

The Middler Art Fair



June 22 - 25, 2017
423 Stanhope Street Apartment 3r

The Middler Art Fair

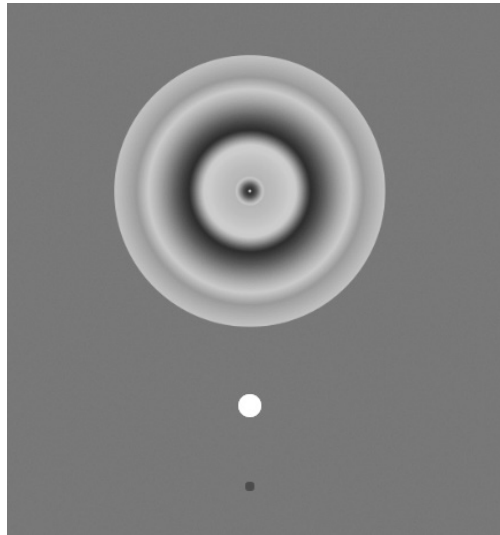
June 22 - 25, 2017
423 Stanhope Street Apartment 3r

Bannerette		



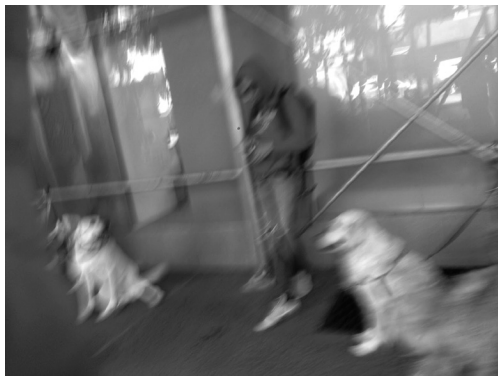
	Bug	

4



5

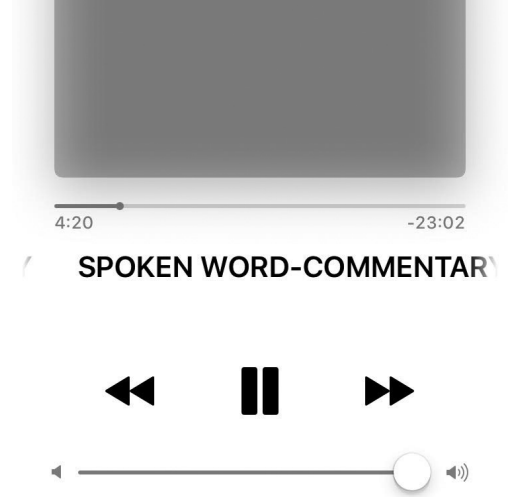
		Exploding Jezebel



Freddy		



	Shimizu Brand	



		Species



Game

Have you met Cherlo? God of a long, slender wooden car. Goddess of the vast plateau of possibility – out of reach, sexily undefined. I've met Cherlo. Dancing off its sister in a mirrored studio with no window or electricity, running past me over a bridge; loose leash flapping, a ribbon in whind. The silhouette throbs an off-white, in daylight. The closer you get, the pinker the glow. In the evening, purple. At night, an incomplete red. "An incomplete red?" An incomplete red. Until you're up against it, however – in it, on it. "Of it." And it doesn't seem like anything anymore. "Don't be it!" I see no embarrassment to earnestly sniffing around, but... "Stop breaking it." It's useless broken. "That was beautiful." I have a net and this floodlight. "OK, does it bleed?" We'll find out. "Are you scared?"

There's no defense to Cherlo, instead a benevolent lilt – a dearth of unfaltering neutrality. "You've seen a smile." Maybe... Empathic clean slate. It's never been clarified. I feel invited here. Listen for a soft hum. It won't be much, but we'll sense its resonate above, through the first arch, then through the second, whereupon it will trip the net across the third. "And then we wait for a beat before mounting the bridge?" There's no rush.

["Hunched against the cool, upward curve of the first arch, I began to rifle back through my day and earmark what I hoped to keep. She had stopped at the corner, surprised by a friend having intersected her as she waited to cross the street. The friend seemed full of personal news, and it was immediately clear that, as far as listening and bobbling nods were concerned, she was in it for the long haul. What I hadn't noticed, at first, was what I wanted to keep. Trailing behind her, slowly closing the distance, was her pet. Golden, red, dragging lumpen feet, perspired, apathetic, content, game. Distance having been closed, it stared straight ahead for a hard moment before its ass buckled into the perfect seat. Iconic – divine panting right triangle. It glanced between her and her friend, unfettered by narrative and out of sync with the conversation. I continued moving and the three of them remained a stationary, animated tableau until disappearing from view."]

See the fowl at the water? If they make their way into formation, that's a good sign. The most soothing purple. It knows. It knows I dare to win big.

Director
Anthony Atlas

Design and Production
Becca Abbe

Story
Sam Franklin

Bannerette
(Brooklyn, New York)
Presenting Paul DeMuro / Steven
Mayer (Collaborative), Jennifer
J. Lee, Dan Schein, Zuriel
Waters, Lindsay Wraga

Bug
(Queens, New York)
Presenting Jessica Friedman

Exploding Jezebel
(Bolinas, California)
Presenting Marc Matchak
and Elsif Crosby

Freddy
(Harris, New York)
Presenting June Culp

Shimizu Brand
(New York, New York)
Presenting Eric Palgon, Amanda
Friedman, Chris Millic / Rafael
Delacruz (Collaborative)

Species
(Atlanta, Georgia)
Presenting Isabella Rodriguez

Bannerette	Bug	Exploding Jezebel
Freddy	Shimizu Brand	Species