

UNIVERSITY ART MUSEUM
UNIVERSITY AT ALBANY, STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK

Courier UNIVERSITY ART MUSEUM, UNIVERSITY AT ALBANY



Leona Christie/Gavin Christie/Daniela Comani
Lee Etheredge IV/Ann Hamilton/William Kentridge
Matt Liddle/Elena del Rivero/Allyson Strafella
Ignacio Uriarte/Xu Bing

Courier

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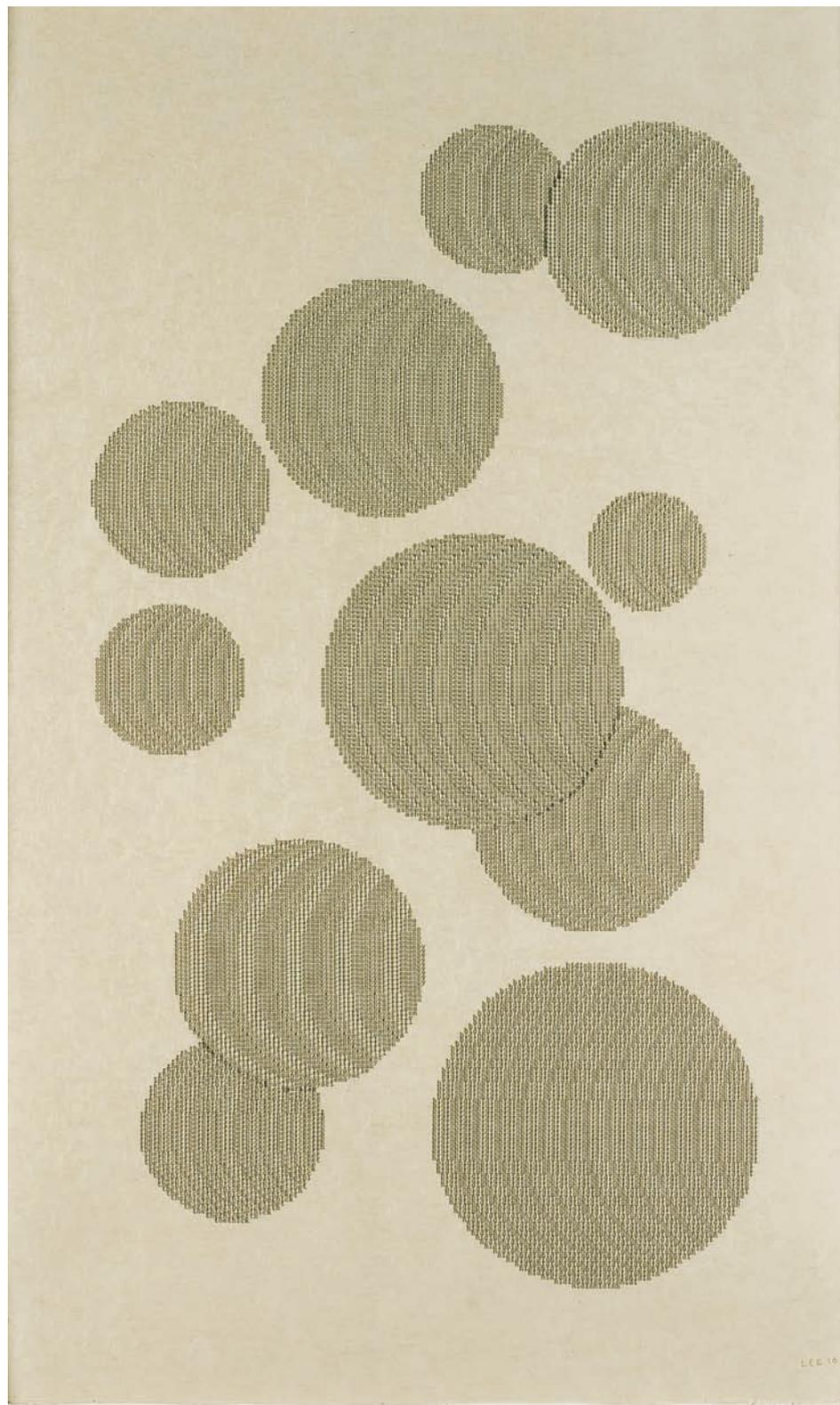
October 5 through December 4, 2010
Corinna Ripps Schaming, curator

University Art Museum
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Lee Etheredge IV
potomac circle prime, 2010
Typewriting on Japanese paper
27 x 16½ inches
Collection of Joel Kades

Foreword

I have heard a lot of typewriter stories over the past year; it seems that just about everyone has one. While many relate to professional or work situations, they are just as frequently deeply personal stories, distant memories, family legends, or little-known historical facts. On a college campus, I find myself wondering if some of the younger members of our academic community have ever even seen a typewriter. I do know that for students, “keying” sometimes seems as much a part of life as breathing, and that the typewriter’s legacy of the “qwerty” keyboard appears to be here to stay.

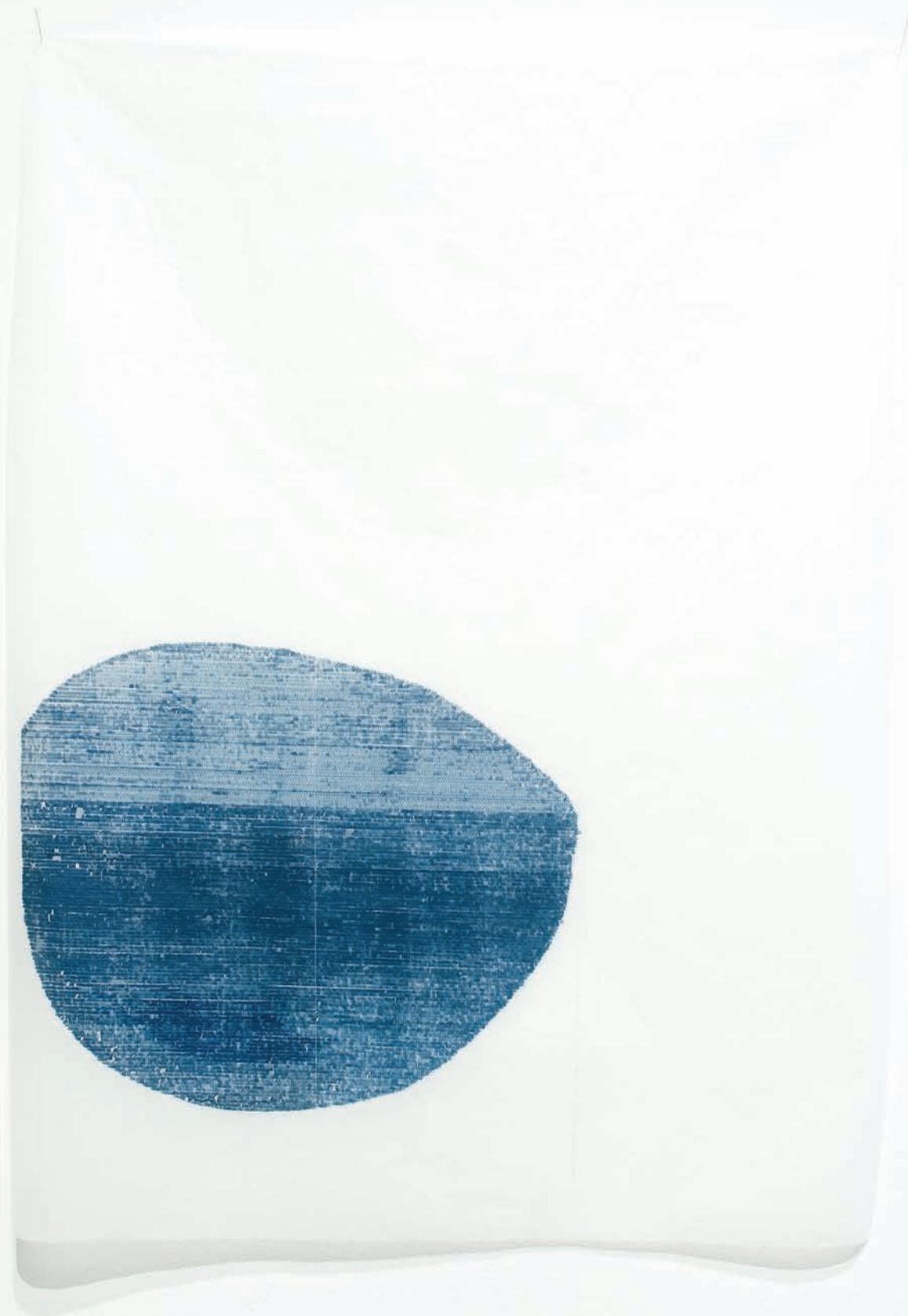
Courier has sparked a great deal of interest, and I am indebted to Corinna Ripps Schaming for the splendid idea behind the exhibition and for her meticulous research and care in bringing that idea to life. The project, which required complex installations and video presentations, drew on the skills of the entire Museum staff. I am continually impressed by their problem-solving abilities and their willingness to put in extra effort and hours to get the job done.

I am grateful to University at Albany President George M. Philip and to Provost and Vice President for Academic Affairs Susan D. Phillips for their ongoing support of the Museum and its programs. Associate Vice President for Academic Affairs William B. Hedberg is a generous and supportive advocate.

Our exhibition supporters made *Courier* possible, and I am deeply appreciative. Without the support of the Center for Jewish Studies, University Auxiliary Services, the Ellsworth Kelly Foundation, and The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, the exhibition and catalogue could not have been realized. It is humbling to reflect on how much help has been generously given to the project along the way, and I can only express sincere thanks to Jamie Boyle at Ann Hamilton Studio; Brad Bunzey; Jasmine Burns; Juan Canela at NoguerasBlanchard; Jeanne Finley; Kathleen Flynn at Dieu Donné; Gary Gold, Anne McIlleron and Natalie Dembo at William Kentridge Studio; Sina Najafi at *Cabinet*; Barry Sanders; James Siena; Susan J. Swenson at Pierogi; and Casey Tang at Xu Bing Studio; and lenders Cristina Enriquez-Bocobo and Michael Kantrow; and Joel Kades.

And of course, my grateful thanks go to the eleven artists included in *Courier*. They have given us some of the most absorbing and thought-provoking typewriter stories, and have allowed us the distinct privilege of bringing them together to share with you.

Janet Riker
Director



What in the World Would a Typewriter Have To Do with a Painting?

James Siena

One of my oldest friends, also an artist, began (in 1985) writing letters to me on a manual typewriter. His name is Dan Schmidt. Dan is an excellent typist, and his letters, numbering upwards of 200, are all stored together in a box in my studio. I have to admit that I write less consistently, but while he was away from New York for about ten of the past twenty-five years, we kept up a good correspondence. Now he's back in the city, and sadly we have settled for e-mail most of the time, with the occasional (meaning: real typewritten) letter reacting to a work or an exhibition we've seen, or had, reminding us what real correspondence should be.

Letter writing is a dying art, even with e-mail keeping the candle burning. I still love the thrill of seeing a letter from Dan in my mailbox—it's only he, or my Uncle Bob from Reno, who writes to me that way anymore. I remember Uncle Bob asking me if I'd mind sending him a letter sometime telling him some stories and anecdotes about my late parents, who both died too young: my mother at forty-three, my father at fifty-five. I had just purchased a Royal Electric machine with a 27-inch carriage (used for typing spreadsheets), in fantastic working order. A machine like this isn't like a Selectric, with the famous rotating golf ball element, nor is it a daisy wheel machine. It's basically a manual with something called a Power Roller, a cylinder that spins, and when a key is depressed it picks up a knurled part that throws the typebar against the platen with consistent, lovely force, allowing the typist to pound a little less. I sat down and typed—for almost an entire day—page after single-spaced page. And sent it off to Reno. No file saving, no scanning, no carbon copies. I miss that letter, but I realize it was for Uncle Bob, not for me. And using the machine, not the computer, made my mind focus in a way that computer keyboards don't. We hit backspace or delete every few seconds, it seems; we don't always think of complete

Allyson Strafella
portal, 2010
Custom type from customized typewriter
and blue carbon paper on paper
36 x 28 inches
Courtesy of the artist

sentences before we set them down (by the way, I'm typing this on a laptop). I love the slow labor of typing and what it does to my mind. And I have Dan Schmidt to thank for that.

Twelve years ago, enclosed in one of his letters, I found a copy of an article from *The Atlantic Monthly* about a man who still repaired and sold typewriters in New York. His name was Martin Tytell (he died in 2008). He was so well known for his expertise that letters addressed only to "Mr. Typewriter, New York" found their way to his shop. So I went to see him, and eventually had a couple of machines repaired there, and, after he retired, befriended his son Peter, who took over the space for his forensic document examination business. It was there that Peter sold me the wide-carriage Royal Electric and quite a few other machines, along with some wonderful old boxes of paper and some juicy silk ribbons made exactly to fit some of my machines.

I now have a collection of typewriters that numbers around a hundred. For a few years I got involved with a group of collectors (many of whom are retired typewriter repair and office supply people) and learned about the early years of the typewriter. I learned of the Sholes and Glidden, the Malling Hansen, the Postal, the Yost, the Fitch, the Oliver, the Williams, the Hammond, the Mignon, and the Blickensderfer, to name only a few. These were machines produced by what we'd now call startups, small companies that saw the opportunity to get a piece of this new market. And the mechanisms designed in those early years, between 1874 and 1900 or so, were astonishingly complex, and at times almost comically bizarre. Many of these machines worked in such a way that the operator could not see the letters on the page as they were being typed! Imagine a typist trained to work with almost no mistakes, unable to see his/her work—that was typical of the early period. On some machines, though, there was a way to check on one's work by lifting the platen assembly for a moment, then returning it to working position. I fell in love with these early machines, and actually bought some of them, though they can fetch very high prices these days.

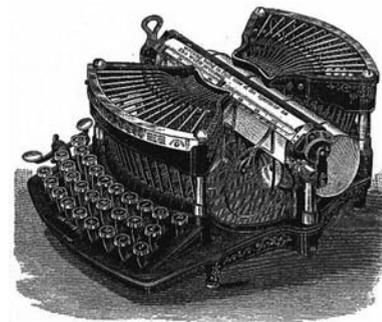
Apart from the intricacy of the mechanisms themselves, another element that appeals to me is their ingenious external design and the elegant and strange cases made specifically for them. Oddly shaped and bent-wood boxes with curious latches, sheet metal covers with wooden bases and wire or leather handles and strange lettering—all are features of early typewriter design. Difference and sameness, two elements of my artmaking, are essential attributes of typewriter design; the early period is rife with glorious "failures" that are amazing to behold. But my interest extends to the modern era as well. I love Olivetti machines and IBM machines, for very different reasons, of course—Olivettis being beautiful and IBMs



Martin Tytell, *The New York Times* obituary
PHOTO: Patrick Burns, *The New York Times*



Blickensderfer 5 from the collection of Richard Polt.



Williams typewriter, model 1 curved
IMAGE: officemuseum.com

being functional—but each company produced models that were wildly successful and important to the overall history. I keep an IBM Selectric II plugged in and ready in my studio for occasional notes and for addressing envelopes. It never lets me down.

It's been surprisingly difficult, though, to get my head around the typed art object. I have yet to attempt a work made on the typewriter, though it's likely one will emerge from my fingers someday. Perhaps I'm intimidated by some of the works I've seen: the grids and patterns made by Carl Andre in the early Sixties are among my favorite works of the period. He brings visuality, poetry, history, and meaning together in a remarkably modest way, though his range is ambitious and wide. Andre literalizes the space between thought and the grid. Here are his words from 1973–75:

A mechanical typewriter is essentially a grid and you cannot evade that. And so it really came from the typewriter that I used the grid, rather than from the grid to the typewriter...I have used the typewriter as a machine or lathe or saw, to apply letters on the page. I really do feel very tactile using a typewriter. I can still only type with one finger but that made each operation of typing a very machine-like act. It was like actually embossing or applying physical impressions onto a page, almost as if I had a chisel and was making a cut or a die and making a mark on metal.

Typewriters aren't alive, but they come to life in the hands of the typist. Paintings, and all other art objects, aren't living things either, but they require a viewer to "activate" them. My own work is generally quite intricate and can be regarded as a sort of visual machine, one that quite literally is brought into action by the one who looks at it, and, in thinking about what he/she sees, finds a way into its making and its purpose. I'm dedicated to making complex, wide-ranging visual art objects that, while made by hand, evidence a consistent and complete working structure: a two-dimensional machine. In thinking about typewriters, I'm reminded of the value of innovation and invention, of revision and refinement. It's ironic, I suppose, that a machine can inspire such flights of fancy, but in these days of ever-present technology and the Web, the distinction between us and our tools is in a state of flux. We are becoming part of what we create, and in so doing we re-create ourselves. That's the typewriter's legacy.



James Siena
Two Sequences, 2009
Anamel on aluminum
19¼ x 15½ inches
Photograph by Kerry Ryan McFate,
courtesy The Pace Gallery
©James Siena, courtesy The Pace Gallery

James Siena's work is held in numerous important public and private collections across the United States, including The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; the Museum of Modern Art, New York; the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art; and the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. He lives and works in New York City and western Massachusetts.

Bang the Keys Swiftly: Type-Writers and Their Discontents

Barry Sanders

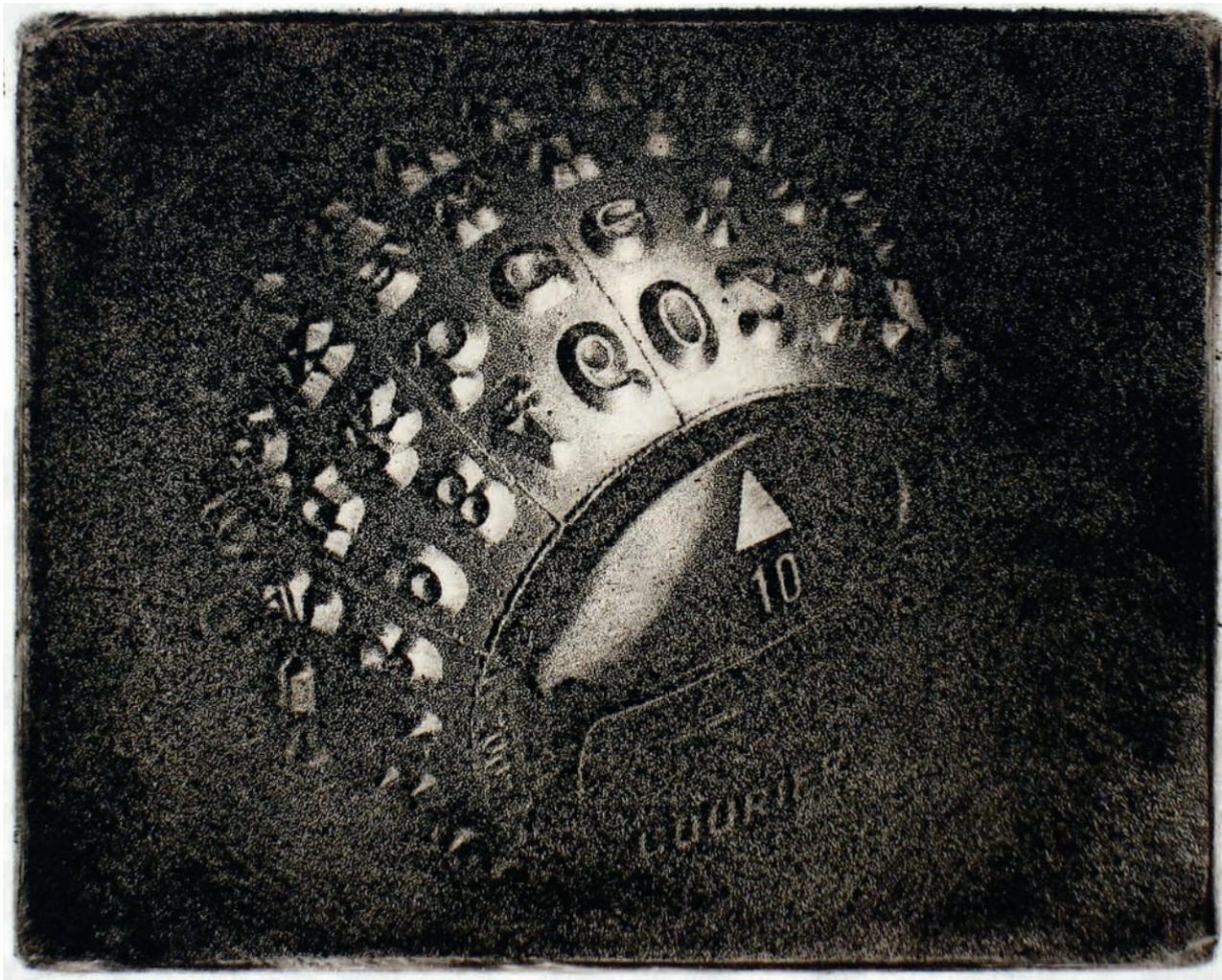
This essay was first published in *Cabinet* (No. 8, Fall 2002).

It may be mere accident, but one moment in the history of mechanization in this country makes clear the great hold that death has on writing. That's one reason—unconscious, no doubt—that Christopher Latham Sholes, a Milwaukee businessman and Wisconsin legislator, took his design for a typing machine directly to Philo Remington, the president of E. Remington and Sons and son of the founder, Eliphalet. The convergence between rifles and writing machines proved a natural one for Remington, for the firm could easily utilize its rifle-stamping equipment to make the linking and tripping mechanisms for the new typewriter.¹ They signed a contract on the spot on March 1, 1873.

A year and a half later, in September 1874, E. Remington and Sons, one of America's premier firearms manufacturers, offered for sale the first American, not wholly practical, Type-Writer. That partnership, between Remington and Sholes, brought together the first two amendments to the Constitution—the freedom to express oneself, and the right to bear arms—and delivered them to the marketplace as one integrated commodity. Remington Typewriters and Remington Firearms separated operations in 1886.

Despite all the hype, Remington did poorly with its new product. Out of an initial run of some one thousand machines, the company sold only four hundred. For one thing, people found the new invention too odd, too cumbersome, and too disorienting for daily use. But what turned most people away had to do with its most curious feature: The keys struck the bottom of the platen, on the underside of the paper, preventing the writer from seeing what he or she had just written. Here was blindness piled upon blindness, for while the author, under the best of conditions, can never see the reader, he or she could at least survey the sentences as each word came into view.² Reading is, after all, an essential part of writing. It took an astonishingly long time, almost 25 years after the Remington II, for typists to be able to see what they had written at the moment they wrote it. Underwood made that possible with a revolutionary change in technology in 1897.

But how well the Type-Writer functioned mattered little to a real lover of Yankee ingenuity like Mark Twain, who always found the new-fangled fascinating. In fact, he loved the idea of mechanization so much that he invested an enormous sum, over \$200,000, in a



Matt Liddle
Font Ball, 2010
Photopolymer etching
4 x 5 inches
Courtesy of the artist

commercial venture called the Paige Typesetting Machine. A dismal failure, the scheme left Twain nearly broke. But definitely not broken. When he lost his way with Paige, Twain grabbed hold of the Remington Type-Writer, buying one of the new machines the moment they went on sale. A few months later, on December 2, 1874, he typed his first letter, to his brother, Orion. The letter is marked by many errors—I don't know if it's fair to call them typos quite yet—but as a document in the history of writing in America the letter pays homage to a new, modern ingredient—*speed*:

I am trying to get the hang of this new-fangled writing machine, but I am not making a shining success of it. However, this is the first attempt I have ever made and yet I perceive I shall soon and easily acquire a fine facility in its use. ...One chiefly needs swiftness in banging the keys. ...I believe it will print faster than I can write. One may lean back in his chair and work it. It piles an awful stack of words on one page. It don't muss things or scatter ink blots around. Of course it saves paper.³

Four years later, in 1883, Twain delivered the first typescript for publication in America, *Life on the Mississippi*.⁴ Twain *bangs* the keys—swiftly. For Remington's levers, links, and triggers had made the typewriter resemble in kinetic spirit a kind of machine gun. Making writing rapid-fire, Remington turned a rather staid and quiet activity—writing—into one dominated by force and noise and physical effort. Sharp, metal characters smashed themselves against a platen, hitting with enough percussive force so that each letter impressed itself deeply into the paper. By 1881, with the introduction of the Remington II, a faster machine than its predecessor, sales exploded. From 1881 to 1890, typists increased in number from 5,000 to 33,400; and by 1900, according to census figures, America could boast 112,600 typists and stenographers. A good typist developed a distinctive rhythm, clacking out line after continuous line. A truly fast typist commanded attention. And respect. And sometimes even suspicion. At the Rosenberg spy trial in 1952, the prosecuting attorney sharpened the government's case against Ethel Rosenberg by asking the jury to visualize the female, Jewish suspect sitting behind her typewriter, "hitting the keys, blow by blow, against her own country in the interest of the Soviets."⁵

Remington and Sons expanded into writing machines at the very moment when America began developing a true gun culture. Guns simply became commonplace, selling so well, in fact, that Remington did not really need the extra business. No gun manufacturer did. Between 1860 and 1871, Remington, Colt, and a few other firms filed nearly 500 patents for firearms-related innovations. In an even more perverse bit of timing, Remington pushed mechanized



A Sholes & Glidden typewriter from the 1870s, the model used by Mark Twain. Courtesy Darryl Rehr

writing in the midst of this country's craze for standardized handwriting.⁶

In the decades following the Civil War, penmanship manuals, devised by so-called experts like A.N. Palmer and Platt Rogers Spencer, made their way into virtually every public and private school. These primers directed elementary school pupils to inscribe line after line of circles, ovals, loops, inverse curls, and curves, requiring students to break down each letter into its aesthetic, constituent parts and learn those strokes by heart before they could ever execute one single, unified letter.

Against a backdrop of increasing mechanization, with flywheels and table lathes spinning at ever faster rpms, 19th-century pedagogy viewed handwriting, a painstakingly slow process, as one certain way of uplifting the soul and disciplining the mind of America's youth. Forming alphabetic characters helped form one's own character by providing moral self-improvement and physical self-control. Though he believed "the sublime and beautiful in nature" provided the shapes for every writing system, Spencer conceptualized the letters in the most arcane and convoluted terms. Consider his instruction to the teacher for making the letter Q: "This letter is made up of parts of Element IV, Fourth Principle, and Elements I, II, and IV, its length below the base line exactly three-fourths the length of the G below its base line."⁷

These systems persisted into the 1950s when I was at school. In the end, though, despite all the highfalutin language and technical jargon, penmanship was handwork—subject to sloppiness, illegibility, tending toward cramped and crabbed scribbles and smudges. Like many other youngsters in America, while reproducing those endless strings of perfect loops and curves, I decided that when I grew up my maturity would be reflected in a distinctive, and therefore altogether illegible, handwriting. In secret, I practiced my signature until it looked sufficiently odd, wholly idiosyncratic, and more important, totally and absolutely indecipherable. I use it to this day.

When a child dropped the pencil box and took up the typewriter, all that disorder and disarray vanished. On its way to becoming what Marshall McLuhan called a machine that "fuses composition and publication, (the typewriter prompted)...an entirely new attitude to the written and printed word."⁸ As each key drew an exact bead on an exact spot on a blank piece of paper, writing took on the clarity of a kill—every letter landing fully formed, leaving a dark, permanent trace like a powder burn. In cursive, one saw something of the writer revealed in his or her hand. Typing wiped all that out—killed it off. Immediately.⁹

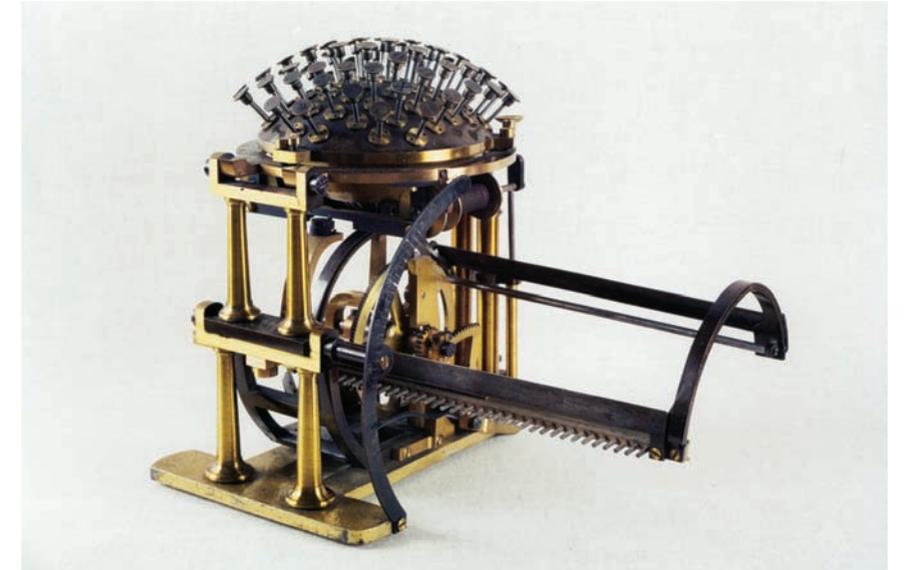
The typewriter was a machine in a way that the pencil or the pen was obviously not. No one would ever ask an author, "How

many words a minute do you write?" But people do, as a matter of course, ask that question about typing. For typing is a skill in itself, requiring manual dexterity and a degree of hand/eye coordination. One can refine and master it through practice. The typewriter, by definition, mechanizes writing, the way the rifle mechanizes killing. The cold metal of a rifle or a typewriter insinuates itself between a person and his or her passion. A pen and a knife both have a distinctive immediacy. Both can be deadly. With his usual Dust Bowl brilliance, Woody Guthrie warned that in an America already in deep Depression, you've got to watch your back *and* front, for "some men will kill you with a shotgun, and some with a fountain pen."

While it may not be handheld, the typewriter is still a gutsy machine—noisy and noticeable. You can see damned near all its innards at work: in a 1950s Underwood or an Olivetti, say, about 2,000 moving parts. Talk about it, and you find yourself having to use words like *hitting* and *striking*. A portable is particularly tough and rugged, just right for someone like Ernie Pyle, the World War II correspondent sending word back home from his gritty foxhole in Africa, Europe, or the South Pacific.

Compared with the typewriter, the word processor is a machine for the pacific and faint-of-heart—so quiet, so plastic, so good at concealing its internal workings, so iMac-stylish with its streamlined, pastel-colored carcass. The PC is not mechanical. The keys hook up to nothing. No striking. No hitting. No resistance. A genteel, eviscerated experience. The screen's the thing, designed for writing with light, for making entire paragraphs vanish instantaneously. The PC conjures a world so ghostly, so ethereal, that it renders moot the whole idea of death and writing. It's as if one were already depressing keys from the other side. While displacement and rearrangement are PC hallmarks, the most feeble function, by far, is the key marked *Delete*. Oh sure, one can delete every letter on the screen in a millisecond, but the really tough problem, the real stickler, centers on how to get rid of the machine itself, the entire electronic corpse. Disposal has turned into a toxic nightmare. America sends fifty to eighty percent of its electronic waste to China, India, Pakistan, or other so-called developing nations. (The EPA estimates that between 1997 and 2004, 315 million computers will end up on some country's scrap heap, generating toxic waste.) Each color computer contains four to eight pounds of lead that leaches into drinking water. An EPA report, "Exporting Harm: The Techno-Trashing of Asia," tells of young children dismantling electronic gear, burning plastic wires, using acid to retrieve gold, opening toner cartridges, melting soldered circuit boards, and cracking and dumping cathode tubes loaded with lead, to extract the small bits of copper. The Basel Convention, a 1989 United Nations treaty, tries to limit the amount of exported

Nietzsche's typewriter, an 1867 Malling Hansen Writing Ball. Courtesy Stiftung Weimarer Klassik, Goethe-Schiller-Archiv



hazardous waste. The United States remains the only developed nation that has continually refused to sign.

Of course, something is gained with word processing, but one thing lost is the Remington charge of writing—the banging out, like Twain, of letters—A B C—so matter of fact they refuse to be nudged out of place. Thus Henry James, dictating to his secretary, Mrs. Theodora Bosanquet, could boast of writing "Remingtonese" and, on his deathbed, would ask for the typewriter to be brought close by so he could hear its reassuring rata-tat-tat.¹⁰

The typewriter pushed writing in a new direction by creating words at some remove from the hand. Friedrich Kittler describes that displacement as "the irruption of the mechanism in the realm of the word."¹¹ The "irruption" is wholesale, affecting not just the writing, but the person pushing the keys as well. When women began to enter the office, typing the words crafted by others, most notably men, the word *typewriter* referred to both the person and the machine—a sport of language, perhaps, but also rather telling, for every tool shapes the hand. Nietzsche takes the idea one step further or deeper: "Our writing tools are also working on our thoughts."¹²

In 1882, in almost total blindness, Nietzsche knew he needed such a device if he were to continue writing. After some research, he settled on an early European typewriter, the Malling Hansen Writing Ball, so named because of its circular array of keys. As with Remington's machine, the arrangement of the keys on the Malling Hansen blocked the writer's view of the writing. Nietzsche did not care. In fact, it offered him a choice—either to learn the keyboard, or hire a secretary. Like Henry James, he chose to become a

dictator. In his blindness, Nietzsche takes us truly close to what we might call the disembodied word. Because he could not see his own words—not during or after composition—or his secretary, or the machine itself, Kittler says of him that he introduced “a writing that is solely the materiality of its medium.”¹³ It’s as if his own secretary, Lou von Salomé, became adept at snatching Nietzsche’s sounds out of the air—from speech—and holding them fast as words on paper, *his* rhythms made visible through *her* punctuation. Was Nietzsche writing? Surely he was, but not in the same way as one who composes on the typewriter, and certainly not as one who composes by hand. But what wonderful levels he reveals here—from full sight, to mechanical blindness, to actual blindness. Levels of thinking, too; levels of inking thought.

The typewriter is a coyote contraption, elusive and unpredictable. It can put your eyes out, eradicate your personality, persuade with its polish. Those qualities suited master tricksters like Twain, Nietzsche, and even Henry James just fine. Twain’s second effort on the machine in March 1875 is a testimonial requested by the Remington Company, in which he lies, in fairly presentable fashion, about nearly everything. In fact, typing looks so damned official, provides such good cover, I wager it made Twain stretch the truth even more:

Gentlemen: Please do not use my name in any way. Please do not even divulge the fact that I own a machine. I have entirely stopped using the Type-Writer, for the reason that I never could write a letter with it to anybody without receiving a request by return mail that I would not only describe the machine but state what progress I had made in the use of it, etc., etc. I don’t like to write letters, and so I don’t want people to know that I own this curiosity breeding little joker.¹⁴

Just a decade after the Civil War, a giant of the Industrial Revolution, E. Remington and Sons, offered Americans a constitutional choice—a rifle or a writing machine. I do not know how many people bought both. More of them, I know, bought rifles. But the typewriter, for a time, outstripped the gun. The manual typewriter gave way, of course, to the electric, the Correcting Selectric, and finally to the ubiquitous word processor. Nowadays, the manual is a relic of a forgotten world, recognizable and appreciated only by older people and antique dealers. The writer Larry McMurtry discovered just how archaic a machine it had become when he recently tried to board a plane with his old portable. The security guard, having never seen such an oddity, believed his X-ray monitor (the height of “seeing”) had turned up a lethal weapon, perhaps a bomb, and asked him to step out of line for questioning.

I have written this essay on an IBM Correcting Selectric III, with a

Barry Sanders is writer-in-residence at Pacific Northwest College of Art in Portland, Oregon. He is the author of *Unsuspecting Souls: The Disappearance of the Human Being* (Counterpoint Press, 2009) and *The Green Zone: The Environmental Costs of Militarism* (AK Press, 2009).

Prestige Elite 96 element. I bought it for \$25 some 10 years ago when a law firm went out of business. There are typos, I am sure (Yes, there were, but we retyped the piece and hopefully fixed all the typos. Sorry. Eds.). Even after proofreading it several times, I am certain some typos remain (Alas, no more. Eds.). That’s the nature of typing—*my* typing. Even though I have done it a long time. I got my first typewriter when I turned thirteen, an Underwood Portable with carrying case. Over the years, I have owned quite a few of them—all manuals. The manual is to the Selectric as the acoustic guitar is to the Stratocaster. They booed Dylan when he went electric. Sometimes, I, too, think I made a mistake.

FOOTNOTES

- 1 Friedrich A. Kittler points out that weapons manufacturers such as Mauser, Manufacture d’Armes de Paris, and the German Weapons and Ammunitions Factory (DWF) all turned to producing “civil writing instruments.” See his *Gramophone, Film, Typewriter*, trans. Geoffrey Winthrop-Young and Michael Wutz (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1999), p. 190.
- 2 The earliest European inventors of typewriters intended their machines for the blind or deaf.
- 3 Quoted in Bruce Bliven, Jr., *The Wonderful Writing Machine* (New York: Random House, 1954), p. 61. Emphasis added.
- 4 According to Twain’s autobiography, he typed the manuscript of *Tom Sawyer* (1876), but the Herkimer County Historical Society in New York maintains that Twain confused *Tom Sawyer* with *Life on the Mississippi*. See Bliven, p. 62.
- 5 In a 1941 Jean Cocteau play, a detective pursues a woman who calls herself “the typewriter.” The detective “imagines the culprit at work at her typewriter, aiming and operating the machine gun.”
- 6 For a general history of gun manufacture and ownership in this country, see Michael Bellesilles, *Arming America: The Origins of a National Gun Culture* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2000). On the history of handwriting, see Tamara Plakins Thornton, *Handwriting in America: A Cultural History* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1996).
- 7 See Thornton, p. 42.
- 8 Marshall McLuhan, *Understanding Media: The Extensions of Man* (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1964), p. 228.
- 9 In 1889, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle published “A Case of Identity,” in which Sherlock Holmes solves a crime by determining that a series of love letters all came from the same typewriter. He does this by noticing that certain characters seem to have worn differently from others: The I had a slight nick, say, the e a tiny crack, and so on. He concludes that a “typewriter has really quite as much individuality as a man’s handwriting.” See *The Best of Sherlock Holmes*, H.R.F. Keating, ed. (London: J. M. Dent and Sons, 1992), p. 32. Pleased by his discovery, Holmes tells Watson that he may in fact write a monograph “on the typewriter and its relation to crime.” I can only assume he would have typed it out.
- 10 See Montgomery Hyde, *Henry James at Home* (London: Oxford University Press, 1996).
- 11 Kittler, p. 199.
- 12 I rely on Kittler for details about Nietzsche and his affairs with the typing machine.
- 13 Kittler, p. 208.
- 14 Quoted in Bliven, Jr., p. 62.



Allyson Strafella
loadstone (detail), 2009
Typed colons transferred from blue
transfer paper on paper
10½ x 8 inches
Courtesy of the artist

Just a Touch Away

Corinna Ripps Schaming

Curator

What is it about the obsolete technology of the typewriter that continues to capture the contemporary imagination? The exhibition *Courier* presents eleven visual artists who have created works that are rooted in the physical, communicative, or iconic properties of the typewriter or in the act of typing itself, and who explore the ideas surrounding text- and language-based art from an expanded perspective, moving beyond words into the realm of touch and sound.

Several artists present work that references the typewriter as a touchstone to history; others explore the properties of a specific typewriter. The IBM Selectric and the IBM Wheelwriter are the principal mark-making tools for two of the artists, while another makes drawings on a reconfigured typewriter with an extended carriage and invented alphabet. For some, the physical act of typing serves to chart the passage of time; for others, typing affords the opportunity to record thoughts, embed memories, or send messages. Two artists revive the distinct mechanical sounds of the typewriter in short films that underscore the complex relationship between man and machine in the last century, while another presents a computer project activated by typing on a keyboard reprogrammed with the artist's own "language of icons."

While the word "courier" may, for some viewers, conjure up images of the Courier font, for others it might suggest a messenger who brings important news from one source to another, or a diplomat, or perhaps a spy...at the very least, a knowing guide who assists the uninitiated tourist. Thus the typewriter, once the principal tool by which to record a vortex of historical events, is now a messenger bearing news of cultural change; the typewriter's road to obsolescence is shared by both machines and humans alike. The artists of *Courier* ask: how much are we willing to hold onto the past as a way of navigating the future, and how much of the past are we willing to let go or suppress because it impedes progress? Conversely, the knowledge of obsolescence, which is never very far away in *Courier*, allows the enormity of history to be reduced to an intimate act of typing, one letter at a time. One needs only to glance at any teenager—cell phone in hand, thumbs feverishly tapping away—to realize that the physical act of typing has become a 24/7 activity, perhaps more vital now than ever, and that typing as a means to

stay in touch with each other and with the world can take place anytime, anywhere.

Probably the most surprising thing about *Courier* is the flexibility of form afforded these visual artists by typewriting technology. They tease out new forms from an obsolete machine, and at the same time explore the possibility of creating even newer forms within the fixed parameters of the typewriter keyboard. Type takes the form of an infinitely malleable material, revealing that something so simple can convey complex and resonant results. Though many of the works use text-based elements that give visual form to written thoughts and ideas, words are not meant to be read in the traditional sense; the page becomes the artwork, the thing itself, and the medium truly becomes the message, as Marshall McLuhan said.

The drawn form, for example, allows both artist and viewer to see beyond the limitations of conventional drawing through use of repetition and transformation; the layering and accumulation of words, punctuation, and text create a more expansive meaning. Language is broken down into its various components, and the twenty-six letters of the alphabet become drawing elements. Arrays of letters are chosen for ink density or curvilinear shape, which in turn can determine larger shape, physical orientation to space, and placement on the page. Thus language is perceived by the eye as well as by the mind, a free-form synesthesia generated by the deliberate exploitation of the typewriter's mechanical technology to achieve an effect that is literally greater than the sum of its parts.

The auditory aspects of the typewriter—an embedded memory that does not often surface in our computer-silent world—are used by a few of the *Courier* artists as repetitive musical elements or as nostalgic reminders of a time when both sound and sight allowed us to mark our place in life, as well as on the page. And the typewriter as vehicle for an extended epistolary form allows some of the artists to obsessively explore the letter—another outmoded means of communication—as both personal and universal expression by giving visual form to recollections and often deeply intimate “stories” that perhaps could not be presented in any other way. Type itself becomes a visual landscape, whether individual or collective.

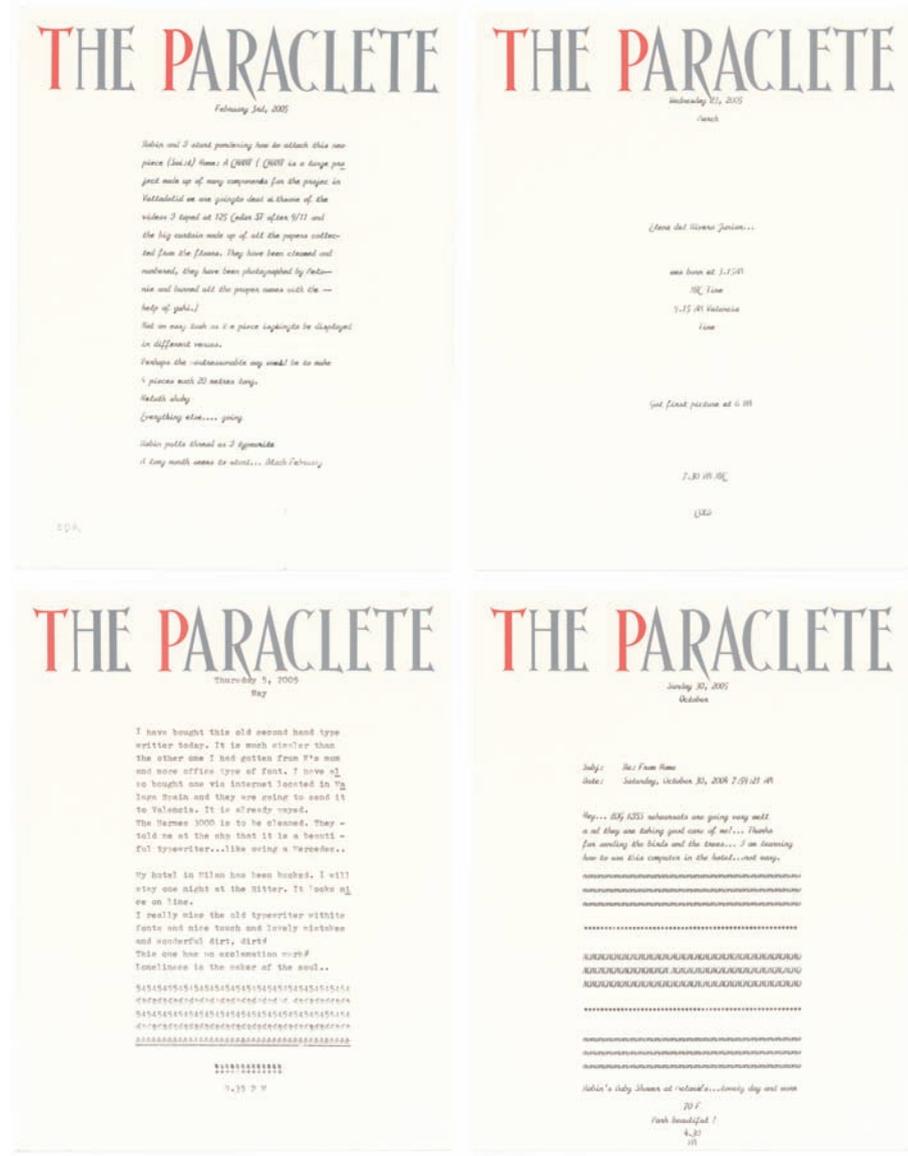
By conflating message and medium, *Courier* explores how an old-fashioned technology continues to fashion and transform both expression and meaning. For each of the artists in *Courier*, the typewriter and/or the act of typing remain a vital conduit by which thoughts and ideas are translated into new visual forms. From emblematic homage to pointed social critique, these works demonstrate that, despite its obsolete status, the typewriter remains a potent carrier of untapped ideas.



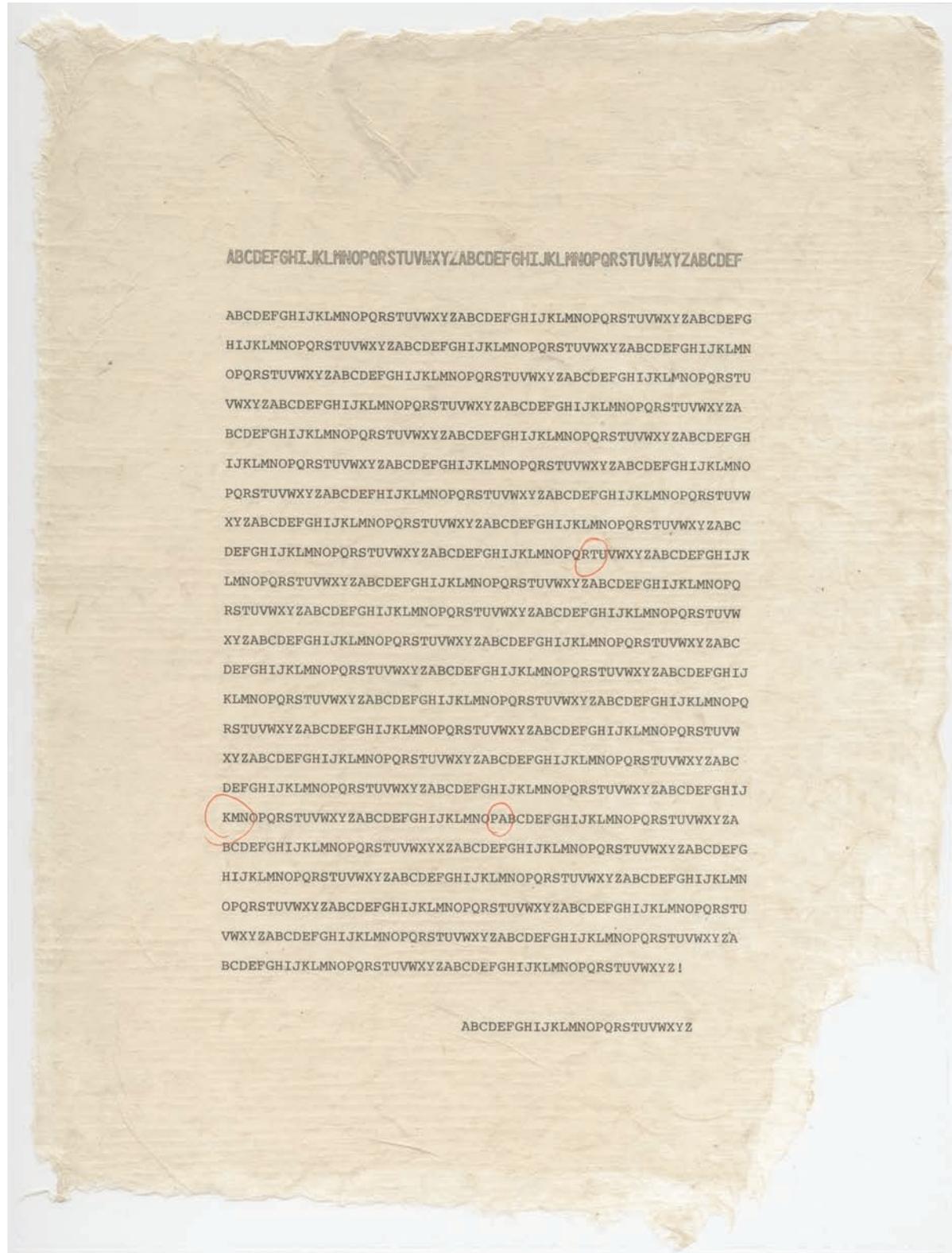
Lee Etheredge IV
near devils den, 2003
Typewriting on photograph
14 x 11 inches
Courtesy of the artist and Pierogi, Brooklyn



William Kentridge
Zeno Writing (film still), 2002
 Film, 12 minutes; black and white; sound
 Courtesy of the artist



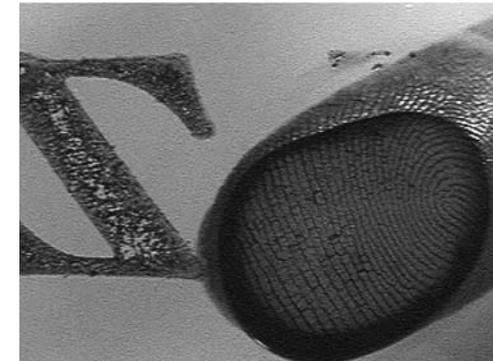
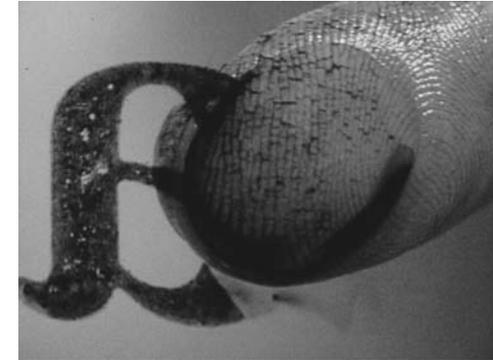
Elena del Rivero
Paraclete Diaries, 2005
 Typewriting on paper with pencil and ink
 4 of 168 pages, 11 x 8 inches each
 Courtesy of the artist



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BCDEFGHIJKLMN OPQRSTUVWXYZ ABCDEFGHIJKLMN OPQRSTUVWXYZ !

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN OPQRSTUVWXYZ



Matt Liddle
Manifesto with Corrections, 2010
Typewriting on handmade paper
13¾ x 10½ inches
Courtesy of the artist

Ann Hamilton
abc (video still), 1994-1999
Single-channel video, 13 minutes,
25 seconds; black and white; silent
Courtesy of the artist



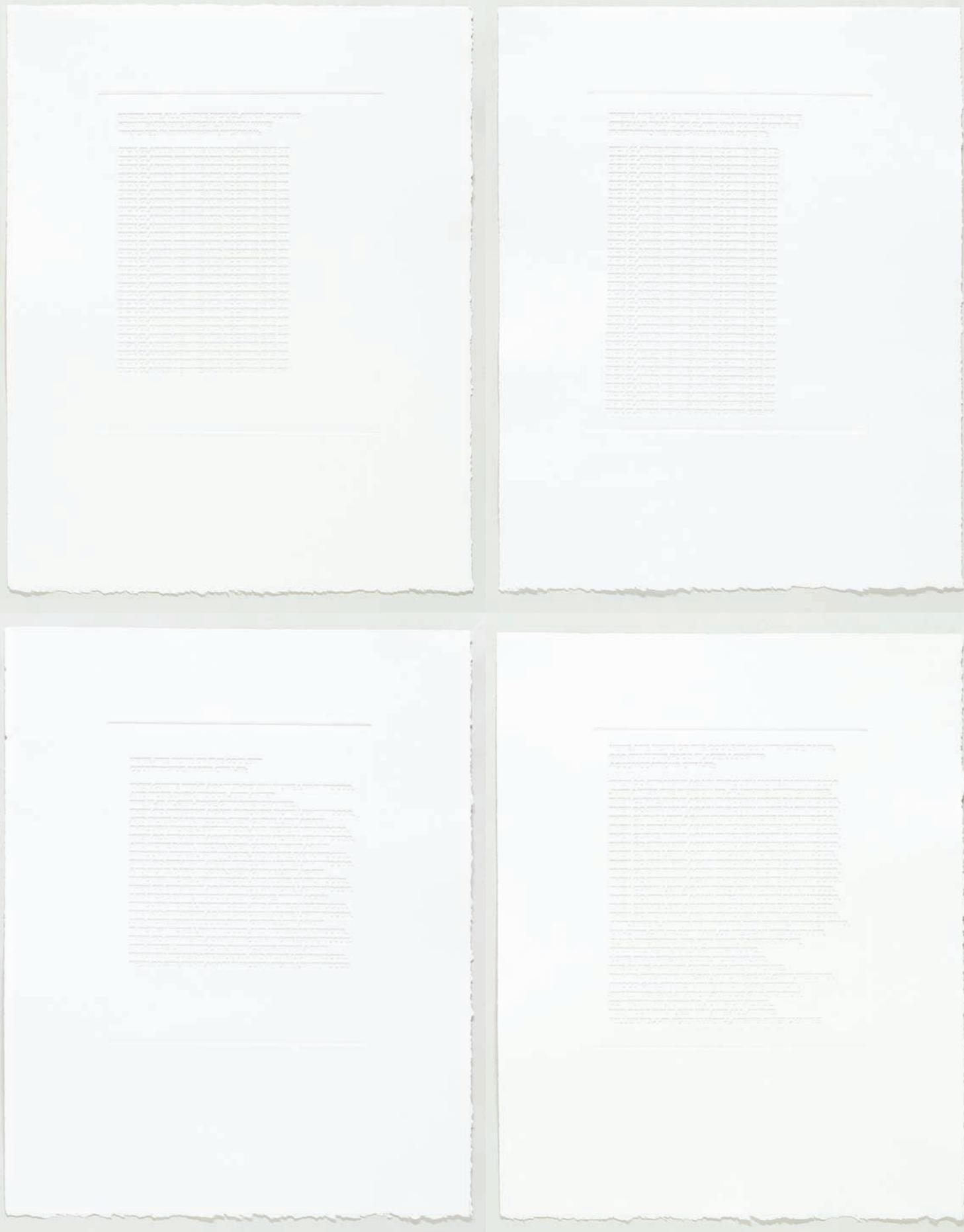
Allyson Strafella
untitled green, 2006
 Typed colons on paper
 8¼ x 4⅞ inches
 Courtesy of the artist



Leona Christie/Gavin Christie
Dark Woods, Light Woods, 2010
 1 of 6 photopolymer engravings
 15 x 12 inches each
 Courtesy of the artists

OVERLEAF:
 Ignacio Uriarte
 Studio session photograph

Lee Etheredge IV
potomac add one (detail), 2009
 Typewriting on Japanese paper
 27 x 16 inches
 Collection of Cristina Enriquez-Bocobo and Michael Kantrow



Leona Christie

Dark Woods, Light Woods and *New Year's Rocking Eve* are a series of embossed prints made from lists, or "projects," typed on a word processor by my autistic savant brother, Gavin Christie. Every day Gavin ritually types dates and directions, organizing memories of time and space, televisual and suburban. In *Dark Woods, Light Woods*, Gavin recalls big-box stores and retail establishments as they appear during a suburban Detroit journey, as well as the traces of "dark woods" and "light woods" remaining in between. *New Year's Rocking Eve* functions as an autobiographical memorial for all the New Year's Eves and days gone by, emphasizing the repetitive structure of both time passing and the act of typing itself. When Gavin types "These Are All the Dick Clark's Rocking New Year's Eve Specials That I Have Watched in Birmingham, Michigan," and lists each episode from 1977 to 2004, he reminds us that the series (for all of us) is a rectangle of unknown length.

Gavin discards and retypes each page from scratch as soon as its content has become obsolete due to the passing of dates or the closing of stores. Periodically, I have rescued and saved piles of lists from an uncertain fate. By transforming a selection of these projects into an archival series under glass, I am ensuring the fate of a small selection, so that the tender absurdity of his practice can be seen and saved.

Leona Christie/Gavin Christie

UPPER:

New Year's Rocking Eve, 2010
2 of 6 photopolymer engravings
15 x 12 inches each

LOWER:

Dark Woods, Light Woods, 2010
2 of 6 photopolymer engravings
15 x 12 inches each

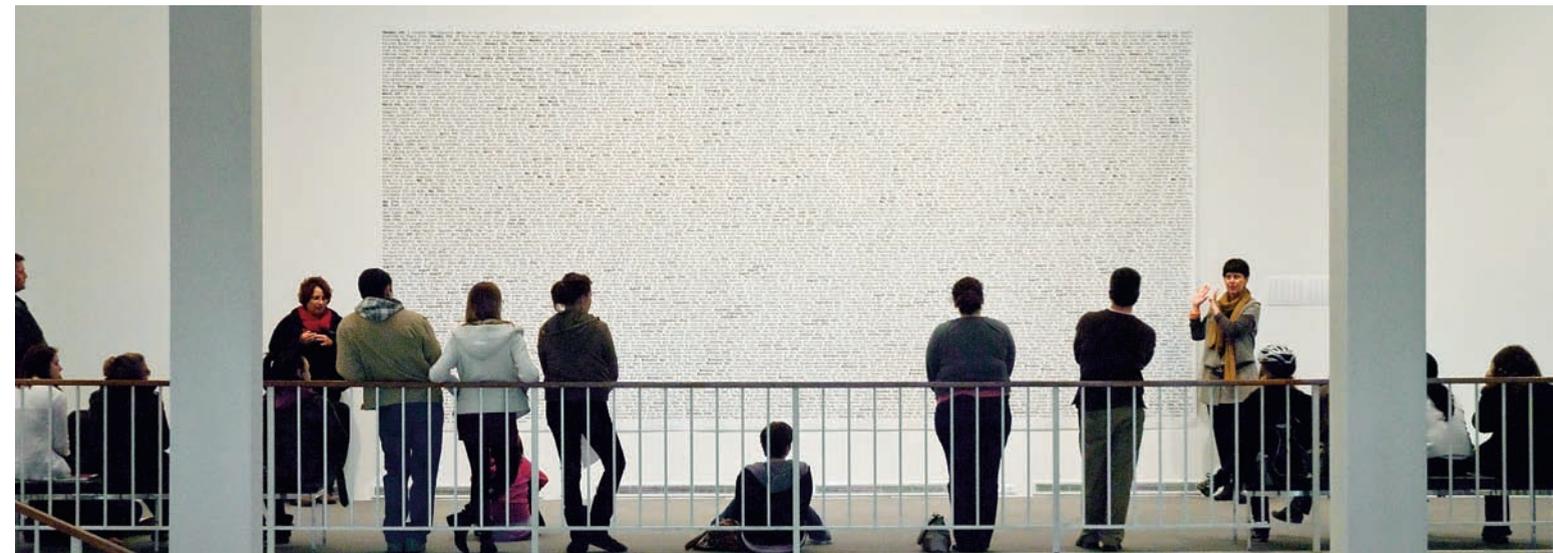
Courtesy of the artists

Daniela Comani

In *It was me. Diary 1900–1999*, Berlin artist Daniela Comani takes on the history of the twentieth century and makes it her own. Written in the first person, she has typed an outsized diary consisting of 365 entries, each a reference to an event that occurred in the twentieth century. At times horrific and at other times humorous, Comani's selection of events runs the gamut from wars, assassinations, kidnappings, and natural disasters to discoveries, inventions, fashion firsts, and entertainment debuts. In a masterful stroke of role-playing, she moves fluidly from one event to the next, casting herself in equal measure as a passive witness, a political activist, a victim, or a perpetrator. In seven entries in the month of January alone, Comani assumes the role of Mussolini announcing the foundation of his dictatorship in Rome (1925); of Elvis Presley recording the single "That's Alright Mamma..." at his own cost (1954); of Sir Ernest Shackleton reaching the South Pole after a fifty-day expedition (1909); of an anonymous survivor of the earthquakes in Kobe and Osaka (1995); and of Nathuram Godse, Gandhi's assassin (1948). Heedless of conventional notions of historical accuracy or chronology, Comani raises important questions about the authorship of history, a linear reading of historic events, and changes in the shape of history dependent upon who forms it. The monotonous and minimal appearance of her personally selected chronicle of events stands in stark contrast to the loaded nature of each of these entries, and serves to underscore the vastness of her efforts, all the while creating a vivid and compelling tapestry of a tumultuous century.

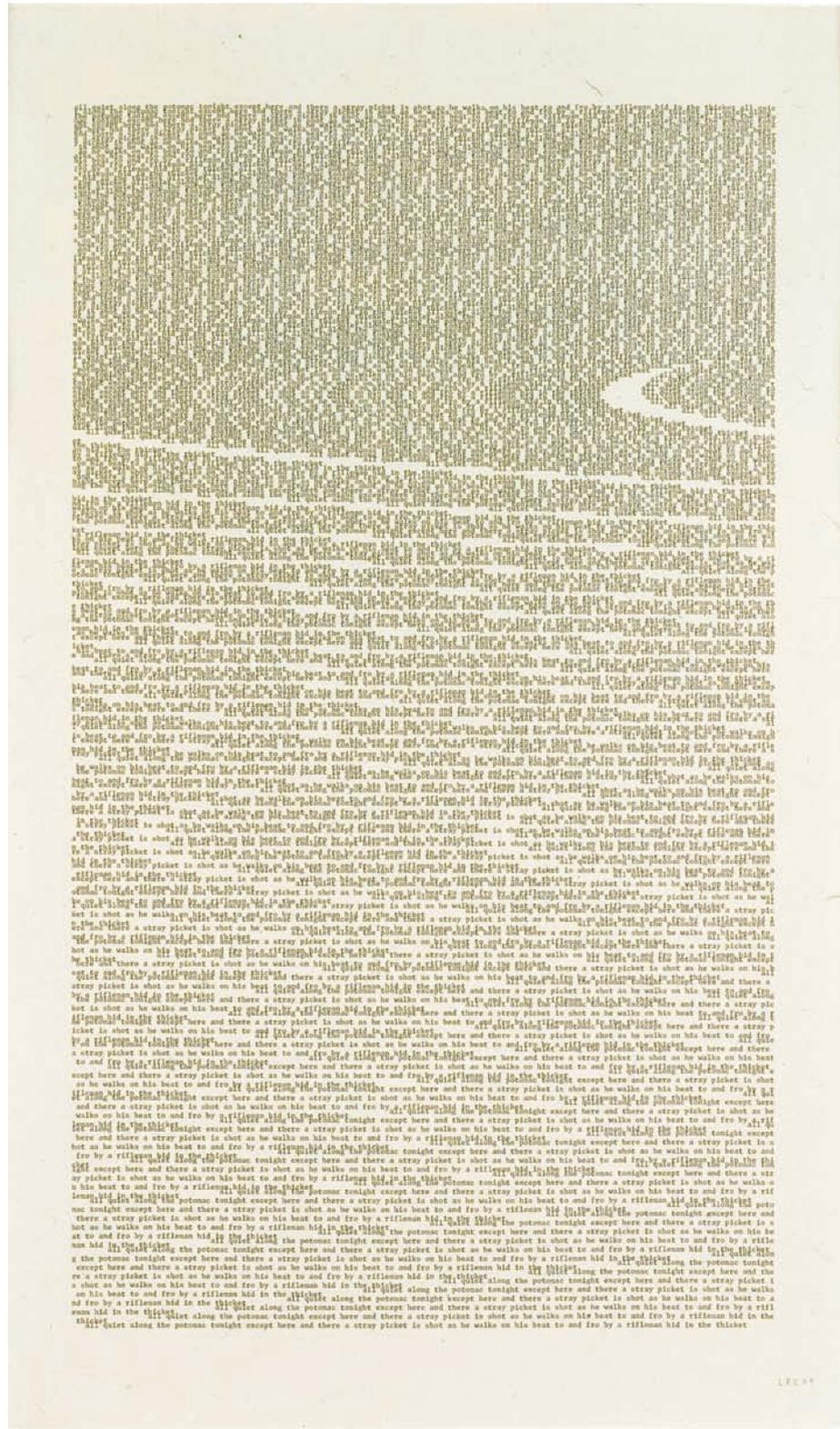
Daniela Comani
It was me. Diary 1900–1999
(installation view), 2002–10
Ink on net vinyl
9½ x 19½ feet
Courtesy of the artist

CRS



January 1st. I found the Communist Party of Germany in Berlin. January 2nd. Berlin. I am able to look into my past. January 3rd. Today I announced the foundation of the dictatorship in Rome. January 4th. I bought the first issue of the magazine Der Spiegel for 1 Reichsmark. January 5th. Today I am in the Théâtre de Babylone in Paris to see the premiere of Samuel Beckett's piece 'Waiting for Godot', directed by Roger Blin. January 6th. In Rome today I opened 'The casa dei bambini' founded by Maria Montessori in the district of San Lorenzo. January 7th. At the end of a 50-day expedition I have reached the South Pole. January 8th. Memphis, USA. In a sound studio, I made a recording at my own cost: the single 'That's All Right Mama', which I intend to give to my mother for her birthday. January 9th. Tokyo. Following the death of my father I have become the new emperor of Japan. January 10th. I am in Berlin for the premiere of the film Metropolis by Fritz Lang. January 11th. I open the Berliner Ensemble at Schumannstrasse in Berlin with the production 'Mutter Courage und ihre Kinder'. January 12th. In Lagos I announce the capitulation of my independent republic Biafra. The 2 1/2 year war costs the lives of 2 million people, 2/3 of them died from malnutrition. January 13th. The Greens become a national party. I am a founding member. January 14th. At 7:20 I left from Berlin on the first trip of the Balkan Express. The trip via Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, Sofia to Constantinople is to take about 50 hours. January 15th. I have been made Queen of Denmark. January 16th. The production, sale and consumption of alcoholic beverages are prohibited in the US. I spent all day pouring kegs of wine and spirits into the canal system. January 17th. Earthquakes in Kobe and Osaka, more than 5000 dead. I am still alive. January 18th. Grade III smoke alarm in Germany: for the first time, motorized road traffic is blocked completely. I go for a walk on the freeway. January 19th. I went to vote. Today, women also were allowed to vote in Germany; the parties in the middle (SPD, Centre, German Democratic Party) receive 3/4 of the majority. January 20th. Here in Ronohang, after three years of construction, I opened the church by Le Corbusier. January 21st. I died of a heart attack in Gorki. January 22nd. I have been accepted as the first female member of the Académie Française. January 23rd. In Paris, 'Je vous salue, Marie' by J. L. Godard started today. I was at the cinema: Maria is a filling station attendant, Josef a cab driver. January 24th. I presented the first Apple computer in the US: the Macintosh 128k. It has 128 KByte memory, a 9 inch monitor and a 16/32 bit microprocessor. January 25th. Luxor. I opened the grave of the Egyptian pharaoh Tutankhamon. January 26th. Today I renamed Petrograd Leningrad. January 27th. Poland. Auschwitz concentration camp. Soviet troops have freed us. January 28th. Cape Canaveral. The US space shuttle Challenger exploded shortly after take-off. All seven of us died. January 29th. At the Australian Open in Melbourne I won the semi-finals in three sets: 4/6, 7/5, 7/5. January 30th. New Delhi. I assassinated Mahatma Gandhi. January 31st. Paris. On the site where the market halls were torn down, I opened the Centre Pompidou. After 4 years of construction work one can now admire the six-floor building by the architects Renzo Piano and Richard Rogers. February 1st. Flood catastrophe on the North Sea coast. To me it is the greatest flood catastrophe since the Middle Ages. The Netherlands and England are affected worst. February 2nd. The first two copies of 'Ulysses' are finished. Sylvia Beach, the editor, has given me the first one for my birthday. She put the second copy in the window of her bookstore Shakespeare and Company in Paris, 12 Rue de l'Odéon. February 3rd. Huntsville, Texas. I am condemned to death for double murder. Today I am to be executed with an injection of poison around 6 pm. February 4th. Stalin, Roosevelt, Churchill and I meet in Yalta. The topic is the distribution of the world. February 5th. In Zurich open air concert. The Beatles perform the first time. February 6th. The Vietnam War begins. February 7th. The first atomic bombing of Hiroshima. February 8th. The first atomic bombing of Nagasaki. February 9th. Port Arthur. I have begun war against the Russians. February 10th. At the construction site on Leninplatz I have finished taking down the statue of Lenin. There remains a hole in the middle of the square. The statue, out of red granite, is now located in a gravel pit in Hügelsheim. February 11th. Capetown. I have been released after 27 years of prison. February 12th. I arrested the writer Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn in Moscow. February 13th. After my bomb attacks the inner city of Dresden is completely destroyed. February 14th. Khomenei condemns me to death because of my book. Editors and other people responsible for the publishing of the book are also threatened. February 15th. The first part of the Berlin train network under and above ground was inaugurated by me: BfL Warschauer Straße - Zoologischer Garten, a further section leads to Potsdamer Platz. February 16th. Havana. I have taken over the office of the premier, which means the end of the dictatorial Batista regime. February 17th. I began the investigation 'Mami pulite' at the Milan court today. February 18th. "Do you want total war?" "Yes!" Total excitement and enthusiasm at my speech in the Sportplatz in Berlin. February 19th. Together with some British women's rights activists I blast the country house of the British Lord Chancellor. February 20th. London. I took my life tonight. First I tried with an overdose of pills (150 antidepressants and 50 sleeping pills) but was saved in King's College hospital, where I hung myself 2 days later in the toilets in the middle of the night. February 21st. New York. I murdered Malcolm X during a speech in Harlem. February 22nd. I executed the siblings Hans and Sophie Scholl. February 23rd. Edinburgh. I cloned a sheep at the Roslin Institute; Dolly. February 24th. I presented 'the 25 point program' to the German Workers Party. February 25th. Unbowed putsch in the Philippines: I overthrew the president Ferdinand E. Marcos. February 26th. I am reading the daily newspaper Il Popolo: Giulio Andreotti (prime minister and president of the committee for film revision) accuses the director Vittorio De Sica of emphasizing only the negative sides of Italy in his film 'Umberto D.'. February 27th. South Dakota. With 200 Indians I seized wounded Kneel with the purpose of claiming our rights. February 28th. Live on TV: I free Kuwait. The Gulf war ends. February 29th. In Sydney, I swim the 100m freestyle in 58.9 sec. World record. March 1st. At the police headquarters in Dresden I am the first in Germany to introduce the identification of suspects by means of fingerprints. March 2nd. My film 'King Kong' has its premiere at the Radio City Music Hall in New York City. March 3rd. I open my first Body Shop in Brighton, Kensington Garden Street No. 22, selling home-made natural cosmetics for skin and hair. In order to attract the attention of pedestrians to the store, I have sprayed perfume on the façade and the street. March 4th. Serious explosion in the harbour of the city of Havana: The reason for the accident is my French trade ship La Coubre, which was transporting weapons and explosives out of Belgium. March 5th. Begin of my contract banning atomic weapons, which has been signed by the US, the USSR and the UK. March 6th. I shot at Larry Flynt, who is in Georgia today because of a lawsuit in Lawrenceville. He is badly wounded. March 7th. In Vienna today we presented my automobile that turns into a motor boat in the water: 4 cylinders, maximum speed on the road 75 km/h, 20 km/h in the water. March 8th. International women's day. In all of Germany I invited female workers and mothers to take part in the 9th public women's assemblies for female suffrage. March 9th. Paris. Today I am at the book burning. By Marcel Carné. March 10th. Beijing. I forbid the crematorium and sale of human beings. This ends slavery in China. March 11th. Tschernobyl died in Moscow today. Following this I became international secretary general of the party. March 12th. India. In Ahmedabad I began the salt march. March 13th. In Japan, from today on my 53,95 km underwater tunnel connects the main island Honshu with the island Hokkaido. March 14th. Austria. I died of multiple sclerosis. March 15th. Italy. Geologists find a corpse next to anabolic steroids. March 16th. The federal court finds a company that is to be dissolved and its assets sold. The Standard Oil company of New Jersey is dissolved and its assets sold for about two thirds of its real estate business. May 16th. Today I am sitting at my desk with my bodyguards in the river Yangtze. I am 72 years old today. May 17th. USA. I declare the racial segregation in public schools to be against the constitution. May 18th. US state of Washington. The volcano Mt. St. Helens erupts. The eruption spews ash and bits of stone 20 km in the air. A seventh of the height of the mountain is blasted away by the forceful explosion. 24 people die. I felt the shock waves from the explosion 320 km away. May 19th. Today I open the world exhibition in Barcelona. The German pavilion by Mies van der Rohe is a flat building out of steel, green glass, yellow onyx and an open construction with free standing walls, a concept of 'flowing space'. It attracts a good deal of attention among the public. May 20th. I just read the article 'How stupid they are!' by Palmiro Togliatti in the daily newspaper L'Unità. He attacks Summer Welles, the former state secretary of the US, because of his statements about the Italian communists. May 21st. I fly over the Atlantic in 33 hours and 29 minutes with my airplane Spirit of St. Louis, nonstop solo from New York to Paris. May 22nd. I introduced daylight saving time in Italy today. May 23rd. Palermo. In an attempt to assassinate the Sicilian judge Giovanni Falcone, I mine a section of the freeway. Giovanni Falcone, his wife, the judge Francesca Morvillo, and the bodyguards are killed in the car on the way from the airport into the city. May 24th. My warship Bismarck sinks the British cruiser Hood in the Atlantic. May 25th. In Finland, the new parliament assemblies, including 19 women, among them me. May 26th. I dine with Buffalo Bill and his troupe in the Vienna Prater. May 27th. Paris. I am at the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier for the premiere of Sartre's piece 'No Exit'. May 28th. Today I founded Amnesty International in London. May 29th. I am the first to have conquered Mount Everest clear to the top at a height of 8848m. May 30th. Leipzig. I destroy an old church on the Karl Marx square which had survived the war, as it doesn't fit into the concept of the socialist city planning. May 31st. I find the corpse of Rosa Luxemburg in the Landwehrkanal, about four months after her death. June 1st. In Berlin from today on we are obliged to do clean-up work among the rubble. June 2nd. I am killed by shots from the police at a demonstration in West Berlin. June 3rd. New York. Valerie Solanas shoots at me with a Beretta 32. I am badly hurt and taken to hospital. June 4th. Beijing. Tiananmen Square. In protest, I stand in the tank's way. June 5th. My film 'Dead Man' is running at the film festival in Cannes. June 6th. I officially accept the job of implementing the project Greenbank in Tangail. June 7th. With Israeli fighter jets I destroy the Iraqi atomic reactor site Tuzum near Baghdad shortly before its completion. June 8th. Cologne. In the fight to be number one in middle weight I knock the referee Max Pippow. June 9th. I won the 26th Giro d'Italia. June 10th. I published the first color photographs in the magazine L'Illustration. June 11th. In West Germany I have paragraph 175 of the penal code invalidated. June 12th. I (after having disappeared in the GDR under the false name Eva-Maria Schnell) was arrested today in Hagedeburg. June 13th. My novel 1984 is awarded the title 'Book of the Year' in the US today. June 14th. My film 'Le diable probolématisé' is being shown at the cinema Club 15 in Paris. June 15th. A porn diva, I was elected by the Italian party Partito Radicale and have been given a seat in parliament. June 16th. I have started on a flight around the world with the spaceship Vostok 6 as the first female cosmonaut. June 17th. Berlin. The workers' protests in East Stalinallee are brutally fought down by my tanks. June 18th. I am elected to the German Bundestag. June 19th. The German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt leaves his valuable speech to the German Bundestag. June 20th. I attend the World Championship football game in the Volkspark stadium in Hamburg: The German Democratic Republic beats West Germany 1:0. June 23rd. I have been arrested. Weeks before the police found body parts of around 20 people in the Leine near Hannover and started looking for the culprit. June 24th. Accompanied by camera man Carl-Axel Söderström, I arrive in Berlin. I have driven my car, an Adler Standard, around the world for the last 2 years and 1 month, passing through 23 countries, 49 244 km in total. June 25th. I have become head of the government in Turkey. June 26th. New York. I resisted repression by the police at the Stonewall Bar. A severe street fight takes place. June 27th. In retaliation against plans of assassination I start a rocket attack on the Iraqi capital Baghdad. June 28th. Las Vegas. In a boxing fight I bite off a piece of Evander Holyfield's right ear. The wound is 1,5 cm wide. June 29th. I have been killed in a car accident in Louisiana. June 30th. The last day of the East German Mark. From tomorrow on, the German Mark will be introduced in the German Democratic Republic as well. With my last notes I bought a pipe on the Schönhauser Allee. July 1st. After 156 years I gave Hong Kong back to China. July 2nd. I presented the Fiat model 500. The small automobile reaches 85 km/h. July 3rd. The first color television broadcast takes place in my Baird Studios in London. July 4th. My space probe Pathfinder lands on Mars. July 5th. 10th Berlin Film Festival: I won the prize for best director for my film 'Breathless'. July 6th. Berlin. Following lengthy preparations, I carry out my project 'Wrapped Reichstag'. July 7th. For the 9th time I win the tournament in Wimbledon with the final game against Zina Garrison. July 8th. In a military briefing I decide to attack and destroy the Soviet capital Moscow. July 9th. Straßlach near Munich. I kill the Siemens manager Karl Heinz Beckurts and his driver in a bomb attack. July 10th. Auckland. With a bomb attack I destroy the ship Rainbow Warrior, which belongs to the environmental activist organization Greenpeace, in order to prevent the ship proceeding to the Mururoa Atoll, the French test area for nuclear weapons. July 11th. Somewhere in the world the five billionth human being is born. In a symbolic act I congratulate a Yugoslav mother in a hospital in Zagreb. July 12th. This morning I called Melina Mercouri in New York. 'Ms. Mercouri, the Greek interior minister Pattakos has declared you an enemy of the people. What do you think of this?' Melina Mercouri answered: "I was born a Greek and will die a Greek. Pattakos was born a fascist and will die a fascist". July 13th. I excommunicated the communists. The Vatican decided that members and sympathizers of the Communist party are to be excluded from the Catholic church. July 14th. New York. At 9:34 pm all the lights go out, all the trains and undergrounds stop, all the elevators get stuck. Two important power plants that provide the city with electricity have been hit by lightning. I repair them. July 15th. I open the Mont Blanc tunnel. July 16th. Los Alamos 60 km northwest of Santa Fe in the state of New Mexico I set off the first atom bomb for test purposes. July 17th. In Melilla, Spain, I begin the civil war. July 18th. Day of German Art. I inaugurate the exhibition 'Degenerate Art'. July 19th. Paris. During the world exhibition I opened the first length of the underground train between Porte Maillot and Porte de Vincennes. July 20th. Rastenburg, East Prussia. My attempt to assassinate Hitler fails. July 21st. I am the first person to set foot on the moon. July 22nd. My bomb attack destroys the facade of the Hotel Bristol in London. July 23rd. I inaugurate the hotel 'Mama' in Berlin. I have the middle palisade with a double door. July 24th. In Berlin the first atomic bombing of Hiroshima. July 25th. I have the middle palisade with a double door. July 26th. I have the middle palisade with a double door. July 27th. I have the middle palisade with a double door. July 28th. I have the middle palisade with a double door. July 29th. I have the middle palisade with a double door. July 30th. I have the middle palisade with a double door. August 1st. I have the middle palisade with a double door. August 2nd. I have the middle palisade with a double door. August 3rd. I have the middle palisade with a double door. August 4th. I have the middle palisade with a double door. August 5th. I have the middle palisade with a double door. August 6th. 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Lee Etheredge IV



- iterations polarity death
- formulation questions art
- process time palindrome
- analysis optical war
- relationships evolution intelligence
- mathematics fear dreams
- disorder memory history
- language primes organization
- life image place
- machines outcome nature
- sounds landscape games
- forms code construction
- rules

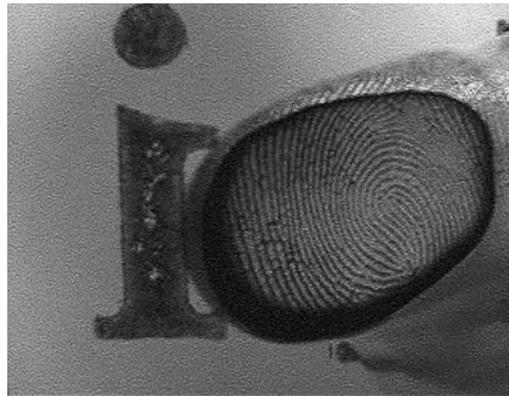
Lee Etheredge IV
potomac add one, 2009
Typewriting on Japanese paper
27 x 16 inches
Collection of Cristina Enriquez-
Bocobo and Michael Kantrow

Ann Hamilton

In a time when successive generations of technology amplify human presence at distances far greater than the reach of hand to touch or voice to space, what becomes the place and form of making at the scale and pace of the individual body?

How does making participate in the recuperation and recognition of embodied knowledge? What are the places and forms for live, tactile, visceral, face-to-face experiences in a media-saturated world? How—in making present what is absent—does the practice of art articulate the joint between the word and the body as it links the scale of individual action to collective presence and social imagination?

In the video *abc*, the fingertip erases the alphabet, and then, through technological means of video reversal, appears to rewrite it letter by letter, sound by sound. The most individuated mark of the body, the fingertip, dissolves the printed alphabet, its speech and sound, into the realm of touch.



Ann Hamilton
abc (video still), 1994–1999
Single-channel video, 13 minutes, 25 seconds;
black and white; silent
Courtesy of the artist



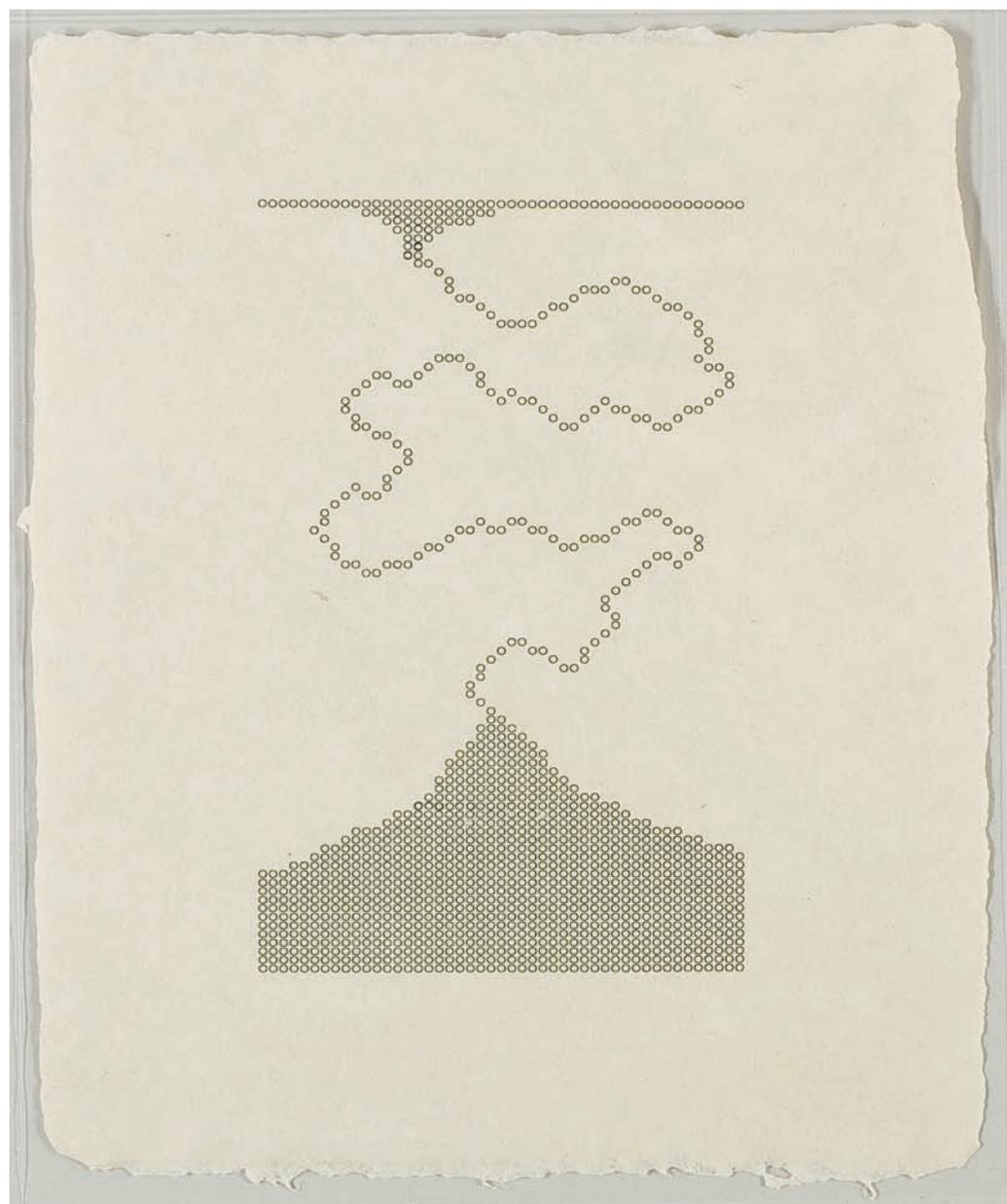
William Kentridge
Zeno Writing (film still), 2002
Film, 12 minutes; black and white; sound
Courtesy of the artist

William Kentridge

Zeno Writing by South African artist William Kentridge is based on Italo Svevo's 1923 novel, *Confessions of Zeno*. The comic-tragic novel is set against the backdrop of industrial development and war in the early decades of the last century. Continually frustrated in his aspirations, Zeno, the guilt-ridden main character, is encouraged by his psychiatrist to write his autobiography. Kentridge's eleven-minute film follows Zeno as he navigates the broader social upheavals of industrial development and the threat of war, translating Zeno's disjointed recollections into visual form.

Kentridge's multilayered approach evokes the troubled stream-of-consciousness of a man living through extreme social transformation. The film's collaged footage scrolls horizontally, mimicking the movement of words across the page, and the haunted soundtrack is punctuated by the repetitive sounds of a typewriter's carriage return. Unable to come to terms with the turbulence that surrounds him, Zeno the businessman resorts to tabulating facts and figures. The typewriter that sounds in the distance serves as a continual reminder that Zeno is no longer at the helm of his well-oiled industry; instead he is on the road to obsolescence. Lacking the proper tools to navigate the future, he is relegated to the dustbin of history, another casualty of progress and indifference.

CRS



Matt Liddle

For the work in this show, I approached the typewriter from my perspective as a printmaker, and considered the machine as a tool for making printed images. I was interested in its potential for creating graphic marks and in the particular physical qualities of typed paper. I also saw the typewriter as a tool for making multiple copies, and explored notions of originality and reproduction.

Printmakers have always embraced obsolete commercial technologies, so it was natural for me to purchase an IBM Selectric III (at a yard sale for \$1) to begin this work. Though this fancy piece of office equipment may now be junk, it works as well as it ever did and is a wondrous tool. It is essentially an electric stamping machine that renders images within a strict grid structure and prints with gentle pressure onto a variety of papers. It uses letters and other characters to create both intricate patterns and soft and subtle gray values.

My investigation of the Selectric III led to an exploration of the formal qualities of monospaced fonts such as Courier, as well as the font ball that was designed to organize and print them. The Courier font has many cultural associations due to its utility and wide usage, but my focus was more on its decorative qualities and visually compelling geometric structure.

The electric typewriter exists as a link between the centuries-old process of letterpress printing and current digital printing technologies. While representing transformative innovation, it also looks backward for visual familiarity.

Matt Liddle
Oil Spill, 2010
Typewriting on handmade paper
11½ x 9½ inches
Courtesy of the artist

LETTER #1. NOVEMBER 7TH, AT NIGHT

"SWEET EVENING COMES, FRIEND OF THE CRIMINAL,
LIKE AN ACCOMPLICE WITH A LIGHT OF FOOTFALL;
THE SKY SHUTS ON ITSELF AS THOUGH A TOMB,
AND MAN TURNS BEAST WITHIN HIS RESTLESS ROOM."
CHARLES BAUDELAIRE, *THE FLOWERS OF EVIL, DUSK*

I AM IN AN EMPTY ROOM. LIGHT IS DYING AND I CRY FOR WHAT KEEPS US APART. I AM HERE WITH YOU WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT IS TO COME NEXT. I FORGET MYSELF, EMPTY MYSELF OUT, SO I CAN PAY FULL ATTENTION TO THIS EMPTY SPACE WHERE THINGS REALLY HAPPEN. I HAVE NOT HEARD FROM YOU IN A LONG TIME. IT SEEMS. PERHAPS, I HAVE. PERHAPS I AM CONFUSED. I HEAR ANIMALS CRYING; THEY MUST BE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING THEY CANNOT FIND, JUST LIKE MYSELF LOOKING FOR SOMETHING I CANNOT FIND.

A BELL IS TOLLING NOT VERY FAR AWAY. A PHONE IS RINGING. NOW THERE IS SILENCE.

I REMEMBER MEETING YOU. NOW YOU ARE SO FAR. LIGHTNESS IS THE IMAGE I KEEP OF YOU SURROUNDED BY, WAS IT ART? IT WAS OF NO IMPORTANCE BUT YOU WERE THERE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE AND I FELT A KIND OF AWE. IT WAS COLD OUTSIDE, AS IF WINTER, I DON'T REMEMBER WELL, BUT I FELT WARM.

NIGHT IS FALLING AS EVERY NIGHT. NEWS OF YOU IS RARE AND COMES IN UNDECIPHERABLE WAYS, LIKE THE WOLVES AT NIGHT WHO CRY AND I DO NOT KNOW WHAT THEIR CRYING IS ABOUT, OR THE SONG OF BIRDS OVERHEAD, MELODIES AND CALLS I CANNOT UNDERSTAND.

I AM GOING RIGHT INTO THE NIGHT WITHOUT YOU. I FEEL YOU CLOSE. YOU ARE ABSENT BUT ETERNALLY PRESENT. PART OF ME WITHOUT YOUR KNOWING YOU ARE PART OF ME. ARE YOU REALLY IN MY LIFE?

WE COME TOGETHER IN A CONSTANT "DUERMEVELA" THAT SPACE AND TIME BETWEEN CONSCIOUSNESS AND SLEEP. YOU, WHOSE SKIN IS SENTIMENT AND FEELING, BUT WHO NEVER COME CLOSE TO ME. I HAVE BARELY TOUCHED YOUR HANDS, BUT THEY ARE ALWAYS IN MY DREAMS. AT NIGHT, IN DARKNESS, YOU ARE WITH ME EVEN WHEN I DO NOT KNOW YOU ARE.

NOW THAT I AM NOT WHAT I WAS, AND HAVE NO PLACE IN WHICH TO FIND MYSELF, YOU ARE STILL THERE, SECRET AND HIDDEN, ONLY YOU, BUT NOT ALONE BECAUSE I AM IN YOU. MY SOLITARY OTHER WHO DOES NOT KNOW WHERE I AM. AT DAWN WITH THE CREATION OF DAY AND THE COMING OF LIGHT YOU ARE GONE BEFORE YOU RECOGNIZE ME; LIKE THE WOLF LEAVING AT DAYBREAK, YOU LEAVE ME ALONE.

YOUR DESIRING IS LIKE MY DESIRING YOU, BUT WE BELONG ELSEWHERE AND THAT IS WHY WE MEET WHEN NIGHT FALLS AND NOTHING IS CLEAR, AND FEELINGS ARE LIKE ANIMALS SNIFFING WHAT INSTANTLY APPEALS TO THEM AND I AM ENGULFED BY A WAVE OF LONGING, AN IMPLACABLE URGE TO BE POSSESSED.

THE CHEMISTRY OF MY PILLS REACTS TO MY DESIRES AND UNABLE TO CONTROL MY URGES, I FALL ASLEEP INTO YOUR ARMS.

AND YOU ARE GONE.

THE NIGHT, THE STARS, THE SKIN, YOU AND OVER THERE SPACE WHERE I FIND YOU IN MY DREAMS, YOUR TENDER EMBRACE AND YOUR UNQUENCHABLE WARMTH. SKIN, SCENT, AND THE CONVULSION OF DESIRES THAT KEEPS US ALIVE, LIKE ANIMALS SEARCHING AND PREYING AT NIGHT IN SILENCE, SILENTLY MARAUDING.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO BE?

Elena del Rivero

The typewriter has fascinated me since I was very young, when I would hear my father, an entomologist, write his papers on an Olivetti Pluma. When I came to this country in 1988, I brought with me his typewriter; I used it, in fact, to type the carbon copies of my CV and letters of introduction that helped make my move to the U.S. possible. Some years later, I used that Olivetti to produce most of my first pieces, *Letters to the Mother*, works that have remained extremely important to me.

That typewriter was destroyed on 9/11 in my studio-home. But I have started to collect new ones—I even have one with Hebrew characters. I prefer older typewriters, machines that have been heavily used and show their history. The older and the shabbier they are, the better for my purposes; I am not interested in machines in perfect condition that produce flawless type. In my creative process, I value the imprecision of working with old typewriters that produce imperfect results.

The flaws and defects in typewritten documents speak to the mending and repair that has always been a significant part of my work. I am fascinated by memory and correspondence, both of which are inevitably inexact in many ways and always prone to fracture. My work attempts to mend and repair the inevitable cracks and ruptures; I use whatever is at hand—scraps of papers glued together in order to repair torn parts that are, sometimes, sewn over to reinforce the mending efforts. Handwritten and typewritten words and letters are part of the effort to communicate. The carbon paper I sometimes use to shade and contour some of my drawings reminds me of my childhood; I cherish especially the older papers I am able to buy online. The work fluidly moves across the boundary of drawing, painting, photography, and performance.

The *clack click clack* of the typewriter helps me concentrate when I am producing my work; I find the simple mechanical aspects of making images and words with a typewriter absorbing. The machine forces me to pay attention to the artistic process in a different way; I am making drawings and writing texts, of course, but I am also fusing the two modes together. The resulting works make meaning of, and as, visual experience.



Elena del Rivero
Nine Broken Letters (installation views), 2004
Hand-calligraphy on watermarked
abaca paper
10 sheets, 60 x 40 inches
Courtesy of the artist

Allyson Strafella

I have been working with a typewriter, making drawings for 17 years. I have developed marks that are my visual language: a drawing language “written” by type, and a written language drawn as mark and form. Early in my practice, a question emerged: are these images details of something much larger than what is seen on the page or are they full-scale landscapes as seen from the sky above? That the images typed could hover between these two spaces/places is a lasting provocation.

In 2003, I worked on an organic farm, and often drove a tractor to plant and maintain the fields. I was making marks in the earth, creating patterns, much akin to my work with a typewriter. This was a liberating experience, which changed how I think about making drawings. To consider the space and forms of my typed drawings, as marks in the landscape, allowed me to think broadly about drawing, and about the possibilities of mark-making.

The theme of landscape has slowly seeped into my work, becoming central to my language. My chief considerations are not focused on capturing the appearance of the landscape, but rather to investigate the physical orientation to space, form, and placement. I use my drawing language as a map for the purpose of navigating mark and form.

There are no limitations to drawing in my mind, and it is with this notion of the expanded field, literally and rhetorically, that I continue exploring the drawn mark.



Allyson Strafella
Installation view



LEFT:
 Ignacio Uriarte
The History of the Typewriter Recited by Michael Winslow (film stills), 2009
 Film, 21 minutes; color; sound
 Courtesy of the artist and Nogueras-Blanchard, Barcelona

BELOW:
 Studio session photographs



Ignacio Uriarte

In *The History of the Typewriter Recited by Michael Winslow* (2009), Spanish artist Ignacio Uriarte documents actor/comedian Michael Winslow as he recreates the distinct mechanical sounds of iconic typewriters from the 1870s to the 1980s. Uriarte, who often takes inspiration from his previous career in business administration, gives us an aural timeline through the history of the workplace. He chronicles the sounds of this once-ubiquitous office fixture from its heyday as a modern icon to its ultimate demise in 1984, with the launch of the first personal computer and accompanying word processing software by IBM.

Winslow, famous for his role in the *Police Academy* movies (1984–94), bases his mimicry on a selection of the original sounds of sixty-two typewriters culled by Uriarte from his own digitally recorded sound files of over 3,000 typewriters. In each instance, Winslow is mimicking a specific typewriter as it types the title of the film over and over again. Despite his laudable skills, he is only able to recreate the sounds of thirty-two models in the film. Recorded in a sound studio in Berlin and filmed in high definition, Uriarte provides riveting footage of Winslow trying to mimic something mechanical and obsolete. Winslow's frustration in coming to terms with his own limitations is marked throughout the film by the extreme facial contortions that accompany his vocal exertions.

Despite Winslow's attempts at precision, Uriarte's film underscores the ultimate absurdity of his pursuit in the face of a century's worth of struggle between humans, machines, and a future that promises an increasingly shared obsolescence.

CRS



Xu Bing

Book from the Ground is a novel written in a “language of icons” that I have been collecting and organizing over the last few years. Regardless of cultural background, one should be able to understand the text as long as one is thoroughly entangled in modern life. I have also created a “font library” computer program to accompany the book. The user can type English sentences, and the computer will instantaneously translate them into this language of icons.

The project first began with my collecting safety manuals from a number of airlines. In the past decade, I have spent countless hours in airports and aboard airplanes. The design of airport signs and airline safety manuals is based upon image recognition, and diagrams are employed as the primary means of communication in an attempt to explain relatively complex matters with a minimum of words. It was this that truly fascinated me. Since about 1999, I have collected over 100 safety cards, but until recently I had no clear goal in doing so. Then, in 2003, I noticed three small images on a pack of gum (they translate as “please use your wrapper to dispose of the gum in a trashcan”), and came to realize that insofar as icons alone can explain something simple, they can also be used to narrate a longer story. From that point on, through various channels, I began to collect and organize logos, icons, and insignias from across the globe, and I also began to research the symbols of expression employed by the specialized fields of mathematics, chemistry, physics, drafting, musical composition, choreography, and corporate branding, among others. In recent years, the expanding speed of the Internet and the widespread emergence of a

Xu Bing
Book from the Ground
(installation views), 2003–ongoing
Mixed media
Courtesy of the artist

FOLDOUT:
Book from the Ground (icons with
translation), 2003–ongoing
Mixed media
Courtesy of the artist





→ , (). → ({ → } , → () ...

Mr. Black and Mr. Grey sat next to each other in an airplane as it took off. Mr. Black watched Mr. Grey as he read from the airline safety card that had many, many symbols on it. Mr. Black watched as Mr. Grey read on and on...

→ () ... () → () ... () : “ → , → , → . ” ... → () .

and wondered what he was reading. The intercom announced, “Due to turbulence, passengers must return to their seats, fasten their safety belts, and may not get up to use the bathroom.” He continued watching Mr. Grey read.

() () : “ , + = (→) → ! (→ × 1,000,000) ! ! ”

He asked Mr. Grey, “Hey, aren’t you worried about the turbulence causing a crash? Don’t be! I have flown a million times and the plane has never burst into flames or crashed into the ocean.”

→ () , → () . () : “ → , → () ! ”

Mr. Grey looked up from his book at his neighbor and said, “I’m not worried, and reading this safety card has given me an idea!”

() () : “ () = ” () → .

Mr. Black, seeming somewhat confused, asked “What idea?” Mr. Grey handed him a pack of gum.

() : “ ”

Mr. Black responded, “Is my breath okay?”

() : “ ✓ , () → ” . → () → () . → () . → ({ }) .

Mr. Grey said, “Your breath is fine. Look at the package.” He pointed to the symbols on the pack of gum, but Mr. Black was still confused. Mr. Grey pointed to weather forecast symbols in a newspaper.

↑ () , () , () ... → ({ }) ... → ({ }) ... → ({ }) ...

Then he pointed up to symbols in the airplane... He pointed to the symbol “very spicy” in a menu... He pointed to the symbols on a cell phone... He pointed to laundering instructions in a T-shirt...

→ ({ }) → ({ })

He pointed to icons on an MP3 player, on a laptop, and so on...

() : “ #35 , → , , , → ... ” → . ← () → .

Then the intercom said, “United flight #35 is landing, fasten your safety belts and do not leave your seats to go the bathroom.” The flight landed. The two men shook hands and parted.

→ ({ () }) . () ! → . .

Mr. Black looked at the departure time on his airline ticket and then at his watch. He began running, only to slip and fall.

() → () .

He saw the symbol on the warning sign and understood.

() () : “ ”

() () : “ ”

language of computer icons have greatly increased the scale and complexity of this project.

I believe that the significance of a work does not lie in its resemblance to art, but in its ability to present a new way of looking at things. I have created many works that relate to language. This subject first took shape in my mind twenty years ago, with a piece called *Book from the Sky*, so named because it contained a text legible to no one on this earth (including myself). Today I have used this new “language of signs” to write a book that a speaker of any language can understand; I call it *Book from the Ground*. But in truth, these two texts share something in common: regardless of your mother tongue or level of education, they strive to treat you equally. *Book from the Sky* was an expression of my doubts regarding extant written languages. *Book from the Ground* is the expression of my quest for the ideal of a single script. Perhaps the idea behind this project is too ambitious, but its significance rests in making the attempt.

Artists' Biographies

Leona Christie

Born in 1968 in London. Lives and works in Troy, New York.

Selected solo exhibitions include *Parts and Labor* at Coleman Burke in New York (2009); *Incident Report #17* at Incident Report in Hudson, New York (2008); and *Afaraxy* at jennjoy gallery in San Francisco (2000).

Selected group exhibitions include *Secret Drawings* at Palo Alto Art Center in Palo Alto, California (2010); *The Exquisite Line* at Boston University Gallery in Boston (2008); *In Residence at Kala* at Yerba Buena Center for the Arts in San Francisco (2007); and *Drawing II Selected*, G-Module Gallery in Paris (2004).

Christie received a B.A. in Studio Art from the University of Wisconsin, Madison in 1991 and an M.F.A. from the University of Washington in Seattle in 1994.

Gavin Christie

Born in 1971 in Cardiff, Wales. Lives and works in Birmingham, Michigan.

Gavin Christie's typed and written projects have been featured in the *Detroit Free Press* and on UPN television, but *Courier* marks the first public exhibition of his work.

Daniela Comani

Born in 1965 in Bologna, Italy. Lives and works in Berlin.

Selected solo exhibitions include *It Was Me. Journal 1900-1999* and *Nouvelles Parutions* at Centre d'Art Passerelle in Brest, France (2010); *365/51/1* at Souterrain in Berlin (2010); *Novità Editoriali* at Galleria Studio G7 in Bologna, Italy (2009); *Neuerscheinungen hrsg* at Laura Mars Grp. in Berlin (2009); *It Was Me. Around Alexanderplatz in Thirty-Two Days. 1805-2007* at U2 Alexanderplatz Station in Berlin (2008); and *Un matrimonio felice* at Careof in Milan, Italy (2006).

Selected group exhibitions include *Cross-fades. Reconstructing the Future* at Shedhalle in Zurich, Switzerland (2010); *The Fate of Irony* at Kai 10 Raum für Kunst in Düssel-

dorf, Germany (2010); *fake or feint—Szenario 5* at Berlin Carré am Alexanderplatz in Berlin (2009); *STILL / MOVING / STILL* at the International Photo Festival Knokke-Heist in Belgium (2009); *Focus on Contemporary Italian Art* at Museo d'Arte Moderna in Bologna, Italy (2008); *HeartQuake* at Museum on the Seam in Jerusalem, Israel (2008); *History will repeat itself* at Goethe-Institut in Hong Kong (2008) and at KW in Berlin (2007); and *The Eighth Square* at Museum Ludwig in Cologne, Germany (2006).

Comani studied at the Accademia delle Belle Arti and the DAMS arte Università degli Studi in Bologna, Italy and received an M.F.A. from Hochschule der Künste in Berlin in 1993.

Lee Etheredge IV

Born in 1968 in Georgia. Lives and works in New York and Florida.

Solo exhibitions include *potomac* at POKE in New York (2010); *order and disorder* at Pierogi in Brooklyn (2003); and *Works on Paper* at Pierogi in Brooklyn (2001).

Selected group exhibitions include *Horror Vacui* at MacKenzie Fine Arts in New York (2008); *What Is a Line? Drawings from the Collection* at Yale University Art Gallery in New Haven, Connecticut (2007); *Mixed Signals: A Group Exhibition* at Ronald Feldman Fine Arts in New York (2007); *Looking at Words: The Formal Presence of Text in Modern and Contemporary Works on Paper* at Andrea Rosen Gallery in New York (2005); *Pierogi Flat Files* at the Andy Warhol Museum in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania (2004); and *Drawing: Line, Skill, Imagination* at Lowe Gallery at Hudson Guild in New York (2001).

Etheredge received a medical degree from the Louisiana State University of Medicine in New Orleans, Louisiana in 1995 and a certificate at the New York Studio School of Drawing, Painting, and Sculpture in New York in 1998.

Ann Hamilton

Born in 1956 in Lima, Ohio. Lives and works in Columbus, Ohio.

Selected projects include *stylus* at the Pulitzer Foundation in St. Louis (2010); *ground*, public art project with architect Toshiko Mori at Pembroke Hall, Brown University in Providence (2010); *The Quiet in the Land* at the Asia Society in New York (2010); *human carriage* at the Guggenheim Museum in New York, (2009); *meditation boat*, part of *The Quiet in the Land*, Luang Prabang, Laos (completed 2008); *Human/Nature: Artists Respond to a Changing Planet* at Museum of Contemporary Art San Diego in San Diego, California, and Berkeley Art Museum/ Pacific Film Archive, in Berkeley, California (2008); the *American Academy Invitational Exhibition of Visual Arts* in New York (2008); *Book/Shelf* at the Museum of Modern Art in New York (2008); *aloud* at the Wanås Foundation in Sweden (2008); *Closed Circuit: Video and New Media at the Metropolitan* at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York (2007); *the tower* designed for the Steve Oliver Ranch, Geyserville, California (opened 2007); *voce* at the Contemporary Art Museum in Kumamoto, Japan (2006); *phora* at La Maison Rouge, Fondation Antoine de Galbert in Paris (2005); *corpus* at MASS MoCA in North Adams, Massachusetts (2003); and *myein*, 48th Venice Biennale in Venice (1999).

Honors and awards include The Heinz Award, Arts and Humanities Category (2008), U.S. Artists Fellowship (2007), MacArthur Fellowship (1993), National Endowment for the Arts, Visual Arts Fellowship (1993), Skowhegan Medal for Sculpture (1992), and the Guggenheim Memorial Fellowship (1989).

Hamilton received a B.F.A. from the University of Kansas in Lawrence, Kansas in 1979 and an M.F.A. from Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut in 1985.

William Kentridge

Born in 1955 in Johannesburg, South Africa. Lives and works in Johannesburg.

Selected solo exhibitions include *The Nose*, directed and designed for the Metropolitan Opera in New York (2010); *William Kentridge: Five Themes* at Museum of Modern Art in New York, Jeu de Paume in Paris, and Albertina Museum in Vienna, Austria (2010); *William Kentridge: Five Themes* at San Francisco Museum of Modern Art in San Francisco, Modern Art Museum of Fort

Worth in Fort Worth, Texas, and Norton Museum of Art in West Palm Beach, Florida (2009); *William Kentridge: 10 Tapestries* at Philadelphia Museum of Art in Philadelphia (2008); *Seeing Double* at Marian Goodman Gallery in New York (2008); and Palais des Beaux-Arts in Brussels, Belgium (1998).

Recent group exhibitions include *Dystopia* at Oliewenhuis Art Museum in Mangaung, South Africa; Jan Colle Galerij in Ghent, Belgium (2010); *Play—Film and Video* at Moderna Museet in Stockholm, Sweden (2009); *The Puppet Show* at ICA at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia (2008); *Sydney Biennale: Revolutions: Forms that Turn* in Sydney, Australia (2008); and *Documenta X* in Kassel, Germany (1997).

Honors and awards include Kyoto Prize for Lifetime Achievement in Arts and Philosophy (2010), Oskar Kokoschka Award (2008), Goslar Kaiserring Prize (2003), and Carnegie Prize (2000).

Kentridge received a degree in fine arts from the Johannesburg Art Foundation in 1978 and studied mime and theater at L'École Internationale de Théâtre Jacques Lecoq in Paris in 1981–82.

Matt Liddle

Born in 1960 in Albany, New York. Lives and works in Sylva, North Carolina.

Recent solo exhibitions include *Artist's Books & Prints* at Asheville BookWorks in Asheville, North Carolina (2008), and *Artist's Books & Prints* at The University of the Arts in Philadelphia (2008).

Selected group exhibitions include *The Book As Vessel: An Overview of Contemporary Book Art* at University of North Florida Gallery of Art in Jacksonville, Florida (2010); *Artist Book Festival 2010: The Human Book at ILDE* at Barcelona Association of Book Artists in Barcelona, Spain (2010); *Hybrid Book* at The University of the Arts in Philadelphia (2009); and *15 Years of JAB: The Journal of Artists' Books* at Columbia College Chicago Center for Book and Paper Arts in Chicago (2008).

Liddle received a B.A. from Dartmouth College in Hanover, New Hampshire in 1983 and an M.F.A. from The University of the Arts in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania in 1991.

Elena del Rivero

Born in 1949 in Valencia, Spain. Lives and works in New York.

Selected solo exhibitions include La Conservera Contemporary Art Centre in Murcia, Spain (2010); *Oeil d'âme* at Galeria Elvira Gonzalez in Madrid (2009); *Elena del Rivero: Home Suite* at Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. (2008); *At Hand, Works on Paper by Elena del Rivero* at IVAM in Valencia, Spain (2006); *Nine Broken Letters* at Josée Bienvenu Gallery in New York (2004); *Documentaciones* at Centro Histórico, Universidad de Salamanca in Salamanca, Spain (2002); *(Swit) Home (One Year of My Life)* at The Drawing Center in New York (2001); and *Que tenga Rejas de Bronce* at Art in General in New York (2001).

Selected group exhibitions include *Current Spanish Sculpture 2000–2010* at Museo de Arte Contemporáneo Esteban Vicente in Segovia, Spain (2009); *Summer Shortcuts: A Drawing Forecast* at Josée Bienvenu Gallery in New York (2009); *New York—The Role of the Last Avant* at Museo de Arte Contemporáneo Esteban Vicente in Segovia, Spain (2009); *Lines, Grids, Stains, Words* at Museum of Modern Art in New York (2008); *Dos Colecciones Fundação Serralves* in Porto, Portugal (2004); and the *Johannesburg Biennale* (1995).

Honors and grants include Rockefeller Foundation: Bellagio Study Center (2005), Creative Capital (2003, 2001), New York Foundation for the Arts (2002, 2001), Pollock-Krasner Foundation (2002, 1991), and Prix de Rome (1988).

Del Rivero received a degree from the University of Valencia in Valencia, Spain in 1971 and a diploma in English Literature from Cambridge University in 1977.

Allyson Strafella

Born in 1969 in Brooklyn. Lives and works in Hudson, New York.

Selected solo exhibitions include Von Lintel Gallery in New York (2011); *Drawing Intervention* at Grid Space in Brooklyn (2009); *Drawing Scheme* at Untitled Space in Hudson, New York (2005); *CT Drawing* at Thirteen Gallery in Danbury, Connecticut (2001); and Curt Marcus Gallery in New York (1997).

Selected group exhibitions include *Very Large Drawings* at Gallery Joe in Philadelphia (2010); *New York, New Drawings 1946–2007* at Museo de Arte Contemporáneo Esteban Vicente in Segovia, Spain (2009); *microwave, seven* at Judi Rotenberg Gallery in Boston (2008); *2007–08 workspace artists* at Dieu Donné in New York (2008); *Dimensions in Nature: New Acquisitions 2006–2008* at San Diego Museum of Art in San Diego, California (2008); *microwave, six* at Josée Bienvenu Gallery in New York (2008); *Drawing, Thinking* at Von Lintel Gallery in New York (2007); and *Manhattan Transfer* at Chelsea Center for the Arts in New York (2006).

Grants and fellowships include John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation (2002), New York Foundation for the Arts (2001), and Pollock-Krasner Foundation (1999).

Strafella received a B.F.A. from Tufts University in Medford, Massachusetts in partnership with the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston in 1993.

Ignacio Uriarte

Born in 1972 in Krefeld, Germany. Lives and works in Berlin.

Selected solo exhibitions include *The History of the Typewriter Recited by Michael Winslow* at NoguerasBlanchard in Barcelona, Spain (2010); *The Michael Winslow typewriter experience* at Art Positions, Art Basel in Miami Beach, Florida (2009); *I am making Art* (with Wilfredo Prieto) at Taka Ishii Gallery in Tokyo and Kyoto, Japan (2009); *Trabajos sobre (el) papel* at La Fábrica Galería in Madrid, Spain (2009); and *9 to 5* at Galerie Feinkost in Berlin (2009).

Selected group exhibitions include *The Atrocity Exhibition* at Galerie Feinkost in Berlin (2010); *Itinerarios 2008/2009* at Fundación Marcelino Botín in Santander, Spain (2010); *Zeigen* at Temporäre Kunsthalle Berlin in Berlin (2009); *El tiempo que venga* at ARTIUM in Vitoria, Spain (2009); and *28th Biennial of Graphic Arts* at Skuc Gallery in Ljubljana, Slovenia (2009).

Uriarte studied screenplay at the Centro de Artes Audiovisuales in Guadalajara, Mexico from 1999 to 2001.

Xu Bing

Born in 1955 in Chongqing, China. Lives and works in Beijing and New York.

Selected solo exhibitions include *Phoenix Project* at Shanghai Exposition Park, Shanghai and Today Art Museum in Beijing (2010); *Xu Bing* at Albion Gallery in London (2008); *Xu Bing—Grossman Artist Solo Exhibition* at Richard A. and Rissa W. Grossman Gallery, Lafayette College in Easton, Pennsylvania (2008); *Xu Bing* at the Suzhou Museum in Suzhou, China (2006); and *Word Play: Contemporary Art by Xu Bing* at Arthur M. Sackler Gallery of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. (2001).

Selected group exhibitions include *Dead or Alive* at Museum of Art and Design in New York (2010); *Beaufort03—Art by the Sea* in Ostende, Belgium (2009); *Djima River Biennale 2009* in Osaka, Japan (2009); *Human/Nature: Artists Respond to a Changing Planet* at Museum of Contemporary Art San Diego in San Diego, California (2008); *Sedimentation: The New Spirit of the East* at Asia Art Center in Beijing (2008); *Synthetic Times: Media Art China 2008* at National Art Museum of China in Beijing (2008); and *Automatic Update* at Museum of Modern Art in New York (2007).

Honors and awards include the first Wales International Visual Art Prize, Artes Mundi (2004), Fukuoka Asian Culture Prize (2003), and MacArthur Fellowship (1999). Xu Bing was appointed as vice president of the Central Academy of Fine Arts in Beijing in 2008.

Xu Bing received a B.F.A. in 1981 and an M.F.A. from the Central Academy of Fine Arts in Beijing in 1987.

Exhibition Checklist

Leona Christie/Gavin Christie

Dark Woods, Light Woods, 2010
6 Photopolymer engravings
15 x 12 inches each
Courtesy of the artists

New Year's Rocking Eve, 2010
6 Photopolymer engravings
15 x 12 inches each
Courtesy of the artists

Daniela Comani

It was me. Diary 1900–1999, 2002–10
Ink on net vinyl
9½ x 19½ feet
Courtesy of the artist

Lee Etheredge IV

potomac circle prime, 2010
Typewriting on Japanese paper
27 x 16½ inches
Collection of Joel Kades

potomac decreasing space, 2010
Typewriting on Japanese paper
16½ x 12½ inches
Courtesy of the artist and Pierogi, Brooklyn

potomac increasing circle, 2010
Typewriting on Japanese paper
22½ x 16½ inches
Courtesy of the artist and Pierogi, Brooklyn

potomac add one, 2009
Typewriting on Japanese paper
27 x 16 inches
Collection of Cristina Enriquez-Bocobo and Michael Kantrow

potomac add word subtract word, 2009
Typewriting on Japanese paper
25½ x 16½ inches
Courtesy of the artist and Pierogi, Brooklyn

potomac double word increasing, 2009
Typewriting on Japanese paper
25½ x 16½ inches
Courtesy of the artist and Pierogi, Brooklyn

potomac drop one add one expanding, 2009
Typewriting on Japanese paper
25½ x 16¾ inches
Courtesy of the artist and Pierogi, Brooklyn

near devils den, 2003
Typewriting on photograph
14 x 11 inches
Courtesy of the artist and Pierogi, Brooklyn

presence, 2001
Typewriting on paper
64 x 58 inches
Courtesy of the artist and Pierogi, Brooklyn

Ann Hamilton

abc, 1994–1999
Single-channel video, 13 minutes, 25 seconds; black and white; silent
Courtesy of the artist

William Kentridge

Zeno Writing, 2002
Film, 12 minutes; black and white; sound
Courtesy of the artist

Matt Liddle

Font Ball, 2010
Photopolymer etching
4 x 5 inches
Courtesy of the artist

Improvised Shape, 2010
Typewriting on handmade paper
9¼ x 11¼ inches
Courtesy of the artist

Manifesto with Corrections, 2010
Typewriting on handmade paper
13¾ x 10½ inches
Courtesy of the artist

Man-made Rivers, 2010
Typewriting on handmade paper
9½ x 11½ inches
Courtesy of the artist

Merging Continents, 2010
Typewriting on handmade paper
11 x 13½ inches
Courtesy of the artist

Obsolete Tools for Everyday Communication, 2010
VanDyke brownprint
13½ x 9¾ inches
Courtesy of the artist

Oil Spill, 2010
Typewriting on handmade paper
11½ x 9½ inches
Courtesy of the artist

Six Fonts: Original Reproduction, 2010
Photopolymer etching
4½ x 4 inches
Courtesy of the artist

Six Typed Alphabets, 2010
Typewriting on handmade paper
9 x 9¼ inches
Courtesy of the artist

Sunshine Selectric III, 2010
VanDyke brownprint
5½ x 9¼ inches
Courtesy of the artist

Three Versions/Six Fonts, 2010
VanDyke brownprint, relief debossment, typewriting
5 x 11½ inches
Courtesy of the artist

Elena del Rivero

Paraclete Diaries, 2005
Typewriting on paper with pencil and ink
168 pages, 11 x 8 inches each
Courtesy of the artist

The Heloise Residency Diaries, 2004
Typewriting on paper with embossing and pencil
114 pages, 10 x 7½ inches each
Courtesy of the artist

Nine Broken Letters, 2004
Hand-calligraphy on watermarked abaca paper
10 sheets, 60 x 40 inches
Courtesy of the artist

Allyson Strafella

cwm, 2010
Typed colons transferred from blue carbon paper on paper
8½ x 5 inches
Courtesy of the artist

littoral, 2010
Typed colons transferred from graphite transfer paper on paper
14 x 8½ inches
Courtesy of the artist

portal, 2010
Custom type from customized typewriter and blue carbon paper on paper
36 x 28 inches
Courtesy of the artist

reactor, 2010
Typed colons on red carbon paper
7½ x 6 inches
Courtesy of the artist

south southwest, 2010
Custom type from customized typewriter and green carbon paper on Thai tissue paper
10¼ x 8½ inches
Courtesy of the artist

stained form, 2010
Typed colons transferred from green carbon paper on paper
6 x 6½ inches
Courtesy of the artist

upright, 2010
Typed colons transferred from blue carbon paper on paper
8½ x 5 inches
Courtesy of the artist

void, 2010
Typed colons transferred from blue carbon paper on paper
5 x 4¾ inches
Courtesy of the artist

concave, 2009
Typed colons on Thai tissue paper
5 x 6¼ inches
Courtesy of the artist

ledge, 2009
Typed colons on Thai tissue paper
8½ x 5½ inches
Courtesy of the artist

loadstone, 2009
Typed colons transferred from blue transfer paper on paper
10½ x 8 inches
Courtesy of the artist

northeast, 2009
Typed colons transferred from green carbon paper on paper
8 x 5 inches
Courtesy of the artist

catenary, 2007
Typed colons transferred from blue carbon paper on paper
14½ x 10½ inches
Courtesy of the artist

lid, 2007
Typed colons on tracing paper
17½ x 11¼ inches
Courtesy of the artist

side, 2007
Typed colons on Thai tissue paper
13½ x 9½ inches
Courtesy of the artist

untitled green, 2006
Typed colons on paper
8¼ x 4⅞ inches
Courtesy of the artist

narrows, 2005
Typed colons transferred from blue carbon paper on paper
4½ x 5 inches
Courtesy of the artist

chute, 2000
Typed colons transferred from green carbon paper on paper
8½ x 5 inches
Courtesy of the artist

Ignacio Uriarte

The History of the Typewriter Recited by Michael Winslow, 2009
Film, 21 minutes; color; sound
Courtesy of the artist and NoguerasBlanchard, Barcelona

Xu Bing

Book from the Ground, 2003–ongoing
Mixed media
Dimensions variable
Courtesy of the artist

Courier

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INSIDE COVERS:

Daniela Comani

It was me. Diary 1900–1999 (detail), 2002–10

Ink on net vinyl

9½ x 19½ feet

Courtesy of the artist

