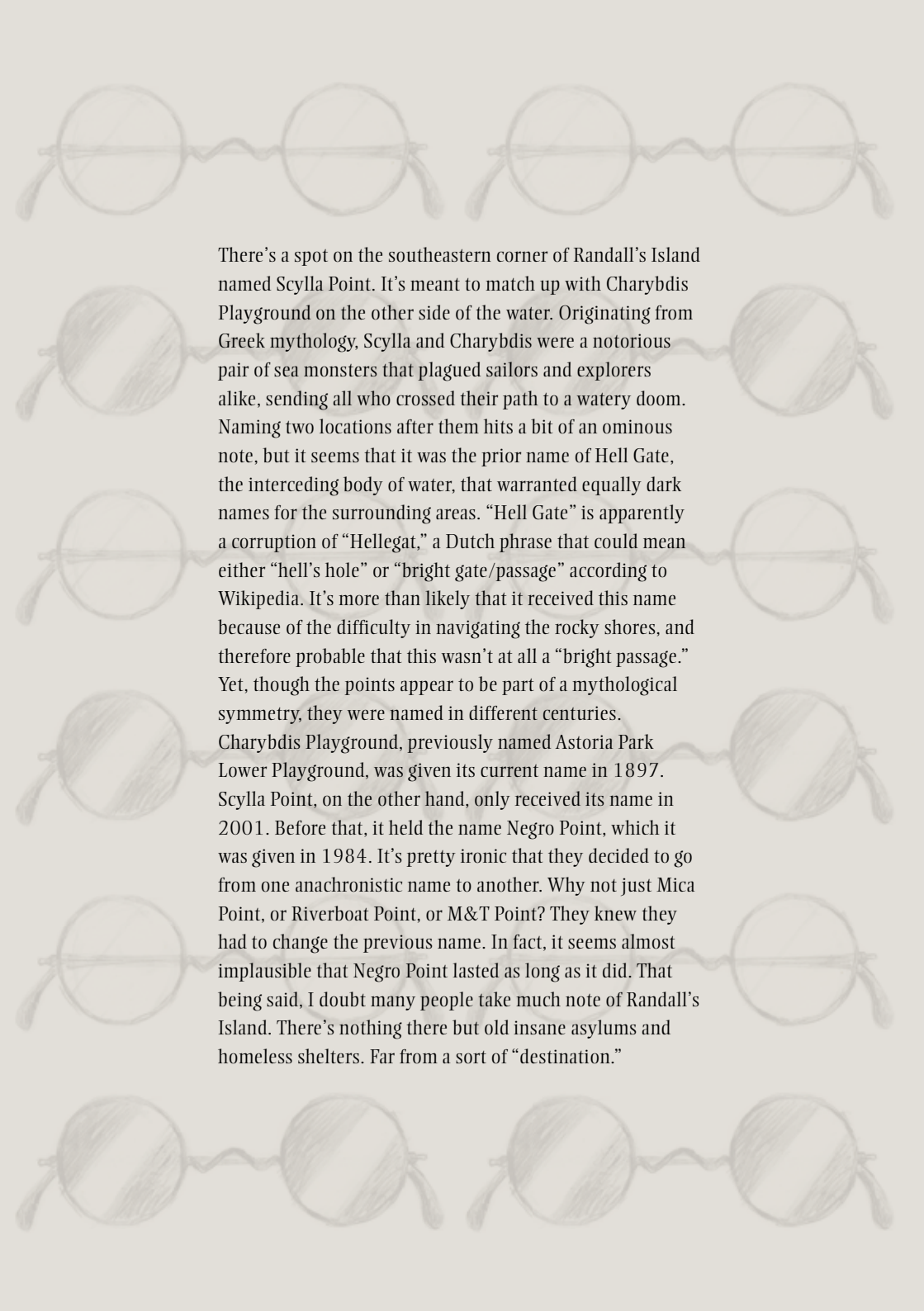
Life-size sculptures of Rikers Island Correctional Facility and the Manhattan Psychiatric Center to be placed in Central Park simultaneously...



Life-size sculptures of Rikers Island Correctional Facility and the Manhattan Psychiatric Center to be placed in Central Park simultaneously...

Memoirs of an Imperfect Island

- large brioche buns shaped to look like a woman's lap, in a quantity and layout of a classic six-muffin pan
- a large concrete climbing wall with large bowls of ramen as hand- and footholds
- fantasy coffins in following shapes:
 - single orange peel
 - translucent Jarritos bottle
 - cast over a large fake leg and everyone signs it
 - rabbit jumping mid-air with a newspaper in its mouth
 - pool-toy noodle
 - pink poodle
 - neti pot
 - chicken nugget
 - can of Vienna sausages
- yurt-shaped koozies for yogurt cups distributed widely
- an ATM machine that only dispenses Spam
- bronze sculptures:
 - man silently judging another man in line
 - woman driving, contemplating having an affair
 - man being racially profiled while eating gluten-free scone
 - just the bronze gluten-free scone
- Museum of Natural History-styled diorama of the Paleo Diet



There's a spot on the southeastern corner of Randall's Island named Scylla Point. It's meant to match up with Charybdis Playground on the other side of the water. Originating from Greek mythology, Scylla and Charybdis were a notorious pair of sea monsters that plagued sailors and explorers alike, sending all who crossed their path to a watery doom. Naming two locations after them hits a bit of an ominous note, but it seems that it was the prior name of Hell Gate, the interceding body of water, that warranted equally dark names for the surrounding areas. "Hell Gate" is apparently a corruption of "Hellegat," a Dutch phrase that could mean either "hell's hole" or "bright gate/passage" according to Wikipedia. It's more than likely that it received this name because of the difficulty in navigating the rocky shores, and therefore probable that this wasn't at all a "bright passage." Yet, though the points appear to be part of a mythological symmetry, they were named in different centuries. Charybdis Playground, previously named Astoria Park Lower Playground, was given its current name in 1897. Scylla Point, on the other hand, only received its name in 2001. Before that, it held the name Negro Point, which it was given in 1984. It's pretty ironic that they decided to go from one anachronistic name to another. Why not just Mica Point, or Riverboat Point, or M&T Point? They knew they had to change the previous name. In fact, it seems almost implausible that Negro Point lasted as long as it did. That being said, I doubt many people take much note of Randall's Island. There's nothing there but old insane asylums and homeless shelters. Far from a sort of "destination."



Proposal #1:

Etching out a large oval, about 20 meters long, 15 meters wide, and 10 meters deep into the ground, at any point on the island that is relatively flat. The interior will be a basin of plexiglass and will be filled with small glass beads suspended in a clear fluid to be determined by engineers. This structure closely mimics that of an opal, which is not crystalline in nature but in fact a series of closely packed spheres in solution, which is why it has such particular refracting qualities. Thus, when flying overhead, or further into space, one may be able to see a tiny gem inlaid into the island—a perfectly strange opal staring back at the flyer-by. The results should be absolutely stunning.

There are 6 rocks:

Underneath one of them will be a foundling. (The foundling won't sustain injuries.) You are encouraged to care for the foundling. (It is unclear if it will be found again.)

Alternatively:

There's an artwork on the island that's a kid. As an artwork, the kid is for sale, although not necessarily as himself/herself. What's probably important is your being affected, either sympathetically or adversely. Judging by many legal and social precedents, it would likely be ill-advised to consider taking the kid. But buying the kid could work somehow (to be researched...). There's an artwork on the island that's a kid

Alternatively:

Improbably, yet genuinely, Abraham and his son Isaac [both of Bible fame] will imminently be present on Randall's Island to revisit their episode of sacrifice.





and you're living in it too

A timer. The waves of the East River marked every fifth second on the shores of the island, as jet skis headed north towards Harlem. An hourglass. The grains of island sand fell one by one, deeper into the oil-skimmed water. It had been announced that Randall's Island was, in fact, a timer counting itself down to becoming fully submerged in the scummy river water.

Silvio wore a sweatshirt with ironed-on lettering while delivering the news on NY1. Though freshly pressed for the occasion, already the letters cracked as you read "You have your dream home" across his chest—"and you're living in it too!" as he turned his back to the camera. This sweatshirt gave notice to the inhabitants of Manhattan and its outer boroughs: appreciate your good fortune, for you too will one day retreat towards the middle.

"The Institute of Earth and Environmental Science has discovered that Randall's Island is sinking. This sinking is not unprecedented, though what we had not seen is that the island—which under Robert Moses joined Wards by the landfilling of Little Hell Gate—is a timer, functioning as its own death clock. Each grain of sand on the banks of Randall's Island accounts for one ten-thousandth of a second in the countdown towards its submergence."

André watched this on the overhead screen as his legs, compressed and directionless, glided on an immobile elliptical towards Hudson. He had heard the rumor that morning—Eileen slurred out her conspiracy in a rage, leaning over their abutted powder-coated-steel desks after the City rejected their appeal, effectively shutting down all future plans for the water park. André had followed Eileen's coast-to-coast reasoning through his own Ativan fog. He'd been sufficiently self-sedated since his aspirations for working on a more benevolent green City project (rejected for a design coordinator position at the Low Line) had been traded for the Randall's Island Rec semi-public water park.

Eileen's anodized aluminum laptop slammed onto the table, jolting André's mouse. There was an unnerving lightness to the sound of these two metals colliding. "They're mining it. They're mining the island! Bullshit it's sinking." Eileen's silk blouse refracted the overhead lights onto the counter in a diffused glow. "For real though, the park costs like what, \$30 per entry? No one's going to go, the water will sit stale, and the unchlorinated cesspool will infect the entire city. Plus that island is built on trash like the City is built on garbage—no shit it's sinking."

But black greased oilrigs penetrated his head, leaving thick rings of crude oil around their punctures. André knew that everyone is an island to be mined. He fingered the silver arc of his bellybutton ring beneath his white shirt and stared into the haloed charcoal deep of his 3M™ privacy-protector screen. André was a timer.

Eileen's rolled sleeve retreated back onto her own carbon-coated desk. She huffed, and the caffeinated, acidic warmth of her project-managerial rage lingered behind André's monitor. The buzzer rang. The Souen that he hadn't ordered was arriving in the hands of some stoned co-ed. André used the momentum of his flexing office chair to GTFO and head to Equinox.

The West Village sank beneath his sneakers. Leaving impressionless footprints, he welcomed the foyer's eucalyptus cool. André pocketed an apple, which sank to the bottom of his white mesh shorts, settling coolly against his balls. He felt powerful, or maybe like he had a tumorous inflamed lymph, walking to the changing room with this added weight.

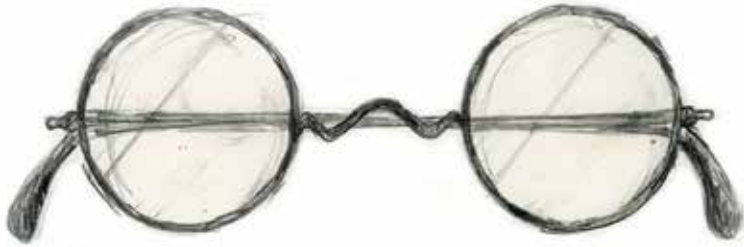
"You have your dream home, and you're living in it too." André dismounted the elliptical. "Every man is an island, every island is a timer." In the dampness of the locker room, André muttered, "I am Randall's Island. I am my own dream home." After retrieving his backpack, stocking it with white towels, Q-tips, and free apples, he left. André walked towards Randall's Island.

Silvio stood at the podium fielding questions, answering in a cool Staten Island monotone. Yes, they were currently calculating the island's remaining lifespan. No, they could not confirm any other timer islands, though he personally suspected there were more. Yes, there are potentially some commonalities with Venice. No, this is not like the Maldives.

Silvio thanked god he rented. Then he thought about his brother's Staten Island real estate, and his aging mother who lived there. "No man is an island," he thought to himself; he would move her to Tampa, Atlanta, or Phoenix, only after which he would move himself. The soles of his feet felt wet with sweat, as did his palms. "We will post any further updates on our website." One reporter's audible comment reached Silvio's ears. He turned his head to see that the island behind him had sunk visibly over the course of his briefing. There were jet skis doing aquatic donuts under the 103rd Street Footbridge.

He quickly turned and left the podium, speaking to no one as he went south. Walking briskly along the pathway, he pulled out his phone and made a call. He took off his sweatshirt, trading it for a full suit of waterproof black Arc'teryx. He calmly stood at the southwestern edge of the island, the waves lapping in the tempo of *lento violento* at his feet. He watched the sand, stressing his eyes to magnify the smallest of their granules, so that he could see each grain for its individual vibrancy and form. Looking up, an HSR Benelli Series-R jet ski had come onshore to meet him. Silvio mounted the jet ski and went.

André kneeled, placing his electrolyte-enhanced water on the asphalt as he tied the laces of his off-white Jordan's. Standing straight, he threw his backpack over his shoulders and carried on across the footbridge. In the bridge's violent sway, nuts and bolts screeched in their loosening. André carried on along the bridge's downward slope, which had taken on a harsher degree than it had that morning. His windbreaker was blown to meet his moist skin as he stepped off of the bridge and onto Randall's Island. He had done site visits to the island before, he might have even cursed it under his breath, hoping that it would sink and he could go back to grad school. His waterlogged sneaker sank deeper into the wet sand. He removed his shoes and stood barefoot on what felt like virgin sands. André sank at the compounded pace of Randall's Island and his own. And a grey sweatshirt reading "and you're living in it too!" floated down the East River.



By 2001, I imagine people started to take notice of new, cheap real estate and thought they might be able to make a reasonable investment. Of course, I'm sure if the issue had been publicized more, it would immediately have become a lightning rod for perceived racial tensions. I'm relieved that didn't happen though, since it lets things like Frieze happen without everyone having to get too sensitive about black identity. Nobody would dispute that Negro Point is an offensive name. Somebody forgot to change it because no one was going to Negro Point anyways. It wasn't some covert attempt to keep the bones of racism poking out of the ground: it was simple bureaucratic negligence. So maybe it's just best to let dead dogs lie.

Frankly, it seems like every time this thorny issue of race comes up, it only further entrenches people into their personal camps while multiplying battle lines. I'm not a racist person. I believe in struggles towards equality for all people, but sometimes I feel like a lot of the conversation on race is a little pragmatically misguided. I don't normally bring up race because it does tend to be such a troubling issue for people, but I think it's on my mind since it was only a few months ago that it was MLK Day, and if you happen to be on Facebook, you would have noticed that it's the day that people feel perfectly willing to use Martin Luther King Jr. for their own causes, fire-hosing their politics on everyone and using King as a shield. I'm sure that's not something that people want to hear, but I'm interested in the metanarratives that took place in such a moment.

What was being mobilized? How many agendas? It was a moment when people were trying to assert the real King versus other fake idols, thus claiming to understand the real truth of King's legacy. It's frustrating because it's only on days like these that we take any time with this legacy, and it's the only day when a few people will get a bit of traction for the thing that they want to talk about.

There's an underlying racial possessiveness in conversations such as these, where it's *my* MLK, or where a legacy or set of ideas cannot be challenged simply because you're of a different skin color—it literally freezes the conversation. It's countering one form of silencing with another and seems counterproductive to the possible movements towards equality. This is most succinctly summed up with the gaining coinage of the phrase “white people.” The number of articles you find on Gawker nowadays that address, criticize, and homogenize “white people” is astounding. It's unclear who these “white people” are but what is most definitely clear is how they've screwed up yet again, or tried to appropriate a black message, a black figure, or black culture (e.g. see Miley Cyrus). Nevertheless, this vast generalization seems a bit alarming in the attempt to figure out ways of untying whatever knots there might be in contemporary racial politics. As far as I know, I do not stand for any of the “white people” that they're talking about. I have no interest in appropriating MLK's legacy, nor do I have any interest in taking rap music and making it whiter. I am not part of a white conspiracy. I am not trying to poison black culture. And, naturally, I do not empathize with someone telling me to stop doing something I'm not doing. I don't believe it's helpful when article after article is doing nothing more than rolling its eyes at a generalized fantasy group of people. Maybe if this stance of us against them were dismantled then we could actually talk about real issues? When you embark on this fool's errand, you get these violent gestures of categorizing “white people,” as if they were one homogenous mass. I hope it sounds as silly as it feels typing it.

Proposal #2 (aka Frozen Island):

Inlaying the entire island with copper piping and having sectors of copper piping hooked up to refrigeration units that will be housed in fake, smiling snowmen. The energy for this will come from any number of external generators that could be housed in one location—this can also be decided upon by engineers. This will create a constant layer of frost on top of the island, crunching under every footstep and creating an artwork of Christo-like proportions. Imagine a beautiful, eternally translucent white island, and in the distance those those flashing city lights.



Mike Zahn

MZ_508.12 (Version), 2014

Joint photographic experts group (JPEG)

156 KB 1000 x 750 RBG

Application: Preview (Default)

www.after-duccio.com

Christopher Moloney

The French Connection (1971)

Image 132

<http://philmfotos.tumblr.com/>

[Title]*

Michael Zahn

Michael Fessler, David Franzoni, William Friedkin, Luc Jacquet, John Logan,
Christian Mingle, William Nicholson, David Webb Peoples, and Ernest Tidyman

Frieze Art Fair New York

Randall's Island

Daily 9-12 May 2014

Performance times TBA

The French Connection
Gladiator
March of the Penguins
Unforgiven

Clint Eastwood
Morgan Freeman
Gene Hackman
Richard Harris

as **Marcus Aurelius**
as **Jimmy 'Popeye' Doyle**
as **Morgan Freeman**
as **William Munny**

Synopsis

The four actors are assembled for line readings from a composite script of the four films. The four actors may be assigned their roles by convention or by chance. The line readings are staged as a performance in three acts. Each of the three acts is staged in a different location. Each location is a different place on Randall's Island. One of the locations is the miniature course at the golf center. Each of the four characters address one another by name as interpretation of the line readings may suggest. The actor assigned the role of Morgan Freeman wears a brown coat.

The performance begins with the reading of William Munny's first line from *Unforgiven*:

MUNNY
Huh?

William Munny's line is followed by the reading of 'Popeye' Doyle's first line from *The French Connection*. Doyle addresses Munny:

DOYLE

The guy in the brown coat.

'Popeye' Doyle's line is followed by the reading of Marcus Aurelius's first lines from *Gladiator*. Marcus addresses Munny:

MARCUS

You have proved your valor yet again, Munny. Let us hope, for the last time.

Marcus's line is followed by the reading of Morgan Freeman's first line from *March of the Penguins*. Freeman addresses Munny:

FREEMAN

There are few places harder to get to in this world, but there aren't any where it's harder to live.

Freeman's line is followed by the reading of Munny's second line from *Unforgiven*. Munny addresses Marcus:

MUNNY

William Munny, yeah.

Munny's line is followed by the reading of Doyle's second line from *The French Connection*. Doyle addresses Freeman:

DOYLE

What's your name, asshole?

The line readings proceed in turn. The line readings need not proceed and alternate line by line. There is no ordered structure to the line readings and they are open to improvisation by the actors. If judged a dramatic impediment, some line readings may be deleted according to the discretion of the actors. The line readings are occasionally interrupted by the ringtones of mobile phones carried by the actors. The actors may choose to answer or ignore their phones. If they answer, the actors break character, take calls as themselves, and then return to the performance in character. The performance concludes when the line readings by the four actors assigned to each of the four characters from each of the four films are exhausted.

*This proposal is untitled.

A cluster of Mexican fan palm trees imported from Los Angeles. It is very important they are a non-native species from Los Angeles. Planted in the ground though it is clear they won't survive. An oasis, a living Fata Morgana. The tops of the palms, where the palm is supposed to be, have been replaced by basketball hoops, all sized to NBA standards, with regulation nets. The hoops will be in twos, backboard to backboard, on the tops of the trees. The height of their placement will be determined by the height of the palm trees.

Her Dyson is this large, hulking beast. It looks a bit like a prosthetic leg from a weapon that was designed for the military of a neo-noir future. Clear cylinders house indeterminable red LED lights. The rolling ball acts as the joint between the “foot” and the “leg;” it is a round and perfect circle that the foot can pivot and roll onto, enabling it to easily go between unevenly laid out buildings, underneath highway overpasses, and around the curved edges of the island. There is the instant recognizability of the glossed matte sheen of the yellow polycarbonate ABS (the same material used in riot shields, but also hardside luggage). The woman is 25 feet tall—roughly five times the height of my mother, with the same short and sensible, but somehow always messy, haircut. This would make the vacuum around 18–20 feet tall, but the handle height is adjustable. She is dressed in reluctant housewife’s garb, something that can get dirty from cleaning, a cross between a cheap dress and an apron, like someone took two reusable Whole Foods nylon tote bags and sewed them together, the handles acting as straps. Every morning, exiting her house she plugs in her prized machine, the Animal Complete, and begins to vacuum the island according to a Fibonacci sequence that she’s devised. She recently downloaded *Nymphomaniac* on her Amazon Prime account and recalled the blasé reference to the Fibonacci sequence, a reference that went nowhere and seemed like a cheap way of intellectualizing anal and vaginal sex if done consecutively in one session. She decides to use the same logic and vacuum accordingly, beginning inward, moving out. She is a woman of the dunes.

There
is a covered wagon on the lawn.
It is quiet and still, unmoving. A very exact
replica, like any good replica, looks better than the original
ever could. Pristine and white and symmetrical, the canvas
with no visible seams and the wheels a varnished wood, four perfect
circles. Inside the wagon, there are no related items. A small framed
photo of the world leaders at the time of the Busan APEC 2005 meeting is
mounted on the inside. Clearly visible are George W. Bush and Vladimir Putin
wearing Korean hanbok costumes. On the hour, the wagon abruptly lifts into the air
and flies away, not up, but forward; it is clearly fleeing.

I remember this wagon from my childhood. We had one in front of the gas fireplace next
to a replica of a mortar and pestle. I guess it was a real mortar and pestle, but it was
rugged and jagged, made to look as if it were an artifact—and it was never used. As I
grew older I would spot the covered wagon in other Korean-American homes, and then
much later, in one Korean restaurant in New York; it was never explained.

The wagon flies away for just a moment but then doubles back and begins to do loops.
From a speaker mounted inside, a song is played. It can be Kate Bush's "Wuthering
Heights," or an upbeat Sheryl Crow song. It is clear now that it is a dance of redemption.



An Impossible Sculpture for Randall's Island
by Anonymous

Well, it's not entirely an anonymous proposal because the premise of its impossibility is based on who I am. Otherwise, it is a very achievable project; a simple, sturdy yet precarious-looking structure out of lengthy, skinny tree trunks and branches. Long story short, I'm thinking of Plains Indians burial platforms, and proposing to build one somewhere on the island, using the local kinds of trees.

1) If devoid of funerary purpose, the platform becomes just a platform, an elegant abstraction, a formally uncomplicated, one-story high, four- or more-legged table reaching up to the sky. Some of the legs are usually askew, brining to mind freshly born calves that attempt to stand up for the first time in their life. Perhaps this lingering sense of struggle against gravity and implication of the inevitable collapse is what makes these platforms so spectacular. Yet this is just an illusion, to hold a corpse for the period of decomposition, to withstand the prairie winds - these original structures must have been very strong and sure-footed.

2) But in the end, it is impossible not to think of life's end when looking at these scaffolds. Should the proposed project include a corpse? Yes and no. The initial impulse is to focus on simplicity of the form, its practicality (preventing carnivorous animals from savoring human flesh) and poetics (bringing the deceased closer to the sky/heaven).. ..yet the hypothetical reek of decomposing flesh could be a much welcome change in general approach to representing death through public monuments. No glory, but a stomach turning straight forwardness - isn't the fear of disintegration the ultimate reason why we make art?

Back to impossibility. Perhaps very few non-indigenous people could pull this off. I'm not one of them. I imagine John McPhee writing a lengthy story about burial platforms, detailed descriptions of species of trees used as building material, historic accounts of regional variations of the form, sprucing it with quotes from Thoreau and making good-natured jokes about white folks and their Indian fantasies.

chateaubriand
land
bland
scrubland
shrubland
badland
midland
wildland
woodland
cloudland
eland
homeland
pineland
duneland
wasteland
gland
gangland
highland
marshland
bushland
brushland
heathland
northland
southland

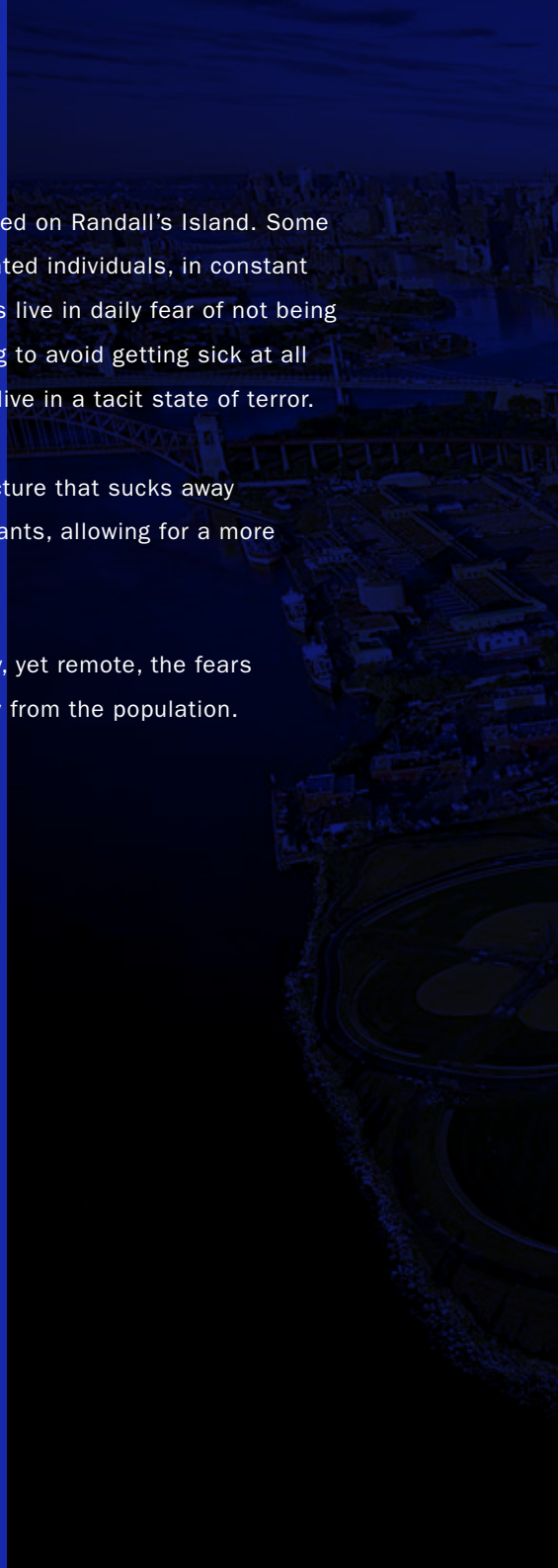


Finally the dragon came back.
It breathed fire as easy training for the students at the Fire Academy.
It defecated golf balls to readily supply the driving range.

FEAR is a large structure placed on Randall's Island. Some New Yorkers are highly motivated individuals, in constant fear of underachieving. Others live in daily fear of not being able to afford their rent, trying to avoid getting sick at all costs. Some fear both. Most live in a tacit state of terror.

FEAR is a fear-collecting structure that sucks away fears from New York's inhabitants, allowing for a more carefree lifestyle.

Placed at the heart of the city, yet remote, the fears are collected and stored away from the population.





I know that there are plenty of people who are fine with these generalizations, and even think that it reveals something about our moment, but I think it's more akin to taking one step forward and two steps back. More often than not, we find these generalizations in comedy. Comedy that stems from these generalizations does nothing but maintain them. And that's just not very funny. I think we can agree that using stereotypes can be a hurtful process that limits possibilities for all of us. I think you have to look at the facts and see that this has been more of a hindrance to racial equality than a benefit. It's highly probable that the amount of time and energy that's been wasted in villainizing "white people" could have been spent in bettering people of color and making their lives better. Instead, poverty, crime, and drugs are still the real banes of black culture. The other day, I attended a talk on just these issues where race took center stage, and the speaker—a rather dapper, silver-haired black man—thundered through the auditorium a message for black youth today: rather than scapegoating, look to your own house and set it right. Parents need to take responsibility, own up to their own problems and see what they can do for the next generation.

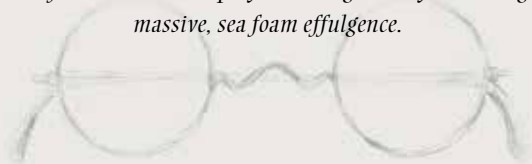
This, however, is only one side of the coin. Of course, there is the obvious violence committed in naming a generalized race of people, but when I think about it further, racial self-identification is perfectly acceptable. It's a point of pride for so many groups of people. That is, unless you're white. A black man can announce he is black and proud. A Latino man can announce his Latino heritage and say he too is proud, but I would be deemed a racist if I stood up and said I am proud. Why is this? Why is it that we can't take the opportunity to be proud of white people but we can feel free to make them the homogenized bad guy? If "white people" are indeed a legitimate category or group, then by this logic "white people" ought to be able to have the same pride any other group can stake for itself. If not, this is simply a new form of discrimination. Of course, the law would protect my right to do this, but imagine if I were to assemble a march. How many angry goons do you think would try to break it up? The insult cuts both ways and I think if we're going to start finding a common ground that will benefit every group of people, we need to see how we are beginning to imprison a different population. In the end, I suppose the nagging question I have is: why was "white people" even invented?

It may be puzzling why I took this opportunity to speak about these issues, why Frieze Projects would be the place to air these grievances. Art has always been a strange and unpredictable catalyst in my life, and I'm sure that rings true to many of you reading this as well. So rather than addressing those that have already turned a deaf ear, I speak to you, feeling as though I can offer my candidness with some sense of purpose, since we both know what art, words, and ideas can do.



Proposal #3:

A series of sculptures of Prospero (from Shakespeare's The Tempest) made of Ivory soap. Each will be of monumental size, about 10 meters high. Of course, Ivory soap would have to sponsor this, creating custom bars of soap for artisans to carve into the image of Prospero, the great magician of the island in the play. His visage slowly dissolving into a massive, sea foam effulgence.





THE
OVERTURNED
ISLAND

For the months of May, June, and July, there will be shaving stands at each end of the Robert F. Kennedy Bridge. At these stands, people are invited to have any type of hair shaved from their head or body. If the invitation is accepted, bridge toll fees will be waived. From the hair collected over three months, several massive dreadlocks will be made and suspended from the bridge, ideally long enough to hang within inches of the water below. Some dreadlocks will be wider than others, and could pose an obstacle to smaller watercraft. The dreadlocks will stay (and hopefully sway) for the rest of the summer. Come October, they will be removed and hung along the sides of the MetLife Building on East 45th St. Then, come spring, they'll be removed, cast in bronze, and turned into large vertically-oriented sculpture placed throughout Randall's and Wards Island parks.



**Sadness Is
A Lucky Thing
To Feel**

*That's how you feel better!
Deepest Sympathies,
Anika*



1. Press play to release frog scent
2. Freeze greeting card
3. Bury frozen greeting card with 2 cases of USPS Forever stamps near partially empty psychiatric hospital

Dear Vito Acconci,

Frieze Projects has invited me to make a work for Randall's Island in conjunction with this spring's Frieze Fair. I've been coming up pretty short on ideas. But I had one idea I like: inviting you to restage *Seedbed* at the fair. I think an ideal place for it would be the pier where fair-goers embark and disembark. The pier platform would neatly obscure your presence in the water below.

Did you happen to visit the fair either/both of the past two years? Basically, there's a big tent in a big field. In the environs of the tent is a smattering of commissioned projects by youngish artists (I've been asked to be one of those this year). The pier is very nearby these project areas.

Scheduling should, of course, be discussed at some length. There are four fair days plus a preview day. I think having *Seedbed* in place all five days is optimal. Your continuous presence in the water seems unnecessary. Perhaps having you there 70–75% of the time would be good—and only during fair hours of course. I hope you are in fine health and would be up for this (no pun intended!).

Looking very much forward to discussing further,

Kind regards,


Darren Bader

Visiting Randall's Island, you may notice a sculpture of a discus thrower on a grassy triangle outside the labyrinthine athletic complex. The statue, aptly titled, *Discus Thrower* (1924), by Greek sculptor Kostas Dimitriadis, participates in the centuries-old tradition of Olympic disc men figures. The most iconic of these is the *Discobolus* of Myron, a classical bronze of the Severe period (known to us through its Roman copies), which exemplifies the concept of *rythmos*,



meaning proportion and symmetry. The *Discobolus*, next to, maybe, Tron, is probably the most recognizable dude-with-a-disc, but could easily be confused with the slightly earlier *Discophorus* (discus bearer) of Polykleitos, Myron's contemporary and fellow Athenian student of the great Ageladas. Polykleitos's statue renders the athlete in contraposto, preparing for his throw, engaged in not to be overlooked ritual of the grip. Discus-throwing traditionally comprises six key movements: *wind up*, *move in rhythm*, *balance*, *right leg engine*, *orbit*, and *delivery*. Many experts agree that the *Discobolus* is in a stage of orbit. To elaborate, using the metaphor of a clock, if the right hand holding the discus is the hour hand, and the left is the minute, the time would be 9:30, so the throwing arm is horizontal.



The *Discus Thrower* short lifespan compared to and outstretched figure and, of course, buck naked, sculpture was commissioned by businessman Ery Kehaya, who donated the bronze to New York City at the close of the Games as "an expression of gratitude that are living [t]here." Two behind the Metropolitan the shadow of *Cleopatra's Needle* (an ancient Egyptian obelisk) for nearly ten years, only to be moved again to the newly opened Triborough Stadium on Randall's Island in July of 1936. Over the years the sculpture was assaulted by acid rain, acid heads, graffiti, dismemberment, and the looting of its most prized accessory, the discus, until it was removed from the grounds in the early 1970s. Thirty years passed before the statue was rededicated on July 21, 1999, after a complete restoration, and installed at the top of City Island Circle. An aerial view of the island puts the statue at the north entrance to the park, at twelve o'clock, which will hopefully remain its permanent residence. (A twin sculpture stands in the Zappeion gardens facing the Panathenaic Stadium in Athens, Greece, the site to the first modern games in 1896.)



of Randall's Island has had a relatively its celebrated predecessors. The upright first appears on the scene freshly bronzed, at the 1924 Summer Olympics in Paris. The sioned by businessman Ery Kehaya, who from Greeks given great opportunity, years later it was installed in Central Park Museum of Art, where it quietly lived in *Needle* (an ancient



At first glance, there's nothing extraordinary about our Olympian or his event. The one aspect worth remarking on is his orientation within the mechanics of the throw in comparison to his predecessors. Anyone with a basic knowledge of how to throw a discus will see a clear example of the first position, captured at the very pinnacle of the motion, the *wind up*, the most important part of the discus thrower's dance. Everything that follows the *wind up*, is predicated on and determined by the success of its execution. Considering the position of the two hands, stationed at exactly at twelve o'clock, high noon, the posture also serves as a symbol of the commencement of the Games.

A pentathlon event in the ancient Games, the discus throw is first mentioned in the *Iliad*: Achilles organizes an athletic competition in memory of his beloved, slain friend Patroclus. But perhaps the simple discovery that skipping flatter stones along the water's surface achieve longer distances than more spherical ones, inspired the development of the sport. Envisage an infantry regiment camped along a riverbank, skipping pebbles, their shields, or possibly amulets bearing the now disgraced icons of conquered foes. Odder things have been codified, but the question still remains as to the practice's utility, aside from a more organized version of competitive rock-skipping. The discus is a two-dimensional rendering or, more specifically, a flattened sphere, which, like that of a celestial body, creates gradations of increasing illumination as a result of the light diffusion that occurs at its edges when viewed from afar. Both the modern discus and those of antiquity employ a concentric ring pattern, recalling Saturn, which frames and denotes a core, around which is either a layering of materials or an etched embossment that apparently enhances grip. Is it an accident that there are references to the heavens in both the execution of a throw and in the terms like *rotations* and *orbits*, established to describe proper discus technique?

One particular fable that now comes to mind is that of Hyacinthus, a beautiful youth and lover of the Olympian Apollo. The two lovers engage in a game of discus catching, resulting in the tragic and accidental decapitation of Hyacinthus. A classical twist in the tale makes the jealous god of the west wind, Zephyrus, responsible for the death. The youth's beauty had caused a feud between the two gods and Zephyrus blew Apollo's discus off course to punish the youth for preferring the affections of the radiant archery god. When Hyacinthus died, Apollo did not allow Hades to claim him, but rather made a larkspur flower, the hyacinth, from the boy's blood.



The *-nth* suffix of Hyacinth would indicate a pre-Hellenic origin, traced to Amyclae, southwest of Sparta, which dates back to the Mycenaean era. It has been suggested that Hyacinthus was a divinity supplanted by Apollo through the "accident" of his death, and the two remained associated in the epithet of Apollon-Hyacinthus, appropriating and rewriting any Mycenaean origins into the emerging classical doctrine. Apollo, the beaming son of the Zeus, is the classical reincarnation of Helios, a Mycenaean-era god

abstracted from the ancient Egyptian, “place of pillars,” in the shape of a long petri- the main seat of the cult the midday sun, rides his across the day, traversing Horus (horizons, hours) into the night, or rather, the mouth of Apep (god of chaos), represented as the snake (a creature famously slain by Apollo as well) and then back out of the belly of the beast: an endless cycle.



Egyptian city of Heliopolis (in literally obelisks fashioned fied sun ray). Heliopolis was of Ra (the solar deity). Ra, sun-disc boat (Helios-chariot)

Ra is son of Amun (the chief Egyptian deity, sometimes known as Zeus Ammon), and Amun-Ra is, perhaps, the model from which so many father-son deities descend. (Of course Amun-Ra is also the deity at the center of Akenaten’s heretic monotheism.) Later, Heru-pa-khered (Horus the younger) and Harsiesis or Osiris (father/elder Horus) replace the local Khnum ram-head and Khepri dung beetle that formerly flanked Ra at midday, an expansion of the empire and revision of the “pantheon.” Horus first appears as a child in the lap of his mother Isis (matriarch), or innocently sucking his thumb, perched on a lotus, while Isis plans his usurpation of Ra. Horus eventually becomes the sky god, assuming the ether and an omnipotence without borders or horizons, enveloping Ra, and co-opting a disc for an all-seeing eye, known as the Eye of Horus (recognizable atop the pyramid on the US dollar bill). As with the Apollon-Hyakinthos fusion, Ra and Horus were united, and in some texts a trinity was formed: Ra-Horakhty-(Atum)—the father, the son, and the holy spirit.



Apollo, like the Discus Thrower, is a twin, and, like the Discus Thrower, took some time finding a place to settle down, first founding Troy with Neptune and then doing a stint on the Island of Delos before killing



the python at Delphi, a site also referred to as *omphalos* (navel) or circle center. If Apollo is the Greek incarnation of Ra, the prince at the height of his noontide powers, Hyacinthus may be a reiteration of Heru-pa-khered, pubescence/late-morning, on the cusp Ra’s midday zenith. Hyacinthus’s death comes from an inadvertent blow from the discus—clearly a sun disc talisman or, more to the point, the Eye of Horus—*disc-op-Horus*. If Myron’s *Disk-obelisk* is positioned with throwing arm at 9:30, is the *Discus Thrower* not holding the Eye of Horus with both hands at high noon?

The sculpted discus throwers appear to be spinning more than the sport itself would seem to embody. They are perfect three-dimensional depictions of men clutching obsolescent, perhaps even extinct, two-dimensional myths. In a display of classical moral beauty, the *Discophorus* breaks away from the stark opacity of the Egyptian figures. This paradigm shift in both form and consciousness represents not only the usurping of gods, but of an entire epoch as well. If the *Discophorus* contemplates the depth of his inheritance with humility, the



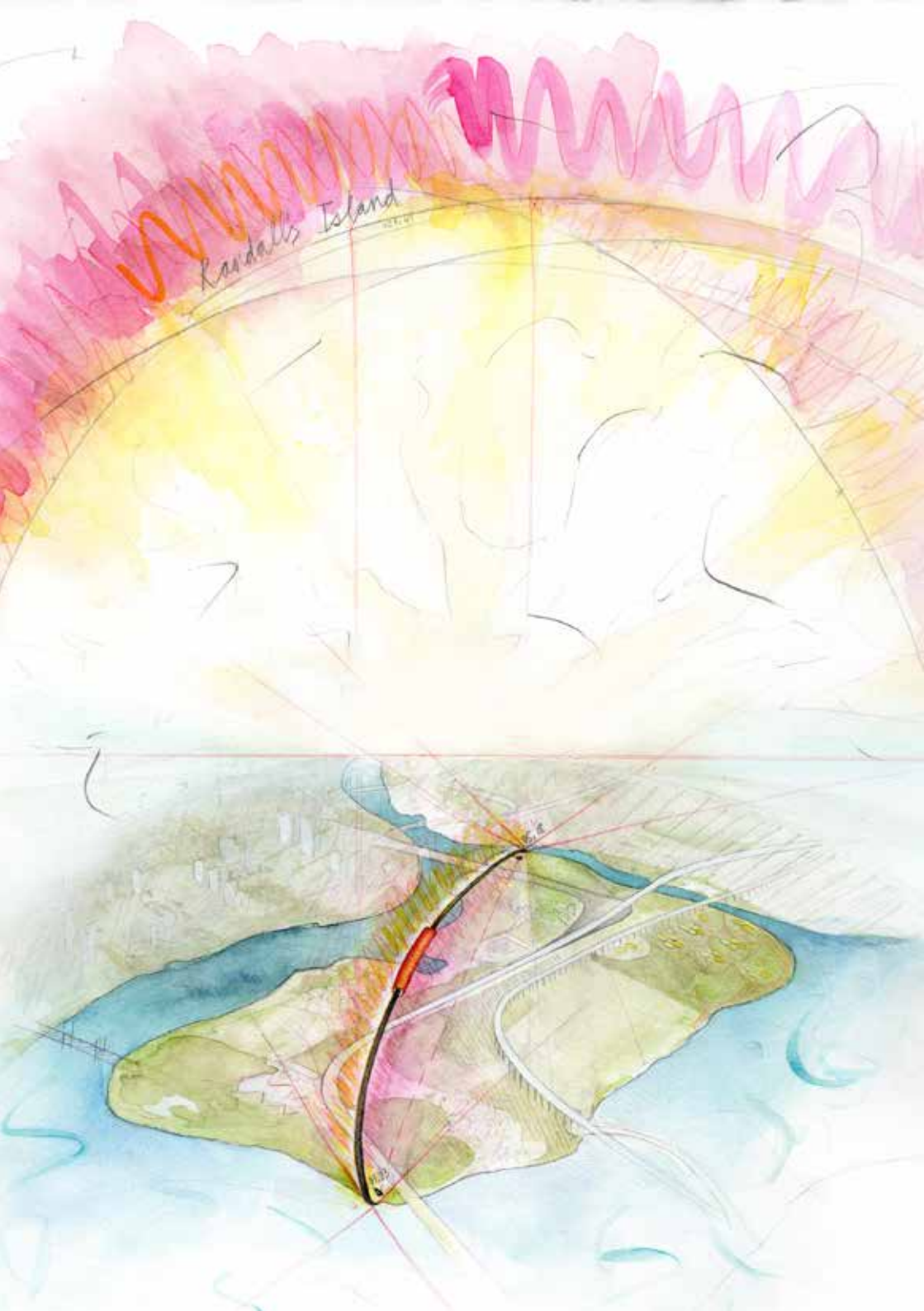
slightly younger *Discobolus* exercises his recently acquired power—an obelisk in its own petrified state of action. Not only does the dialogue between these two iconic figures suggest a shift in consciousness, but also in the concept of time itself. The internalization of space, and the development of the psyche, is played out in stages, as if the all-seeing eye then put into motion.

Is the discus throw not five events of the pentathlon, the five fingers of the hand discus throwers meant to clock, like a human sundial? been dismissing older concepts now in their perfectly mortal idols of forgotten gods (like of Hyacinthus's hair). Maybe the *Discus Thrower* stands proud, the winner of gold, making an offering. He raises the rings of the game/Games and the rings of time; he holds the eye of Horus above his head at twelve o'clock, implanting the all-seeing eye of the hyacinth flower like a newborn sun.

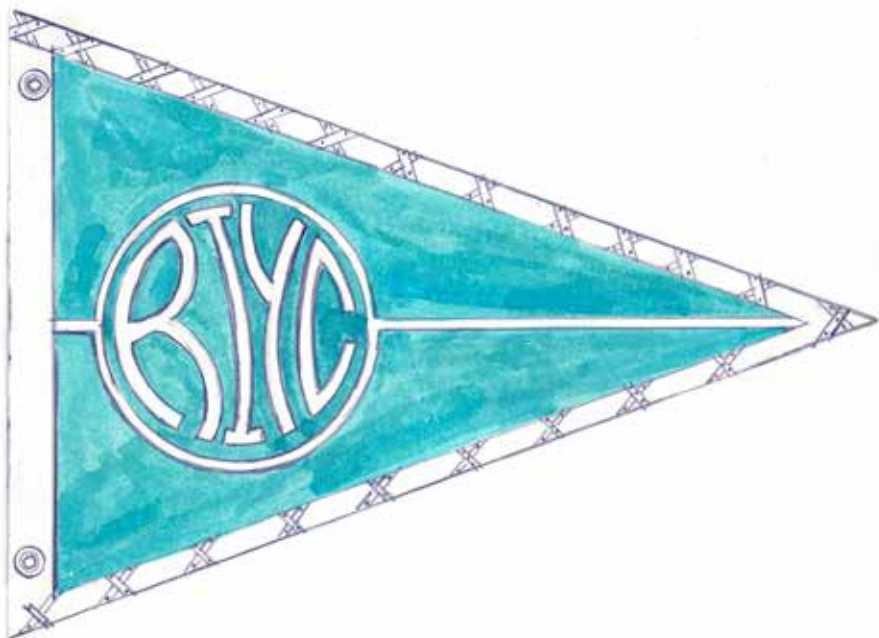


was plucked from the sky, and a sun ceremony within the like the eye of Horus within 10? Are the positions of our suggest the hours of the The ancient Greeks may have of space and time, the torch hands that played with the Apollo would play with a lock









Here is an original sketch of the Randall's Island Yacht Club burgee found in an attic at the old Thayer residence. Known alternately as the "Bridge Burgee," the little flag was flown on all sailing craft belonging to the now defunct and sadly lost Randall's Island Yacht club. Sharing reciprocity with many distinctive clubs up and down the East Coast and hosting the annual "Hell Gate Regatta," Randall's Island Yacht Club enjoyed a rather unique place in American sailing history. Races would take place Saturday afternoons in summer. These were not normal sailing affairs: with tugboats to avoid and tricky currents, boaters missing their first windward mark at Hells Gate would often find their boats victims of the tide. It was not uncommon to get pulled drastically off course towards the Long Island Sound.

Back at the yacht club boathouse, post-race, as backslapping died down, sailors would often exclaim, "What happened to Captain Spalling?" A group of cheerful voices would answer in unison, "Oh he got flushed out to Flushing." Invariably another round of gin and tonics would appear and a long wait would ensue to welcome the salty Captain Spalling, or whichever other unlucky sailors were returned by the tide, often some nine hours later(!)

At the old yacht club, like any other, drinking and sailing had gone hand in hand for years. This one met its demise when a tipsy sailor knocked over an oil lamp set at the end of a gasoline-stained pier. The pier, acting like a fuse, ignited the entire club as readily as a pack of lucifers. Several boats were lost in this firestorm, including an International One Design, a Peapod, several Dyer Dhows and a Herreshoff something-or-other. It was around this time that the island changed hands once again, and the club was never revived. Forty years later the small 'kill' or creek separating Randall's Island from Wards Island was filled in, joining Randall's Island with Wards Island.

Squire Whipple

Failed Alternate Universe Sculpture

We—we of the time we are—find ourselves on this very landmass surrounded by salt waters, and we might, although unlikely, ask ourselves what happened here before we are us. Certainly so-and-so and so-and-so might have come here for whatever reason, and before them, so-and-so might have also stopped or come by.

The years recede, mostly as numbers chattering along in neat format and style. The number 19 used to be omnipresent, but now marks an irrevocable past. What is a sunlit day, boating to this island, in an 1826; what is it to think an 1826 someone's thoughts and to see a sky there? Did 1785 have its seasons, the real felt and endured things?

History is so neat, so perfect at cleaning up messes; if there's anything a person likes, it's having a mess cleaned up.

Oh, but there's that spot again: autochthons, i.e. indigenous peoples, i.e. aborigines, i.e. natives. There is nothing more true about American history, and history in general, than the assumption of natural states. Nature is that which we all are, and thereby we are always in our natural state. It is the thing of states to affirm and confirm this; nature has its talents and states are necessary structure.

The United States: a grace, a place, for the natural state of man, the Jeffersonian halcyon.

Genocide is a word that has been used, and it has its own veracity. "History is won by the victors," Churchill pealed. It usually is, that's the axiomatic part. But there's the part where the old, the usurped, the erased can remind—history's darkened parts, its invisible holdings.

One only knows what one knows personally. So if history reminds one of things one does not personally, properly know, one is only told of these things—natural states remaining (i.e. being) natural states. I know of things told to me, but I do not know them, per se. I have citizenship in the United States of America, itself a state, defining the land I live on and the life I most know. This is troubling from time to time.

There will always be the fantasy that other life might be valued higher than one's own. And indeed there are moments when one might imagine a rare reality when an exceptional, extreme compassion (perhaps dominant duty) self-homicides. But far more often, people dream of times truer than the exact present, which is known to fail feeling rightly good. People wish upon alternative ways to feel good, to be natural on certain terms only. People always have this tendency.

Looking on the usurpation and erasure of natural states unknown to us, we may come to find no words to define a tragedy. (Tragedy is a good enough word, as it defines itself.) If only it were an easier thing to be a human. If only a great power would keep men from wronging men. If only immemorial curses would exit us for good.

After the beginning there is no end. History is known for its aplomb. Man: its own reminded folly and loss, redeemed by tears and stories. Natural states give infinite license. Who is before us? Common compassion can be enough for the nonce, but has no regard for eternity.

1) Broken, busted tennis racquet/car.

2) A massive (20ft in diameter) submerged (East River) wig on a hydraulic pedestal. Every 20 minutes the wig is slowly lifted, drenching wet, to the song "Leader of the Pack." Once it reaches its maximum height of 38ft, hair gel is pistoned out of the pedestal's tip, globbing over the dripping wig, which is now descending to the song "My Cherie Amour."

3) Massive frozen sculptures mounted along the coastline of Randall's Island. Arrange specific objects, in a selection of different sized pools and freeze. Sometimes fluids other than water should be used.

Example1: Obtain an SUV. Glue multiple monitors randomly along the interior of the car. A loop of a burning Yule log will be playing on these. The car should then be sealed, caulked and submerged on its side. Placed around the SUV would be white porcelain toilets with no seats or cisterns. Upon removal from the pool this SUV/Toilet frozen sculpture should be installed with the SUV's headlights facing the sky.

Example2: Obtain old school, metal shopping carts and fill with jello or hair gel of different colors, and then freeze. The frozen shopping carts are then placed in a pool on different axes. A mixture of mostly cat food and kidney beans is then poured around the shopping carts, never covering them. Lightly season this mixture with a hundred translucent plastic combs, then freeze. The result is to make a large cat food wall with hair gel stained glass windows. When installing orientate for the greatest height.

4) The following sculptures were conceived as traditional bronzes, some with painted parts.

4a) a person being goosed

4b) a goose being goosed by a kid

4c) a classroom globe in a trashcan

4d) a model falling on the runway

4e) a business man falling (papers/coffee)

4j) a cat standing behind the President's podium

4g) a 7ft garlic bulb. The sculpture will double as a oven for garlic to be roasted. Smoke will exit out the garlic's scape, dispersing that mesmerious scent.

4h) cat food fountain, measuring 5ft tall and 9ft wide. More of a mister than a fountain. Spearmint oils are added to the sculpture's circulating water to create an alluring reference to St. Patty's Day.

Levitation—that day is here! So no strings attached! No smoky mirrors either!

5) A floating globe of water with a ricocheting, flickering bic lighter inside (multiple flickering levitating globes could illuminate a walkway at night).

6) A floating dog bone with the word “Phone” printed on it. Along the edges of the dog bone are tiny jets producing fine flames surrounding the bone entirely. (A night sculpture.)

The following sculptures take into account the joggers, runners and cyclists of Randall’s Island, and should be installed alongside the twist and turns of the roads and or tracks.

7) Multiple 10ft beehive structures that all cyclists are forced to enter by traffic cops. Once inside, the cyclist will be harnessed with appropriately sized cellophane wings. Then, yellowish foot powder is poured on the wings and the driver is sent on his/her way. Those driving scooters or motorcycles are also fitted with wings but not talcumed and are handed gravy boats of local clover honey.

8) Stretching some 20ft around curves in the road, a polished bronze dachshund pigs out on a 10ft hoagie. (The reveal is rather exciting for joggers and cyclists, sometimes downright dangerous!) After a couple accidents, a sign will be posted 10yds before the sculpture, warning of the tripcord sandwich.

9) Levitating cabbages lead the way. Powerful magnets are jammed into the centers of the cabbages. Cemented in the ground are equally powerful magnets forcing the cabbages to float in the air. The floating cabbages could be arranged to create a jogger’s lane.

These last two proposals deal with the mechanics of yesteryear.

10) Axing the book. Cast in bronze, an axe chops a book (lifesize). The book is stable and installed on the ground but the axe is hooked up to a pulley system and an air compressor that's activated by putting 5 cents in a coin slot. Book pages are painted white. The axe head is painted silver and red. The axe handle is a natural bronze color, as are the written words.

11) Deconstructing Mechanical Orchestra. Once the entertainment of the Honky Tonk era, the mechanical orchestra is the children's drawing of today's computer. This particular orchestration includes 48 steel tubes of the Kreisler Corp. Snyder System organ, one cello, one double bass, and a full drum set with 8 bells. The machine is activated by a \$2 bill slot and plays 3 of 10 rotating songs, the last of which (following the organ's part) pumps 8,000lbs of mercury up the organ pipes for the duration of song. Two floor grates collect the fallen liquid metal. When the last note of the song sounds, the instruments, which are held together by a series of electromagnets, fall apart, crumbling on the floor. (Reference YouTube video "robotic chair falls apart.") In the midst of Civil War technology rubble, a hovering banner of animation rainbows the wreckage with the phrase "Fun-Phone-Now." Very hopeful indeed.

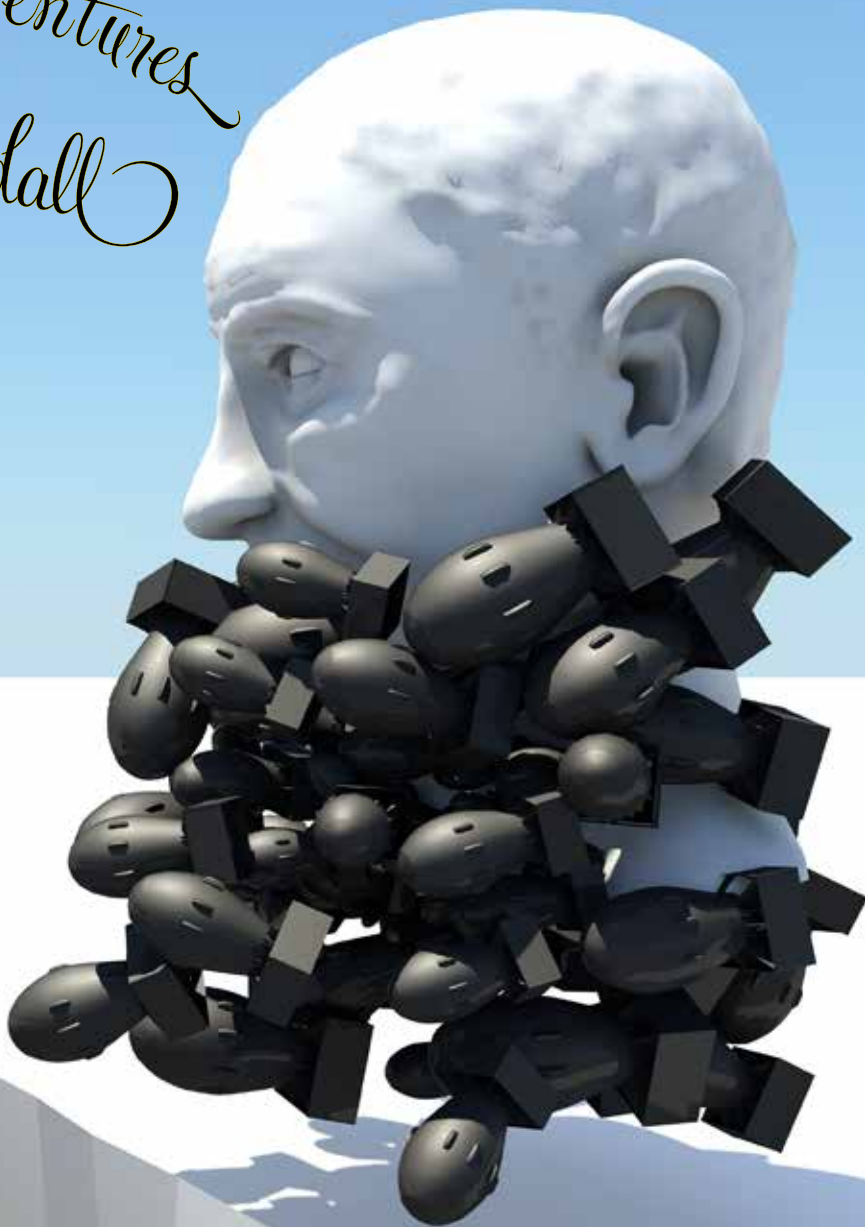
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*Adventures
Randall*



Ajay Kurian

Anicka Yi

Antoine Catala

Ariel Machado Furst

Brian Belott

Darren Bader

Dena Yago

Frederich Munch

Joanna Malinowska

John Tremblay

Lisa Jo

Luke Kleinman

Margot Brandt

Michael Caputo

Michael Zahn

pseudo-Oldenburg

Ricci Albenda

Tam Wilson

Urs Fischer

Ricci Albenda

Darren Bader

Brian Belott

Margot Brandt

Michael Caputo

Antoine Catala

Urs Fischer

Lisa Jo

Luke Kleinman

Ajay Kurian

Ariel Machado Furst

Joanna Malinowska

Frederich Munch

pseudo-Oldenburg

John Tremblay

Tam Wilson

Dena Yago

Anicka Yi

Michael Zahn

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farmland
inland
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swampland
cropland
upland
garland
timberland
wonderland
borderland
fatherland
motherland
hinterland
overland
island
grassland
wheatland



RI

Come away with me