

SHAPESHIFTER

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In a recent interview with writer Michael Turner, Brian Jungen gives a “periodization” of his own work. Responding to a question about the wall drawing/paintings that were part of his 1999 exhibition at the Charles H. Scott Gallery, he replies, “The wall drawings developed after I began to exhaust the rounds of abject stereotypes I was creating in a period of drawing I did a few years ago. These drawings could represent an ironic strategy adopted by many artists working with identity politics in the late eighties to mid-nineties.”¹

The ambiguously weighted inferences of this reflection give rise to a number of questions. Is it the ironic strategy or the concern for identity politics, or both, that now belongs to a receding past? Did the strategy succeed or fail? Why? Why is drawing so linked here with identity politics and why doesn’t the artist “draw” any more?

The exhibition in which the aforementioned wall drawings appeared was a critical one for Jungen.² It caught the eye of the nation’s art journalists, critics, academics and curators — most of whom made much more of the dissected Nike Air Jordan masks than they did the wall drawings. Admittedly, the catalogue for Jungen’s exhibition (which appeared well after the exhibition and thus was put together with the knowledge that the exhibition, particularly the masks, had engendered a career-making enthusiasm) featured the masks at the expense of the wall drawings, reproducing the former lavishly, showing their “interior” and “exterior” aspects as well as details, while reproducing the latter at oblique angles if at all.

But what was the relationship between the wall drawings and the masks in this important exhibition?³ It is especially provocative that the artist, not so many months after the event, describes their production

as the very *decadence* and end of his drawing. In retrospect we see that the title for the masks, "Prototypes for a New Understanding," is partly autobiographical: the masks announce a new understanding on the part of the artist as opposed to the old understanding embodied in the drawings. This ambitious, self-conscious declaration of artistic maturity reminds me of a similar gesture made by Stan Douglas, the title of whose *Overture* (1985) was meant to announce the end of his period of juvenilia and the overture to what was to come.

Looking at those mesmerizing masks in their vitrines in the middle of the Charles H. Scott Gallery we either had our backs to the wall drawings or saw them through the vitrines as background. You couldn't imagine them without the vitrines, but curiously, neither could the vitrines hold the space without the support of the wall drawings. The masks were purchased by individuals and, in an assertion of its legitimizing prowess, the Vancouver Art Gallery. No one bought the wall drawings. But then the drawings weren't portable, possessable objects; they were more conceptual and therefore more difficult to negotiate as commodities.

In Jungen's drawings on paper (the subject of an exhibition at the Art Gallery of Calgary) the stereotypes he exhausted had to do with Indians as other people fantasize them and project upon them their own fears and desires. As called forth by Cate Rimmer in her introduction to the Charles H. Scott catalogue, "caricatures of Indians wear high heels or fuck Mounties." In short, the drawings are queerish, confounding stereotypes of masculinity and sexual desire as they variously figure and disfigure Indians. In its style *Mountie Bottom* is trying to look like a realist cartoon. Its subject matter might derive from Tom of Finland or The Village People or even real life. Other drawings owe something to Mike Kelley, whose cartoonish drawings aimed at the socio-sexual pathology of the American psyche. There is a slight nod to Raymond Pettibon's paranoiac existentialism. Specifically they trace their source to the rambunctious lesbian transgressions of Nicole Eisenmann who Jungen knew when he lived in New York in the early 1990s. Preceding all the above, although not necessarily informing them directly, would be the drawings of Viennese Actionist Günter Brus and/or the drawings, especially those of children, coming out of the Actionist/Reichian Commune, the Actions Analytic Organization for Conscious Life Praxis. In the commune, drawing was part of the therapy of *selbstdarstellung* or spontaneous emotional self-expression, the theory being that we are all sexually damaged by society, mainly through the

instrument of the family, and that it is through our sexual damage that we are exploited. "Sexual poverty drives the nuclear family human to pornographic behavior, the lack of communication and sexual poverty that is artificially manufactured by nuclear family society is exploited by the entertainment, amusement and recreational industries."⁴ Thus, by the dialectical logic of sexual utopianism, every social relationship must be revealed to be a repository of damaged sexual energy, the fuel that nourishes its exploitative character while, conversely, it is the unrealized sexual aspect of every relationship that has the potential to disrupt and redistribute its power balance. Certainly this thesis, ironically reconsidered, is writ large in the work of Mike Kelley, Paul McCarthy, Sue Williams, Nicole Eisenmann and other artists in the United States. In Canada, artists who have explored this sexual *selbstdarstellung* include Eli Langer, whom the state attempted to criminalize in 1993. Thus, *selbstdarstellung*, which always enters the representation of sexuality through an infantile door, became risky business in Canada. Perhaps Jungen's drawings were looking for trouble or to assert that the shameful persecution of an artist could happen in Toronto but it couldn't happen in Vancouver. In Jungen's case some of the drawings on paper played with stereotypical Indian images in order to give them a sexual life and to explore how stereotypes inflated or deflated in response to sexual stimuli. The period of drawings on paper included thematic concerns other than queering Indian stereotypes. It began in New York, when Jungen was part of the Eisenmann circle, and continued in Vancouver where, for several years, Jungen shared a studio with Geoffrey Farmer.⁵ Both of them drew to amuse each other and their friends rather than a public. But it was through the drawings that both artists began to become known in Vancouver.

The exhibition "Buddy Palace" at the Or Gallery in 1997 introduced Jungen's wall drawings.⁶ His contributions to the exhibition were a book of drawings called *Brown Finger* and murals, such as *First Nation/Second Nature* and *First Person/Third World* (these also exist as works on paper), not drawings of Indians fucking Mounties.⁷ These pairings, offered as signs at a crossroad, might be destinations or just stopovers on a long journey. Like all such crossroad signs they triangulate your location in relation to the two posted. The pairings neatly highlight the immense ideological force at work in naming while indicating the disruptive energy of an abrupt juxtaposition. These very simple pieces manage to sum up in cartoon form the contradictions upon which Canadian attitudes toward Indians are based. They also point to the terse irony that many of Canada's First People live in the Third World.

It is these murals that point the way for the drawing installations like the murals shown at the Charles H. Scott. Those drawings represent the developing conceptual nature of Jungen's practice. They aren't his drawings. He had someone solicit them on the street, asking people (they'd have to be non-native for the piece to work) to draw their own notion of Indian art. Jungen then took these doodles, after arranging them in groups, blew them up and had latex stencils made. The result is a monumental, somewhat decorator-looking mural. The ineptness of the non-artist non-native (i.e. non-expert) somehow looks like a charmingly domesticated version of the psychosexual scribbles of Kelley, Eisenmann, the AA children, et al. The scale and the incised edge produced by the stencil also made the drawings seem at first as if they might be based on petroglyphs. The works could have been about any number of things: the misappropriation of native art (from petroglyph to decorator panel in a modernist mode), a critique of the modernist ambition to assimilate native art, ethnographic representation, and so on. They summed up a repertoire of stereotypes that had been summoned from the street. Behind their insouciant cheeriness lay a more melancholy critical attitude. As Reid Shier noted, the street scribbles, while awkward (Jungen plays with modern art's conflation of awkwardness and expressiveness here, as the "authors" of the drawings are utterly disconnected from artistic intention), are surprisingly informed, enough that the drawings can pose as petroglyphs.⁸ The implication is that most people do have a pretty good idea of what native art looks like, but that this knowledge makes not one iota of social difference. By confirming how deeply the stereotypical "totem" is embedded in the dominant psyche, does the artist also imply that such images are means by which Indians are socially disenfranchised, contesting the liberal view that the revival of traditional arts empowers native communities?

We turn our backs to these mural drawings or see them fractured through vitrines because the masks, framed by the authority of the museum vitrine (an authority the masks obviously threaten to usurp), demand our attention.⁹ The masks allowed writers to connect the dots between globalization, Nike's Third World sweat shops, *and* Canada's institutionalized, endemic failure to defeat the poison of racism. I suppose that it was also hoped that Jungen's iconoclastic and irreverent Prototypes would, as Lawrence Paul Yuxweluptun's paintings had, offend the status quo as it pertains in the field of contemporary native art. I mean that art, from Bill Reid to Susan Point for example, that you see in the Vancouver International Airport and which has been invested with so many notions of authenticity from so many interested parties. Because the masks use a highly popular, if controversial product as material, they could be imagined

as more accessible to aboriginal urban youth than traditional carved masks, more like hip-hop and less like Beethoven. This proposition is what is meant by their title (besides its autobiographical register), *Prototypes for a New Understanding*. In retrospect we can see that the identification of the Prototypes with native carving might have been a widely circulated critical overstatement. If we didn't get the reference to native masks (if we lived in Beijing or Havana we probably wouldn't) we might be struck by the more obvious displacement. Jungen has turned something you wear on your feet into something you wear on your head. He invokes Marx's image of alienated man as upside down. Putting footgear on the head—especially these sweat-shop products—stands people right side up.

Noticing the accidental resemblance between the curvilinear modules of the shoes and northwest coast ovoids or between the red, white and black of some painting and print-making might have been the inspired beginning of the Prototypes. But the result goes beyond the resemblance that initiated it, containing just as much referentiality to Darth Vader as Haida masks.

However, inasmuch as the Charles H. Scott exhibition can be taken as a critique of the clichés of the revived carving tradition, there is a disquieting undertow to the celebration of Brian Jungen as a native artist. Because of his parentage and upbringing he has a right to comment on the representation of Indianness that non-natives cannot have. The Canadian art world needs native representation. Jungen has the credentials to produce it and the wit to confound the uses to which it might be put. But perhaps this situation is what the artist was pointing to in the remark about identity politics I opened this essay with. Burdening Jungen with the task of representing Indianness skews the picture. As the wall drawings point out, "Indianness" is constructed by everyone. The problem of racism is felt most acutely by those who are racialized. But if a society holds racist views in common then the problem is everyone's. In other words, the "topic" of much of Jungen's art is not his identity as an Indian but, rather, the viewer's assumptions and prejudices revealed when the topic of "Indianness" comes up. The topic is the identity of the viewer in as much as that identity is perceived to be not "Indian."

Since the Charles H. Scott exhibition Jungen has produced five large sculpture/installation projects of his own, counting the two projects in the present exhibition, and has been involved in a gallery installation collaboration with Geoffrey Farmer, as well as a smaller "storefront" installation in Toronto. It is becoming

clearer as his work develops that Jungen is as interested in deploying formal and conceptual problems endemic to sculpture and its institutional sites. The masks reflected on museum display practices while at the same time proposing a new taxonomic site by exposing new relationships and severing old ones. Jungen is interested in models, modules and units and in the energetic ideological discharge released by one set of things and transformed into a heretofore completely unrelated set of things. He is also interested in recycling as a strategy. Jungen had encountered the work of Gordon Matta-Clark in New York in the early nineties. Matta-Clark's "anarchitectural" interventions that revealed the structures of buildings, and his more socially utopian works involving recycling and imagining new systems of distribution still serve as an important model for Jungen.

For an exhibition at YYZ (2000), Jungen produced a more experimental, more provisional, possibly failed work. *Bush Capsule* works with ideas of shelter, nomadism, invoking the consequential references to notions of property and territory as they fester around land claim issues. Judge Allan McEachern was praised in the press on the occasion of his recent retirement. But among the fusillade of honorifics, no newspaper reminded its readers that Judge McEachern was the author of the atrocious B.C. Supreme Court Degamukw decision (1992). The decision (subsequently overturned) seriously proposed that nomadic territory cannot be considered as property. This is the key issue of land claims. *Bush Capsule* in Jungen's words, "is a device enabling me to occupy land under the concept of the inherent right to the land..."¹⁰ The device is meant as a model for a livable seasonal shelter. It refers to the geodesic domes of Buckminster Fuller, thus tying itself to the back-to-the-land movements of the seventies as well as current land claim issues. Jungen never used it so, in a way, the piece is unrealized. The structure of the igloo-like *Bush Capsule* (the title has a "Spaceship Earth" ring to it) was made from cheap white plastic molded outdoor chairs cut up and held together with shrink wrap. The result looks a little like the organic "crystalline" expressionist dreams of German architects like the young Bruno Taut (which, in turn, might have informed Fuller). If it had worked it could also have been a proposition for cheap seasonal provisional urban shelter.

The chairs, like the Nike Air Jordans, proved to be highly adaptable to being cut up and used to make new things. Jungen used them again for his exhibition at Barr Gilmore's storefront vitrine gallery, Solo Exhibition in Toronto. For this space Jungen made a "lamp" from stacked up children's lawn chairs and

shrink wrap. Jungen's lamp, *Mise en Scene*, mimed a Noguchi lamp in a furniture store next door. The mimesis was enough to be recognized as such but not enough to be convincing (as another Noguchi lamp). It was as if the modular potential of the lawn chairs could be site specifically determined and they could "adapt" to their surroundings, finding something there already to resemble and thus "fit in." They could assimilate and acculturate. They could disguise themselves yet maintain their essence.

Jungen's most ambitious work with the lawn chairs is *Shapeshifter*, shown at the Or Gallery in fall, 2000. The title refers as much to the lawn chairs as the resulting sculpture, as if this is the third variation in an open-ended series. It is a title that brings forward a reference to shamanic transformation and/or to the character of Odo in the *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine* series. *Shapeshifter* is a reasonable facsimile of a whale skeleton made up out of the sawn up lawn chairs and suspended as one might see in a natural history museum. The white plastic becomes white bone and the engineering of the chairs, a kind of prosthetic human exoskeleton, becomes the skeleton of a whale. It was deft to take the profoundly inorganic lawn chair and turn it into a natural history specimen. There's a fantastical, alchemical, exuberant utopianism in such a gesture. The irony seems casual: the chairs wouldn't deliver the shelter module, something with some potential social use, but they would deliver a representation of nature.

The title flags an essential "inner" identity behind the mere appearance of this or that shape in the shape shifter's repertoire. I imagine this could be read in terms of identity politics. But first let us read it in terms of old clichés about sculptors and their materials, whether it is Michelangelo before a slab of marble or Bill Reid before a block of cedar. The cliché is that the sculpture is inside that block or slab and the artist discloses it rather than invents it. The idea that the lawn chairs ever contained the image of the whale is both ludicrous and literally true. In a chunk of marble or piece of wood, the fissures and knots are a determining limit only, they tell the carver where not to go, and therefore they give the material some say in the sculpture. They can suggest something. The chairs aren't being carved, but used topographically by having their joints unsealed and rearranged. In this sense the whale was in them all along as a topographic possibility.

Part of the admiration *Shapeshifter* inspires is for its ingenuity. One can never again look at white plastic lawn chairs without seeing their ossifactory potential. The transformation is more dramatic, larger scale,

than shoes into masks (which are related by both being things you wear). The lawn chairs go much further than one could ever have expected in being able to represent a whale. The masks stood the oppressed upright. The whale confronts natural history.

The reaction to *Shapeshifter* was extremely positive. (The piece constituted Jungen's first exhibition in Vancouver since the Charles H. Scott exhibition. *Bush Capsule*, no longer extant, was never seen in Vancouver.) Kitty Scott (who had been an independent curator based in Vancouver and had followed Jungen's work since his first appearance on the Vancouver scene), Curator of Contemporary Art at the National Gallery of Canada made *Shapeshifter* one of her first purchases. But again, the enthusiasm for the work was accompanied by an alarming amount of extra-aesthetic desire for the artist to fulfill a role. One Canadian curator was reported to have stood, jaw agape, before the work and declared, "He's *the one* we've been waiting for."

Traditional native carving is housed in many of the same institutions (New York's Museum of Natural History for example) that display whale and dinosaur skeletons, stuffed animals and mannequins of "primitive" people in dioramas. The supposed continuity between nature and "primitive" art is the very appeal of such art, but also its diminution. *Shapeshifter* rends this old seam. Plastic chairs are stamped out by machines in factories. They don't require the appalling punitive labour that Nike shoes do. They are more advanced products in terms of the toil they require, but they are also more toxic, more anti-natural. They are deeply inorganic. It is as yet unknown how long, if ever, it takes for the plastic they are made of to decompose and re-enter the cycle of nature. The chairs are part of the ever accumulating anti-natural world that threatens to crowd out nature itself. If the masks are making a long distance call to Darth Vader in order to make an oblique point, the *Shapeshifter* is dialing *Jurassic Park*, a movie that could be seen to be about museums, natural history and "institutional critique" in addition to its more openly told tale of nature's revenge. Except the imaginary museum *Shapeshifter* evokes doesn't have a T-Rex in it, it has a whale, the only mammal that has a larger brain than humans. The whale in *Moby Dick* is bigger than *Shapeshifter*, but the idea of man's fight to conquer (or even eliminate) nature is in the background.

Jungen's next gallery installation, completed this spring for a site specific project at the museum of the

Federal Penitentiary in Kingston, Ontario, organized by the Agnes Etherington Art Gallery, introduced a fabricated element along with the adjusted ready-mades. On a finely built warehouse type pallet constructed from finely sanded red cedar, Jungen stacked plastic trays. The middle of the stack was hollow and contained a television turned on to an arbitrarily chosen broadcast channel. Jungen had been inspired by a display in the Kingston Pen Museum of a stack of metal prison-issue cafeteria food trays. The stack had been hollowed out in a failed attempt to escape as the dirty trays were moved out to be washed. Jungen was interested in narrative and in the sculptural quality of the stack with its negative space figuration. In that the stack of trays was like a Matta-Clark drawing, made by extraction and cutting, it was also, albeit heartbreakingly pathetic, a model for habitation, a temporary, provisional shelter and, also, given the situation, an armour, a disguise.

The number of trays in Jungen's sculpture, 2203, is the number of aboriginals in Canadian prisons. The trays are color coded to represent the statistics on length of sentence. As in *Shapeshifter*, the work rests on taxonomic substitution, in this case counting and categorizing. When I asked him how he chose to connect the tray "sculpture" he'd seen at Kingston to these highly charged numbers, Jungen said it was almost arbitrary. He wanted the number of trays to relate to the context and he had been given some literature on the prison by the project organizers. The total number of prisoners in Canada was too large for the scale he had in mind (a stack big enough for someone to hide in), the total number of women was too small. The only other statistic available is the number of aboriginals and the number was a fit with the scale of the sculpture. That this number appeared to present itself of its own accord speaks volumes about racism in Canada, where the proportion of aboriginals in prison far exceeds that of the general population. Any representation with the prison system would have encountered this fact. Thus this piece seems to challenge the idea that Jungen's work negotiates native identity for his or anyone else's sake. Instead the multi-coloured work is about whiteness and the judicial/penal system that punishes those who won't or can't adjust.

While working on the project for Kingston in the spring of 2001, Jungen was also conceptualizing the projects for the Contemporary Art Gallery. This would be his third exhibition in Vancouver in two years. He made two works, one for the interior of the gallery and one for the exterior.

Thinking in terms of stacks, units, piles, and pallets seemed a way of continuing to explore issues that had been raised working with lawn chairs and plastic trays. These were, as I have suggested, issues about different materials and the narratives they have not only been given or come with, but narratives that might be “inside” them waiting to be disclosed. *Untitled*, for inside the gallery, although it is not a ready-made but an ironic representation of one, speaks from this condition itself. The work consists of ten industrial style pallets of the type used to move goods around warehouses, in and out of trucks and docksides and finally to the retail outlet. In his research for *Untitled*, Jungen took photographs



of pallets around the city, thus re-enacting, consciously or not, the flaneuresque documentary urban indexes of Gerry Gilbert and Michael deCoursey or even more uncannily, Iain and Ingrid Baxter's *Piles* (1968), a portfolio of artless photographs of piles in the urban environment. But Jungen's photos aren't ends in themselves; they document a process and provide a reference toward a finished piece that has a most specific institutional site. Pallets, “world travelers,” are among the last remaining hand-made things or units absolutely essential to the circulation of commodities. They are hastily made of cheap wood and have relatively short working lives before they are discarded. There is something forlorn about them, pictured in stacks in alleyways.

In contrast, Jungen's pallets are finely crafted. They are pegged and glued rather than nailed, like good furniture. The red cedars he used are very soft, fine woods that scratch easily. The forklift slots have been carved with the same care a carver takes carving a cedar pole. For the installation at the Contemporary Art Gallery he showed them in a casually aligned stack. The implication is that this is arbitrary and that they are meant to be thought of as modules that could configure differently. Because they are so carefully made of material that has such a fragile surface they renounce their utility. Being used

as pallets would disfigure and possibly crush them. Their modularity, stackability, seriality, and open interior spaces all invoke Donald Judd and a high Minimalist vocabulary. Yet the screech of the forklift brakes is not altogether banished from this *Untitled*. It was the retail look of the new Contemporary Art Gallery that partly set off this line of thought in the first place. The notion of goods and their circulation conflates with the fine cedar carving of the west coast native Arts and Crafts Revival, images of usefulness reappear as images of uselessness. Ultimately the pallets remain things that bear a load, even if it is an imaginary one. Their refinement transforms them into pedestals, waiting for something to be set on them. But whatever that is would ruin them. They can really only bear themselves.

Jungen's second piece for the exhibition was located along the Nelson Street façade of the recently completed building. *Unlimited Growth Increases the Divide* is titled after a piece on the exterior of the Delmar Inn at 555 Hamilton Street that housed the Contemporary Art Gallery for over twenty years and before it the Bau-Xi Gallery. The piece, a collaboration between Kathryn Walter and the Delmar owner, George Rist, marks the stand Rist took against B. C. Hydro when he refused to sell his building to make way for their hideous office tower. Jungen's work on the street brings that history as a reference.

Unlimited Growth Increases the Divide is a covered walkway and hoarding, common enough temporary street architecture in ever-being-built Vancouver. In this case it mirrors the hoarding and walkway on Nelson Street across the alley from the Contemporary Art Gallery which is now housed as the ground floor cultural amenity "bonused" for a high rise condo tower. Like a mirror image, the piece is in reverse: the hoardings are on the street side while it is open to the bank of shallow vitrines that line the gallery façade. The idea was that the two walkways would be suggestively contiguous, that people would walk through Jungen's piece as if it were a continuation of the hoarding across the alley (without necessarily noticing the slippage - the condo tower is finished, not under construction). But this passage is slightly "off course," so unused. It was used at the exhibition opening, where, on a raining evening, it housed people who smoke and, in the earlier part of the opening, people who couldn't get in the Gallery because it was filled to capacity. Wholly unintended, this circumstance conspired to illuminate the relationship between *Unlimited Growth Increases the Divide* and *Bush Capsule* and Matta-Clark's terms for art as shelter or for that matter, Dan Graham's pavilions.

The re-tooling of the Minimalist gesture into an openly narrative device was one of the most interesting occurrences in American art of the 1980's. Works by Felix Gonzales-Torres or Roni Horn, for example, politically motivated in reaction to the Reagan administration's neo-conservatism, reintroduced Adornian aesthetics (autonomy + negativity + mimesis) to American art. I suggest that Brian Jungen is working within what I might call this Minimalist reformation, minimalism as it had been given its critical vocabulary by artists such as Dan Graham, Gordon Matta-Clark and Robert Smithson. It is an investigation of sculpture as it impinges on modes of production, implicates architecture, asks questions about how we organize shelter, exposes the truth of materials and also takes on the theme of identity. In the talk he gave for the occasion of this exhibition at the Contemporary Art Gallery, Jungen alluded to his attraction to the pallets in terms of his empathy for their forlornness, their loneliness. In this way they were like the prisoners he thought about and then represented (collectively) in the piece he did for Kingston, the first piece using a pallet. Thus Jungen brings to the vocabulary of sculpture new strategies of representation and new thoughts on the condition of alienation.

- 1 Turner, Michael, "Prototypes + Petroglyphs + Pop," *Mix* (Winter, 2001) p. 31.
- 2 Actually he had shown them or versions thereof first in 1997 at the Truck Gallery, Calgary.
- 3 Charles H. Scott Gallery, Emily Carr Institute of Art and Design, *Brian Jungen*, curated by Cate Rimmer, 1997. The exhibition featured 8 "Prototypes for a New Understanding," masks made out of reassembled Nike Air Jordans mounted on museum supports and shown in vitrines in the middle of the gallery. On the walls the artist made 7 murals based on drawings executed by non-native non-artists who had been asked to "draw an example of native art."
- 4 Various authors including commune founder, Otto Muhl, *The AA Model/Volume 1*, (Nuremberg: AA Verlag, 1977) p.25.
- 5 Jungen was based in New York from 1992-1994. When he returned to Vancouver he shared a studio with Farmer from 1996 to 1998.
- 6 "Buddy Palace," curated by Geoffrey Farmer and Reid Shier, included works by Jungen, Christine Corlett, Jason McLean and Lisa Prentice.
- 7 *Brown Finger* was designed by Mo Sa'lemy.
- 8 Shier, Reid, "Cheap", *Brian Jungen*, *ibid.*
- 9 Bill Wood argues convincingly for seeing the Charles H. Scott exhibition in terms of institutional critique, "Access Codes and Avoided Objects in the work of Brian Jungen, Josiah McElheny and Cornelia Parker," *Parachute* 99 (July-September 2000) pp. 12-19.
- 10 *Mix* p. 32.