

PROPOSAL - ^{RE} DESIGN LOGO FOR SOCIALIST PARTY USA.

Alexandra Kuzyk: Problem Proposal

A Brief History of Socialism, America's Dirty Word

The tainted history of Socialism, in an American context, begins six years after the Paris commune of **1871**, in what is called The Great Strike of **1877**, where railroads across the nation go on strike. Various politicians and newspapers began to call the strikers "communists". This is one of the first instances where the media made negative associations with the word "communist".

Marxist Socialism comes to the US in **the late 1870s and early 1880s**, and Socialist parties begin to form at the **turn of the 20th century**. The party began to gain a steady following and gain some momentum with the working class.

Once Woodrow Wilson came to office, and the beginning of the First World War began, the Wilson administration did everything they could to destroy the party, beginning in **April of 1917, right through 1918**. Many leading Socialists were jailed (and some rumored to be killed) for causing a railroad strike, but remained imprisoned for months if not years for various other reasons.

At the time, Socialist parties around the world pledged not to fight in The Great War (**1914**), believing peace could be achieved faster without mass bloodshed. However, once the war began, Socialist parties began rallying with their countries and a true international socialist effort waned. There were four nations with socialist parties that maintain their objections to their war however: Russia, Bulgaria, Italy and the US.

In **1915** in St. Louis, MO, right before the US entered the war, the Socialist party held a conference and pledged they would actively resist the war, and did. This caused the Wilson administration great stress because there was already great opposition from other groups. The Irish and the Germans were the two largest immigration groups in the country at the time and both opposed the war for separate reasons—the Irish refused to fight alongside the British, and the Germans refused to fight against their homeland, potentially against their own fathers, brothers or cousins.

After the war had come to an end, Anarchists (note: not necessarily socialists) in the US tried to create an uprising against capitalism (**1920**) and set off two bombs: one on Wall Street, and the other at the home of Attorney General Palmer. The problem was, Palmers' family was home (although no one fatally injured) and this led to an attack against Anarchists, asserting they all were violent and dangerous individuals who were vehemently opposed to the sound family values of America. It also led to raids in the 1920s, called "Palmer Raids", where foreigners were arrested, especially Russians (with Russia, Austria and Germany in the hands of the Communists) and deported back to Russia (Emma Goldman—an anarchist political philosopher—being one of them).

The association was then made: these anarchist radicals were grouped with both Communists and Socialists, and all were subsequently branded as both violent and dangerous. It became especially easy to create class tensions and fears in this climate because recent immigrants, mostly Eastern Europeans, made up a majority of marginally paid unskilled workers. The minority (in more managerial positions) were "skilled workers" who were usually Anglo-Saxon in decent. With the proportional imbalance, this large group of Eastern Europeans was often also branded as (potentially) dangerous or radical.

Then there is a more than decade of Republican presidents in power (Harding, Coolidge then Hoover—beginning in the **early 1920s**) who were all very anti-union. Daugherty, a close member in Hardings' cabinet, issued the "Daugherty Injunction", which stated that union officers and members were not only "prohibited from striking, advising others to strike and paying strike benefits, but from assembling, picketing, mentioning the strike in union", basically destroying the railroad union. So there is a direct relationship in the decade where you see union rights diminish and socialist influence wane.

In the **1930s**, you have the country in the midst of the Great Depression, and Franklin D. Roosevelt (a Democrat) is in power. Under the Roosevelt administration, things are handled differently. Socialism and Communism begin to achieve a little bit of legitimacy, with public works projects, union reform and worker advocacy programs.

This however, is when the Socialist party begins to see large groups faction off. In **1935**, with Germany now under Fascist rule (Hitler appointed in under emergency decree 1933), much of the Communist party feels it is their responsibility to embrace any party that is anti-Fascist/anti-Hitler. This is when the Popular Front is created, which nearly dissolved the Communist Party, most of whom have allied themselves with the Democrats to take down Hitler. (This alliance never really fully dissolves itself.)

Alexandra Kuzyk

I will venture to say just one thing. You say you want my sister to ring you across some underlinen. Please don't, dear. I don't like any one, even a woman or a girl, to see things belonging to you. I wish you were more particular in leaving certain clothes of yours about, I mean, then they have come from the wash. O, I wish that you kept all those things *secret, secret, secret*. I wish you had a great store of all kinds of underclothes, in all delicate shades, stored away in a great perfumed press.

How wretched it is to be away from you! Have you taken your poor lover to your heart again? I shall long for your letter and yet I thank you for your kind good telegram.

Do not ask me to write a long letter now, dearest. What I have written above has saddened me a little. I am tired of sending words to you. Our lips together, our arms interwoven, our eyes swooning in the mad joy of possession, would please me more.

Pardon me, dearest. I intended to be more reserved. Yet I must long and long and long for you.

To Nora Barnacle Joyce

MS. Cornell

17 November 1909 *Saturday evg.*

[Dublin]

Dearest Nora I leave tonight in a moment for Belfast¹ and must miss your letter tonight. Tomorrow I come back and will write again. Dream of me Your lover

JJM

To Nora Barnacle Joyce

MS. Cornell

1 December 1909

44 *Fontenoy Street, Dublin*

My darling I ought to begin by begging your pardon, perhaps, for the extraordinary letter I wrote you last night.² While I was writing it your letter was lying in front of me and my eyes were fixed, as they are even now, on a certain word in it. There is something obscene and lecherous in the very look of the letters. The sound of it too is like the act itself, brief, brutal, irresistible and devilish.

Darling, do not be offended at what I wrote. You thank me for the beautiful name I gave you. Yes, dear, it is a nice name 'My beautiful wild flower of the hedges! My dark-blue, rain-drenched flower!'. You see I am a little of a poet still. I am giving you a lovely book for a present too: and it is a poet's present for the woman he loves. But, side

¹ The partners were also considering new cinemas in Belfast and Cork.

² Joyce's letter of 1 December 1909 has not survived.

MS. Cornell

PROPOSAL - REPICT JOYCE'S LETTERS TO NORA

by side and inside this spiritual love I have for you there is also a wild beast-like craving for every inch of your body, for every secret and shameful part of it, for every odour and act of it. My love for you allows me to pray to the spirit of eternal beauty and tenderness mirrored in your eyes or to fling you down under me on that soft belly of yours and fuck you up behind, like a hog riding a sow, glorying in the very stink and sweat that rises from your arse, glorying in the open shame of your upturned dress and white girlish drawers and in the confusion of your flushed cheeks and tangled hair. It allows me to burst into tears of pity and love at some slight word, to tremble with love for you at the sounding of some chord or cadence of music or to lie heads and tails with you feeling your fingers fondling and tickling my buttocks or stuck up in me behind and your hot lips sucking off my cock while my head is wedged in between your fat thighs, my hands clutching the round cushions of your bum and my tongue licking ravenously up your rank red cunt. I have taught you almost to swoon at the hearing of my voice singing or murmuring to your soul the passion and sorrow and mystery of life and at the same time have taught you to make filthy signs to me with your lips and tongue, to provoke me by obscene touches and noises, and even to do in my presence the most shameful and filthy act of the body. You remember the day you pulled up your clothes and let me lie under you looking up at you while you did it? Then you were ashamed even to meet my eyes.

You are mine, darling, mine! I love you. All I have written above is only a moment or two of brutal madness. The last drop of seed has hardly been squirted up your cunt before it is over and my true love for you, the love of my verses, the love of my eyes for your strange luring eyes, comes blowing over my soul like a wind of spices. My prick is still hot and stiff and quivering from the last brutal drive it has given you when a faint hymn is heard rising in tender pitiful worship of you from the dim cloisters of my heart.

Nora, my faithful darling, my sweet-eyed blackguard schoolgirl, be my whore, my mistress, as much as you like (my little friggling mistress! my little fucking whore!) you are always my beautiful wild flower of the hedges, my dark-blue rain-drenched flower.

JJM

To Nora Barnacle Joyce

MS. Cornell

3 December 1909

44 *Fontenoy Street, Dublin*

My darling little convent-girl, There is some star too near the earth for I am still in a fever-fit of animal desire. Today I stopped short often in

BRUNSON

IT HAD A
GOOD
RUN

I, (let me just say that this proposal is masquerading an exercise for me to understand and articulate my intentions) am going to make what will look and feel like a parade, or sculpturecade, or procession of sculptures in the colonnade on the first floor. Ten individual pieces of sculpture all using 'the table' as a main ingredient. To imagine how this will look, access a memory you might have of an aerial view of a parade..... There appears to be different situations/constructions happening on top of and around automobiles - in a line - evenly spaced - on a street..... Like a parade, for this project there will be a different situation with each table (on the table, around the table, or the table itself). You will see objects all involving a table, in a line in a long narrow space. For instance, a table; underneath this table are two tables made from the same material only smaller using the big table as a shelter to perform intercourse. There will be ten tables therefore ten sculptures. The design for these tables informed by the average American picnic table.

I would wager if twenty strangers were asked what is the function of a table, 75% of them would reply - 'for eating meals'. Yes! In that way, to many people this will look like a feast- an outdoor community-dining happening, brought back inside. I think it's fascinating that the table is associated with the consumption of food, or whatever; we're committed to pragmatism in our relationship to it. Practitioners of etiquette depend on it for their routine. Our mail, coats, crumbs, books, candle wax, palm sweat, cigarette ash, and wine stains also call it a temporary home.

In each case the table and its situation will become something specific. That is to say- the table will be a part of the sculpture just as much as whatever other types of materials are used to make it cohesive thing. That is also to say that the table will still have integrity as a thing in itself. A thing in itself just like the screws that hold it together are things in themselves. It becomes a material for sculpture, like and unlike the found object. It is like the found object in that it is a table, it is unlike the found object in that the intention in it, is building it to represent itself, to mimic it, to stand in for it. There is slippage in regards to its purpose. I will be building these tables first and foremost to be used as a material in the construction of another object.

Thwarting our understanding of an object, specifically the table, makes us suspicious of that object afterwards when we encounter it in the real. It's the idea of the table (what it is literally) that escapes and is replaced by potential for the existing reality of that object.

↳ plot for

PROLOGUE

1. Last summer, Calla Henkel and I attempted to create a tent structure to work in and play in everyday for ten days. After each day a video or an image of the structure would be posted to our website, creating a multitude of Maxes and Callas working and playing in different temporary spaces. Both commitment and a certain amount of branding were involved in the daily upload of fragments representing a whole.

2. Last year I co-organized Art Camp Painting, Art Camp Sculpture, and Art Camp Land Art, experiments in collaborating with other participants in an allotted amount of time (between two and five days), with certain materials, and outside of a school or studio situation. These highly structured yet ultimately messy and improvised events begged to be remembered, memorialized somehow. Can photographs from the events (plus participants' memories and stories) adequately represent them?

3. Since last fall a friend and I have been making quick, off the cuff, abstract drawings generated in Photoshop, which we then print and call posters. Before they are printed, they circulate over the internet through the image hosting website Flickr. Where normal posters usually advertise an event, these posters advertise nothing. In that sense, they are meaningless. They are essentially paintings created with the tools of the graphic designer. But I'm curious about their relationship to an event. Is the event they are connected to the moment of their creation? Or is it their circulation?

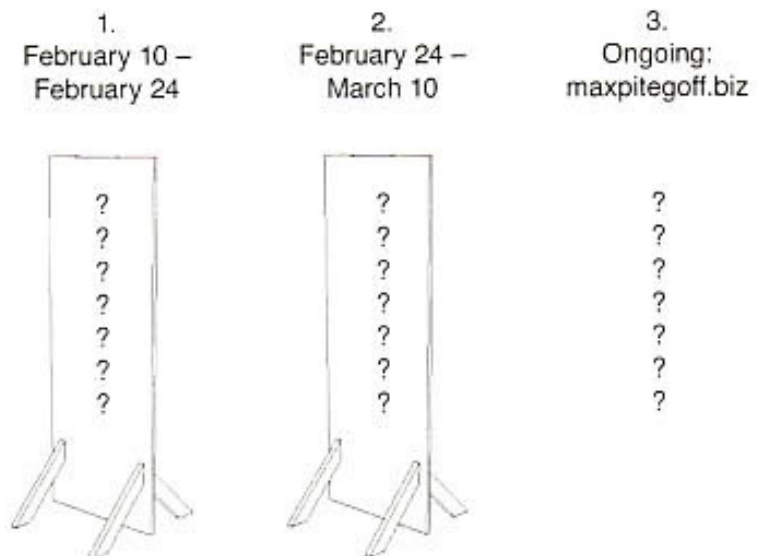
PROPOSAL

I want to create two sculptures over the course of four weeks (the first sculpture in the first two weeks, the second sculpture in the last two weeks). They will both start out as large pieces of plywood propped up vertically by 2x4s, resembling large wooden screens, but they will each evolve into distinctly different forms.

I want for them to exist not in normal object time (i.e. a set goal for their completion, incomplete during the construction time), but in contemporary instantaneous time, as made possible by the instant circulation of images on the internet. Fragments over two two-week sessions constituting a whole. I will plan events around the sculptures, which I will advertise in the many forms available to me (posters, flyers, Facebook events). I will also advertise more ephemeral gestures that exist between me and the sculpture (i.e. the act of painting it, dancing with it, etc). I will document every change in the sculptures' appearance and every event taking place related to the sculptures through photography, video and writing.

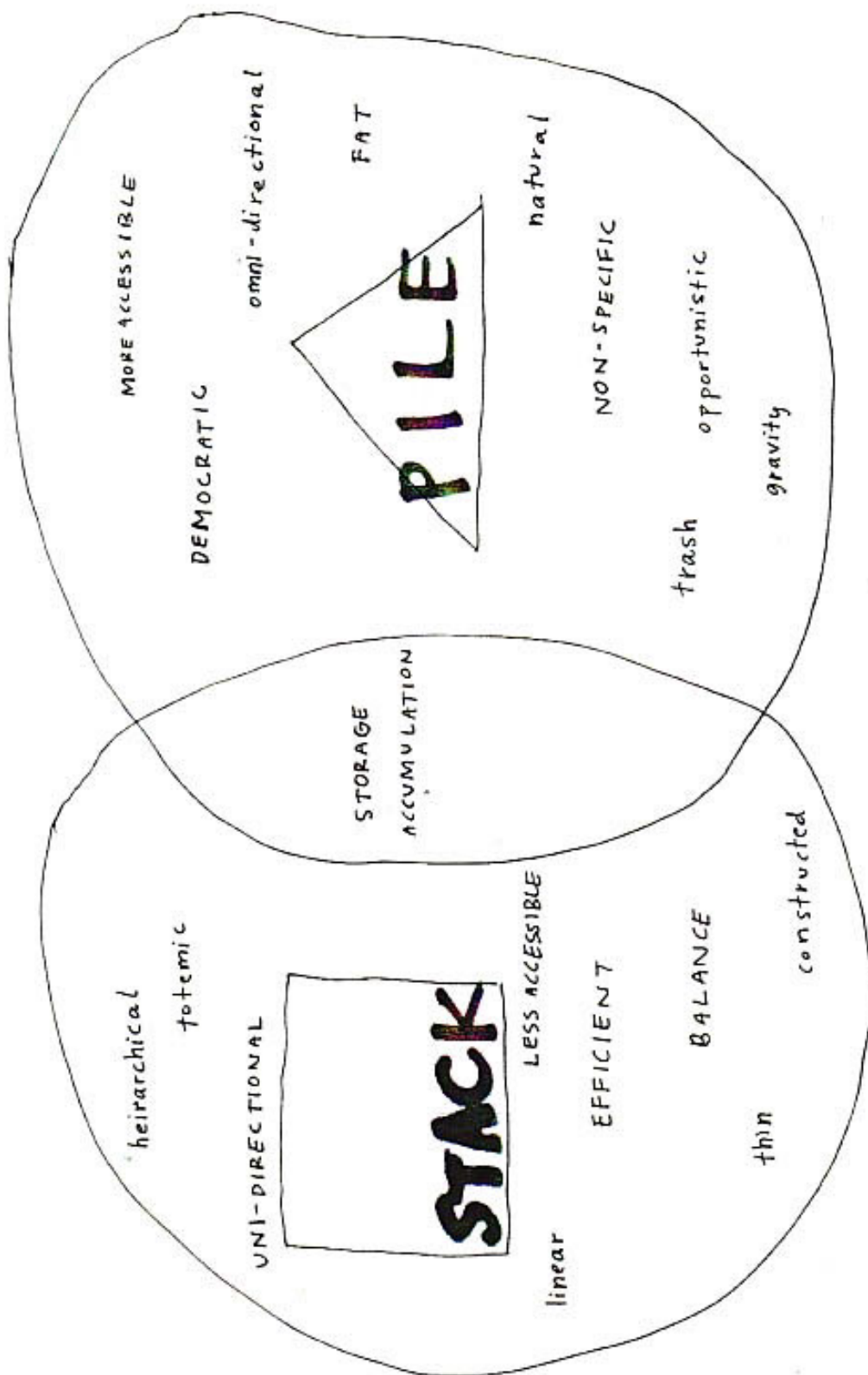
I will post the ephemera (posters/flyers beforehand and photos/videos afterwards) in as many internet locations as possible, which I will try to thoroughly document through screenshots. All of this documentation will be accumulated onto my website, presenting a self-perpetuating machine of hype and instant gratification. It will also be accumulated as much as possible on/near the sculptures themselves.

The sculptures may take the forms of theater, bulletin board, wall, bookshelf, easel, prop, shelter, window, painting, projection screen, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.



MIA

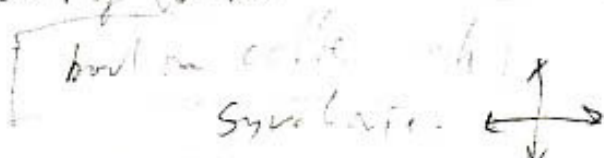
TO DEMONSTRATE DIFFERENCE: PILE VS STACK



get fast wave out of control
Issac Asimov

CATHERINE

cp 2/9/10



paul valery- the artist brings his body with him

painting as a language

- metaphorically and physically
- image hovers on periphery of language, the almost-said

meeting - what by

painting as artifact of its own process and/or a living archive of what is involved in that process

- collections, souvenirs, lists, maps : compulsion, nostalgia, desire, ownership
- painting as object/possession or does it have life of its own?
- how does a record of process differ from a product of a series of decisions?

archive (love) ->

painting = metaphysical?

- sublime vs physicality: a material act attached to rumours of transcendence
- formal: what does this word imply now

↳ rules? regulations.

abstract painting

- abstract is no longer the right word
- neither is 'non-representational' (everything represents something)
- one can talk about (around) things but never talk things themselves
- abstraction and embarrassment
- the relationship/hierarchy of ideas and feelings
- also the melodrama/performance of the studio practice, "action painting"

we less is okay!!

what's love got to do with it? who and why is it for?

- ideas/versions of "the other"
- merleau-ponty: others, who haunt me and whom i haunt
- levinas: otherwise than you
- colette: shadow selves left behind
- blanchot: other who passively became other
- stewart: drawing the other upon the darkness
- orpheus: song to bring the other back to life

between labor (eye) (supper) (gift) ADDITION

cohesion?

my practice in particular:

- (?)---needs more mystery of construction/process/layering (without making 'ugliness' or obfuscation function as the main focus)
- needs "teeth"; an element of the unexpected - mysterious?
- solution: new tools or materials to change not only surface but also process
- needs answers to questions of speed and mark-making
- marks as: notations of speed and motion, but also of historical/inherited vocabulary
- 'labor-value' i.e. time spent in relation to consideration paid
- seems suspended between dual poles of approach: the struggled-over product of process/labor, and the refined/abstracted result of conscious fore-thought

- notes and the space looked like looking at a book - immediate

(?) taste | dance/dance but

Tom Witschonke

I have been grappling with the idea of transgression and specifically the clichéd images and actions of transgression. Perhaps it is a reaction to a feeling of helplessness in contemporary society, a feeling that even the modes of resistance and transcendence are prescribed and therefore nullified. So far the project has taken a few different forms. I started an animation over the summer based on Justine by the Marquis de Sade, in which a suburban emo kid re-presents the text of Justine as a singer-songwriter. I imagined him as a contemporary Justine, buffeted by a totalitarian mindfuck of image culture, whose only recourse is to fill the expected role of 'angst-ridden teen,' an empty gesture equivalent to Justine's indomitable, futile faith. The animation eventually pulled out until the viewer could see myself, the animator, hysterically reveling in a control fantasy. The next video I started in Berlin last semester. I shot a long conversation I had with my friend Caitlin while walking through the forest outside Berlin, the Grunewald. We touched on many issues such as psychedelia and dreams taking one outside oneself, manipulation in art, especially Lars von Trier, travel and feeling alien, art and politics and the idea of an artist alienated from 'common society,' and psychoanalysis. Throughout, the camera is trained almost exclusively on the path and trees, jumping erratically because handheld while hiking. I intended to deal with nature not as a place of rapprochement, where humans 'get back in touch' with something essential, nor as an artificial 'destination' of human creation (a large backyard or vacation spot). I wanted to speak in the same terms as Alpinism: the idea that a human could enter 'nature' and somehow become more bodily and mentally potent, though not transcendent, and not connected (while also rejecting the jingoism and political aggressiveness and xenophobia related to Alpinism). As urban individuals, I wanted Caitlin and I to appear like flâneurs, walking through the forest without partaking in it, and commenting on it from a place of remove, but also being taken outside ourselves by our discourse, which had the potential to open up the site into a multitude of different universes and issues. The third bit of footage was shot just last week. It was a scene in which a woman, dressed somewhat like a figure from Noh theatre, but also like my cat, Warburton, and lit theatrically, smashed a guitar. I had been interested in guitar smashing as a performance of male libido, and wanted to detourn the action, but not merely through gender, which would essentialize somehow both the gesture and the actor. Thinking of guitar smashing as an act of transgression and a moment of anarchic ecstasy, I wanted to create a character whose masquerade, as woman, as animal (cat), as performer, as someone with ethnic history, as worker (she was dressed in a painter's jumpsuit), would culminate in a cacophony of flat signs and explode in a moment of drama. I'm not sure where it's headed yet, but may relate to a documentary I started last year about pets and the humor ascribed to their actions by their owners (especially in the age of YouTube where animal videos have such magnetism). I like that Bergson says animals are only funny when their actions appear human-like. Finally, I've been formulating a new video that I must simply produce, which involves a goth, in a sort of sleek modern kitchen,

Mundane Bygones — speaking a wasteland
outward popular — colored in
hispanism.