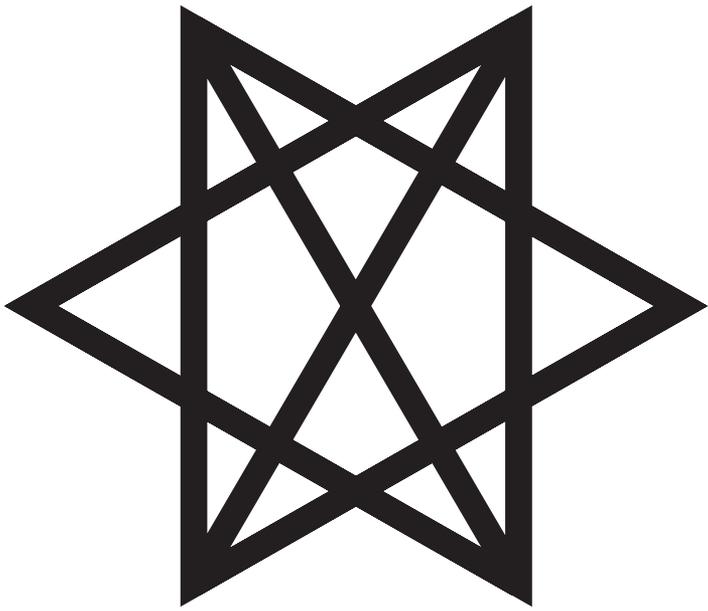


CHRISTO ALLEGRA
COURAGE + DISCIPLINE

a Reader



Christo Allegra visualizes the relationship between detritus and the ephemeral, as represented by the mundane object and information systems.

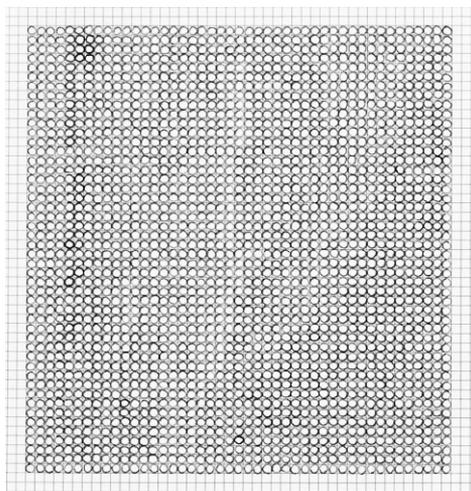
His work makes the invisible visible in a poetic moment in order to illuminate political and aesthetic dynamics and to find connection points between the seemingly disparate. Juxtaposition, collage, cut-up, and conflation are methods that are used to construct these intersection points while technology is used to mobilize that connection.

Work materials include found physical objects, dynamic data streams, sociological studies, mathematical algorithms, sensor driven environments, obsolete hardware and traditional painting mediums. Currently, Christo is focused on two bodies of work, "Morphogenesis" and "Recession."

"Morphogenesis" is a body of work focused on building aesthetic systems and algorithms then representing their infinite permutations via the artist's mark. These systems are initially modeled via programs and then either output by hand in paint, ink or pencil or alternatively the mark is fed back into the program for digital output.

"Recession" uses found objects and sculpture to embed information into new representational forms. By placing this information in a new context, a liminal space emerges to map new interpretations of the object's extant. The singular object is then disrupted by the insistent multiplicity of the post-figured overlay. Financial data is transformed by the material choices and their interaction with the viewer.

Previous areas of art practice include hypertext narrative, multimedia poetry, the World Trade Center, and queer politics.



Above all else, it is about leaving
a mark that I existed:

I was here. I was hungry.
I was defeated. I was happy.
I was sad. I was in love.
I was afraid. I was hopeful.

I had an idea and I had a good purpose
and that's why I made works of art.

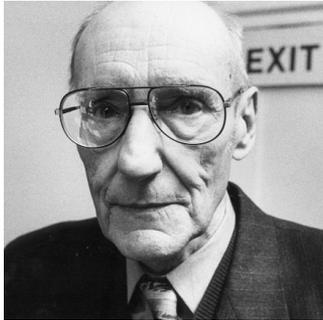
FELIX GONZALEZ-TORRES

**Hustlers of
the world,

there is one mark
you cannot beat:

the mark inside.**

THE HOLY TRINITY



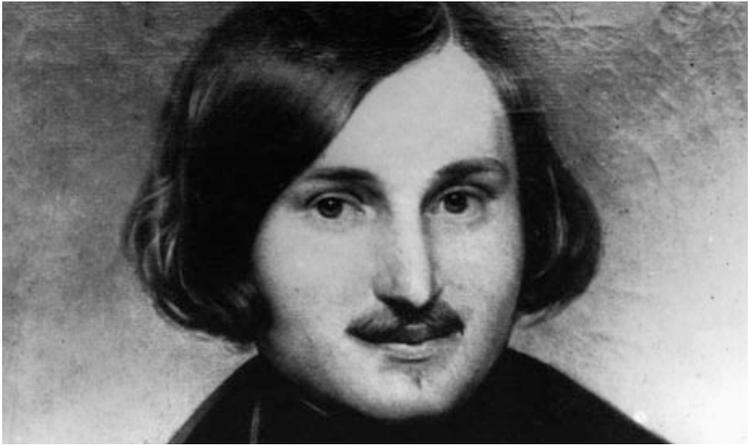
FATHER
William S. Burroughs



SON
Ian Sommerville



HOLY SPIRIT
Brion Gysin



NIKOLAI GOGOL

THE PORTRAIT

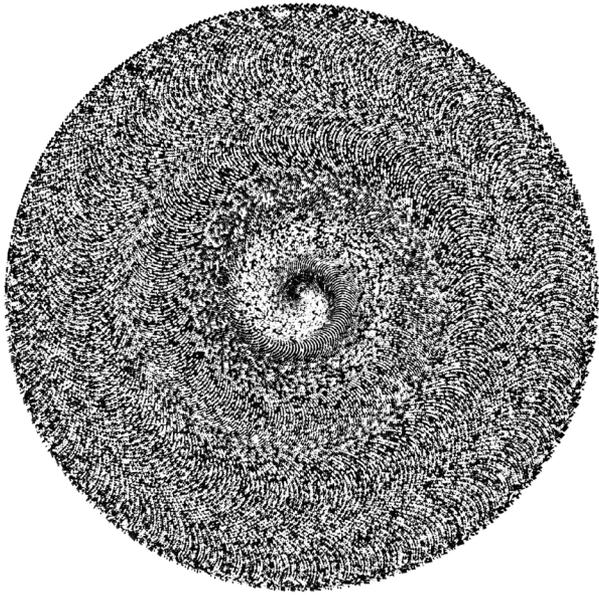
The portrait created a furor in the city. The lady exhibited it to her friends, and all admired the skill with which the artist had preserved the likeness, and at the same time conferred more beauty on the original. The last remark, of course, was prompted by a slight tinge of envy. The artist was suddenly overwhelmed with work. It seemed as if the whole city wanted to be painted by him. The door-bell rang incessantly. From one point of view, this might be considered advantageous, as presenting to him endless practice in variety and number of faces. But, unfortunately, they were all people who were hard to get along with, either busy, hurried people, or else belonging to the fashionable world, and consequently more occupied than any one else, and therefore impatient to the last degree. In all quarters, the demand was merely that the likeness should be good and quickly executed. The artist perceived that it was a simple impossibility to finish his work; that it was necessary to exchange power of treatment for lightness and rapidity, to catch only the general expression, and not waste labour on delicate details.



DARBY CRASH

PORT OF SAINTS

The Siren Boys are white like a pearl shimmering softly with rippling lights. When we get one spread his ass is a pink mollusc stirring with ecstatic movement reaches out and pulls the cutting tube in. I turn the vibrator on—the boy turns pink then red then deep purple you *ache* to see it—he is vibrating now as the colors flush through him—sky blue salmon pink the Northern lights. Now his lips part and a thin shrill sound comes out that touches nerves and glands inside. The creature comes in a last shrill shriek of ecstasy. Slowly the colors fade back to pearly white. I examine the creature, which lies now in a deep coma, and see that it is a species of mollusc inside a boy shell of soft limestone. They are hermaphroditic beings, able to assume the genitals of either sex. The Siren Boys were developed as a biologic weapon to destroy enemy soldiers and agents. Once they get the siren's touch they are done for. The siren *eats* them slow eating with his whole body. Only the most experienced boys from the Institute of Advanced Sexual Studies are immune to the sirens.



NITROUS

High on Laughing Gas
I've been here before
the odd vibration of
the same old universe

the nasal whine of the dentist's drill
singing against the nostalgic
piano Muzak in the wall
insistent, familiar, penetrating
the teeth, where've I heard that
asshole jazz before?

The universe is a void
in which there is a dreamhole
The dream disappears
the hole closes

It's the instant of going
into or coming out of
existence that is
important — to catch on
to the secret of the magic
box



"Allen Ginsberg wanted to fuck you and you're proud of it?"

What am I doing here at a benefit
Party

When I might get caught in
a taxi-car crash,

a Los Angeles riot, an AIDS epidemic
the explosion of a galaxy, attacked

by a swarm of Amazon bees
or get a splinter in my hand &
have my head amputated

in the next millennium or this
1992

or an iceberg crash into my Titanic
tomorrow morning when I take
a bath?

Why about I know writing a poem
on mortality in my bedroom
or in Nova Scotia in the Gouper
on 3 year retreat

ending with 49 days in the bands
eating beans in darkness?

well I'm eating salad in darkness
lit by flashlights in a townhouse

overlooking East River,

I've been here before - just like
the last lifetime

So there's nothing to do but sit on
a couch & listen to 1930's songs.

Recommencing

5/14/92 11PM

P.O. # 582 STUYVESANT
STATION

N.Y. 10009.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF GILBERT & GEORGE

Thou shalt fight conformism.

Thou shalt be the messenger of freedoms.

Thou shalt make use of sex.

Thou shalt reinvent life.

Thou shalt create artificial art.

Thou shalt have a sense of purpose.

**Thou shalt not know exactly what thou dost,
but thou shalt do it.**

Thou shalt give thy love.

Thou shalt grab the soul.

Thou shalt give something back.

POSTCARD SERIES

But the overtly sensuous joy of these postcard worlds, so alien to Gilbert & George's usual stark economy and sour color, may also convey heartening messages. It should be remembered that *Twenty-Five Worlds* follows, as day from night, the AIDS Pictures exhibited in spring 1989, works which, in awful and perfect tandem with their theme of disease and the destruction of nature, discharged an apocalyptic gloom that took us to the edge of a despairing void. Could it be that *Twenty-Five Worlds* asserts a new affirmation of life? (A postcard in *New Year World* bears the cheering inscription, "Happy New Year.") From these celestial vantage-points, which even defy the laws of gravity by turning terrestrial landscapes sideways and upside down, a planet full of youth, hope, and beauty can be found; and from these recurrent glimpses of sacred architecture, which float about like gilded, heavenly choirs, a sense of salvation can emerge, goaded to even greater exaltation by the appearance of a diabolic counter-force in the form of a punk's Satanic head with paired horns of hair, accompanied by a burning sunset that shoots straight down to hell. As always, Gilbert & George have eschatological fantasies on their mind, offering us new versions of the saved and the damned. But here, in what must be the most unexpectedly optimistic moment in their art, directly following their dire meditations on the AIDS crisis, they seem to be eagerly embracing an inventory of those joyous facts of life on earth that, recorded on the most prosaic of postcards, we all too often overlook. If art is still capable of rekindling the spirit, these twenty-five hallelujahs will be heard around the world.

**I hate good taste.
It's the worst thing
that can happen to a
creative person.**



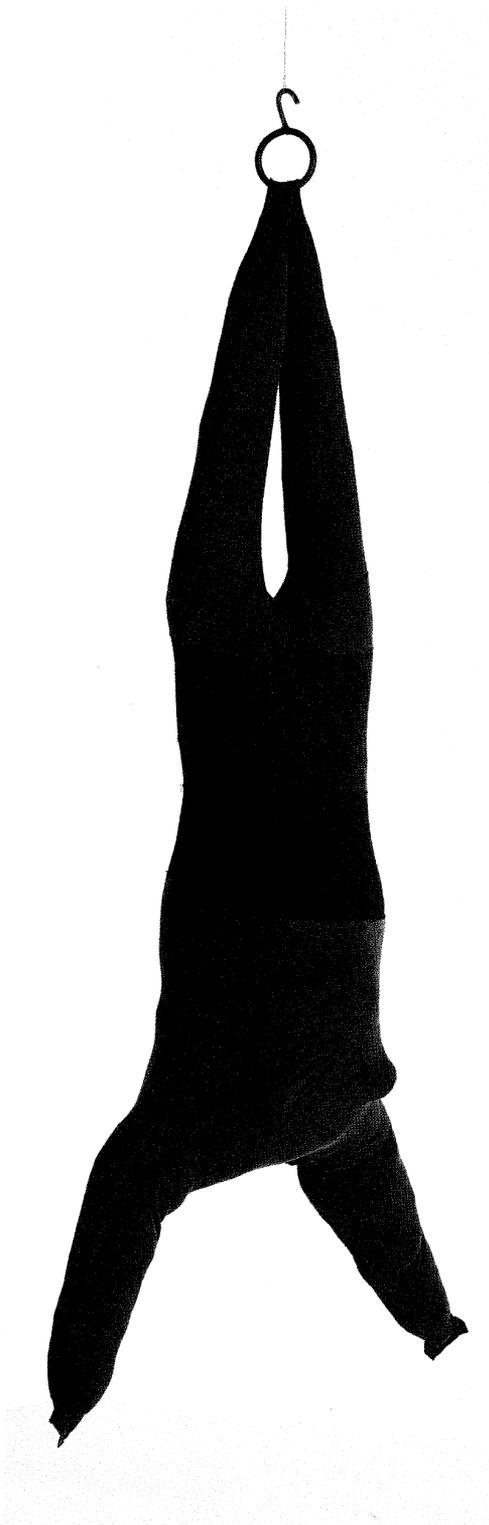


Sunday, June 29, 1986

It was Gay Day so the parade was on. Went down to the flea market and ran into Corky Kessler, who I haven't seen in thirty years. Maybe forty. She's the one who once gave me modern dance lessons. She's fifty-five or maybe even fifty-eight. She had a nose job and everything so she has that out-of-town look but she has a great young body. But then I don't know if her body is pulled together by bras and things. You never know. She asked me about the rest of the old gang.

There were millions of girls in the Gay Day parade.

Stuart called and said Mario Amaya died of AIDS, and he was so upset about it and I tried to make it light and he was just so upset saying Mario was the most important person in his life and that he'd taught him everything about art. And I said, "But Stuart, you're not gay, why are you so upset?" And for some reason I always forget that it was Mario who got shot by Valerie Solanis, too, the day she shot me—he just happened to be at the Factory visiting. Just sort of a skin wound, though.



Louise Bourgeois, 1996

GLAMORAMA

The camera slowly pans around my apartment, Smashing Pumpkins' "Stumbleine" pours out over the sound track: a vintage industrial fan, an empty fish tank, dried flowers, a candelabra, a bicycle, a kitchen custom-made from several kinds of stone, a glass-door refrigerator, a food processor unwashed and stained with the grain and pulp from a health shake, a set of martini glasses. In the bathroom there's a poster of Diana Rigg in "The Avengers" and candles from Agnès b. and in the bedroom there's a down comforter lying on a futon that was hand-carved in a Japanese forest and the original poster for *La Dolce Vita* that Chloe gave me for a birthday hangs over it and in the closet in that bedroom is a black Paul Smith suit, a black turtleneck, jeans and white shirts, vests, an open-weave pullover sweater, a pair of brightly colored Hush Puppies, black desert boots. On my desk: free drink tickets, a Cohiba cigar still in its container, a Clash CD—*Sandinista!*—unopened, a check to Save the Rainforest returned because of insufficient funds, last year's Social Register, a Baggie of psilocybin mushrooms, a half-empty Snapple, a roll of Mentos, an ad ripped from a magazine of Tyson promoting a new lip balm and the dragon tattoo etched on his bicep has a Chinese inscription on it that translated means "don't trust anyone" and an old fax machine and falling out of the fax machine at this moment is a slip of fax paper that I pick up and read.

On it:

nie Marais, Christopher Lambert, Tommy Lee, Lauren Hutton, Claire Danes, Patty Hearst, Richard Grieco, Pino Luongo, Steffi Graf, Michael J. Fox, Billy Crudup, Marc Jacobs, Marc Audibet, the Butthole Surfers, George Clinton, Henry Rollins, Nike, Kim Deal, Beavis and Butt-head, Anita Hill, Jeff Koons, Nicole Kidman, Howard Stern, Jim Shaw, Mark Romanek, Stussy, Whit Stillman, Isabella Rossellini, Christian Francis Roth, Vanessa Williams, Larry Clark, Rob Morrow, Robin Wright, Jennifer Connelly, RuPaul, Chelsea Clinton, Penelope Spheeris, Glenn Close, Mandie Erickson, Mark Kostabi,

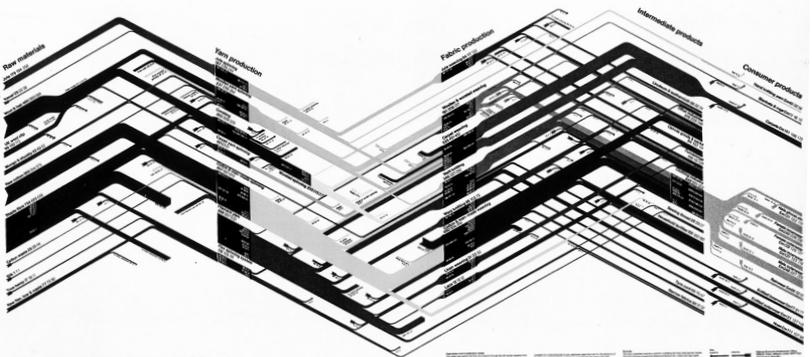


PLASTIC

Despite having names of Greek shepherds (Polystyrene, Polyvinyl, Polyethylene), plastic, the products of which have just been gathered in an exhibition, is in essence the stuff of alchemy. At the entrance of the stand, the public waits in a long queue in order to witness the accomplishment of the magical operation par excellence: the transmutation of matter. An ideally-shaped machine, tubulated and oblong (a shape well suited to suggest the secret of an itinerary) effortlessly draws, out of a heap of greenish crystals, shiny and fluted dressing-room tidies. At one end, raw, telluric matter, at the other, the finished, human object; and between these two extremes, nothing; nothing but a transit, hardly watched over by an attendant in a cloth cap, half-god, half-robot.

So, more than a substance, plastic is the very idea of its infinite transformation; as its everyday name indicates, it is ubiquity made visible. And it is this, in fact, which makes it a miraculous substance: a miracle is always a sudden transformation of nature. Plastic remains impregnated throughout with this wonder: it is less a thing than the trace of a movement.

And as the movement here is almost infinite, transforming the original crystals into a multitude of more and more startling objects, plastic is, all told, a spectacle to be deciphered: the very spectacle of its end-products. At the sight of each terminal form (suitcase, brush, car-body, toy, fabric, tube, basin or paper), the mind does not cease from considering the original matter as an enigma. This is because the quick-change artistry of plastic is absolute: it can become buckets as well as jewels. Hence a perpetual amazement, the reverie of man at the sight of the proliferating forms of matter, and the connections he detects between the singular of the origin and the plural of the effects. And this amazement is a pleasurable one, since the scope of the transformations gives man the measure of his power, and since



The UK Textile Industry 1968-70



[Detailed descriptive text and data tables, likely providing quantitative information about the flows shown in the Sankey diagram.]

SIMON PATTERSON

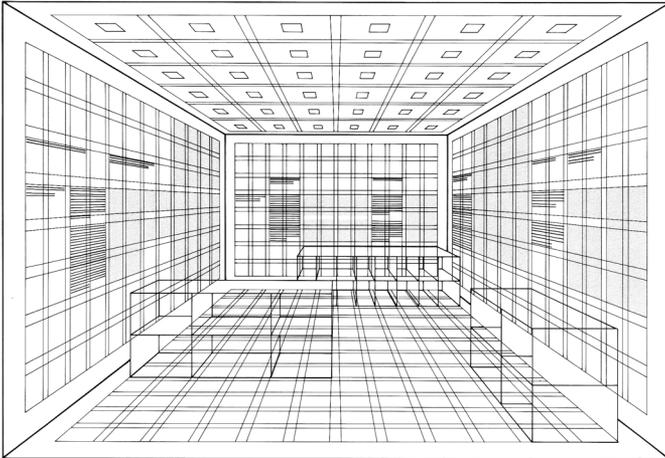
Most of Patterson's works, as these examples indicate, function by linking disparate categories or systems via analogy. Language – names – play an all-important role. In a word, Patterson's works function metaphorically. In the classical Aristotelian definition, a metaphor is the transfer of a word in accordance with the rules of analogy. Lakoff and Johnson express it in these terms: 'The essence of metaphor is understanding and experiencing one kind of thing in terms of another.' That is to say, the basic principle is one of superimposing experiences. We use metaphorical concepts in order to articulate and structure one experience in terms of another: 'most of our normal conceptual system is metaphorically structured; that is, most concepts are partially understood in terms of other concepts.'³ Drawing upon the observations of M.C. Beardsley and N. Goodman, who interpret metaphors as 'metaphorical distortions' or 'category errors', linguists today define metaphors in terms of 'calculated absurdity'. A metaphorical statement contains an error of category, that is, an absurd predicate; the boundaries of categories are deliberately crossed. The specific achievement of metaphor is to focus attention afresh on something that is already familiar, without actually perceiving new qualities in the object of contemplation. Rather, the received manner of perceiving or talking about a thing is problematised and, as it were, called upon to achieve the epistemological clarity (an absurd undertaking!) that the metaphorical form already possesses. Patterson's calculated absurdities,⁴ his deliberate errors of category, are admittedly the product of above-average language creativity⁵ (here 'language' is meant in the broadest sense), yet they are not meant to be definitive, like metaphors used in normal speech. Rather, they are guidelines for the reader or observer, whether they are interested in art or not, to establish their own metaphors. The names we give to things, and the demarcation lines we draw between categories of things, depend on our individual interests. Animals, for example, are classified in one way by the meat industry, in another by biologists.

The grid in three-dimensional design

Der Raster in der dreidimensionalen Gestaltung

Grid in the three-dimensional space with light fittings, flooring, furniture, texts and pictures sketched in

Raster im dreidimensionalen Raum mit skizzierten Beleuchtungen, Bodenbelag, Mobiliar, Texten und Bildern



This perspective drawing shows diagrammatically how space can be articulated and structured with the aid of the grid. Furniture, ceiling lights, typography and illustrations are all matched to the grid insofar as size and arrangement in space are concerned. One of the many possibilities is to cover the floor with tiles or mats which are the size of a grid unit but it can just as well be covered with a plain wall-to-wall carpet. A monochrome floor covering can be very helpful in throwing the other elements into prominence.

Mit dieser perspektivischen Darstellung ist schematisch eine räumliche Gliederung und Strukturierung mittels des Rasters erklärt. Mobiliar, Deckenbeleuchtung, Typografie, Abbildungen sind rasterbedingt, was Größe und Anordnung im Raum betrifft. Der Fußboden kann, als eine der vielen Möglichkeiten, mit Platten oder Matten von der Größe einer Rastereinheit, or kann aber auch mit einem einfarbigen Teppich voll abgedeckt sein. Ein monochromer Bodenbelag kann die übrigen Raumelemente in der Wirkung sehr unterstützen.

SMALL MULTIPLES

Small multiples, whether tabular or pictorial, move to the heart of visual reasoning—to see, distinguish, choose (even among children’s shirts). Their multiplied smallness enforces local comparisons within our eyespan, relying on an active eye to select and make contrasts rather than on bygone memories of images scattered over pages and pages.

WE envision information in order to reason about, communicate, document, and preserve that knowledge—activities nearly always carried out on two-dimensional paper and computer screen. Escaping this flatland and enriching the density of data displays are the essential tasks of information design. Such escapes grow more difficult as ties of data to our familiar three-space world weaken (with more abstract measures) and as the number of dimensions increases (with more complex data). Still, all the history of information displays and statistical graphics—indeed of any communication device—is entirely a progress of methods for enhancing density, complexity, dimensionality, and even sometimes beauty. Some of these methods, identified and described in the chapters that follow, include micro/macro readings of detail and panorama, layering and separation of data, multiplying of images, color, and narratives of space and time.

Street Prices for Hair, Sex and Other Things (1985-1988)

Commodity	Price Range
Kiss	Free-\$5
Lock of hair	\$10-\$20 ¹
Hand job	\$15-\$25
Blowjob	\$15-\$25
Modeling for porno photographs	\$15-\$25
Flatback	\$40-\$50 ²
Golden shower	\$40-\$100
Ass fuck	\$60-\$75
Double date	\$80-\$100
Lesbian sex	\$100-\$200
S & M: whipping the trick, etc.	\$100-\$300 or more
S & M: being whipped by the trick	\$200-\$500 or more
S & M: piercing, stabbing the trick, etc.	\$300-\$500 or more
S & M: being pierced, stabbed by the trick	?

¹ More generous portions provided if wig hair.

² To put this in perspective, consider the following: a massage prostitute usually charges \$30 for the massage, plus \$70 to \$100 or more as a "tip" for flatbacking. A call girl charges \$50 for the outcall (when she goes to the agency), plus at least \$100 for the flatback. Higher priced girls can command considerably more.

THE ANTI-AESTHETIC

Note that as temporal continuities break down, the experience of the present becomes powerfully, overwhelmingly vivid and “material”: the world comes before the schizophrenic with heightened intensity, bearing a mysterious and oppressive charge of affect, glowing with hallucinatory energy. But what might for us seem a desirable experience—an increase in our perceptions, a libidinal or hallucinogenic intensification of our normally humdrum and familiar surroundings—is here felt as loss, as “unreality.”

What I want to underscore, however, is precisely the way in which the signifier in isolation becomes ever more material—or, better still, *literal*—ever more vivid in sensory ways, whether the new experience is attractive or terrifying. We can show the same thing in the realm of language: what the schizophrenic breakdown of language does to the individual words that remain behind is to reorient the subject or the speaker to a more literalizing attention towards those words. Again, in normal speech, we try to see through the materiality of words (their strange sounds and printed appearance, my voice timbre and peculiar accent, and so forth) towards their meaning. As meaning is lost, the materiality of words becomes obsessive, as is the case when children repeat a word over and over again until its sense is lost and it becomes an incomprehensible incantation. To begin to link up with our earlier description, a signifier that has lost its signified has thereby been transformed into an image.

AL JORGENSON



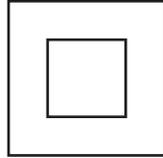
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ENO HENZE



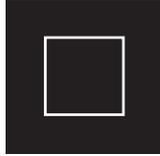
GILBERT+GEORGE



ALLEN GINSBERG



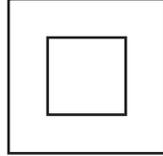
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EVA HESSE



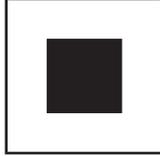
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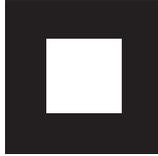
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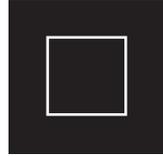
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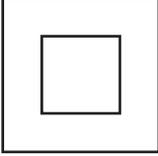
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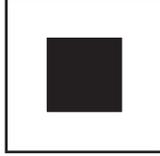
HARRY SMITH



ARNOLD KEMP



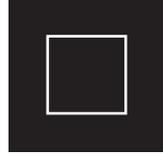
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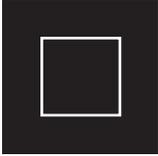
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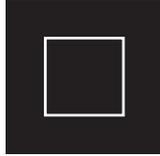
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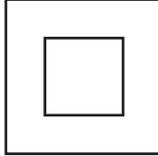
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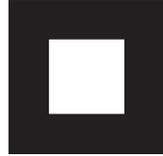
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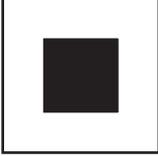
FRANCOIS OZON



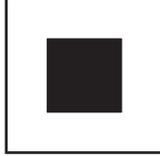
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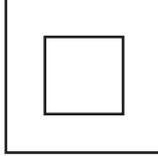
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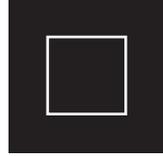
DAVID CRONENBERG



GARY INDIANA



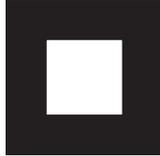
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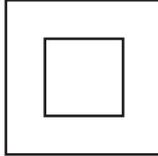
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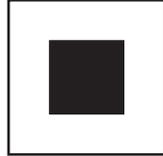
DAVID WOJNAROWICZ



GENESIS P-ORIDGE



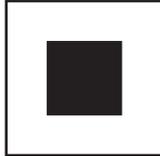
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN



BRIAN DE PALMA



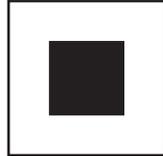
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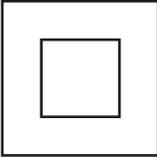
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JOSHUA DAVIS



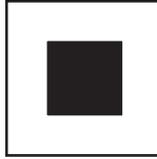
JUSTIN BOND



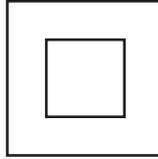
MARK ROTHKO



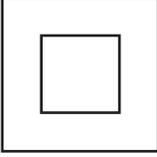
RICHARD FOREMAN



SOFT PINK TRUTH



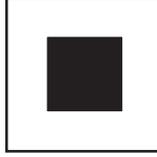
KENNETH ANGER



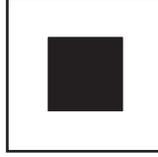
MAX BECKMANN



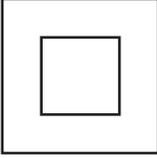
RICHARD SAUL WURMAN



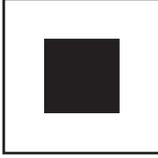
TERRY MAKER



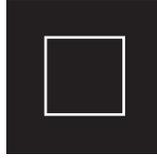
KEVIN KILLIAN



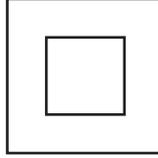
MIKE KELLEY



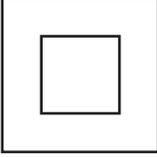
RIMBAUD



THIERRY MUGLER



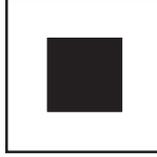
LE TIGRE



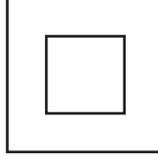
OTTO NEURATH



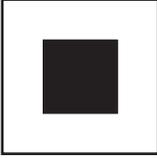
ROBERT INDIANA



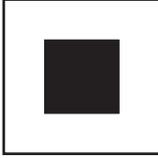
TODD HAYNES



LOUISE BOURGEOIS



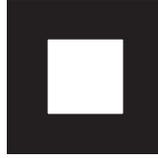
PUBLIC ENEMY



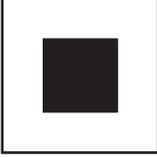
ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE



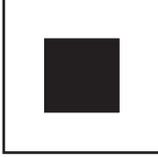
VALERIE SOLANAS



MARIUS WATZ



RAYMOND CARVER



RON HAYS



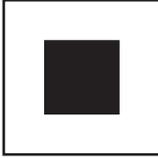
WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS



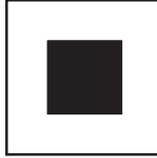
MARK HANSEN



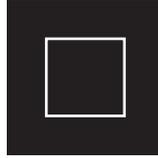
RAYMOND PETTIBON



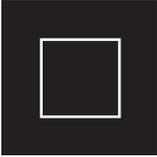
ROXY PAINE



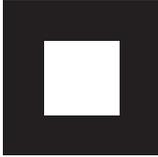
YASUJIRO OZU



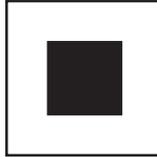
MARK LOMBARDI



REZA ABDOH

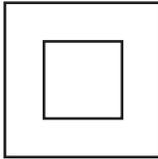


SIMON PATTERSON

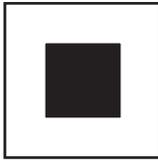


YUGO NAKAMURA





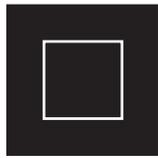
ALIVE + QUEER ART



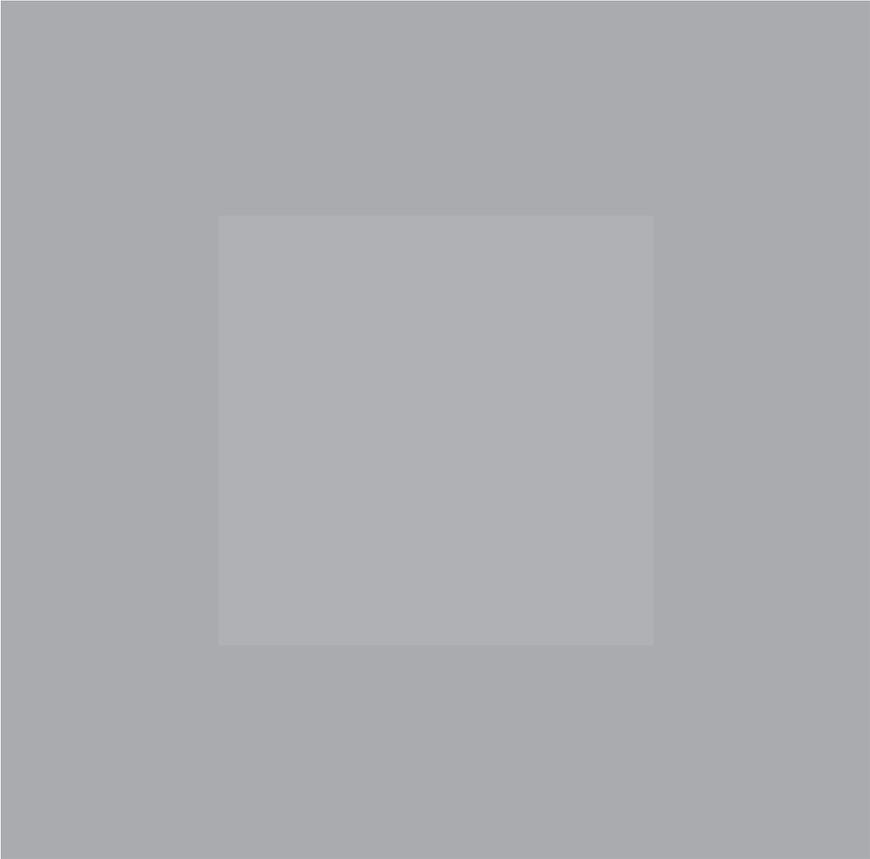
ALIVE + NOT QUEER ART



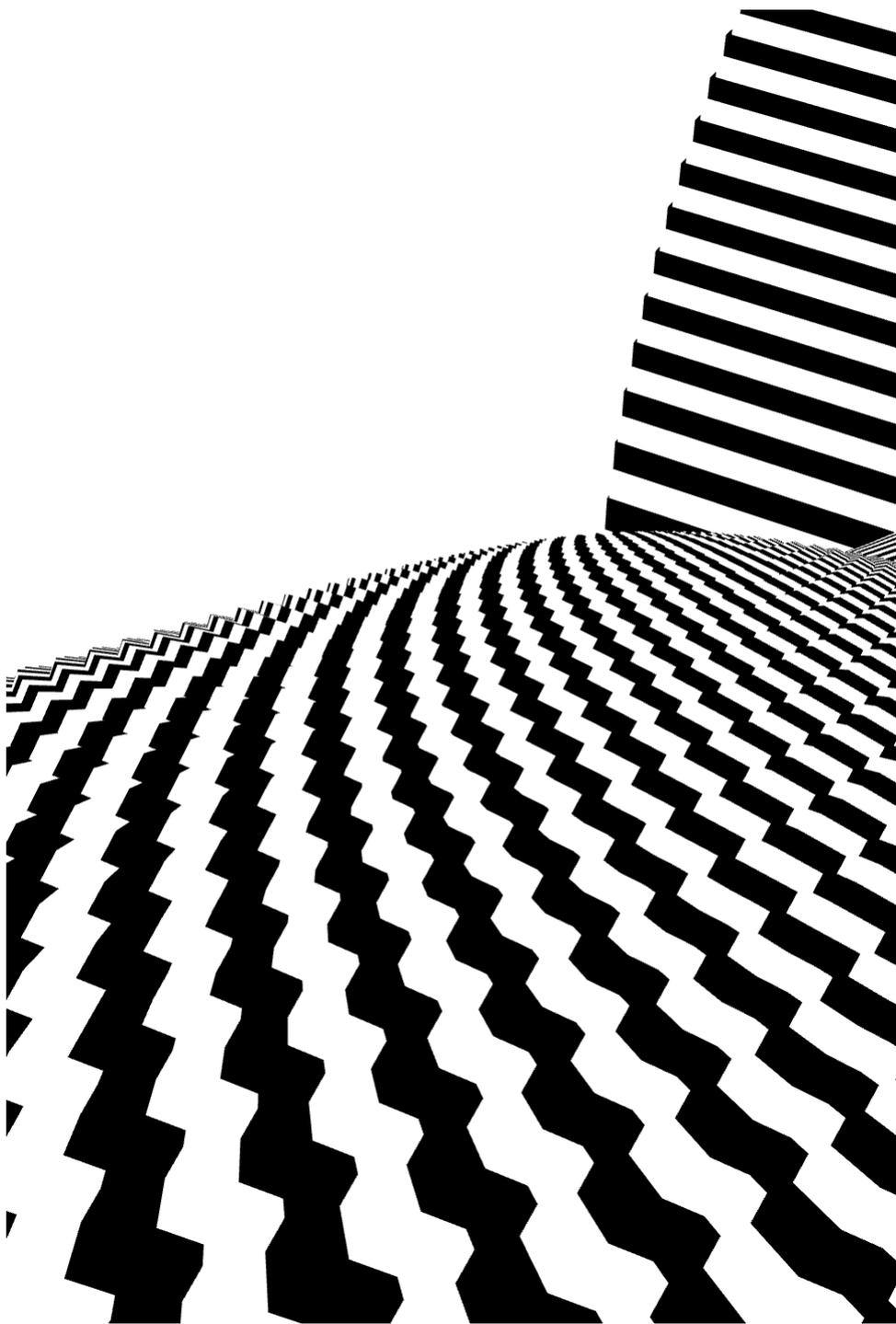
DEAD + QUEER ART

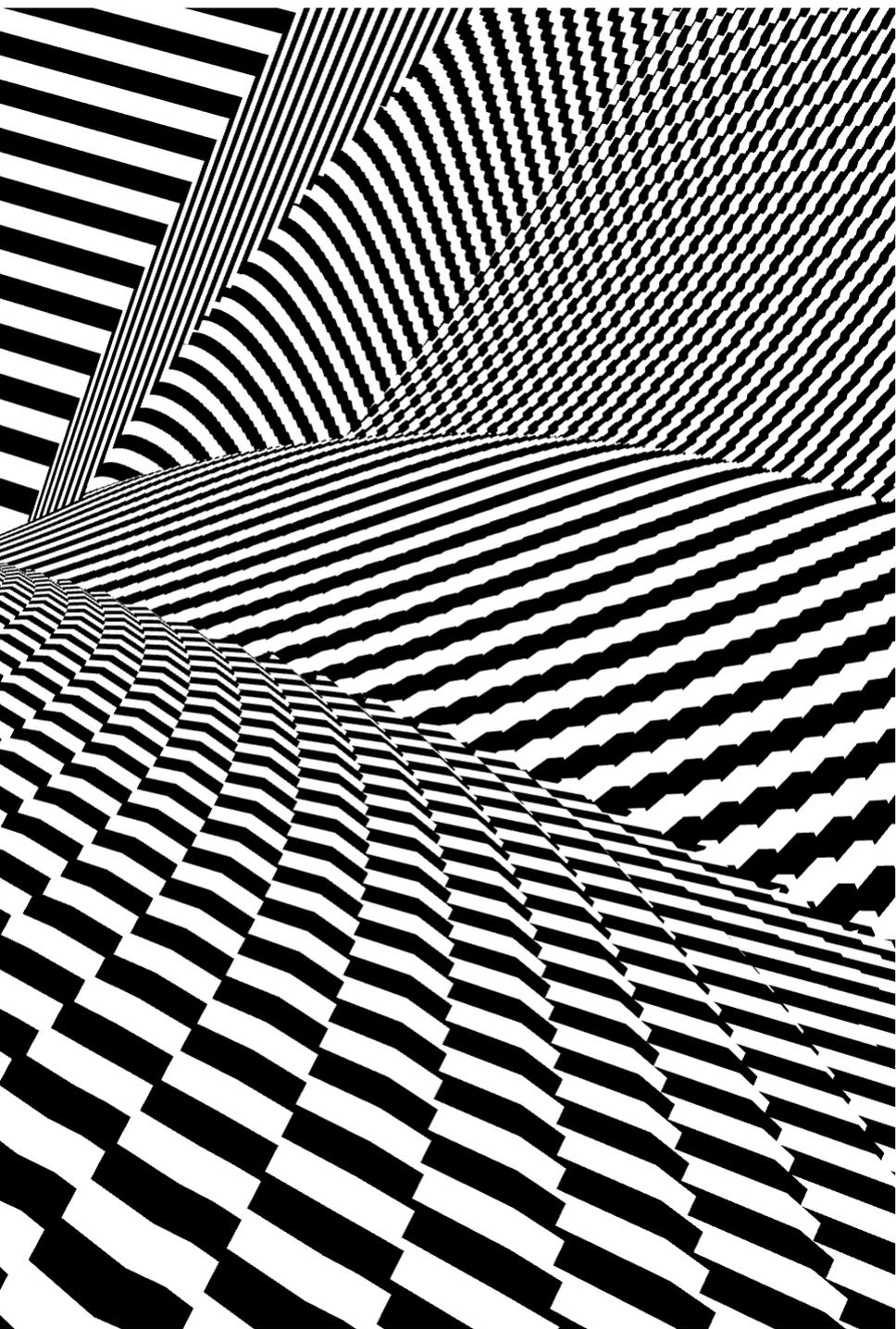


DEAD + NOT QUEER ART



39% Alive 36% Queer Artist







DÉPART

Assez vu. La vision s'est rencontrée à tous les airs.

Assez eu. Rumeurs des villes, le soir, et au soleil,
et toujours.

Assez connu. Les arrêts de la vie.—O Rumeurs et
Visions!

Départ dans l'affection et le bruit neufs.

