

PACK OBSERVING ART BASEL MIAMI BEACH 2008

Edited by Walter K. Lew, with Alan Clinton
Design by Jeremy James Thompson
With special thanks to Rita K. Wong and 'A'A Arts

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Interspersed quotations from mass media coverage and p.r. of AB Miami Beach and its satellite fairs compiled by Jaewon E. Chung and WKL. Sources are given in the endnotes.

media says:

What to Wear

If you are a visitor to Miami, what to wear this time of the year may be a little baffling. And if you are a permanent resident, it's baffling as well. Miami in the Fall—if it can be called that—can run hot or cold or mild. It can be dry or wet. In short, it can be anything. Thus, the first rule of thumb is layering, though nothing heavier than a light sweater, hoodie or jacket is needed.

This rule of thumb holds for the fact that some activities are in the air-conditioned indoors and some in the come-what-may outdoors. So one should be ready to shift gears. The second rule is: comfortable shoes. You're going to do a lot of walking, even if you never leave the Convention Center.

And the third rule is: black. This is the art scene and black, downtown black as some call it, is the best bet. Of course, if you are the kind of person who likes to assert personality, go ahead. You will see all kinds of idiosyncratic outfits. But if you prefer to blend in, try black jeans, black running or walking shoes, a black tee, and something black to layer over it.

Also consider that you may be going directly from the trenches, i.e. the exhibits, to some kind of social life, like a trendy bar, club or restaurant. So be comfortable, but be stylish. In fact, think of yourself as a work of art.¹



media
says:

art:
the safest
investment
OR
the next
great bubble?²

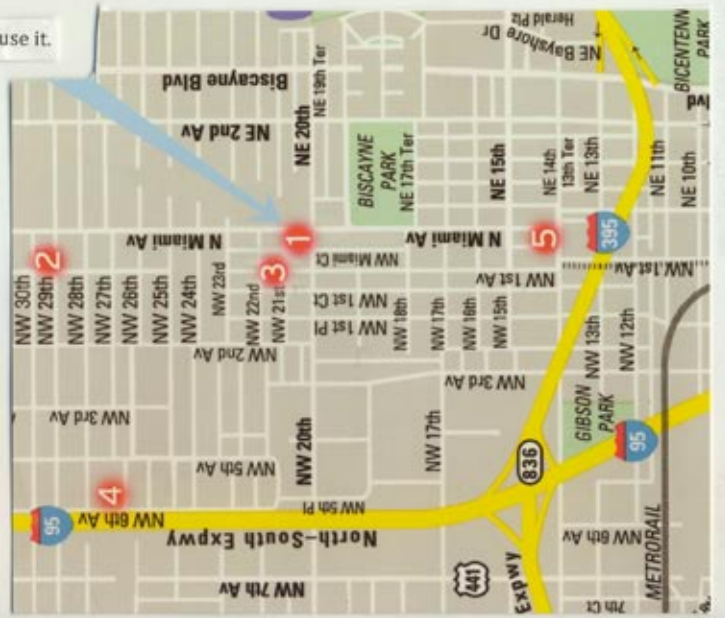
TUESDAY DEC 2



6.30 p.m. drove into Miami with T

GPS is fantastic— now the hard part:

learning how to use it.



7:17 pm / PULSE FAIR.



Tairone

Dear [REDACTED]

On behalf of PULSE, I am pleased to invite you to join us for the fourth edition of PULSE Miami as our honored guest.

Enclosed is the VIP Program, please note that programming may be updated and we will notify you of any additions via email.

We look forward to seeing you.

Yours truly,

Helen Allen, Executive Director



PAOLO

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media says:

GROLSCH TEAMS WITH MIAMI ARTIST TO PRODUCE LIMITED-EDITION BOTTLE AVAILABLE ONLY AT SELECT SHOWS DURING ART BASEL MIAMI BEACH

Holland-based Beer Company Continues Its Support of the Art Scene Through Unique SwingArt Bottle and Outdoor Artist Collage

For the third consecutive year, Grolsch is supporting five of the most important art shows in the United States during Art Basel in Miami Beach, December 4-7, 2008. Art Basel Miami Beach combines an international selection of top galleries with an exciting program of special exhibitions, parties and crossover events featuring music, film, architecture and design.

At last year's shows, Grolsch -- famous for its iconic Swingtop bottle -- introduced the limited-edition SwingArt bottle, and produced a limited number of Grolsch bottles featuring an artist's work on the bottle. This year the brand is taking it a step further by partnering with Miami-based artist Edouard Duval Carrie, whose work will not only adorn this year's SwingArt bottle, but also the outside side wall of the Soho Studios in the heart of the Wynwood Art District during Art Basel.³



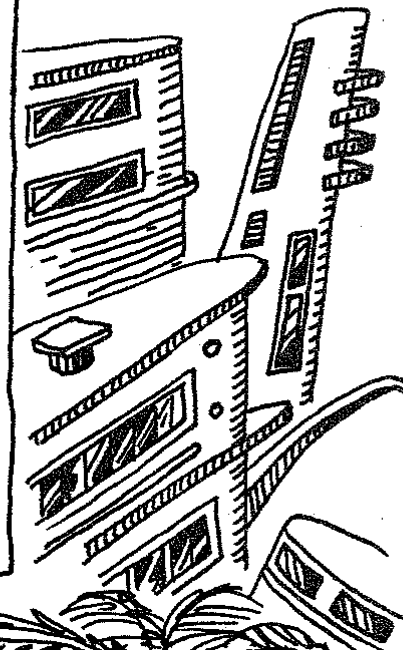
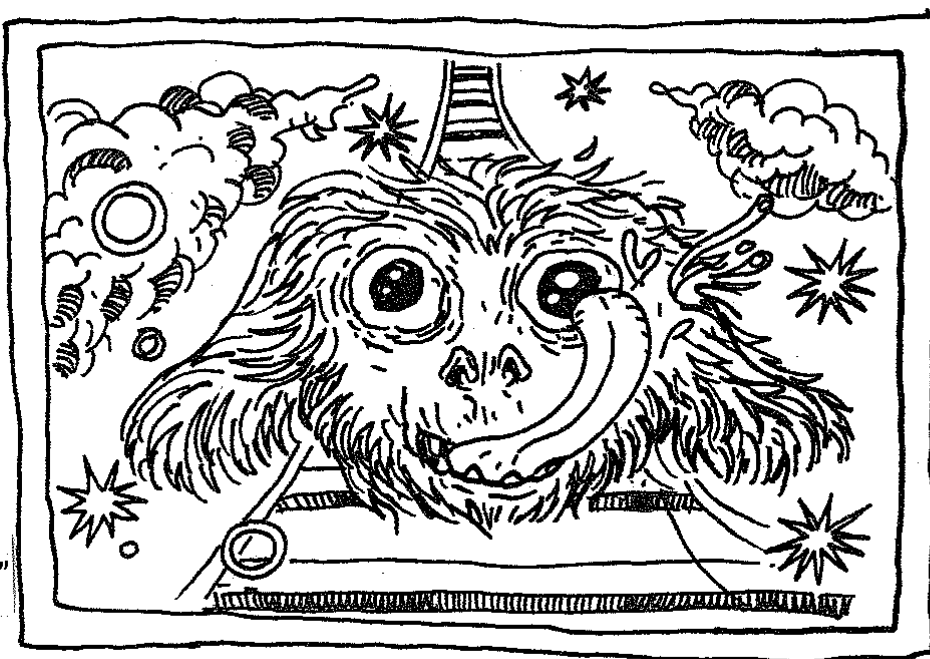
A ton of New York peeps in da house

Saw Ernest & Mike & Glen & Vandanna!



attempted to draw their mural on artificial grass inside the tent

"This
is
so
subversive!"



Ernest says.



ROBOTIC EURYDICE ANGLE

You see, Portal,
I scope through these people,
A drifting textile,
video card flashing.
Attuned to empty expression, impression,
hidden words illuminated.
By a temporary vortex,
here, you see my ghost, Portal.
A statement in a woman form,
bones hang from the ceiling,
butchers of cloth and feathers.
Enticement cannot ever stay,
transistors growing numb.
Convulsing steps that shake the street
as I approach the bench
to say my war.
Against society, coinciding,
streamline crescendos of conversations
where my mouth is a clef
and motions magnetic,
I do know what I see:
Invisible biting balloons
Infuriated patches, chasms of grass.
Stifled speeches influx
into us, you see, Portal,
this timespan over moonshot days
beyond where a windshield plastic frays.
I see into ivy, deep,
dried up crackling veins.
By the finale, I cannot speak,
dying LEDs on my birthday cake.
I have been branded by the ghosts that linger
where once, there walked a rivercave.

PunK RocK Bourgeoisie

A tribute to the façade of sophistication, wealth, philanthropy and its fashion.

A maze of décor and art exploring aesthetic, its power, meaning and role in society.⁴



We're asked to pull on soft cotton booties over our shoes. The booties are no longer white though only a day old. Like Dorothy's menagerie, we follow the red carpet into a small foyer with one small table. On it, a pile of postcards celebrating art openings. Is this it? We were raised on museums, signs growling, "Look, don't touch" and are unsure if we should press through the camouflaged door we notice, thin black seam the only clue to its presence.

The first room we enter is pink and yellow. One door for each of us. We savor the moment of choice:

Door 1

innards like
guts spilling, red
glistening
squeaking hinge
door bangs
the horror secret again

Door 2

miniature
model house

all that's missing?
us

Door 3 [passage]



The second room is expected: Black, green, brick, red like blood. More house guts spilling from cracks in the wall. Every slasher film has taken place in this room.

The second room is unexpected: When fabric ceiling billows, the walls breathe, the pine.



quiet, we hear the wind. The wood whines. A smell of

We sit on plump pink cushions in the third room. An art gallery:

the first painting exists within

the second, exists within

the third, exists within...

We don't emerge within any of the paintings.
We occur in the pink room.

Whang of steel springs, the next door closes behind us. Classical music conceals wind and whinge of wood.

Fashion

Anarchy

Hypocrisy

grafitti-ed on bewigged, bodiless heads. White eyes, powder-white faces. Lips unable to respond to the ideology of their chatty skin.



We're claustrophobic in the fifth room, captured like Giovanni Arnolfini and his wife by the bulging mirror's eyes. We're bugs

We are
the art,

framed by our reactions
we depart into

Sunlight. From out here the tented parachute looks small, like we've been down the rabbit hole, through Kirk's worm hole. We remove our booties, our filth added to that which came before.



③ NANA THE PAPA

Hannah: a goater.
Oh. I guess Aunt Anne has
a Nana stone too.

And she walks behind her.
I had the Jynx.

^{agony, vapour}
Bay bridge

Aja got filling Chul the engine
Oscar's a just about while you
give down to him.

But she falls her and in
We splutter inky when we see

only a spot to found
we did her.

Make white Dymon of big
Spin power.

She Lybell jelly to Michael.
So if I were to get it, by can
shy me?

Andrew told me this one in for Party.

"She feels me... she says..."

~~Whit~~ ^{Whit} Tennis. (Canned)
Orendi: kite & W.A.

We feel wrong.
We ~~of~~ have two dollars, ^{act out}
to get better water.

They look it's her Cag!

This is never.

What a ugly boy
He means to be next ring.

By the speed like is to
dictate by the gutted.

After that

After you you were
next to a sabbly whitey.

I... lei got a struggle
gig for him.

It is likely over to
and make P.O. with.

Pat R.

by-

you get at door.



How work.

Dude, what w / all be than of your?

* M. M. WILSON.

"Junk of Evidence weedy"

"You were my adventure."

For his carter says how to write
older of angle of slow.

By the look of things, the Station was the place to be. Long-haired hipsters, check. Magazine editors and art collectors, check. DJ spinning tunes to leggy types swaying hips, check, check, and check. The only thing missing was, well, art as most of us know it. Housed in an unfinished building, Station's aim was to create a sense of flux.... Perplexing rather than fluxing. Works here were to be seen in "dialogue" with transitional space, but their intellectual "conversating" left this audience member at a loss...for words. While the arguably intended attempt to disrupt the norm succeed[ed], the Station proved that art in this edition is nothing more than elitist huff in the unlikelyst of settings.⁵

media
says:
media

The framework of the project was both the particular nature of the space in which it's being held—the Cayre development is in a transition period between construction and usable retail/residential lots --and the small window of time that Momin and Lowman said they had to plan and install. But somehow the show does not come across as slapdash or superficial but fastidiously detailed and full of a grassroots splendor.⁶

The Station

A building at such a stopping place

A place or position in which a thing is normally located

Surveying, also called instrument station, a point where an observation is taken

1st Floor

A new species of flower blooms from the paved soil. Mortar nectar, tremmie¹ stem, lava root, igneous petals. Sedimentary limbs sprouting from iron seeds. If only I could water it, I am sure that there are lilies in the limestone.

A couple stares at the “concrete stick,” the security guard leans her tired body against it, although the wall is closer. The child runs her hands down the “rock statue,” her mother covering the child’s palms in sanitizer. Observation can not have cleanliness; I want to tell the child to lick it. Many walk by, not even a glance at it. I am amazed that no one faints from the potent scent of moonflower.

I honestly feel that it is trying to die. A flower that loses the ability to be picked, a species of plant that will never meet a bee, never will it come wrapped in plastic for an anniversary or birthday. How can I tell these things? The petals writhe like the tortured.

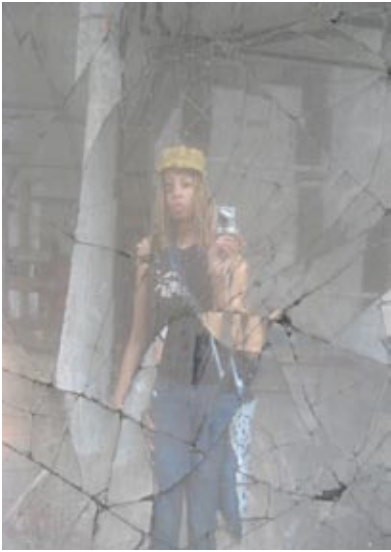


Directly across the room the building catches on fire. No one runs. The flames are like ghosts. A man with hands like shields complains about heartburn. I yearn to tell him that his shirt is an invisible furnace, that he must roll the angered ancestors from his abdomen. His friend lightly pats him on the chest. They move on with no visible burns. Firefighter in disguise I presume? No, possibly a retired Ghostbuster.



I am ready to proceed to higher ground and suddenly I am presented with the obstacle of restrained body parts. People move into them like men into brothels. I need to walk around them. I picture my arms decapitated and tied in a knot to my ankles. More people come. They stretch out the limbs, bones broken to the point of minerals, the skin a giant elastic band. Children hang from them, their mothers oblivious to the notion of human torture. Or maybe they all believe that the limbs were dead. I differ, especially when it comes down to the

¹ Mortar and tremmie are types of concrete.



blue one. I see it gasping for air. Everyone wears smiles; it has to be a mask.

Stationary and broken.
They glue me back, but I am missing pieces.

How can anyone expect me to find myself?
This reflection is clear water hiding
Dimensions of unknowns.
Murky water trying to deceive
Something that has lost the knowledge of
deception.

That is me, isn't it?
Shattered body. I've lost my human nature.

I do not bleed.



They lighten the road to my journey.
Jesus cleanse thy feet.
Cremated bone builds like dirt over coffin
I follow the signs to
higher
Levels
But my feet remain
Near the ground.
*The normal stopping place has become
A movement of permanent location.*



Sand water. Curricular destination
Traveling in the stationary.

2nd Floor

Open and dense. Digesting space and abundance.

A group of youths bending art into their joints. Irony plunges from the bodies. The only boy in the group runs to a picture of a black banana living in a yellow peel. "This is my favorite one," he says. A young girl looks at him with questioning eyes. Another says, "I wonder what it would taste like?" They move on, the young boy doesn't move, his dark skin living inside a bright yellow T-shirt.



Double stiff wire. Flesh fence.

"Why must everything be so black and white anyway?" the young girl rebels in her black and white T-shirt. Booty dances for the body bound to concrete. The other girls laugh. Her body curved like foot in high-arched stilettos.

Stations away.

Someone else

Mimics a full mind.



I bend the corner like paper airplane. A woman in congested attire stares only at the top of a three-sectioned piece of art. She stays, I assume, purposely to the right of it, as if the flaring colors to the left would clash with her wardrobe. She notices me. I find it more disrespectful to change my gaze after being caught in the act. I continue to stare. On her way out she bumps into me, I am well over six-foot tall, and somehow she pretends not to notice. I wonder if it bothers her that we clashed, I wonder if she is perplexed at the thought that she could not look over me, or peer at the top of my dreads. I want to ask, but observation is missing a mouth.



To the left of this body, I am presented to its skeleton, and within the skeleton I am presented with its mind. A perception jailed within its own being. A slender woman walks around it three times counterclockwise. A ritual of some sort? She scratches at her face while peering at the projectile. She appears frustrated, she scratches harder. She turns to look toward the full body piece; she contorts her expressions, returns back to the skeleton. Her bones protruding into surrealism. Reality somewhere above the window that she gazes at three times. I am close, but distant to her. She walks away teary-eyed. Although I have a feeling that she always appears that way. I have the answer for her, but I want her to find it for herself. There are other people living in her body, with different perceptions of her world. If she peels away her skin to the bone, her face would not itch anymore. That's epiphany infecting the pores. Embrace it, or buy a bottle of calamine lotion.



But if you dissect them down the middle
 They may finally taste
 The many flavors of their
 Anatomy

I search for my own
 Surprised at how bland
 I have become
 My past lovers
 Full fruit baskets



couples cling in every corner
 parasitic mammals I need to get away
 pick cotton mushrooms
 become high on
 cloth podaxales¹
 fungi pheromones
 mold mates down
 to insects
 only to sting
 bite
 and produce

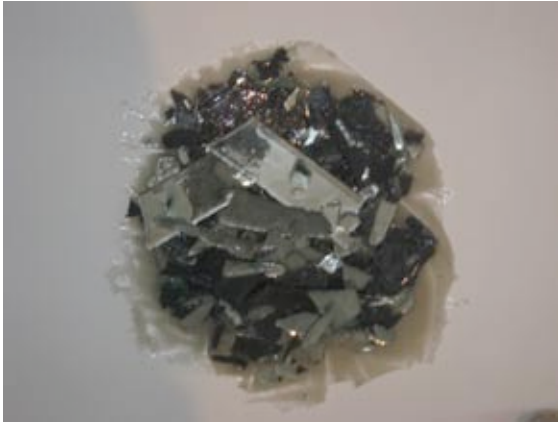
¹ Classification for a type of mushroom.

sprouting spawns in the pupil

of the station

no wonder all of our beliefs connect

in the most unlatching ways



I chew on glass like bubble gum. I need my insides to see their insides. Pain? Excruciating, we didn't know that even the smallest capillary holds on to garbage like Father and his collectibles.

Everything is glued to one another. Those mothers near the wall forever bound to their children as they add to the Station's art with Crayola.

The man with a face for hands. He holds his girlfriend there. His gaze intertwined between fingers, embracing the fist. Two-faced half-prayer, conjoined, reaches the angel's bed. Heaven is only three floors deep.

The 3rd Floor



Human nails, white shark tooth

That is not a hole, nor entrance to other dimensions

It's a mirror with the power

To look beyond yourself

In its other life, maybe a mouth

We eat people, not to cease starvation

We eat them, to reach understanding

We gnaw on femur

To fill

Empty photo frames

I swallow the observers of the station

I then swallow myself in the masses

I keep the eyes, place them in tape recorders
Dizzy speech
We are insane beyond Mother Nature
I take tornado and hang it from line like newly washed sheet
Evaporate tsunami with the exhalation of my breath
I am the natural disaster
Yet the woman to my right trips
Falls into me
As though I am shelter from the storm



media says:

Mary-Kate Olsen was a surprise attendee at Art Basel Miami Beach last week, where she was spotted at a faux abandoned meth lab with her boyfriend, artist Nate Lowman. Lowman was a co-curator for Basel satellite “The Station,” a 12,000-square-foot group show that – thanks to Miami’s real-estate crash – sprawled across three floors of a half-finished high-rise.⁷

Midtown Mayhem at Art Basel

The Station

In The Station there are no trains, no finished floors, no pace or purpose. People here avoid eye contact just the same, by gazing down at the pamphlets in their hands, looking for departure times and destinations but finding only concepts, like Labyrinth and Red Cigarette. Two couples pass each other along a narrow corridor that in a few months will lead to a set of condos or a community fitness room. Almost simultaneously, both women whisper to the men, "I think we're going the wrong way." A/C streams tickle the pages of pamphlets tucked under doors, between railings, behind Caution tape, in every curious place.

There are no train whistles, no PA garbles, but music billows from an unknown source. A middle-aged man with sunglasses in the V of his Tommy Bahama shirt and reading glasses on his receding hairline peers behind an army-green curtain into a tall box of nothingness. He shrugs his shoulders and marches on while "I Only Have Eyes for You" blends with the cacophony of shuffling feet and indiscernible murmurs. Occasionally a squeal breaks through the buzz, coming from the rubber-band garden where most visitors frolic upon entering The Station.

Rubber Bond

If cars were made of rubber, there'd be no need for seatbelts, safety glass, PIP premiums. If walls were made of rubber, I'd fling myself into them whenever I chipped a tooth, broke a glass, or lost the only piece of jewelry you ever bought me. If art were made of rubber, people would squish it, stretch it, poke it, pull it down and watch it bounce back up, paying no mind to the knots in the center—screaming from tension, prisoners of a tug-of-war between earth and sky. Our bond was rubber-bound, stretched and squished, suspended by clasps that grasped gradually, getting tighter as we go. Till the knot we tied came undone. Rubber cracks in extreme heat, turns brittle, brutally defeated, color depleted. Particles flake one by one, ache for the wind to carry them away.

A group of Black teenagers escorted by a Black woman teacher, all of them dressed in yellow "Miami in Action" T-shirts, breeze past each photo, sculpture, painting, and video display on the second floor of The Station. A male teenager comes to an abrupt halt in front of a photo of a black banana. "Hey, that's a black banana!" he extols. The group nods and continues walking. The teacher stands in front of a surreal painting by Daniela Rossell and asks a girl wearing a camera around her neck, "Tell me what angle this is from." The girl replies, "Above."

The group meanders to the third floor, the simulated methamphetamine lab, a life-sized diorama of a grim-and-grit hellhole in the bowels of the Big City. There's a table piled high with Sudafed boxes, impressive since buying a single box of Sudafed now requires a photo ID and verified signature. The deliberate silence of meth lab meditators is broken by the "Miami in Action" teen's announcement: "Dude got a big bong, boy!" while scanning some photos on the wall next to the Sudafed pyramid.

Powder, tubes, Bunsen burners, Erlenmeyer flasks, and the kind of lights that trigger seizures if you look at them the wrong way. Plant, animal, and protein specimens in formaldehyde-filled jars. A couple leafing through a ceiling-high stack of magazines morphs into a surreal mural of their own, framed between the icemaker and veggie drawers of a backless refrigerator. Visitors stumble past them and reach the balcony, the cheese reward in a rat maze. They stand there motionless, inhaling the salty Miami air, having just made it through rehab and turning over a new leaf.

Food for Art

Outside The Station, pedi-taxis gear up to cycle clients all around Midtown. “Fage” is plastered on many of the cabs in the fleet. At the entrance to 1st Ave, outside the Red Dot Gallery, people queue up about ten persons deep to try Fage, pronounced *fa-hay*. It’s a low-sugar, high-end yogurt with a refreshingly sour taste. Apparently a market research report concluded that art patrons’ palates are primed for European yogurt. Few people smile as they receive the free samples. They’re like the Fage they are tasting: rich and creamy but not very sweet.

Across the street from the Fage free-sample station is Ginza Tropicalia, an exhibition of Brazilian, Japanese, and Peruvian graffiti art. SushiSamba, a popular South Beach sushi joint, has erected Sugarcane Lounge, a temporary restaurant outside of Ginza Tropicalia featuring foods of these three regions. Two South American countries and one Asian powerhouse—all connected through an integrated menu and a common quest to make graffiti a socially accepted art form. Bud Light on tap at Sugarcane Lounge adds the ubiquitous American footprint to the foreign consumables.

Music streaming from Ginza Tropicalia is like a call to prayer. People filter in, passing an unmanned turntable while bobbing their heads to a Sergio Mendes-cum-hip-hop tune. A middle-aged man in a black derby hat and Elvis Costello glasses takes a post behind the stationary turntable, demonstrating the head bob. To the right is another hard-to-pronounce free sample. People queue up, again about ten deep, to receive the offerings of the Acai (*ah-sigh-ee*) berry. Little cups of purple sorbets and smoothies produced from this Brazilian berry yield more smiles than the Fage samples. Or maybe it’s just the juxtaposition with graffiti art, Brazilian hip-hop, and a freestyle skateboard exhibition.

In the Grand Scope of Things

Scope is one of the larger satellite shows on the Midtown strip. It is linked to Art Asia, which is the only Midtown exhibit with a plainly descriptive title. Scope, Pulse, Aqua, Bridge, SuperNova, Red Dot, Bridge—the names are like South Beach club names, ethereal and minimalist but not saying what’s inside. Next year there should be one named Fage.

The entrance to Art Asia is a cobblestone path leading to the proverbial pot of gold: a huge mural of Barack Obama in a Superman suit, painted by a New York pop artist named Mr. Brainwash. Next to the mural is written: “Rosa Parks sat, so that Martin Luther King could walk. Martin Luther King walked, so that Barack Obama could run. Obama ran, so we could fly.” At a table marking the entrance to this path, people are lined up, about ten deep at a time, to get a poster version of Super-bama for a \$5 donation. They are infinitely more animated than the people in the Fage queue or the Acai queue, yet what they are receiving isn’t even free. The powerful sentiment of the mural, paired with the name Mr. Brainwash, exudes a certain unjustified skepticism.

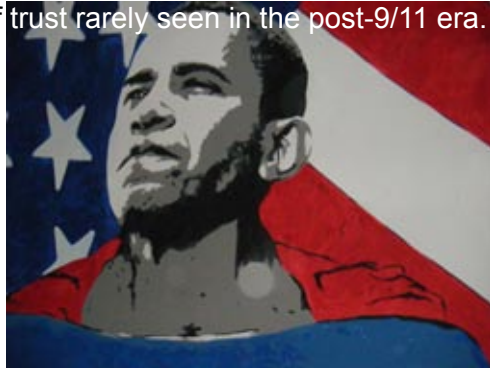
Super-bama is an odd sentinel for Art Asia, but more oddities remain ahead. Like the Bud interloper in the Japanese-Brazilian-Peruvian snack kiosk, Art Asia is replete with Americana. Marilyn Monroe appears in more than one gallery, sometimes hanging around with fellow posthumous pal JFK. Arnold Schwarzenegger also shows often, the Terminator and not the “Gubernator” persona. Are all of these American icons being bought and sold in the art markets of Asia? Or do Asian art dealers intentionally select American pop-star pieces for a show in America?

A decorative dildo exhibit repeatedly solicits the phrase: “Is that what I think it is?” Right on cue, the exhibitor, a mulatta-skinned woman with a British accent, says, “It most certainly is.” Nobody looks at the “pieces” with the seriousness they deserve, she says. Created by a Mumbai-born artist, they represent the iconography of the pantheon god, the Hindu Destroyer. The “male” aspect of the item is softened with velvet and Swarovski crystals. No matter how soft, parents cover their children’s eyes as they walk past, their own eyes unable to break their gaze.

The dildo rises again at Galerie Bhak, from Seoul, South Korea. Two female gallery representatives are stationed at a table across from a painting of a blonde woman in a scant schoolgirl uniform sitting on Santa’s lap and holding a pink dildo. The reps are unaware that naughty Santa and his little helper are watching them share a Grolsch lager and a muffin from Starbucks. Behind the reps are two middle-aged men staring at a painting called

“Overlapping Image,” which is a close-up painting of a woman’s skirt riding up, her genitals in plain view. “I tell my mother and my Aunt Jackie that you can show so much, just because it’s art,” one guy says to the other.

People meander seamlessly from Art Asia to Scope. There’s no border or boundary, as if free markets have truly come to fruition. People are free to sip Grolsch and other beverages or scribble notes with pens near pieces that range from a couple of thousand to millions of dollars. People peer centimeters away from a \$20,000 painting while holding a potentially destructive pen, a level of trust rarely seen in the post-9/11 era.



Scope Foundation presents “Friends with You,” a colorful bounce house and fun zone in the middle of the Scope/ Art Asia exhibition. It’s a romper room where children whose parents have been slogging them through the fairs’ tents can unleash pent-up energy. But there are no children in sight. The bounce house is filled with unusually hirsute people in their 20s and 30s, acting out their greatest inflatable mosh pit fantasies. It smells of sweat and patchouli. Sweatchouli.

A male biker-type is taking pictures of his friend, who is jumping with full vivacity in the bounce house. The biker cameraman has a tattoo of a flower on his chest, jeans tucked into black biker boots, and a pouch strapped to his leg. His bounce house buddy exits and takes the camera from him. The biker runs to a pink-painted cubby hole, pulls a scarf out of his pouch, ties the scarf around his eyes and hands, and stands execution-style while the bounce house buddy snaps the photo. A random guy ducks into the photo, then ducks out before the biker can undo his blindfold and realize the mischievous act.



A woman with wildly curly hair stays in the bounce house for at least 20 minutes. She has long armpit hair and is wearing an animal-print Amazon dress with thin straps that barely drape the two animal tattoos on her pectorals. Her hair is sticking up and her dress is falling off, but she is all smiles. No matter how far removed from kindergarten, people stop acting like adults when surrounded by bright colors and things that bounce.

A gallery from Switzerland is manned by two young gentlemen. The art in the booth consists of dozens of YouTube screen grabs sketched in colored pencil, including one named “Rectal Examination.” These mini-YouTube scenes are fantastic fodder for conversation, but the six people standing in the booth are talking instead about meth addiction in the U.S. versus Switzerland. A white guy with dreadlocks, wearing grungy cargo shorts and a crisp tweed blazer sips a Grolsch beer while explaining to the gallery reps how U.S. clinics use methadone to help wean addicts off methamphetamine. The guy ends the conversation with “Take care man,” and exits the booth with a nondescript woman, while other eavesdroppers disperse. The gallery reps are left to themselves, speaking in their native language, which is probably Swiss German or Dutch. Their conversation likely addresses the absurdity of pairing a tweed jacket with cargo shorts.



Contain Your Art-thusiasm

Art: the ultimate expression of unbridled thought, unrestrained potential. Art in a box: containment of the ultimate expression of unbridled thought, unrestrained potential. People gather, often ten at a time, in shipping containers, their personal space drastically compromised, to view color, texture, shape on the walls, floors, video screens around them. Picture-in-picture TV, they watch each other watching objects and others, knowing they, too, are being watched. The elephant in the room is not an elephant at all, but a big blue horse. Technicolor turns tables on black-and-white geometry in the form of painted planks afoot. Contrast, brightness, sharpness, UHF, VHF, buzz. Next door it's all Cartoon Network. Paint with numbers is print with jimmies...or sprinkles, depending upon the region. Clowns eerie with joy are sinister sweet in the art you'd find at Charlie's Chocolate Factory. Next door is a gem, filled with jewels spun from the scene of the crime. Death becomes art. Life laughs nervously at the artifacts retooled. Outside in the uncontained air, patrons arm wrestle for art. "Go Eli go!" and "No elbows!" distorts the conceptual contemplation of art shipped in its own pre-fab galleries, unloaded and dropped amid a backdrop of sand, surf, and arm wrestling. The lone oasis is a foam-swirled fort of music and libations, lit up at night like the crystal palace on Superman's home planet Krypton. We rest, drink, and listen for the cry of victory.





media says:

“We always had it in mind to split the space into two different design concepts,” says Shimon Bokovza, managing partner/owner for SugarCane and SUSHISAMBA. But the unifying thread is the use of innovative design and multimedia to capture the essence of the diverse cultures and create a sensory experience unlike any other in the city. One of the most eye-catching features is the hand-painted artwork of graffiti artist Felipe “Flip” Yung, who contributed a backdrop of bold characters and Japanese calligraphy that wrap along the walls.

Sushi Mamba

Graffiti Style

Spanish speaking chef with sushi role: first thoughts

Ku(i)mono

Ku(wase)mono

Later, much later, I learn that Sushi Mamba is supporting Tropical Graffiti.

The sushi roles a mixture of Brazilian and Japanese flavors.

Results:



Interesting display

Appealing

Taste test?

This dish is dull yet beautiful,

An empty-headed supermodel.

I'm sure that the painted T-shirts are much more palatable.

A young girl who works here said something about bringing all these different aspects together. *Hon' ne*

She says something else about her organization trying to display graffiti as a real art. *Hon' ne*

I ask her about the connection with food. She replies, "Oh they are just sponsors."

Setsumei!

Fumei...Ahh!

Graffiti and Sushi?

Of course, how much sense this makes now.

The chef enters a stainless steel elevator with wooden spoon.

A worker enters elevator with ladder, such gorgeous ambition.

A woman sings while entering the elevator. Soprano.

Kid with skateboard. Daredevil.

Woman in black. Suicidal.

Me. Aching knees.

Also cooking? The Station, a fully functioning meth lab that has the whole art world tweaking.⁹

media
says:



Myth lab

Ca²⁺ ceramics

Unstable isotopes marinating

On backless bones

Covalent bonding alternative

To marital

Parental

Connections

Our bond lengths

.032 pm

A night time helium slumber

Molecular meltdown

Hydrogen atoms, angelic heterodox

Repulsive force

Red arrow



Stopgo

We split not because we are uncompromising

We are diatomic

Always appearing coalesced

At the dining tables

When actually we are periodically identical

An ion in a molecular compound

My hands, broken beakers

Alkane—

Single bonded

Yet everywhere we turn

Mates take our straight-chains

Replace a carbon with their toxic

He keeps grabbing her hands as though it is needed for conformation

Had he ever noticed, that maybe she is one-dimensional

Just maybe, she is too stiff to spin

Tropism shelves

Only displaying the decayed

Burgeoning death

Creating new life in jars

Flesh jam

Pickled ulcer

Seed germination

En route with Krebs Cycle

The couple spins linear

He asks "Do you understand?"

She nods, her face balled tight like fists

Beakers and test tubes

Dangle at the edge of my heels

One step forward, nine clouds

Though I wanted cloud nine

Because they give me heaven

After dark, I am a clone of day

light?

I inhale downtown buildings

I watch angels play dead,

Some jar sky pieces like butterflies,

The others eat the clouds.

I try to join them



With scalpel pressed against ear
Like early rising lover's lips
I listen hard for bird songs
Somewhere glass breaks
Liquids sizzle
I dive, into lab coat
Close tree and ground
In hazardous containers

They argue over art
I'll jump
Molt body and bones
A distilled masterpiece

media
says:

Security guards have already put the purse to the size test at the Convention Center in Miami Beach, and you think, here we go again. But the security guard asks you to follow him into a room, and you figure, he doesn't want to embarrass a guest in such well-to-do company, so you follow him. After all, you have nothing to hide. It's not like you put a croissant in there or something.

The Wynwood District during Miami Beach's Art Basel

1. Gesture Drawing

Young, white, stylish figures
stenciled on a brick wall.

These silhouettes are only visiting.

2. urban landscape

artist tagged cookie monster, gold bling
jeans levitating on wide blue hips

streetwise —he'd recognize

miami's skyline sliced

\\ \\\ \ \\ \\\ \\\ \\\ \\\ \\\ \\\
revealed within cracked trompe l'oil brick

c.m. won't be riding one of the
high-priced
scratch-free
tiger-under-the-hood

cars

swinging

into the district these [3] days

all he sees of his city:

pothole | barbwire | electrical transmission grid | drained
brown faces
miami rescue mission's bargain barn

3. Sketch

Bumper sticker on a dumpster: Love made ██████████

4. Portrait of a Gallery Owner

*Come back on the Second Saturdays.
A better class of people come here then.
I mean people who will buy.*

5. Still Life after Saturday Night's Art Party

two plastic cups
leftover booze/lime/yellow
straw

*I'm so drunk,
I'm voting McCain*

6. Life Drawing

The manager of the studio
repaints the outside wall
over a tag,

*I don't have to do this too often;
not more'n once a week.*

Next wall over, a palimpsest. White
overcoat and underneath
black figures ghost

like drowning. Moon faces ellipse, cobalt
and green tags
a figure with arms outstretched

7. Austere Abstract

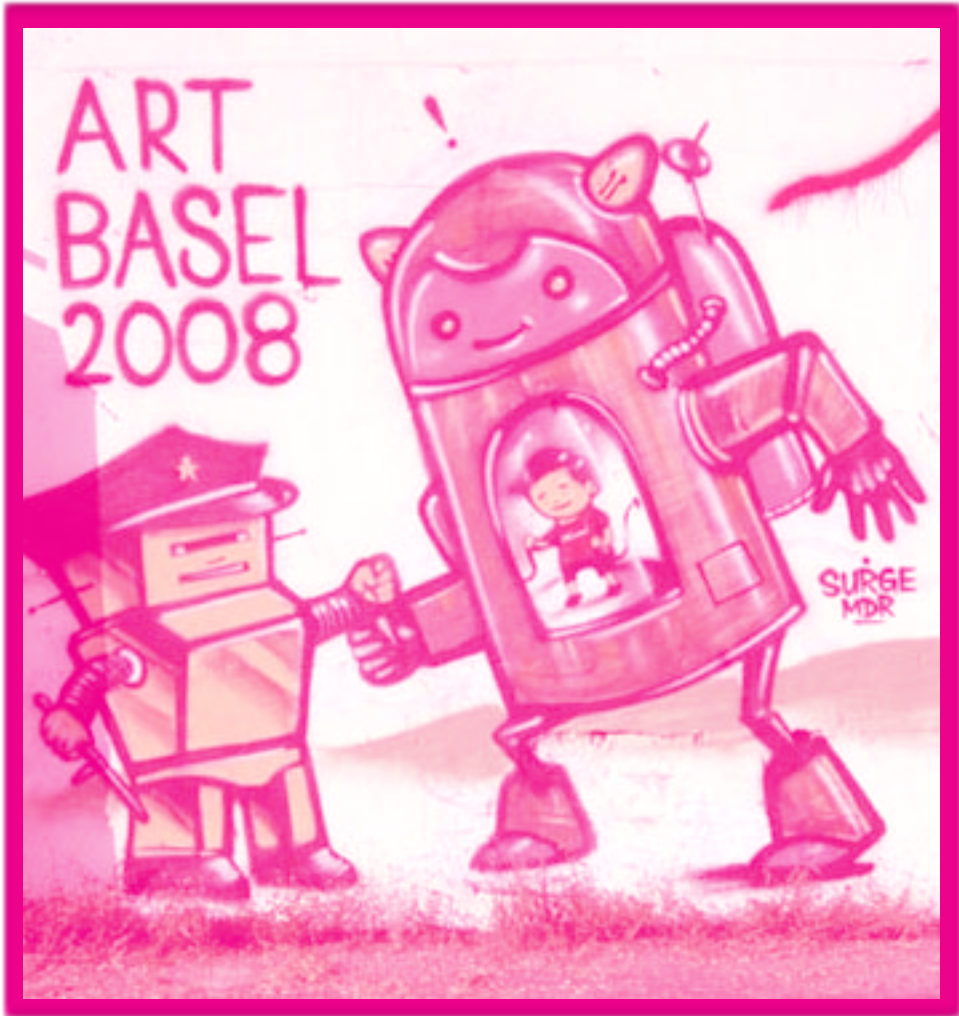
we are lost: 2 officers on a corner [we don't ask for directions]
we turn down NW 21st St: 1 officer directs us to hurry up
we park the car: 1 officer assists us crossing the street

we visit independent galleries first,

we walk down NW 2nd Ave: 0 officers, 0 cruisers
we eat lunch: 0 officers, 1 cruiser circles twice, 1 cruiser glides by once, one
homeland security vehicle is parked, 0 lights flashing
we walk down NW 1st Place: 0 officers, 1 cruisers

we arrive at Pulse and Gesai: 1 officer on each side of the street, 1 officer at the corner, 3 officers
in total

we leave, cross to our car: 1 officer leans against his cruiser, one empty cruiser, 1 officer, 2
cruisers total, 0 lights flashing



De-Positions

(excerpt)

I was very nervous this night of the Pack Observation project. I had never taken part in such a project and there were very respectable people involved. It wasn't until about a week and a half later, however, that I even knew the project was going on, that I had happened to be out on the same night observing with unknown comrades, none of whom I was to see because, first, I wouldn't have recognized most of them, and of those I did recognize none or few would recognize me or be able to call me by name, and second, I was in completely the wrong part of town.

No, I was nervous for an unrelated reason, tormented lately by considering the power of lawyers, the power they have to destroy lives. I know lawyers do good and necessary things, but those are not the type that fill my veins with nervous poison every now and then like the coming of the rainy season somewhere. And, strangely, lawyers oppress me most in my apartment, almost as if it becomes, *avant la lettre*, the prison where they'll send me. Although my apartment has more windows than a prison, its walls are mostly white, so much so that the few paintings I do have my brother and his wife forced me to take out of storage and place on these walls. In other places, I had lots of paintings and paint and collage all over my walls, but the only trace of that is now in my walk-in closet, where there is a picture of me standing in one of those apartments. My brother commented that it was almost as if I had somehow, through suction, turned that apartment inside out, leaving only a shrine to this time in my life, in the form of the photograph, inside the walk-in closet. That would make the photograph the equivalent of the inside-out apartment's mouth and I'm sure that, somewhere, Lacan has a diagram of this too.

Have you ever been deposed? It's the most frightening thing a lawyer can do to you. You may have a lawyer next to you who objects to every question the other lawyer asks, but nevertheless, they can ask you anything and in a deposition, unlike in court, you have to answer without your lawyer being able to stop it. And being deposed, no matter what the topic or your relation to the case, makes you feel helpless and guilty. That's what the scene of deposition, what lawyers, can do to you. These effects are heightened if the lawyer screams in your face, if the deposition lasts for six hours (Is it possible when the matter was so simple?), as once happened with me. You may think, hey, I'll never be deposed, but you're wrong. I too thought it was something that only happened to kings. What throne did I have to be deposed from but the shitter? But that's just it. The brilliant ontology of the deposition is about positionality itself. You may feel that you are securely positioned at the bottom, that you have made no pretense toward raising yourself from the most humble of positions. But lawyers come to tell us that the position itself is a pretense, that there is no position from which you cannot be deposed in the most violent and vertiginous way imaginable. No, lawyers do not tell us this. They make us live this possibility.

So if I were to give the evening a mood, a *Stimmung*, it would be that of deposition. I can't help myself. It is what gets me out of my prison *avant la lettre* in the first place. And, how do I do so? That too is peculiar, because everything I am wearing is black and stolen from a heroin addict I lived with in Boston. I didn't want to depose him. He was my friend, as much as a heroin addict can be your friend, which is why he was so hurt when I told him one morning at 5 AM that he had 15 minutes to collect his things and leave. I had come home from a conference one weekend to notice I had a negative bank account. It wasn't personal, but of course it was. He was too hurt to even make a pretense of collecting his things, except a jacket, hat, and his works. He was gone in less than five minutes. And so I kept his things, even his journal filled with pictures of true loves he had lost to his depositioning device. I still wear his clothes, which fit me. Why do I do this?

Not able to answer this question, feeling deposed, I complete my outfit with that little black Semiotext(e) version of Paul Virilio's *Speed and Politics*, his sacred text of dromomania that fits in your pocket as such a text must. I'm taking the elevated train to the Santa Clara stop and rather than open my mind up to wild poisonous thoughts, I view this text as a sort of inoculation for the Observation I do not know I am about to participate in. Here is one sentence from it: "In colonial genocide or ethnocide, he was the *survivor* because he was in fact *super-quick (sur-vif)*."1

It's already dark in Santa Clara, but right next to the train station some Latina women sit in a fenced-in playground that is lit up like a concentration camp. They do not have any children with them and there does not seem to be any way of entering the enclosure. We are not *for* each other, I think, and even if we were I do not know how my nerves would handle sitting and talking in such an intense glare. I would be paralyzed and swatting at nonexistent insects as they landed on my poisoned skin.

I cross the street and am reminded again that no one walks in the city. I'm as much a relic as the giant Coca-Cola logo painted Diego Rivera-style on the side of a building that appears to have no other *raison d'être* than to serve as an inordinately stalwart support for this image. I feel exposed until streetlights fade and then I feel scared. I can tell by the rents advertised that I am walking in a place where desperate people live. It's like another dimension to me, I'll admit. Giant grass lots are surrounded by barbed-wire fences, high overgrown wire protecting nothing but the treasures, the mansions, the stockpiles of weapons that are invisible to one like myself. I'm almost safe. Where the art and the people looking at the art will be, at least some of them. Most of them are on Miami Beach, but you can't really walk there and to be frank, the only times I've ever been there are times when I've really felt "at the rope of my end," as my German friend—the one who sends me postcards of the Pentecost—likes to say, even more so than tonight. Miami Beach has done everything in its power to prevent itself from becoming this—what it has become to me—a zone of despair. I'm a real alchemist. Just one abject parking lot filled with people who look like they've been washed ashore, but unable to drag themselves into the "convenient" store they garland. They watch me as if I'm their doppelgänger. Someone who walks, but who does so powerfully, quickly. They're watching something they don't even remember existed. Adrenaline. They recognize me and they don't recognize me/it. My name is inside the word which surrounds me and has overwhelmed me. [...]

1. Paul Virilio, *Speed and Politics*, trans. by Mark Polizzotti (New York: Semiotexte, 1986), 47.

SHAPE SHIFT MACHINE

visually scarred
evolving cognitive states
in lapsing timescapes

smashing art bait the last space
flip flops, arms wrestle, give back

the wandering aim
installations battling
a four day time frame

station the meth lab condos
while shock troops gently fist bump

we become senseless
as corridors echo back
words we cannot taste

art we cannot consume turns
imagined commodity

plastic joss paper
fluid murmurs of silence
and intrepid nuances

burn for the dead who rewind
and forward speculation

curled up intrusion
will not singe, toxic scented
future of empire

ants march flags past [conlon's lens](#)
as jimie durham smashes

faces into floor
beyond the point of broken
reassemble peace

from garbage prisoners to
wild black chickens wondering

watching the lavish
zebra stripes engage embrace
laser graffiti

design is strict and little
haiti lives its art all year

slow, past fading
sudden influx rampaged
focusing unclear

watery eyes witness land
traffic, glitter, grit and drift

scoping subterrain
casualties are few and far
sleeping yet awake

or many and mundane in
capital's hypnotic flow

running through currents
seldom, cognitive purchase
spending but a dime

or a nickel battery
for dealers' wireless signals

their eyes vacating
refrain from questions until
the end opinions

raise doubt in the investment.
art asks brazenly: what lasts?

Sources for Quotations from Mass Media and Art Basel P.R.

¹ Enrique Fernandez and Melissa Revenga, "art basel: all around town," *PODER Enterprise / Miami*, 59 (Nov. 2008): 59.

² Enrique Fernandez, "art: the safest investment OR the next great bubble?," *ibid.*: 50.

³ "Grolsch Teams with Miami Artist to Produce Limited-Edition Bottle Available only at Select Shows during Art Basel Miami Beach," Molson-Coors Press Release, 13 Nov. 2008.

⁴ Blair Butterfield, *PunK Rock Bourgeoisie* <<http://blairbutterfield.com/PRB2008.htm>>.

⁵ Anetta Nowosielska, "Art Basel: The Station," *BlackBook*, 3 Dec. 2008 <www.blackbookmag.com/article/art-basel-the-station/5318>.

⁶ Marina Cashdan, "Art Basel Miami Beach / Under Construction," *T Magazine* <<http://themoment.blogs.nytimes.com/2008/12/04/art-basel-miami-under-construction/>>.

⁷ Brett Sokol, "Mary-Kate Hits Miami!," *New York Magazine*, 7 Dec. 2008.

⁸ Rob Wiser, "Design To Dine For: Artistic Mediums Create a Sensory Experience Within SushiSamba And SugarCane," *ninefourfour*, 1 Oct. 2008 <www.944.com/articles/design-to-dine-for/>.

⁹ Art Basel Miami Beach "internal newspaper," quoted in Molly Crabapple, "Blogging Basel--VIPop Surrealism," *Jewcy*, 8 Dec. 2008 <www.jewcy.com/tags/art_basel>.

¹⁰ Fabiola Santiago, "Art Basel: Cifo creates tension with 'Prisoner's Dilemma,'" *Miami Herald*, 5 Dec. 2008.