



onestar press carter mull typist



Carter Mull

C.M

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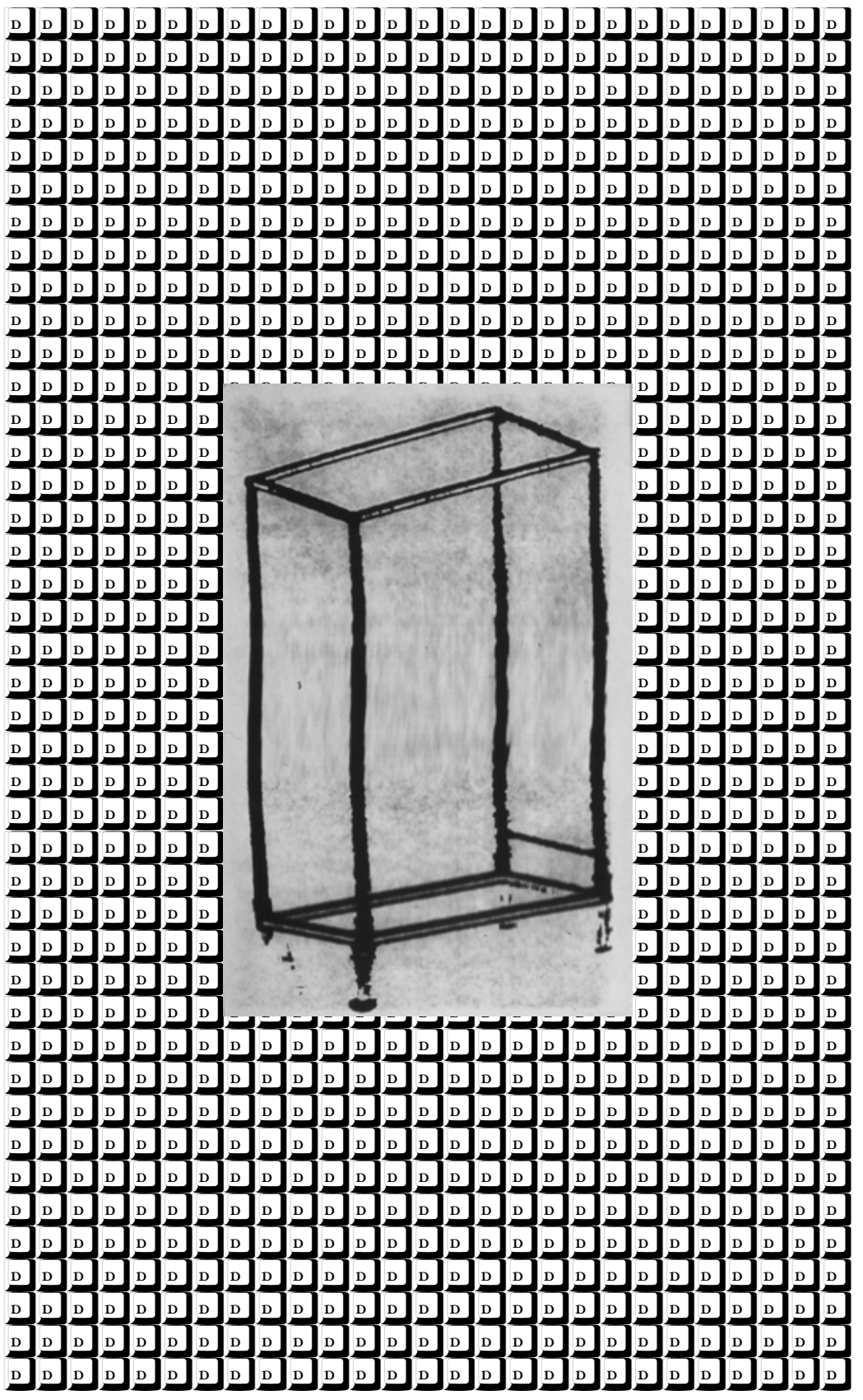
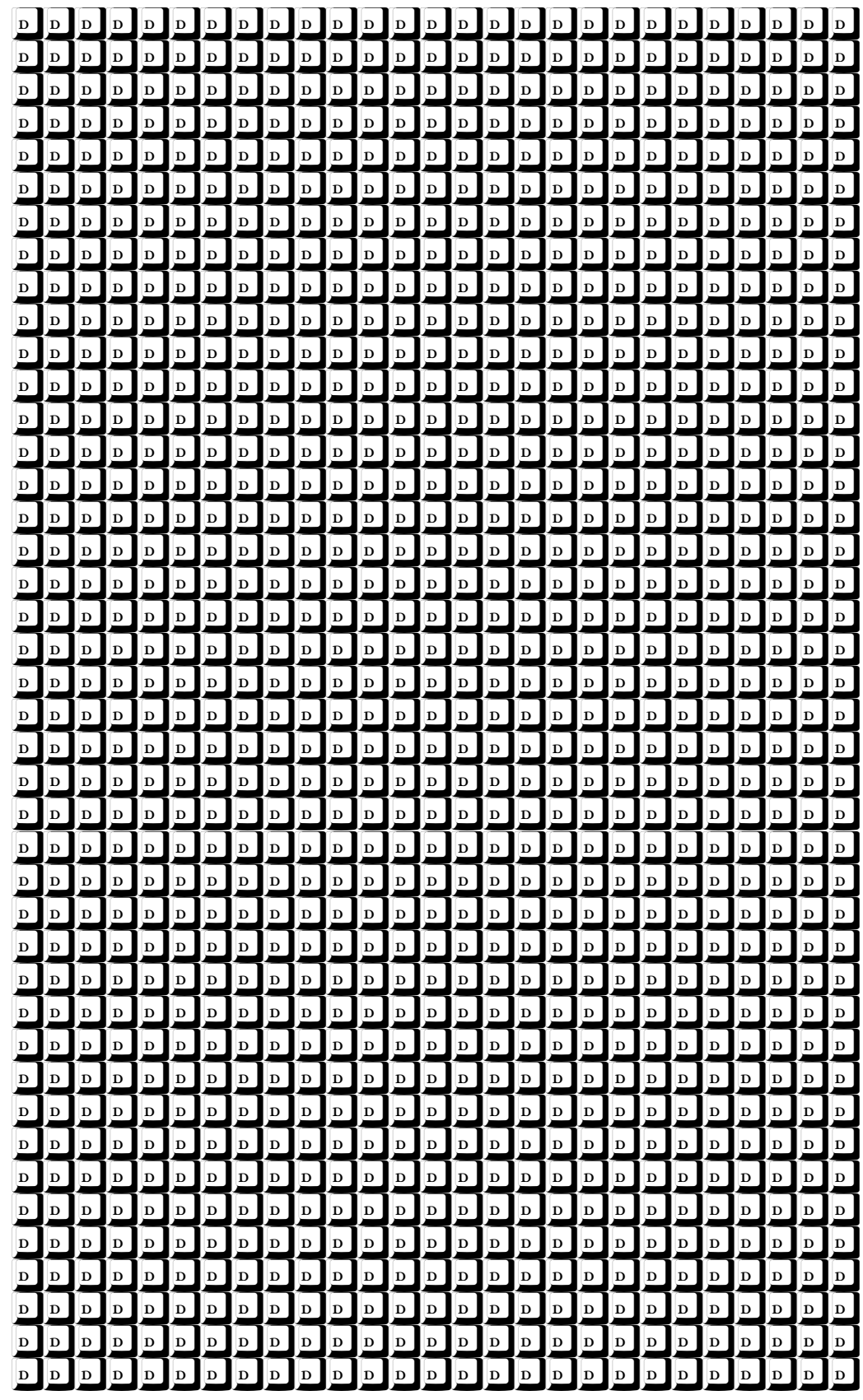
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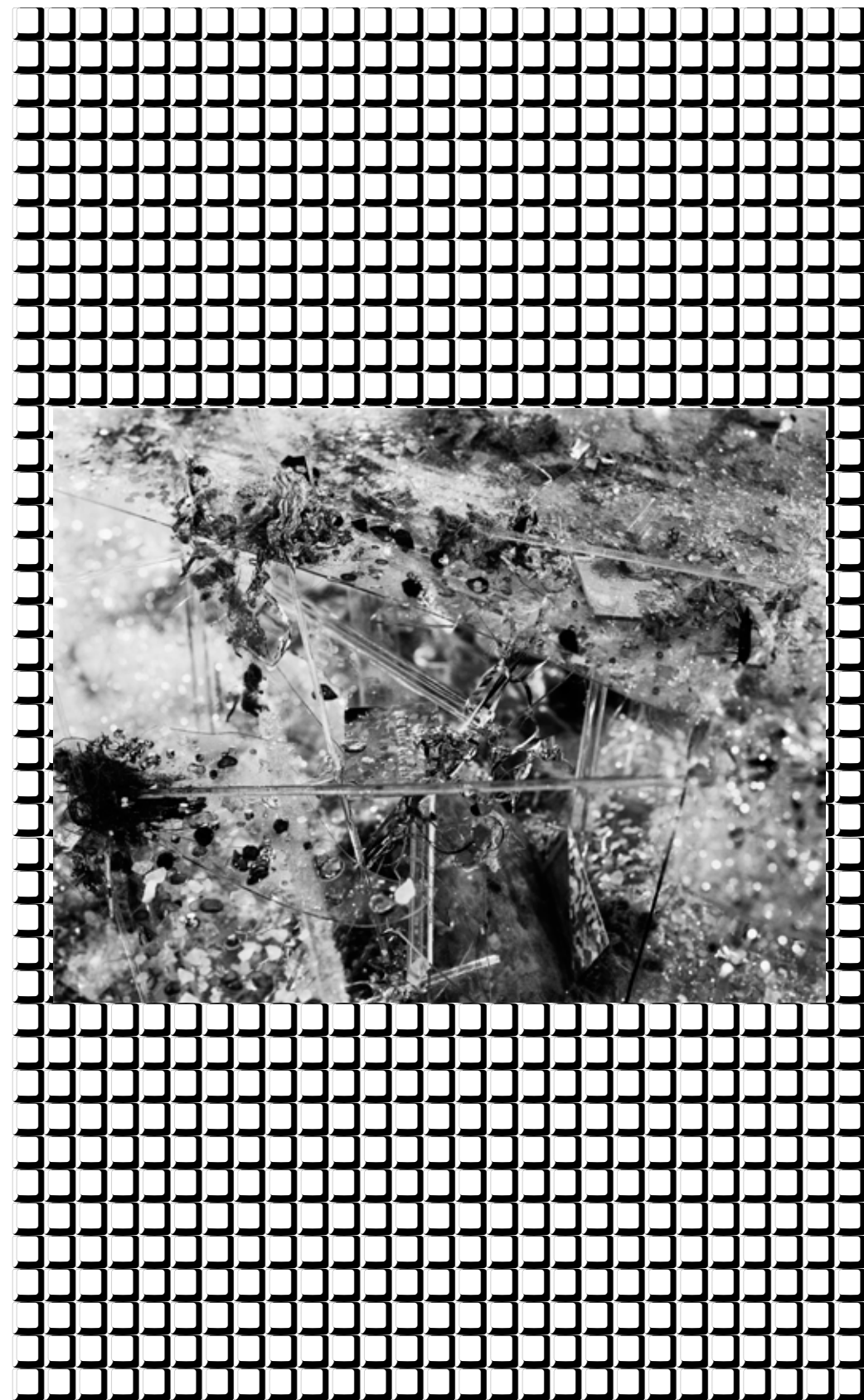
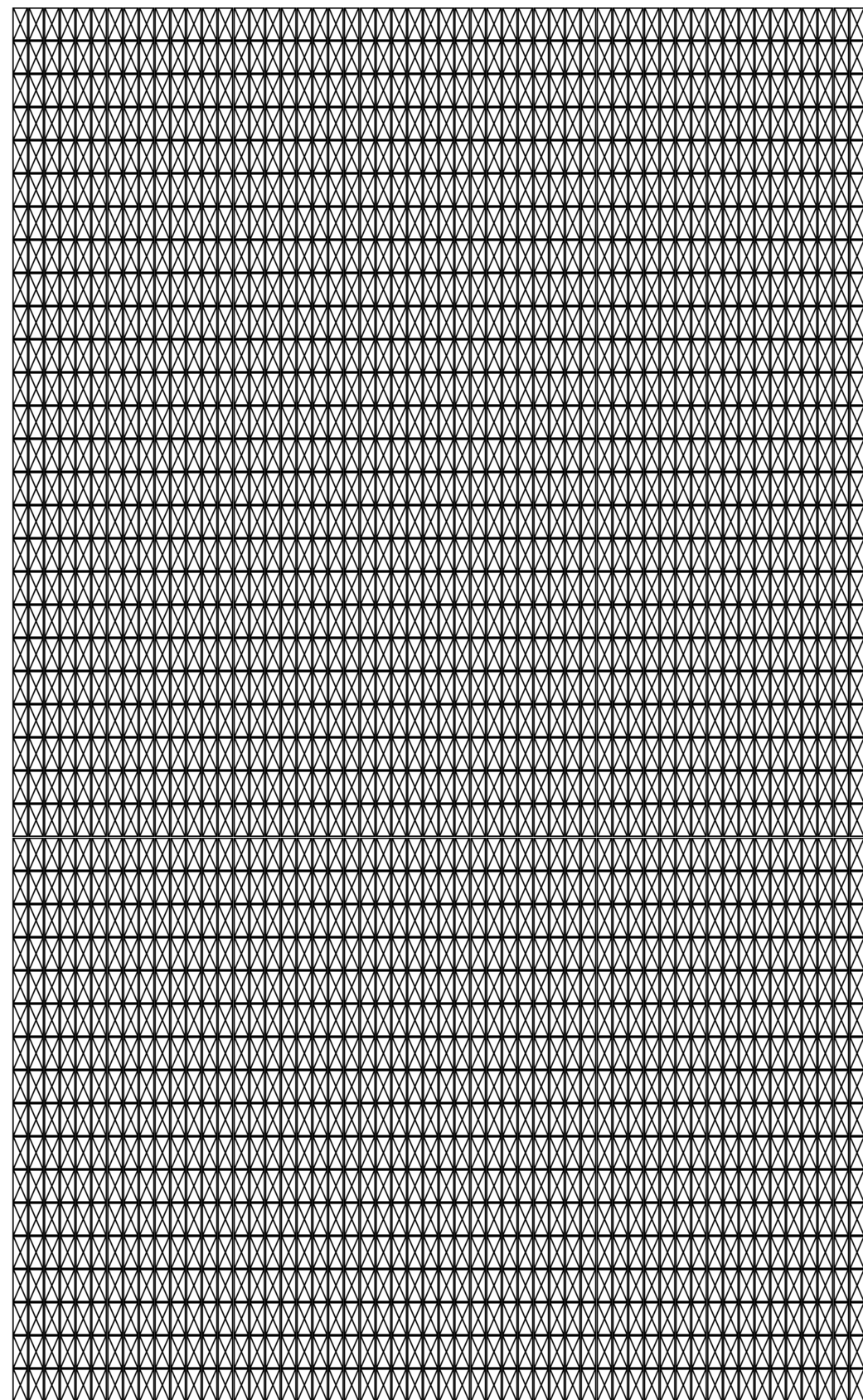


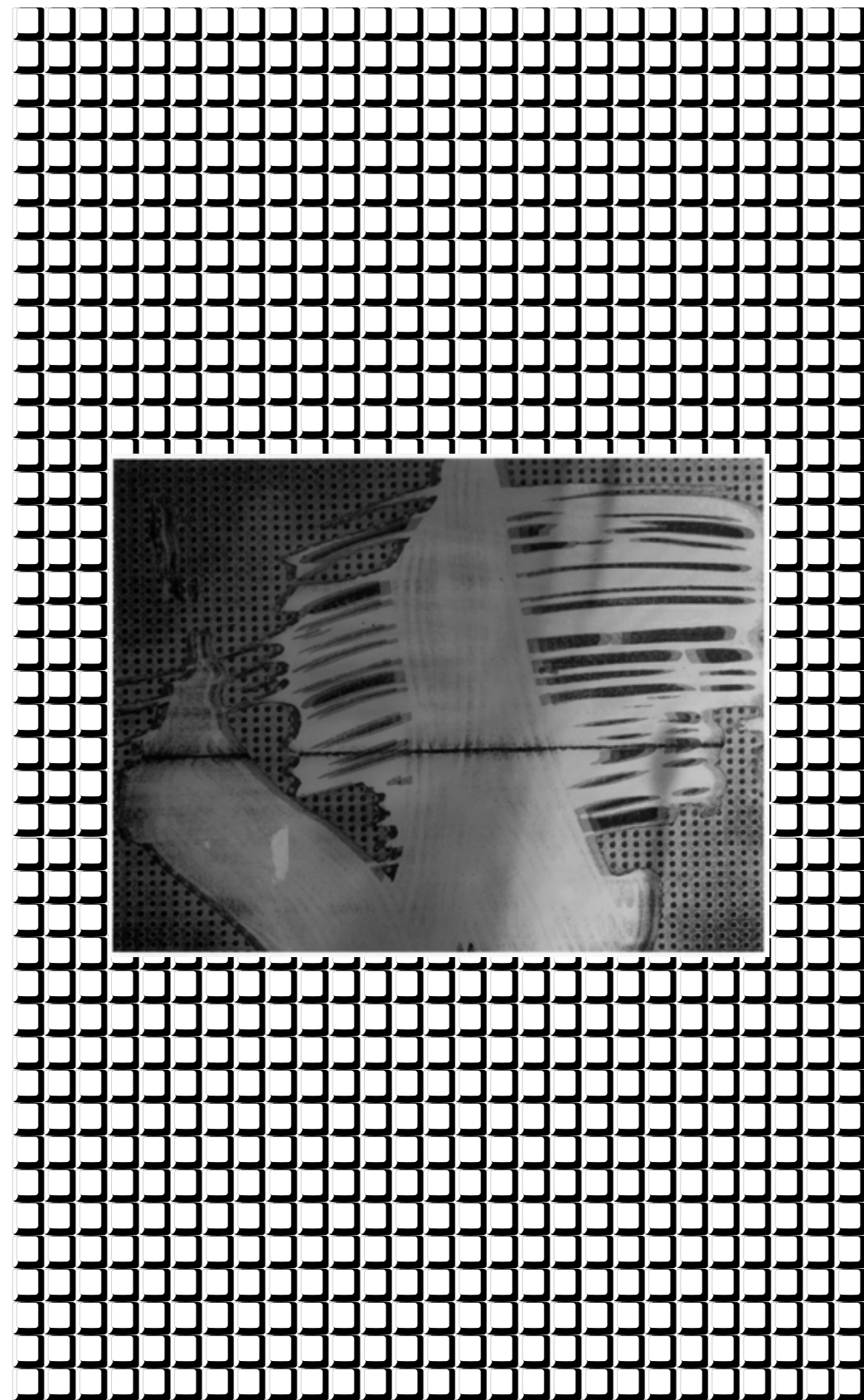
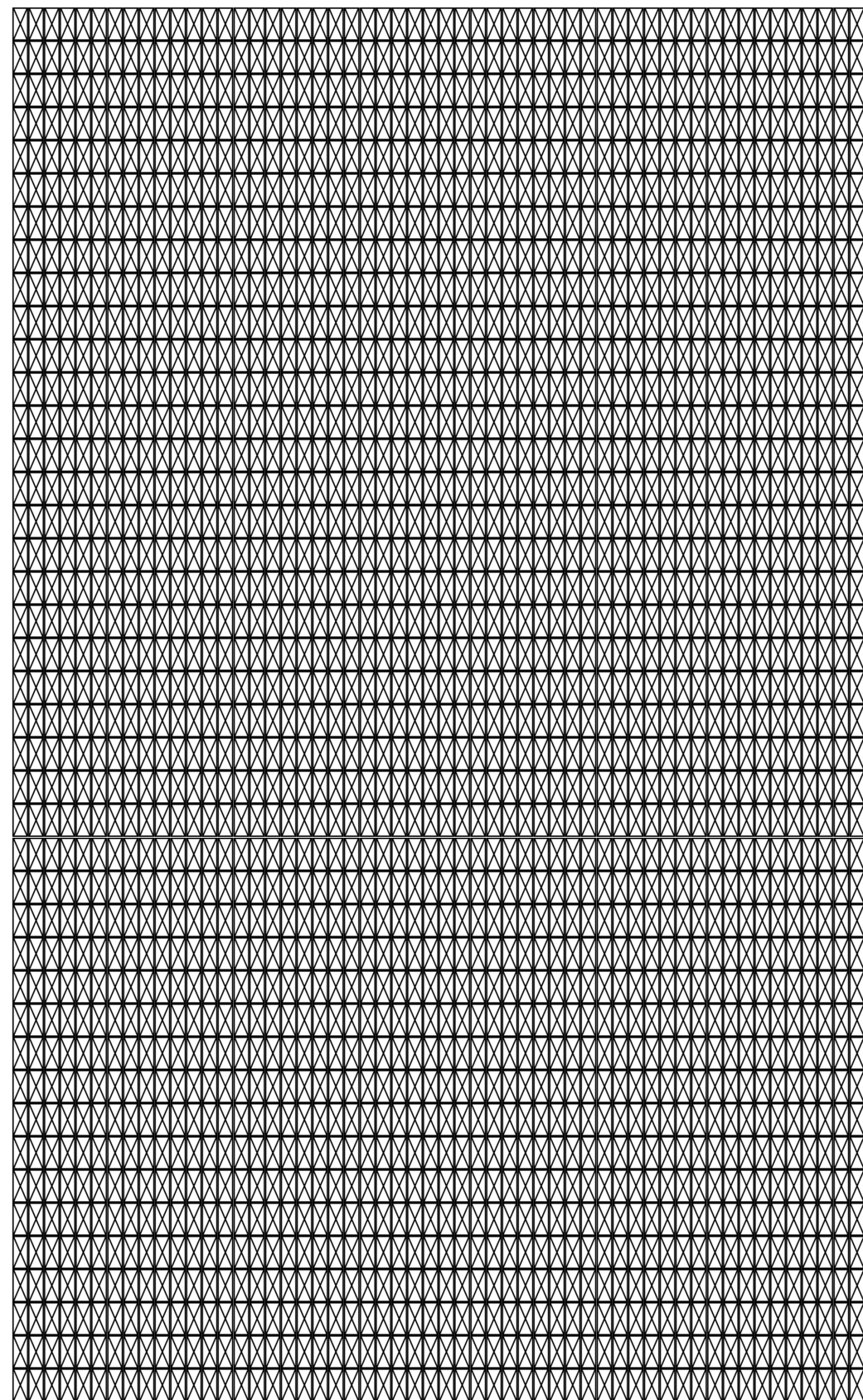
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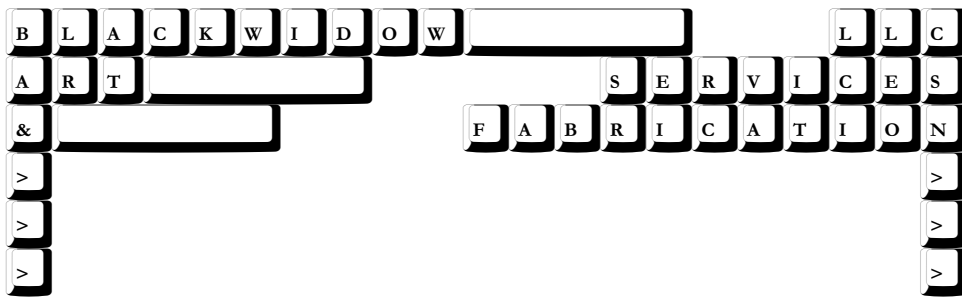
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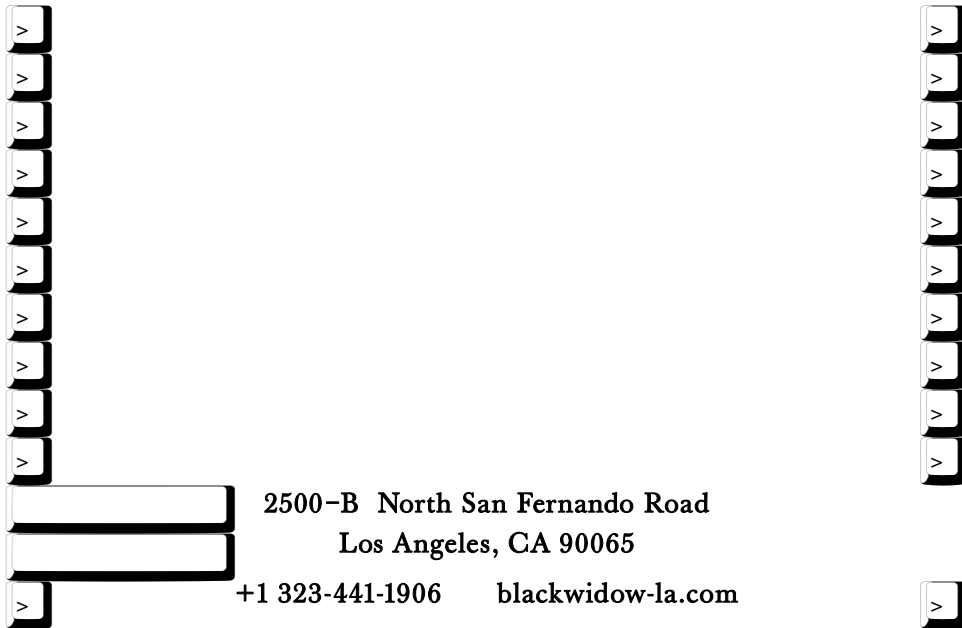




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J



C E L E B R I T Y

River Phoenix in denim, River Phoenix in an old sweatshirt, River Phoenix with a buzz cut, drawing a gun from a sleeping bag, River Phoenix in plaid, River Phoenix in a tuxedo, holding hands with Martha Plimpton, burrowing his torso in the hood of a truck in the desert, stroking his hair, high-voiced and wistful, kneeling on a sidewalk in Hollywood.

Amy Winehouse wearing a bandana, Amy Winehouse falling out of a corset, Amy Winehouse at the Pimlico Race Course drinking Mountain Dew, Amy Winehouse's nose.

Elvis Presley in a tuxedo, in denim, wearing a bandana.

Alice in a pinafore, Alice at croquet, Alice's head reeling above the treetops, Alice eating cakes, reciting multiplication tables, bobbing like a cork in a sea of her tears.



A P H O R I S M S

Those who grew up in certain regions of America may regret the demise of axiomatic speech, expressions that mean nothing to anyone so much as to children, to whom they mean yet very little. Suddenly robbed of their learning by a linguistic event whose conventional meaning outstrips the conventions of language alone, the children fumble with the syntax, petty grammatical change that, on its own, won't get them far. Like foreigners learning a new language, these initiates must transpose each sentence into the register of myth, as though the words themselves summoned a universal rhythm, an ur-state of affairs. Much as Raymond Roussel, composing his novels from logical systems based on puns, echoed the human urge to impose order on the disorderly jabbering that issues from our spittle-filled mouths—mouths slotted with food and drink, that chew and smack and suck, kissing and cursing mouths—much as that, the initiates model the coming-into-language of experience itself. This is perhaps why there is little as disorienting to an adult as a new aphorism in her own tongue that cannot be immediately neutralized.



Y O U N G A D U L T

Young adult literature, so I've been told, remains the most financially secure genre around. The fan base is broad and the books are serial. Not only that, but it seems entirely acceptable to repeat entire chapters of exposition. In these novel-machines as I remember them, the same descriptions batten down the corners around the upheavals of teen romance and, occasionally, teen crime. Simple portrayals, repeated consistently, come to seem exhaustive. As though it were impossible to say anything more about Claudia Kishi or Mary Anne Spier.

Gucci Gucci Fendi Fendi Louis Louis Prada. The repetition of sounds suggests a transition in the infant from babble into sense-making. By reduplicating a syllable, the baby signals that it is no longer merely making wild noise, but that its cries are deliberate, and hence repeatable.¹ Though doubling does not ensure meaningfulness, at the very least it communicates an intention to communicate. How do you wear a brand and make it mean more than it makes you mean? Take a photograph, take many photographs.



H I G H F I D E L I T Y

How much longer can we claim that analog technology delivers an unparalleled richness? There are already finer digital instruments for rendering the world than the ones within our body for perceiving it. Yet the mounting sophistication of reproductive technology has not, in fact, followed an impulse to record the depth and nuance of our experience. Rather, as Jonathan Crary has observed, it has paradoxically engendered “an inverse move of the image toward pure surface, so that whatever drifts across the screen [...] is part of the same homogeneity.”² Precision tends less toward accurately capturing the depicted matter than reconciling it with all other matters trafficked as surfaces.

The seamless totality of this screen world, however, is false; in fact, it co-exists with a modern world of corroded foundations and pocked highways, a decaying terrain crossed by a dense telecommunications network. Similarly, the modern body in extremis remains beside its spectacularized image, a precarious body in the shadow of the advertised body. The pleats of matter, the folds of the soul, it is a baroque universe extending in an infinity of creases.³ This is the spirituality of the Tumblr-famous, whose spectacular bodies participate in that *same homogeneity* of surfaces where each plane has the potential to unfold and so ensoul itself. They do not share the torment of the old bourgeoisie, who feared their sense of self would dissipate into the commodities that were merely supposed to reflect their desires. Style in an era of total access depends on accumulations, not reflections.

P T R A T A

As opposed to collage, which is a procedure of subtraction and accrual, this surface might be compared without too much inexactness to terminal moraine, formed at the snout of the glacier where its progress slowly, decisively halted. Visual debris is heaped up; lines convulse through the images, neither initiating the work nor stitching it together at the end. Numbers and letters scan; drop shadows vibrate with neon areole.

The collage is an aesthetic for the underground; it abolishes a surface and resurrects it as a hole or an absence. Collage figures act from below and from the margins. The complex surface, on the other hand, knows no such dimensions. Every act must convene on this promiscuous plane. Something may be added without thereby obscuring, and subtracted without thereby revealing.





D E L I C I A C I E S

Glitter, caviar, confetti, matches, chains, seashells, watch faces, cocktail umbrellas, cassette tapes, Camembert, chicken bones, crustaceans, headshots, broadsheets, posters.

D E C O R A T I V E

The domestic interior is suspended between two kinds of doubling: the doubling of the room's architecture by decorative surfaces, and the doubling of the room's architectural limits by the individual's corporeal limits. To be in an interior, to be aware of it as an extension and an envelope, is to experience one's own interiority twofold—as decoration.

In modern times, classical aversion to decorative excess found itself replaced by a new anxiety. This unease came to see the decorative as a parasite lodged in a structure's weakest limb, indicating the insufficiencies of the architecture. Yet decoration had a secondary effect: it generated a "truth effect" for that architecture, the specter of the "real thing" drifting somewhere beyond or beneath the *parergon*.⁴ The decorative therefore became at once the most detached and most expressive element of a building, simultaneously intensifying and undermining the visible. It therefore exceeded the logic of the supplement *and* the parasite, two materials that can be separated from a structure without altering it. The decorative, conversely, is not a material so much as a condition. Paradoxically arbitrary and expressive, it irrupts in the fissures of the structures that separate interior from exterior, façade from essence, proper from heterogeneous, *decorum*—what is right or fitting—from *décor*—what is artifice.

C U R E
 P U R E
 A U T O M A T I C
 N E W S

"The ground beneath my feet is nothing but an enormous unfolded newspaper. Sometimes a photograph comes by; it is a nondescript curiosity, and from the flowers there uniformly rises the smell, the good smell, of printer's ink."⁵ I have not been able to rid myself completely of the sight of so many of them, sliding underfoot. The work is an atomized event, an irreversible deconstruction, in which every frame of the action has been taken down. The surest way to rid oneself of a monster is through such ludicrously thorough destruction. It would be laughable if it didn't seem like the only measure that could at last give us peace. A wasp drags itself along the floor. The music begins again, stops again, convulsing the windowpanes. Papers hang like bedsheets, troubled by the draft. They mutter and gossip, beige and black. They wave so long.

JOANNA FIDUCCIA

¹ Roman Jakobson, "Why Mama and Papa?" in *Selected Writings, I* (The Hague: Mouton, 1962), 542.

² Jonathan Crary, "Eclipse of the Spectacle," in Brian Wallis and Marcia Tucker (eds.), *Art After Modernism: Rethinking Representation* (New York: David R Godine, 1994), 289.

³ See Gilles Deleuze, *The Fold: Leibniz and the Baroque*, trans. Tom Conley (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1992).

⁴ Jacques Soullou, *Le Décoratif* (Paris: Klincksieck, 1990).

⁵ André Breton and Philippe Soupault, "Soluble Fish," in *Manifestoes of Surrealism*, trans. Richard Seaver and Helen R. Lane (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan/Ann Arbor Press, 1972), 60.



ALESSANDRO DI MEO/STUDIOPIRELLA GÖTTSCHE LOWE AGENCY





I MUST CONFESS I HAVEN'T BOUGHT A NEWSPAPER IN A LONG TIME, WHICH MAKES MY SHORT WALK TO THE VALERO GAS STATION IN PALMS ON AUGUST 26, 2012, SOMETHING OF A SPECIAL OCCASION. When Carter Mull invited me to write an essay for him—or “on” him, I suppose—I decided that his relationship with the *Los Angeles Times*, which resulted in a substantial body of work, warranted further investigation. I had written about that work a year or so earlier, and Carter’s use of the newspaper—which he has referred to as a “complex chronometer”—but until this moment it never occurred to me that I should buy a newspaper again, to see what I might have been taking for granted as a “relic of the mechanical age.”¹ Inside Valero, I look at the front page of the paper, above the fold, and see a picture of Mitt Romney against a washed-out American flag—more of a photo-illustration airbrushed with pixels, rendering an “empty suit” even emptier. Mitt floats above the all-too-appropriate, all caps headline: “IMAGE GAP.” I look to see how much the Sunday paper costs. How long *has* it been since I’ve purchased a newspaper?

This isn’t to say that the newspaper is irrelevant to me. I was, after all, editor of my high school newspaper. In fact, I’ve remained fairly obsessed with news—or *the* news—obsessed with information and, perhaps to an even greater degree its circulation and its relationship to power. I ingest a lot of it on a daily basis, though it’s typically not through a *paper* I’m ingesting, and more often than not it is not *this* paper, the *Los Angeles Times*. The news structures my day, in ways seen and unseen, like faith, or a narcotic. I often get my fix well before the paper version—more an artifact of the news than its revealer in the paradigm of the present—rolls off the presses.

Last year, after a yawningly generous trial offer expired, I begrudgingly subscribed to *The New York Times* online. I initially tried to withdraw for a few weeks (or only days, perhaps?), but quickly came to terms with my addiction. I needed my dose. This year the *Los Angeles Times* online switched to a subscription service, too, though I have not followed suit. I simply moderate my intake, limiting the number of articles I read on their website. If I look at too many, they cut off my privileges for a month. It’s only happened once so far.

Everybody needs to make a dollar. This I understand. The shift from print to digital has represented a transcendental (or cataclysmic—take your pick) upheaval in the news industry, and its economic viability. The truth, however manufactured, comes with a price. And at some point I decided I would only pay for one newspaper, one version of the truth, and that’s *The New York Times*. “All The News That’s Fit to Print.” It’s hard to beat that motto, if you’re in the business of news.

When I moved to Los Angeles, seventeen years ago last month, I was on the cusp of that upheaval, which is to say I arrived without an email address. It seems hard to believe there was a time before email, and that I belonged to that time, considering the ridiculous swell of my inbox on any given day, but in 1995 I was a lonesome cowboy on the technological frontier. And to better grasp the terrain, I read the newspaper. I read the *Los Angeles Times*.

My first job in Los Angeles was as an assistant to Peter Spierer, a documentary director who was in the midst of completing a hip-hop film called *Rhyme and Reason*, which was eventually distributed by Miramax in 1997. When we weren’t on location—say, in a Lynwood backyard with Sen Dog, or in Ice-T’s studio in the Hollywood Hills—we were working in Peter’s garage on Crescent Heights. But usually when I’d arrive in the morning, Peter was still in the house—a house formerly belonging to Peter Lorre, whose headshots and production stills lined a hallway—sitting in his courtyard patio in a tattered bathrobe, drinking coffee and orange juice, reading the *Los Angeles Times*. He always seemed eager to talk, but also slightly irritated that I had interrupted his routine pleasures. It seemed like a casual ritual, but he was doing a very “Hollywood” thing: charting power, following narratives, estimating the relative rise and fall of all things newsworthy. I soon developed my own ritual, biding time across the street at Buzz Coffee, watching other players on the make, fueling.

More than giving rhythm to my days, the *Los Angeles Times* helped situate me—which is not necessarily to say *situating myself*—in a place I generally found bewildering. I really liked to watch the news on TV, too—particularly because the anchors, sportscasters, and weather forecasters were extremely attractive people. Amusingly attractive, at least in some Hollywood sense, which is to say telegenically handsome—at least far more so than the hick anchors I was used to seeing growing up in the Midwest. These were all aspiring actors, presumably, with frankly concocted names like Johnny Mountain, Dallas Raines, Christine Devine. For attractive people, if the big studios don’t bite, it dawned on me, there is always news. Or porn.

I arrived in Los Angeles in the summer of O.J. and “The Trial of the Century.” I had watched the infamous white Bronco chase from the considerable remove of Madison, Wisconsin, a few months before my westward plunge. Months later I actually met “Bronco Bernie,” the guy who towed O.J.’s Bronco and was called as a witness. A friend of a friend, Bernie lived a few blocks from my first Los Angeles apartment, and claimed to watch *Scarface* almost every day. Speaking of daily rhythms. Years later, I also met a former TV cameraman,

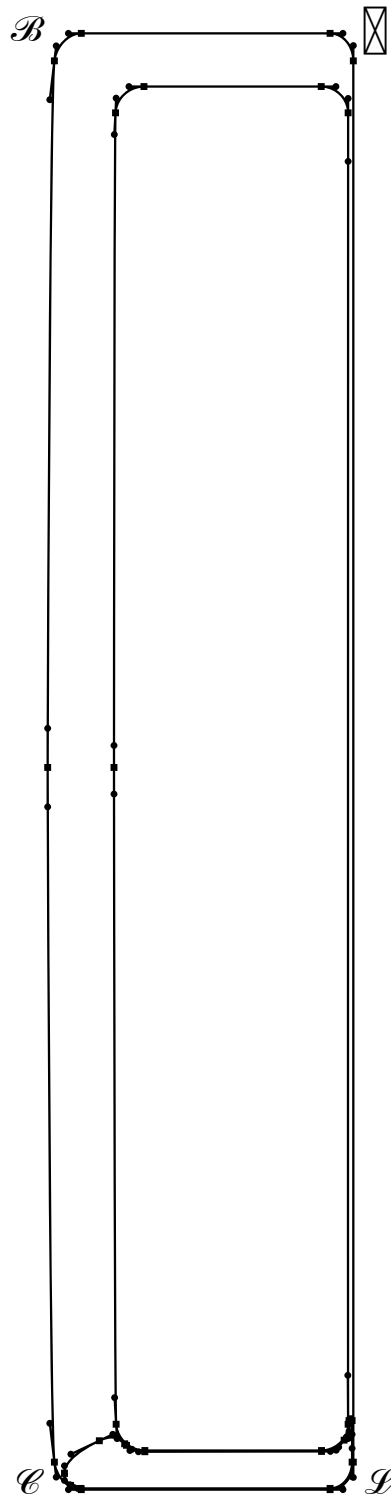
B who had worked the trial, day-in day-out. He had since become a taxi driver, and was, at that moment, taking me to LAX. Narratives, subplots, spin-offs are always emerging.

Soon after arriving in Los Angeles, I realized that I was in a place where the news actually happens—is *made*, not simply received. And if one was reading the paper, the *Los Angeles Times*, in the summer of O.J., one would have also realized the absolute collapse of the categorical distinctions previously separating sections marked “NEWS,” “SPORTS,” “ENTERTAINMENT.” (Here the last of these is called “CALENDAR,” but that’s a different story.) The collapse of these categories, through the metonymic vehicle of O.J. Simpson, arrived on the cusp of digital news and what’s referred to as “the 24-hour news cycle”—calling to mind Borges’s map that’s the same size as the world it represents. Recently, I heard—in the news or on the news—that the global stock exchange has rendered sleep obsolete, at least for those most closely involved in the circulation of capital.

But isn’t “the 24-hour news cycle” really less of a cycle than a relentless churn of instantaneity, an oceanic expanse of digitized information without the clear beginnings and endings, insinuated by the finitude of a printed artifact? Perhaps this is a distinction without a difference. Or perhaps this is why Carter Mull still buys a newspaper—the *Los Angeles Times*, specifically—every day and frequently uses it in the images he produces.

So, when was the last time *I* bought a copy of the *Los Angeles Times*? The last time my name appeared in it? Perhaps. The embarrassing probability crossed my mind. I set out to purchase the local paper of record on this particular day, August 26, because I’m compelled to think about Carter and how the daily arrival of this printed, folded object structures his time and his work in the studio—and not just the photographs or other physical residue of that work, or even his own publishing efforts, produced in collaboration with Jesse Willenbring and Aram Moshayedi under the company name P & Co., but the larger project of being an artist in the world.

My initial plan was to buy not just this newspaper on August 26 but an entire week’s worth of the *Times*, accepting the value of that standard temporal unit as a worthy measurement of my investigation. And I did buy a week’s worth of the *Los Angeles Times*, though on several occasions I came close to forgetting the new task I had assigned myself, and ran out late at night in search of that day’s long-stale news. Perhaps I was too consumed in my own habits, following the week’s narratives (the Republican National Convention, Hurricane Irene, the death of Neil Armstrong, and so on) at the accelerated pace of the 24-hour infoswirl, monitoring it all throughout the day from my laptop. In any event, the task never settled into routine.



C I had planned to connect Carter’s work to the work of other artists, past and present, via this industrial relic—many of whom to which he has referred, either implicitly or explicitly: On Kawara, Al Ruppersberg, Larry Johnson, Amanda Ross-Ho, Paul Sietsema, and many others crossed my mind. Most of the art historical precedents are obvious: Picasso, for example, first situated a fragment of an actual newspaper on a canvas otherwise covered in paint, and then Warhol and Rauschenberg, respectively, further signaled the implications of a material (the newspaper) that is at once an image, mechanically and infinitely reproducible, but also an object, a thing with physical presence that yellows with age and exposure to light. On August 26, I purchased my paper from a metal box, relishing the four clinks of my quarters dropping into the slots, and the crinkled texture the paper had so quickly accrued in the summer sun, and thought of Rauschenberg.

And I thought of Leo Steinberg on Rauschenberg’s “flatbed picture plane” images: “Any flat documentary surface that tabulates information is a relevant analogue of his picture plane—radically different from the transparent projection plane with its optical correspondence to man’s visual field.”² Carter’s images of the paper are still life images that reiterate and exacerbate the picture plane. Spread open to reveal the front page and the back page of the first section—which is to say advertising—he reveals the logic of newspaper and the way it gives structure to the circulation of information. It’s a logic of beginning and ending used to structure an experience of a world without beginning or end. How much that logic still reflects our world is a lingering question—it’s a question I believe he’s asking.

Defying calculated objectivity (which isn’t possible anyhow), Carter inserts himself into the structure of the newspaper’s logic—he often collages a photograph he’s taken over the lead image of the front page above the fold—and in this sense closely mirrors Steinberg’s notion of a “freely associated... internal monologue—the outward symbol of the mind as a running transformer of the external world...”³ Carter has referred to his tactic of inserting a small C-print, an image-object taken from his confrontation with the world, onto the mass-produced, publicly available (which isn’t to say *public*) space of the *Los Angeles Times*—and onto the flatbed—as an “I/we” gesture.

When I return to that first newspaper I purchased for his project, my project, I am amused to find a small image of the *Los Angeles Times*, situated on the page, *en abyme*, next to Neil Armstrong’s obituary: “WALK ON MOON,” dated July 21, 1969. The news becomes the news, perpetuates an endless circularity. Then, I am dumbstruck (all over again) by the reflexive headline: “IMAGE GAP?” The gap is one that exists between the “I” and the “we,” but also between the

image as an image and image as an object, both with different circulatory systems—of commerce, of power, of meaning: One, the image, is the domain of media; the other, the object, is the domain of art. Looking at Carter’s images, I realize these are gaps that can be exploited, but not necessarily filled.

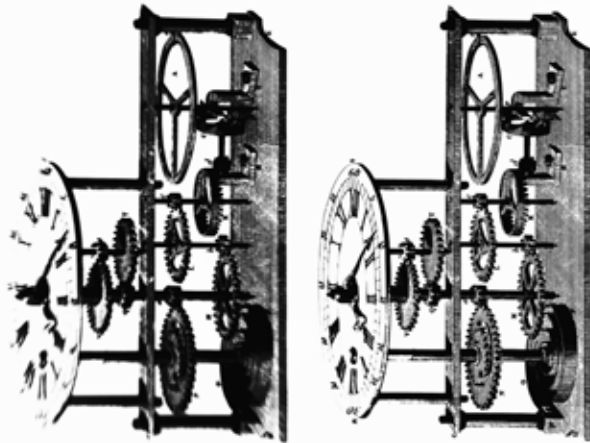
MICHAEL NED HOLTE

August 26 – September 15, 2012, Los Angeles

¹ See my “Openings: Carter Mull,” *Artforum*, February 2011: 210-213.

² See Leo Steinberg, “Other Criteria,” in *Other Criteria* (London: Oxford University Press, 1972): 55-91. Steinberg further notes that “it seemed at times that Rauschenberg’s work surface stood for the mind itself—dump, reservoir, switching center, abundant with concrete references freely associated as in an internal monologue—the outward symbol of the mind as a running transformer of the external world, constantly ingesting incoming unprocessed data to be mapped in an overcharged field.”

³ Ibid.



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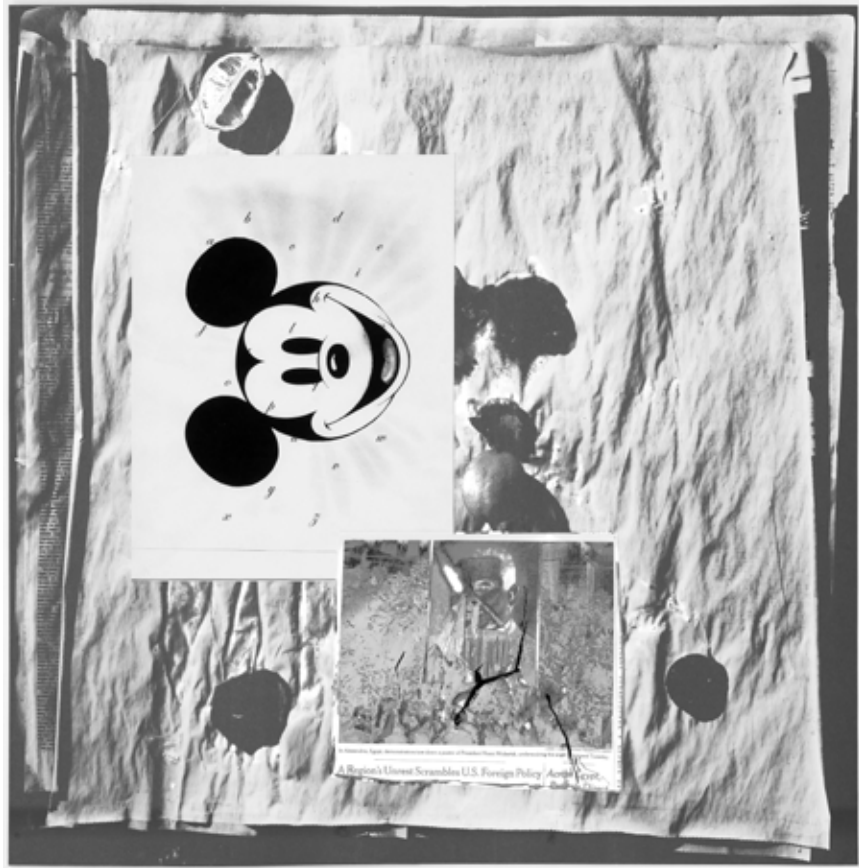
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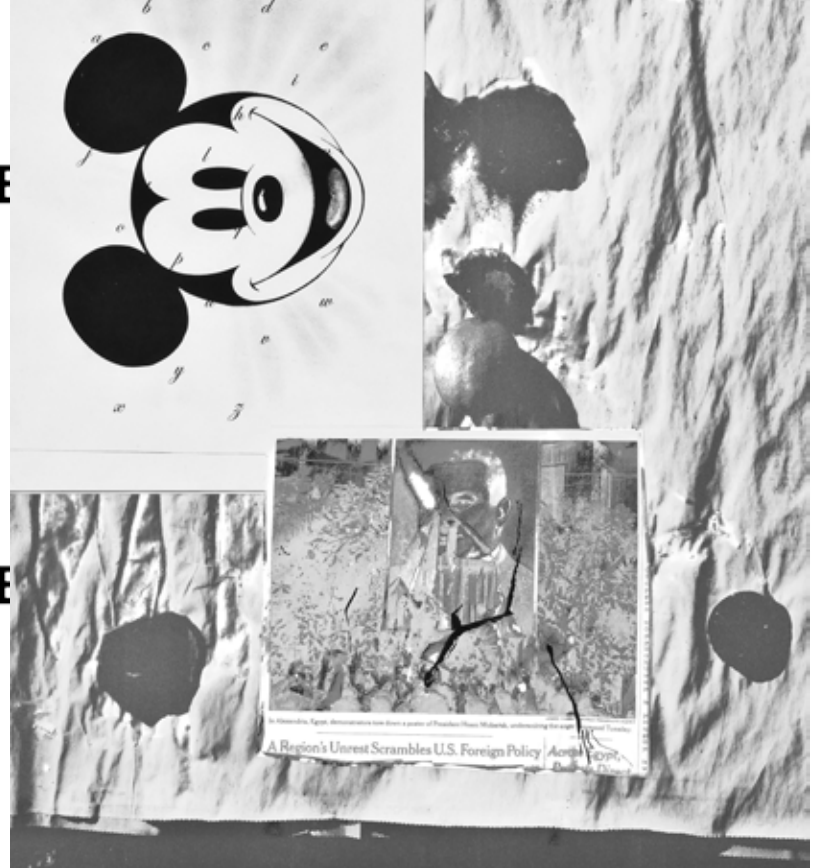
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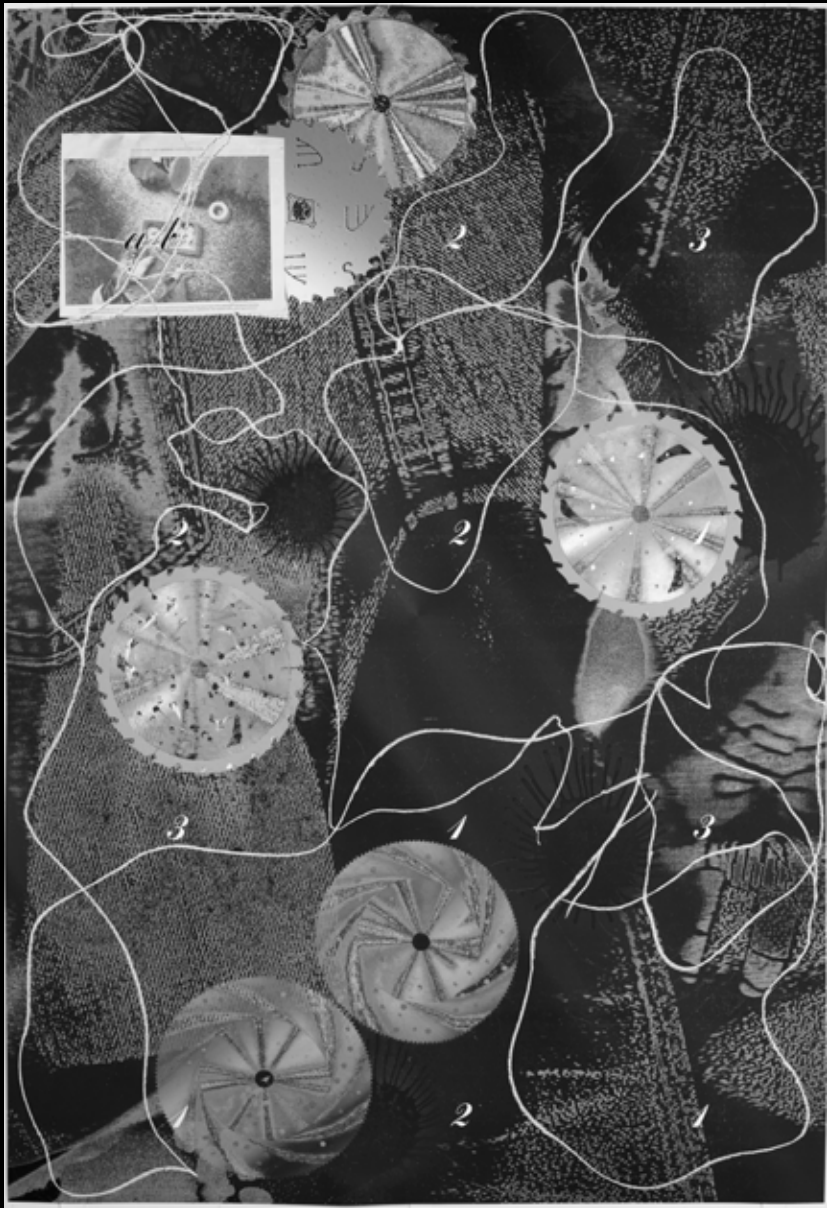
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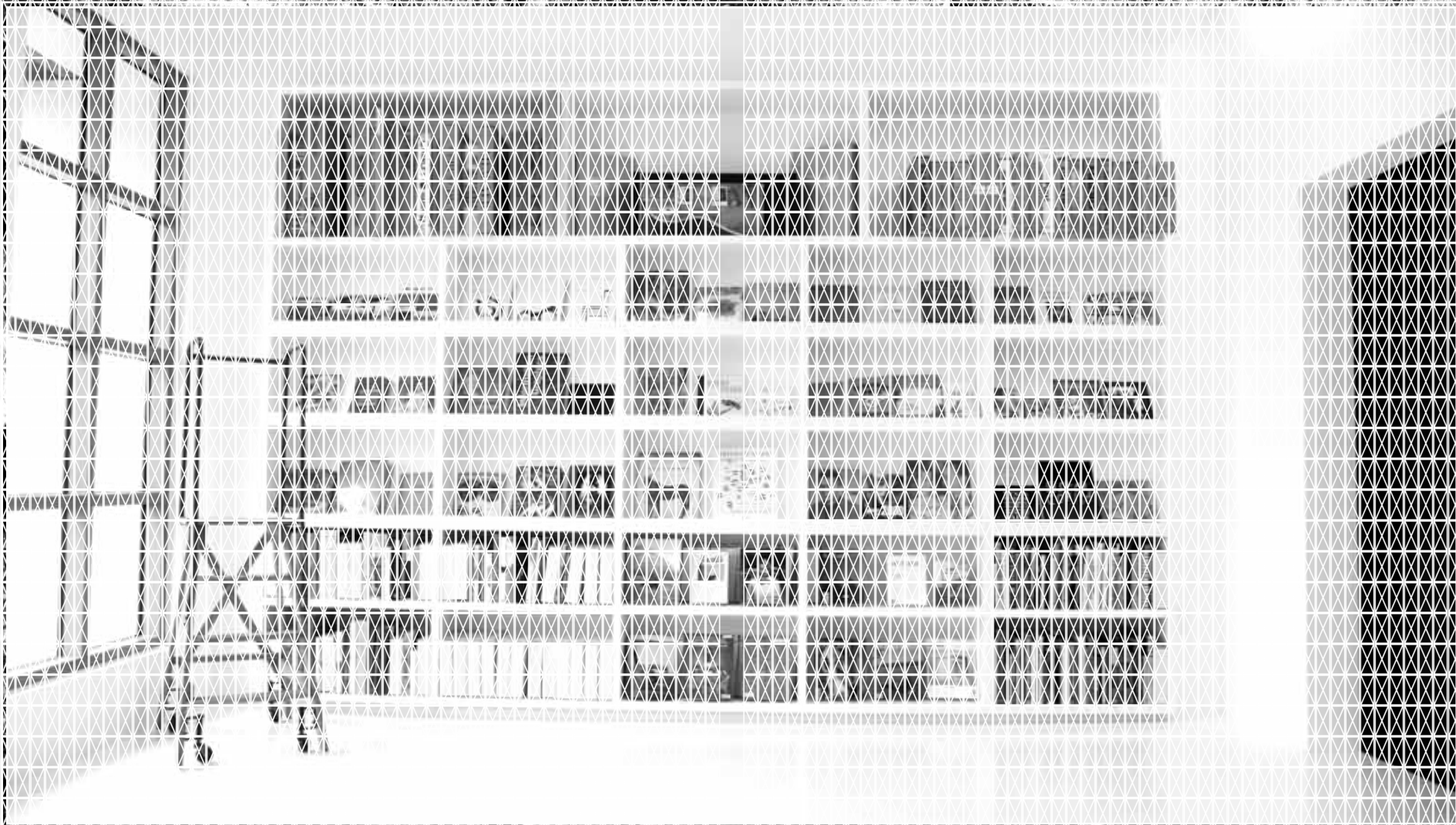
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BOOKS ON THE ARTS

APK & CM

APK

There are lots of places where we could start, but to get things going I think we should begin with the alphabet. A few weeks ago when I was with you in your most recent show at Marc Foxx I asked you how you select the letters in your new drawings. You stated the obvious, which is that the letters correspond to the subjects; for example, "R" is for River, and so on. However, what I was actually keen to know is: which comes first, the subject or the letter?

CM

The subjects come first. Yet they work as a kind of decoy and also as characters embedded in a larger network. With the recent work in my show, I wanted to build a kind of superficial icing over a core philosophical concern. As the show was made with the city of Los Angeles in mind, and as I had a kind of adjacent interest in working through the question of death through over consumption, I took the classic theme of "death through misadventure" from the Hollywood story. This played out primarily in entertainment industry subjects, but also in two artists: Jackson Pollock and Vincent Van Gogh.

But to get more to your question: I could not separate the subject from the subject's networked image. The letter—although a very simple, even childlike designation of the subject's name ("J" is for Jackson, "A" is for Anna Nicole Smith, etc.)—is part of a sequential set that works like

a rebus made in part from image and text.

APK

I want to talk more about subjects and subjecthood soon enough. However, when I first saw these works I was reminded of Kurt Schwitters's children's books. Notably I was reminded of his collaboration with Theo Van Doesberg on *The Scarecrow* (1925) in which individual letters are animated and personified through words on the page. Thinking about Schwitters I was also reminded of the works he would make out of test prints and scraps from print shops, and how he experimented with layering the detritus of consumer culture. In effect, there are different ways of reading his works—you can consider them as aesthetic objects unto themselves, as technological artifacts or you can pull out the individual clippings and nuggets from mass culture and try and piece together something different altogether. [I've also thought about Schwitters with regard to your earlier photographs—your inclusion of organic matter such as hair in some of your constructions for the camera, that were produced in response to the war in Iraq has an interesting relationship to the trauma embedded in his *Merzbau* structure.]

However, all of this brings me back to your mention of the "decoy" and how it relates to the problem of reading pictures. Your new drawings lure you in through the simple, rehearsed phraseology of a children's dictionary, but



this tactic is also at play in the newspaper works, which on the surface appear to be driven by a familiar organizational logic, but in reality are a mass of references and layers.

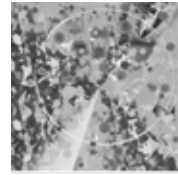
CM

With Schwitters I'm often struck by the intersection in his poetry between a sense of autopoetics and the detritus and refuse of classic consumer culture.

It links to transformations in printing that occurred at a certain point, and to communal trauma in war, but moreover it connects to how perception of the outside world networks and shapes an idea about interiority. Schwitters constructs a subjectivity that bridges normative boundaries of inside and outside.

There is also a question of sound in the way he uses letters, and consequently of the voice. Looking at his sound poetry you can't help but think that the voice was a greater concern to him than the written word. After all, one doesn't read a Schwitters in the way you read a book.

That said, when thinking about that time period in art, the montages of Hannah Höch were most important to me when I was making the *Shifting States* work as a graduate student. The syntactical relationships between the various images she combined drew me in and echoed with the more classical ideas of pictorial meaning that I was taught as an undergrad. Internal relationships within the second dimension have always fascinated me.



As my work came into focus with the newspaper photographs, I looked to common modes of communication, i.e. image and text and their relationships. Although I was aware of a kind of schematic relationship to classic conceptual work, I also saw these as building complex montages with very distinct internal relationships. At the same time, that is almost the “play” in the work. The larger questions about the possibility of a twenty-first century interiority and philosophical questions about how time can work as a barometer to the most serious, even traumatic types of global dialogue, dominate these works. [The relationship between third world pain and first world middle tier luxury is a common focus.]

Like the Schwitters reference, there is a way that the social is mapped onto an object. The newspaper works have this in depth, in a broad market kind of way. The new drawings, albeit a simplification of the complexity of the newspaper works, also incorporate a social valence. Those photographs were complex by design—a strategy to make a photograph possible in our image-saturated climate. The drawings came about as a way to deal with having fewer simultaneous communicative structures. Steam poured out of the practice from the kind of overload in the photos, and it needed a home. Growing from a specific, authentic process that is the backbone of my practice, a produced, commoditized type of



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drawing seemed logical. Perhaps the global languages of Adobe transpose the traditional language of bricollage?

To get to your question, the logic of the children's book, or at least my ideal of it, fascinates me. I like that you can "form" as you read. Although the function for the parent may be to teach the child, the actual structure of certain books for kids is not actually didactic. Playing off of the "ideas for children" model allows for experiences of subject formation to arise without having to delve into the modes of address present in say early 90s identity polemics or the self-obsessions of the narcissist.

APK

Right, but these are also types of instructionals, right? Except, in this instance, we might think of "learning to read" as more of a question of navigation than literacy. That is, there is no singular way to read an image, especially a media image. In any given image we are confronted with a complex constellation of signifiers: cultural, economic, political, social, aesthetic, historical, etc. It seems that you are gesturing to a need to develop a new way of "reading" and that your adoption of what at first appears to be a familiar language (the children's reader) populated by familiar subjects (pop icons such as Michael Jackson or River Phoenix), is a way of breaking things down. Perhaps I am reading too much into it, but that to me seems like the real decoy. In effect, one might go so far as to say that we are surrounded by

decoys in our daily lives, that the images we consume rapidly on a daily basis are merely veneers and we need begin to look and process things differently.

On that note, I am curious to hear you discuss the material that you have purposely produced as media. Can I ask you to talk a bit about P & Co. and your recent project for *Sex Magazine*?

CM

There are those great cartoon interludes on *Sesame Street* such as "A" is for apple, "B" is for butterfly, etc. For me, that structure is indeed a kind of decoy. After all, saying "A is for Anna" is pretty opaque.

Relatedly, I see the copies of press photos used in the drawings as being part of a larger network. In this regard, the images are not referential, they are part of a sequential system, say the numbers one through twelve, or the 26-letter alphabet. The image's relationship to the network as well as the employment of the image as a segment of meaning within the network is interesting to me. (This is something that pops up in the newspaper photos as well.) This speaks to the complex way that images work, that they only become meaningful as part of an archive, a network, a system, etc. It is part of the discursive life of a photograph.

The individual content in the P & Co. newspaper works as part of the totalizing network of the image; although, the network in P & Co. was constantly unstable,

shifting with every issue. We began to concretize a network by focusing on a local community, that of Los Angeles, this is when the project fell apart for me.

The work we did locally brought to the fore a question that had been part of the project from the beginning: the dialogue between context and community. As we made a so called community project, issues of context kept popping up. This is inevitable, Yet it all broke down for me when the pressures of value production that are brought on through the art-system boiled over. At that point, it was clear that the negating quality built into any contextual construction would dominate even the most upwardly minded ideas of fraternity and community. It is sad how issues of value and capital end up affecting social relations, no matter what. After experiencing this depressing reality, I knew I could no longer take part in the project.

Fortunately, I had already begun to look to networks of people outside of the art world. In late 2012, I began to discover a community that was of interest to me for some of the reasons I mentioned earlier. This interest, which is ongoing, manifests itself in the shoot for Sex Magazine, the 2nd Cannons book *Skins*, (*I'll Have a Double High Society on the Rocks*) as well as the recent media piece titled *Hearts of Gold* (jessicasilvermangallery.com). This work is still ongoing. Like the P & Co. project, it is highly unstable due to the nature of



the focus, yet it is an idea about a network that derives directly from my work (as opposed to a geographic segmentation, as in the last project we did together for a gallery). Moreover, the ways that the images are intended to cycle is through the lens of my project, perhaps that's its own network or autopoietic system? Whatever the case, the images are self-referential, pointing to the network. The colleagues are a generation – fifteen years – younger than myself, there is a certain inevitability to their positions, which makes sense to me. Plus the images I give to that network are readily usable as social capital.

APK

Okay, so it sounds like what you are saying is that instead of producing a piece of media for a community you are now interested in producing, or perhaps broadcasting, media out of a community. It seems like an analytical shift and also in line with your focus on the mediation of personas that are representative of the increasing, and sometimes tragic, collision of the art and entertainment industries.

I won't press you right now on *your* role as a producer, but while we are on the general subject, I want to ask a bit of a trick question: How does this publication relate to these issues of media and mediation that we have begun to hash out here?

CM

The idea for the book grew from the shared experience we all have with keyboards. My fingers punch, command click, and select all day,

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be it writing emails to the people who contributed text to the book or in producing my own ideas. Maybe the idea that we all use keyboards is obvious as a kind of material analysis. That said, the fact that we are all cultural producers who share the same tools sparked the idea to play with a certain production format: a book of text on an artist's project.

My work is never finished. My project, so to speak, as an artist is sparked by the social—specifically those mysterious and diverse types of relationships between individuals and networks of people. What I do is a form of never-ending dialogue. Sometimes this dialogue is with the social sphere of the art world, and sometimes it is beyond the art territory we both work in. Nevertheless, it is this ongoing dialogue that interests me. This social interest sparks a perpetual refusal to resolve itself, and this is part of the engine that drives what I do.

Perhaps a statement like that leaves us in a place of romantic subjectivity, of the subject always battling the bounding framework or discursive branding within which one finds oneself. A fight like that is one better dealt with in therapy culture than art! That said, I do not have a problem with being boxed in.

In fact, a project like this book has something to do with creating a box. Yet, it is a box that I have a hand in making. As you, I, the designer, and the writers, share our keyboards and keystrokes,

we also share a roll as cultural producers. Everyone involved has been kind enough to give their effort in exchange for the honoraria (that is both symbolic and material) of the project. Everyone has also allowed me to work beyond simply the role of the artist and let me work as a producer.

All said, we still need to make the book!

ALEX KLEIN & CARTER MULL





PHOTO BY BARBRA WALZ

Seventeen-year-old Danny Pope (RIVER PHOENIX), a promising musician, is beginning to contemplate the future and seek his own identity rather than stay with his close-knit fugitive family in Warner Bros' contemporary drama "Running on Empty."

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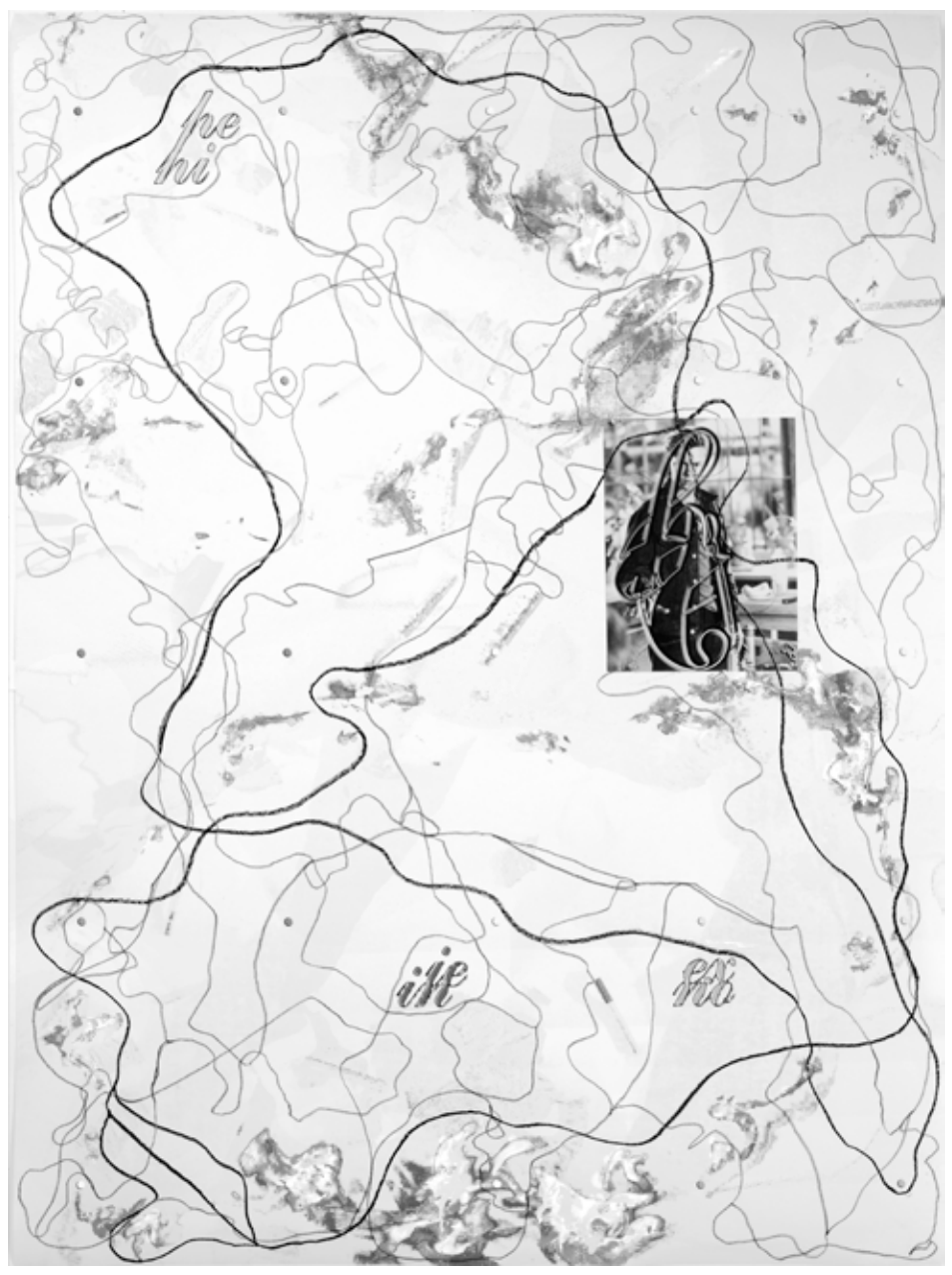
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Fig. 2.

E P I L O G U E

This may very well be the best way of communicating some kind of deficiency, the difficulties of exchange, the inability of images, objects, heaps of paper, and other things to adequately convey the complex interactions that preclude the moment that ideas find themselves in the world as products. What we've witnessed until now was some arts and letters with a few names listed and arranged in black ink, a proposed consortium, a half-baked editorial initiative, a quarter-baked curatorial initiative, an original form of broadband communication, a community broadsheet, a distributed archive of the present without a fixed place in time. The promise of publicity, periodicity, currency, and universality is a tall order for most of today's regional newspapers, and like those daily publishers that have shuttered their doors and windows, the medium is wrought with impermanence and disposability. It seems that newsprint has always been tied to many ends—the end of a story, the end of a day, the end of an era, the end of a run. And in similar fashion, these words appear as another end—as a bookend—imbued with prophecy, premonition, and the death of the newspaper as we once knew it.

ARAM MOSHAYEDI

E P I L O G U E

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ARAM MOSHAYEDI

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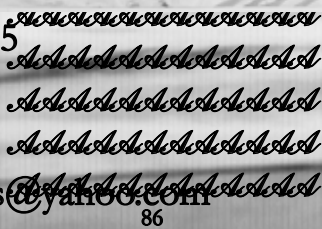
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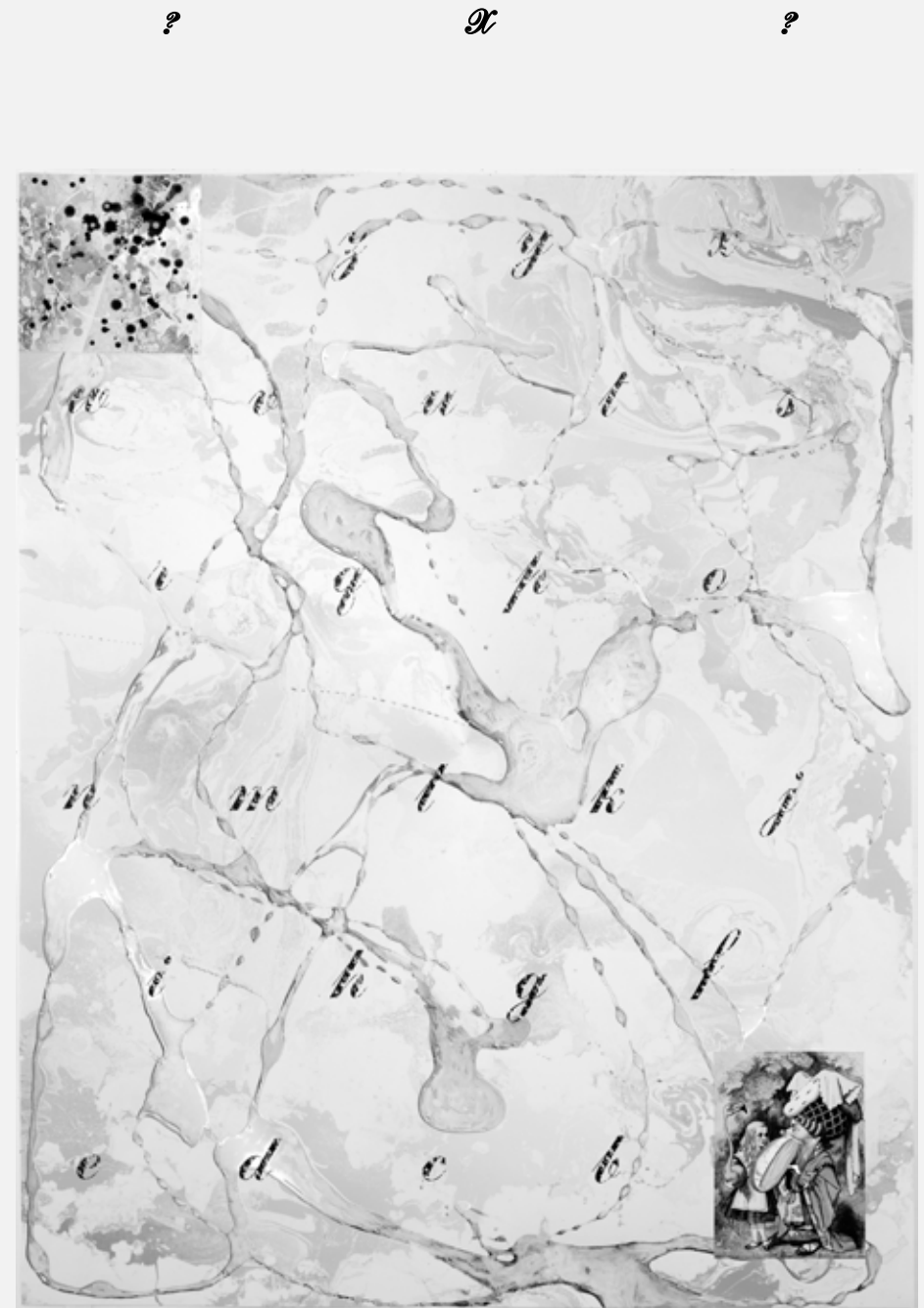




tion to a classic history of photography, which is evidenced in his approach to image-making regardless of its support (photographic paper, Mylar, or drawing paper). Mull has an active drawing practice that is separate from his photographs, installations, videos, and recent works called *Drawings* (for the sake of clarity, I will use capital D when referring to those works). He is not alone. Sketching and note-taking in the form of drawing is the basis of many artists' daily art practice, even if their work is conceptual, text based, performative, or ephemeral. Even with most artists now attending graduate school, which emphasizes theory and ideas (especially CalArts, where Mull attended), a lot of artists still love to draw. In many ways, drawing is the ultimate post-studio activity—it's immediate and requires no special tools beyond what you can find lying around at home.

The fact that Mull's *Drawings* simultaneously evade and demand categorization—and straddle several categories—attests to how his work synthesizes a number of ideas. Ultimately, the work is a reflection of the opposing impulses in our culture at large, with its different modes of distribution of ideas, words, and images. His *Drawings* revel in photography's mechanical capacity while also resolutely affirming their "drawing-ness," with their link to automatic drawings and their rejection of any kind of indexical relationship to the world. In a post-studio and de-skilled contemporary art world, his celebration of the very properties of drawing is powerful. Mull's *Drawings* seem to react to the increasing obsolescence—not of photography—but rather, of the hand, and of mark-making itself.

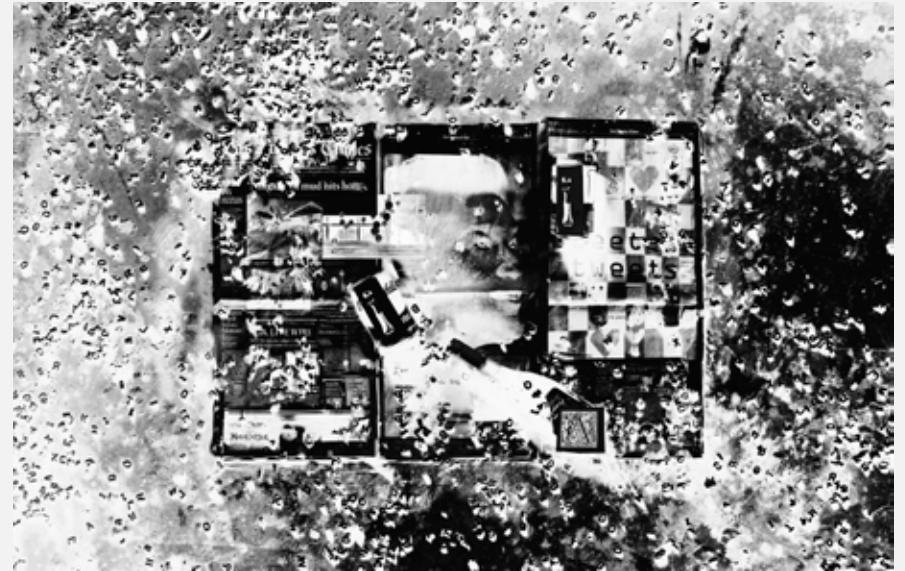
In considering Mull's work, I am reminded that while photography was often pegged as the enemy of painting, it shares many qualities with drawing and painting. The very etymology of the term suggests it—photography comes from two ancient Greek words: photo, for light; and graph, for drawing. Drawing with light. Mull's *Drawings* have a liberated quality—while they are steeped in the technical processes associated with photography, they are freed by the lightness of watercolor, the gesture of painting, and the intricacies of collage. In terms of content, they reflect on 2-D space, the cinematic, sequence and repetition, and the mathematical seems to come into play, even if peripherally. But for me, the experience and success of the work comes back to their very making; the labor. It's not clear exactly how the *Drawings* are made by just looking at them (although if asked, Mull will provide a detailed technical account). As a viewer, I'm not sure what is made by hand, computer, or machine. Why dwell on the production? To a certain extent, Mull's work has always been-process driven, with its exploration of shifting photographic meaning through a variety of materials, but the *Drawings* seem to revel in their making, to celebrate the variety of processes that make new imagery possible. Like the early alchemists that pioneered



photography, the labor of the work, even if mysterious, is inscribed in its very meaning. I wonder what the early inventors of photography would have thought of Mull's *Drawings*? I'd like to think they would have delighted in their *natural magic*.

EVA RESPINI
SEPTEMBER 2012, NEW YORK CITY

¹ Quoted in Larry J. Schaaf, *The Photographic Art of William Henry Fox Talbot* (Princeton and Oxford: Princeton University Press), p 90. This is from Talbot's first paper on photography, read to the Royal Society on January 31, 1839. He published the full text as *Some Account of the Art of Photogenic Drawing, or the Process by Which Natural Objects May be Made to Delineate Themselves, Without the Aid of the Artist's Pencil*.



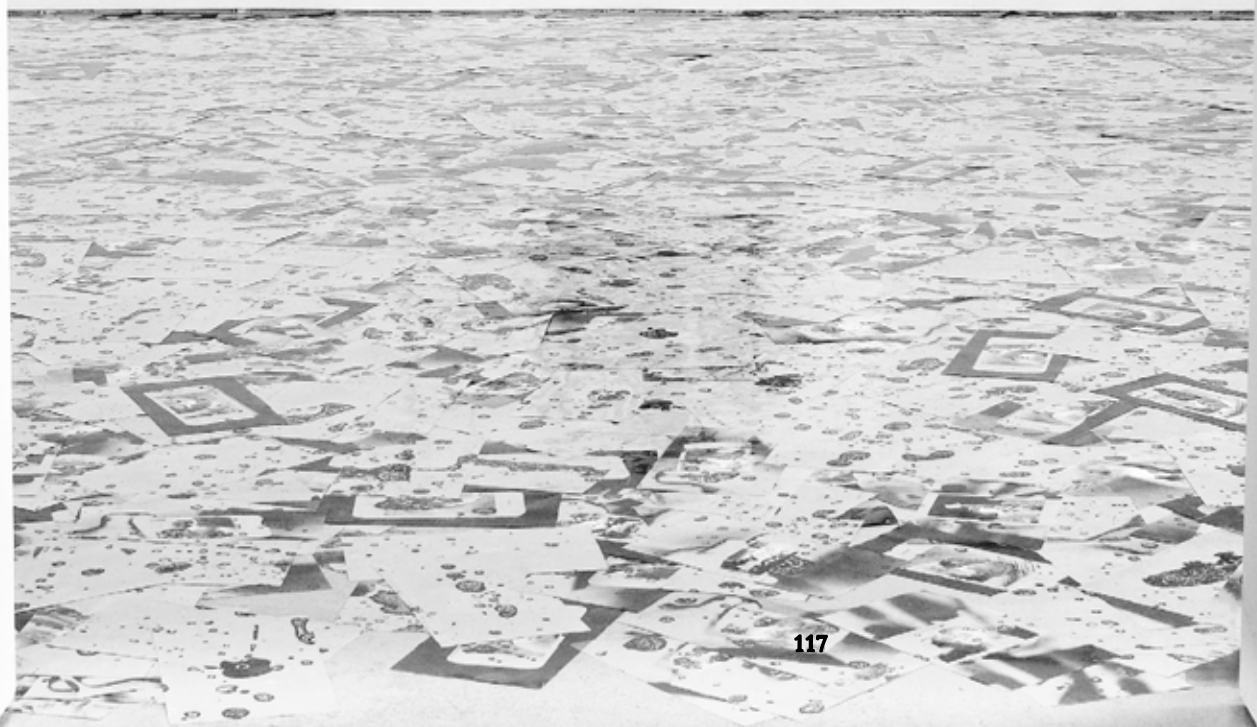
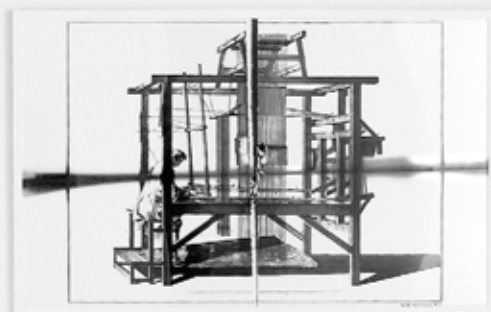








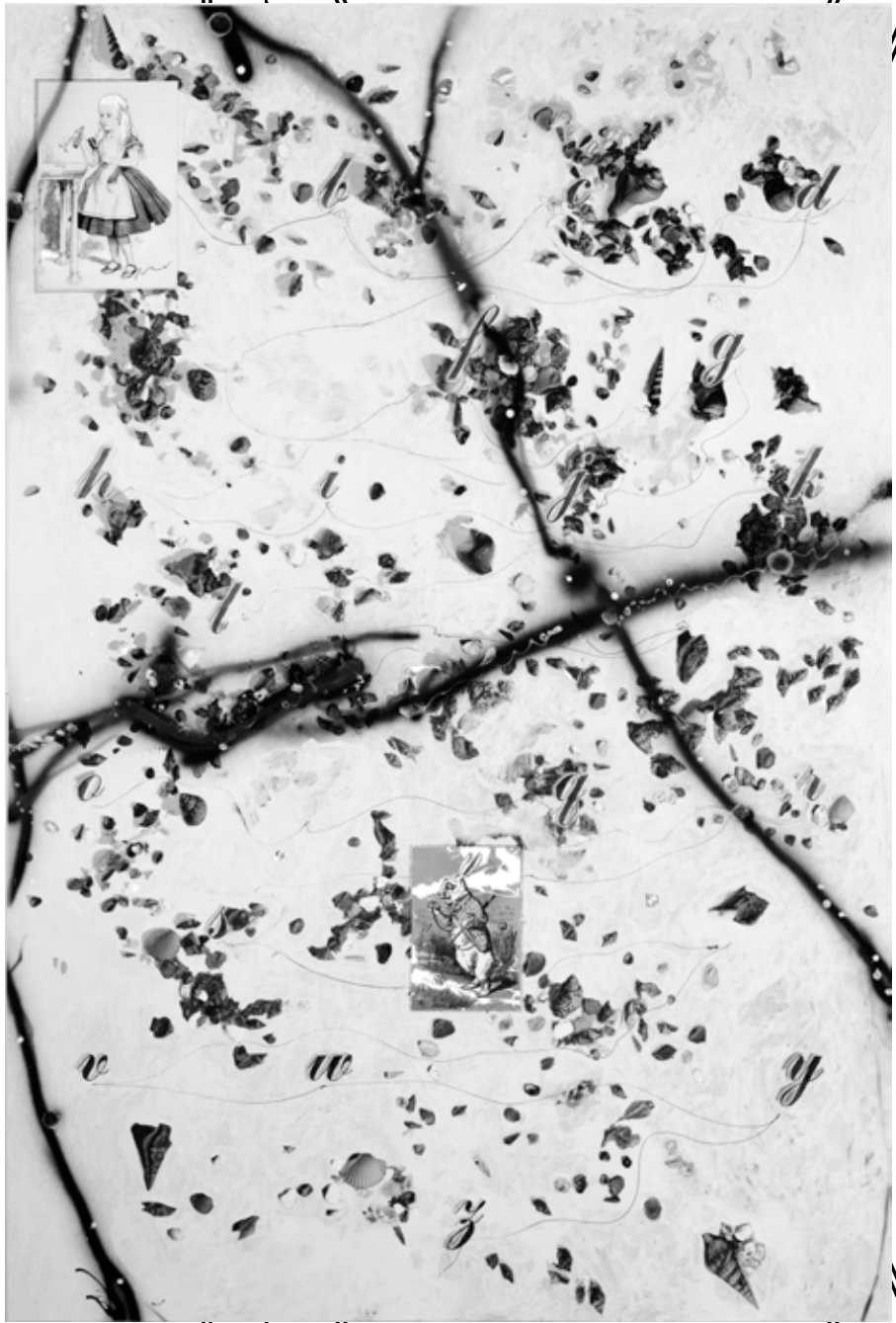
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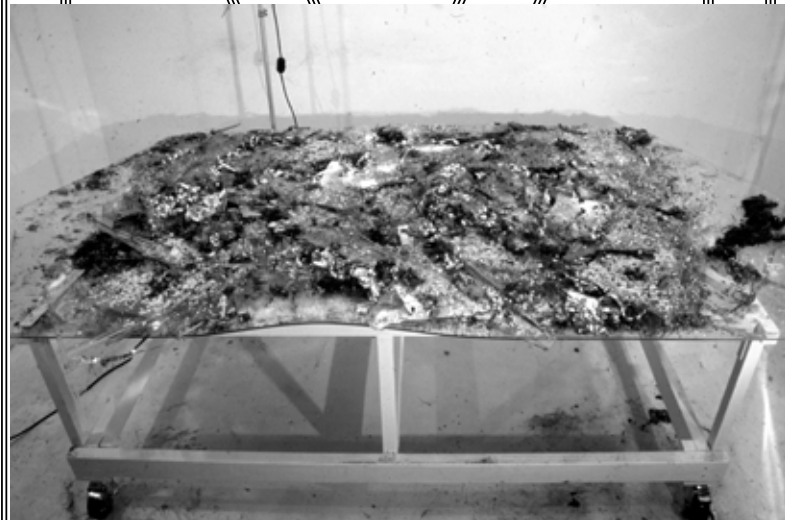




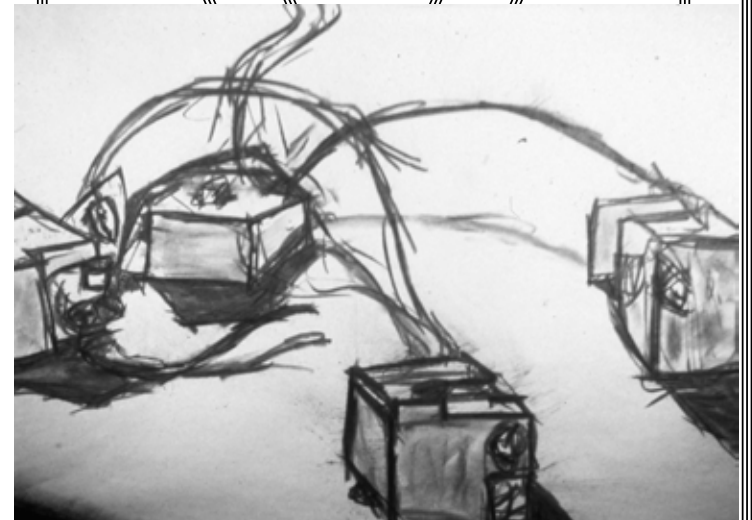
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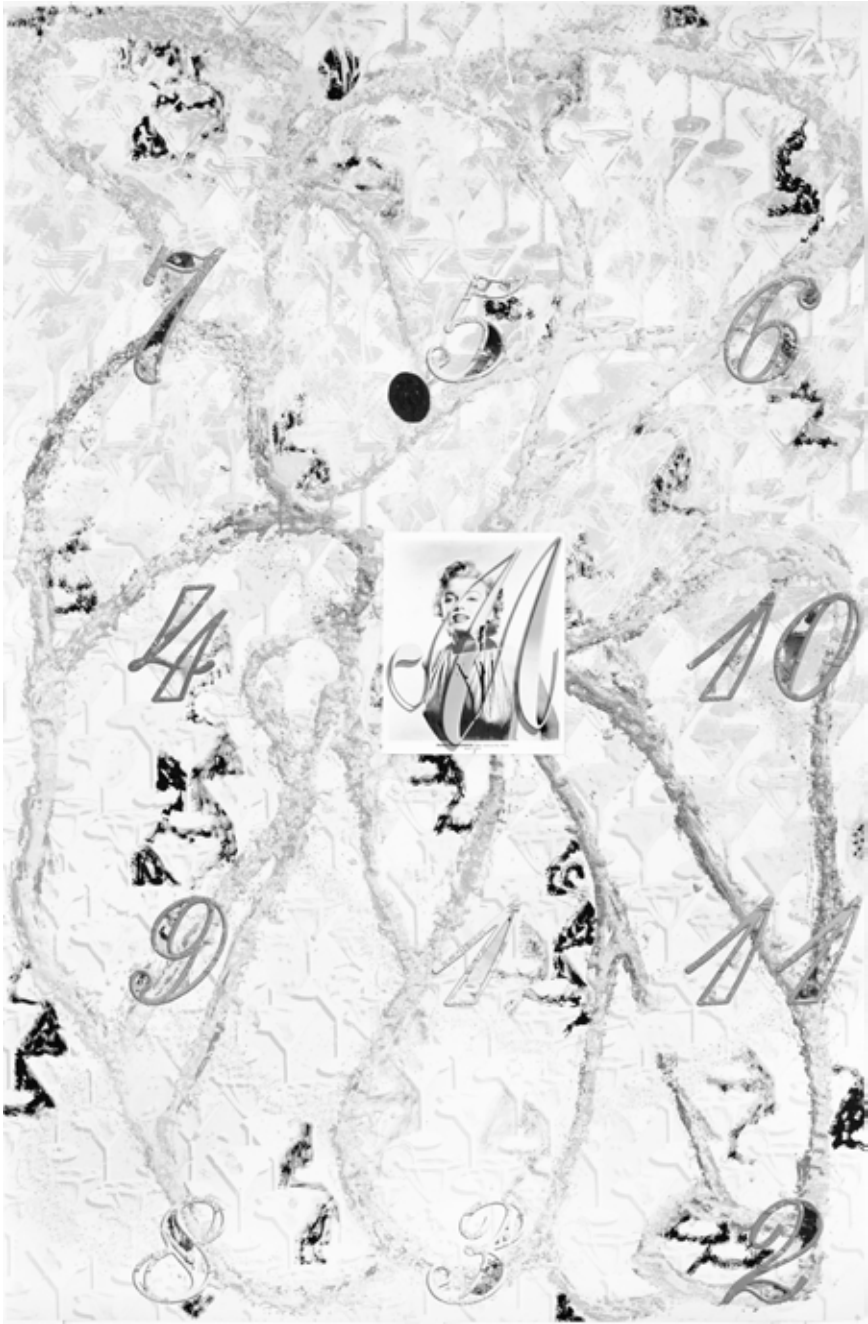
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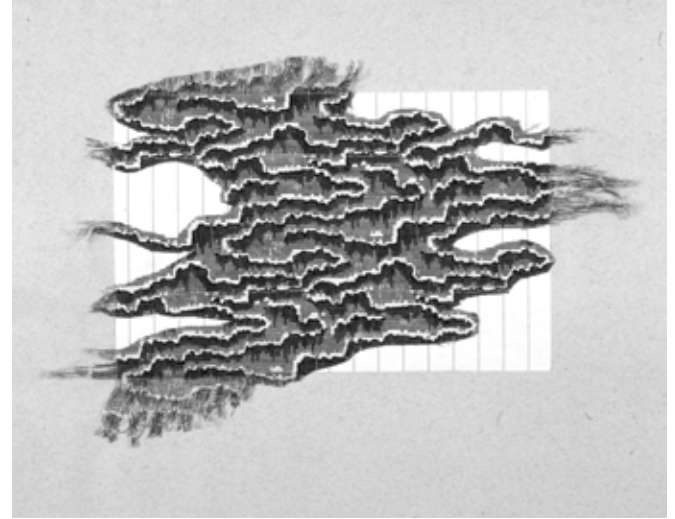
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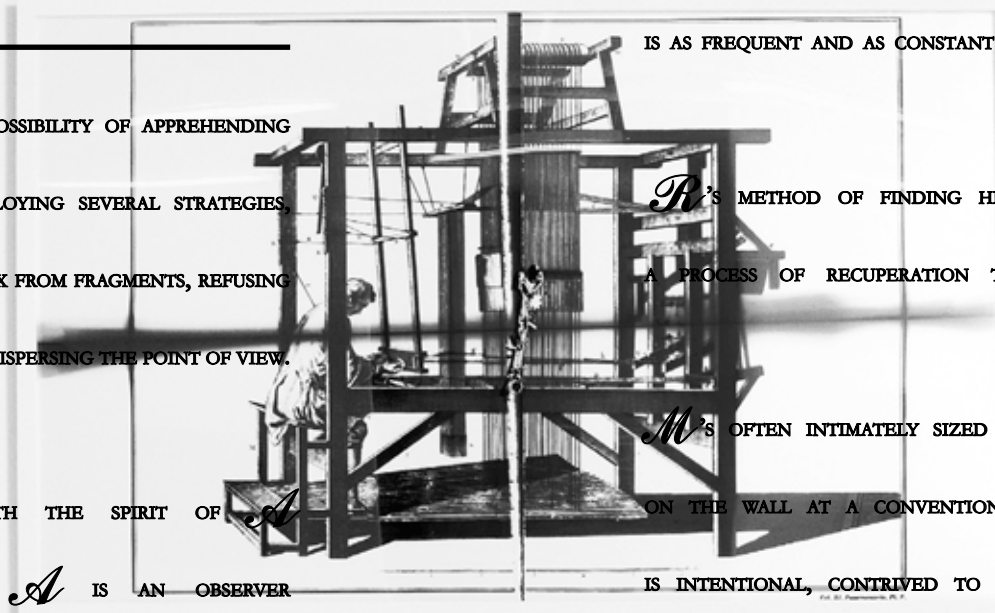
THE WORK OF *E* OFFERS US THE OPPORTUNITY TO OBSERVE A PHENOMENON THAT

C STRIVES TO ERADICATE THE POSSIBILITY OF APPREHENDING HIS WORKS AS COMPLETE BY EMPLOYING SEVERAL STRATEGIES, INCLUDING COMPOSING HIS TABLEAUX FROM FRAGMENTS, REFUSING CLEARLY DELINEATED FRAMES, AND DISPERSING THE POINT OF VIEW.

APPROACHING THE WORLD WITH THE SPIRIT OF *A* NINETEENTH-CENTURY FLANEUR, *A* IS AN OBSERVER OF THE EVERYDAY, TRANSLATING HIS EXPERIENCE INTO POETIC SCULPTURES, INSTALLATIONS, MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS, VIDEOS, AND WORKS ON PAPER.

R IS GIVEN TO WRITING BRIEF TEXTS THAT ARE BOTH WORKS IN THEMSELVES AND DESCRIPTIONS OF WORKS.

T SEEKS OUT THAT WHICH IS SMALL AND PERHAPS INSIGNIFICANT IN ORDER TO MAGNIFY ITS PRESENCE THROUGH GESTURES THAT AT FIRST SEEM SIMPLE BUT ACTUALLY ARE RATHER ELABORATE.



IS AS FREQUENT AND AS CONSTANT AS THE SUNSET BUT THAT IS NOT OFTEN SEEN.

R'S METHOD OF FINDING HIS ARTWORKS WITHIN CAST-OFF MATERIALS IS A PROCESS OF RECUPERATION THAT LEANS TOWARD EXTREME REDUCTION.

M'S OFTEN INTIMATELY SIZED PAINTINGS ARE ALWAYS UNTITLED AND HUNG ON THE WALL AT A CONVENTIONAL HEIGHT. IT IS CLEAR THAT EVERY MOVE IS INTENTIONAL, CONTRIVED TO ACHIEVE AN EFFECT AND CONVEY AN IDEA.

W'S WORK IS MORE LIKELY TO POSE A QUESTION OR STATE A PROPOSITION THAN TO PRESENT AN ANSWER OR DRAW A CONCLUSION. THE WORKS ARE ACTIVATED THROUGH PARTICIPATION.

L ASKS BIG PHILOSOPHICAL QUESTIONS, UNDETERRED BY THE KNOWLEDGE THAT SOME INQUIRIES MAY NEVER BE RESOLVED.

L POSITIONS LANGUAGE AS SIMULTANEOUSLY INESCAPABLE AND EPHEMERAL, PRESENTING IT AS A FERTILE STRUGGLE THAT SHE ENGAGES WITH CURIOSITY, HUMOR, AND DOUBT. — PAUL SIETSEMA

A P P E N D I X

PLATE 1 (PG 4-5)

INSTALLATION VIEW OF METAMETRICA, 2010, MARC FOXX, LOS ANGELES, COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND MARC FOXX

PLATE 2 (PAGE 8)

APPLE, NEW YORK TIMES, FEBRUARY 8, 2011, 2011, INK AND PASTED PAPER ON PAPER, 29 × 25 7/8 INCHES

PLATE 3 (PAGE 8, BELOW)

APPLE, NEW YORK TIMES, FEBRUARY 8, 2011 (DETAIL), 2011, INK AND PASTED PAPER ON PAPER, 29 × 25 7/8 INCHES

PLATE 4 (PAGE 9)

A IS FOR AMERICAN BEAUTY, 2012, INK, GOUACHE, AND PASTED PAPER ON PAPER, 54 3/8 × 39 1/2 INCHES

PLATE 5 (PAGE 11)

UNTITLED, CIRCA 1997, TONER ON PAPER

PLATE 6 (PAGE 13)

WIRELESS STORM, 2002, TYPE C PRINT, APPROXIMATELY 32 × 40 INCHES

PLATE 7 (PAGE 15)

PASCAL'S WAGER (DREAM OF A PERFECT LIFE), 2004, CHROMOGENIC PRINT, 25 × 32 1/2 INCHES

PLATE 8 (PAGE 17)

UNTITLED, 2009, COLOR POLAROID, 4 × 5 INCHES

PLATE 9 (PAGE 21)

E IS FOR END OF MEALS, 2012, INK, GOUACHE, AND PASTED PAPER ON PAPER, 56 × 41 1/2 INCHES

PLATE 10 (PAGE 22)

LUNA LOVEBAD LOOKS AT HER WATCH, RESEARCH IMAGE, VARIABLE FORMAT FILE

PLATE 11 (PAGE 24-25)

EMPIRE (No.1), NEW YORK TIMES, FEBRUARY 13, 2010, 2010, INK AND PASTED

PAPER ON PAPER, 16 3/4 × 21 3/4 INCHES

PLATE 12 (PAGE 26)

CARBON, 2010, TYPE-C PRINT ON METALLIC PAPER, 64 1/2 × 41 7/16 INCHES

PLATE 13 (PAGE 27)

CARBON (DETAIL), 2010, TYPE-C PRINT ON METALLIC PAPER, 64 1/2 × 41 7/16 INCHES

PLATE 14 (PAGE 32)

LOVERS, 2010, TYPE-C PRINT ON METALLIC PAPER, 33 × 41 INCHES

PLATE 15 (PAGE 34)

UNREST (JANUARY 25, 2011),

2011, INK AND PASTED PAPER ON PAPER, 22 3/8 × 22 1/8 INCHES

PLATE 16 (PAGE 35)

UNREST (JANUARY 25, 2011) (DETAIL), 2011, INK AND PASTED PAPER ON PAPER, 22 3/8 × 22 1/8 INCHES

PLATE 17 (PAGE 36)

RECEIVER, 2011, INK AND PASTED PAPER ON PAPER, 31 15/16 × 25 INCHES

PLATE 18 (PAGE 37)

RING (OCTOBER 14, 2010), 2011, INK AND PASTED PAPER ON PAPER, 24 3/8 × 22 1/2 INCHES

PLATE 19 (PAGE 38-39)

INSTALLATION VIEW OF LEXICON, 2012, UV INK ON VINYL, DIMENSIONS VARIABLE, 12 × 24 FEET AS INSTALLED

PLATE 20 (PAGE 40-41)

LEXICON, 2012, UV INK ON VINYL, DIMENSIONS VARIABLE, 12 × 24 FEET AS INSTALLED

PLATE 21 (PAGE 42)

IN ROADS, 2012, INK, GOUACHE, CHALK, AND PASTED PAPER ON PAPER, 38 1/2 × 56 3/4 INCHES

PLATE 22 (PAGE 43)

CAPITAL, COCK, COKE, 2012, INK, GOUACHE, AND PASTED

PAPER ON PAPER, 39 × 31 3/4 INCHES

PLATE 23 (PAGE 44-45)

SYNTACTICAL STRUCTURE, CIRCA 2000, APPROXIMATELY 8 × 10 INCHES, INKJET PRINT ON PAPER

PLATE 24 (PAGES 46-47)

SOMEDAY, EVERYDAY (DETAIL), 2011, LIGHTJET TYPE-C PRINT ON GLOSS PAPER, 41 7/16 × 64 1/2 INCHES

PLATE 25 (PAGE 53)

UNTITLED, VERSION 

PLATE 26 (PAGE 54)

UNTITLED, VERSION 

PLATE 27 (PAGE 59)

UNTITLED, VERSION 

PLATE 28 (PAGE 61)


UNTITLED, VERSION 

PLATE 29 (PAGE 65)

BEAT, 2011, INK, GOUACHE, AND PASTED PAPER ON PAPER, 35 15/16 × 28 7/8 INCHES

PLATE 30 (PAGE 66-67)

YOUNG HEARTS SPARK FIRE (A MINUTE, AN HOUR, A DAY, A YEAR), 2012, INK, GOUACHE, CHARCOAL, AND

PASTED PAPER ON PAPER,
47 3/8 × 34 5/8 INCHES

PLATES 31-34 (PAGES 68)
**YOUNG HEARTS SPARK FIRE
(A MINUTE, AN HOUR, A
DAY, A YEAR)(A)**, 2012, INK,
GOUACHE, CHARCOAL, AND
PASTED PAPER ON PAPER,
47 3/8 × 34 5/8 INCHES

PLATE 35 (PAGE 69)
**YOUNG HEARTS SPARK FIRE (A
MINUTE, AN HOUR, A DAY,
A YEAR)(A) (DETAIL)**, 2012,
INK, GOUACHE, CHARCOAL,
AND PASTED PAPER ON PAPER,
47 3/8 × 34 5/8 INCHES

PLATE 36 (PAGE 70)
**YOUNG HEARTS SPARK FIRE
(A MINUTE, AN HOUR, A
DAY, A YEAR)(B)**, 2012, INK,
GOUACHE, CHARCOAL, AND
PASTED PAPER ON PAPER,
47 3/8 × 34 5/8 INCHES

PLATE 37 (PAGE 71)
**YOUNG HEARTS SPARK FIRE
(A MINUTE, AN HOUR, A
DAY, A YEAR)(B) (DETAIL)**,
2012, INK, GOUACHE,
CHARCOAL, AND PASTED
PAPER ON PAPER,
47 3/8 × 34 5/8 INCHES

PLATE 38 (PAGE 72)

PLATE 39 (PAGE 74)
**YOUNG HEARTS SPARK FIRE
(A MINUTE, AN HOUR, A**

DAY, A YEAR)(C), 2012, INK,
GOUACHE, CHARCOAL, AND
PASTED PAPER ON PAPER,
47 3/8 × 34 5/8 INCHES

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MINUTE, AN HOUR, A DAY,
A YEAR)(C) (DETAIL)**, 2012,
INK, GOUACHE, CHARCOAL,
AND PASTED PAPER ON PAPER,
47 3/8 × 34 5/8 INCHES

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(A MINUTE, AN HOUR, A
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GOUACHE, CHARCOAL, AND
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47 3/8 × 34 5/8 INCHES

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**YOUNG HEARTS SPARK FIRE (A
MINUTE, AN HOUR, A DAY,
A YEAR)(D) (DETAIL)**, 2012,
INK, GOUACHE, CHARCOAL,
AND PASTED PAPER ON PAPER,
47 3/8 × 34 5/8 INCHES


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UNTITLED,
VERSION 


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UNTITLED,
VERSION 

PLATE 45 (PAGE 80)
**AUTOPOETICS AND WIRE (DE-
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METAMETRICA, 2010,
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**INSTALLATION VIEW OF
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AND PASTED PAPER ON PAPER,
56 × 41 1/2 INCHES

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**INSTALLATION VIEW OF DELI-
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AMPLIFIER, BATTERIES, DYE
SUBLIMATION PRINT, DURATION:
10:21, DIMS VARIABLE

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**INSTALLATION VIEW OF DELI-
CACY**, 2010, DIGITAL VIDEO,
PRINTED SCREEN, PROJECTOR,
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SUBLIMATION PRINT, DURATION:
10:21, DIMS VARIABLE

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2010, DIGITAL VIDEO, PRINTED
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PRINT, DURATION: 10:21,
DIMs VARIABLE

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VIDEO STILL FROM DELICACY,
2010, DIGITAL VIDEO, PRINTED
SCREEN, PROJECTOR, AMPLIFIER,
BATTERIES, DYE SUBLIMATION
PRINT, DURATION: 10:21,
DIMs VARIABLE

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VIDEO STILL FROM DELICACY,
2010, DIGITAL VIDEO, PRINTED
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TYPE-C PRINT ON METALLIC
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PERSONS LETTERS, 2011,
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INSTALLATION VIEW OF
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1800 UNIQUE STILLS,
16 × 9 INCHES EACH, IN
THE DAY'S SPECIFIC DREAMS

A

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SLURRING WORDS, 2012,
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SLURRING WORDS (DETAIL),
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GRAPHITE, AND PASTED
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58 13/16 × 39 1/4 INCHES

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ALICE, 2011, TYPE-C PRINT
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PLATE 75 (PAGE 126)
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PLATE 76 (PAGE 127)
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PLATE 81 (PAGE 132, TOP)
INSTALLATION VIEW OF
**"WE LIVE ENTIRELY, ©,
BY THE IMPOSITION OF A
NARRATIVE LINE UPON DISPA-
RATE IMAGES, BY THE 'IDEAS'
WITH WHICH WE HAVE LEARNED
TO FREEZE THE SHIFTING
PHANTASMAGORIA WHICH IS
OUR ACTUAL EXPERIENCE."**
JANUARY 26 – MARCH 2, 2013,
MARC FOXX, LOS ANGELES

PLATE 82 (PAGE 132, BOTTOM)
INSTALLATION VIEW OF
**"WE LIVE ENTIRELY, ©,
BY THE IMPOSITION OF A
NARRATIVE LINE UPON DISPA-
RATE IMAGES, BY THE 'IDEAS'
WITH WHICH WE HAVE LEARNED
TO FREEZE THE SHIFTING
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JANUARY 26 – MARCH 2, 2013,
MARC FOXX, LOS ANGELES

PLATE 83 (PAGE 133)
INSTALLATION VIEW OF
"WE LIVE ENTIRELY, ©,
BY THE IMPOSITION OF A
NARRATIVE LINE UPON DISPA-
RATE IMAGES, BY THE 'IDEAS'
WITH WHICH WE HAVE LEARNED
TO FREEZE THE SHIFTING
PHANTASMAGORIA WHICH IS
OUR ACTUAL EXPERIENCE."
 JANUARY 26 – MARCH 2, 2013,
 MARC FOXX, LOS ANGELES

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SOCIAL COMPANY & Co., 2013,
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PUT AN A IN NOVEMBER (M IS
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PUT AN A IN NOVEMBER (M
IS FOR THE MISFITS) (DETAIL),
 2013, INK, GOUACHE, UV INK,
 ACRYLIC, AND PASTED PAPER ON
 PAPER, 41 3/4 × 43 INCHES

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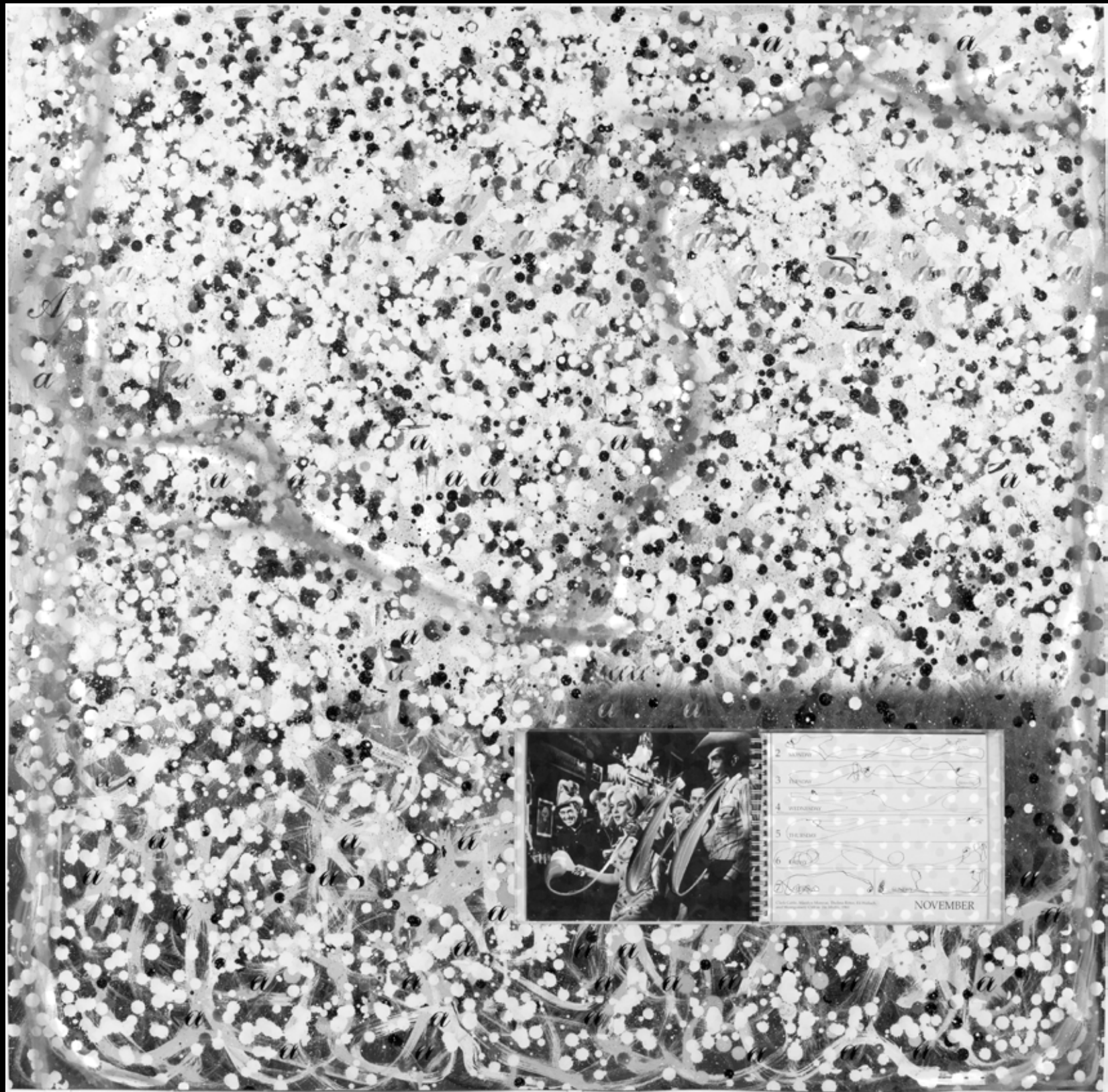
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2	MONDAY	
3	TUESDAY	Picture Day
4	WEDNESDAY	
5	THURSDAY	
6	FRIDAY	
	SATURDAY	SUNDAY

Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, Thelma Ritter, Eli Wallach, and Montgomery Clift in *The Man from Snowy Mountain*, 1961

NOVEMBER

TYPIST

Carter Mull

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