



CARRY-ON

(Brooklyn to Den Haag)
Organized by David Horvitz

Michael Bell-Smith
Paul Branca
Colleen Brown
Dylan Chatain
Joanne Cheung and Beau Sievers
Dexter Sinister
Marley Freeman
Marc Handelman
(design by Prem Krishnamurthy)
Tim Ridlen
Maxwell Simmer
Ed Steck
Penelope Umbrico

Galerie West, Den Haag
September 4, 2010 - October 2, 2010



The works in this project were packed in a carry-on suitcase and carried from my house (Brooklyn, New York) to Galerie West (Den Haag, Holland) via Continental Airlines flight number CO 70 S from Newark-Liberty International to Schiphol Amsterdam at 6:35pm (delayed to 7:35pm) on Thursday August 19, 2010. Nothing was shipped or checked-in. All the works moved with my body, in proximity to my body. While in transit, the furthest away the suitcase ever got from my body was in the trunk of a car, an overhead compartment, and the airport's X-ray machine. Flying internationally, the works (and myself) were subjected to customs and security restrictions and checks.

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14	Two Roses to Los Angeles (Joanne Cheung)

LIST OF WORKS

Michael Bell-Smith

Controlled Explosions
Flash drive with 15 digital prints
87 video files (and 15 jpegs) of fireworks and other controlled explosions.

Paul Branca

My Kitchen Knife, Shun
My Kitchen Knives, various makes

Colleen Brown

Corroborating Evidence
porcelain, platinum glaze, 2002, edition of 2

Dylan Chatain

Apple painting 4 (for Detroit)

Joanne Cheung and Beau Sievers

Recording boxes for Mondrian
A set of acrylic cubes lined with tracing paper and containing red, yellow, and blue pastels.

Travel recording with contact microphones: from Brooklyn to Den Haag

Dexter Sinister

The First/ Last Newspaper
Copies of all six issues were used to wrap other works inside the carry-on bag. In Holland they were unwrapped and made available to read.

Marley Freeman

Seek scan 6 (unfinished)

Marc Handelman

Cotton T-shirt,
Designed by Prem Krishnamurthy, 2002

Tim Ridlen

Opening Loop
Digital Video/Sound
loop
2009/10

Maxwell Simmer

Special Drawing Rights

Ed Steck

Inspire, Al Qaeda's English-Language Recruitment Magazine or a possible product of an infiltrating Western intelligence agency, containing bomb-making instructions, interviews, and articles on what to expect from jihad, in 67 blank pages.

Penelope Umbrico

7,707,250 Suns from Sunsets from Flickr (Partial),
7/30/2010
for the exhibition "Carry-On" by David Horvitz

NOW I BRING YOU YOUR DISGUISE:
CARRY-ON NOTES IN 115 SYLLABLE
UNITS (OR, NEAR ENOUGH)

Ed Steck

The maximum combined linear measurement (L + W + H) of the carry-on bag is 45 inches (115 cm) up to 14 in x 9 in x 22 in. The maximum weight of the carry-on bag is 40 pounds (18 kg).

Paul Virilio: The contraction of distances in travel leads to the contraction of the world proper, but through a phenomenon of resonance, an echo effect, the body proper itself takes on a considerable importance.

1610 DONNE Pseudo-martyr 94 By a new Alchimy, they doe not onely extract spirit out of euery thing, but transmute it all into spirit.

Moving from the pre-security zones (greeting card kiosks, novelty gift shops, gimmick restaurants) into the post-security zones (duty-free shops, airport lounges, baggage claim), the traveler passes through airport security: automated carry-on scanning, automatic biological pathogen detection, millimeter-wave full body scanning, fingerprint scanner to detect explosive traces, and a quadruple resonance carpet.

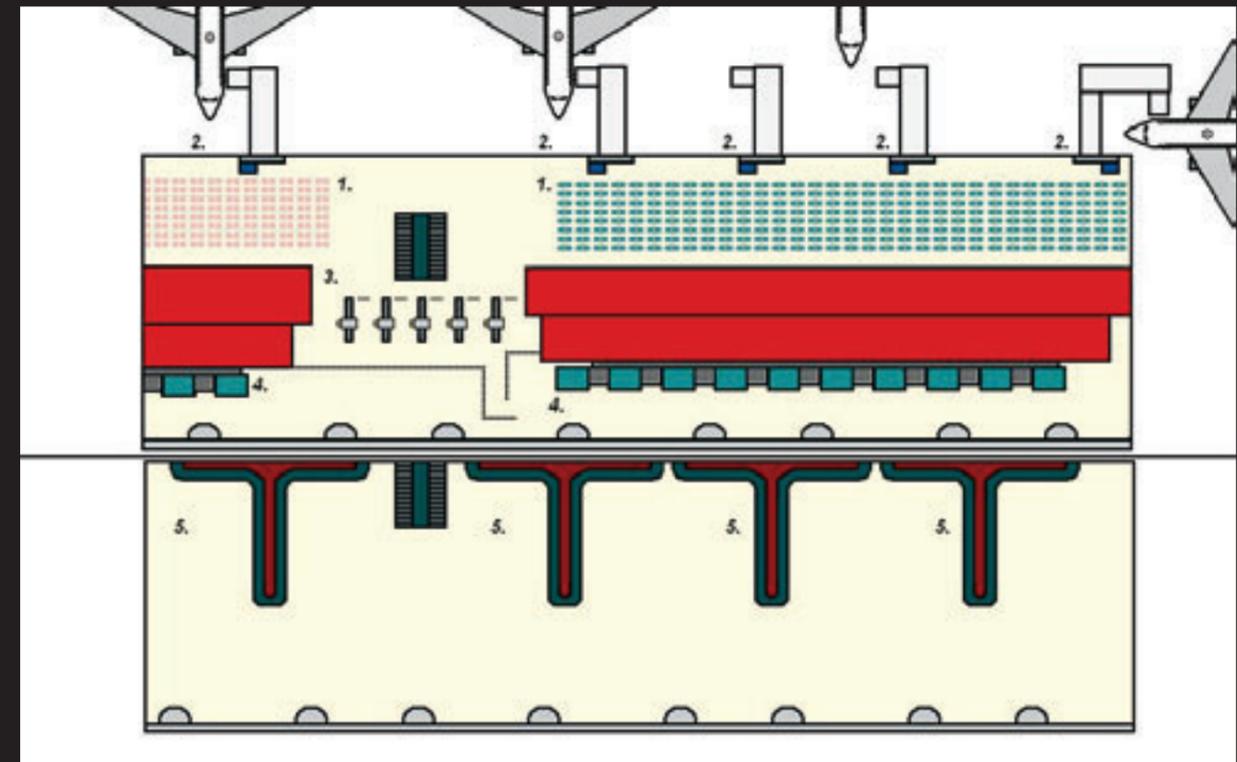
A hired airport police force, a country's military, a country's airport protection service, police dog services, security guards, paramilitary and military forces await the traveler. Once militant

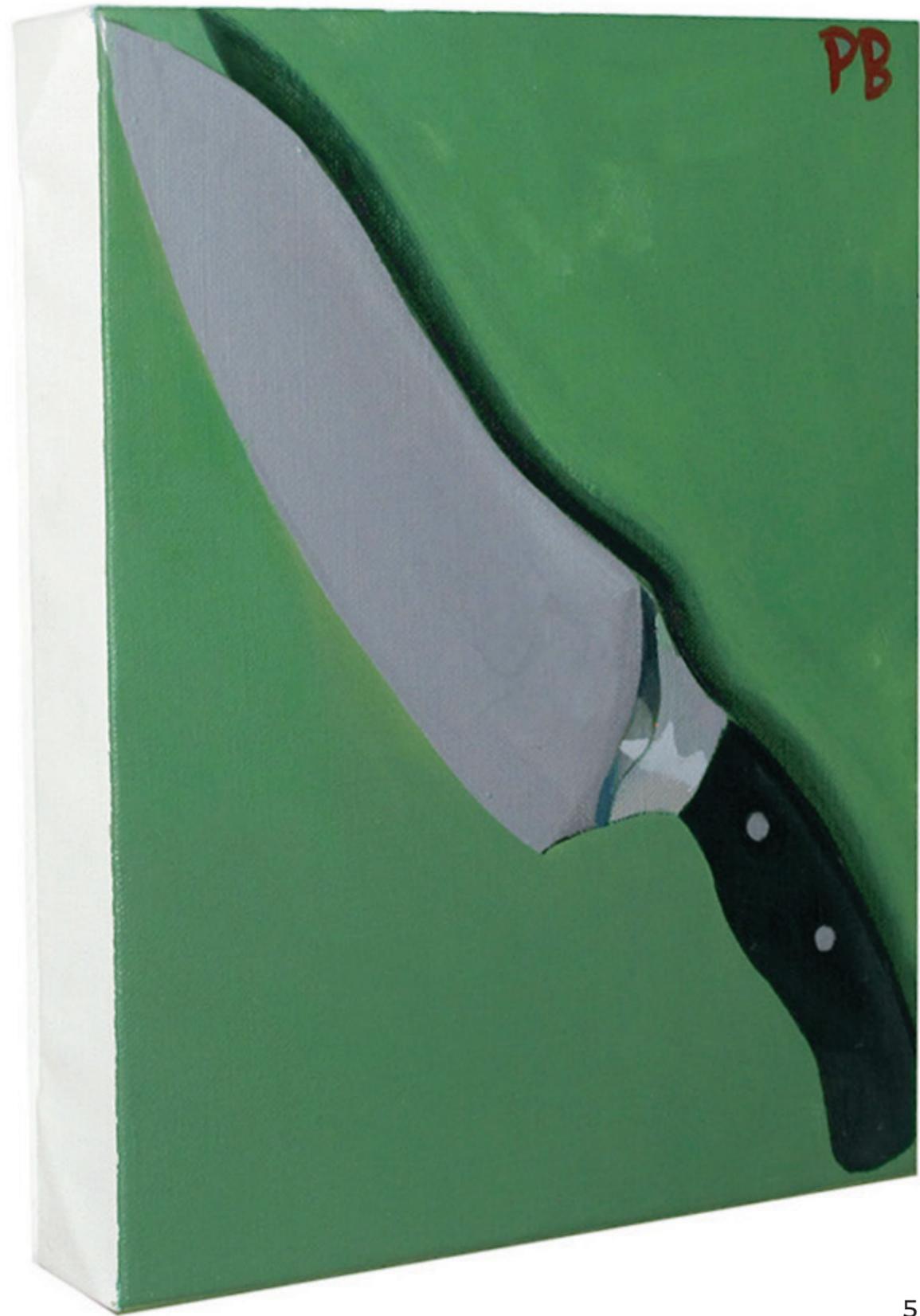
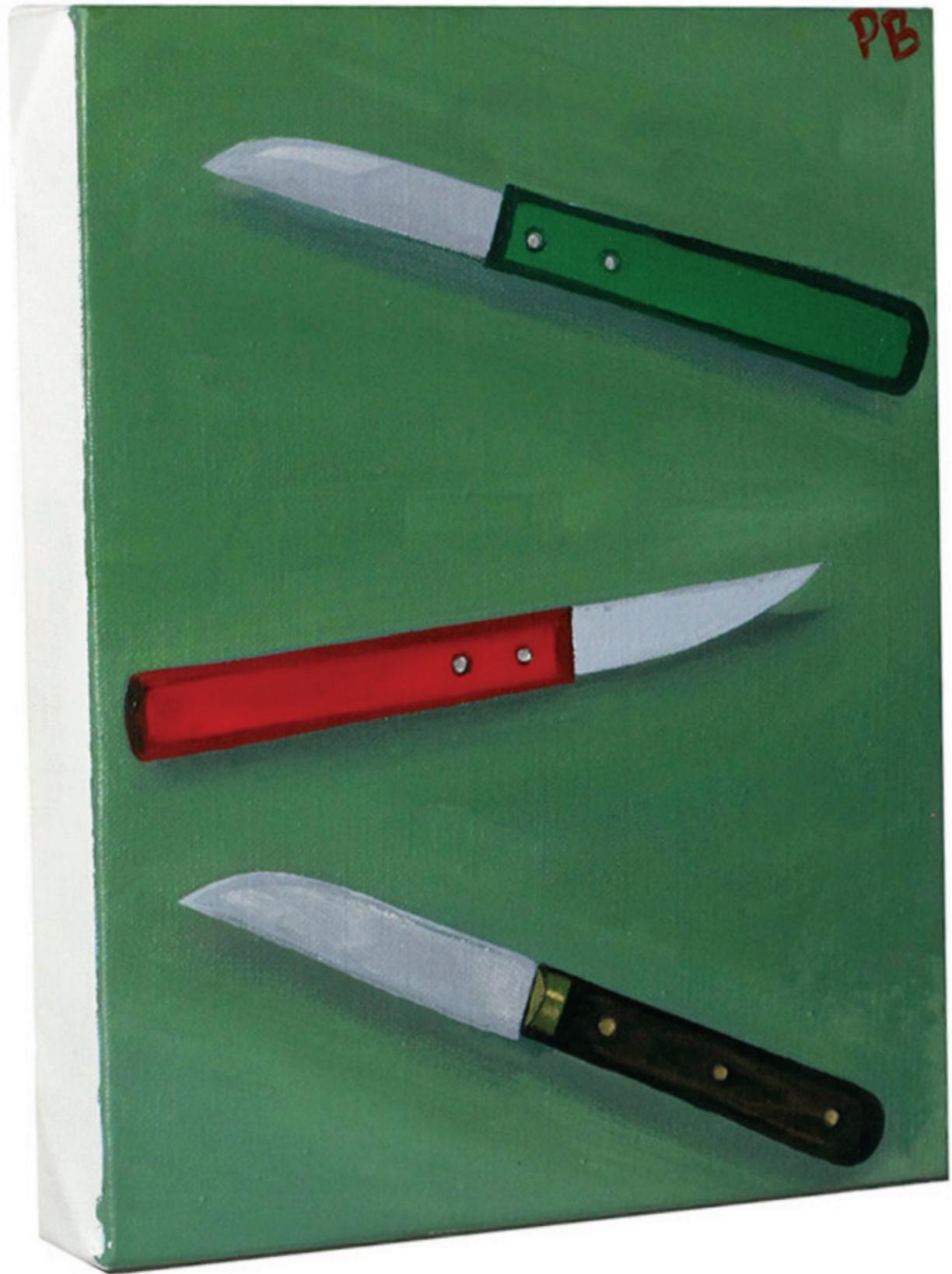
ideology began repurposing the everyday object to topple secure infrastructures, carry-on regulations included: shampoo, moist paper tissue, skateboards, dart arrows, box cutters, and all larger sticks.

All pieces assembled in a single zippable plastic bag of one liter. A reflective surface forms on the wet airport runway. A commercial passenger jet airliner pilot admires the wing's extension. A Pulsating Visual Approach Slope Indicator pulses white. A mirror is produced by the vacuum deposition of aluminum. 'I have approached the screening area,' the traveler thought, continuing above the airport tower.

The aircraft is significantly above the glideslope. In this one-box system, the traveler functions as a speculative vessel (a far reach) for the hand luggage's contents. Status determined by possession: a first class traveler travels with transnational polyfidelity while a traveler traveling coach is a respected team player. To the airport, a traveler is something more than a pleasant thrill. 'I, art displayed in an airport.'

Carry-on: as the hand luggage assumes the traveler as habitat, its contents transmute (to change into another by irradiation or bombardment, to remove from one place to another, to transport) closely-packed surrounding spaces as the habitat shifts course, shifts weight, and shifts location. The habitat's geographic positioning adjoins the object to a region. The habitat is mobile. The habitat is a far reach. The habitat is.





SOME NOTES WRITTEN FROM BROOKLYN
TO DEN HAAG

When I think about the idea of carrying I cannot help but think about my grandmother. In 1942, after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, she and her family were forced from their home in Rohnert Park, California through executive order 9066 signed by Franklin Delano Roosevelt. They found themselves taken to a small town in eastern Colorado, to the Amache Internment Camp for Americans of Japanese Ancestry and Japanese Nationals who were living on the West Coast United States. Stated in the small type on a poster issued by the Western Defense Command and Fourth Army Wartime Control Administration: the size and number of packages is limited to that which can be carried by the individual.

The last time I flew out of Shiphol, I carried a bundle of yellow tulips with me, wondering if they would be taken away by customs in the United States. They were X-rayed in Holland before I boarded the plane. In the United States a customs officer noticed them and sent me to a line designated for extra inspection. The officer at this line, not knowing why I was sent there, X-rayed my bag a second time, and told me to walk through the metal detector. I held the tulips to the left of my body, outside of his view. A few days before coming to Holland on this trip I found a florist a few blocks from my house. A yellow sign hung in front of the store. In hand-written black letters it read: ROSE FLOWERS "NATURALLY" FROM HOLLAND. Or, depending on how you read it: ROSE FLOWERS FROM HOLLAND "NATURALLY." I bought one for

two dollars and rode my bike into Manhattan's Chinatown to find the carry-on bag I would use (in Chinatown, the rose was given to the cashier at Banh Mi Saigon on Grand Street after ordering a sandwich). The day of my flight I returned to the flower shop, thinking I could bring some roses with me on my trip, as if I were taking them home. When I asked for the roses from Holland the owner informed me that today they only had roses from Ecuador. I was a little perplexed. Only a few days earlier the roses were from Europe. Now they are from South America. I bought five, which added up to the amount of the minimum for credit card purchases. Two went with Joanne, to be taken on a flight to Los Angeles that same day. One went to an airport personal at Newark's security-check. The remaining two were brought over the Atlantic. Brooklyn was only a layover, in between Ecuador and the flowers' final destinations.

My flight was delayed one hour. The airport carpet I sat on was a gridded grey-blue. It had the look and feeling of something institutional. I imagine a similar carpet in a bank. Or in a hotel lobby. I imagine there is a catalog for these banal carpet designs somewhere - designs waiting to be purchased, materialized, and put to use as backgrounds for boredom. These carpets are meant to be occupied by a temporary waiting by continuously passing-by people (except for the employees, who experience a different kind of boredom). Because of the delay, an airline employee hands me a card called a "customer care kit." This "kit" contains a prepaid comment card, a travel discount coupon, and "continental currency." I continue to sit on the carpet, sending text messages to New York, Pittsburgh, Boston,





and Los Angeles. “We are ready to board, first class passengers will board after coach, we are still cleaning the first class area, we apologize for this.” On the flight I use one of the coupons to get a vodka and lemon. Seeing if the flight attendant would not notice, I hand her a different part of the coupon, hoping I could get another vodka and lemon later. Ten minutes later she returns to my seat and informs me that I gave her the wrong part of the coupon.

At the exact same moment I am waiting to take off, Joanne is sitting on an airplane at LaGuardia Airport also waiting to take off. Outside the sun is setting over New Jersey. Her flight, heading west, will go straight into the sunset. Because of the direction and the speed of the plane, I imagine her sunset will be experienced longer than normal. I imagine if you fly fast enough, you can follow the sunset around the Earth continuously. My plane flies east, over the Atlantic. I fly into the morning.

Intermittently throughout my flight I open and close the window-shade. When my opening finally coincides with dawn, I wait until the sun is visible before I close it again.

In Den Haag I rode a bike from the gallery in the direction of the beach, hoping to reach the harbor. Instead, I found myself at Scheveningen Pier as the sun was coming down. On the promenade I asked a man drawing pencil portraits how much his drawings were. Twenty Euros he said. I asked him if he could draw the ocean for me instead of a portrait. He said no, that he would only draw portraits. Behind us was a coin operated viewing telescope. The

lenses pointed towards the ocean, with crowds of people and beach-front businesses preventing a clear view of the horizon. A child went up to look through it. Pulling the viewfinder to his eyes, the child was too short to look straight ahead. The lenses pointed at an upward angle looking directly at an unobstructed view of the sky.

In 1881 Hendrik Willem Mesdag painted the panorama that is now known as the Panorama Mesdag. It is a 360 degree view of Scheveningen. Scheveningen, a small fishing beach that was already a popular location for tourists, was about to change drastically. A harbor would soon be built. The *bomschuiten* boats (flat bottom fishing boats that are pulled onto the sand) would be replaced by larger more modern boats. The industry would attract more people and more development. Mesdag, determined to save the view before it was lost, stood atop the highest sand dune, and painted what he saw. In one direction, the village of Scheveningen. In the other, the beached *bomschuiten* boats, the fisherman, and the North Sea.

David Horvitz

August, 2010

Den Haag, The Netherlands

Michael Bell-Smith

1st_Iloilo_Dinagyang_Pyrolympics_2008.mov, zurrieq_1.mov, 3_DOZEN_SMOKE_BALLS.mov, 10_500_000_Firecrackers_-_NEW_World_Record.jpg, 10_500_000_Firecrackers_-_NEW_World_Record.mov, 15_000_firecrackers_loud_but_good.mov, 16_000_blackcats.mov, 16.000_China_Bller.mov, 36_daylight_dahlia_shell.METALION.jpg, 36_daylight_dahlia_shell.METALION.mov, 45_000_Bottle_Rockets.mov, 81.No.21.mov, 81-1.jpg, 81-1.mov, 81.mov, 96_Sparklers.mov, 100_000_BOTTLE_ROCKETS_IN_15_SECONDS.mov, 625_Shot_Dragon_Egg_Fireworks_Cake.mov, 1080P_High_Definition_HDV_Backgrounds_-_Fireworks.jpg, 1080P_High_Definition_HDV_Backgrounds_-_Fireworks.mov, 2007.mov, 2010_Fireworks_display.mov, Bad_Fireworks.jpg, Bad_Fireworks.mov, Bomba_de_Fuma_a_de_1.8Kg.mov, Bonfire_Part_1.mov, Bonfire_Part_2.mov, Bonfire_Part3.mov, Bottle_Rocket_Barrage_Hot_Rocket_Fireworks_pyrobug.com.mov, Bunker_Buster.mov, Canada_Day_Fireworks_2010_1_3.mov, Cherry_Bomb_Vs_Trash_can.jpg, Cherry_Bomb_Vs_Trash_can.mov, Cherry_Bomb.mov, Circus_Orange_Pt_4.mov, Cornwell_s_Fireworks_Display_July_4_2010.mov, Crazy_Japanese_Firework_Extreme_Display_12_inch_And_Up.mov, Diet_Coke_Mentos_LITERALLY_EXPLODES_WITH_FIRE_2.mov, Diet_Coke_Mentos.mov, Dry_Ice_Bomb_Under_Water.mov, Epic_Fireworks_Display_-_Calgary_Stampede_2010.mov, Feast_of_St_Catherine_V.M_Zurrieq_2008_1.mov, Festa_San_Guzepp_2008_-_Zebbug.mov, Firecrackers_in_a_container.mov, Fireworks_-_Beautiful_Rockets_and_Explosions_HD.jpg, Fireworks_-_Beautiful_Rockets_and_Explosions_HD.mov, fireworks_2007_81.mov, Fireworks_after_a_wedding_at_Comlongon_Castle.mov,

fireworks_day_time.mov, Fireworks_display.mov, Fireworks_on_Seattle_s_Space_Needle_HD.mov, Fireworks.mov, Forceful_Movement_Hot_Rocket_Fireworks_www.pyrobug.com.mov, Frosty_Blown_up.mov, Haunted_Mansion_Fireworks.mov, HD_103rd_Nagano_Ebisuko_Fireworks_Display_No.18_Music_starmine.mov, HD_103rd_Nagano_Ebisuko_Fireworks_Display_No.39_Music_starmine.mov, HD_Fireworks_Yokohama_International_Position_Long_2.mov, HD_Fireworks_Yokohama_International_Position_Long_3.mov, HD_Japanese_Fireworks_Melody_HANABI_Toyota_Oiden_Festival.mov, homemade_1_2_3_4_5_inch_mortar_shells.mov, Japanese_fireworks_2.mov, Japanese_Ground_Shells_FX_-_This_is_Just_Madness.mov, japanse_Shell_2.jpg, japanse_Shell_2.mov, Japanese_Shell.mov, Kick_ASS_Fireworks_Footage.mov, Liquid_Nitrogen_on_a_swimming_pool.jpg, Liquid_Nitrogen_on_a_swimming_pool.mov, Massive_Orange_Red_fireworks_fireball.mov, Microwave_Explosion.jpg, Microwave_Explosion.mov, Microwaving_vacuum_sealed_jello.mov, Molotov_Cocktail_experiment_biggest_explosion_yet.mov, nar_ta_l-art_san_guzepp_haLkirkop_2008.mov, nar_ta_l-art_tal_karmnu_zurrieq_2008.mov, Punk_throws_a_molotov.jpg, Punk_throws_a_molotov.mov, Purple_Smoke.jpg, Purple_Smoke.mov, riesen_Polenbller_Polen_Bller_Knaller_Silvester.mov, Shell_of_Shells_-_Marija_Bambina_Xaghra_Gozo_2008.jpg, Shell_of_Shells_-_Marija_Bambina_Xaghra_Gozo_2008.mov, Smiley_Face_Fireworks.mov, smoke_bomb_snoopies.mov, SMOKE_GSY_-_special_smoke_test.mov, Some_more_4_homemade_aerial_shells.mov, Spectacular_Japanese_Firework_Celebration.mov, Sugicchi_-_Omagari_Fireworks_2007_-_Fireworks_of_Japan.jpg, Sugicchi_-_Omagari_Fireworks_2007_-_Fireworks_of_Japan.mov,

Swiss_National_Day_Fireworks_Display_in_Biel_2006.mov, tac_cintura_gudja_2009_nar_talart_part_1.mov, TAC_CINTURA_GUDJA.mov, Tennis_Ball_Bomb_P.D.A_this_video_has_cusing_and_is_deadly.mov, The_Best_Diet_Coke_and_Mentos_Explosion.mov, Wedding_fireworks_in_

Comlongon_Castle_grounds.mov, West_Park_Fireworks_2009.mov, Wolverhampton_Fireworks_Westpark_2006.mov, World_largest_fireworks_48_inches_shell.mov, World_s_Largest_Fireworks_Display_in_Los_Angeles.mov, X.jpg, X.mov



Paul Branca

Painting Under the Knife (to be read quickly, but not completely, or not at all)



Deadlines: rushing to the airport, rushing to the studio, late for work, late for painting, trying to squeeze in some time in order to do both. Deadlines: mine or yours? Painting is slow - Boeings move fast, money faster. Need to do it all: devastatingly late. Can I miss my own deadline? Secretly yearn to be a hedgehog: stab the fucking hedgehog: bury the hedgehog. Not there yet: another day or two to work. But oil is slow: slow, they say. Rushing to Flushing: Spicy and Tasty and Northern Chinese. Stuffed: oily, deliciously gross. Stomachs appeased: worth trek Want more: walk through Kissena Park because Whitman taught nearby and it is poetic enough to constitute as a cultural experience, OK? Meaning: It's cold! My father: flies. Serene sky: littered with convoys of domestic jets taking off from nearby LaGuardia. Nature: raccoons and opossums. Digesting food: peppercorns numbing and hot - stuck in teeth. Night falls: an owl. A moment: love. Need to work: 7 train to studio.

Artificial light: tired to work, to see, find energy. White nights: bad work, good work, just work. Another night: friends over, dinner, going home to cook, cut up vegetables and meat, trying to eat well makes me sick, avoiding sleep, rushing around to do more, be everywhere, live a life divided, cut-up. Overwhelmed: kind of makes me want to commit murder. Need to walk: unwind. Don't need: a vacation. Far too many windows open: chat, facebook, mail, amazon, orbitz, travelocity, expedia, nytimes.com, lemonde.fr. Painting: working to paint - painting to work, palette knives - palette cleansers. Money: debt, one job, two jobs, one class, three classes: 60 students. How will I ever learn their names? Hungry: cutting boards, frying pan, extra-virgin olive, garlic, oil, stains, oil, more clean up, too much. Want to read now: open two books at the same time, check email.

To the airport: walk, bus, E train, airtrain, viaduct, terminal, space, non-space, baggage, crowds, security, e-tickets... coffee... knives... knives... bloody mess. A pause: did i leave the gas on? forget to take the garbage out? windows open? rain? good paint brushes left out? paint drying on new brushes, ruining them... hate that. Money: work, time, time away from work, no money. Travel beckons: more shows, other people's work. Do they look good enough? Nope: deadline met. My show: travel, other people's food, my money, no nature, no dialogue, foreign languages, silence. Airport: security, complimentary newspapers, murders, plane crashes, debt, jobless recovery... security. Passing through security - x-rays, stares, accents, commands, order. Paintings through security - levels, time, labor. Simulated blades through security: metal, x-rays, threats, violence, mistake, time: love again and again.

Colleen Brown

Dear David,

I hope you have decided to keep my work in your pocket, somewhere close. I made this work to transform a space to a mass and I feel like

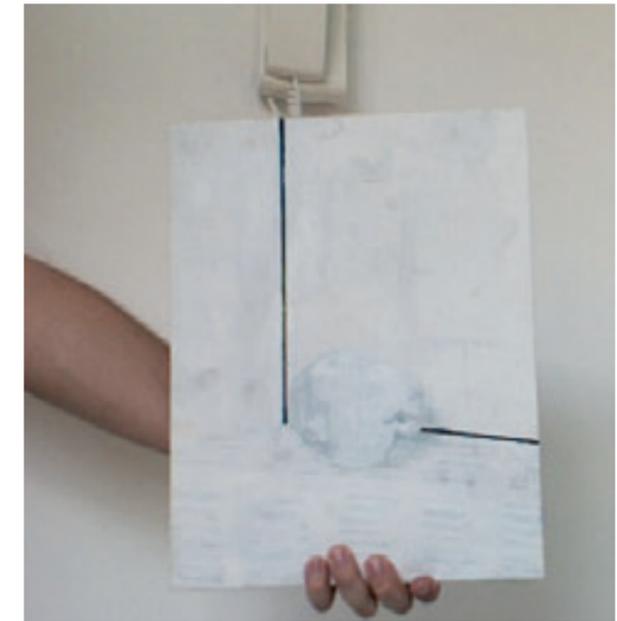


it is gaining substance by being with you. You originally asked me for a void but I have a sense that your powers of accretion would replace any emptiness.

XO Colleen

Dylan Chatain

I was doing these apple paintings all summer. They were done directly from life. I guess I was looking for a sort of antidote to this Detroit project which was all about absence. They never really worked though. Painting a decent apple is really hard. I ended up obscuring them and liking that a bit better. But then they became redundant and unnecessary for what I was doing.



They were reduced to symbols. Then David showed up and wanted to take something away. I was pleased to see the covered over apple symbol leave to be symbolic somewhere else.

Joanne Cheung and Beau Sievers

Instructions:

- Pack boxes into the suitcase.
- Travel.
- Unpack.





Instructions:

- Attach contact microphones to either sides of the interior of the suitcase.
- Switch recorder ON at departure.
- Switch recorder to HOLD while traveling.
- Switch recorder OFF at arrival.
- Play back the recording on loop mode from either the recorder's internal speaker, or the contact microphones by plugging them into headphone jack.

Dexter Sinister

November 19, 2009, 3:15 pm, www.nytimes.com
 Performa 09: Black and White and Read in the Port Authority
 By HOLLAND COTTER

In dire days for print journalism, it warms the heart to see a new newspaper appear. And one called, somewhat enigmatically, The First/Last Newspaper, began printing in Manhattan earlier this month. It's offices are a barren looking storefront on the Port Authority Bus Terminal's Eighth Avenue side, as it happens diagonally across from The New York Times building.

Competition? Size-wise, no. The First/Last is basically a two-man operation, the partners being David Reinfurt and Stuart Bailey. Together they form the guerrilla-ish, digital-averse designing/writing/publishing collective called Dexter Sinister, which has permanent digs in a Lower East Side basement and takes up impermanent residence in various art world festival situations, like the recent New York Art Book Fair, the 2008 Whitney Biennial, and the current, city-wide Performa 09 which, along with the Times Square Alliance, is the First/Last Newspaper's sponsor.



With assistance from Brendan Dalton and Anne Callahan, and what the paper describes as "hastily assembled staff of international writers and photographers"(desks in Glasgow, Geneva, Palo Alta, Tivoli in upstate New York), the editors have been turning out an extra-large format, no-color broadside twice weekly since Nov. 3. printing in Long Island City, distributing copies shopping-bag-on-subway style, and passing them out to whoever wanders into the Port Authority newsroom.

The paper's contents? Semi-news (up-to-the-minute reports mixed with 1968, 1982, etc. reprints), lots of opinionated cultural and media analysis, almost nothing — to be accurate, absolutely nothing — in the Sports, Dining, Automobiles and Obits department, but a hefty amount of what seems to be fiction, or what is now referred to as creative nonfiction. The tone overall: extremely smart (brainy plus street-smart), sardonic, Dada-intensive.

There are still some bugs to be worked out. As I say, the reporting-opinion divide is a little iffy. And headline writing is in need of style guidelines, ranging as it does in one issue from "Headless Body, Topless Bars" to "Large Hadron Collider Expected to Fail Due to Backwards Causation, Massive Elementary Particle Predicted Plus Standard Model and Colliding Beam Synchrotron Particle Accelerator Explained."

But time for adjustments is short. In fact, it's over. The First/Last Newspaper will fold Saturday after a mere six issues, a willing victim of planned and tightly scheduled obsolescence. The good news: Dexter Sinister will soldier on to further pioneer and provoke in the print world it so loves/hates.

Marley Freeman

E-mail conversation between Marley Freeman (Brooklyn) and David Horvitz (Den Haag) on August 22, 2010 (for Marley) and August 23, 2010 (for David):

DH:

You might have been the first person I told about the Carry-On project. It came about last minute while we were up at Bard this summer. I would always see you holding your jar of tea, and I thought how you wouldn't be able to take the tea on an airplane because it was a liquid. I thought this could be an interesting place to depart in thought, whether or not this would actually influence the paintings. Can you tell me about the paintings that you did?

MF:

I was trying to think of the ideas of water, travel, and passport. And it seems like the paintings came out with this circular middle form which I was interested in. I have been using the center of the canvas as a primary location, but it was a shield. I've been trying to break the shield for something more unexpected. You're right about me not being able to take tea on the plane. It's a totally harmless object. It wakes me up and makes me feel comfortable.

DH:

What I would do is take the tea leaves on the plane, and make some nice green tea while in flight. Do you feel you were able to break this instinct in these paintings?

MF:

Maybe in the one that you like (in the photograph, second from the left). It's in the process of happening. It doesn't really just happen all at once. It happens through time. Tea leaves on the plane would be fine except you would have to drink out of a styrofoam cup and your tea would taste like coffee.

DH:
You would need to bring tea cups on the plane too. That is fine to take on, you can't just have liquid. You can bring an entire tea set, and then ask the stewardess for hot water. And if you are not allowed to bring the tea leaves into the country you are flying to, you consume it all in flight. So, when you were thinking of "water, travel, and passport," when you start the paintings, what does that actually mean? Is it more of something that is occupying your thoughts, as you are putting brush strokes on the canvas, and may inversely affect what you are doing physically? Or, are you visually thinking about those ideas, and trying to visually apply them to build from?

MF:
I was trying to visually apply them to build recognizable forms. But then... as the painting happens, the trying to build something specific gives out, and the set of terms that I have been working with takes over. WHY? It is like a friendship, why are we friends? I have no idea except there is some draw that happens. I guess I believe in letting the subjective take course - not in a totaling way, there are limits. Its limits are the time between painting moves.

DH:
Can you tell me about this set of terms and what you mean by moves?

MF:
I make a move on the canvas then I leave the studio. I think about it or not, and I come back later. I know I'm on a good track in a painting when I can remember a good amount of detail in the painting. This means the painting has a

clarity. The terms (forms, colors, etc.) are distilled through time within the paintings. They are not pre-sketched or pre-conceived. I have come to them through making and looking. They happen in the moment a decision is made.

DH:
Do you feel the initial form, meaning here the "travel, water, passport;" collapses? Or, do you feel it grows into something new? Maybe this "growing" and "collapsing" are two words for the same process.

MF:
I feel more related to collapsing then growing. I generally try to shut down growing. I guess you're correct though - in order to collapse, something must have grown to begin with.

DH:
It just depends how you look at it. And in the end, regardless of what words you use, some kind of transformation takes place. What is interesting is to take this temporal process of creating the painting - and to take that into account when looking at it. Trying to both locate



the point where the transformation culminates and ends (the state the painting is in), and also, to try to understand this temporal process in its production, the process that leads to this point of culmination (the process culminating in the state the painting is in). And this is possible, because when looking at a painting, one looks at it in time. You can spend time with it to try and unravel this compressed time of its becoming. But to go back to your connection with "collapsing," would you say that these paintings are a collapsing of the "travel, water, and passport"? Which would mean, they are still fragments of those thoughts? Or, do you see them as something new?

MF:
Yes, they began with those thoughts. If in ten years I looked at the paintings, would I remember their beginnings? I'm not so sure. I mean they are from those ideas, but they have become something completely different. I'm not sure I would call them "new" either, because they are forms which I have been working with for awhile.

Marc Handelman

Homeland Security Advisory System
Current Threat Level
August 19, 2010
- The United States government's national threat level is **Elevated** or **Yellow**.
- For all domestic and international flights, the U.S. threat level is **High**, or **Orange**. See the Transportation Security Administration for up-to-date information on items permitted and prohibited on airlines.



Tim Ridlen

"The last time I bought a gallon of milk it was spoiled before I even opened the jug. Now I feel compelled to open everything before purchasing. Safety seals became mandatory in 1989; but I've grown impatient waiting for the moment of expiration."



Maxwell Simmer

right now
the ecosystem
is building its own store
of credit / stored value -credit
to make - people - a single currency.

this will make it a lot better
we'll have one currency
and it'll be a lot better.

there'll be less friction /
in the way people pay.

our systems handle millions
of dollars -
transactions
organically flowing

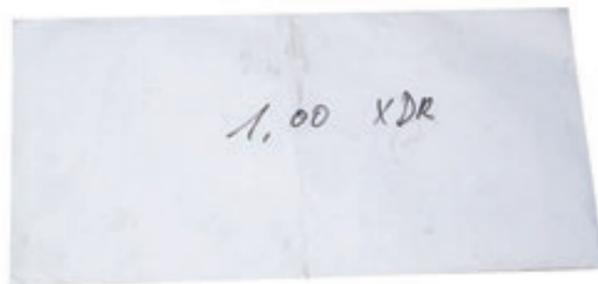
connect.

we have 100 different applications in closed beta

reach out to us
get in on this

, then,

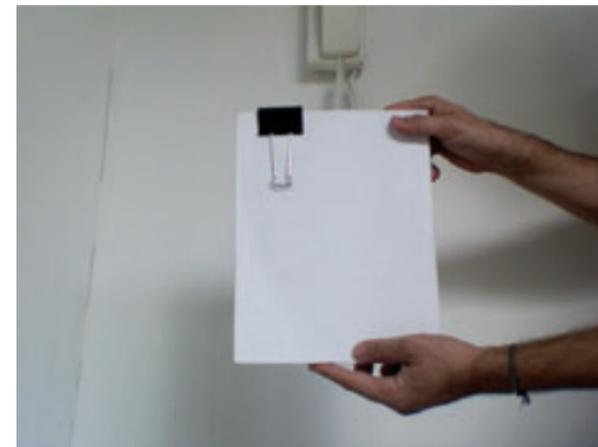
we'll reach out to you / when we're ready / to
reach out



build this quickly
scale it out
to the whole
ecosystem.

Ed Steck

In 67 blank pages: The blank document was downloaded from a jihadist online forum. The PDF originally contained the full publication of Al Qaeda's *Inspire*. All original material in the document was rendered absent by intervening intelligence agencies. The blank document remains available. Virus-laden PDFs of the online publication have circulated through private government conspiracy and jihadist online forums. This specific document is a purposefully corrupted file to deteriorate the security of the



terrorist organization's distribution network, as well as possibly installing a self-replicating remote-activated spyware computer worm, which would launch a rapid mass collection of information on the individual and infiltrate the systems of any other user connected to the original source.

Penelope Umbrico

Suns from Sunsets from Flickr consists of images of suns that I have cropped from pictures of sunsets from the website Flickr. Shared via email and social networking, these images are ephemeral and immaterial, infinitely multiple, circulating in a context of global non-space and non-time. I have uploaded the cropped images to the Kodak website and printed 4" x 6" machine c-prints of them, giving them singular, specifically local, material form - as material objects, they can only be in one place at a time.

I started this project wanting to know what the most photographed subject was, and found that "sunsets" consistently displayed the most hits on photo-sharing web sites such as Flickr. The paradoxical absurdity of the ubiquitous presence of the sun - omnipotent provider of warmth, enlightenment, optimism and vitamin D - shared as visual currency on the cool electronic internet is made more apparent in the increasing numbers of sunset images shared on sites like Flickr. For example: in 2006 when I started this project, there were 541,795 sunset images on Flickr; on 9/25/07 there were 2,303,057, on 3/31/08 - 3,221,717; on

8/03/09 - 5,911,253, and so on. I have included in the titles of each incarnation of this project the accompanying number of sunsets found on Flickr on the day I print or install the project - the title itself becoming a comment on the ever increasing use of web-based photo communities and a reflection of the collective content there.

Aside from installations in museums and galleries, various other forms of the project address the disparity of the ephemeral internet image and its subject: For public installations or interventions the photographs are placed in sun-less contexts outside of the usual sanctioned art space (such as the box offices at the Brooklyn Academy of Music; the "S" trains of the NYC subway system - the "S" never goes above ground; the underground mall system of downtown Toronto. In most of these installations, the photographs just show up, unannounced, like a kind of unexplained phenomenon. For another project, (*Over and Across*), I ask that the left over suns photographs from an installation (or those found during an intervention) be mailed to me as postcards - the "sun" physically travels through the skies, crossing borders, and registers on its surface a record of time and place, beginning and end, of its destination.





