



mixed
MESSAGES

curated by **JOHN CHAICH**
for **VISUAL AIDS**

mixed MESSAGES

JUNE 2 – JULY 3, 2011

La MaMa La Galleria

6 E. 1st Street
btw Bowery & 2nd Avenue
New York, NY 10003
212-505-2476

GALLERY HOURS
Thursday – Sunday
1 – 6 PM

OPENING RECEPTION

Thursday June 2
6 – 8 PM

MIXED MESSENGERS TALK

A panel discussion among the creatives behind recent HIV prevention campaigns

MODERATED by Kenyon Farrow
co-editor, *Letters from Young Activists*

FEATURING

Stephen Karpiak, PhD, of ACRIA's HIV & aging outreach

Ivan Monforte of GMHC's First Ladies Care
& featured *Mixed Messages* artist

Kevin O'Malley of NYC's GayMeth.org &
Stop AIDS San Francisco's *What Makes You Strong?*

Chuck Pollard of L'Oreal's Hairdressers Against AIDS

Sunday June 12
4 – 6 PM

ASK ME: MIXED MESSAGES

BENEFITING Visual AIDS

A night of storytelling inspired by the exhibition,
co-hosted by Cammi Climaco and David Crabb.
Learn more at askmestories.com.

Suggested donation
sliding scale, everyone is welcome

Wednesday June 29
7 – 9 PM

EVENTS ARE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

Call Visual AIDS to arrange group and class tours
or to view the exhibition by appointment
Contact Executive Director Amy Sadao at 212-627-9855

MIXING MESSAGES, MAKING CONNECTIONS *John Chaich*

In curating *Mixed Messages* for Visual AIDS, I returned again and again to one of the most simple but profound messages I have ever heard about HIV/AIDS: “AIDS is a crisis of connections.”

I was told this in the mid '90s, from the staff psychologist at the AIDS service and education organization where I began my career. Years since, I have forgotten the therapist's name, but never her words.

As a writer and designer, I am always drawn to words and the experience they conjure—whether spoken, written, stylized, or arranged. I have strived to present text-based works here because I'm curious what associations their verbal and formal compositions can trigger in the context of an AIDS-related show. From the poetic to the polemic, the words in these works reflect reactions to and connections through HIV/AIDS across generations.

In this exhibition and beyond, HIV/AIDS is embedded in deep relationships and diverse entry points. Cultural, educational, financial, and medical connections at macro- and micro-levels build the support systems individuals need to make healthful decisions. The acts through which HIV is transmitted—intercourse, sharing needles, and even giving birth—may be the very ways through which we find connection.

At once interpersonal and social, this connection starts between *Two People*, as Rob Wynne's poured-glass wall sculpture shows, divides between “you” and “me,” as echoed in Amanda Curreri's *Leveller* doormat, and escalates to the chorus of Matt Keegan's *You, Me, I, We*.

From the intimacy of Yoko Ono's postcard sized *Touch Me* to the anonymity of Larry Krone's handwritten installation repeating *And I Will Always Love You*, a hunger for emotional, physical, spiritual, and temporal connection dwells in these works. Deborah Kass and Nolan Hendrickson reference not just classic disco lyrics but moments of exasperation and exaltation. Joe De Hoyos's *Stay, Stay, Stay* looks like a ransom note but pleads like a love note. Charlie Welch's *Expressa't* translates as “I don't know sex without latex and it makes me sad,” while Craig Damrauer reminds us what happens, after all, when you assume. Risk and reward live in the intersection of *Desire/Despair*, Jack Pierson insinuates.

Like the synonyms for “aids” that Kay Rosen's print details, AIDS always has challenged us to take care of ourselves and to care beyond ourselves. In this context, Glenn Ligon's *One Live and Die* speaks to the disproportionate impact of HIV on African-American and African peoples. J. Morrison invites viewers to take an American flag hand-printed with the logo *aids: Made in the USA*—a gesture oddly fitting for a show that opens and closes on the heels of Memorial Day and the Fourth of July. Leslie Hewitt and Lucas Michael subtly use numerals to capture moments and locations critical to personal and public histories—be it a year in the life of a loved one lost or the address of a bathhouse, respectively. David Wojnarowicz's seminal 1990 *Untitled (One Day This Kid...)* speaks as an everyman's transformation of hurt into art; here, the scale of this reproduction amplifies the artist's story and presence.

Likewise, the impact of AIDS on the lives of gay men and the impact of gay men on AIDS has been historic and symbiotic, evolving, and evocative, as poet Justin Chin frames in his contributing essay, *The Gutted*:

They said, “You don't know what it's like! To love & fight & struggle & need, to want & to bury, to heal & hope & can-can, to despair, to decay, to sparkle & to screw down to the bone. You don't know what it's like to be, but We do! We Do! Why won't you listen to us? Why won't you do as you're told because we know so well.”

Inspired by gay club culture, James Jaxxa uses goopy, shimmery materials in *Take/Need/Fear/Junk* to imply that all that glitters is not gold, but it sure feels good. As Sam McKinniss's work states, “lifestyles ultra sensitive” indeed.

Sometimes apparent and sometimes ambiguous, the in/direct influence of HIV in these works is as mixed as the messages we hear about the virus today, from the ongoing battle over safer-sex versus abstinence-only education to the contrast between AIDS-is-not-over and HIV-is-a-manageable-disease campaigns. In the gallery, these messages may be undetectable: Nicholas Fraser places barely visible text in surprising locations, and Christopher Pennock's *I Am A Danger to Myself and Maybe Others* challenges legibility.

The tone-on-tone quality of Gran Fury's *Four Questions* t-shirt furthers pairs visibility with divisibility. Asking “Are you afraid of people with AIDS?” and “Do you trust HIV-negatives?,” Rudy Lemcke captures the historic debate over needle distribution and harm reduction. Andrew Graham's *AIDS is God's Curse* appropriates the visual language of hate-mongers like Fred Phelps, while Frederick Weston recalls the typography of '60s protest posters and Felix Gonzalez-Torres places not only the viewer within a heritage of gay activism, but also gay and AIDS rights within a continuum of civil rights.

At these moments, Amanda Keeley's door hanger cleverly signals, our ideologies and actions can so easily shift from love to hate, empathy to apathy.

British graphic designer James Joyce observes: *You Do What You Do and They Do What They Do*.

Well So *What If I Did*, Lou Laurita's painting counters.

Same old, same old, Jayson Keeling's *New Graffiti/Old Revolutions* seems to summarize.

So is AIDS still a crisis of connections? Depends on how you're connected... With adequate access to drug regimens and support systems, HIV may not necessarily be fatal, but, as John Giorno's canvas reminds, life inevitably is. For me and for many, the threat or reality of HIV infection has reframed life, loss, love, risk, health, and hope. Ultimately, I hope *Mixed Messages* can reexamine our connections to HIV and each other. Life may be a killer, but in the words of the screenprint by Nightsweats & T-cells, we somehow manage to *Annoy Them...Survive*.

I am grateful to the staff at Visual AIDS and at La MaMa La Galleria for this opportunity. I am also indebted to the featured artists and their representatives for lending their words, works, and commitment, and to all readers and visitors for connecting with this exhibition.

THE GUTTED *Justin Chin*

We were the fuck-ups or so we thought we were, lacking a system to make it through the day, much less a year, a lifetime. We clung to lifelines, like aging spiders cling to the last silken thread hanging off their arse, the last chance for nourishment, protection, defense, identity. We clung to fistsful of clutched straw, weaving a manger, a cozy forge to call our gulch a home.

We grew up to be children, infants, stillborn even. And like children of every generation, we felt it in our bones to taunt death, tempt it to cross this line we drew in spit on the ground; some days we even mixed our spit to draw our always maddening, never intersecting, ever widening lines; we train tracked into our nevermores.

And like children of every generation, we tested the firmaments of our maturing bodies by vowing never to toe the line, we tested the dribble of our growing up by crossing the line. Our decapitated taste buds long accustomed to day-old meat, desired the belly-fill of a thousand & one tales of better feasts. How then could we help our bleeding gnashed chewed tongues? **Oh, kiss kiss! kill kill!** Our blood-mixed spit-scored axis drawn, all pistons fueled, we would walk the line: we went to war, we romanced every chemical awe.

We were the atom that stubbornly refused to split, the element that secretly & selfishly held more elementary particulars. We were the Lost Boys if they had dicks to use, & understood their perverse urges, their untinkered bells. We were Lost Boys who declared ourselves **found**.

We ripped the rubbers out of their foils and made balloon animals from them, great beasts with slippery spermicidal hides, slicked-backed pelted for every poke. We punctured, penetrated & connected end to end to the very end: A procession of rutting animals from here to the icy outer rings of Saturn.

We chased bugs. Such entomologists we were, even as we lacked a system of nomenclature. We would write our own field guide, we believed, and so went scouring wild in the fields & swamps with our butterfly nets & specimen jars. We substituted taxonomy with taxidermy. Our display cases were legendary. **Bug meet pin. Hello, Pin! Is that your friend Needle? Does he want to play? Ouch! You're a pokey pair, aren't you? Watch where you put your prick now.** Envious of our subjects, we were pupael & larval in all we sought, we glinted crystalline in our out-strung useless beauty.

How the judges on their yachts in the marina, cocktails in hand, laughed & mocked as we stood at the shoreline. **Look at them, so useless in the shallow!** they tittered. Little did they consider nor care that we were preparing to wade all the way in to the deep end. En route we would learn to ride barracuda, learn the finer whipping stabs of personal poison from stingray & catfish, we would trade dental tips with sharks of all stripes, trade potions with fugu.

But still those ancient sun-leathered mossbacks remained unmoved, senile & contemptuous in their scorn. They thought their moors solids. They did not believe the coming storms even as they watched us write the weather forecasts. But still, we did not have a system to move the doldrums, set twister to seed sky, to rain lava & ash.

They said, *“You don’t know what it’s like! To love & fight & struggle & need, to want & to bury, to heal & hope & can-can, to despair, to decay, to sparkle & to screw down to the bone. You don’t know what it’s like to be, but We do! We Do! Why won’t you listen to us? Why won’t you do as you’re told because we know so well. Look at our bombed-out corpses? Isn’t that evidence of our knowledge?”* They said and soon we would too, & you will, & refrain till the last intake of oxygen on our living square.

“Show us your rituals of hope,” they said. And we did.

We sought shelter & peace. Our musk was survival, our slick-back stamina. We ate bullet-ridden crow. We armed up and went on crusade: righteousness our tit-shield, superiority our cup firmly tucked. We stamped our feet and stood our ground. With our glower intact and in overdrive, we faced down god & man & all the arms & armaments of authority. We did not have the system to know there was no greater God nor good, no higher authority nor flexing arm than our infinitesimal germinating selves.

We ran our bodies into the ground trusting we would heal, we would resurrect, trusting we would regain strength, composure, might. We are the gutted & the chawed. Our conga line was glorious on Monday, invincible by Wednesday, cortege by Thursday and when weekend rolls around, after fasting on Friday, feasting & fucking on Saturday and all-day Church on Sunday, we regroup and we become glorious if not quite whole again in the new week.

Like disciples & addicts of all stripes, who tasted one flash of clarity, once so brief as to be torture, we emptied our coin purse, ever in pursuit of that quench, ever only gaining bibble, but greedy little piglets that we are, oinking for more than droplets, we wanted Unlimited Refills at the fountain. We did not know nor realize that each flash & drop, each dew & line - scattered, infrequent & lonely, private & barely - when assembled, when called together could form a skein rich enough to make anyone whole again. We had no stitching skills, and could not realize that all those flashes counted for something, credit not to a life, but a living.

We harbored hope - not for the perfect epic sunset to ride into, but that the closing, no matter how it ran itself down & out, would come with purpose, with sense enough to feed our starving destructive need for salvation. Not everyone was made to be a hero, the mud was never all that pure. “Either we are all saved or we are all damned, that’s it, end of story.” **Oh my heart you have nothing to fear now!**

In the last scene of the dream: The family sits down to dinner. There is a condor with razor savage talons chained to the center of the table, and we are afraid to approach, whereas everyone else has hungrily begun eating. In the last scene of the dream: Over the vista, the land is liquefying, buildings collapse methodically. But we are not surprised, nor afraid.

We create monsters, then live in such dizzying fear of them. We create Gods who abandon us in our time of need. We worship Gods who demand more than our capacity of grace. Then we lose face, toss faith to deep sea depths for fishes to fat on, while creating another set of idols, puppets, divinities, demons, all equally flawed & beautiful, all equal fuss & fill.

And at the end of the long road, what have we built? what was created? does it even exist, or is it just a name we give to an abstract idea, one we cannot, know not how to properly name. Or use. Or dispose of.

The path ahead is littered with banana peels & anthills, diamonds & oxide, scripture & stress tests, crack & crybabies, buckshot & ballots, wedding rings & discount coffins, deeds & donefors.

The beach is glorious, in plain view.

And there we stand.

Our bonfires guttering.

This version of The Gutted was redacted & remixed by the author specifically for this publication. The full poem (or at least one of its full-length versions) can be found in Gutted (Manic D Press, 2006).

Justin Chin is the author of three collections of poetry, Gutted, Bite Hard and Harmless Medicine, and three collections of essays, Burden of Ashes; Mongrel: Essays, Diatribes & Pranks; and, Attack of the Man-Eating Lotus Blossoms. 98 Wounds, a collection of short fiction, is forthcoming in fall 2011. He lives in San Francisco.



ROBERT BLANCHON



PAUL CHISHOLM



ANTHONY BURRILL



CAMMI CLIMACO



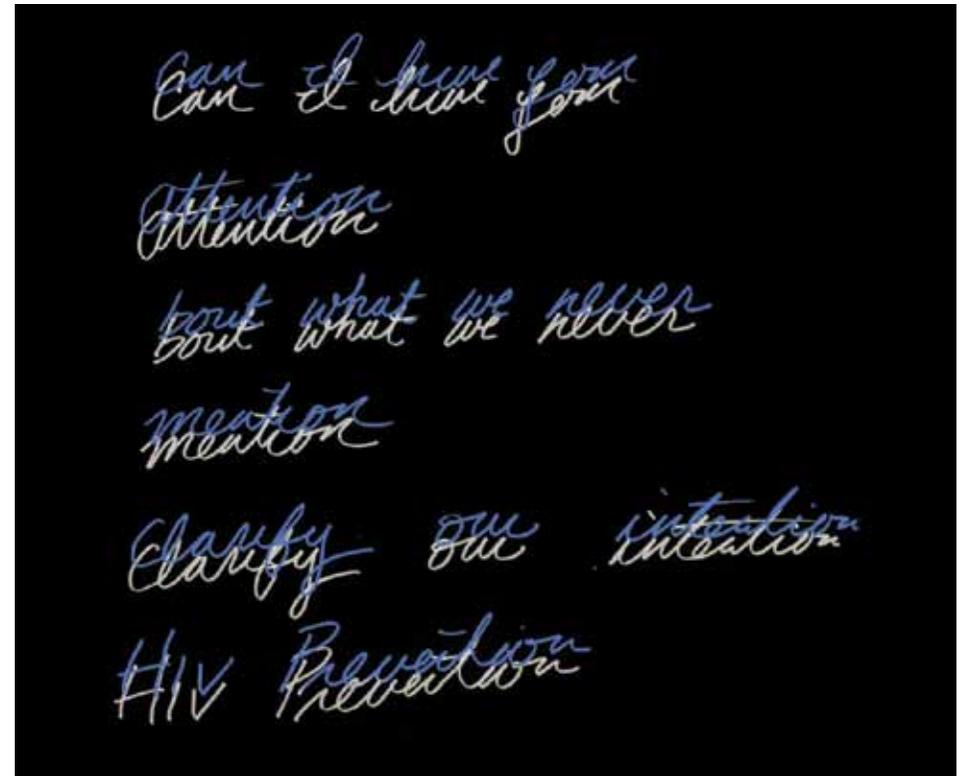
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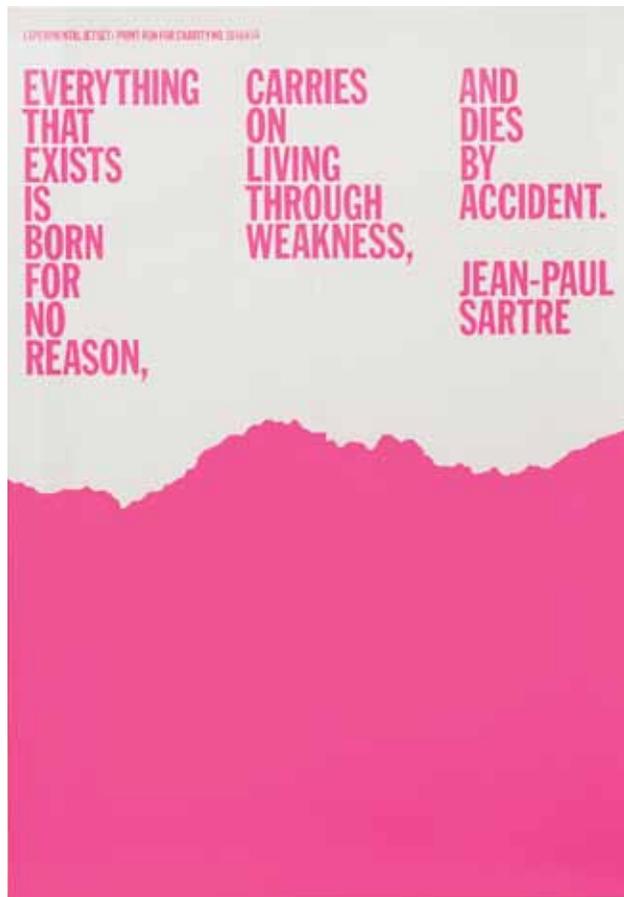
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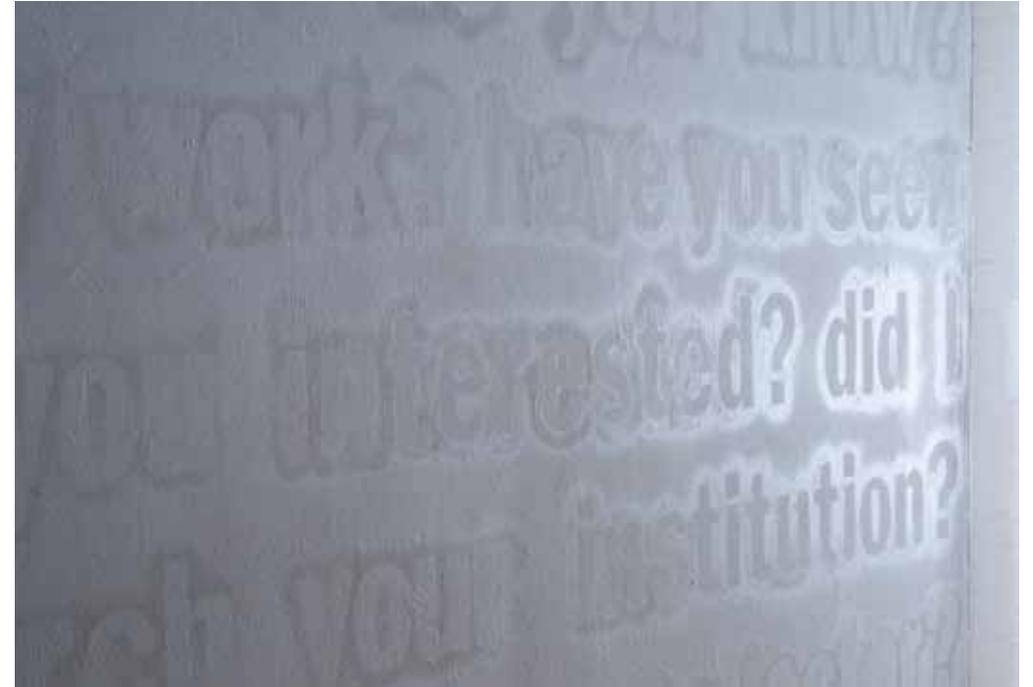
CRAIG DAMRAUER



CHLOE DZUBILO & T DE LONG



EXPERIMENTAL JETSET



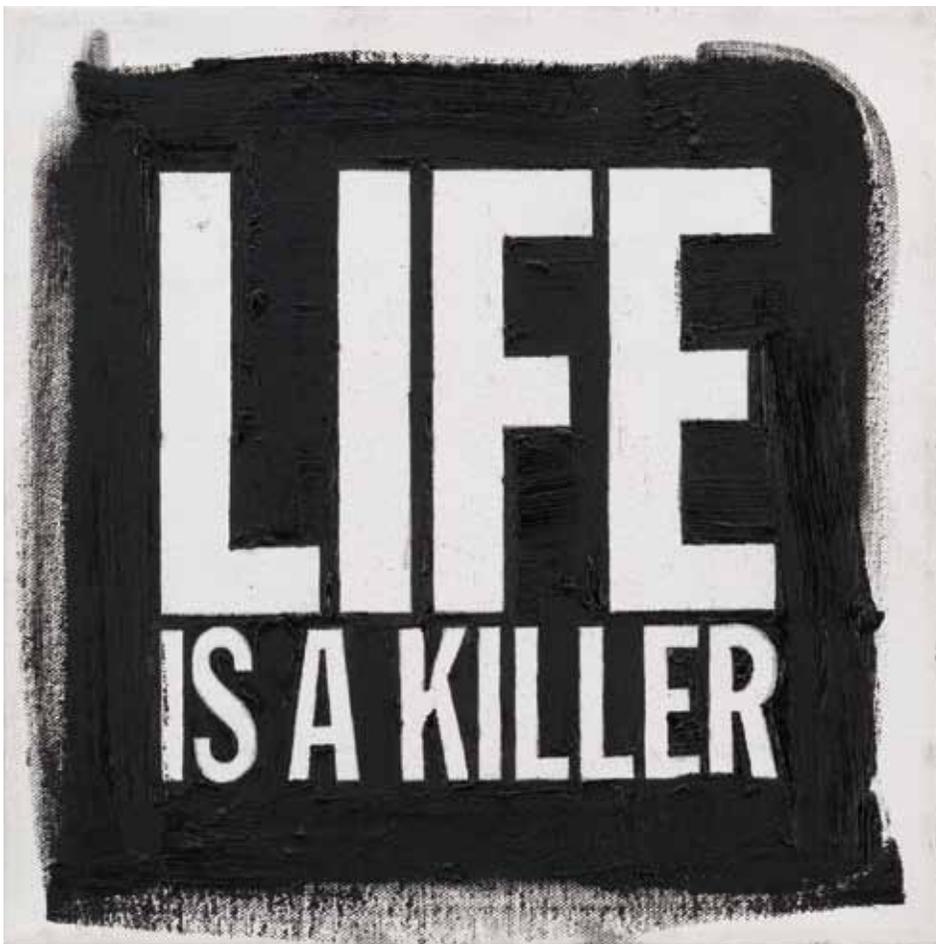
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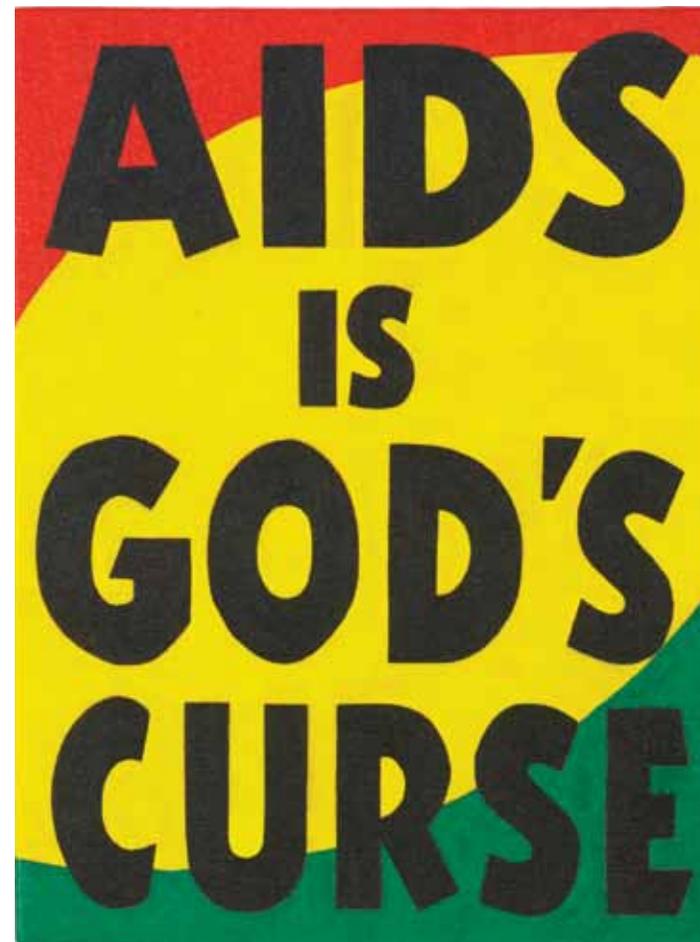
AVRAM FINKELSTEIN



GENERAL IDEA



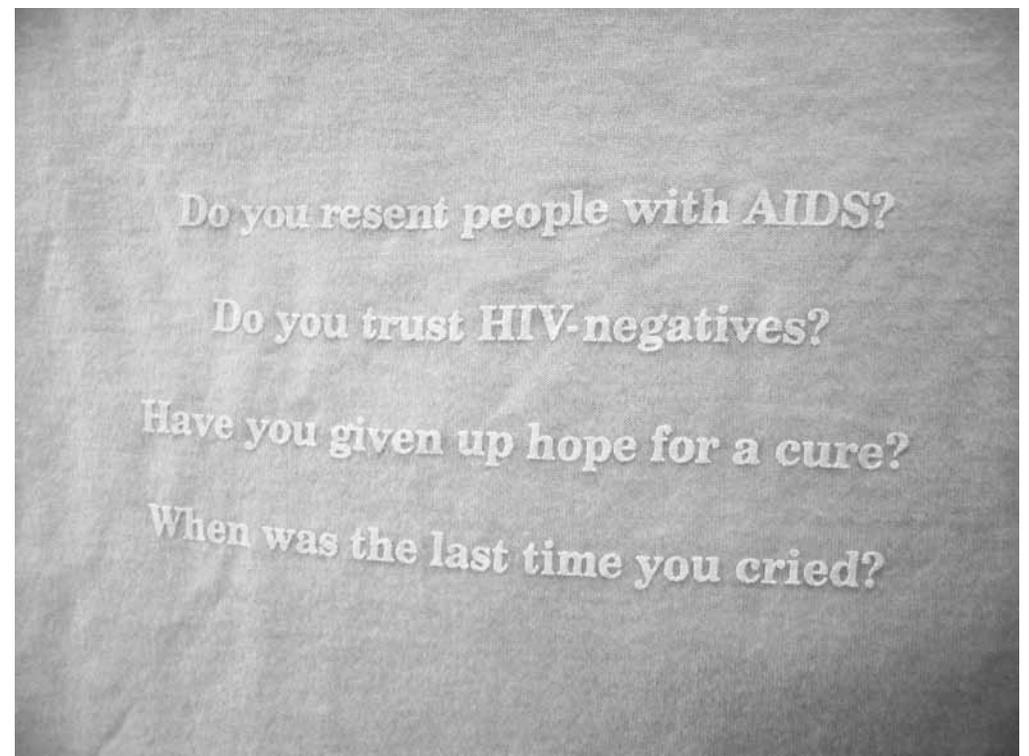
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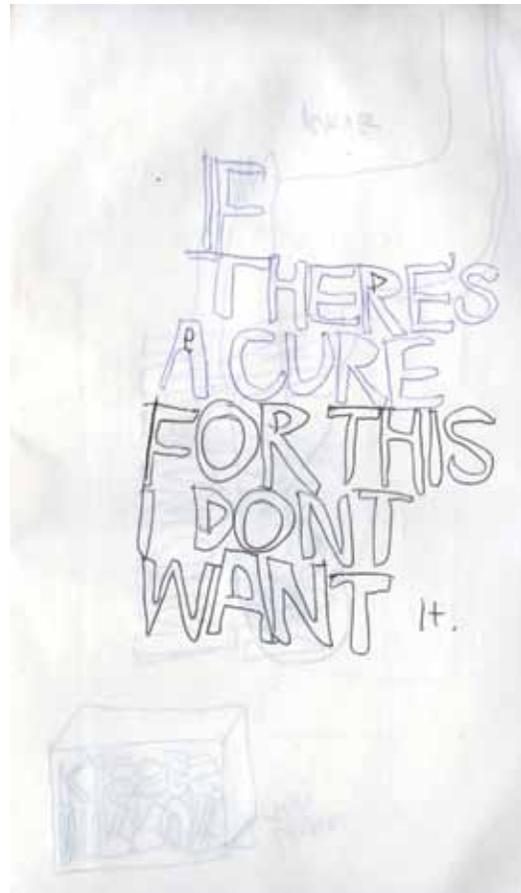
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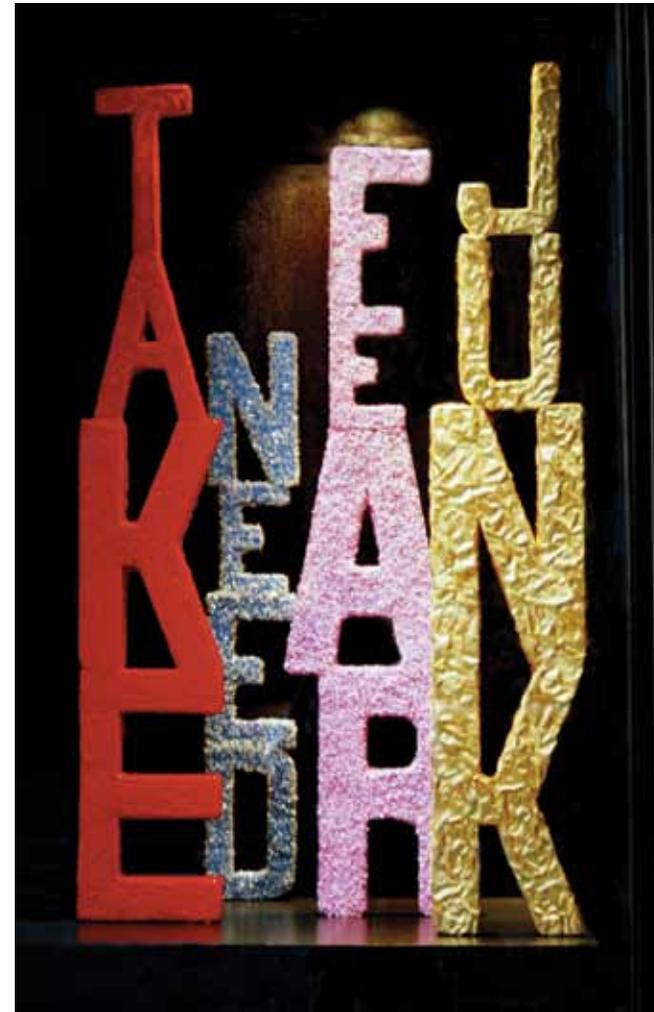
FELIX GONZALEZ-TORRES



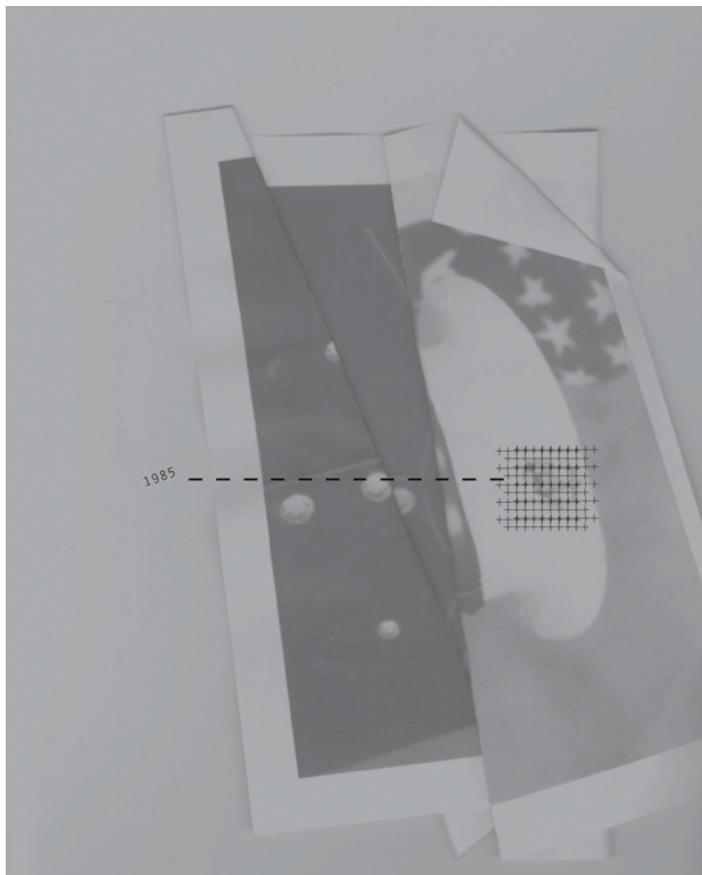
GRAN FURY



NOLAN HENDRICKSON



JAMES JAXXA



LESLIE HEWITT



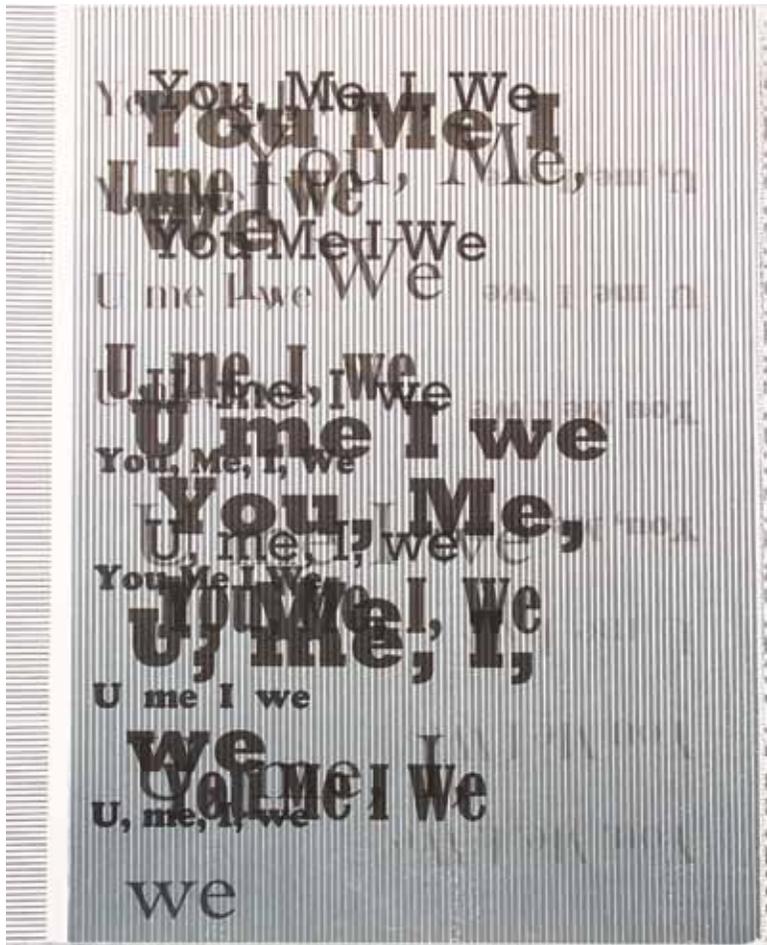
JAMES JOYCE



DEBORAH KASS



AMANDA KEELEY



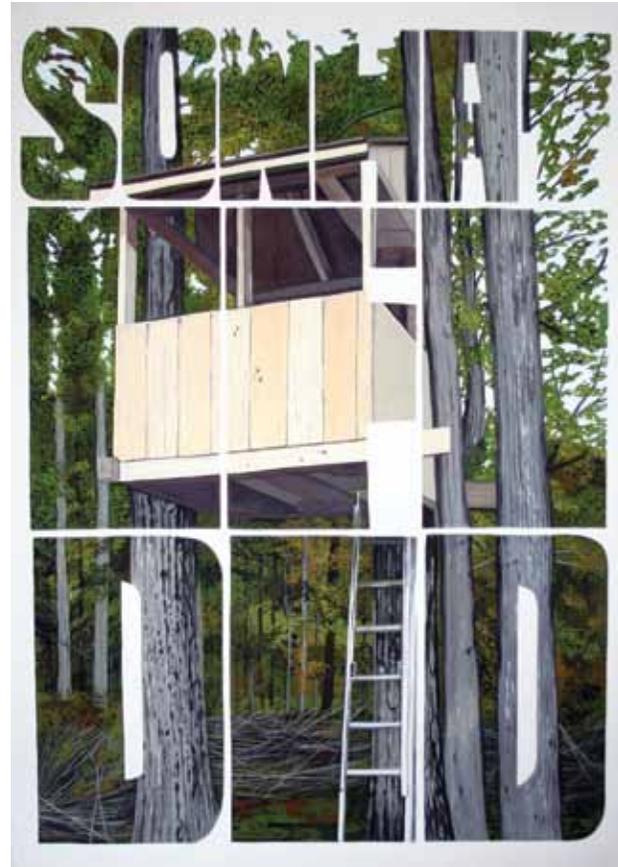
MATT KEEGAN



JAYSON KEELING



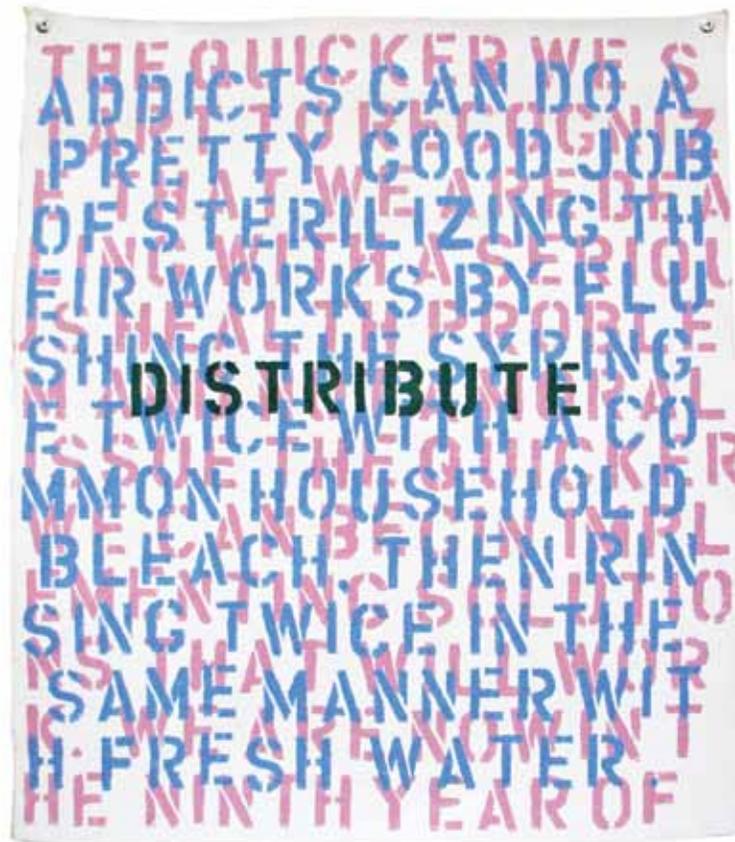
KLEINREID



LOU LAURITA



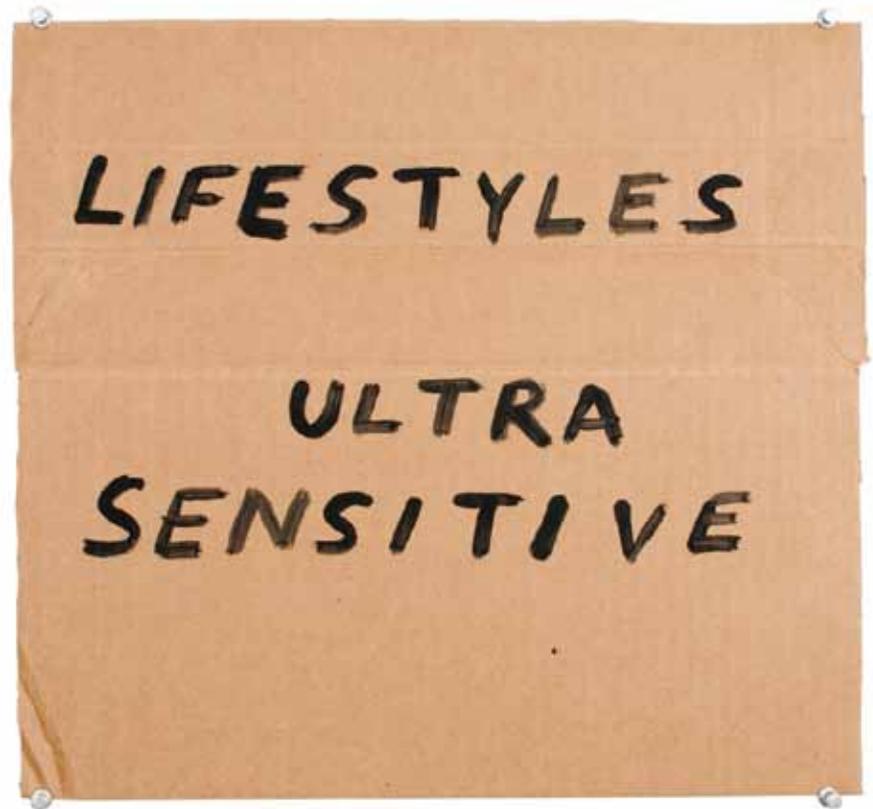
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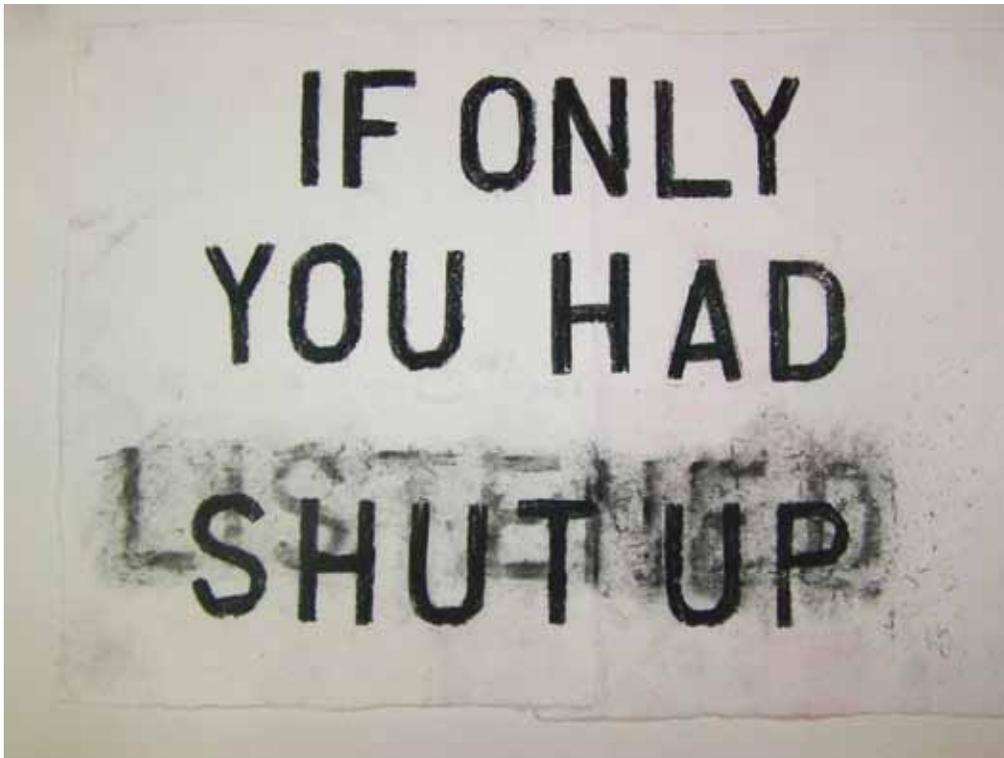
RUDY LEMCKE



GLENN LIGON



SAM MCKINNISS



LIZ MAUGANS



LUCAS MICHAEL



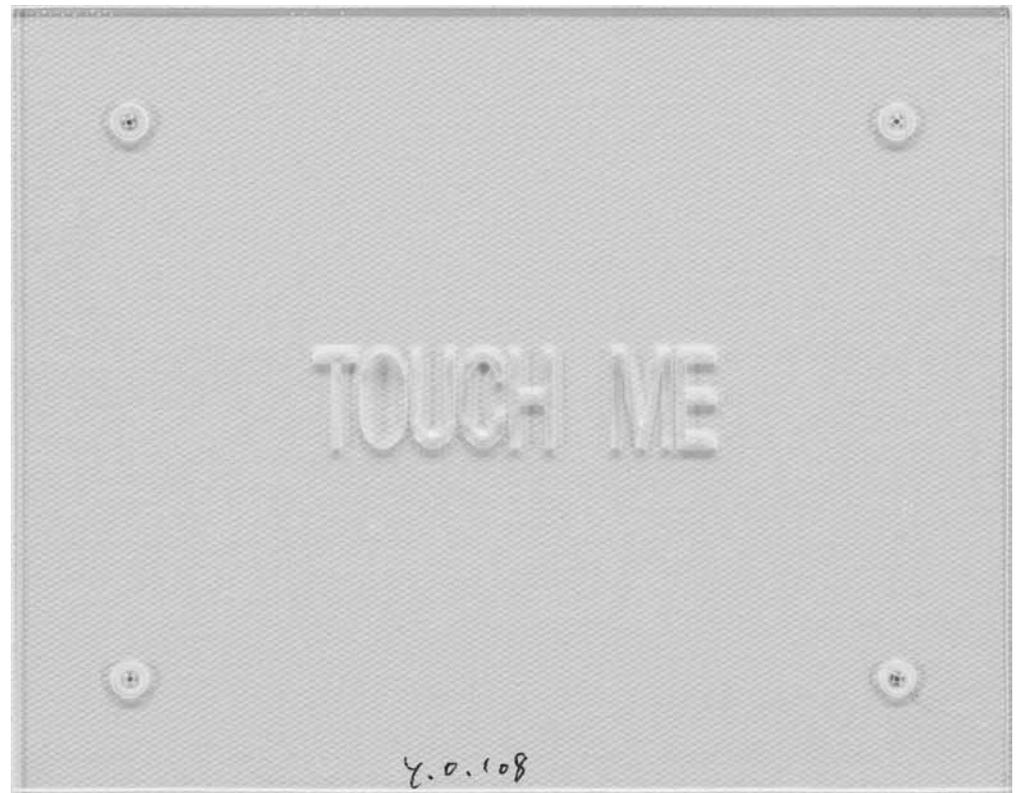
IVAN MONFORTE

**ANNOY
THEM...
SURVIVE**

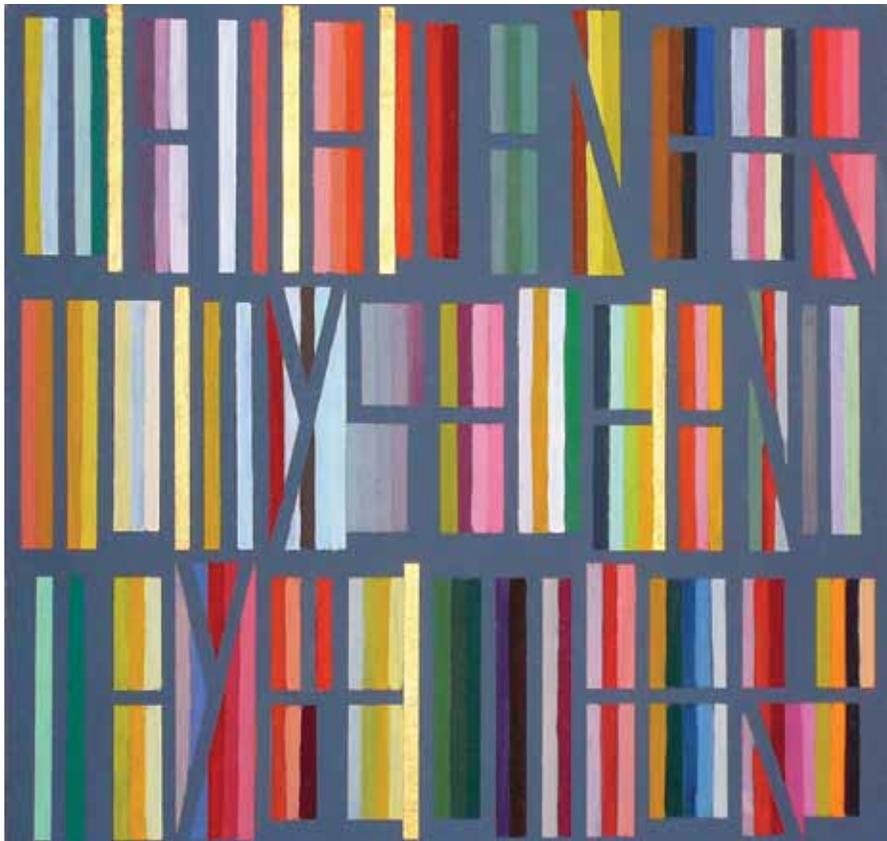
NIGHTSWEATS & T-CELLS



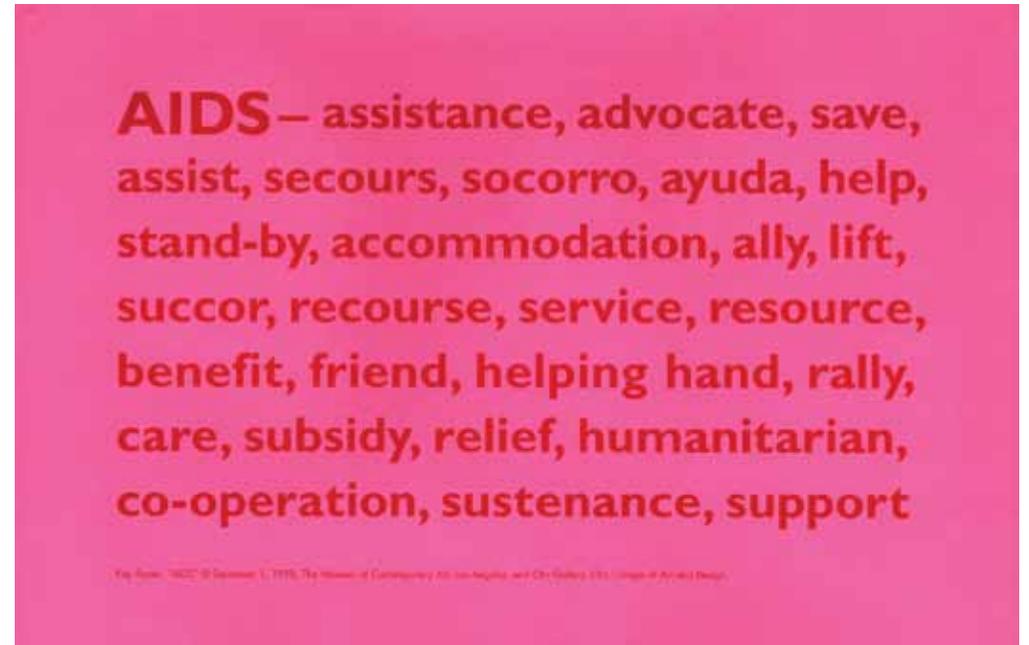
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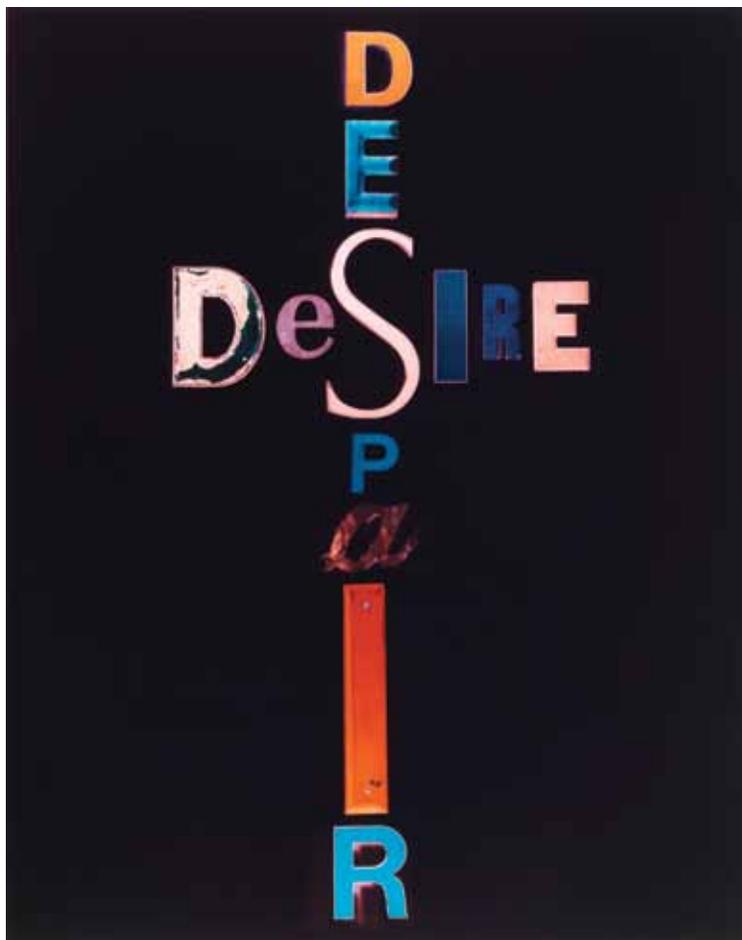
YOKO ONO



CHRISTOPHER PENNOCK



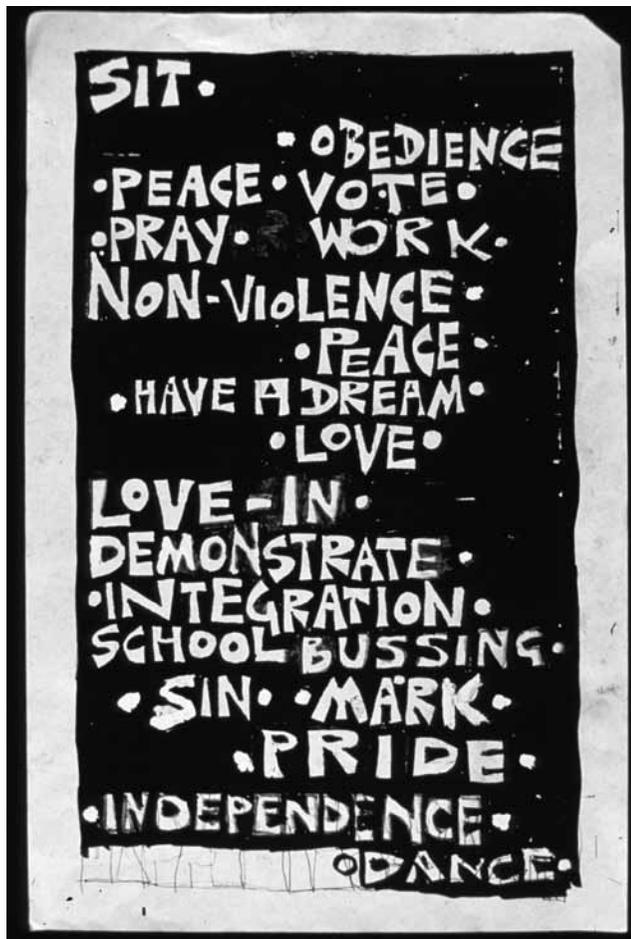
KAY ROSEN



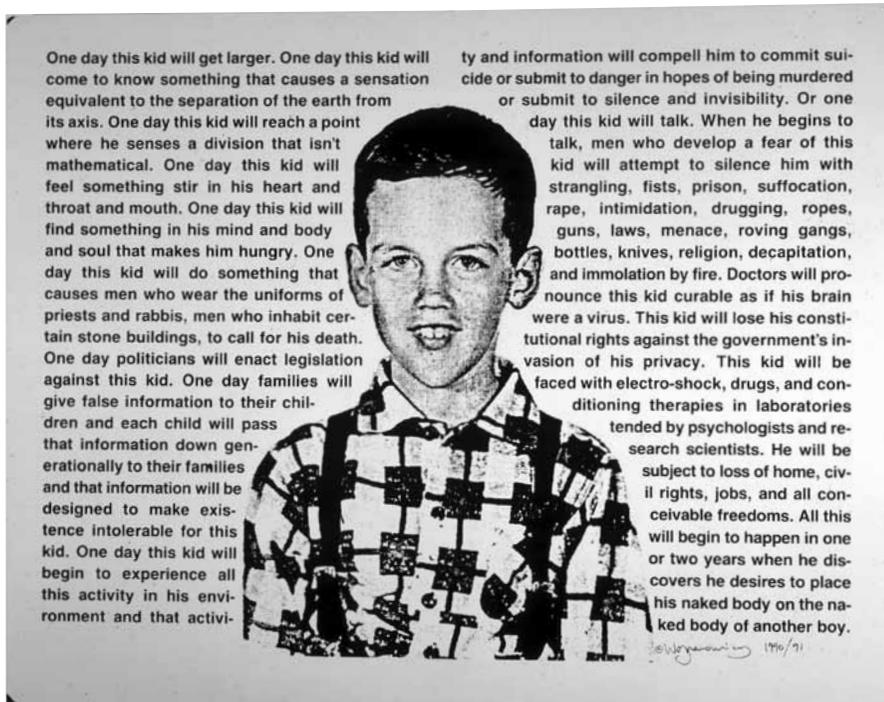
JACK PIERSON



CHARLIE WELCH



FREDERICK WESTON



DAVID WOJNAROWICZ



ROB WYNNE

Robert Blanchon
Untitled (Sympathy), 1992
cibachrome print and wood frame
13¼ x 10¾ inches
COURTESY OF THE FALES LIBRARY &
SPECIAL COLLECTIONS, NEW YORK
UNIVERSITY AND THE ESTATE OF
ROBERT BLANCHON

Anthony Burrill
Don't Say Nothing, 2010
woodblock print on paper
20 x 30 inches

Paul Chisholm
*Love & H*V*, 2010
vinyl letters on wood
57 x 53 x 1 inches

Cammi Climaco
very, VERY much, 2009
porcelain
80 x 8½ x 2 inches

Amanda Curreri
Leveller, 2009/11
enamel on floor mat
48 x 36 inches
COURTESY OF THE ARTIST &
ROMER YOUNG GALLERY, SF

Craig Damrauer
Assume, 2008-09
acrylic on paper
39¾ x 21¾ inches

Joe De Hoyos
Stay Stay Stay, 1995
collage
28 x 23 inches
COLLECTION OF ELLIOT LINWOOD

Chloe Dzubilo & T De Long
No Glove No Love (Excerpt), 2011
silkscreen on canvas tote

Experimental Jetset
Everything That Exists, 2007
silkscreen on paper
33¾ x 23¼ inches

Avram Finkelstein
Woodcut, 2010
cherry wood
8 x 96 x 2 inches

Nicholas Fraser
Clear Language, 2011
varnish (clear media)
dimensions variable

General Idea
AIDS (Screensaver), 1987/96
digital
COURTESY OF AA BRONSON

John Giorno
Life is a Killer, 2009
oil on canvas
12 x 12 inches
COURTESY OF THE ARTIST &
NICOLE KLAGSBRUN, NY

Felix Gonzalez-Torres
Untitled, 1989
framed silkscreen on paper
16½ x 21¾ inches, edition of 250, No. 70 of 250
ARG# CF1989-005.024
PUBLISHED BY PUBLIC ART FUND, NY
© THE FELIX GONZALEZ-TORRES
FOUNDATION, COURTESY OF
ANDREA ROSEN GALLERY, NY

Andrew Graham
AIDS is God's Curse, 2009
acrylic on canvas
12 x 9 inches

Gran Fury
The Four Questions, 2010
high density ink on cotton t-shirt
28 x 23 inches
ON LOAN FROM GRAN FURY

Nolan Hendrickson
Love Hangover, 2010
ink on paper
8 x 5 inches

Leslie Hewitt
Untitled, 2010
laser print on newsprint
11 x 8½ inches

James Jaxxa
Take/Need/Fear/Junk, 2010
styrofoam, glass & plastic beads,
straight pins, fabric, acrylic paint
and medium
45 x 40 x 1½ inches

James Joyce
*You Do What You Do and
They Do What They Do*, 2008
gicleé print
47 x 34¼ inches

Deborah Kass
Make Me Feel Mighty Real, 2007
gouache on paper
9 x 12 inches
COURTESY OF THE ARTIST &
PAUL KASMIN GALLERY, NY

Matt Keegan
You, Me, I, We, 2007
silkscreen
30 x 25 inches
edition of 10, (MAK-3-PRT)
COURTESY OF D'AMELIO TERRAS, NY
& COLLECTION OF LESLIE HEWITT

Amanda Keeley
Love/Hate, 2008
plastic doorhanger
6 x 2½ inches

Jayson Keeling
New Graffiti, Old Revolutions, 2010
c-print
30 x 40 inches

James Klein & David Reid—
KleinReid
Overbred, 2009
lustered porcelain
12¼ x 8¾ inches

Larry Krone
*And I Will Always Love You
(In Reach)*, 1996/2011
permanent marker on wall
dimensions variable

Lou Laurita
So What, 2008
gouache on paper
41 x 29½ inches
COURTESY OF THE ESTATE OF LOU LAURITA
& COLLECTION OF JOHN CHAICH

Rudy Lemcke
Distribute, 1989
acrylic on canvas
30½ x 26½ inches

Glenn Ligon
One Live and Die, 2006
neon installation
6 x 66 x 6 inches
one of two
ADSFA 06.105N
COURTESY OF THE SENDER COLLECTION, NY
PHOTO COURTESY OF REGEN PROJECTS, LA
COPYRIGHT GLENN LIGON

Liz Maugans
Shut Up and Listen, 2009
charcoal on handmade paper
18 x 24 inches

Sam McKinniss
Untitled, 2010
acrylic on cardboard
13¾ x 15½ inches

Lucas Michael
Threesome, 2009
foam, cotton and liquid rubber
60 x 49 x 22 inches
COURTESY OF THE ARTIST &
SILVERMAN GALLERY, SF

Ivan Monforte
You're Beautiful, 2003
silkscreen, scented calligraphic ink
and embroidery on canvas
60 x 36 inches
COLLECTION OF FABIAN BEDOLLA

J. Morrison
aids: Made in U.S.A., 2010
hand-silkscreen on 50 stacks of polyester
flags as a take-away piece
92½ x 69 inches

Nightsweats & T-cells
Annoy Them...Survive, 2011
silkscreen on paper
11 x 17 inches

Yoko Ono
Touch Me, 2008
acrylic on canvas
5½ x 7 x 1¼ inches
COLLECTION OF AMY SADAQ

Christopher Pennock
*I Am a Danger to Myself
and Maybe Others*, 2004
6¾ x 7 inches
gesso, gouache, watercolor on paper
COLLECTION OF KELLY PICKERING

Jack Pierson
Desire/Despair, 1998
c-print
20 x 16 inches AP 2/2
COURTESY OF THE ARTIST &
CHEIM & READ, NY

Kay Rosen
AIDS, 1990/1998
offset lithograph
11 x 17 inches
COURTESY OF THE ARTIST &
SIKKEMA JENKINS & CO., NY

Charlie Welch
Expressa't, 2007-11
collage on paper
18 x 24

Frederick Weston
Untitled (2), 1998
pen, marker, collage
and paper
17 x 11 inches
COLLECTION OF BRETT DE PALMA

David Wojnarowicz (Reproduction of)
Untitled (One Day This Kid...), 1990
photostat
30¾ x 41 inches
edition of 10
COURTESY OF THE ESTATE OF DAVID
WOJNAROWICZ AND P.P.O.W. GALLERY, NY

Rob Wynne
Two People, 2009
hand poured and mirrored glass
35 x 32 inches

ABOUT THE CURATOR

Beginning his career as an HIV testing counselor and community educator, John Chaich has designed a range of multi-arts projects to raise AIDS awareness, from an educational theatre project funded with support from Do Something and LifeBeat, to a nationally distributed edutainment zine by and for young adults, to social marketing campaigns recognized by *Print* magazine and annual artist edition broadsides for Visual AIDS.

He has presented at national conferences on AIDS and the arts and written on visual responses to HIV/AIDS for *Art & Understanding* magazine, as well as contributed to *BUST* magazine and the anthology, *Body Outlaws: Rewriting the Rules of Beauty and Body Image*.

Chaich holds an MFA in Communications Design from Pratt Institute.
johnchaich.com

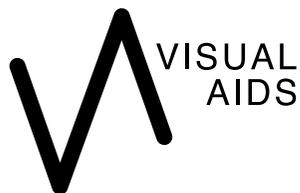
LA MAMA LA GALLERIA

As an extension of the internationally acclaimed La Mama Experimental Theatre Club, La MaMa La Galleria is a nonprofit gallery committed to nurturing artistic experimentation in the visual arts. La Galleria's programming responds to questions raised by the larger cultural, artistic, and intellectual community.

VISUAL AIDS

Visual AIDS utilizes art to fight AIDS by provoking dialogue, supporting HIV+ artists, and preserving a legacy, because AIDS is not over.

Visual AIDS is the only contemporary arts organization fully committed to HIV prevention and AIDS awareness through producing and presenting visual art projects, while assisting artists living with HIV/AIDS. We are committed to preserving and honoring the work of artists with HIV/AIDS and the artistic contributions of the AIDS movement.



Visual AIDS
526 W. 26th Street #510
New York, NY 10001
212-627-9855
visualAIDS.org



La MaMa La Galleria
6 E. 1st Street
New York, NY 10003
212-505-2476
LaMaMa.org

DEDICATION

Mixed Messages is dedicated to the memory of Lou Laurita, curatorial advisor of La MaMa La Galleria, friend of Visual AIDS, and respected artist.

We also mourn the loss of trans AIDS activist, artist, performer, and Visual AIDS Archive Member artist, our brave sister Chloe Dzubilo.

EXTRA SPECIAL THANKS

for their extraordinary support:

Amy Sadao and Nelson Santos, Visual AIDS

for their ongoing commitment to Visual AIDS and to this exhibition:

Adriana Farmiga and Matt Nasser, La MaMa La Galleria

VERY SPECIAL THANKS

for their generous loaning of works from respective estates:

John Connelly, The Felix Gonzalez-Torres Foundation and Andrea Rosen Gallery, NY ● Lisa Darms and Marvin J. Taylor, Fales Library and Special Collections, New York University and Mary Ellen Carroll, The Estate of Robert Blanchon ● Susan Laurita and The Estate of Lou Laurita ● Jamie Sterns, PPOW and The Estate of David Wojnarowicz

for their generous loaning of works from respective collections:

Sarah Aibel, Sender Collection, NY ● Fabian Bedolla ● Cheim & Read, NY ● Brett De Palma ● D'Amelio Terras, NY ● Avram Finkelstein ● Jon Hendricks ● Leslie Hewitt ● Elliot Linwood ● Paul Kasmin Gallery, NY ● Nicole Klagsbrun, NY ● Kelly Pickering ● Romer Young Gallery, SF ● Amy Sadao ● Sikkema Jenkins & Co, NY ● Silverman Gallery, SF

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Justin Chin ● T De Long ● Marc Lepson ● Amy Mees, X-ing Design ● Jil Picariello ● shootART: Christopher Burke Studios

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AMANDA CURRERI
CRAIG DAMRAUER
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CHLOE DZUBILO & T DE LONG
EXPERIMENTAL JETSET
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LESLIE HEWITT
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