

JAMES EARL SCONES

Darren Bader

Dear Tom Cruise and NASA:

I am an artist. Never mind which kind of artist, for it is such an onerous thing to have to deem oneself this or that. I would like to make a proposal to you both. And although I expect you have little to no interaction with each other, I'm sure it's of little importance...

My proposal verges on the simple. I would like to shoot Mr. Cruise and a (sexless) 5-year-old into outer space. They will be contained within a capsule (a word that needn't be treated with orthodoxy) that NASA will have to approve, if not design. They will be launched into a sector of space, the coordinates of which are consummately unimportant. Nobody will know they're there (if a coordinateless topos in space can be called a(n) 'there'), except for the mention of it in the somewhat-occasional newspaper headline (which is never accompanied by an article). While they are in this unlocatable non-place, they will be there. They will be there for some time. But aging can be precluded if need be. We shall leave this operation to our powers of abstract imagination. Mr. Cruise shall always look the age he is on the cover of last summer(2002)'s *W* magazine (I think he may have been wet on the cover—I don't think he should be wet in space; sounds uncomfortable). Mr. Cruise and his 5-year-old friend can age if they'd be partial to it. They have to age mutually though. They can also fly a flag (or something...) to make them live longer (maybe stretch time, through some quaint awe, or a mite of fervor, or the precipitous and soon-to-evanesce infatuational-belief) or to make their physical decline less apparent. After a short period of time (but long enough to approach a pithy sense of infinity) they will return to Earth so that things might be newly normal.

While in outer space, the 'space capsule' will contain enough egg salad to feed any hungers and maintain a sense of there being more egg salad than might be thought of as 'decent.' The egg salad shall be provided by a gourmet (what that means shall be qualified no further). Perhaps the 'space capsule' is just one not-so-capacious quarter in which Mr. Cruise and the 5-year-old commingle with egg-salad. Perhaps Mr. Cruise and the 5-year-old are fused. Maybe the egg salad is fused too. (I think I should advise the gourmet to use free-range egg sometimes, and soy mayonnaise sometimes, and shitty egg-factory-smells-like-death egg other times, with slightly rancid Hellmanns mayonnaise—so many variations; I haven't even mentioned devil(l)ed egg salad or Tom Cruise with a zooplankton mustache. What do Idi Amin and krill have

in common?) Mr. Cruise should have a penis. Hopefully he will not find it desirable to use this penis (ever). The 5-year-old should be loved by some human being(s) somewhere. If the 5-year-old should be considered defective because of this 5-year-old's sexlessness, then fuck everybody! (No Darren (tone of admonition), this is the year 2109.03). Fireworks (red) that say 'LOVE'

That is my proposal, esteemed persons of Tom Cruise and NASA. I hope you consider it seriously. Beginnings are always comparable to paramount-importances. Being that everything has expired prior to just after now, I would let you know how much I love you, and how much my penis is experiencing this spring [the season] right now (and how I am ignoring the latter sensation in favor of art and anticipation of beauty-arrivedwithsupplementaryvagina). I don't know how to efficaciously and pluralistically communicate in any language other than English. I bid thee so many things. My sexuatiomosity is enormous, and really quaint from my point of view -i.e., to each his/er own highly-curious encounter with her/is own smellyfarts).

Please. I hope we might meet soon.

Sincerely,

Darren Bader

PS NASA needs a new logo. The logo I saw a few months ago is not sexy. *Space Cowboys* should never have been made. Tom Cruise will soon be seen in *The Last Samurai*

coming of age in (the) artghetto:

(HASKALA DEPLETION –DEPLETION IMPERATIVE (0058)):

*Giving tinea cruris to euphoniums, "Bird in Space"s,
and carbodies in large, crowded parking lots*

4/5/00, or 01

Paul [S.] Myers gives me his breadbox.

June 2001

burial of peanut butter and jelly [no bread allowed –as if bread would never happened to peanut butter and jelly]

4/5/02

Paul [S.] Myers sends me salad sausages

12/28/02

Song #_____

1/17/03

cooked brown rice, olive oil, and dark moist soil for Mateo's birthday

2/13/03

oatmeal with (edible) [dark] ink (starting) (on top).*

*all photographic documentation (including jpgs) destroyed by cat pee.

2/25/03

Adam's b-day present.

3/29/03

cow blood and chewed carrots.^photo 2 Heather

3/29/03

goat yogurt and Spanish tile.^photo 2 Heather

3/16/03

Fully swaddle a paperback of a very impo[portant] Modernist tome in blue masking tape. Give it to the author's daughter (about eight years old). She takes care of it as children take care of their dearest of dear objects (blankets, stuffed animals, etc...). She protects her father and his written language from history(-things).

Week of April 6

Attend three Daniel Buren lectures. Although he bores and angers me, and can't respond to my question, his street art from the late sixties [somehow manages to influence my work from here on -1/04]

April

Sometime during this month, I informally foreswear photographic documentation of sculpture (as a formal stance). [1/04]

4/26/03

Song # _____

5/1

In The Beginning There Was: *pesto* [and] *pumpernickel* (?)

5/9/03

For my Dad. Heading east, I tape unfileted, cooked chicken breasts (prepared as Rosemary Chicken) to bottom right (passenger's side, about 10" above the dash and 11" in from the car's passenger's side plane) of the front windshields of 17 miles of cars[/vans/trucks/etc...] that are on the south side of the road, facing east. The only large (more than 18-or-so-) spaces between the cars are at the intersections of city roads. The tape used was any.

5/15/03

Paul Myers picks up his birthday present that I've sent to Bob Nickas' Melvins show at Anton Kern Gallery.^{7.18}

5/19/03

Old tradepaperback copy of Deleuze's Proust and Signs (George Braziller, Inc., 1972, trans. Richard Howard) in an jumbo 6 Mil ziplock bag. Insert it in a pillowcase on a display bed at an interiors store.

5/19/03

Song # _____

5/20/03

Kafka's The Castle (Vintage, 1974, Muir translation) in tidal-pooly micro-caves between ultra-coastal boulders. It is overcast. The pocketsize paperback is buoyed in a large 6 Mil ziplock bag.

5/23/03

Elizabeth Peyton paintings with 6 fastfoodfranchise-papered soft tacos [and three fastfoodfranchise-papered burritos-black-electric-taped-together].
^{7.022357}

5/27/03

Project finished.^7.022357

6/02/03

Send out letters to museums.^7.73

6/19/03

Send off something as unsolicited work to be included in four New York galleries' group shows that open next week. This something is two pieces of (regular, unsalted) matzah held together by project-specific brands of peanut butter and preserves, then double-wrapped in saran wrap. (I sent letters with the matzah piece. I have since destroyed all copies of these letters on grounds of miserable, flat-humored writing.) The matzah piece will grow: this is my great hope. It is a piece akin to tendencies in Suprematism, Albers, and most saliently hard-core Minimalism.

6/22/03

Throw a Bantam Classics copy of *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (pocket paperback, ©1992, cover oil portrait by an unknown painter), kept in two shitty 2 Mil ziplock bags, onto a store roof. It is always depressing when great works of literature end up as those ugly Bantam pocket paperbacks. The book soaring through the air, for the briefest of moments ('soaring' is quite-perhaps dubious) brought back wonderful memories of the text, its lissome thunders. The cover was a darker hue of blue (colorblind me doesn't know which one).

6/24/03

brownies [confectioner's sugar-ed] *with white-out* @ David Greenberg's "Mad Little" art show. (*brownies* [confectioner's sugar-ed]*with white-out* are complementary art works if anybody reading this donates more than 500 dollars to any animal rights related charity).

6/25/03

Throw a hardcover copy of *Four Screenplays* by Ingmar Bergman (*Smiles of a Summer Night*, *The Seventh Seal*, *Wild Strawberries*, *The Magician*)(Simon and Schuster, 1960, trans. Malmstrom and Kushner) over a chain link and tarpaulin barrier into a lot on which the skeleton of a large building has been erected. I had scoured the perimeter for a basement or cavelike hole for the book to occupy. No luck. So I settled for a strip (just interior to the aforementioned chain link and t.) of dirt next to recently poured concrete.

6/28/03

Jens Hoffmann's "Exhibitions of an Exhibition" show opens at Casey Kaplan Gallery. I submit *butter to be cried on*.⁷.forty

7/6/03

blue masking tape an old Moncrieff-solo trade paperback copy of Proust's *Albertine Disparue* (Vintage, forgot to check copyright date, English title: *The Sweet Cheat Gone*) to moving-away girl-I-like's gas cap cover. The blue tape is applied as two perpendicular line segments roughly intersecting at the centers of both line segments, although the horizontal line segment is far longer (maybe 4'9.645783" long). I will miss this girl; the car was a newish, lighter silver-grey.

7/10/03

-massively re-edited version of a letter originally intended to be sent to Gagosian Gallery, Beverly Hills [1/04]:

[2 words] sadness [1 word]; [46-49 words] An ego at work fabricates whatever rationale is available to justify its machinations; and the more industrious the ego, the more likely it is to find its contribution to that-which-it-wishes-to-emulate-by-succession. Reason [12 words]. Many a great work of art has been conceived by many a prodigious egoist. This is understood.

The one true freedom that we possess, that we possess apart from our more [1] social needs, is the freedom to pursue and promulgate beauty. This freedom fails to respire properly in a system where everything is beautiful. Panaesthetics are a[n]-aesthetics. Nobody wins. Too bad for the egoist. [87] (I don't even like Corregio that much [12-ish] -overruled 04)) We are allowed no religion outside of the [1] of the [1-2] - [220]. This having been said. It is best for me to believe worlds where my art is true. I sometimes need to have that which I consider beauty (fabricated through avant-gardist chicanery, or not, is unimportant, for delusion [qua survival] trumps all, no?) known to others. I want to share. Serial killers [43 + 1] I did a project of my own at the Chris Burden opening tonite. [...] I placed four *Country Choice*TM 'CERTIFIED ORGANIC' *Oven Toasted Oats containers filled with blueberry juice* in a simple (convenient) serried square formation underneath (a little to the right or left of center, depending on how one approaches the sculpture) the arch of one of Burden's silver steel bridge things. I ran out of the gallery. To ensure not being arrested. Which I don't really enjoy [20 words and a dash about 2 words] So the project was over. The audience was there. [six] due to [alliteration,

non-alliteration, alliteration]. The oats containers are cylindrical waxed-cardboard (with Country Choice™ graphics) and the blueberry juice was less opaque and robust in blueberry blueness than I had envisioned in my rapturous moments of stigmata-receiving –the juice looks more like grape juice, but art never comes out perfectly unless you're Tony Smith's Die.

So the point of this harangue is to [93]

Just some unrehearsed [(5)(3, 2)], underresearched thoughts.

[twentynine].*

Signed,

Hippiehater

*two weeks later, I'm not exactly sure what I meant in this paragraph.

7/11/03

Am caught twice, as I try to blue masking tape a very yellowed French pocket paperback (publisher literally Le Livre du Poche) to cars parked on the street: the first time to a black BMW X3 wheel; the second time to the rear running board of a white Toyota 4-Runner. La Peste, Camus (Le Livre du Poche #132, 1966); it is double bagged in 2 Mil ziplocks. It was left taped to the rear of that 4-Runner, the owner inquiring what I was doing as I ran across the road and skittishly answered, "It's an art piece. It's completely harmless."

7/11/03

(Evergreen Press, trans. Bernard Frechtman, 22nd printing, trade-paperback) volume of 2 Genet plays I've never read blue masking-taped to a white left-turn arrow painted on the asphalt, directing cars north.

7/13/03

An awfully hot day, a porto-potty (blue, I think) near the southwest corner of a vacant, flatdirted, to-be-built-upon lot. I toss a pocket-paperback of Crime + Punishment (one of those Bantam translations that doesn't duly convince you that you are in the presence of great language) into the porto-potty sink. There is no sign of construction presence, past or future, on the lotsite. But the porto-potty is

Jens Hoffmann
C/o Casey Kaplan Gallery
416 West 14th Street
New York, NY 10014

June 23rd 2003

Dear Jens:

I can't really fathom what it is that "Exhibitions of an Exhibition" denotes. The dude who answered the CKGallery phone a couple weeks back seemed incapable of helping me understand this confounding title. I can think of Mussorgsky, but that really doesn't mean shit. I am oftentimes an idiot.

As an idiot –and one who fancies himself an artistperson- I have decided to participate in "Exhibitions of an Exhibition." I've sent you some rudiments for the work *butter to be cried on*: \$5 with this letter. This should be enough for you to buy one of those 4-stick butter boxes (preferably organic stuff, but that shit must be really pricey in NY). When you bring the butter back to the gallery, unwrap three of the sticks, put them on a whatever, and leave them on the gallery counter-desk-thing. You should probably display the title of the work so that people will know what to do with the butter...The butter is bound to spoil, right? So e-mail me if you want money for more butter –or if organic butter demands more remunerations, etc... (synod76@hotmail.com).

I think you might not use my piece in the show. You should though.

Love,

Drme 

PS. \$5

remarkably, indubitably present.

7/13/03

Yellow duct-taped a Penguin Classics paperback called *Two Spanish Picaresque Novels* (detail from *Los Borrachos* by Velazquez on the cover) to the driver's side running-board of a black Toyota 4-Runner (4-Runner again because it was just a shitty coincidence) in an underground parking garage. Once again, nerves bested fastidiousness. An essentially almost-completely-failed project. Like leaving an injured insect to die out of petty compunction, rather than killing it outright.

7/13/03

Black perma-markered out the front and back cover-lettering on a hardcover, dustcover-ed, but rather compact copy of *Confederacy of Dunces* (Wings Books, 1996) –is it a great work of literature: I don't know. Yellow duct-taped it to a streetlight pole. Wrapped the tape around four times. This wrapping felt good. The sculpture worked: the lines and fuse-ness of things made quiet sense, not unlike what I imagine aesthetic-building in the 60s and 70s might have been. But then again, Los Angeles and its hard summer sunlight, diffusing sky azure, is always wont to remind me of chromatic qualities of photographs from that time period. Yellow duct-tape is always current though (so far).

7/14/03

vintage Viking paperback (12/1972 printing) of Walter Kaufman's *Portable Nietzsche* goes an ill-martyred way... Kaufman has to be a brilliant translator, because Nietzsche is one of the best English language authors I've ever read. That's where my sorrow lies. To employ this volume in such a miscarried mission is difficult to accept. I wanted to secure the (pocket-size) book under yellow-duct-tape wrapped around the horizontal medians of the entire window system of this couple-year-old cobalt blue Jeep Wrangler. Unfortunately, as I seem wont to do around these taping ventures, I panicked, and settled for a mere yard-long strip of aforementioned tape over the book to attach the latter to the rear driver's side window. An aesthetic that ages better than expected, having become less cathectically tied with the volume now-lost-to-some-distrustworthy-humanbeing.

7/15/03

Song # _____

7/15/03

Wrapped (in a thin plastic packing sleeve) one of those semi-recent Vintage paperbacks (©1997) –Mann’s Doctor Faustus (Woods translation). Secured the already-torn plastic around the book with a few long strips of that glossy non-translucentscopic Scotch tape. Threw the book over some chain link into the foundation hole of a yet-to-be-built something (this future something could not be more than a repugnant iota in the fat eyes of space-vision-whore architects). The night (in its nightness, not as any blatant singularity) made a nice complement to Mann (who I have no right to claim to understand, because I’ve read an insubstantial amount of his work). I’m a bit rueful around throwing this one to other places: the cover’s hues and art design somehow beckoned me to seek out unknown Mann. I came of age via the 1900-1950 novel, and I miss believing in it unfailingly.

7/17/03

pocket white paperback of Freud’s Civilization and Its Discontents (Norton, Strachey, 1961). I black perma-marker its front-cover images and texts. 1” wide white gaffer’s tape it to a car wheel. Much better idea in mind. My trepidation around the execution of the project led to less than satisfactory aesthetic results. If I had taken enough time (and had a plentiful-enough tape supply), I might have ‘properly’ semi-mummified the book within the shroud of the tape, but I was forced to settle for only three diameter-swoops, or six radii (depending on which is a more pleasing geometrical notion to one’s mind). (The book, however, was not put in the center of the wheel rim, more towards the 2 o’clock position.) This idea of taping books to cars is getting far lesswhere than I would have hoped. The adhesive gripping quality of tape that excites my tactile imagination falls short of its Christ-promise. What results is a flaccid adhesive faculty, i.e. far too much real space between tape-as-agent-of-fuse and hoped-for fuse. We [who’s we? 2/04] will have to confabulate with space more thoroughly before a proper dialogue, a proper choreography, a proper lithography (yes, like prints, ignore the literality of the ‘lith’) occurs.

7/18/03

The toilet bowl full of diarrhea now also harbors seven iridescent gummy worms [this diarrhea would ideally be replaced with the slightly firmer morning-fec of 2/24/04]

7/18/03

Last night while taping Freud to a tire, I saw a bucket filled with water

on the sidewalk, lit by night shadow and oblique streetlight drift. I thought it would be great to drop a thick white, sparsely design-ornamented tpb (trade paperback) of Mishima's *Forbidden Colors* (Perigree Book Editions, 1980, trans. Alfred H. Marks) into the water. I decided tonight, before I went to submerge the book, to wrap it in saran wrap rather than ziplockbag it. I checked the bucket: 5 gallons, industrial soy sauce receptacle. Shit: soy sauce and Mishima could be read wrong (stupid white American!). Bad news. I'll have to come back. Wait, no, who cares. I stuck my hand in the water to see if the book would sink; no, saran wrap is buoyant. Left book buoying.

7/20/03

[110 on why things are scary to me]... [26 on something coined, "desperate logic"] But the burgeoning scope of competitiveness in any creative industry may lead to an ultimate erasure of what we have known thus far as 'arts history': an idea rather utopian in itself, but otherwise humiliating. In defense of the spirit of an avant-garde, I find myself nonplussed.

7/21/03

Decide that my capitalPproject will end by extolling the traditional canvas as the only successful fusion of mirror, tactility, and obscurity. What I mean by traditional [...]

7/22/03

[Smithson used photo documentation well]

[[[7-3(0-1)0-3-0

in a more obscure chapter of Christian history, [Saints] Peter (or Andrew) and Paul turn each other into magazines()

(at midnight tonight I (I)will(I) turn into a magazine)[[]]

7/22/03

Serge Lemoine
Musee d'Orsay
Ave, Apt. 1
62 Rue de Lille
CA 90026
75343 Paris
cedex 7
310.266.6145 -phone
France

Darren Bader
907 Parkman

Los Angeles,

U.S.A.
+1

Dear Serge Lemoine:

I am an artist. One of my areas of concentration is performance. I would like to request your permission to execute a performance piece in the Musee d'Orsay.

The piece is called *Courbet with Canned Black Beans*. It involves two of your Courbet works -*The Painter's Studio: A Real Allegory* and *The Man with the Leather Belt (Self-Portrait)*. My interaction with the two canvases would be as follows: I would place a bucket in front of the latter canvas, as a seat for optimal viewing; I would then uncan enough black beans to fill the 10-15 liter bucket; I would then drop my pants and sit on the bucket and look at the painting until my mind sates itself; I would then move the filled bucket to the *The Painter's Studio*... and repeat my ruminations in the same seated position. I would like to document these actions with both moving and still image photography. The performance would take up no more than two hours of the museum's time. My crew would be no more than four people (including myself).

Though the project is ostensibly irreverent, I am a great, great admirer of Courbet as a painter, and of his prodigious hubris. The incorporation of beans and my bare ass is an attempt to elucidate certain non-genital (and non-anal, despite many things beans and asses typically connote) libidinal investments I have for both food (especially viscous foods) and master oil paintings. It is my current artistic project to integrate haptic and gustatory phenomena into the act of seeing. The theoretical backdrop and practical vicissitudes of such a project are too cumbersome to address in this letter.

My ideas may come across as sophomoric and disrespectful to your institution and the tenets it upholds. But I ask you to sympathize with my art. I am a great lover of the entire Western art historical canon and ruefully detect a growth of its obsolescence in contemporary (especially North American) first world culture. Whatever its fate may be, it has

richly nurtured me, and I find it my duty to continue to honor and lovingly revise its precepts in order to make art in my own milieu.

Please take my request seriously. I would be incredibly grateful if the Musee d'Orsay were to allow me to realize this work. I thank you for your time and consideration.

Sincerely,

Darren Bader

Musei Capitolini	Darren
Bader	
C/o Director's Office	907 Parkman
Ave, Apt 1 Piazza de Campidoglio	
Los Angeles, CA 90026	00186 Roma
U.S.A.	
Italia	+1 310 266
6145 -phone	

Dear Anna Mura Somella:

I am an artist. One could call me a performance artist, for some of the art I do involves performance. I write you with the hope that you might find some value in working with me towards realizing a project of mine.

The project is titled *Aurelius*, and, as you might expect, it involves the Musei Capitolini's famous equestrian statue. In short, I would ask your permission to ride behind Marcus Aurelius. I wish to interact with him as an evocation of more than a mere effigy. In doing so, I would also ask your permission to let me ride naked. My nudity would be anything but lewd; I would simply wrap my arms around him as if I were really on horseback.

I understand this request may sound ludicrous. I realize it may be misconstrued as an affront to, or mockery of, a great work of art. But I assure you that this performance is an act of sheer reverence for both the continuum of Western art and the inexorable presence of history. My interaction with the statue of Marcus Aurelius is an attempt to incorporate a tactile and palpable bond to a fabled historical past and to a canonized art qua canonized art. How can one touch histories? Naturally, I don't expect to find the answer. But in introducing biological drives into what has traditionally and imperatively been granted the eyes alone, I hope to elicit something that would be artful on its own terms. It may seem like a juvenile project; but my art is largely based on the recognizance of the indispensable quantity of infantile regressions in our lives.

I find it critical to the success of my envisioned performance to ride both the original bronze statue in the Palazzo Nuovo and the outdoor

reproduction. I am uncertain whether you at the museum have jurisdiction over the Piazza del Campidoglio. If you do not, it would be a great help if you could direct me to the proper persons who would be able to grant access to the outdoor statue.

This correspondence is eccentric to be sure, but I hope you have not found my proposal to be without merit. Please contact me with your response. Thank you for your time.

Sincerely,

Darren Bader

Museo del Prado
c/o Miguel Zugaza
Ave, Apt 1 Ruiz de Alarcon 23
Angeles, CA 90026 Madrid 28014
Espana

Darren Bader
907 Parkman
Los
USA
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Querido Miguel Zugaza:

I am an artist working in performance-type situations. I have a project idea that I would like to propose to Museo del Prado.

The project is titled *Fucking Velazquez*. It pertains to the gamut of the Velazquez canvases you have on view; but I guess my particular interest is in the late canvases: *Las Meninas*, *Hermes and Argus*, and *The Fable of Arachne*. Though I can make no promises about anything, the project has very little to do with fucking the canvases themselves. Rather, it is by and large predicated upon an inchoate and perverse(?) quality of the Stendhal syndrome that I may be singularly(?) privy to. I've never gotten a boner from a Velazquez painting (or any painting(?)) before, but Velazquez is a great evocateur of something intensely sensual that manifests itself in his oils.

I have been in and out of your museum many times, and know that it is Velazquez that stays with me, more than Goya (whose brushwork seems to have been applied in some dystrophic manner). Everybody knows that Velazquez is the best all-around canvasman in art history. Everybody knows that *Las Meninas* is more haunting than anything Leonardo could pull out of his hermetic anus. Everybody is sitting right next to me, just in case you doubt the circumspectness of my ostensible hyperbole.

To return to my project, I would like permission to walk around your halls indefinitely. I would only want to walk around during public gallery hours (although conditional access to the galleries at night would be smart, just in case an aberration occurs in the unfolding of the project). And that's most of it. I will be around Museo del Prado until I'm done fucking Velazquez.

I realize I haven't been wholly unvague in my proposal, but I assure you I have been quite upfront. Please contact me with any further questions. I hope to hear from you soon. Thank you for your time and consideration.

Sincerely,

Darren Bader



MINISTERIO
DE EDUCACIÓN,
CULTURA Y DEPORTE

MUSEO
NACIONAL
DEL PRADO

Mr. Darren Bader
907 Parkman Ave, Apt. 1
Los Angeles, CA 90026
USA

3 October 2003

Dear Mr. Bader,

We thank you for your interest in the Museo Nacional del Prado.

The Museum is open all year round, Tuesday-Sunday, from 9 am to 7 pm. Like any other member of the public, you are welcome to come at any time during opening hours.

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read 'Lorena Casas'.

Lorena Casas
Director's Office
Museo Nacional del Prado

Henri Loyrette
Darren Bader
Musée du Louvre
907 Parkman Ave Apt. 1
34-36 quai du Louvre Los Angeles, CA
9002675058 Paris USA
Cedex 01 +1 310.266.6145 France

Dear Henri Loyrette:

I am an artist, currently residing in Los Angeles. My art can be called performance, sculpture, conceptual; but preferably, nothing at all. I would like to request the Musée du Louvre's assistance in helping me realize a project of mine.

The project is untitled. It is somewhere between a performance and an installation, and would exist in some space outside of the Louvre. But there is an element that is critical to the project's success that presently exists within the ramparts of the Louvre. Thus I would ask you to lend me this element: Leonardo's/apocryphal Leonardo's *St. John the Baptist (with the attributes of Bacchus)*. I understand that this is an enormous request, and recognize the virtual impossibility of your even beginning to consider such a loan. Nevertheless, I will try to persuade you.

The canvas will be on a wall, and will be flanked by two experienced art-security guards. The guards will be readily equipped with tasers, which they will be licensed to use on anyone who they find a probable threat to the safety of the painting. On another wall there will be a frameless mirror (rectangular, and leaning a la McCracken) on which a 18" x 24" digital printout of Cimabue's *Maesta* will be taped. In between these wall elements will be (a) room (not too big, not too small). On the floor of this room will be an austere, rectangular table on which will rest two opaque, open-topped vessels of olive oil, a pile of unused white briefs and panties, and a pile of white flour rustic breads (both sliced and whole). Under the table will be some rolls of paper towels and rough-on-the-asshole toilet paper. Around the room there will be stashes of cocaine and talcum powder, respectively, though nobody will be informed of which is which (I'm sure it will be figured out quite expeditiously). In addition to these inanimate presences, there will be 3-6 people in the room, the number varying from hour to hour, as this piece will be up for at least 3 days. These

people will be encouraged to pursue sleep deprivation, to use all the non-Leonardo elements in whatever ways they might like, and to consider contact with the tasers. Nobody else will be let in the room, a policy that will be strenuously enforced by further security presence. The room will be on view from behind barriers.

The hermeneutic spine of the project is arcane to be sure, absurd to be surer, and non-existent to be hermeneutical. My intentions are zealous. The only way of adequately expressing them would be to ask to you to recognize the sensorial and cognitive exigencies of the environment. You might want to invoke a sort of gestalt aesthetics, or phenomenological dynamics, or arrive at the holy mountain of the inane. I should say no more. I wish I didn't need to say anything. I think the Leonardo(?) painting sums it up perfectly -which may lead you to question my desire to recontextualize it in the first place: think gastrointestinally, think allergically, think obsessively, and you might stumble upon what it is I am trying to [e/con/in/pro]-voke.

I don't expect you to jeopardize your museum's priceless work of art. But on the off chance you would, I amicably entreat you to do so. (Perhaps you'd consider lending out the unequivocally-genuine-Leonardo's *St. John the Baptist* as a surrogate work!)

Thank your time and consideration. I look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,

Darren Bader

PS I would like to film the painting if you won't let it out of the museum. I hope you allow filming. (The film would be shown in place of the actual canvas, and the security guards would no longer be in the piece, but the tasers would remain.)

LOUVRE

Paris le 16 juin 2003

D/HL/nh/n° 03/132

Monsieur Darren Bader
907 Parkman Ave apt. 1
Los Angeles, CA 90026
USA

Monsieur,

Nous avons bien reçu votre demande concernant le prêt d'un tableau de Léonard de Vinci : *Saint-Jean Baptiste*.

Comme vous vous en doutiez, la fragilité de cette œuvre interdit tout déplacement, et d'autre part, le musée du Louvre ne prête qu'à des institutions muséales et non à des particuliers. Par contre si vous désirez filmer ce tableau nous vous conseillons de vous adresser directement au service concerné : Mme Catherine Belanger, service de la communication, téléphone 33 1 40 20 51 39.

Veillez agréer, Monsieur, l'expression de nos sentiments distingués

P.o Henri Loyrette



Gilles Chazal
 Musee du Petit Palais
 Ave, Apt. 1
 Av. Winston Churchill, 8th Arrondissement
 90026
 75008 Paris
 France
 310.266.6145 -phone

Darren Bader
 907 Parkman

 Los Angeles, CA

 USA
 +1

Dear Gilles Chazal:

I am an artist living in Los Angeles. I most often work with performance, sculptural, and moving image media.

I would like to propose a project that would entail the cooperation and, hopefully, enthusiasm of the Musee du Petit Palais. The project has the longish title, *In Anticipation of Mick Jagger's Passing: Motion for the Eradication of the Cult of Celebrity*, and is a project that subsists solely on conceptual rigor and a certain playfulness in tone. What the project is constituted of is your museum's Courbet painting, *Self-Portrait with a Black Dog*, hung in a contemporary "white cube;" and nothing else.

Of course to make the project succeed I would need your gracious loan of the inimitable canvas itself. It would be installed in the Syzygy Gallery, where it would hang alone, unimpinged upon by any rival pictorial or sculptural presences. My project needs it to be seen as such: wrested from its museum halls, free to breathe the air (please read this metaphorically) of a real-time society. I understand this all may seem vacuous as a concept, and that my seeming flippancy in making such a major request might not be taken very seriously. But please let me explain the backbone of the work:

In choosing Courbet in general, and *Self-Portrait with a Black Dog* in particular, I am addressing his place as a putative/dubious first art star, without trying to fetishize nor lend excessive credence to such a socio-historical conjecture -I could care less about his precise place in the convoluted orders of fame, cunning, and artistic achievements. Courbet is simply an avatar (or a "prime avatar") of a dandy-esque, cocky, self-promoting egoist in search of a limelight insidiously espoused to one's own creative output (the self-portrait in your collection is arguably his most egregiously shameless). What makes Courbet special is that he could be the sole avatar of this position during the age of pre-Impressionist oil painting: beyond being a great innovator of the canvas, he is a godfather of a sort of post-aristocratic, i.e. Modern, celebrity. As such -and as a specious, yet unequivocally gifted artist- he makes a wonderful corollary to Mick Jagger and the knot of creative greatness and vogue-whore decadence that are so often symbiotic in a paparazzi/media culture. There are many historical characters with allure, mystery,

notoriety, etc; but none in my imagination, with the exception of the derelict glamour of a Rimbaud-type, can hold a candle to Gustave and Mick and their curious drive to be celebritized. So in “motioning for the eradication of the cult of celebrity,” I salute my heroes, and both ingenuously and disingenuously set up a tenuous church against that which would lead me from the fold (for it is what so many artists subliminally and/or blatantly wish to do). How will/could it end?

I can only hope that I have made a cogent proposal in favor of your loaning out *Self-Portrait with a Black Dog*. Please contact me with any further questions. Whatever your decision may be, I look forward to your response. Thank you again for your time and consideration.

Sincerely,

Darren Bader

Davide Banzato
Musei Eremitani
Ave., Apt. 1
via Porciglia, 35
CA 90026
35121 Padova
Italia
310.266.6145

Darren Bader
907 Parkman

Los Angeles,

USA
+1

Dear Davide Banzato:

I am an artist. I work with performance and other unreliable media. I would like to propose a project of mine that involves the Scrovegni Chapel. It is titled *dead*. It is my sincerest hope that you will sanction the realization of this project.

I will travel to Padova for the first time. Though my love for Giotto is old and great, I have never seen the divine frescoes of the Scrovegni Chapel. Before I enter the chapel, I will consume the contents of a bowl: 3 parts olive oil, 1 1/4 parts linguine, 3/32 part short-grain white rice (, perhaps the phantom droppings of some sea salt too). I will then look at the frescoes and take breaks from looking at the frescoes, until I shit. If when I shit, I shit shit, then I will be dead. If when I shit, I shit just-past-perfectly-ripe mango, then things are otherwise. After that, the project is basically concluded.

The reason I am officially addressing what could be endeavored as a clandestine act (and as such, far less embarrassing for you) is that my occupancy of the chapel itself may necessitate some after-hours access -for my bowels aren't always reliable for speedy evacuation. Using a laxative would be cheating. I am sure to shit by morning though. Having said this, let me address the concerns you are sure to have.

First, I will be shitting in my pants; no shit will hit the chapel floor. As for the frescoes, they are forever safe in my presence. I wouldn't dream of bringing harm unto them. Secondly, I will have no cameras with me. There will be no documentation on my part. You and your camp can document or ignore anything you'd like. Lastly, if just-past-perfectly-ripe mango comes from my ass, I don't know what to say. Perhaps you have some advisors who might have some insight into the fallout of such an occurrence.

I impart to you the earnestness of my *dead* project. I may sound like an irreverent prankster, but I'm not. Additionally, I hope you don't find my flippant use of the words 'shit' and 'ass' unprofessional -euphemisms just won't cut it.

I would be immensely grateful if you were to permit me after-hours access to the Scrovegni Chapel. And I hope I might be allowed to visit

thereafter as an art lover -very few things in life can best Giotto's blues.
Thank you for your consideration. I can't wait to hear from you.

Sincerely,

Darren Bader

Comune di Padova
Settore Musei e Biblioteche



Direzione e segreteria

mlf 07/03

COMUNE DI PADOVA	
Protocollo generale: USCITA	
0112509	23.06.2003
Classificazione: 2003 - 7.5/0000082	
UOR: Settore Musei e Biblioteche	
cc:	

DARREN BADER
907 PARKMAN AVE., APT. 1
LOS ANGELES, CA 90026
USA

Dear Mr. Bader,

with regard to your request that reached us on 10th June '03, dealing with your project in Scrovegni Chapel, we are sorry to inform you that the present visiting conditions do not allow the accomplishment of your project.

Yours sincerely,

Il Direttore
Musei e Biblioteche
Dott. Davide Banzato

Cenacolo Viciniano
c/o Senior Official
Ave. Apt. 1
Convento Santa Maria delle Grazie,
CA 90026
Piazza Santa Maria delle Grazie 2
20123 Milano
310.266.6145
Italia

Darren Bader
907 Parkman

Los Angeles,

USA
+1

Dear Senior Official:

I am an artist. I would like to make a project proposal to you that involves *il Cenacolo* itself.

Before explicating the project, I would have you know that it is liable to strike you as ridiculous, vulgar, and categorically out of the question -though I hope that what I've just deemed liable is at least partially presumptuous.

To get to the point, I would like to install a stationary changing table (for babies) at the base of *il Cenacolo*. The changing table would be made of a plastic, and would be austere in design. This installation would be temporary, of course -ideally three months (preferably summer).

In case you are wondering what the fuck is wrong with me, let me explain. Leonardo gives me the creeps. As one of Tarkovsky's characters in *The Sacrifice* says, "Leonardo is sinister," (demons are housed in even his most innocuous faces). There is something wrong with *il Cenacolo*, some major aesthetical aberration. Leonardo certainly mastered space, but the human theater he put therein is a ghastly one. The babble of the disciples portends the preclusion of a Pentecost, let alone a Resurrection, ever happening. It is like a map of the psychotic mind -the impossibly detached Jesus demanding that all time stop, lest we all go crazy. A last supper tout court. It scares the shit out of me.

I am not unaware of the fragile state *il Cenacolo* is in, and understand that the chemistries of infant urine and fecal matter might seriously threaten the preservation of Leonardo's paint. If this is indeed the case, and a primary consideration in your feasible rejection of my proposal, I would request that we might continue a correspondence in order to pursue a more 'virtual' approach to my *Cenacolo* project. Thank you very much for your time.

Sincerely,

Darren Bader

Wonder about the yesterday's primacy-of-the-canvas conjecture.
Perhaps sculpture [...] But perhaps just [...] Maybe that's[...] -time.

7/23/03

On an oft-peopled sidewalk I put an unopened can of Trader Joe's Turkey Chili (it has a red label, and is in a standard 15 oz. canned-foods can). I then pour olive oil (glug glug from the olive oil spigot) over the can. Maybe a half cup of oil total. Piece manifests itself well. I of course run away before I or anybody else can soak it in. I am very scared of the police.

7/23/03

Catch myself in earnest, deityless prayer.

7/24/03

Song #_____

7/23/03

Tape a round yellow corn chip to my left-outer-upper-arm with blue masking tape. The corn chip is sealed from view. I hope to wear it for a week without opening up the tape, but it is mildly uncomfortable even after the first minute. I also fear I will develop a mold on my arm...nearing the hour mark, I realize I'm now in for a test. Just how much does this project mean to me. Yellow corn, blue tape, compressed against supple human skin.

7/28/03

Elisabetta's birthday. Spraypaint a stalk of broccoli (a. entirely a. p.) blue.

7/29/03

Search for manholes to drop a book into. All the covers are sealed. It is night.

7/30/03

Remove blue masking tape after a week of non-stop cornchip. I am itchy for a few minutes. There is no mold. Just the fleeting impression of the corn-matter disc (broken into many fragments over the course of the preceding 168 hours) and a couple of unidentified lesions (that, a day later, appear to be points where the hard corn flour penetrated the skin).

8/1/03

My will is stapled to a wall in Tokyo, and subsequently sold. Details possibly to come upon my passing.

8/1/03

B*ru** recommends that I learn more about the halcyon days of conceptual art. He recommends a few books. I learn about the stuff in them for the rest of August and September.

8/1/03

fill a bulky white-covered (blue lettering) paperback The Complete Prose Plays of Ibsen with SPF 15 suntan lotion. Put lotion on the front cover too. Put the book on the roof of a somewhere between metallic-olivegreen and metallic-seagreen van. Incidentally, it is nighttime.

8/2/03

I yellow duct-tape the three Snopes Family books by Faulkner to walk/street signal posts at a major intersection. There are 16 possible posts, not to mention [...the map that I drew eloped with boiling pitch; the married couple awayed to someplace in/near [a]nother hemisphere]. The project is s,p,l,e,n,d,i,d,l,y, realized, much richer than the Confederacy of Dunces project (the fact that these two authors are both from the Deep South is absolute coincidence). I leave the site, quite fulfilled: the first book-taping project to provoke such a sensation. These books are the first to be unmarked [I'd hitherto inserted an ID marker in every book-used-as-sculpturalelement] (and I guess unidentified beyond author and title too).

8/2-8/3/03

Begin flirting anew with the idea of sculptural cinema, i.e. theoretically panoptic space and/or theoretical montage, as a valid means of personal art production. But in doing a pas de deux with the frame (and the hunt for the image-meat that breathes art into it), I feel that I am betraying my operations within space and within idealized thought. A return to a proper cinema relates very little to real space, but its sculptural elements are undeniable. [2nd year of Hadrian's reign] A quote that appears in a footnote of the Pevear and Volokhonsky translation of Dostoyevsky's Demons has left an (thus far) indelible mark on my psyche. The quote of a grammarian, or lexicographer, or something, named Dahl, who in his early-1860s dictionary of the Russian language defines nihilism as: "an ugly and immoral doctrine which rejects everything that cannot be palpated." I find an alarming

quantity of truth within—as well as perturbation around—this
invective.

[*I later discover that one of the definitions of “nihilism” refers to a
specifically Russian political milieu of the mid 19th century.]

8/4/03

...Wallace Stevens non-poetryproper pocketpaperback (ppb) dropped in
an ostensibly bottomless city hole [as opposed to a hole in the earth].
Summer late afternoon

8/5/03

Sit around in [tons] of my cum for 4 days.

8/5/03

Wallace Stevens book dropped in city hole, summer late afternoon.
Result is more perfect than my mind could have imagined. My mind
imagined above.

8/5/03

This journal is [56 characters]

8/5/03

[112]

8/5/03

Song # _____

8/9/03

Wrap clear packing tape around the middle of a ppb of Bunyan’s
Pilgrim’s Progress (Signet Classics, 1981). Burne-Jones’ Love Leading
the Pilgrim is part of the art design on the front cover. Two sources
of tape: both rolls of clear packing tape. Me and anonymous partner
begin to unspool our respective rolls of tape after the heads of both
tape ribbons have been securely fastened to the book-body. We each
unspool some 50 feet in opposite directions. We are on a bridge over
a city-street underpass. The underpass traffic is one-way; there are
three lanes. The book slowly descends until it is dangling about 5-
7 feet (hard to tell) above the ground. At this point my partner and
I each fasten the what-will-become-tail-ends of the tape ribbon to
our respective antipodal barred-railings that prevent perilous people-
plummet to the underpass below...The book is dangling, and the

long stream of clear glossy tape is being moved by the wind (either natural or created by car velocity within the quasi-wind tunnel that the underpass might create). The 100 (or so?) feet of tape seems quite long and the book somehow seems small and at home within it. I am suddenly acutely aware of potential police presence, so I advise my partner to get out of there as fast as we can (without looking suspicious). As we walk away, we hear tire screeches. Hopefully tomorrow's papers will have no mention of accidents due to hanging books. The plain beauty of the long dangle was not foreseen. Am very pleased with its effect.

8/9/03

Try to execute a sister project to this afternoon's Pilgrim's Progress dangle. Unfortunately the overpass/underpass combo I select for a nocturnal dangle is peopled with ruminating al fresco boozhounds, i.e. I'm too frightened that they're gonna want to kick my faggoty ass to get the project done. The crux of the sister project is a nocturnal juxtaposition to the diurnal Bunyan dangling, meant to have taken place within the confines of one day. So, its future remains in question.

8/9/03

Song # _____

Song # _____

Song # _____ Song # _____

8/9/03

E*i*a*e*t* wears my matzah project out to a party. The Velcro I affix to the saran wrap (to make the matzah something like a huge broach) isn't strong enough to grip onto El*s**et*a's coat fabric, so the matzah keeps falling off. She puts it on her hat, where it stays for a while. Somebody pulls the matzah off her head. She takes it back, and eats it a few minutes later; she's hungry.

8/03

Getting familiar with works akin to what I'm doing: N.E. Thing Co; Bas Jan Ader; the general logic of what Robert Barry did in the late sixties; some Douglas Huebler stuff; eating glue. [too bad I won't be able to check out the Lee Lozano show at PS1 this Spring, 2/04. Yoko Ono's Grapefruit too]

8/10/03

Baby blue tissue paper cut into thin rectangular strips of varying

Keeping in mind/play the aesthetic exigencies of ogling, all the ogled will instead be greek salad.

...the greek salad will need to stay longer

_____ + D
 907 Parkman Ave. Apt. 1
 Los Angeles, CA 90026

October 7, 2003

Schering-Plough
 c/o successor to Richard Jay Kogan and/or helicopter people
 2000 Galloping Hill Road
 Kenilworth, NJ 07033

Dear successor to Richard Jay Kogan and/or helicopter people:

I am an artist. One of my projects is to oversee the proliferation of _____. This letter is not written in jest. It speaks directly of _____. I hope you might find some merit in _____'s aesthetic goals. It would be an honor if you were to assent to participation in _____.

_____ likes your news and traffic helicopters. _____ can be attached to many things. The next thing it wants to be attached to is a window of your helicopters.

_____ is two full pieces of square, unsalted, unflavored matzah with peanut butter and jam or cream cheese and jam between them. The entire sandwich is held together by two layers of saran wrap. The brands of the peanut butter, jam, and cream cheese must remain anonymous.

_____ needs to be adhered with your adhesive agent of choice to the outside of one of your helicopter windows. It then flies around with your helicopter. It can be taken off soon enough or can stay on for a while. If you are unsure if you want to make _____ yourself (and it would be very difficult, since you'd have to wild guess which brands of spreadables _____ is constituted of), _____ can come to you by mail.

_____ will cost you nothing. You can photograph or video it if you'd like. If you'd like to let _____ know about your interest in and/or execution of the helicopter _____ piece, _____'d be thrilled to hear from you.

Thank you for making _____ dream. Once again, this letter has not been written in jest. Hope to hear from you soon.

All the Best,

_____ + D

 d

KTLA-TV

c/o those in charge of helicopters
5800 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90028

KCBS 2

c/o those in charge of helicopters
6121 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90028

KTTV FOX 11

c/o those in charge of helicopters
1999 South Bundy Drive
Los Angeles, California 90025-5235

J.P. MORGAN CHASE & CO.

c/o William B. Harrison, Jr. and/or helicopter people
270 Park Ave.
New York, NY 10017

SCHERING-PLOUGH

c/o successor to Richard Jay Kogan and/or helicopter people
2000 Galloping Hill Road
Kenilworth, NJ 07033

USA INTERACTIVE

c/o Barry Diller and/or helicopter people
152 West 57th Street
NY, NY 10019

NUCOR

c/o Daniel R. DiMicco and/or helicopter people
2100 Rexford Rd.
Charlotte, NC 28211

MGM MIRAGE

c/o J. Terrence Lanni and/or helicopter people
3600 Las Vegas Blvd. South
Las Vegas, NV 89109

AT & T

c/o David W. Dorman and/or helicopter people
1 AT&T Way
Bedminster, NJ 07921

LAND O' LAKES

c/o John E. Gherty and/or helicopter people
4001 Lexington Ave. North
Arden Hills, MN 55126

R.R. DONNELLEY & SONS

c/o William L. Davis and/or helicopter people
77 West Wacker Drive
Chicago, IL 60601

HALLIBURTON

c/o David. J. Lesar and/or helicopter people
4100 Clinton Drive
Houston TX, 77020

NIEMAN MARCUS

c/o Burton M. Tansky and/or helicopter people
1618 Main Street
Dallas, TX 75201

_____ + D
 907 Parkman Ave. Apt. 1
 Los Angeles, CA 90026

October 7, 2003

KTLA-TV
 c/o those in charge of helicopters
 5800 Sunset Boulevard
 Los Angeles, CA 90028

Dear KTLA people who make decisions about news and traffic helicopters:

I am an artist. One of my projects is to oversee the proliferation of _____. This letter is not written in jest. It speaks directly of _____. I hope you might find some merit in _____'s aesthetic goals. It would be an honor if you were to assent to participation in _____.

_____ likes your news and traffic helicopters. _____ can be attached to many things. The next thing it wants to be attached to is a window of your helicopters.

_____ is two full pieces of square, unsalted, unflavored matzah with peanut butter and jam or cream cheese and jam between them. The entire sandwich is held together by two layers of saran wrap. The brands of the peanut butter, jam, and cream cheese must remain anonymous.

_____ needs to be adhered with your adhesive agent of choice to the outside of one of your helicopter windows. It then flies around with your helicopter. It can be taken off soon enough or can stay on for a while. If you are unsure if you want to make _____ yourself (and it would be very difficult, since you'd have to wild guess which brands of spreadables _____ is constituted of), _____ can come to you by mail.

_____ will cost you nothing. You can photograph or video it if you'd like. If you'd like to let _____ know about your interest in and/or execution of the helicopter _____ piece, _____'d be thrilled to hear from you.

Thank you for making _____ dream. Once again, this letter has not been written in jest. Hope to hear from you soon.

All the Best,

_____ + D

 d

lengths et 12 oz. of Concord Grape jelly. I wanted to string them out across the street (a major boulevard, two lanes or more in both directions). But once I began to mix the two ingredients, I realized my dreams of somehow-dry paper and lovely rhomboid nuggets of jelly were nothing short of aborted. The wettened-blue and diced jelly created a thick wad that resembled something menstrual, placental, or miscarried. Instead of letting my mutant go to waste (or the jelly to utter sun-spoil –does jelly spoil?), I scooped it out of its mixing-bag and dropped it on a lovely Euclidianly angled plot of sidewalk to please the limpid happysoultears of the angels. It sat there and I'm not so thrilled.

I also could've written this entry like this:

Baby blue tissue paper and Concord Grape jelly. The aesthetic goal turned aborted. In fact the project looked like a(n) something never-fertile, or no-longer-fertile, or placental, that has been evacuated from the vagina.

8/14/03

Went to see old masters today, Wrote an e-mail about

8/15/03

New Mark Morrisroe book: I, Mark Morrisroe, swear to coldly use and manipulate everyone who can help my career. No matter how much I hate them, I will pretend that I love them. I will fuck anyone who can help me, no matter how aesthetically unappealing they are to me. [reaction of discomfiture now missing, though discomfort still lingers] [elided: why fashion/body-dressing is a superior sculpture]

8/16/03

Two quotes from a Lucy Lippard essay on the halcyon days of conceptual art:

Beuys: "...For me the formation of the thought is already sculpture."

Barthelme: "...I produce in order to pass the time."

Another quote from LL essay:

Smithson: "...All legitimate art deals with limits. Fraudulent art feels that it has no limits."

8/11/03

Guercino's Pope Gregory XV (from the Getty Museum) is attached,

with frame, to the passenger's side of a white Honda CR-V. It is driven around town [Los Angeles]. It is attached in such a way that neither the face of the image, nor the frame is obstructed in any way by cables, cords, rope, bungee, or otherstuffwise. This goes on for 13.2 months = 1 day = 13.2 months The framed painting is roughly 4.5 x 3.5 (feets).

8/20/03

Bury largely unlimited sandwich letters.^7.2120835

8/22/03

Fail to send MOMA a sandwich according to date on letter. Determine that no letter will be sent after all. I will send sandwich. To MOMA? not sure

8/22/03

[(about)youth]

8/21/03

Song # _____

roof book

8/23/03

Distribute christ cheese.

8/23/03

Velcro matzah project to a traffic lane (↪) barge of apples ↪ Lavinia or Gil(l)es)

8/23/03

[words no longer here, now replaced with: why to fast from photographic impulse] Aesthetics are meant to disappear; [fore] or some other water-metaphor [nein] [twelly] [eiht] [half-dozen left out: seven more added] [] [the word 'indeed' removed].

8/24/03

Distribute christ cheese.

8/24/03

E**s*b*tt* wears matzah project on her back.

8/27/03

Send fresh turkey sandwich to MOMA.

8/27/03

[something about [9]]

8/27/03

Think about poems.

Menstruate

pop songs.

8/31/03

I tape a hardcover, dustcover-ed Teilhard de Chardin's *The Future of Man* (Harper and Row, 1964, trans. Norman Denny) with five pieces of yellow duct tape to the back of a movie theater seat (the back row of the second tier; the seatback a few inches from an appr. 5ft. high wall) after having seen *Pirates of the Caribbean*, directed by Gore Verbinski.

9/1/03

[directed by Gore Verbinski]

9/5/03

See [four proper nouns] Before that I [ate] [75 words elided] [xx] [241 words elided] [38] [five][179 words elided] [64 words about life (and also the obsolescence of sanctioned exoticophilia)]. [87[sentimental 8]]

Song # _____

9/9/03

absolute shampoo

9/7/03

[...]I would like to see a life's work, everyone's life work, be comprehended as a life's work and not the impossible riddle that is the object. [135 words offed] Of course, this could mean that there is a basic accumulation of creative works until that moment we call death, and that this accumulation may be too voluminous to even bother with. [6squared] We do not value forgetting enough. We have been taught to remember. (It's natural to crave legacy)... When Robert Barry did his piece, "All the things I know but I am not at the moment thinking -1:36 PM, 15 June 1969, New York," he was hitting on something. Maybe he thought through his new telepathic art he could bypass

the rationality involved in consciousness. Maybe he believed in an austere science of the biosphere. It's not that important here, really. What matters is he attempted to objectify the virtually unfathomable: he dealt with the human psyche as a physical entity, rather than a kitchen of hermeneutics, or a basket of mappable aleatory tendencies. Orthodox adherence to monument and record needs to be questioned. [56 words elided] While we are now able to question the religions that have brought our thoughts to this point in history [words that really ha_() to go], that continue to dominate all epistemic spaces we occupy, that prevent us from seeing outside a logic of idolatry—though this idolotropic substance may be inevitable biochemistry—what can we do about it. Are we to entirely trust science, being that it is we who make science science. If we are system, destined for nothing other than molding the future with the (chance) epistemes that we have built civilization upon... Then what risks might we afford to take. [...]

9/7/03

...

[29] I am working on how to face, and to plan, [#] inevitable disappearance.

9/9/03

Send letter to Whole Foods organization requesting enough expired rice, wheat flour, onions, tomato, avocado, jack cheese, etc... to construct a burrito big enough for me to be the protein center of. I never hear back from them. I really would love to make the me-burrito happen

9/10/10

anfd

9/9/03

I am trying to make a bigger break with authorship. [many words gone]. Authorship should be a tertiary factor at first, and even less critical as time elapses. The intent is to dissolve the work into time, to rob it of names. [54] The need to debunk categories, and trickle away in manifold directions.

From a creative vantage, would disappearance—while remaining conscious of this disappearance—be fatuous if seriously considered? As far as what is sought in the realm of neuroscience and cognitive science, I will not risk being so fatuous as to call any kindred exploration-intention fatuous. The only wish is for immersion and/or

From: "Rodriguez, Hilda" <Hilda.Rodriguez@metmuseum.org>
 To: <synod76@hotmail.com>
 Subject: RE: Balthus painting
 Date: Mon, 29 Sep 2003 14:56:13 -0400

Dear Darren Bader:

I am afraid that we cannot grant you permission to execute your "art piece" here at The Metropolitan Museum of Art. We do not permit the execution of art pieces, the placing or taping of anything on our gallery walls (especially next to masterpieces) and there are artists rights issues involved with the Balthus estate that make this request an impossibility.

Sincerely,

Hilda Rodriguez
 Production Coordinator
 Metropolitan Museum of Art
 Ph: (212) 650-2109
 Fax: (212) 472-2764

-----Original Message-----

From: Matson, Ann
 Sent: Friday, September 26, 2003 9:12 AM
 To: Rodriguez, Hilda
 Subject: FW: Balthus painting

-----Original Message-----

From: Darren Bader [mailto:synod76@hotmail.com]
 Sent: Friday, September 26, 2003 12:51 AM
 To: Matson, Ann
 Subject: Balthus painting

Dear Ann:

We spoke over the phone on Wednesday. I am trying to acquire special permission to tape something next to Balthus' "The Mountain". I have written a more comprehensive request below. Thank you for fielding my inquiry.

To Whom it May Concern:

My name is Darren Bader. I am a conceptual artist. I live in Los Angeles and work at the Museum of Contemporary Art. I'm traveling to New York for a few days in late October. I will be visiting the Met on the 22nd or 23rd of the month, and would like to know if it is possible to execute a quick art piece while I'm there.

The piece is very simple. I need to tape a saran-wrapped sandwich to the wall next to Balthus' "The Mountain," and then take a photo of the wall. It would take no more than 5 minutes. I would be unobtrusive and completely respectful to the viewing needs of the museum patrons.

- matzah project

If you find this on-site art piece permissible, I would be greatly appreciative. If you have further questions as to my intent, I will be happy to provide any needed information. I hope to hear from you soon.

Thank you for your time and consideration,

Darren Bader

synod76@hotmail.com
 310.266.6145

disappearance. I think disappearance has not been taken seriously enough yet. [I read Virilio's Aesthetics of Disappearance several weeks later as a further probe of these idea (pl.)]

[1,000,000,0007] Perhaps it would be more thoughtful to replace disappearance with peripateticism.

9/11/03

My apartment. Three persons supine on three antique (canvas-backed four-handled) medical stretchers. The three persons are copiously sprinkled with cheeses. The cheeses are then melted with heatguns. The three persons are now 85-98 percent covered in melted cheese (which doesn't factor in their cheeselessness from adam's-apple-spot up and top-of-ankle down) (They have been clothed so as not to be burned by cheese oil(s). They are either barefoot or not. They don't seem to have chosen headlessness). The cheese is melted and a 9-13 month old baby is seated on the stomach of each of the 3 cheesepersons. Each of these cheese persons then lifts his/her arms out of cheese-freeze to secure the baby. The three stretchers are then carried off by two stretcher-bearers each. The stretcher-bearers leave my apartment, with their burden, and enter into mid-ish afternoon summer sun. We (I am a stretcher-bearer) all walk down the street.

9/12/03

Song #_____

9/12/03

I fail to inform somebody that the brownie is not coated in sugar, but white-out. That person nearly eats the brownie. I send an e-mail warning just in time. I receive a stern e-reproach in return.

I will try my best to remember that my art could put people's lives in danger. [33]. As I wrote her back: "obliviousness runs in the family. This is not an excuse, just a strange truth." I feel impelled to be penitent. But don't know how. [13].

9/13/03

tape book between air and particular metal thing
 tape book between air and particular metal thing
 tape book between air and particular metal thing
 tape book between air and particular metal thing
 tape book between air and particular metal thing

9/16/03

icitd ef|deficit

9/18/03

[oh]

9/23/03

Matzah piece tied with a string of shoelaces around my midriff. Wear it to a party.

9/27/03

I discover BookCrossing (www.bookcrossings.com). [86+ words amounting to me pissing on trees].

Information and grace circulate in ever-increasing abundance and diversity, creating more pliable and osmotic opportunities for elitism. Still the inherent purpose of any art is to expand upon beauty with the fabrication, introduction, and infusion of new language forms, order inevitably rising out of whatever its many opposites may be called.

tape book between air and particular metal thing tape book between
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 tape bookbetween air and particular metal thing tapebook between air
 and particular metal thingtape book between air and particular metal
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 tape book between air and particular metal thing

9/29/03

May 12, 2003

Hi Bob,

I'm sorry I wasn't able to arrive at something suitable for the Melvins show. It's just that I love Zeppelin so much. I love Zeppelin a lot.

That being the case, I have sent you *(the) Robert Plant (Paul Myers' birthday present)*. I expect it might add some thematic cacophony to the show. Maybe you'd like to include it with the other works.

If not, Paul will be by on Thursday (unless he's detained by *Matrix* line necessities) to pick up his birthday present. Speak to you soon. Thnaks again.

Best,

Darren

- *(the) Robert Plant (Paul Myers' birthday present) is a ceramic plant pot (about 14" tall) filled with potting soil*



yellowbird2@hotmail.com

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Guardar dirección | Bloquear

De : "paul myers" <drthunders@hotmail.com>

Para : yellowbird2@hotmail.com

Asunto : robert plant

Fecha : Sat, 24 May 2003 00:11:44 -0400

Responder

Responder a todos

Reenviar

Eliminar

Colocar en carpeta...

Versión compatible con la impresora

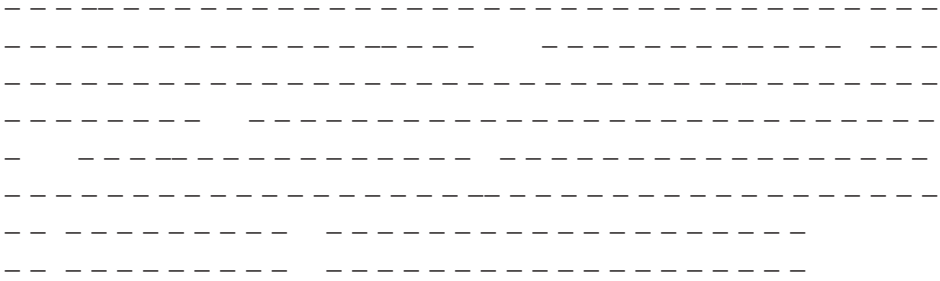
Went to the gallery. Was a little apprehensive. Went inside. A lot of people I usually wouldn't associate with. I asked a small Asian man if he knew who the Curator was. If he knew anything about my birthday present that was supposed to be waiting for me. He knew exactly what I was talking about. This small Asian man took me to the gallery and showed me a white plastic bag sitting in a little courtyard, getting wet in the light rain. He showed me the accompanying letter. I made a comment to the effect that he wasn't sure what to do with the whole thing. I thanked him and left with the Robert Plant. Later that night someone stole it.

Yup!MSN. Más Útil Cada Día Haz clic aquí

MSN - Cada día más útil

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9/30/03

*Bunch of bananas with a word or two [or three] (or four?) written in not-fine-not-thick black sharpie on each banana's (unpeeled) peel. The words have absolutely nothing to do with the banana. Each word is chosen according to... The words have absolutely nothing to do with the bananas. They are (howevermany) separate things come together under one aesthetic. This project is ((im()))possible to execute.

10/7/03

Send matzah project proposals out to Fortune 500 companies and TV news channels.^7.3(9)0000000000

10/11/03

Song #_____

10/16/03

Send bactrian camel to MOMA.

10/018-019/03

(256) ounces orangejuice in Barbara Gladstone Gallery Richard Prince Nurse Paintings show. ul and o.

10/23-26

Matzah piece is [allowed to be] in an art show, velcroed to a wall.

10/25/03

Casey Kaplan said the letter I sent Jens Hoffmann really made Jens uncomfortable –the money freaked him out, or something.

newyork.craigslist.org > childcare > can you loan me your baby
last modified: Sat, 21 Jun 04:04

[email this posting to a friend](#)

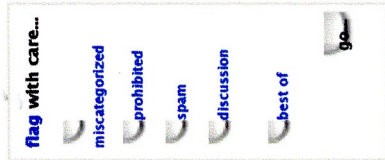
can you loan me your baby

Reply to: anon-12678991@craigslist.org
Date: 2003-06-21, 12:28AM

Clinically sane artist seeks a 10-20 month old baby for a video shoot. Baby will be sitting in a container of chewed (red colored) gum. The gum will rise to the just below the baby's shoulders. The shoot will take no longer than 30 minutes. If any parents out there want to help a great art project come to life, please respond. The baby's sex is not an issue. Compensation can be requested, though little can be offered per such a request.

Thanks a bunch,

Darren



it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

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losangeles.craigslislist.org > media.jobs > loan me your baby
last modified: Wed, 25 Jun 07:21

[email this posting to a friend](#)

loan me your baby

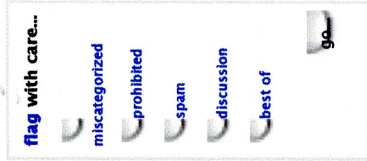
Reply to: patsonpanz@hotmail.com
Date: 2003-06-24, 7:55PM

Clinically sane artist seeks a 10-20 month old baby for a video shoot. Baby will be sitting in a container of chewed (red colored) gum. The gum will rise to the just below the baby's shoulders. The shoot will take no longer than 30 minutes. If any parents out there want to help a great art project come to life, please respond. The baby's sex is not an issue. Compensation can be requested, though little can be offered per such a request.

Thanks a bunch,

Darren

Compensation: \$50
Principals only. Recruiters, please don't contact this job poster.
Please, no phone calls about this job!
Please do not contact job poster about other services, products or commercial interests.
Reposting this message elsewhere is NOT OK.
this is in or around Silver Lake



Copyright © 2003 craigslist

From : ABC1918 <ABC1918@hotmail.com>
Sent : Wednesday, June 25, 2003 10:06 AM
To : <patsonpanz@hotmail.com>

If anyone lets you put their baby in a container of CHEWED gum, they should have their baby taken from them by child services.

Billboard on W24th in Chelsea: “Contemporary art is a new academism.”

10/27/03

e.g. Tomoko Takahashi, Jason Rhoades, Thomas Hirschhorn. They throw things together. A group of objects in space, with some apparent(?) aims toward becoming the idea that encompasses these objects. Is a given installation primarily an environment-based evocative art gesture, or a way to aggregate towards a fusile whole. How many distinct objects can be shepherded into the form of one idea. This idea should lose its consummating potency soon, and will lose it soon: the idea has a short life, as any aesthetic experience might. Yet the room filled with, or the space filled with, a din of objects is most potent prior to consummating idea. Yet how can this prior-to-consummating-idea be approached without considering the thought-of environment and/or spatial intent. How can the object be stumbled upon without the premeditation of knowing one is entering an installation, an environment. What are we permitted to see as unadulterated –after Dada, after post-minimalism). What beauty can be pressed (like juicefruits) from a geography of any-named matter. How can a room remain a place of aesthetic discovery without being an installation –whether as installation art or art installation, or any designed aesthetic environment. If I were to bring together a certain group of objects and ideas, where would I put them, and how would I space them. How large must the map be on which these objects can be placed so as they will not be considered installed. How extensive is the human ken to be able to condense disparate objects and ideas throughout vast space into one tangible idea. I seem to be searching to outrace the idea of the idea because the idea’s truth can never stay true.

10/99/03

deep fry a new paperback copy of Bergson’s *Matter and Memory* (Zone Books)

10/28/03 [twenty7]

11/02/03

Hagia Sofia → grilled cheese to glacier and |mausoleums.

11/04/03

Send out most of the s.p.i.i.d-t. letters.^745

     Put in Folder  

From : <parsoneaut@attbi.com>
Reply-To : Robert Parsoneaut <parsoneaut@attbi.com>
Sent : Wednesday, June 25, 2003 2:37 PM
To : patsoneaut@hotmail.com
Subject : loan me my baby?

thats disgusting ... but if you need someone to chew the gum I will do it for 50 bucks.
do you offer dental benifits?

    baby gum |  Inbox

    baby gum |  Inbox

From : Mickey Stern <mickey@vandals.com>
Sent : Wednesday, June 25, 2003 2:42 PM
To : <patsonpanz@hotmail.com>
Subject : baby

 |  |  |  |  baby gum |  Inbox

hi. I think i have a baby you can use. My friend/coworker's kid, Violet, is probably the cutest raddest baby u will ever see. Her parents are also very very great. I forwarded the father your listing and he said "Willi i get a good print? hook it up, yer her manager!" ... so, im responding. What exactly will this photo be, and what will it be used for? if u would like to see photos and a new video of her first steps, u can see it at: www.blope.com.

-mickey!!

Mickey Stern!!
Art Director/ Advertising
Kung Fu Entertainment Group
ph:323-468-6969
f: 323-468-6959

patsonpanz@hotmail.com

 Reply |  Reply All |  Forward |  Delete |  Junk |  Put in Folder |  Print View |  Save Address

From : <WCG35@aol.com>

 |  |  |  baby gum |  Inbox

Sent : Wednesday, June 25, 2003 1:57 PM

To : patsonpanz@hotmail.com

Subject : baby request

you're sick for making such a request. Maybe try doing something productive with your life dreamer, wannabe, or whatever psuedo-celebrity tag you would like to go by.

 |  |  |  baby gum |  Inbox

patsonpanz@hotmail.com

Free Newslett

 Reply |  Reply All |  Forward |  Delete |  Junk |  Put in Folder |  Print View |  Save Address

From : <RichStan4d@aol.com>

 |  |  |  baby gum |  Inbox

Sent : Wednesday, June 25, 2003 8:50 PM

To : patsonpanz@hotmail.com

Subject : Baby

We have a super cute 17 month old baby for your project.

My questions are: Who's chewing this gum?? Kinda gross to have the baby in someones saliva!

Can you come up to our home in Palmdale to shoot it or does this have to be at your studio?

Can we get a copy of the video?

Thanks
Richard

 |  |  |  baby gum |  Inbox

From : Danny Johnson <johnsoncreations@msn.com>
Sent : Monday, June 30, 2003 1:16 PM
To : "darren bader" <patsonpanz@hotmail.com>
Subject : Re: My son

 baby gum |  Inbox

Who's chewed gum is it?

----- Original Message -----

From: darren bader
To: johnsoncreations@msn.com
Sent: Monday, June 30, 2003 10:36 AM
Subject: Re: My son

Dear Danny:

Thank you so much for responding to my "loan me your baby" posting. To be frank, I'm surprised anybody responded at all. 6 in total. 3 of which gave me shit for putting out the ad in the first place. I just want to be sure that you understood the ad correctly: your son will be sitting in a pile of chewed gum. If this is truly okay with you, let me know, and I will be thrilled to schedule something with you. Once again, this is an art project, to be shown in a gallery-type venue. Thank you again for your interest, I hope to hear from you soon.

Sincerely,

Darren

The new MSN 8: advanced junk mail protection and 2 months FREE*
<http://join.msn.com/?page=features/junkmail>

From : Danny Johnson
<johnsoncreations@msn.com>
Reply-To : "Danny Johnson"
<johnsoncreations@msn.com>
Sent : Friday, June 27, 2003 12:16 AM
To : <patsonpanz@hotmail.com>
Subject : My son

 baby gum |  Inbox

You can use my extremely handsome son, he is the perfect chunky gerber baby for this.

Will send photo if needed.

Regards,

Danny

Dear [redacted] team and Elizabeth,

Though I arrived unannounced, and may have angered and/or offended you and/or neither, I would like to thank you nonetheless. You provided a lovely home for soft tacos.

I expect that my sculpture was quickly disposed of, and I can only hope that you ended up seeing the great humanity within the (Del-Taco)-soft-taco apparatus itself. The beauty of the general soft taco cannot be considered in mere gustatory and/or gastronomical concepts. Its beauty can at times be one of absolute-tactility. The olfactory phenomena it can produce are important to note, and equally important to non-adjectify. The fast food soft taco is a more complex genus: with its paper wrapper and its identity as a mass-produced maw-filler, it is a singular species of organism that has arisen from modified food production and boardroom sculpture-making. I would recommend keeping soft tacos as pets. As you may have noticed, the tacos were numbered (6, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2): this is because I might love them.

With this letter, I have enclosed three Del Taco bean and cheese burritos, kept together with black electric tape, to further acquaint you with the oft-neglected bounty of the fast food ecology. Aesthetically bean and cheese burritos are astounding (fastfood cheese conjuncted with fastfood bean-gunned beans). The burritos I have given you are of course wrapped and then wrapped some more with some added aesthetic consideration. The plasmic appeal of their tactile-quantity is big in the vise of the shiny, licorice-like tape. I don't know if I have done a disservice to the burritos by binding them this way.

↑ black electric tape

I think American Mexicanfastfood looks really good with your paintings, Elizabeth. It gets stinky after awhile, but so does everything.

~~Believe it or not, I'm actually a friend (though you don't know me). Is this how psychopaths start off. I better keep myself in check.~~

Sincerely,

Curtis

penedit 7/23/03
tacos take place on 5/23;
burritos and letter are
delivered on 5/27

2 glasses of \$3 red wine; 1 for me, 1 for Kathy Quinn to appease the ^{WINE} hostess experienced after the Regan Projects episode.		EL CROTE MEXICAN CAFE 7312 BEVERLY BLVD.	Server: BAR 07:58 PM 82/1	DOB: 05/23/2003 05/23/2003 2/20081	VISA Card #XXXXXXXXXX6016 Magnetic card present: BAUER DARREN M Approval: 056870	2097216 Exp:0903	Amount: 6.30 + Tip: _____ = Total: _____	X Approval: 056870	CUSTOMER
--	--	--	---------------------------------	--	---	---------------------	--	-----------------------	----------

↑ space between lines and receipt edges = color blue

losangeles.craigslist.org > media jobs > Your baby in chewed gum :)

last modified: Wed, 09 Jul 09:04

[email this posting to a friend](#)

Your baby in chewed gum :)

Reply to: job-13331475@craigslist.org
(forwards to an @hotmail.com address)
Date: 2003-07-08, 11:21PM

Clinically sane artist seeks a 10-20 month old baby for a video shoot. Baby will be sitting in a container of chewed (red colored) gum. The gum will rise to the just below the baby's shoulders. The shoot will take no longer than 30 minutes. If any parents out there want to help a great art project come to life, please respond. The baby's sex is not an issue. Compensation can be requested, though little can be offered per such a request.

Thanks a billion,

Compensation: 50bucks(!)
Principals only. Recruiters, please don't contact this job poster.
Please, no phone calls about this job!
Please do not contact job poster about other services, products or commercial interests.
Reposting this message elsewhere is NOT

flag with care...

- miscategorized
- prohibited
- spam
- discussion
- best of

go

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patsonpanz@hotmail.com

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From : robinsonej <robinsonej@netzero.net>

 |  |  |  baby gum |  Inbox

Reply-To : <judith1116@yao.com>

Sent : Tuesday, July 8, 2003 12:50 PM

To : <job-13331475@craigslist.org>

Subject : baby and gum

Hi, my name is Mata Hari and I have a 14 month old baby boy named Sage Morrison Wild. He is also an artist and has grown up being in his dad's films. he would be happy to sit in gum!






If you are still looking, I would love to set up a meeting so you could meet Sage. please call us at 310-839-1093

Thanks, Mati Mark and sage

 |  |  |  |  |  baby gum |  Inbox

patsonpanz@hotmail.com

 Reply |  Reply All |  Forward |  Delete |  Junk |  Put in Folder |  Print View

From : Zig Katz <lehighvalleymenace@hotmail.com>  |  |  |  baby gum |  Inbox

Reply-To : "Zig Katz" <lehighvalleymenace@hotmail.com>

Sent : Thursday, July 10, 2003 1:50 PM

To : <job-13331475@craigslist.org>

Subject : gumball

Simply stated, "clever" ideas such as putting an infant in chewed bubble gum are moronic, depraved and not to mention simply disgusting. But your pseudo-intellectual concept has already received more energy in response than it deserves.

Its all a guise for your laziness and lack of skill/craft as an artist. I guess its hard to find the time when your schedule is full of television, maintaining strict adherence to the "code", and being part of the scene.

 |  |  |  baby gum |  Inbox

From : <Rosalbagonzalez@aol.com>  |  |  |  baby gum |






Sent : Wednesday, July 9, 2003 11:35 PM

To : job-13331475@craigslist.org

Subject : gum

Who is gonna chew the gum?

patsonpanz@hotmail.com

 Send |  Save Draft |  Attach |  |  Tools |  Cancel

To: lehighvalleymenace@hotmail.com

Cc:

Bcc:

Subject: Re: gumball

Dear lehighvalleymenace,

Your caustic tone is understood, even sympathized with. Depraved is an arrogant word; though its function as a police word is not without merit. Art is meant to ask questions about the ignominies and glories of the human condition. It has free reign to cull from whatever immoral depths it pleases. The ramifications of art works that border on, or ostentatiously scream out, depravity is open to debate. But a safe society of politesse is not necessarily good for a society that is not set to terminate any time soon. Human social progress(ion) is predicated on the freedom of information, experimentation, etc... Your moral scruples are duly noted, and not laughed at. As such, I'd expect you not to accuse me of callowness, or of being nothing more than a scenester with a predilection for TV -perhaps the lamest derisive quip I can think of. A Type Message Text would you care to clarify. And per pseudo-intellectual, perhaps I am guilty of such a charge...

Darren, who may someday be a bonafide cancer within this sanguine free society.
Also, your choice of the word 'disgusting' is lazy tout court.

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Mail

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patsonpanz@hotmail.com

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From: Zig Katz <lehighvalleymenace@hotmail.com>

 |  |  |  baby gum |  Inbox

Reply-To: "Zig Katz" <lehighvalleymenace@hotmail.com>

Sent: Thursday, July 10, 2003 6:04 PM

To: "darren bader" <patsonpanz@hotmail.com>

Subject: Re: gumball

It is unfortunate that you wasted such a retort on me. I was just pushing buttons, when in fact I have passed no judgement on you or your project. Having a boring job leads us to creative entertainment...

But anyway -- touche.

Good luck with finding someone willing to submerge his/her infant....

patsonpanz@hotmail.com

Reply | Reply All | Forward | Delete | Junk | Put in Folder | Print View |

From : Michael Millian <mikeymillian@yahoo.com>
Sent : Friday, July 11, 2003 5:49 PM
To : job-13331475@craigslist.org
Subject : art project

Attachment : SeanRedSuit.jpg (0.02 MB)

If you can use my son for your project let me know. He is only 7 mnths old but 20#s.

Do you Yahoo!?

SBC Yahoo! DSL - Now only \$29.95 per month!
<http://sbc.yahoo.com>



msn. Hotmail






Today

Mail






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Contacts

patsonpanz@hotmail.com

 Reply |  Reply All |  Forward |  Delete |  Junk |  Put in Folder |  Print View |  Save Address

From : <DaavidHawkins@aol.com>

 |  |  |  baby gum |  Inbox

Sent : Monday, July 14, 2003 3:19 PM

To : job-13331475@craigslist.org

Subject : baby in chewed gum

Just curious: you're not actually using chewed gum are you?
If you had planned to then please drop me an email and I can
offer you alternate suggestions that will achieve the same
look. Thanks!!

Daavid Hawkins

 |  |  |  |  |  baby gum |  Inbox

EXTEND

Your
Sour
650 Ex
Stay

EXTEND
STAY

Click
for
Best

11/61/03

Black and a color I can't discern Norton critical edition (1964, George Gibian, ed.; page 535-36 ripped out (by me) because someone underlined things) Crime and Punishment tpb that's been sitting around in a double layer of 2 Mil ziplocks for months. Clog up bathroom sink with parts, at a house party. Let the book float.

11/07/03

Remember that El*****a told me that she rode behind Marcus Aurelius when she was 16, or something. I remember this when watching Nostalgia, when Erland Josephson orates and then suicides. I imagined that the statue hovered some 50-60 feet above the Piazza, but the movie was quick to inform me otherwise.

Watching Nostalgia provokes a sudden impulse to take up the cinema as a visual ribbon concept once again. Images (and sounds) need be amassed and amassed and amassed like ideas, and evanesce, evanesce, evanesce like ideas. A hypothetical ad infinitum, except with the conscious denial of the notion of ad infinitum. Prepositions won't do, nor will a linguistic concept of infinity.

11/6/03

roof book

11/10/03

Send out the remaining s.p.i.i.d.t. letters.^745

11/11/03

Every artist is limited to the stockhouse of images, mythologies, tropes, tropisms, illusions s/he imaginatively subsists on. The pursuit of a personal disappearance-into/emergence-via aesthetic practice (whether active or passive) leads only to the boundaries of one's own imagination. [53] Expanse seems to ('to' being an inadequate preposition, but there's no better option) be the innate need of all of us. This is why we engage in the aesthetic. We wish to expand, whether we prefer to experience this through an absence of presence, or a presence of absence... When I walk through an aggregate-based installation, I am unable to truly palpate that which I seek, and this limbo is a sort of anaesthesia, a numbing sensation made more hospitable by the routinely-anticipated novelty of and/or growing familiarity of the environment, which eventuates in some noetic conclusion. [80] ...The point I think I intend to make is that self-

oblivion is somehow better than nascent fascism. Beauty sought should be a desirous self-destruction. When the self is no more, we have some variation on the extraordinarily cogent, simple, and arguably insane thing that is (evolutionary) suicide.

11/11/03

_____ [matzah piece] *atop pretend pregnancy.*

11.15.03

Read Aesthetics of Disappearance. There is plenty to [1/1]...Here are some excerpts from the book:

-The pursuit of forms is only a pursuit of time

-In Ecclesiastes what is essential is lacking; in the New Testament the lack is essential.

-The dissimulation of one or several elements of a totality in relation to an adversary who is one only because of differences in perception dependent on time and appearances that escape under our very eyes, artificially creating this inexplicable exaltation where “each believes he is finding his real nature in a truth which he would be the only one to know.”

-The aesthetics of the search supplants the search for aesthetics, the aesthetics of disappearance renews the enterprise of appearance.

-Abel Gance: movies will become the magical art of alchemists, which it never should have stopped being: entrancing, capable of bringing the spectators, in each fraction of a second, this unknown feeling of ubiquity in a fourth dimension, suppressing space and time.

-Death itself can no longer be felt as mortal; it becomes...a simple technical accident.

[*m*]

-Soon the only thing left will be for us to forget the specious distinction between the propagation of images or waves and that of objects or bodies, since from now on all duration will be measured in intensity.

-We might say that...anchoritic speed is literally the end of bourgeois culture, the reaction against exoticism and lyricism of the voyage.

Song # _____

I am obsessed with the idea of attenuation-approaching-disappearance. Which seems to be somehow semi-inverse to Virilio's “thesis”(?) of a sort of cogito/ego dispersion sort of mechanical warp towards infinity. Virilio would have it that mankind mani(a)cally craves liberation. This is of course true to obvious extents and paradoxes ([what was here?]);

liberation is a mutable, multifarious trope, and I cannot see it being anything that is interminable –perhaps one could invoke Virilio’s religious fascination with speed as a rebuttal to this remark –speed it would seem can liberate indefinitely [huit]

The notion of a radical post-human is not broached in Virilio’s text. He uses reclusive, cinemacave Howard Hughes as sometimes-avatar for his theoretical acrobatics, but we can only glimpse as far as we can glimpse: that is into the luminous whiteness of Virilio’s (speed and) light. (The Gance quote exemplifies much of Virilio’s general (passive) thesis on human quest for enlightenment and/or deliverance.) [26] [24] [42] The eradication of time, the refulgent day of reckoning, the post-epochal lux that needs-to-be-meant-to-be: they all take us to the same impasse. And the prescriptive speed (a sort of latter-day Futurist overenthusiasm(?)) seems logical enough to a point: we do crave (an)aesthesia, which is usually brought upon through certain qualities of optics and/or motion. The barrier innate to our teleological approach to liberation is that we cannot seem to outwit the forces contrary to our ideo-driven will. These dialectical givens, may be embedded in our biology (something I am not fit to discuss). The quest for permanent anaesthetic (turning into aesthetic(?), or the converse) enlightenment may be that which defines the history that was built upon recognizance of history. If we are increasingly dependent upon technological prosthetics, the question of how far these prosthetics can take us remains unanswerable. And makes everything I’ve written basically moot (which is a real relief for me.☺) If we want to eclipse, we shall continue to eclipse, unless uncannily thwarted (or cannily (or wisely) thwarted by an opposition). The science (fiction) question is (ofcourse): when do we end; and when we end, how do we continue?

Return to these two quotes:

“The pursuit of forms is only a pursuit of time.”

“The aesthetics of the search supplants the search for aesthetics, the aesthetics of disappearance renews the enterprise of appearance”
aesthetics=aesthetics=aesthetics=... The aesthetics of the search is particularly relevant to cultural dialogues of now [six]. But the search is merely aesthetics proper. speed deliverance understanding continuum etc.

Another quote:

“After the age of architecture-sculpture we are now in the time of cinematographic factitiousness...an unhabitual motility is successor to the habitudes of the city, become an immense darkroom for the

Dear _____ :

Please donate \$10,000 to a slaughter pig in its death-throes. Checks can be made out to: slaughter pig in its death-throes. Please send checks to:

slaughter pig in its death-throes
907 Parkman Ave. Apt 1
Los Angeles, CA 90026
(USA)

The check will never be cashed or deposited, but we will need documents proving that you have frozen \$10,000 in your account until at least the end of your life. Please send documents to the same address. Only after documents have been received will your donation be real.

All the best,

Darren (you can reach me with any further questions at ^{*}1(310) 266.6145)

* looks like I forgot
to include the +1
for European recipients.



Audrey Hepburn Estate

-I cannot send the letter because I can only find the below address and its companion e-mail contact. No general A.H. estate info to be found.

Audrey Hepburn Children's Fund

710 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 600

Santa Monica, CA 90404

i.e. compunction

(Santiago Sierra

c/o Lisson Gallery

52-54 Bell Street

London NW1 5DA

United Kingdom)

Jean-Luc Godard

C/o Films Alain Sarde

20 Rue Auguste Vacquerie

75016 Paris

France

Pharrell Williams

C/o Star Trak/Rocksoul

PO Box #5017

New York, NY 10185

*→ Return[ed] to sender: StarTrak Entertainment box
closed
unable to forward*

Julia or Lena of T.A.T.U.

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State Capitol
Honolulu, HI 96813

Randy Quaid
C/o Andrew Ruf
Paradigm Talent Agency
10100 Santa Monica Blvd.
Suite 2500
Los Angeles, CA 90067

Frank Stella
C/o Paul Kasmin Gallery
293 10th Ave.
New York, NY 10001

Frankie Rayder
C/o Women Management
199 Lafayette Street 7th Floor
New York, NY 10012

Markie Post
C/o Belle Zwerdling
Progressive Artists Agency
400 South Beverly Dr. #216
Beverly Hills, CA 90212

Direct descendant of Captain Cook
-Captain Cook never had any direct descendants

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University of Cincinnati
2624 Clifton Ave.
Cincinnati, OH 45221

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C/o Josh Lieberman
CAA
9830 Wilshire Blvd.
Beverly Hills, CA 90212-1825

Donald Baechler
129 West 27th Street
New York, NY 10001

Helena Bonham Carter
C/o Adam Isaacs
UTA
9650 Wilshire Blvd.
Suite 500
Beverly Hills, CA 90212

fascination of the mobs...the city is no longer a theatre (agora, forum) but the cinema of city lights: they've returned to Ur, believing now that the desert is without horizon..." Even though the book was written too early to really deal with VR and cybernetic innovations and the coveted revolutions of pan-sensory possibility, it is still strange that Virilio omits discussion of tactile need in the human body. [...]

[[coincidentally, as I am readying this journal-turned-book for publication, I am reading Virilio's *Art of the Motor*, in which the cautionary tone of *The Aesthetics of Disappearance* becomes a robust jeremiad that elaborates on the above thematics. I'd love to speak more about this (and make my 15.5-month-ago self sound less stupid), but I'm not allowed to. -2/05]]

[18]

[18]

[ten]

[seventyfour – fiftyeight]

It depends where one's interests lie: in immersion, or in stand-off. In confluence or in inertia. This is the crux of my difficulties. (And this question will sound wretchedly naïve) What serves as better art: resistance or prosthesis (politics or euphoria) –see, I'm such an inveterate binar-ist.

Virilio seems to have ignored the salient position of perpetuated static-resistance in the human condition, favoring instead, "immersion." Although I have always looked for a perfect immersive space that my work would embody, my drives have always been the drives of indefatigable resistance. I presume that I am once again within a web of dialectics: an immersive whole containing an innate resistance, or an ineradicable resistance that moves as a body of virtual, yet actual immersion.

11/18/03

Blue hardcover (app. 8"x5") of Dylan Thomas *Collected Poems*. It may be 50 years old, but not sure (the last date I can find in the book is 1953. It is published by New Directions). A banana, peeled and cut into five roughly equal parts. These parts are then placed inside the book so that the banana would appear uncut if the pages weren't such blatant dividers. The book would then be closed. (Would the banana parts smooch?)

The complement to this is a Penguin Classics ppb of Sophocles *Electra and Other Plays: Philoctetes, Women of Trachis, and Ajax* (trans. E.F. Watling). The book seems to be from 1954 (coincidentally). The cover is a yellowed white with black text and black Grecian decorative flourishes, all of which is surrounded by a ruddy middle-range-brown (as seen through colorblind eyes) border. This book is to be filled with non-watery cottage cheese once (and only if) the Dylan Thomas book is with banana, as is mentioned above.

[books and instructions given to Jeffrey Rosen -04].

11/22/03

(www.outwityourownorganism.net)

12/01/03

[241ish] It is a (pl.) fruit of perception. And as many are keen to point out, perception is hell.

12(/)12/03

[56] and will never be read unless it is stained with blueberry. [four...]

Song # _____

12/14/03

Leave a cooler full of blue slushie slush at the doorway to the organ transplant wing at local hospital. Good for kidneys (and liver) especially.

12/21/03

kuss

12/28/03

[whole] lasagna and/in/with La Brea tar pits. Doesn't look like it's going to happen: I'm a pussy; I don't want to deal with being arrested; I also don't want to endanger any birds; I also found myself lazy around making the lasagna. And other excuses. [whole] *lasagna and/in/with La Brea tar pits*.

12/30/03

Send out 'A Complete Annotated Listing of Penguin Classics and Twentieth-Century Classics,' which is a roughly-225page 5"x8" paperback with a detail from that Titian(/Giorgione? -don't know if

there's been any conclusive light shed on that) pastoral painting for cover art. Addressee is the director of the St. Louis Department of Parks, Recreation, and Forestry. In an accompanying letter, I request that the director (a man named G.D.B.) keep the book packing-taped to himself for a week straight.

1/8/04

Song #_____

1/7/04

Manitoba (on a political map) and cut-just-enough leaks

1/3/04

feed books to whale off pier:

.On the Nature of the Universe, Lucretius (Washington Square Press, first printing, pocketpb, A new edition of a distinguished literary work now made available in an inexpensive, well-designed format)

.Midnight's Children, Salman Rushdie (Penguin trade pb, 1991?)

.Walden, Or, Life in the Woods, HDThoreau (Dover Thrift Editions trade pb, 1995)

.The Crying of Lot 49, Thomas Pynchon (Perennial Library, tpb, reissued 1990)

.Pygmalion, GBShaw (Penguin ppb, 1973 reprint)

.Man's Fate, André Malraux (Modern Library College Editions, 1961, tpb)

.Democracy in America, Alexis de Toqueville (The classic study of the American way of life especially edited and abridged for the modern reader by Richard D. Heffner. A Mentor Book, 1956, ppb)

.Madame Bovary, Gustave Flaubert (Rinehart Editions #2, 8th printing 1960, tpb)

1/10/04

6 2/3 oatmeal containers (see details of 7/10 for brand specificity) antepenultimately (please accept the liberal word usage) filled with blueberry juice

1/12/04

Song #_____

1/14/04

in the dark (what color?) pee on the floor 1/4 of the urination time

un fourteen /ough four

(projected nature film of rhinoceros) with (pumpkin)

1/15/04

Seriously begin editing all the embarrassing, shitty, ignorant, pompous ideas I soiled so much of this journal with (I apologize for some of what I've left unomitted). It's very difficult to shut up.

1/17/04

Justin's bdp.

2/4/04

Meet Jens Hoffmann. We trade 1626 (mine now) for 1463 (his now).

2/4/04

Song(s) # ____ (

2/13/04

for example: apple-celery juice (enjoyed with) carrot-beet juice

2/14/04

the invocation/provocation of too much tuna fish [salad] contemporaneous to Constantine's True Cross; (and the consequent dubiousness of the latter)

2/22/04

The Diary of Anais Nin Vol. 2 (tpb) and The Sound and the Fury (ppb): facing each other; clear packing-taped together along their vertical axes—and lowered down—with the same piece of tape; from the top of an overpass. The tape is then wrapped through some balustrade holes to keep the book-part fixed at a 7-8-feet-down-from-the-top-of-the-overpass location. I pour 8 oz. Karo dark corn syrup down the book-suspending tape-ribbon. The syrup moves slowly down the tape until it begins to trickle off the bottom of the sculpture, (potentially) spraying whatever passes below. I go down to appraise the success of the work... So good: I'm very happy. As I walk through the tunnel under the overpass, I see that 2 lbs. of enriched 100% Semolina uncooked spaghetti has been strewn over the sidewalk there. The next morning

2/23/04

a big ziplock bag of uncooked white rice is on a narrow lawn-strip next to the car that will shuttle me to work.

2/24/04

Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York, NY 10019

August 22, 2003

Dear MOMA,

Sincerely,

Vir Heroicus Sublimis

Read (until I can only bear skimming) Chris Burden's journal books chronicling (performance)works from 1971-77. A really boring read.

2/25/05

Adam's bd.p

2/27/04

plums

3/1/04

Somebody died. Journal is over.

Later on

bay leaves float through every frame of *Andrei Roublev*

Taipei City Government
1 Shin-Fu Road
Taipei 110
Taiwan
R.O.C
886-2-2720-8889

Dear City of Taipei,

Sandwich in your midst. Maybe brings (back) some (old) gods.

Best,

Darren Bader 

8/20/03 buried for at least 63,000 years.
also, sent by paddleboat across Pacific, to
above location (S?)

August 20 2003

Dear Ocean,

snadwich

Thanks,

8/20/03 buried for at least 63,000 years
also, sent by fresh-water-to-salt-water-
combo shark to the above-addressed.

Ville de Paris
C/o Bureau du Maire
75196 Paris RP
France

August 20 2003

Dear City of Paris,

Sandwich in your midst. Maybe brings (back) some (old) gods.

Best,

Darren Bader



8/20/03 buried for at least 63,000 years
also, sent by paddleboat across Atlantic, to
above location(s?)

Verkehrsverein Bad Aachen
Monheimsallee 52
52062 Aachen
Deutschland

August 20 2003
Dear Aachen Cathedral:

SANDWICH

Sincerely,

8/20/03 buried for at least 63,000 years
also, sent by crow to above location(?)

Dia-Beacon
C/o Dia Art Foundation
535 West 22nd Street
New York, NY 10011

August 20 2003

Dear Dia Beacon,

Sandwich in river Please lend appropriate attention to it.

Thank you,.

8/20/03 banded for at least 63,000 years
also, sent by jet stream to above location(s?)

HM King Juan Carlos
Palacio de la Zarzuela
28071 Madrid
Espana

August 20 2003

Dear Juan Carlos, Rey de Espana,,

There is a sandwich with the deer that live on your property. It is a good (as in having upstanding morals) sandwich.

Sincerely,

Darren

Darren

also buried for at least 63,000 years
also, sent by burial to above location(?)

love and thanks to Cara Baldwin, Adam Lisagor, Kathy Garcia,
David Lewis, David Greenberg, Bruce Hainley, Jesse Willenbring,
Ian Rosen, Paul Myers, Michele Civetta, Anca Munteanu, Elisabetta Pian,
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printed and bound in china

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