

Gaylen Gerber

September 20—December 21, 2018
The Arts Club of Chicago

Contents

Preface by Janine Mileaf 6

Artists' texts

Richard Hawkins 10

Trevor Shimizu 17

Park McArthur 20

Sanford Biggers 29

Puppies Puppies 32

Forrest Nash 40

Christopher Williams 48

Kerstin Brätsch 54

List of works 64

Two of the most significant strands of twentieth-century modernism—the monochrome and the readymade—converge in Gaylen Gerber’s *Supports*. For the ongoing series that he has been working on for a number of years, Gerber acquires artifacts of varying value and origin and paints them uniformly in institutional gray or white. By way of acquisition and subsequent brushstroke, Gerber produces an original form that resonates with its antecedents—both those that are physically present as the point of departure for the work and those that are present as forebears in the history of art. His process conveys a method of inquiry and attention, as well admiration for the collected things, which range from discarded objects to fine art. The *Supports* give a different level of visibility to chosen artifacts, while also placing them in dialogue with each other. They offer an opportunity for what Gerber calls “pause for reflection on a shared history.”

At The Arts Club of Chicago, Gerber presents the *Supports* in two rooms—one densely-packed and the other nearly empty. More than fifty sculptural and two-dimensional *Supports* fill the gallery to capacity on one side, while on the other a restrained selection hangs on the walls alone. Each work is titled *Supports* and undated, foregoing individual information for a cohesive series, yet the chosen artifacts are named on the medium line (typically reserved for listing materials used to make a work). Gerber has accumulated such finds as a cinematic prop of a Nazi scalp from a Quentin Tarantino film, an Apache storage basket, two taxidermied pheasants, a mirror from the Kennedy Winter

White House, two 1968 works by artist Lucio Fontana, a 19th-century Japanese guardian dog figurine, a protective figure from the Gurma people of Togo and Ghana, and an Egyptian sarcophagus mask: an international array of popular, quotidian, religious, and fine art sources. Gathered in the Arts Club galleries, the objects appear to cohere as a stark field of gray and white, but their shapes, placement, and captions permit reactions that range from joyful appreciation of aesthetic expression to speculation on the fraught historical relations in our vexed societal moment.

For the *Supports*, Gerber acquires the artifacts largely through auction and private sale. He thus participates in a secondary market where such things have already been removed from their original function and made into portable exchange commodities. Like Marcel Duchamp’s readymades before them, each *Supports* is repurposed by the artist as art; unlike Duchamp, however, Gerber does not claim indifference to his choices. He scans the market, seeking to acquire artifacts that represent a variety of cultural specificities. As a by-product of this activity, he expends significant resources as he approaches the role of collector. Furthermore, Gerber reintroduces an element of manual skill to the practice of the readymade. He chooses colors to convey neutrality, and labors at the task of at once articulating and concealing the form of the artifact through its overall coating. Gerber’s apparent neutrality importantly distinguishes itself from a discourse around color as an unmarked sign of identity. Indeed, the *Supports* consciously point toward

comparative world mythologies—invoking such themes as theology, ethnicity, currency, politics, and race—while drawing upon the lineage of institutional critique. The intersection of these two impulses results in a reflection about the framing structures of belief. On the other hand, the monochrome in this context aligns Gerber with a history of theoretical attempts to signal the end of painting from Aleksandr Rodchenko to Robert Rauschenberg. Yet here the monochrome embraces painting, acting to convert *things* back into *surfaces*, securing them in the realm of painting while preserving their cultural import.

In a collection of published notes, Duchamp once preposterously proposed using a “Rembrandt as an ironing board” for a “reciprocal readymade” (*The Green Box*, 1934). Not incidentally, reciprocity has guided Gerber’s thinking for many decades. From early in his career, he has incorporated the work of other makers, sometimes as a collaborative act of foregrounding and others in what appears an act of erasure. Gerber’s signature *Backdrops* which preceded the *Supports* and invert their logic, treat gallery walls as full-scale paintings upon which he affixes the work of his peers. The elegance of selection and collaboration fuses his own work with that of another, making them inseparable but equally present. This struggle among authors—known or unknown—remains palpable in the *Supports*, where the viewer confronts forms that carry simultaneous meanings, one immediate and one prior. A hallmark of Gerber’s intention is to keep that

relation in tension, constantly renewing the relation between what is presented and *how* it is presented. The exhibiting institution frames the objects collected therein as decidedly within the realm of art.

An important consequence of Gerber’s strategies of incorporation has been the remarkable community that he has gathered. His invitations to artists to exhibit under the rubric of his oeuvre have been met with consistent consent. This publication therefore attests to the many colleagues whom Gerber counts in his circle. It also mirrors the heterogeneous and cumulative nature of the *Supports*. The Arts Club is grateful to Sanford Biggers, Kerstin Brätsch, Richard Hawkins, Park McArthur, Forrest Olivo, Puppies Puppies, Trevor Shimizu, and Christopher Williams for sharing their personal and eclectic reflections on Gerber’s oeuvre. Jason Pickleman’s spare design serves the exhibition exquisitely, and Deirdre O’Dwyer’s editorial oversight was at once graceful and decisive. Appreciation is always due to the tireless staff of The Arts Club of Chicago, especially curatorial assistant Daly Arnett for her intellectual exchange and gallery manager Adam Mikos for his vigilant oversight. Finally, we thank Gaylen Gerber for his inspired and precise exhibition planning and execution—always central to his deliberations, the exhibition proposes the ultimate accumulation of desired things.

—Janine Mileaf
Executive Director



(No title)

A family name overcoded on the assembly line:
Hoover, Winchester, Smucker, Heinecken, Hershey,
Heinz . . . A softball lands at a lost-in-thought nine-year-
old outfielder's feet (c. 1964), "Hey Gerberbaby!"

"The insult of my name," he ponders. "A name that is
mine but not me yet from which I now must . . . dangle."

Freud via Kristeva in "The Severed Head": the
Breast is as much a part of baby's mouth as lips
or tongue; it is one with all the other involuntary
muscles that perpetuate alleviation of discomfort.
The breast then breaks itself away and a fantasy
of godlike self-sufficiency is destroyed.

"Here is the household name," he continues. "Babylips
made to look like a nipple, a plump, round, pale cheek-
iness in a process of becoming-Breast. The babyface on
the label, it's not mine."

The severing and withdrawal of the limb-breast in-
itiates a vision: a floating, disembodied head/face.
Two gods now—"The Gods Must be Crazy" (1980)—
and the not-me god is an indecipherable and unpredict-
able not-breast-but-head, surplus in apparent reserve,
waiting to be called forth.

"Amanda T. Jones," he adds, "born 1834. Poet, Suffra-
gette, schoolteacher, and spiritualist medium, called by
spirit voices to the city of Chicago in 1869, where, three
years later, she patents the vacuum canning process
for preserving food."

The depressing part of "the depressive stage," as Freud
so aptly calls this, is not only the fall of me-I'm-god but
the observation—within the pastless present of baby's proto-
consciousness—that baby is now dependent on alerting dis-
embodied face-apparatus controller-of-breast to its needs.
A cry of pain, the sad entry of baby into the realm of the sign.

"The happy, hungry everybaby," he continues, "an any-
baby consumer culture, the Cargo Cult supply-line pro-
duct placement for the just-about-every-baby baby.
They have all been mislabeled."

*But do keep in mind that new technologies always get mythologized. The
advance of the railroad and the telegraph factored into the Ghost Dancers'
belief in communion over the distance of death and the return—by ghost
train—of ancestors. And just like spirit guides inspiring canning in Chicago
and, to Vanuatians, the magic that keeps green beans from spoiling has an
awful poetic resonance with missionary promises of eternal life.*

The headhunter's head, whether eaten or not—re: Kristeva—
is stripped of flesh, no matter endo-patriarch or exo-king,
faced no longer, no-name so-and-so, it is rendered into the
dull skull of blankness, its provenance broken, timeless (n.d.),
the floating signifier of all dead heads and the support from
which meaning can pleasingly . . . dangle.

—Richard Hawkins, June 2018





Gaylen Gerber invited me to hang two of my *Late Work* on his backdrop in the 2014 Whitney Biennial. Besides witnessing the birth of my child and getting married, this experience was one of the high points in my life. I was previously unfamiliar with Gaylen's work, but from what I understood, both Gaylen and I acted as host and parasite. I was definitely more of a parasite, having just opened my second solo show at 47 Canal in New York, while Gaylen had decades of exhibition experience. The two works Gaylen selected were from my first solo show. One painting depicted a somewhat sexualized "servant" holding a tray of food, presumably serving my future self. The other, an expressive, point-of-view sex scene. I'm not sure if Gaylen benefited from my participation, but I gained about 30 Instagram followers. One memorable visit to the installation was with my fiancée and her parents. We were planning our wedding at the time. I remember describing my work to them and gesturing towards the paintings. My fiancée's mother laughed, while her father continued on toward the main gallery.

—Trevor Shimizu



Whose History They
Assume

I

The ambient light changes continually, causing colors and shadows to bleed into one another.

The tinted, glossy, Plexiglas frames reflect everything—the viewer, the gallery’s staircase and walls, and the other photographs—confounding attempts to read the individual images.

Nonetheless, the work is also extremely perceptual.

In this game of depersonalization the reflection on the decadence of contemporary society is grafted, which debases ancient artifacts like design objects, [and] has lost the dimension of the sacred and lazily drags itself between violence and indifference.

He has presented as sculpture a storage unit, a collapsible display table bearing his own multiples and artisanal dirt. I wondered about the shipping cost for these two bulky readymades.

II

Apparently, someone climbed these at the opening, making gallerist Thomas Solomon nervous but proving *Monster Model* could support human weight. THE GALLERY IS LOCATED ON GRANT AT MARKET BETWEEN O’FARRELL AND GEARY.

III

If you type the phrase “I need support” into Google, the first hit is a letter addressed to “Dear Sugar.” Thus “ground” became figure.

IV

You won’t know the stripes are there without scrutinizing the bland surface and noticing subtle shifts in reflected light. They are chronologically ungrounded until they engage with an artwork whose history they assume.

Whether one is aware of the provenance of the objects or not, the suggestion of alcoholism is evoked by the can sitting in its paper sack—it is common in the US for vagrants to carry their drinks concealed due to prohibitions on public drinking.

Drawings of a variety of images, from a photo booth to a kiss, were made using a 9H pencil, which boasts lead so dense that the only mark left behind is a whisper of an indentation.

V

Turning to exit the back room, the viewer might have noticed the visual sizzle of orange blue light on the walls and ceiling, the radiant hues beautifully bleeding into the gallery’s dark gray floor.

In the 90s, they read as seductive symptoms of an economy of esthetic and political diminishment. The carefully applied layers of oil paint, which are more reverential than destructive, bring out details and textures, almost like a form of photography.

—Selected and ordered by Park McArthur

Sources

Cooper, Ivy. “Gaylen Gerber: White Flag Projects.” *Artforum* (May 2009): 244.

John Hanley. 1991. TRANS AVANT-GARDE GALLERY. Press Release. May 11, 1991. Henry, Max. “Gaylen Gerber, Park McArthur, Jim Nutt” *Spike Art* (45, Autumn 2015): 180.

Kirshner, Judith Russi. “Gaylen Gerber: The Renaissance Society.” *Artforum* (Summer 1992): 114.

Knight, Christopher. “Leaps: Sober to Sarcastic.” *Los Angeles Times*, April 20, 2007.

Lucarelli, Niccolò. “Anthropological Reflections: Gaylen Gerber in Rome.” *Artribune*, December 22, 2017.

Maine, Stephen. “Gaylen Gerber and Joe Scanlan.” *Art in America* (September 2009): 143.

Rutland, Beau. “Soft Touch: The Art of Gaylen Gerber” *Artforum* (October 2014): 236–243.

Smith, Roberta. “Gaylen Gerber” *The New York Times*, January 25, 2013: C25.

Trans Avant-Garde Gallery. “Group Show—David Cabrera, Gaylen Gerber, Mitchell Kane” [press release]. May 11, 1991.

Wagley, Catherine. “Support Group.” *Art21 Magazine*, <http://magazine.art21.org/2010/06/10/support-group/#.WzJBFC2ZPEY>.

Watson, Mike. “Gaylen Gerber.” *ArtReview* (March 2018): 100.







History's Monsters

History's monsters and miracles, the same coin do share. Janus-like in their conjuncture, both and not either or.

Objects are not fixed within the time they were made but are ever evolving as meaning and context perpetually unfold around them. They are more than the sum of the pasts they've left behind and those they've brought with them, their physicality a chimera.

the patina of
industry
use and time,
blood, ideals and intent,
stank and glory.
the cycle of ruin and reinvention.
Their meaning dependent on our truths and lies, a mobius of projection and erasure.

While history may be written by the victors, the game is open-source
chess not checkers.

—Sanford Biggers



“Gaylen was a teacher of mine.

I got to know him first and foremost through his teaching style, which was peculiar to say the least. His method felt a bit like a psychological evaluation.

Each would start by presenting their work and more importantly themselves to the rest of the class and Gaylen. Gaylen is both intuitive and analytic as a human being. He would usually read the student presenting, interpreting them and their work into one coherent story, and from the outside it would appear he had instantly gotten to the soul of that person. Sometimes I would think, he’s a genius, every word he speaks is gospel. And then the next week I’d think, I don’t know what the fuck he’s talking about. Later, some of those things would haunt me, and I would understand them months or years after I’d first heard them.

I want to write about a few works that aren’t in this exhibition and that left incredible impressions back then.

I used to always think about wanting to disappear, to not cause a disturbance, to be present but not be present. I really felt this in Gaylen’s earlier *Backdrop* works, in which he invited other artists to paint on top of his gray monochromes. It felt like maybe he wanted to disappear like I did. Presenting the works of others on top of his own felt similar to the way in which Gaylen teaches and thinks about art. Even though he puts other people at the center as the subject of the conversation, he really loves connecting with other people.

These gray monochromes evolved from very early works, still lifes painted in the same tone of gray paint. You could only see the image if you were willing to get very close to the image, to study it carefully.

I saw images of one set of works that felt different from the others, that seemed to be comfortable being visible or being extroverted. Gaylen installed orange trees inside an exhibition, and some people would touch the fruit, or even take it to eat. Why look at a still life when

you can touch the fruit, or even take it to eat? Despite whatever made him want to disappear like I do, he also appreciates beauty and form and pleasure.

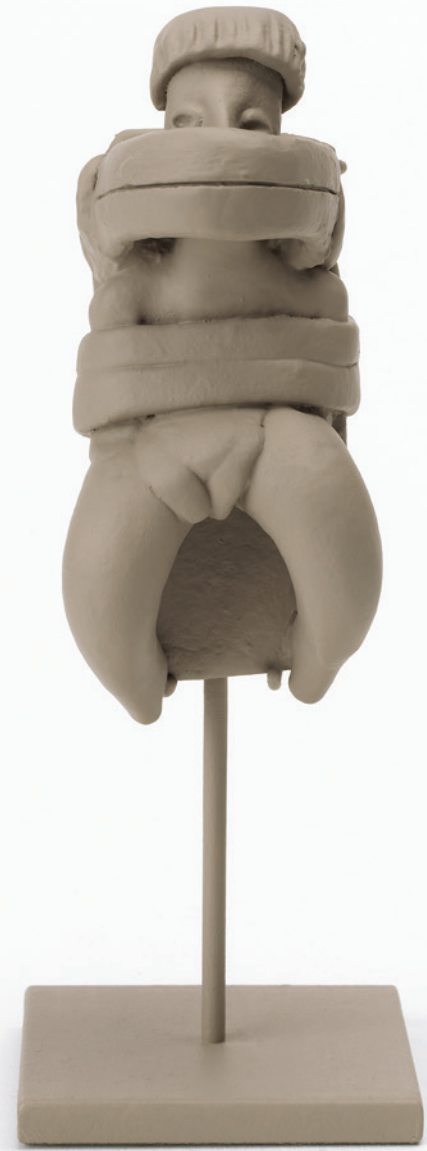
Gaylen would be at all the interesting visiting artist lectures at school. Many teachers I felt were self-involved, but Gaylen appeared to want to know more about other artists and his students, as much as he wants to know about all the other things that fascinate him in this universe. Many teachers impose their ideologies on students, producing artists who are variations of the teacher. I’m sure young artists admire Gaylen’s work and copy him in their own ways. I know I did. But ultimately what I learned from Gaylen was to lean in to the thing that would work, the thing that came naturally, lean in to the thing he first ‘read’ me as being, which was fragile
I never forgot it
I’m sure you could say that to any kid in art school and it would resonate
but fragile really struck a chord with me
I couldn’t remember a moment I didn’t feel that
but also takes one to know one, as they say?

I won’t be an academic voice on Gaylen. I want to give you what I know about him as a person. I think I really learned that, too, from him, that art leads back to minds and real people. People with stories, hopes, dreams, traumas, pasts and presents. People who know other people who see each other at times and not at others.

I think Gaylen is mysterious. I think he is emotional and gets worked up over something he finds in the trash like we all do sometimes. Sometimes I look at his work and think he’s scared and hiding and sometimes I look at his work and see he’s at the forefront and he’s singing or even whispering poetry.

— Puppies Puppies”







One of my most vivid childhood memories takes place in the middle of the night. I don't know at exactly what hour, but it felt hours later than the latest I'd stayed up before. I was nine.

I remember looking out the window as a low, rumbling thunder, like an earthquake more than a single snap, built across dozens of seconds into a massive roar. The light outside was a cold, dead orange, the consequence of thousands of tungsten lights reflecting back and forth between white snow and flat, gray clouds. There were no lights visible outside my bedroom window, and of course there were no stars or moon, but I could see clearly by that orange glow.

After the thunder, the blizzard kept going all night. By the time I woke up, I was anxious to know if school was closed. Three feet of snow had piled up, easily triple the total snowfall our temperate city had experienced during my lifetime. The sky was still a blank gray, and the unbroken accumulation had obliterated any discernable form from the landscape. Under the smooth snow, a tree or a mailbox or a car were each mild white dunes that mostly blended into each other.

The layers of gray or white paint that Gaylen Gerber carefully applies to the surfaces of various objects do a silent, gentle violence to them—muting them, dulling them, and most of all, dismantling our brains' sense that the differences between them are more salient than the similarities. There is the temptation to read unconscious psychology into the particular objects Gerber chooses to incorporate into his practice, but they mostly convey a conscious attempt to illustrate difference across geographies, eras, aesthetics, and levels of value. Under the blank, orange light of Gerber's purview, it feels as if each of these objects might have just as easily been anything else.

There is a hopeful way of reading this situation, as a perceptual unlocking of the experience of pluralism. Before his recent turn to incorporating objects from around the world, Gerber already described himself as a "FedEx artist." Humans from all over the world produce objects, and through the unifying magic of the internet and global distribution networks, these objects can come together and exist harmoniously in a single place. Gerber's presentation can be seen as a peaceful, functioning international airport, evidence of a profound and new interconnectedness in a moment when we are all terrified of the various fascists who would use our differences to amass power. This body of work would have been impossible to make for all of history until now. Its existence is proof of a radical transformation in human power, so maybe things will turn out better this time, somehow.

But I admit—for reasons that are as much about me as they are about Gerber's art—that a simpler and more melancholy reading has buried itself irretrievably in a familiar area of my mind. That these objects could have been other objects reminds me of their status as interchangeable physical matter, and that the millennia-long project of assigning cultural significance to various clusters of atoms is ultimately a project against the futility of doing anything, given the inevitable death of everyone. We make things and assign immense value to them because we want them to matter, even though ultimately they do not.

There is a kind of reversed tree branch structure that suits this way of thinking, like a thousand unique tributaries merging into a single ocean of sameness. Certainly, a handful of texts I've written about different artists have meandered their way to these same ideas, because I tend to think that making or caring about art at all has a special relationship to them. And all the forking paths available to you once you finish reading this text will obviously lead to the same blank result at the end of your life. All the special histories of the various traditions and peoples represented in this exhibition inevitably lead these objects into the same global market, with its characteristic fungibility, and, finally, into this same building, covered by the same paint. It's hard for me not to see these objects as being stories in different languages told with different characters that all end the same way; not to see the snow of Gerber's paint as the ashes of a cataclysm, trapping all the societies beneath it in the same stone.

—Forrest Nash







Gaylen Gerber
c/o Arts Club of Chicago
201 E Ontario St
Chicago, IL 60611
USA

Kunstakademie Düsseldorf
Zimmer 304 – Klasse für Photographie – zHv Prof.
Williams
Eiskellerstraße 1
40213 Düsseldorf
privat Prof. Christopher Williams
Brüsseler Straße 94
50672 Köln

Köln, July 31, 2018

Dear Gaylen Gerber,
Please find below a rough outline for a seminar that could take place at the time of your exhibition at the Arts Club of Chicago.

ABSTRACT

Seminar Title: “Debris Field”

1) Rubble Literature

“Trümmerliteratur” or “Rubble Literature” (also called coming-home literature or clear-cutting literature) is a primarily German literary genre produced between 1945 and 1951. It is characterized by a clean, economic descriptive use of language. Its narratives are set amid the ruins of the destroyed German cities in the aftermath of the Second World War. This leveling of cities can be seen as having set the stage for the “Americanization” or “bureaucratization” of the individual in postwar Germany. (See also: Rubble Poetry.)

Böll, Heinrich. *Der Engel schwieg*. Köln: Verlag Kiepenheuer & Witsch, 1992;
The Silent Angel (translated by Breon Mitchell). New York: St. Martin's Press, 1994.
(Note: *Der Engel schwieg* was written in 1949/1950, first published posthumously in 1992.)

See also: Kluge Alexander. *Der Luftangriff auf Halberstadt am 8. April 1945*. Berlin: Suhrkamp Verlag, 2008; *Air Raid* (translated by Martin Chalmers with an afterword by W. G. Sebald). Calcutta: Seagull Books, 2014. (Note: *Der Luftangriff auf Halberstadt am 8. April 1945* first appeared as Volume 2 of Kluge's *Neue Geschichten : Hefte 1–18; Unheimlichkeit der Zeit*, Frankfurt a. M. : Suhrkamp (es 819), 1977, S.33–106, and was first published as an independent work in 2008.)

2) A Failed Scheme

An examination of the conditions surrounding both the production and reception of Green Gartside's painstaking reconstruction of Lark's song *A Failed Scheme*. This examination will include a forensic comparison/listening session at The Experimental Sound Studio in Chicago.

Bielik, Karl. Shop. Lark. Care in the Community Records, 2009 – 102LP, LP
Bielik, Karl / Gartside, Green. *A Failed Scheme*. Lark / Scritti Politti. Care in the Community Records – 709, 2011, 7” single.

Prof. Christopher Williams
Professor für Photographie
Kunstakademie Düsseldorf

1. Rubble Poetry primarily utilized the lyrical form, as evidenced by Günter Eich's *Latrine*, 1946 (below):

Above the stinking ditch,
Paper full of blood and urine,
buzzing with sparkling flies,
I hunch on my knees

looking at the wooded shores,
gardens, a stranded boat.
In the sludge of decay
splats the rockhard faeces.

Madly in my ear resound
verses by Hölderlin.
In snowy purity mirroring
clouds in the urine.

But go now and greet
the beautiful Garonne
Beneath unsteady footsteps
the clouds swim away.

See also: Bertolt Brecht's *War Primer*, 1955





Dear Gaylen,

My memory of your Whitney piece is a monumental blank.
As I exited the elevator and entered the gallery, I stopped, stumbled, searched.
Where is Gaylen?
Did I get out on the wrong floor? You told me it was right off the elevator.
I paused and looked.
I was not seeing the piece at all. Because it was so obvious. Hiding in plain sight.
Until it hit me. There it is.
All is Gaylen.

I had to come up really close and touch the giant canvas wall (Gaylen Gerber with Trevor Shimizu, *Backdrop/Untitled*, n.d., latex paint on canvas, oil paint on Belgian linen, oil paint on canvas) in order to realize the intensity and impact this piece had. Holding Trevor Shimizu's untitled paintings with bold confidence, and integrating itself into the Marcel Breuer architecture with such ease and effortlessness, the work slowly unpacked itself. And its impact has never left me.

GG

Imagine GG's process as one of rotation, each letter rotating separately to face each other in different formations; name as conceptual organism.

∅G

The two letters facing away, looking to the world and radiating outward. In this formation, GG invites and facilitates collaborations with other artists. This can come in the form of opportunities and cooperation, like the warm embrace of GG's orange hue as an installation. This is the GG that brings in objects from different times and cultures, casting the net wide to reach beyond our expectations; making references as a way to situate our thinking and outlook on a longer time line of history and place.

G∅

The two letters facing inward, pulling into itself and creating boundaries and limits for whatever it can draw in. It creates its own world, overriding and leveling the various times, locations, and ideologies that are brought into a constellation of his own making. New connections and values arise in the process; a narrative is brought into play that draws out the hidden meanings that await activation in in-between spaces.

GG the host and ghost

It is hard to decide if the practice of Gaylen Gerber is a generous one or comes as a result of behind-the-scenes manipulations of forces that are pulled into the constellation that is his work. Does the *g* that separates the words *host* and *ghost* illustrate the double bind many are caught in when agreeing to work with him? Can he play good host while also acting as phantom, haunting the reception of anything branded with the GG label?

A tangle of relations, he intentionally makes it difficult to understand his complicity with the processes of institutionalization. The phantom reoccurs at inappropriate moments, turning Gerber into mean GG; it has learned from experience and study: a careful observation of the rotten cracks of Western culture.

Common questions:

Is GG mean? Is GG a nihilist, violent, a pessimist?

GG: So much of my work is about world culture, my work doesn't rely on the dialectics of Western culture. We end up in a field.

Is this field also based on the colonialism of Western culture? It's horrifying, but sometimes humorous.

The act of painting the artifacts that come into his possession can be read as a universalizing gesture. By painting these objects the same color—whether matte gray or white—GG levels the playing field and forges, or forces, a connection between forms. This neutralizes their different positions as they are put into relation with one another, their time frames overlapping in an anachronistic fashion, their meanings distorted by their proximity to other objects.

He enacts a form of colonialism in his treatment of objects as an attempt to unravel the complicated and twisted historical development of Western culture and its relationship to the cultures of the rest of the world.

Mnemosyne Atlas

GG's practice brings to mind the work of cultural scientist Aby Warburg (1866–1929) and his unfinished *Mnemosyne Atlas*. Warburg traced the many appearances of specific symbolic imagery over the course of history, sometimes taking detours through non-Western cultures, to create a map of Western culture that animates the viewer's memory, imagination, and intuitive lucidity. To engage with the map and enter into its space, you have to give up any sense of the cartographic and surrender yourself to its logic, to thereby grasp the truth of its direction.

GG: It's about revealing the form. The object does not have integrity as a painting, I want to bring the object forward. The object reveals itself almost like a photograph, it presents itself when I disappear.

GG talks about his practice as one that is akin to photography. A photo can act as proof of reality; it can also capture something indescribable, bringing to the fore a hidden reality just underneath the surface. In trying to capture and contain within its frame the object being pictured, it sometimes fails and the excess leaks out. GG, in overpainting his objects, tries to facilitate this same process: as more layers are added, the specificity of the object becomes blurred, disappeared. GG reveals something else, the Objectness of the object, its excess, the weight of the culture that becomes covered by the layers of paint. Within these poles exists the tension and ambivalence that can be read into GG's work.

Cover it up!

Cover me!

Give me cover!

The more we try to cover the more is revealed,
shown of what was, has been, and what is present,
with no linear consistency.

GG the collector, connoisseur, and creator
collecting

. . . A little piece of concrete
What comes to mind?

Famous concrete structures include the Hoover Dam, the Panama Canal and the Roman Pantheon. The earliest large-scale users of concrete technology were the ancient Romans, and concrete was widely used in the Roman Empire. The Colosseum in Rome was built largely of concrete, and the concrete dome of the Pantheon is the world's largest unreinforced concrete dome. Today, large concrete structures (for example, dams and multi-story car parks) are usually made with reinforced concrete. After the Roman Empire collapsed, use of concrete became rare until the technology was redeveloped in the mid-18th century. Today, concrete is the most widely used human-made material (measured by tonnage). —“Concrete,” Wikipedia entry (accessed June 2018)

. . . A little piece of concrete

A small piece of concrete is orbited by five sculptures, all covered in gray paint, neutralized. Without knowledge of their individual histories, their placement in relation to each other creates an uncanniness and a surplus of meaning impossible to describe. The curve of a bust connects, in my mind, with the edge of a pipe or the bottom of a vase to create a movement that adds up to more than the sum of its parts. (*Support*, n.d., oil paint on mirror with face, glass, gypsum, Syro-Hittite [Luwian-, Aramaic-, and Phoenician-speaking political entities], northern Syria and southern Anatolia, 2nd century BCE, on base, 5¾ × 4½ × 2¾ inches; *Support*, n.d., oil paint on earthenware smudging pipe, Navajo, Arizona, before 1910, 2 × 4 × 1½ inches; *Support*, n.d., oil paint on olla [storage basket made of plant fibers. (Salix and Martynia)], Apache, New Mexico, 19th century, 19 × 15¾ × 15 inches).

*Obtusus means that which is blunted, rounded in form. Are not the traits which I indicated . . . just like the blunting of a meaning too clear, too violent? Do they not give the obvious signified a kind of difficultly prehensible roundness, cause my reading to slip. . . . [T]he third meaning also seems to me greater than the pure, upright, secant, legal perpendicular of the narrative, its seems to open the field of meaning totally, that is infinitely. —Roland Barthes, *The Third Meaning**

. . . A little piece of concrete

A proof
Of lived reality?
Concrete as architectural history. Chicago architecture. Chicago school. Is it Gaylen's proof of existence?

He has been living and working in Chicago since 1978.

. . . A little piece of concrete

(*Support*, n.d., oil paint on concrete fragment picked up in Grant Park, Chicago, on November 4, 2008) —picked up while Obama gave his Presidential acceptance speech (*Yes we can!*). Without looking at the title and date could easily be mistaken for something else.

. . . A little piece of concrete

Kennedy gave his famous *Berliner* Speech (*Ich bin ein Berliner*) on June 26, 1963.

Concrete as the material proof of fear politics ushered in by the construction of the Berlin Wall, a climax of the Cold War.

Kennedy's parting with the “West” against the “East.”

Eastern culture
Western culture
do not meet. Never meet. Have never met.
Don't know each other.

GG's continual, impossible attempt to bring them together, a futile Sisyphean practice that yields sparks, and traces, in its wake.

Myself_maybe. Ambiguity, this can be!

We end up with an ambiguity in the middle, where we all take responsibility in the meaning, lifting associations and speculating on what these objects are.

GG: *This is a lucid reflection of the present!*

I see an undertone of voyeurism here; anger, horror, opportunism.

GG: *It's like being intimate with the world, but staying a bit distant so you can see.*

Myself_maybe. Ambiguity, this can be!

The green screen

GG at times acts as an analogue green screen. His practice of overpainting artifacts and objects in matte gray is his way of removing them from a location or time.

Chroma key [green screen] compositing, or chroma keying, is a visual effect/post-production technique for compositing (layering) two images or videos streams together based on color hues (chroma range). The technique has been used heavily in many fields to remove a background from the subject or a photo or video. —“Chroma key,” Wikipedia entry (accessed June 2018)

Reversed green screen.
Gray screen/white screen/blank screen
GG screen

The literal support that was provided for our work *Scattered A, Scattered K* (DAS INSTITUT with Allison Katz, 2012–13) bears only traces of what was placed upon it for logistical reasons, for shipping. A piece of cardboard that at one time supported various fermented and crystalized cake pieces; hand smears and crumbs the only proof of a former existence. Those traces can be read as the work of GG. He branded our process from afar, pushing and prodding different actors, pulling the strings; holding the narrative of the collaborative piece that he himself initiated, crafting an essay of concept and critique.

*without GG this work
would not exist
would not have been secured and stored
would have been forgotten in storage
would not have had its many lives and trajectories
would have been devoured by bugs*

The work now leans against a wall he proposed to be painted bright green for my show (Kerstin Brätsch, *[Pele's Curse]*, The Arts Club of Chicago, 2015): its luminosity bouncing off the white wall opposite, radiating an energy that is felt before it is seen. In a sense, the green could be read as a blank in our digitally saturated world, a screen that enables the easy application of digital effects to create a background that could make the wall exist anywhere. Since then, white has been painted over the green to create and signify another blank, this one within the terms of the modernist white-cube gallery. His piece continues. What kind of end does he provide by placing the support of our work onto this other blank? Does it author the work of the laborer who has painted over this very wall, as a GG piece, many times?

The work was created to be erased.
It is a support holding support.
Giving the support, support.

Tomb culture [preparation for the afterlife]

GG's practice also deals with tomb culture. There is a speculative ambivalence in his practice and a discrete death apparent in his interest, but he also asks us to find a birth. By overpainting two Fontana pieces (*Supports*, n.d., oil paint on *Concetto Spaziale Cratere* by Lucio Fontana, 1968, cast and hand-punctured porcelain, each: 15 x 11½ x 3 inches), GG did something curious to an original artwork. Unlike the various ancient artifacts that don't necessarily have an author attached to their creation, Fontana, as a figure, has recognized importance within the canon of art history. By overpainting this artwork, he tilts the question of its originality, cleaving it open, marking it as incomplete and opening it up to a becoming. A becoming enacted by GG re-authoring the work. A becoming that is yet to come in the space that GG opens for the work to be re-authored again.

The Chinese idea of the original is determined not by a unique act of creation, but by unending process, not by definitely identity but by constant change. Indeed, change does not take place within the soul of an artistic subjectivity. The trace effaces the artistic subjectivity, replacing it with a process that allows no essentialist positing. The Far East is not familiar with such pre-deconstructive factors as original, origin, or identity. Rather, Far Eastern thought begins with deconstruction.
—Byung-Chul Han, *Shanzhai*

Anti-chamber
Enter blank like a ghost,
Space-time float, evoking stillness, awakening
Wild fox

The Forum
Walk like a king, squeezing through the narrow pathways of infinite cultures
This is an energy center
Zoom. Memory space. Focus
A-temporality. Breathing. (Breath=Life)

The Crypt
The green screen, an essay_the backside of the front, (a digital blank), the spine
DI is built on friendship
GG counts on them

Exit sly like a phantom (have you really left?)
Contemplation
Syncretic vision
Intuition stays immanent
I leave rewarded and content.

—Kerstin Brätsch





List of Works

Support, n.d.
Oil paint on ceramic cup or container with relief depicting Ai Apec (god of the underworld), late Moche to early Sican/Lambayeque cultures, north coast of Peru, ca. 800–900 CE
5 × 3 × 3 inches
(12.7 × 7.6 × 7.6 cm)

Support, n.d.
Oil paint on mirror with gilt frame from the Kennedy Winter White House, Palm Beach, Florida, mid-20th century
34½ × 30 × 1 inches
(86.4 × 76.2 × 2.5 cm)

Support, n.d.
Oil paint on icon of Saint George and the Dragon, Russia, 19th century
28 × 21¾ × 1 inches
(71 × 55 × 2.5 cm)

Support, n.d.
Oil paint on canvas (originally *Support/Loehr Slide Show*, n.d., 2003)
50 × 50 inches
(127 × 127 cm)

Support, n.d.
Oil paint on wooden tent post, Tuareg peoples, Niger, 20th Century, on base
106 × 14 × 14 inches
(269.2 × 35.6 × 35.6 cm)

Support, n.d.
Oil paint on *Concetto Spaziale Cratere* by Lucio Fontana, cast and hand-punctured porcelain, 1968
15 × 11½ × 3 inches
(38.1 × 29.2 × 7.6 cm)
Private collection

Support, n.d.
Oil paint on *Attica* chair (polyurethane foam) by Studio 65, produced by Gufram, Italy, 1972
24½ × 27½ × 27½ inches
(61 × 69.8 × 69.8 cm)

Support, n.d.
Oil paint on sandstone standing multi-arm male deity, Khmer, Cambodia, Angkor-Wat period, 13th century CE, on base
32½ × 13 × 6 inches
(82.5 × 33 × 15.2 cm)

Support, n.d.
Oil paint on metal film canister with paper labels for Walt Disney Productions' *Pinocchio*, mid-20th century
16 × 17 × 7 inches
(40.6 × 40.2 × 17.8 cm)

Support, n.d.
Oil paint on wood ceremonial bowl, New Hebrides, coast of New Guinea, late 19th century, on base
45 × 10 × 9 inches
(114.3 × 25.4 × 23.8 cm)

Support, n.d.
Oil paint on iron ceremonial hoe currency, Afo peoples, northern Nigeria, 18th–19th century, on base
29½ × 20½ × 10 inches
(73.7 × 52.1 × 25.4 cm)

Support, n.d.
Oil paint on glazed porcelain *Euphrates* vase by Ettore Sottsass, executed by Porcellano San Marco for Memphis Milano, 1983
15½ × 8½ × 7 inches
(39.4 × 21.6 × 17.8 cm)

<p><i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on lacquered beech, plywood, and leather Footstool (model H1121), Adolf Loos (attribution), manufactured by Jacob and Josef Kohn, Vienna, ca., 1905 12½ × 9 × 16½ inches (37.7 × 22.8 × 41.9 cm)</p>	<p>Page # <i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on flip-top printed cardboard cigarette box (Marlboro Red Label, Philip Morris), 21st century 4 × 2½ × 2¾ inches (10.2 × 6.3 × 6 cm)</p>	<p><i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on porcelain parrot figurine, Dresden, Germany, 20th century 12¾ × 4¾ × 5½ inches (32.4 × 12 × 14.3 cm)</p>	<p><i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on wood <i>Tchitcheri</i> (protective figure), Gurma peoples, Togo and Ghana, 20th century, on base 36 × 9 × 10 inches (91.5 × 22.9 × 25.4 cm)</p>
<p><i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on wood <i>Tchitcheri Sakwa</i> (protective figure), Moba, Togo, and Ghana, 20th century, on base 56 × 12½ × 14 inches (142.2 × 31.7 × 35.6 cm)</p>	<p><i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on mummy mask or false head (wood, textile, hair, cinnabar), Chancay culture, Peru, ca. 1000–1450 CE 12 × 9¾ × 8½ inches (30.5 × 23.8 × 21.6 cm)</p>	<p><i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on Dehua porcelain figure of Guanyin or Guanshiyin (the One who perceives the sounds of the world), China, 19th century 9¾ × 3¾ × 2½ inches (24.7 × 8.2 × 6.3 cm)</p>	<p><i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on ceramic <i>Menissa</i> insalatiera (tableware) by Joe Colombo, produced by Pozzi Ceramiche, Italy, 1970 3¾ × 12¾ inches (9.5 × 32 cm)</p>
<p><i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on earthenware ewer with floral medallions, Persia and the eastern Mediterranean area, Abbasid period, 750–1258 CE, ca. 9th century CE, on base 8 × 6¾ × 6¾ inches (20.3 × 16.2 × 15.9 cm)</p>	<p>Page # <i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on liquor bottle (200 mL) with paper bag, United States, 21st century 7¾ × 4½ × 2¾ inches (19.7 × 11.4 × 6.4 cm)</p>	<p><i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on wood <i>Tchitcheri Sakwa</i> (protective figure), Moba, Togo, and Ghana peoples, 20th century, on base 52 × 9 × 8 inches (132.1 × 22.9 × 20.3 cm)</p>	<p><i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on painted wood anthropoid sarcophagus mask, Egypt, Late Period, 664–332 BCE, on base 9¾ × 5½ × 4 inches (24.8 × 14 × 10.2 cm)</p>
<p><i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on attendant figure (glazed ceramic), China, Ming Dynasty, 15th century 23 × 6½ × 5¼ inches (58.9 × 16.5 × 13.3 cm)</p>	<p>Page # <i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on concrete fragment found in Grant Park, Chicago, on November 4, 2008, on base 3 × 4½ × 3½ inches (7.6 × 11.4 × 8.9 cm)</p>	<p><i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on <i>A-mantscho-na-tshol</i> or <i>Inap</i> (snake headdress; wood and pigment), Baga, Nalu, Landuma, Pakur, or Bulunits, Guinea, 20th century, on base 72 × 17½ × 13½ inches (182.9 × 44.5 × 34.3 cm)</p>	<p><i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on cinematic prop of Nazi scalp from Quentin Tarantino's <i>Inglourious Basterds</i> (2009), spontaneous bleeding, 2015 ½ × 6½ × 4 inches (1 × 16.5 × 10 cm)</p>
<p><i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on seated female figure (ceramic, pigment), Nayarit, Mexico, Chinesco Type D, Proto-Classic Lagunillas Style, ca. 100 BCE–250 CE 12 × 7 × 6¾ inches (30.5 × 17.8 × 16.5 cm)</p>	<p><i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on Foo Dog (guardian figure; Bizen ware), Okayama Prefecture, Japan, Edo period, ca. 1835 10½ × 8¾ × 9¾ inches (27 × 29.8 × 24.8 cm)</p>	<p><i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on earthenware bowl, Hohokam cultures, Arizona, ca. 200–1450 CE 7 × 23 × 19¼ inches (17.8 × 58.4 × 48.9 cm)</p>	<p><i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on stucco female head, Gandharan, North-West Frontier Province, Pakistan, 4th–5th century CE, on base 12 × 6½ × 6½ inches (30.5 × 16.5 × 16.5 cm)</p>
<p><i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on wood <i>Tchitcheri Sakwa</i> (protective figure), Moba, Togo, and Ghana, 20th century, on base 43 × 8½ × 7 inches (109.3 × 21.6 × 17.8 cm)</p>	<p><i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on wood and bamboo ikebana vase, Japan, early 20th century 14¾ × 8 × 7 inches (37.5 × 20.5 × 7.7 cm)</p>	<p><i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on bone hairpin, Roman Imperial Period, ca. 1st–3rd century CE, on base 7 × 2 × 2 inches (17.8 × 51 × 51cm)</p>	<p><i>Support, n.d.</i> Oil paint on bronze commemorative head of an Oba, Edo or Benin peoples, Nigeria, early 20th century, on base 17 × 6¾ × 8½ inches (43.2 × 17.1 × 21.6 cm)</p>

List of works

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on *Otafuku* mask (painted wood), Japan, Edo period, on base
8½ × 6½ × 4½ inches
(21.6 × 16.5 × 10.4 cm)

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on Bactrian gray stone idol, northern Afghanistan, ca. 2500–1500 BCE, on base
40¼ × 7 × 7 inches
(102.2 × 17.8 × 17.8 cm)

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on Sueki earthenware, Japan, Heian era, 794–1185 CE
4¾ × 3¾ × 3¾ inches
(12.1 × 8.2 × 8.2 cm)

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on painted wood Buddhist figure of Bato Kannon (Hayagriva), Japan, Edo period, 18th–19th century
24¾ × 11¼ × 7½ inches
(62.9 × 28.6 × 19 cm)

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on olla (storage basket made of plant fibers [*Salix* and *Martynia*]), Native American (Apache), southwest United States, 19th century
19 × 15¾ × 15¼ inches
(48.3 × 40 × 38.1 cm)

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on limestone head of a provincial male figure, northern Europe (likely Gaul or Britannia), late Roman Empire, ca. 3rd–5th century CE, on base
11¼ × 7¾ × 9⅞ inches
(28.6 × 19.6 × 17.5 cm)

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on *Concetto Spaziale Cratere* by Lucio Fontana, cast and hand-punctured porcelain, 1968
15 × 11½ × 3 inches
(38.1 × 29.2 × 7.6 cm)
Private collection

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on clown shoes (leather, cloth, and metal), unmarked, United States, early 20th century
Dimensions vary with installation

Page #

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on terra-cotta *milagre* (ex-voto) of a head with an abnormal growth, Sertão region, Brazil, early 20th century
4¾ × 3¾ × 3¾ inches
(12.1 × 8.2 × 8.2 cm)

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on cardboard promotional ephemera from the Goldwater presidential campaign (Barry's View Mine Too), HRB Suppliers, Tucson, Arizona, 1964
3¾ × 6½ × 5⅞ inches
(8.3 × 15.8 × 13 cm)

Page #

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on earthenware smudging pipe, Native American (Navajo), Arizona, before 1910
2 × 4 × 1½ inches
(5.1 × 10.1 × 3.9 cm)

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on *Puffo* (polyurethane foam), Gruppo Sturm (Giorgio Ceretti, Piero Derossi, Riccardo Rosso), produced by Gufram, Italy, 1970
18 × 20 × 20 inches
(45.7 × 50.8 × 50.8 cm)

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on corrugated terra-cotta pot, Ancestral Pueblo culture, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado, 800–1200 CE
11¼ × 11 × 10⅞ inches
(29.8 × 27.9 × 27.6 cm)

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on porcelain seated figure of Mao Zedong, China, Great Proletariat Cultural Revolution, 1966–1976
16½ × 10 × 11½ inches
(41.9 × 25.4 × 29.2 cm)

Support, n.d.

Oil on rubber chicken (latex with pigment), United States, 20th century
3 × 17½ × 4 inches
(7.6 × 44.5 × 10.2 cm)

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on bronze stand for oil lamp in form of a tree, Rome, Imperial Period, 1st–4th century CE
12¾ × 5½ × 4⅞ inches
(32.5 × 14 cm × 10.4) JNL changed this

Page #

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on mirror with face, glass, and gypsum, Syro-Hittite (Luwian-, Aramaic-, and Phoenician-speaking political entities), northern Syria and southern Anatolia, 2nd century BCE, on base
5¾ × 4½ × 2⅞ inches
(11.4 × 11.9 × 5.8 cm)

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on 12 fl. oz. printed aluminum can (Anheuser-Busch), United States, 21st century
5⅞ × 3 × 2½ inches
(13 × 7.6 × 6.3 cm)

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on cinematic prop of severed ear from the Hughes Brothers' *Dead Presidents*, 1995
¾ × 2⅜ × 1½ inches
(2 × 6 × 4 cm)

Page #

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on female figure (bone) Egypt, Roman period, ca. 2nd–3rd century CE, on base
6 × 2⅞ × 1¼ inches
(15.2 × 5.4 × 3.2 cm)

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on fiber and pitch water basket, Native American (Paiute or Washoe), Great Basin Area, United States, 19th century
15½ × 13½ × 12 inches
(39.4 × 34.3 × 30.5 cm)

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on taxidermy pheasants, United States, 20th century
44½ × 9 × 8 inches
(113 × 22.9 × 22.3 cm)

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on bone idol of standing woman, Egypt, Roman period to Coptic culture, ca. 1st century BCE, on base
4⅞ × 1⅜ × 1 inches
(12.4 × 30.5 × 2.5 cm)

Support, n.d.

Cake fondant, donut, food coloring, and insect feces on cardboard, Das Institut and Allison Katz's *Scattered A, Scattered K*, 2012
95¼ × 47⅞ inches
(245.7 × 121.6 cm)

Page #

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on 12 oz. printed aluminum can (Coors Light, Coors Brewing Company), United States, 21st century

5½ × 2¾ × 2¾ inches
(14 × 6 × 6 cm)

Private collection

Page #

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on cinematic prop of severed ear from the Hughes Brothers' *Dead Presidents*, 1995

¾ × 2¾ × 1½ inches
(2 × 6 × 4 cm)

Page #

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on teacup (stoneware with rice-straw-ash glaze) inscribed with a waka poem by Ōtagaki Rengetsu (1791–1875), Japan, mid-19th century, late Edo period–early Meiji era

1⅞ × 2½ × 2½ inches
(4.8 × 6.7 × 6.7 cm)

Page #

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on attendant figure (glazed ceramic), Ming Dynasty, 1368–1644 CE

7¾ × 2⅞ × 2⅞ inches
(19.7 × 7.4 × 5.4 cm)

Page #

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on terra-cotta female figure on birth palanquin, Colima culture, west Mexico, 100 BCE–300 CE, on base

6 × 2 × 6 inches
(15.2 × 5.1 × 5.1 cm)

Page #

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on souvenir from *Eggs* by Daren Bader, 2014
Dimensions variable

Page #

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on earthenware plaque depicting standing man and woman, Mesopotamia (Sumer or Babylon), ca. 2000–1000 BCE, on base

4¾ × 2 × 1¼ inches
(12 × 5.1 × 3.1 cm)

Page #

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on bone flute, Chimú culture, north coast of Peru, 850–1470 CE, on base

6¾ × 1⅞ × 2⅞ inches
(17.1 × 4.8 × 6 cm)

Page #

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on dancing Vishnu figure (human bone), Tibet, ca. 19th century, on base

7⅞ × 2½ × 2 inches
(18 × 5.3 × 5 cm)

Page #

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on seated male singer (ceramic and pigment), Nayarit, Mexico, ca. 100–250 CE

4¾ × 2¾ × 1½ inches
(12.1 × 7 × 3.8 cm)

Page #

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on Tlaloc *incensario* (incense burner) (ceramic), Maya culture, Guatemala, ca. 600–900 AD

4 × 4 × 4 inches
(10.1 × 10.1 × 10.1 cm)

Page #

Support, n.d.

Oil paint on teabowl (Yobitsugi Karatsu ware), Saga Prefecture, Japan, Momoyama to early Edo period, early 18th century

2½ × 4¼ × 4 inches
(6.3 × 10.8 × 10.1 cm)

Published on the occasion of the exhibition
Gaylen Gerber
September 20–December 21, 2018

Copyright © 2018. The Arts Club of Chicago

Curator: Janine Mileaf
Printing: Classic Color
Design: Jason Pickleman, JNL graphic design
Copy Editor: Deirdre O'Dwyer
Curatorial Assistant: H. Daly Arnett
Artwork © Gaylen Gerber
All works courtesy of the artist, unless noted otherwise.
Written contributions © the artists.

THE ARTS CLUB OF CHICAGO
201 E. Ontario Street, Chicago, IL 60611
Telephone 312.787.3997 | Facsimile 312.787.8664
www.artsclubchicago.org

ISBN: ?????????

All photographs courtesy of the artist, Tom Van Eynde, and Paul Levack.
© 2018 all rights reserved.

Printed in an edition of 500 copies

back cover

front cover

Gaylen Gerber



T H E A R T S
C L U B
O F
C H I C A G O