

Fairly recently I discovered three songs that I imagined could be listened to over and over again with unwaning enthusiasm. The experience felt unique and personal. I downloaded each one of them to my portable listening device only to discover that there was massive consensus regarding these three songs—and that they are made public and available for free. Simply by tuning the dial to a certain station you can listen to them over and over for months on end until everyone moves on to the next round of agreed upon songs.

It didn't matter. Knowing this and listening to them still had the same effect. Discovering that I could be participating in such a large group effort aroused feelings of conviviality. Awoken late at night, for instance, by an unknown person's repeated failed attempts to parallel park their car outside my bedroom window while listening to the new Rhianna song at maximum volume was more endearing than it was annoying. He or she was stimulated by that song in the same detrimental way that I could be, and I was happy to collude as a listener, empathetic to whatever circumstance had lead this total stranger to be reminded, through song, of the pull and power of what might be deemed unhealthy relationships.

Many of these songs are about approximately the same things but the people listening to them are not. The cool thing about a song like that famous Outkast one from many years ago, is that for a brief period of time every dermatologist, architecture student, public defender, bank teller and stay at home dad agrees that it is good. If I were to categorize this sensation according to season, I would call it a summer feeling.

Fact: "Like a Rolling Stone" was both written and released in the summer of 1965 and while Columbia records was hesitant to release it for fear that it was too long and had too heavy an electronic sound, it soared to number two on the charts and became a worldwide hit. People still really like listening to it.

Quote: I got a feeling on the summer day when you were gone. I crashed my car into a bridge. I watched, I let it burn. I threw your shit into a bag and pushed it down the stairs. I crashed my car into a bridge. I don't care. I love it.

Summer group shows are notoriously jovial. Lots of artists' work exceed the maximum capacity of a given space, and even more artists and friends of artists cram in to attend the openings. The theme (and often times there isn't one) could be bleak but the feeling is almost always positive. School lets out and jocks conspire with bookworms, throwing pennies and the remains of their last peanut butter and jelly sandwiches at the back of their driver's heads for the final bus ride home. And then the

summer begins. I am most delighted to host such an occasion for this final show of the season in my desk.

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