

The selection of issues that should rank high on the agenda of concern for human welfare and rights is, naturally, a subjective matter. But there are a few choices that seem unavoidable, because they bear so directly on the prospects for decent survival. Among them are at least these three: nuclear war, environmental disaster, and the fact that the government of the world's leading power is acting in ways that increase the likelihood of these catastrophes. It is important to stress the government, because the population, not surprisingly, does not agree. That brings up a fourth issue that should deeply concern Americans, and the world: the sharp divide between public opinion and public policy, one of the reasons for the fear, which cannot casually be put aside, that "the American 'system' as a whole is in real trouble—that it is heading in a direction that spells the end of its historic values (of) equality, liberty, and meaningful democracy."

-excerpt from *Failed States* by Noam Chomsky 2006  
Quotation from GAR Alperovitz, *America Beyond Capitalism* 2005

On the occasion of the exhibition  
September 4 thru October 18, 2008

Kent Gallery, Inc  
541 West 25th Street  
New York, NY 10001  
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Douglas Walla  
Ayesha Williams  
Daniel Dror

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# *entre chien et loup*

dennis adams  
john brill  
mike cockrill  
heide fasnacht  
charles gaines  
hans haacke  
richard hamilton  
jess  
antoni muntadas  
yoko ono  
irving petlin

*prose*  
noam chomsky  
chief sealth  
george washington

*prices upon request*

**K E N T**

JOHN BRILL (b. Newark 1951, lives in Livingston, NJ)

*Recurring Apparitions (Civil War Battlefield, Alexandria, VA)*, 1999

Selenium toned silver print with oil pigment

5 ¼ in. x 4 in.

*Literature:*

Ollman, Leah. *The Photography of John Brill* New York: Kent Gallery

c. 2002 illus in color p. 87



CHIEF SEALTH (Ts'ial-la-kum) (c. 1786 – 1866)

better known today as Chief Seattle was a leader of the Suquamish and Duwamish Native American tribes in what is now the U.S. state of Washington.

Public Speech given March 11, 1854

*How* can you buy or sell the sky, the warmth of the land? The idea is strange to us. If we do not own the freshness of the air and the sparkle of the water, how can you buy them? Every part of this earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing and humming insect is holy in the memory and experience of my people. The sap which courses through the trees carries the memories of the red man. The white man's dead forget the country of their birth when they go to walk among the stars. Our dead never forget this beautiful earth, for it is the mother of the red man. We are part of the earth and it is part of us. The perfumed flowers are our sisters; the deer, the horse, the great eagle, these are our brothers. The rocky crests, the juices in the meadows, the body heat of the pony, and man --- all belong to the same family.

So, when the Great Chief in Washington sends word that he wishes to buy our land, he asks much of us. The Great Chief sends word he will reserve us a place so that we can live comfortably to ourselves. He will be our father and we will be his children.

So, we will consider your offer to buy our land. But it will not be easy. For this land is sacred to us. This shining water that moves in the streams and rivers is not just water but the blood of our ancestors. If we sell you the land, you must remember that it is sacred, and you must teach your children that it is sacred and that each ghostly reflection in the clear water of the lakes tells of events and memories in the life of my people. The water's murmur is the voice of my father's father.

The rivers are our brothers, they quench our thirst. The rivers carry our canoes, and feed our children. If we sell you our land, you must remember, and teach your children, that the rivers are our brothers and yours, and you must henceforth give the rivers the kindness you would give any brother.

We know that the white man does not understand our ways. One portion of land is the same to him as the next, for he is a stranger who comes in the night and takes from the land whatever he needs. The earth is not his brother, but his enemy, and when he has conquered it,

he moves on. He leaves his father's grave behind, and he does not care. He kidnaps the earth from his children, and he does not care. His father's grave, and his children's birthright are forgotten. He treats his mother, the earth, and his brother, the sky, as things to be bought, plundered, sold like sheep or bright beads. His appetite will devour the earth and leave behind only a desert.

I do not know. Our ways are different than your ways. The sight of your cities pains the eyes of the red man. There is no quiet place in the white man's cities. No place to hear the unfurling of leaves in spring or the rustle of the insect's wings. The clatter only seems to insult the ears. And what is there to life if a man cannot hear the lonely cry of the whippoorwill or the arguments of the frogs around the pond at night? I am a red man and do not understand. The Indian prefers the soft sound of the wind darting over the face of a pond and the smell of the wind itself, cleaned by a midday rain, or scented with pinon pine.

The air is precious to the red man for all things share the same breath, the beast, the tree, the man, they all share the same breath. The white man does not seem to notice the air he breathes. Like a man dying for many days he is numb to the stench. But if we sell you our land, you must remember that the air is precious to us, that the air shares its spirit with all the life it supports.

The wind that gave our grandfather his first breath also receives his last sigh. And if we sell you our land, you must keep it apart and sacred as a place where even the white man can go to taste the wind that is sweetened by the meadow's flowers.

So we will consider your offer to buy our land. If we decide to accept, I will make one condition - the white man must treat the beasts of this land as his brothers.

I am a savage and do not understand any other way. I have seen a thousand rotting buffaloes on the prairie, left by the white man who shot them from a passing train. I am a savage and do not understand how the smoking iron horse can be made more important than the buffalo that we kill only to stay alive.

What is man without the beasts? If all the beasts were gone, man would die from a great loneliness of the spirit. For whatever happens to the beasts, soon happens to man. All things are connected.

You must teach your children that the ground beneath their feet is the ashes of our grandfathers. So that they will respect the land, tell your children that the earth is rich with the lives of our



kin. Teach your children that we have taught our children that the earth is our mother. Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of earth. If men spit upon the ground, they spit upon themselves.

This we know; the earth does not belong to man; man belongs to the earth. This we know. All things are connected like the blood which unites one family. All things are connected. Even the white man, whose God walks and talks with him as friend to friend, cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all. We shall see. One thing we know which the white man may one day discover; our God is the same God.

You may think now that you own Him as you wish to own our land; but you cannot. He is the God of man, and His compassion is equal for the red man and the white. The earth is precious to Him, and to harm the earth is to heap contempt on its creator. The whites too shall pass; perhaps sooner than all other tribes. Contaminate your bed and you will one night suffocate in your own waste.

But in your perishing you will shine brightly fired by the strength of the God who brought you to this land and for some special purpose gave you dominion over this land and over the red man. That destiny is a mystery to us, for we do not understand when the buffalo are all slaughtered, the wild horses are tamed, the secret corners of the forest heavy with the scent of many men and the view of the ripe hills blotted by talking wires. Where is the thicket? Gone. Where is the eagle? Gone. The end of living and the beginning of survival.

All things share the same breath - the beast, the tree, the man... the air shares its spirit with all the life it supports.

Humankind has not woven the web of life. We are but one thread within it. Whatever we do to the web, we do to ourselves. All things are bound together. All things connect.

Man does not weave this web of life.  
He is merely a strand of it.  
Whatever he does to the web,  
he does to himself.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (1732 – 1799) Letter Signed as President

*To the Chiefs and Warriors of the Cherokee Nation of Indians, Philadelphia, June 14, 1794.*

Seeking to conciliate a hostile Cherokee tribe, Washington promises his government’s material support in exchange for assurances of good faith regarding previous treaties ceding the Cumberland to the United States.

The 1803 Louisiana Purchase led American officials, including President Thomas Jefferson, to rethink the boundaries established by the 1794 treaty. Accordingly, in 1808, the U.S. offered major inducements to the Cherokee to exchange their land for holdings west of the Mississippi, in present-day Arkansas. Some agreed to the offer, only to find that their new territory impinged on traditional Osage hunting grounds. This conflict, internal disputes among the now-divided Cherokee nation, and pressure from the U.S. government to clear the way for new waves of white settlers, ultimately led to the federal removal of the Cherokee to Oklahoma in the 1830s – the infamous “Trail of Tears.”

excerpt by Seth Kaller

To the Chiefs and Warriors of the Chonchoe Nation of Indians.

My Children,

I am glad to see you and take you by the hand after so long a journey. Suppose that you are all in good health and bid you heartily welcome to this City.

I am made acquainted with the talks you have had with the Secretary of War, you may depend upon what he may say to you in my behalf.

My Children

I am very sorry that since I took you and others of your nation by the hand about two years ago in this City that disturbances and hostilities have happened between your nation and some of the white Inhabitants upon the frontiers. It is unnecessary for me to enter upon the particulars of those unhappy events, as we now mean to bury deep and for ever the red hatchet of War. Let us therefore forget past events let us endeavour to find out the means by which the path between us shall be kept open and secure from all harm. You must restrain your bad young men from stealing of horses and mauling our frontier people. Unless you have force sufficient for this purpose peace will never be established.

established. The frontier people will not suffer their property to be  
stolen, much less will they suffer their friends to be murdered without  
seeking satisfaction.

We shall endeavor to keep in order the white young men and  
prevent their doing you any injury.

The Secretary of War has spoken to you my mind about  
the lands upon Cumberland. These have been confirmed by the two  
treaties of Hopewell in 1785 and of Holston in 1791. More than  
ten thousand people are seated on those lands and they cannot be  
removed.

The treaties which have been made cannot be altered. The  
boundaries which have been mentioned must be marked and esta-  
blished so that no disputes shall happen or any white people cross  
over it.

But in order to convince you that the United States are desirous  
that you and your families should be comfortably clothed, your  
annual allowance of One thousand five hundred dollars will be  
increased to the amount of five thousand dollars yearly. The  
Secretary of War will consult you for the purpose of furnishing  
you with the articles which shall be most acceptable to your  
nation and you shall take the amount of one year's allowance home  
with you.

Resides.

Besides this quantity which will be for the whole Nation, I have  
directed that you who are present, and your families should be well  
clothed and well treated in all respects.

This liberal allowance independent of all former considera-  
tions will be of much greater value to the whole Nation than could  
possibly be obtained by the waters from any of the small spots of  
ground upon Cumberland or elsewhere which any of you may be  
desirous of having returned.

The Secretary of War will endeavor to find an Agent who  
shall reside among you in the heart of your Nation to advise you  
in all cases and to protect you from all injuries.

Any thing further which you may have to say you will  
communicate to the Secretary of War in whose charge I leave  
you being obliged myself to go to Virginia. We will take care to  
have you returned to your Nation with the goods which shall  
be provided for you.

Philadelphia  
June 14<sup>th</sup> 1794

G. Washington

JOHN BRILL (b. Newark 1951, lives in Livingston, NJ)

*Reliquary Series: Discarnate*, 1999

Selenium toned silver print

10 ½ in. x 7 ¾ in.

*Literature:*

Ollman, Leah. *The Photography of John Brill* New York: Kent Gallery

c. 2002 illus in color p. 72

*I've long been intrigued by the tendency of various genres of nominally scientific photography to produce images of unintended beauty—images that might be made without any pretensions to aesthetic concerns, but that paradoxically wind up being more beautiful than the most rigorous artistic exercises. Nowhere is this principle more at play than in images of the putatively paranormal. Seeking both photographic and metaphysical truth, spirit photography ostensibly strives to satisfy purely practical/evidentiary functions, while characteristically mining a powerful, if coincidental, aesthetic. It can transfix even skeptics purely on the basis of its visual appeal, its ethereal beauty rendering its empirical allegations largely beside the point. Its visual impact further resonates on the dissonance inherent at the confluence of photographic veracity and otherworldly claims.*

*In these images from my series Reliquary, the visually sublime is not coincidental but primary. I've endeavored to take this accidental aesthetic and bring it to the fore, albeit in a way that doesn't allow clarity and specificity to undermine wonder and the tenacious, innate human longing for something spiritual.*



JOHN BRILL (b. Newark 1951, lives in Livingston, NJ)

*Recurring Apparition (India, 1960's)*, 1999

Sulfide toned silver print

4 in. x 3 ¼ in.

*Literature:*

Ollman, Leah. *The Photography of John Brill* New York: Kent Gallery

c. 2002 illus in color p. 89





JESS (b. Jess Collins Long Beach, CA 1923, d. San Francisco 2004)

*The Chariot: Tarot VII*, 1962

Paste-Up

- A: visible image, what you can see of the collage: c. 50 x 31 ¾ inches.  
B: implied image (under the beige liner): c. 52 x 33 ¾ inches.  
C: framed image (including orange cloth frame): c. 52 ½ x 35 ½ x 1 ¾ deep.  
D: UV-3 Plexiglas-box: 58 ¼ x 40 ¼ x 4 deep.

*Provenance:*

Acquired directly from the artist.

Private collection

*Exhibited:*

*Jess: Paste-Ups (and Assemblies)* 1951-1983 John & Mabel Ringling Museum, Sarasota 1983 illus in color p. 67

Traveled to: Newport Harbor Art Museum, Newport Beach

*Jess: A Grand Collage 1951-1993* organized by Michael Auping Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo September 12 to October 31, 1993

Traveled to:

Walker Art Center, Minneapolis

Nov. 20, 1993 - January 23, 1994

San Francisco Museum of Modern Art

February 24 thru April 24, 1994

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

May 21 thru August 21, 1994

Whitney Museum of American Art, New York

Sept. 22 thru December 4, 1994

*Literature:*

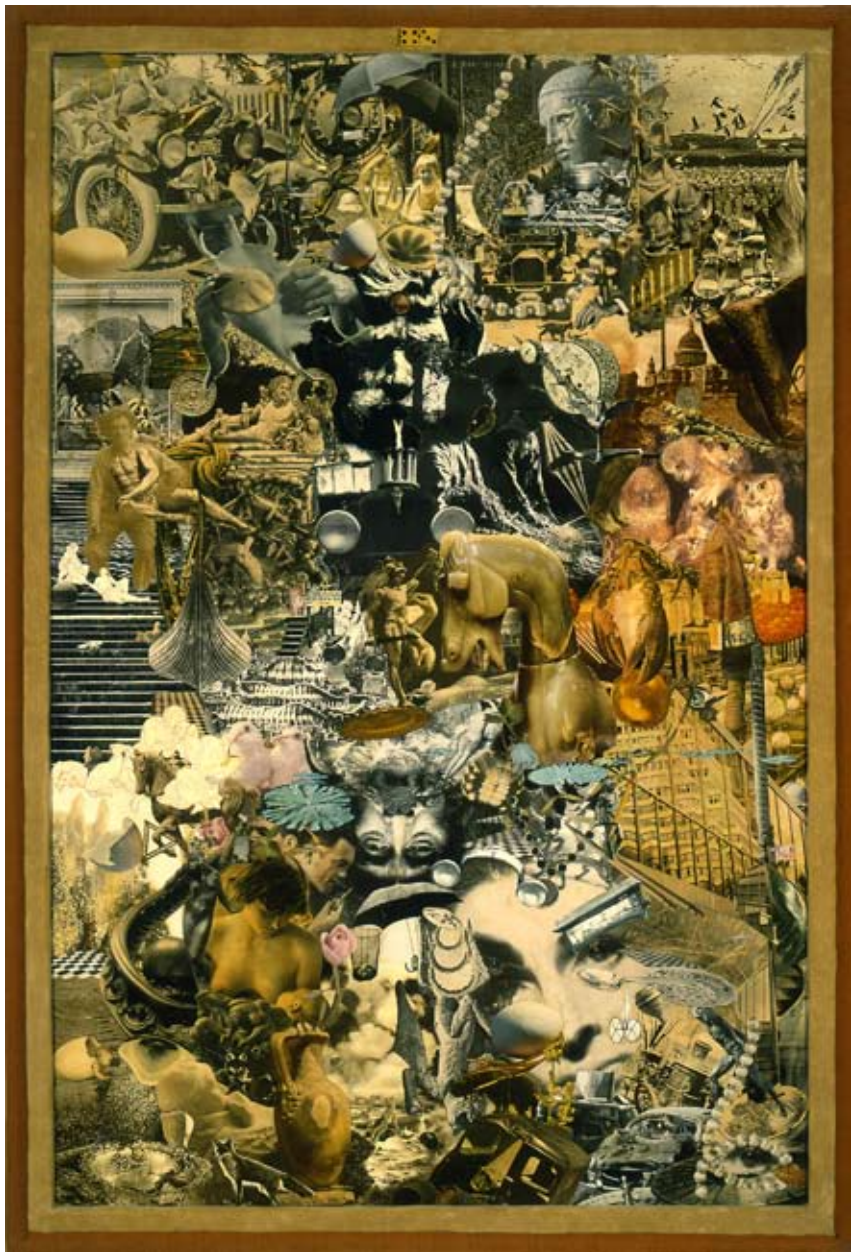
Auping, Michael *JESS: A Grand Collage 1951-1993* Cat no. 61 Illus in color p. 197

*Notes:*

Jess created his rare *Tarot Series* paste-ups at significant junctures in his life. He put everything else aside to work through these complex personal divinations - galaxies of images past and present, images exactly layered, chosen from a vast cache of books, magazines, art reproductions, engravings, ephemera, and, as here, a family photograph. *The Chariot: Tarot VII*, was also a significant formal advance - not only Jess's first large paste-up, but also the key transitional work in his shift from black and white to color.

*The Chariot* is widely recognized as the key work in this transition when Jess begins to recognize the potential of his Paste-Ups to be major works of art in their own right able to hold their own with large paintings.

Calling himself simply *Jess* after a break with his family in the late 1940s, Mr. Collins played an important, even defining role in the late 20th century Bay Area art scene. Born Burgess Collins in Long Beach, he studied chemistry before being drafted into the military. As a radio-chemist with the Army Corps of Engineers, he had a small part in the Manhattan Project to develop the first atom bomb. In 1948, a gruesome nightmare of the world destroying itself led Mr. Collins to renounce science for what he saw as more constructive pursuits. A year later, he enrolled in the San Francisco Art Institute (Clyfford Still, David Park, Hassel Smith).



RICHARD HAMILTON (b. 1922, lives in England)

*Marcel Duchamp*, 1967

Color Offset Lithograph with Collage

31 ½ x 23 inches

Publisher: Petersburg Press

Catalogue Raisonné: Lullin, 264

In 1966 Hamilton reconstructed Duchamp's famous 1915 work "The Bride Stripped Bare by her Bachelors, Even" also known as "The Large Glass" for the Tate Gallery Duchamp retrospective, as the original was too fragile to be moved from its home, the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Duchamp was in London to collaborate in this project and Hamilton took this photograph of Duchamp (holding *Oculist Witnesses*) at his studio in Hurst Avenue in Highgate.



MIKE COCKRILL (b. Washington D.C.1953, lives in Brooklyn)

*Oh, Little Shepherd Boy*, 2008

Oil on canvas

60 x 50 in.

Departs from an Aesop's Fable entitled The Boy Who Cried Wolf





DENNIS ADAMS (b. Des Moines 1948, lives in NYC)

Curtain Call, 2007

Single Channel Digital Projection [58 seconds continuous loop]

No. 1 from an edition of 3

Motion graphics: Paul Colin/Cezanne Studio

In *Curtain Call* Adams reworks a single shot from Godard's *Breathless* that shows Jean Seberg opening a set of curtains and lifting her skirt up to throw it outside over the window sill. Adams inserts an inscription in graffiti on the outside wall under the window that Seberg's billowing skirt partially conceals as it falls. It reads: "ILS VOIENT NOS FEMMES ON VOIT PAS LES LEURS," which translates: "THEY CAN SEE OUR WOMEN, WE CAN'T SEE THEIRS." This racial slur was a street expression used by Pied Noirs during Algeria's War of Independence. On the one hand, Adams collapses two distinct scenes from French History, linked only by their shared time period, and on the other hand, he creates a playful fictional role for Seberg, suggestive of her real-life political intrigues.





ILS VOIENT NOS FEMMES  
ON VOIT PAS LES LEURS

DENNIS ADAMS (b. Des Moines 1948, lives in NYC)

Probe, 2008

Photomontage printed on Epson Ultrachrome archival photo rag 310 gsm

No 1 from an Edition of 8 plus two artist's proofs

33 x 23 3/4 in.

*Note:*

Dennis Adams's *Double Feature* is composite "still" collaged from individual frames grabbed from Jean-Luc Godard's *Breathless* (1959) and Gillo Pontecorvo's *The Battle of Algiers* (1965). In this constructed image Jean Seberg, the co-star of *Breathless*, has been displaced from her celebrated stroll along the Champs-Élysées in Paris, where she hawked the *New York Herald Tribune* with Jean-Paul Belmondo at her side, and relocated in Algiers during Algeria's struggle for independence from French rule, where she walks the city's war-torn streets.



YOKO ONO (b. Tokyo 1933, lives in NYC)

*Ceiling Painting (Yes Painting)*, 1966/1998

Ink on canvas, metal frame, magnifying glass, metal chain, painted ladder

Canvas: 20 x 16 ¼ in.

Ladder: 72 x 19 ¼ x 47 ½ in.

*Exhibitions:*

*Blue Room Event.* New York, 1966

*Yoko at Indica.* Indica Gallery, London, 1966

*This Is Not Here.* Everson Museum, Syracuse, New York, 1971

*Happenings & Fluxus.* Galerie 1900-2000, Paris, 1989

*The Bronze Age.* Cranbrook Academy of Art Museum, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, 1989

*In Facing.* Riverside Studios, London, 1990

*Insound/Instructure.* Henie Onstad Arts Centre, Hovikodden, Oslo, 1990

*Funie.* Sogetsu Art Museum, Tokyo, 1990

*To See the Skies.* Fondazione Mudima, Milan, 1990

*Birch Monologue.* Porin Taidemuseo, Pori, Finland, 1991

*Peace! Friður!* Reykjavík Municipal Art Museum, Iceland, 1991

*Have You Seen the Horizon Lately?* MOMA, Oxford, England, 1997-2000

Traveled to:

The Fruitmarket Gallery, Edinburgh, Museum Villa Stuck, Munich

Ormeau Baths Gallery

Belfast, Northern Ireland

*Firstsite,* Minorities Art Gallery, England, Helsinki City Art Museum, Israel Museum, Jerusalem

*En Trance.* Andre Emmerich Gallery, New York, 1998

*Yes Yoko Ono.* Japan Society Gallery, New York, 2000-2004

Traveled to:

Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, Contemporary Arts Museum Houston, TX, MIT List Visual Art Center, Cambridge, MA, Art Gallery of Ontario, Toronto, San Francisco, Museum of Modern Art, CA, Museum of Contemporary Art North Miami, FL, Art Tower Mito, Mito City, Japan, Hiroshima City Museum of Contemporary Art, Japan, Museum of Contemporary Art, Tokyo, Japan, Kirishima Open-Air Museum, Kagoshima, Japan, Museum of Modern Art, Shiga, Japan

*Yoko Ono - Uma Retrospectiva,* Centro Cultural Banco Do Brasil, Sao Paulo, 2007-2008

*Literature:*

Ono, Yoko. *Yoko at Indica.* London: The Indica Gallery, 1966, ill. p. 5.

Haskell, Barbara. *Yoko Ono: Arias and Objects.* Layton, Utah: Gibbs Smith Publisher, 1991, ill. p. 41.







RICHARD HAMILTON (b. 1922, lives in England)

*Release*, 1972

Screenprint from 1 photographic & 17 Hand-Cut Stencils with Collage

Number 105 from an edition of 150

Image: 27 ½ x 37 inches

Paper Size: 31 ¼ x 40 ½ inches

CCG/01/RH/10342

The source for *Swinging London 67* and its related works was a press photograph taken on 28 June 1967, showing Jagger and Fraser handcuffed together and seen through the window of a police van as they arrived at the court building in Chichester. Taken by a Daily Mail photographer, Mr. John Twine, it was published in the Daily Sketch, 29 June 1967.

excerpt *Richard Hamilton*. London: Tate Gallery 1970 p. 78

*Robert Fraser, my swinging art dealer, was friendly not only with Mick Jagger and the Stones but also with the Beatles. He encouraged several of his artists to undertake commissions to make record sleeve designs and got the groups involved with the artists. Paul McCartney was taking a very active role in putting together the double album called "The Beatles" and I took responsibility for the design of the package with Gordon House looking after the printing and Paul McCartney working with me a good deal of the time in the studio.*

Richard Hamilton, Whitworth Gallery catalogue 1972





RICHARD HAMILTON (b. 1922, lives in England)

*Kent State*, 1970

Screenprint

Image size: 26 ¼ x 34 ¼ in.

Paper size: 28 ¾ x 40 in.

*It had been on my mind that there might be a subject staring me in the face from the TV screen. I set up a camera in front of the TV for a week. Every night I sat watching with a shutter release in my hand. If something interesting happened I snapped it up. During that week in May 1970, many possibilities emerged, from the Black and White Minstrel Show to Match of the Day; I also had a good many news items. In the middle of the week the shooting of students by National Guardsmen occurred at Kent State University. This tragic event produced the most powerful images that emerged from the camera, yet I felt a reluctance to use any of them. It was too terrible an incident in American history to submit to arty treatment. Yet there it was in my hand, by chance – I didn't really choose the subject, it offered itself. It seemed right, too, that art could help to keep the shame in our minds; the wide distribution of a large edition print might be the strongest indictment I could make. . . . The Kent State student depicted, Dean Kahler, was not killed. He suffered spinal injuries and is paralysed. The text that I originally wrote for the subject avoids any mention of the horrible circumstances of that day in May. It coolly describes the passage of information. From the actual fact of a young man struck down by the bullets of amateur guardsmen to the eventual representation in a print, all the transformations of energy, listed remorselessly like a modern version of the tale of Paul Revere. It seems far more menacing than a sentimental registering of personal disgust.*

Richard Hamilton: *Collected Words 1953-1982* London:  
Thames and Hudson text p. 94, illus in color p 95





HANS HAACKE (b. Cologne, Germany 1936, lives in NYC)

*Thank you, Paine Webber*, 1979

Diptych, mounted color photography in black anodized aluminum frames under glass

Edition 2 of 2

Each panel: 42 ¼ x 60 5/8 in/ 105.5 x 103.2 cm

*Exhibited:*

*Hans Haacke* John Weber Gallery, New York 1979

*Hans Haacke: Unfinished Business* New Museum of Contemporary Art, New York 1986


*Literature:*

Wallis, Brian. *Hans Haacke: Unfinished Business* New York: New Museum of Contemporary Art with Cambridge: Massachusetts Institute of Technology c. 1986 illustrated

Paine Webber, one of New York's largest brokerage and investment banking firms, has used its annual reports as a vehicle to explain to stockbrokers and the public the workings of the economy from a conservative point of view. Titles of the voluminous and richly illustrated have been: "Who Needs Wall Street?—A Short Interpretative History of Investing in the United States" (1976); "Where Do Jobs Come From?—A concise Report on Unemployment and Wall Street's Role in Preventing it" (1977); "Do You Sincerely Want to be Poor?—Paine Webber's Centennial Essay on the Future of American Capitalism" (1978).

The slogan "Thank you, Paine Webber," which was invented by the Marschalk Company, Paine Webber's advertising agency, has been used since 1976 in television commercials, printed advertisements, on balloons, and on umbrellas

Donald B. Marron, now the chairman and chief executive officer of the Paine Webber Group, was elected chairman of the board of trustees of the Museum of Modern Art in 1985. On that occasion, the museum's director, Richard Oldenburg, declared: "Mr. Marron represents a very important community, namely the corporate community, which has become more and more important to all cultural institutions, including museums." Paine Webber maintained an art gallery in the lobby of its headquarters on New York's Avenue of the Americas at 51st Street.



WORK-IS-WHAT-I  
WANT-AND-NOT-CHARITY  
WHO-WILL-HELP-ME-  
GET-A-JOB.-74years-  
IN-DETROIT.NO-MONEY  
SENT-AWAY-FURNISH-  
BEST-OF-REFERENCES  
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ANNUAL REPORT 1977

WHERE DO JOBS COME FROM?  
A CONCISE REPORT ON UNEMPLOYMENT  
AND WALL STREET'S ROLE IN PREVENTING IT.

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**If you're happy**

with the risk analysis we did of your  
portfolio, don't thank Paine Webber.  
Thank your Paine Webber broker for knowing  
Portfolio Dynamics was right for you!

**PaineWebber** Advertisement

MUNTADAS (b. Barcelona 1942, lives in NYC)

*The Nap/La Siesta/Dutje*, 1995

DVD Video Playback with Draped Armchair and sound

Eight minute playtime on auto repeat

Edition 3 of 5

120" x 168" x 240"

*Credits:*

This video installation is the result of an invitation by the Netherland Film Museum and the Joris Ivens Fondation in Amsterdam in 1995. This work uses Black & White footage of Joris Ivens works from the thirties through the seventies juxtaposed with color images made by Muntadas. At the beginning with the sentence "All works of art are always autobiographical", the introduction is made to a journey into memory, history, activity and war. The silent image of a hand emphasizing *The Nap/La Siesta/Dutje* as a metaphor of pause, reflection and space between

*Exhibited:*

*Behind the Bridge* Filmmuseum Amsterdam, Holland 1995

Galerie Gabrielle Maubry, Paris, France 1997

Casa de la Moneda Biblioteca Luis Angel Arango Bogota, Colombia (catalogue) 1998

Instituto de Cooperacion Iberoamericana Montevideo, Uruguay (catalogue) 1999

Traveled to:

Asuncion (Paraguay) and Lima (Peru)

Kent Gallery, New York 2000

Galeria Gabriela Mistral Santiago de Chile, Chile (catalogue) 1999

Musee d'Art et d'Histoire Geneva, Switzerland 2000

Kunsthalle Bremen, Germany 2004

Muntadas: Proyectos Sala de Arte Publico Siqueros, Mexico D.F. 2004

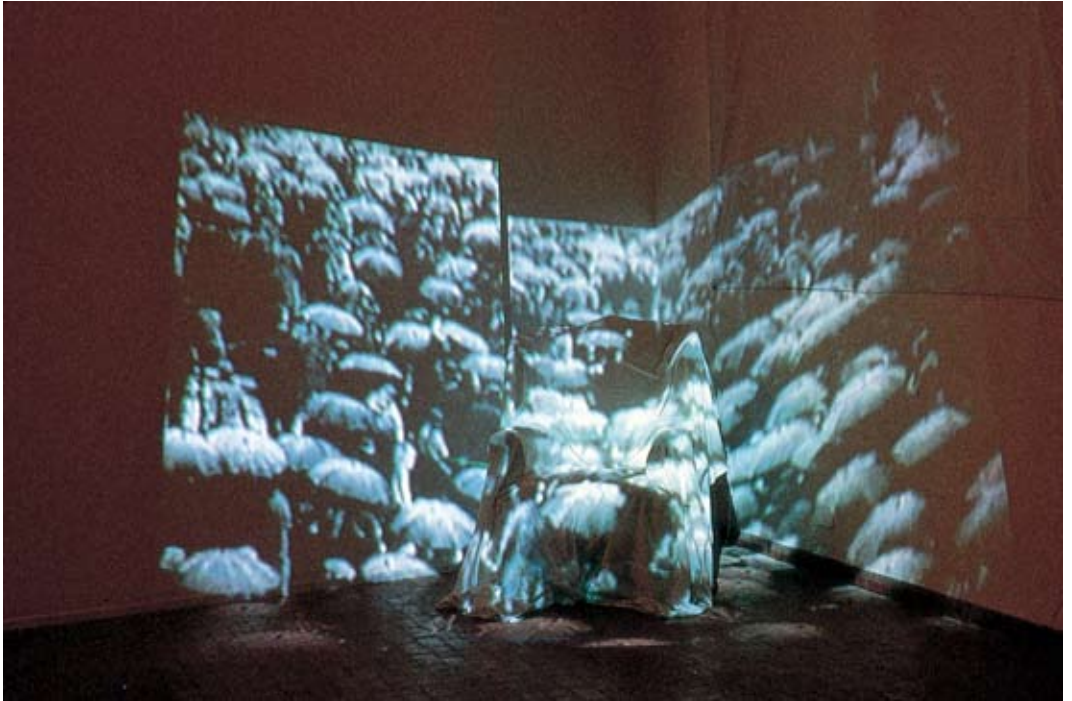
*Literature:*

Duguet, Anne Marie et others *PROYECTOS:MUNTADAS:PROJECTS* Fundacion Arte y Tecnologia, Madrid  
September/November 1998 illus in color p. 58

*Muntadas: Projekte (1974-2004)* Neuen Museum Weserburg Bremen, Germany c. 2004  
illus in color p. 216 & 217

Canclini, Nestor Garcia & others *Muntadas: Proyectos* Laboratorio Arte Alameda, Mexico City c. 2004









IRVING PETLIN IMAGE TO COME

IRVING PETLIN (b.Chicago 1934, lives in Paris)

***Hebron***, 1998-2001

Chalk & Oil Pastel on unprimed Belgian Linen  
84 x 192 in.

Exhibitions:

*Out of the Shadows*. School of the Museum of Fine Art, Boston, 2001

*Irving Petlin: Endgame* Kent Gallery, New York 2002

Notes:

“*Hebron* was started in 1998 and finished in 2001. The work is an evolving drawing in pastel on raw linen, of a people assembled in an agony of human gesture and emotion. Movement through increasing or lessening emphasis of the material is akin to breathing at variously different intensities. The light appearing and disappearing like the history of its “name .” The silences that come between hurling figures are like islands of calm between struggles and shouts.

*Hebron* is a summation of my belief in the hand in the making of art. The drawing and articulation are always narrating in the close-knit passages of troubled human souls. The frieze that we see carries with it the hand’s memory of many pasts, many memories. Pastel is unique for making such a work. Sticks of pastel are the powders of the earth compressed. The colors are the colors of the ancient world delivered into our time.”









CHARLES GAINES (b. Charleston, SC 1944, lives in Los Angeles)

*Explosion #25*, 2008

Graphite on paper

Diptych: Panel one 32 x 40 in.

Panel two 8 x 10 in.

“The idea for the Explosion series came to me after I made the machine-sculpture "Airplanecrashclock" in 1997. That work was a continuous repetition of an airline crash occurring as part of a construction of a downtown city scene. I got the idea for the series after constructing the crash scene. About 5 years later, I made two large works, “Airplanecrash 1 and 2”, drawings of plane crashes at the point of impact. The present series of "Explosion" drawings focuses on the explosion itself without reference to a specific event or accident. However, accompanying the drawing is a small text drawing, an appendix that describes an anti-colonialist insurgency or a war of independence. My interest in the social context of the accident remained, but the text/image relationship is intended to form a montage rather than be an illustration. Although the appendix is a political contextualization, the drawing as a whole is a clear pastiche of unrelated subjects, webbing the aesthetics of the drawings with political history.”



CHARLES GAINES IMAGE TO COME

HEIDE FASNACHT (b. Cleveland, Ohio 1951, lives in NYC)

*Three Buildings, February*, 2000 – May, 2001

Colored Pencil on Paper

59 ¾ x 40 7/8 in.

*Literature:*

Princenthal, Nancy. *Heide Fasnacht: Drawn to Sublime*. New York: Kent Gallery

c. 2003 illus p. 41 (color)

Albee, Edward and Raphael Rubinstein. *Heide Fasnacht: Strange Attractors*. Richmond: Virginia Commonwealth University, 2003, ill. p. 23 (color).

In contrast to Fasnacht's earlier explosion themes of the mid-to-late 90's, she began to research "implosions" and found photographic documentation of the demolition of the Pacific Palisades Hotel, Vancouver dated November 6, 1994.



DENNIS ADAMS (b. Des Moines 1948, lives in NYC)

***Airborne: Payback***, 2001-2002

In camera 35 mm ektachrome by artist, Lambda Coupler Print  
40 ½ x 54 inches, Artist's Proof

*Exhibitions:*

*Dennis Adams: Airborne* Kent Gallery, New York 18 May thru 28 June, 2002

*Dennis Adams: Airborne* Maintenant: Images du Temps Present curated by Vincent LaVoie Maison de la Culture  
Parc Frontenac: Le Mois de la Photo, Montreal 2003

*Dennis Adams: Airborne* Real Jardin Botanico, PhotoEspana, Madrid 2 June thru 18 July, 2004

*Literature:*

Johnson, Ken "Dennis Adams: Airborne" *New York Times* Reviews Section 7 June 2002

Mahoney, Robert "Dennis Adams: Airborne" *Time/Out New York* 6 June 2002

Lavoie, Vincent *Maintenant: Images du Temps Present* Montreal: La Mois de la Photo c. 2003  
(front cover, pp. 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, fronticepieces)

L'Evenement *Archistorm* November 2003

"Cliché, quand tu nous tiens" *Femme* October 28, 2003

Guerrin, Michael "A Montreal, l'art cherche a deccadrer l'image d'actualite" *Le Monde* October 7, 2003

Lavoie, Vincent "2 Entre temoignage et spectacle: l'homme selon la photographie d'actualite"  
*L'Oeil* October, 2003

*Le Mois de la Photo a Montreal* Observatoire des Musees September-October, 2003

Delgado, Jerome *L'actualite autrement* *La Presse* September 23, 2003

Lemarche, Bernard *Decodes et de sens* *Le Devoir* September 23, 2003

Crevier, Lyne *Tout Vu ici* September 4, 2003

Adams, Dennis "Objectif reflexion" *L'Actualite* September 1, 2003

Lemarche, Bernard *Culture: Le Mois de la Photo, L'instant Extensible* *Le Devoir* August 31, 2003

Delgado, Jerome "La presse dans la mire au Mois de la photo" *La Presse* Montreal August 27, 2003

Lemarche, Bernard "De notre temps" *Le Devoir* August 24, 2003

Passiour, Andre-Constantin "Ici et Maintenant" *Fugues.com* August 20, 2003

Delgado, Jerome “Un Automne en Deux Temps” *La Presse* Montreal May 31, 2003  
Baque, Dominique “Pour un Nouvel Art Politique: de l’art contemporain au documentaire”  
Paris: *Flammarion* c. 2004 Airborne illus p. 158  
Fernandez, Horacio *Historias* Madrid: PhotoEspana04 c. 2004  
(pp. 63, 64, 65, 66, three color plates, 168, 169, 170)  
Guerrin, Michel “A Madrid, les photographes face a l’histoire” *Le Monde: Culture* 15 June 2004 p. 30  
Furio, Maria Jose “Historias visuales” Barcelona: *La Vanguardia* 23 June 04 color front cover and p. 18

*Notes:*

“Since 1975 I have lived in the same loft in New York, about eight blocks north of the Twin Towers. On the morning of September 11, 2001, I had just stepped out of a taxi in front of the Cooper Union when I heard the sky roar. I looked up to see the first plane swooping down like a huge predator over the West Village—then the skyline swallowed it seconds before the north Tower was hit.

The spectacle of the event itself—the striking planes, the burning towers and their sudden collapse—was almost instantaneously seized by the media, replayed again and again, so that even first-hand experiences were being displaced by the saturation of televised images.

What New Yorkers were left with were peripheral—yet for this all the more indelible—impressions, now suspended in memory like a dream: the falling ashes mingled with thousands of scraps of paper floating silently over downtown streets, the changing form and color of the plume of smoke that hung over lower Manhattan, the indefinable stench in the air, the startling sound of jet fighters replaying the soundtrack of the attack, the walls covered with photocopied pictures of missing loved ones, the multitude of small memorials spreading throughout nooks and crannies of the city, the eerie midday absence of cars and street life south of Canal Street, the advertisements taking on new and unintended meanings, the haunting glow of stadium lights over ground zero at night, the endless parading north and south of rescue and clean-up crews, the warm exchanges between neighbors who had never before acknowledged each other, and finally, the spatial void itself where the Towers once stood, expanding moment by moment into a monumental vacuum of loss.”

excerpt from “Sky Writing” by Dennis Adams published for PhotoEspana 2004







HANS HAACKE (b. Cologne, Germany 1936, lives in NYC)

*Stuff Happens*, 2003

Digital C-Print mounted on aluminum

Edition 1 of 3

50 x 37 in/ 127 x 94 cm

First exhibited in 192 Books, New York (bookstore affiliated with the Paula Cooper Gallery). The title is a comment made by Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld on the massive looting and destruction of public buildings – among them the National Library and the National Museum of Art in Baghdad – when US troops occupied the Iraqi capital in April 2003.

*Exhibited:*

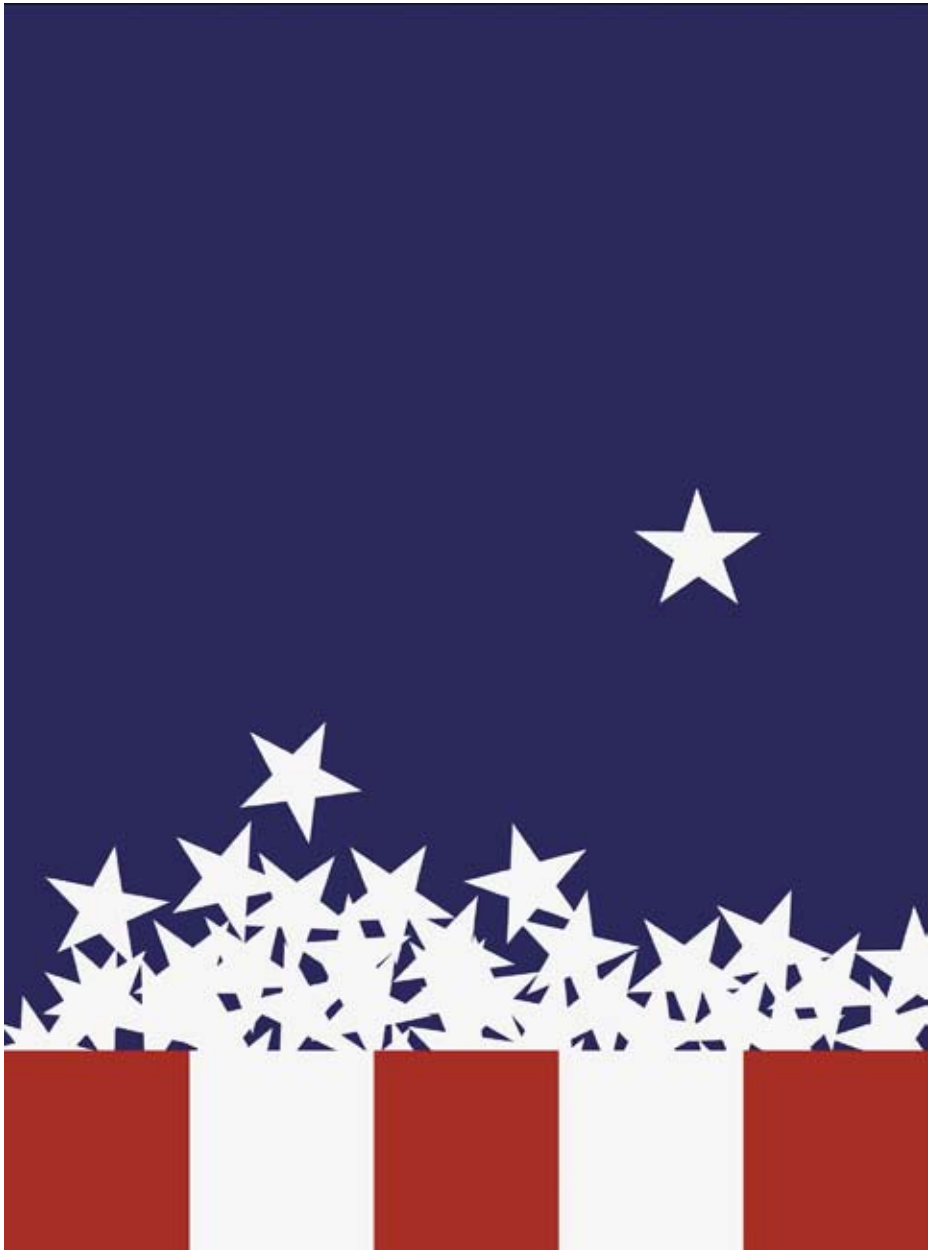
*State of the Union* Paula Cooper Gallery, New York 2005

*Hans Haacke: Wirklich*, curated by Matthias Flugge Akademie der Künste, Berlin 2006

*Literature:*

Grasskamp, Nesbit, Bird Hans Haacke New York: Phaidon Books c. 2004 illus in color p. 22

Flügge, Matthias, and Fleck, Robert (ed.). 2007. *Hans Haacke - Wirklich. Werke 1959-2006*. Düsseldorf: Richter. (catalogue to a retrospective exhibition at Deichtorhallen Hamburg 17.11.2006 - 4.2.2007 and Akademie der Künste, Berlin 18.11.2006 - 14.1.2007)



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