



JESSICA
BIZER



STEPHEN
COLLIER



GENERIC ART
SOLUTIONS



BRIAN
GUIDRY



SRDJAN
LONCAR



DAPHNE
LONEY



SOPHIE T.
LVOFF



MALCOLM
MCCLAY



AARON
MCNAMEE



LALA
RAŠIĆ



CHRISTOPHER
SAUCEDO



DAN
TAGUE

▲
NICK STILLMAN
CAMERON SHAW
Texts

Good Children Gallery

4037 St. Claude Avenue
New Orleans, LA 70117
goodchildrengallery.com

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Hit Refresh Part 2—

Curated by Cameron Shaw
12.10.11 — 01.08.12

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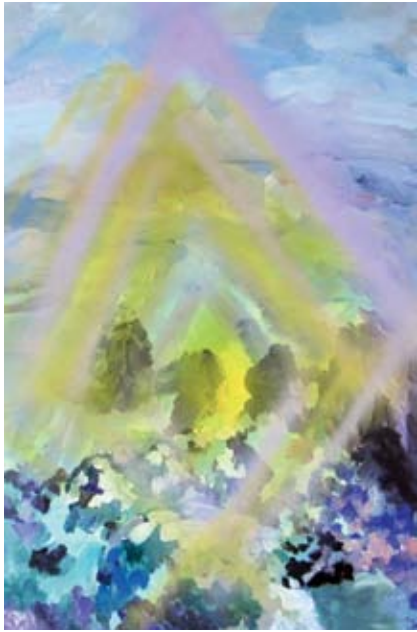
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DAN
TAGUE

SEE THE MONUMENTS OF NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA
2011

What can you find in New Orleans that you can not find in New York, Los Angeles, or Philadelphia? Find out for yourself. Discover (if you dare) the breathtaking Mississippi River and the temporary monuments on its enchanted banks. Ride in Rent-a-Car comfort to the land that time forgot. Only minutes from the airport. The friendliest of faces will guide you through this fabled series of sites...and don't forget your camera. Special maps come with each tour. For more information visit Good Children Gallery, 4037 St. Claude Avenue.



JESSICA BIZER—

BORN

Seminole FL

—

LIVES + WORKS

New Orleans LA

Nobody knows quite what to do with abstract painting in the year 2011. Amy Sillman, Mark Grotjahn, Jacqueline Humphries, Charline von Heyl, Monika Baer, and Good Children's Jessica Bizer have all reinvigorated painting in the 21st century, though by completely disparate means. Abstraction may be back, but there has yet to evolve a rhetorical framework around abstraction 2.0 capable of surrounding it and neatly filing it.

Bizer's painting contributes to two negations becoming more prevalent among current painters: it junks the separation between abstraction and figuration, and it breezily blows off painting's supposed fixity as singular object. A Bizer painting like *Said It Would Happen* is both (and neither) abstraction and figuration. A piece like *After A While* is both a painting on the wall and a Stockholder-like scatter of sand, spray paint, rocks, various other stuff on the floor—it's all painting.

Many recent painters make paintings steeped in an overwrought sense of interiority or make meta-paintings—paintings about paintings. Bizer doesn't seem to be doing either of these things. The most apt antecedent might be Lynda Benglis' version of "painting" in the late 1960s: toxic-looking multi-hued pours of paint that congealed together into a singular, uncategorizable object.

Bizer's painting advocates for painting as *presence*, painting as *object*. Bringing painting off the wall is its most obvious manifestation, but then there are her colors, not to mention her technique. She clones and perverts a Cezanne landscape with the blazing, penetrating colors of garish sweatshop swag. Fluorescents are a constant in Bizer's painting, and, she's recently taken to airbrushing

SOLO EXHIBITIONS

2012— *The Homeland We've Never Seen*, Acadiana Center for the Arts, Lafayette, LA

2010— *Leaving the Solar System*, Good Children Gallery, New Orleans, LA

2007— *The Power to Reduce Friction*, KK Projects, New Orleans, LA

GROUP EXHIBITIONS

2011— *Southern Open*, Acadiana Center for the Arts, Lafayette, LA

2010— *Fresh off the Turnip Truck*, Prospect.1.5, New Orleans, LA

2010— *NURTUREArt Benefit*, ZieherSmith, New York, NY

2008— *Postcards from the CAC*, Contemporary Arts Center, New Orleans, LA

2007— *Surge: New Orleans on High Ground*, Brooklyn Lyceum, Brooklyn, NY



GOOD CHILDREN

AFTER A WHILE 2011

Installation at
Southern Open, Acadiana Center for the Arts, Lafayette, LA.

SAID IT WOULD HAPPEN 2011

far left.
Acrylic and airbrush on canvas, 24" x 36"

**IT'S REALLY
GOING TO HAP-
PEN** 2011

Acrylic and airbrush
on canvas, 60" x 48"

**ESSENTIALS
THAT BROUGHT
SUCCESS** 2011

far right.

Installation with
*Said It Would Hap-
pen*, Parse Gallery,
New Orleans, LA



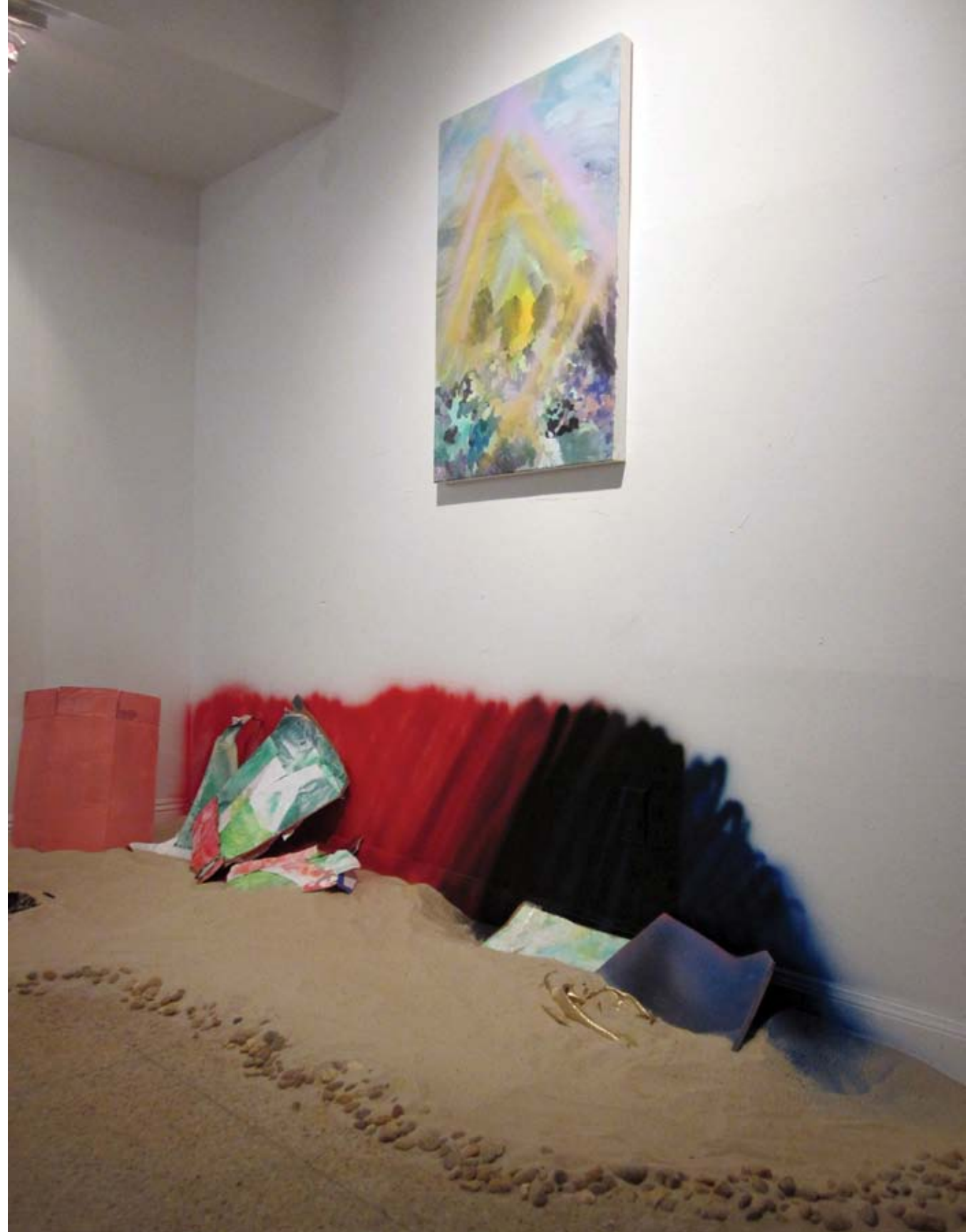
onto her surface, à la Katharina Grosse. Grosse is probably the obvious comparison, but Bizer's paintings court the bathetic even more than Grosse's; her painting of multi-hued, airbrushed fluorescent diamonds over a mountainous vista feels like something a teenager stole and unstretched from a *plein air* landscape painter, airbrushed at the mall, and is allowing to dry before sewing it onto a jean jacket.

To be clear: though she sometimes works from computer printouts of banal landscapes like those found on Windows screensavers, hers is not ironic painting, nor is it ironizing the historical value of painting. Her work is flirting with the unspoken codes of aesthetics and taste as each applies to painting. The sober masculinity of Abstract Expressionism is purged, and so too is all relationship

with the Greenbergian idea of painting being "just a painting." Bizer infects her paintings with Astro-turf, tinfoil, fabric, fake flowers. Picasso, Braque, and Dubuffet used sand—the stuff of earth—on their surfaces; Bizer is also using the stuff of Michaels Arts & Crafts.

Painting will never escape its own shadow, and it's a futile exercise for it to try. Bizer's solution is to make paintings that gesture toward classicism and still feel wildly, brazenly temporal—they're clearly rooted in a 21st-century aesthetic steeped in coded visual nostalgia. *It's Really Going to Happen* is what Cezanne would look like in a Nintendo game. A quote of Humphries' is applicable to Bizer here: "Painting has always been dead, but in the same measure so alive. It's the unlife."

GOOD CHILDREN



DREAM
CATCHER 2011

Lightjet print,
30" x 20"



GOOD CHILDREN

▲
SEE THE MONUMENTS OF
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

STEPHEN COLLIER—

SOLO EXHIBITIONS

2011 — *Club Helter Skelter*, Manifest Exhibitions, Chicago, IL

2011 — *Closer to Nothingness*, Jonathan Ferrara Gallery, New Orleans, LA

2011 — *Under the Influence*, Good Children Gallery, New Orleans, LA

GROUP EXHIBITIONS

2011 — *New Art from New Orleans*, Western Exhibitions, Chicago, IL

2010 — *Stirring Still*, White Box, New York, NY

2009 — *Hot Up Here*, Contemporary Arts Center, New Orleans, LA

2009 — *Frontier Preachers*, The Soap Factory, Minneapolis, MN

2007 — *Imaginary Arsenals*, Cuchifritos, New York, NY

BORN

Keesler Air
Force Base,
Biloxi MS

LIVES + WORKS

New Orleans LA

Stephen Collier traffics in myths. Deadpan photographs, reconstructed objects, found image collages, and ploddingly reckless videos spin a web spanning centuries and continents. An American Indian dreamcatcher filters the men of our nightmares.

The Manson Family scrawls upon their desert hideaway entrance, whistling “Eyes of a Dreamer.” The Mata Hari faces her execution without a blindfold. These are some of the fast and loose historical associations—at once coherent and disjointed—that expose the overlap and slippage between humor and horror, freedom and cult, artifact and hoax that is at the heart of Collier’s practice.

Though Collier frequently mines the terrain of violence and darkness, he’s no cynic. Since 2007, he has been reworking the cardboard human targets used for law enforcement shooting practice to create pigment prints with a saccharine, vaguely ridiculous edge. In the earliest of these collages, mullet-sporting hoodlums more fit to battle Sonny Crockett than any present-day vice squad proffer birthday cakes, ice cream cones, and bunches of flowers instead of guns. In more recent iterations, Collier’s goons take a turn for the mystical. One lone thug offers up a glowing cluster of crystals, while in *The Couple* the offender’s weapon is obscured by a dreamcatcher; his hostage stares off resolute yet beatific, looking like Judy Garland’s Dorothy. These visual references aren’t lost on Collier: he too promises an Oz-like redemption.

With this intent, Collier creates his *Purification Clubs*, a sampling of which was shown in his 2011 exhibition at Jonathan Ferrara Gallery. These glazed ceramic forms equally recall ancient tools, excavated animal remains, and Franz West’s *Adap-*

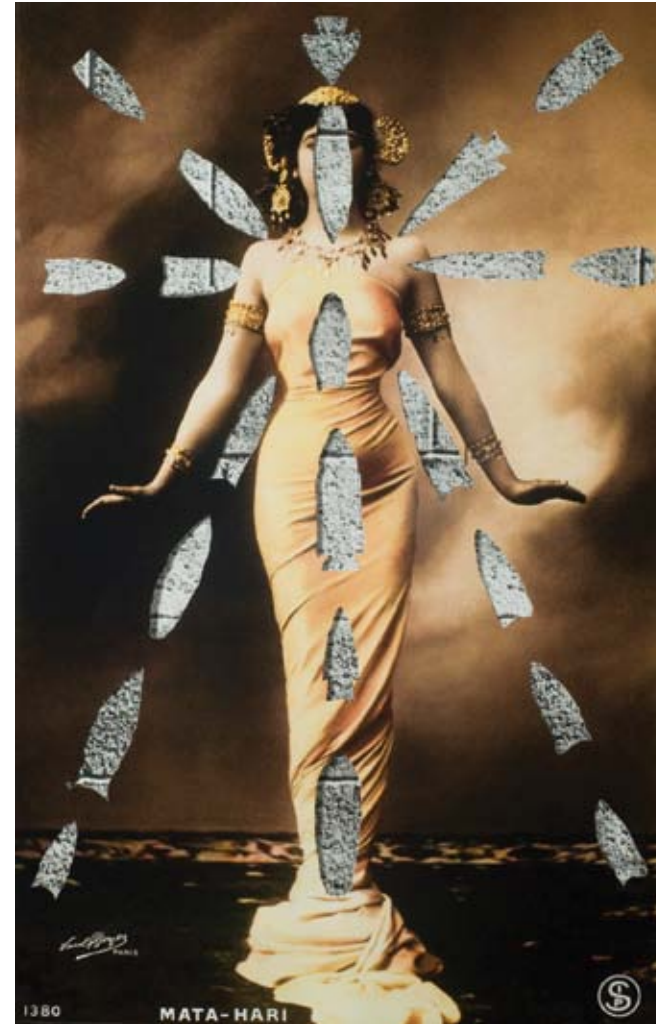
STEPHENCOLLIERSTUDIO.COM

UNTITLED
(MATA HARI -
NEGATIVE) 2011

Manipulated photograph mounted on Xerox, 38" x 24"

UNTITLED
(MATA HARI)
2011

far right.
Collage on photograph, 14" x 11"



GOOD CHILDREN

tives. As Collier muses in an artist statement, “The handheld objects are cracking, crumbling. They have seen better days.” They simultaneously nod to Collier’s fixation with the fantastic—looking like petrified unicorn horns—the unicorn being a symbol of fleeting purity that frequently finds its way into the artist’s work. Though their title makes plain their purpose, Collier never provides instructions on how the ritual of purification might unfold, which remains part of their mystique.

This duality between what is known or unknown, useful or useless is a constant theme in Collier’s work. In contrast to the faux-ancient *Purification Clubs*, Collier has increasingly begun to integrate arrowhead forms, most notably in his series of photographs based on found images of the Mata Hari. The stage name of Margaretha Geertruida Zelle, the Mata Hari was an infamous Dutch courtesan accused of being a spy for Germany and executed by firing squad in France in 1917. Now thought to be an innocent scapegoat, the Mata Hari reportedly refused a blindfold during her execution. Collier further obscures the line between fact and fiction by regularly covering her eyes in his works with arrowheads, whose utility within American Indian life is well documented but nevertheless reserve the sacred reverence demanded by cultural artifacts. It’s at these intersections of belief systems—and the sliding scale of history and behavior they chart—that Collier’s art gains its power.

THE CAPTURE
OF CHRIST 2009

Archival photograph,
35½" x 24"

Courtesy of the
artist and Jonathan
Ferrara Gallery

OPHELIA 2009

below.

Archival inkjet
print, 40" x 30"

Courtesy of the
artist and Jonathan
Ferrara Gallery



GENERIC ART SOLUTIONS—

MATT
VIS

—

BORN

Quantico VA

—

LIVES + WORKS

New Orleans LA

TONY
CAMPBELL

—

BORN

London UK

—

LIVES + WORKS

New Orleans LA

The canon rarely has space for collaborations. Righteous revisionist histories may have positioned us critically beyond Vasari's divinely inspired genius, but the popular imagination still looks to the lone-wolf artist toiling in his studio. Part of what makes the collaboration between Matt Vis and Tony Campbell—known together as Generic Art Solutions—so biting and sometimes hilarious is their insistence in the face of these weighty conceptions of the artist on the old platitude: “two heads are better than one.” It epitomizes the particular irreverence that they bring to their work, which falls somewhere between satire, appropriation, theater, and performance. But their work isn't dealing in jokes, not at all. Times are too grave.

In their 2010 exhibition at the New Orleans Museum of Art, Generic Art Solutions continued their strategy of repositioning masterworks from art history in a contemporary framework frequently injected with local specificity. One centerpiece of the show, *The Raft*, imagined the 11 *Deepwater Horizon* crew members that lost their lives in the Gulf of Mexico the previous April as the imperiled passengers of Théodore Géricault's 1819 painting *Raft of the Medusa*. As in all of their photographic reinterpretations, Vis and Campbell are the only players, an uncanny effect that becomes more so in the grand, crowded compositions of historical and religious epic such as in da Vinci's *Last Supper*, in Goya's *Third of May 1808*, and in Delacroix's *Liberty Leading the People*, revisited in a recent exhibition at Jonathan Ferrara Gallery. In Generic Art Solutions' work, the refusal of individuality—even the fictive individuality ascribed by the painter to his figures—contained in the seemingly simple gesture of assuming all roles becomes a provocation, trans-



SOLO EXHIBITIONS

2011 — *Déjà Vu All Over Again*, New Orleans Museum of Art, New Orleans, LA

GROUP EXHIBITIONS

2011 — *Double Crescent: Art from Istanbul and New Orleans*, C24 Gallery, New York, NY

2010 — *Emerge— St. Claude Arts District and Beyond*, The Ogden Museum of Southern Art, New Orleans, LA

2009 — *We Collaborate Better Than You*, Good Children Gallery, New Orleans, LA

2007 — *Art Cops Tour*, Venice Biennale, Italy

2006 — *In Harm's Way: Cities and Recovery*, Lower Manhattan Cultural Council, New York, NY



**DAVID AND
GOLIATH** 2007

Archival photograph,
36" x 24"

Courtesy of the
artist and Jonathan
Ferrara Gallery

LIBERTY 2011

far left.

Billboard installa-
tion, 10½' x 14'

Courtesy of the
artist and Jonathan
Ferrara Gallery

forming even culture's most revered heroes—Jesus, Elvis, the Pope—into everymen.

At the same time, their persistence in using their own bodies substantiates their articulated belief "that faintheartedness is to be despised." In the black-and-white video diptych *Power and Shame*, also included in the NOMA show, the pair drenches themselves in blackstrap molasses to simulate the medieval punishment of tarring and feathering, notably still inflicted on African Americans in the South well into the 20th century. Similarly, in the more recent video *Molotov (The Passing of the Torch)* the pair dons full body and head

coverings to pass between them a burning bottle in the fashion of sprinting Olympians, a reference to the homemade bombs that typify people's riots throughout the world. The political subjects they tackle—war, immigration, capital punishment, civil disobedience, and corporate greed—are clearly a call to action (and a reminder that the history of art is inextricably political), but it is their commitment to literally always be in the picture no matter its toils, dangers, or humiliations that makes the strongest statement: We're still here and we'll never tire.



BRIAN GUIDRY—

BORN

New Iberia LA

—

LIVES + WORKS

Lafayette LA

SOLO EXHIBITIONS

2010— *Slipstream*, CSPA, Cedar Rapids, IA

2008— *Surge*, KK Projects, Prospect.1 satellite exhibition, New Orleans, LA

2008— *Kingdom*, Acadiana Center for the Arts, Lafayette, LA

GROUP EXHIBITIONS

2011— *Marais Press: Collaborative Explorations 1992-2011*, Hammond Regional Arts Center, Hammond, LA

2011— *New Art from New Orleans*, Western Exhibitions, Chicago, IL

2010— *47th Annual*, Masur Museum, Monroe, LA

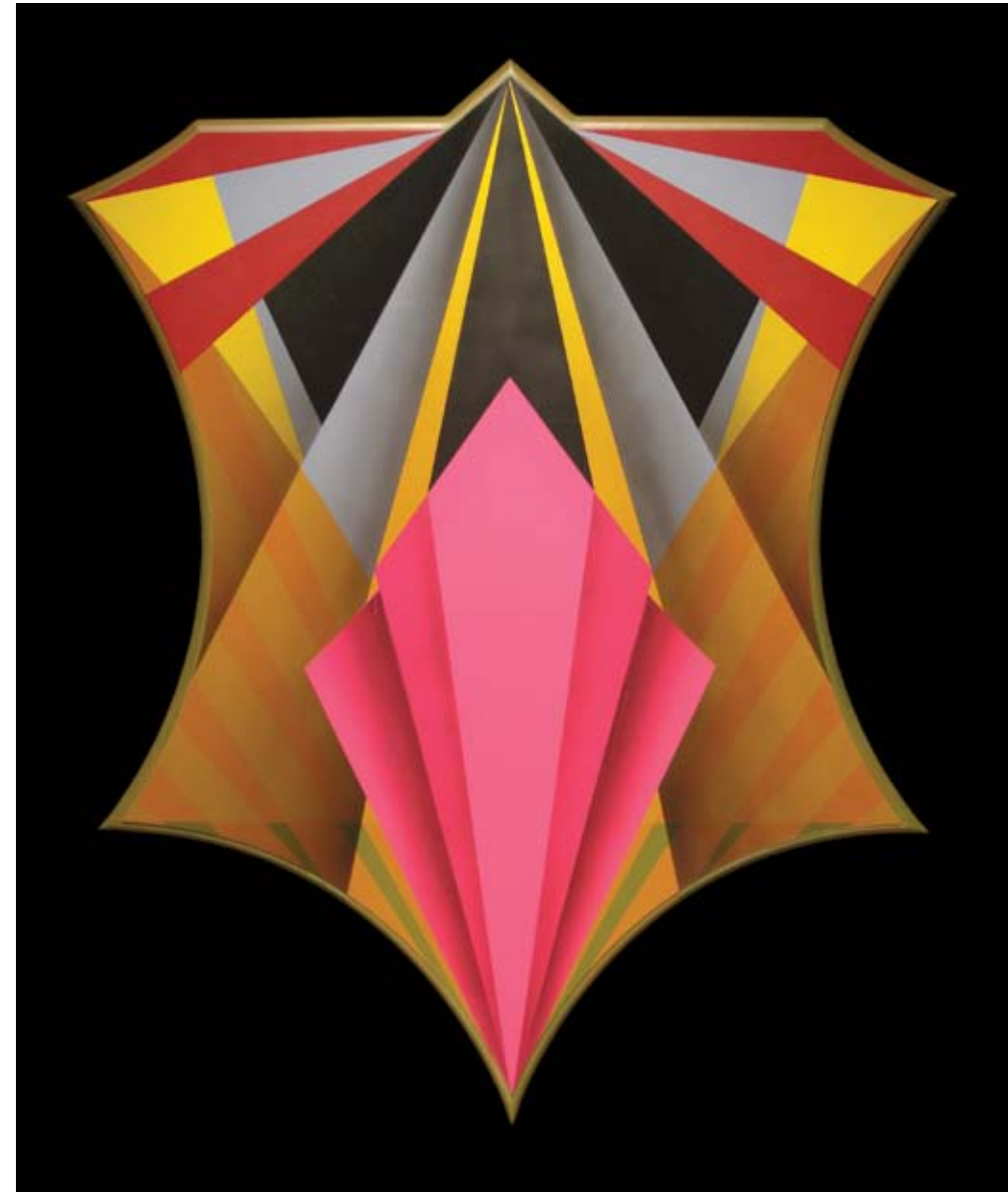
2009— *Hot Up Here*, Contemporary Arts Center, New Orleans, LA

2008— *Social Construct/Human Nature*, Louisiana ArtWorks, New Orleans, LA

Brian Guidry is a painter, but to get to that point, he also has to be a botanist and an alchemist. His works begin outside the studio in the woods and marshes that surround his home in Acadiana and the sugarcane fields of Avery Island. The fallen leaf of a live oak, the petal of a golden ragwort, a reflection of a storm cloud on Dauterive Lake—these are his raw materials. To ensure his own accuracy, Guidry blends small quantities of paint on site to match his sources, a process he considers “a recording/sampling of physical phenomena.”

Once back in the studio, these small samples are mixed into larger batches of color for his paintings. Though all his works begin with this panoply of “natural” colors as their starting point, Guidry’s treatment of the paint varies widely from series to series. In one series entitled *The End*, Guidry breaks the surfaces of his canvases along their diagonals creating symmetrical jagged blocks of paint, the way one imagines glass might shatter in a perfect universe. Whereas his *Entropy* series gives the deceptive impression of heroic action painting, the works are actually the results of a laborious process in which Guidry applies then meticulously peels off acrylic paint to expose its under-layers in vertiginous stripes and swirls.

One central motif in Guidry’s work across series is power and the visual codes through which it is wielded. This is most explicitly explored in the *Blazon* works. Employing a similar technique to the one he uses in *The End*, Guidry paints diagonals upon shaped wood. Alternating between bulbous curves, gentle slopes, and sharp edges, the wood’s outlines recall both medieval heraldry and contemporary corporate logos, notably the supermajors



FULGINOUS TRUMP 2008

Acrylic on shaped wood, 38" x 30"

THORN 2011

far left.

Acrylic and oil on canvas, 40½" x 33"

GOOD CHILDREN

(aka “Big Oil”)—British Petroleum, Chevron, and Shell—so visible and such a mixed blessing to the Gulf shores. Just as Kenneth Noland’s reductive circles and chevrons were inextricable from Atomic Age America, Guidry’s geometries perform within the current Great Recession, specifically in their references to bank notes and international currency.

What is more difficult to define, however, is the way in which these works enforce a psychic weight, finding an unexpected analogue in the fictions of David Lynch. Guidry channels energy in his work, perhaps best articulated by Lynch’s *Twin Peaks*: there is a deep mystery in nature that can never be fully understood by man, a place where darkness and light battle. The shapes and voids created in Guidry’s work, its sense of motion and transport, suggest the portals, the slips in time and space, that just might lead us there.



THE END 2011

far right.

Acrylic on canvas,
16" x 13"

**VICTORY OVER
THE SUN** 2008

Acrylic on shaped
wood, 41" x 26 ½"



**FIX-A-THING
(PAYPHONE)**
2011

Archival inkjet
print, 21" x 29"

Courtesy of the artist
and Arthur Roger
Gallery

**FIX-A-THING
(WALL)** 2011

bottom.

Archival inkjet
print, 21" x 29"

Courtesy of the artist
and Arthur Roger
Gallery



GOOD CHILDREN

SOLO EXHIBITIONS

2011 — *Concrete Suggestions*, Good Children
Gallery, New Orleans, LA

2009 — *Spontaneous Human Combustion*,
Good Children Gallery, New Orleans, LA

2008 — *\$480,000,000*, Arthur Roger Gallery,
New Orleans, LA

GROUP EXHIBITIONS

2011 — *NOLA Now*, Contemporary Arts
Center, New Orleans, LA

2011 — *The World According to New Orleans*,
Ballroom Marfa, Marfa, TX

2010 — *Emerge - St. Claude Arts District and
Beyond*, The Ogden Museum of Southern Art,
New Orleans, LA

2009 — *re:con-figure*, Kala Art Institute,
Berkeley, CA

2008 — *Prospect.1 Biennial*, New Orleans, LA

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/ARTISTS/SRDJAN-LONCAR/

SEE THE MONUMENTS OF
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

SRDJAN LONCAR—

BORN

Rijeka Croatia

LIVES + WORKS

New Orleans LA

Log onto Srdjan Loncar's website for his ongoing conceptual work *Fix-A-Thing* and you'll find one GIF of a hammer endlessly banging a nail and another of a construction worker waving invisible traffic into nothingness. That's about it. No project description, no images, no links. There is a tagline: DEDICATED TO THE FINE ART OF REPAIR. Appropriately, the site is "under construction."

Fix-A-Thing is a sprawling work of poetic activism. In a city brimming with infrastructural malfunction (missing street signs, enormous and pervasive potholes, not to mention the much more serious problem of still being dotted by abandoned or unlivable structures), Loncar cites a problem and performs a fix. But those "fixes" aren't permanent, nor are they really improvements in the utilitarian sense. Say the area in need of fixing is a hole in a wall or a pothole in the pavement, Loncar covers over the blemish with photographs that mimic the surrounding surface. A photo of a wall is pasted over a hole in that same wall; several photos of solid ground mask a pothole. The problem is essentially dealt with by camouflaging it with a new skin, the skin of photography.

Although Loncar's identification of the project with a quasi-corporate veneer connects his work to similar conceptual gestures by artists like William Pope.L or the Bernadette Corporation collective, the heart of *Fix-A-Thing* seems to be about representation. For *Prospect.1* in 2008, Loncar created the appearance of \$5 million in American dollars by gluing reproductions of \$100 bills to blocks of wood. Loncar makes counterfeits that have no interest in approximating "the real thing." The sign of reality (a photograph) substitutes for reality, pantomimes it, mocks it.

**FIX-A-THING
(SIDEWALK)** 2011

Archival inkjet
print, 21" x 29"

Courtesy of the art-
ist and Arthur Roger
Gallery



**FIX-A-THING
(POTHOLE)** 2011

Archival inkjet
print, 21" x 29"

Courtesy of the art-
ist and Arthur Roger
Gallery



**FIX-A-THING
(DOOR)** 2011

Archival inkjet
print, 21" x 29"

Courtesy of the art-
ist and Arthur Roger
Gallery



Loncar wears a uniform when he's fixing things: a royal blue jumpsuit emblazoned with the somewhat Futurist nametag SURGE (misspelling of his diminutive absolutely intentional). In public, he is often asked if he's available for handyman work. *Fix-A-Thing*, and all of Loncar's work in general, seems to openly court failure: sculpture as the failure to represent, photography as the failure of documentary reality, the real as the failure of the ideal, himself as the failure of an effective handyman, his work's failure to actually fix things.

The unasked-for photographic image that appears in public life is generally an advertisement with something to sell. A public *Fix-A-Thing* photocollage isn't exactly an ad, though Loncar has recently been investigating the possibility of creating a television spot for his project. A *Fix-A-Thing* site-specific sculptural montage is more like the pointing finger that regularly appeared as an advertis-

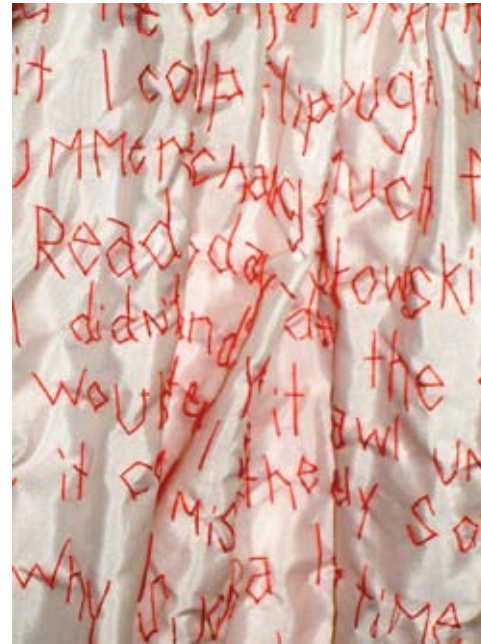
ing conceit a century ago. Loncar locates public disrepair and flags it; he makes it more noticeable by showing that someone is noticing. Is this merrily sweeping dust under the rug? Is it about the general public fantasy for quick fixes? Is it a protest against the "professionalization" of the artist in the 21st century? *Fix-A-Thing* seems to be about some of each, all while suggesting that perhaps a symbolic fix isn't a failure when used as a gesture against passivity.

SCARLET LETTERS 2005

Dress with red letters, dimensions variable

SCARLET LETTERS (DETAIL) 2005

far right.
Dress with red letters, dimensions variable



GOOD CHILDREN

SEE THE MONUMENTS OF
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

DAPHNE LONEY—

BORN

Biloxi MS

LIVES + WORKS

New Orleans LA

A rotating cast of animals and fantastical hybrids populates Daphne Loney’s work. Wolves shack up with bunnies, grizzly bears prey upon unicorns, and deer have murderous dreams of revenge. With her jet-black hair and pale skin, it’s easy to imagine Loney as a punk-rock Snow White. But she isn’t at all taken by the Disney fairytales that were spoon-fed to the boys and girls of her generation. She looks to the European tradition of the Brothers Grimm, cautionary tales that don’t end “happily ever after,” because life is full of upsets and disappointments.

Fortunately, her artistic practice has been increasingly steered by pleasant surprises. Since she began showcasing her vision of the world through sculptural installation, Loney has found herself the recipient of partial taxidermies and sundry materials delivered to her as gifts. A ragged deer head with mangy fur and a lolling eye might be reworked to expose a macabre dreamscape or a pair of real antlers might be mounted atop a cast acrylic bust. Her work, which often centers on interactions between animals, overturns assumptions that power dynamics in nature are fixed. Instead, her critters are surrogates for human relationships, where lies, manipulations, and false pretenses are constantly shifting the understanding of who is on top.

Though many of Loney’s scenarios draw inspiration from deeply personal experiences—her torrid affair with an unreliable partner, her exile in the wake of Katrina, her father’s battle with cancer—these histories are rarely straightforwardly communicated to the viewer. For example, her widowed mother’s fraught reunion with a high-school sweetheart is alluded to in the *Scarlet Letters*, in which Loney uses red thread to embroider text

SOLO EXHIBITIONS

2009— *I Used To Love You The Most*, Good Children Gallery, New Orleans, LA

2006— *Equus*, The Big Top Gallery, New Orleans, LA

2002— *MFA Thesis Show*, University of New Orleans, New Orleans, LA

GROUP EXHIBITIONS

2010— *I Just Wanted to Destroy Something Beautiful*, Good Children Gallery, New Orleans, LA

2009— *You Killed My Pretty Things*, University of New Orleans Gallery, New Orleans, LA

2008— *Universal Furniture*, Prospect.1 satellite exhibition, New Orleans, LA

2006— *Paradise Lost*, Frederieke Taylor Gallery, New York, NY

2005— *There Is No Place Like Home*, Giolla Gallery, Chicago, IL

onto a white dress. Beyond the most basic reading, the title connects the work to Nathaniel Hawthorne's 1850 novel, which tackles related themes of love, sin, repentance, and dignity. Similarly, after a botched dye job burned Loney's scalp causing her hair to fall out, she created another dress using the temporary hair extensions she wore in place of the red thread. Though prompted by a reading of Rapunzel, Loney doesn't figure herself as the damsel in distress, the repurposing of the hair extensions pointing instead to the ingenuity and perseverance that characterize the story.

Literary references reappear in the large-scale installation, *I Used To Love You The Most*, in which a pack of fierce canines seemingly terrorizes a group of miniature horselike creatures, all cast in painted white fiberglass. One of the aggressors howls to the nonexistent moon, his body stuck with arrows like a woeful Saint Sebastian. But as in much of Loney's work, things are not exactly as they first appear and the viewer is cheering for the wrong team; the title of the wounded predator: *Self Fulfilling Martyr*.



**I USED TO LOVE
YOU THE MOST**
2008

Installation with
mixed medium, dimen-
sions variable

SOPHIE T. LVOFF —

SOLO EXHIBITIONS

2007— *The Compiled Data of Konrad D. Hellblau*, Zagreus Projekt, Berlin, Germany

GROUP EXHIBITIONS

2011— *NOLA Now*, Contemporary Arts Center, New Orleans, LA

2011— *Rendez-Vous II*, Institut D'Art Contemporain, Villeurbanne/Rhône-Alpes, France

2011— *Common Ground*, Arthur Roger Gallery, New Orleans, LA

2010— *North of the City*, Grand Central Terminal, New York, NY

2010— *Art Miami*, Art Basel Miami Beach, Miami, FL

2010— *ReGeneration2: Tomorrow's Photographers Today*, Musée de l'Elysée, Lausanne, Switzerland and Aperture Foundation, New York, NY

BORN

New York NY

—

LIVES + WORKS

New Orleans LA

In Jim Shepard's story "Runway," a man regularly sneaks away from his family's nighttime routine to lie on the tarmac of a nearby airport as the planes come in. It's easy to imagine Sophie T. Lvoff convening with this fictional man in their shared obsession. She too has been led into trouble, chasing the exhilarating proximity of those massive mechanisms of human flight. Lvoff's "romance in the sky," as she calls it, extends to both aviation and astronautics. Though the Space Race was won more than a decade before Lvoff's birth, her fascination with its triumphs and devastations propelled a parallel odyssey in the former Soviet Union, when she traveled to Russia to photograph the pond where her great, great, great grandmother Sophia—the wife of Leo Tolstoy—tried to drown herself.

In Lvoff's work, personal histories intertwine with political histories and the history of photography. Her latest series positions the viewer within the process of image production itself, recalling the chroma key composite techniques (more commonly known as bluescreen) that facilitate the layering of digital imagery. Despite this high-tech referent, the objects on display are simple, even anachronistic. These carefully manipulated objects—a framed picture of her mother, a swath of gingham cloth, her brother's toy Concorde—are also embedded in the private emotional landscape of the photographer, coded further by the series' overarching title *Still Life #86*—1986 being the year Lvoff was born. Though clearly specific, the images also defy a strictly individualized reading. Any narrative framework could be added in the place of their monochromatic backdrops. In the end, however, this is not chroma key blue or even cosmic blue; it's Yves Klein's International Klein Blue. This

GOOD CHILDREN



STILL LIFE #86
(CONCORDE
WITH HAND)

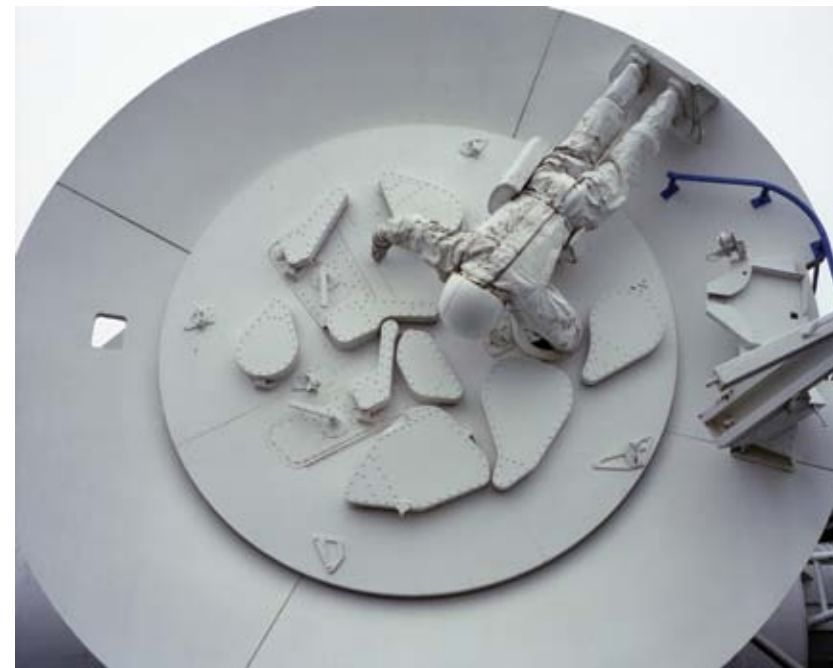
2011

Archival inkjet
print, 19" x 24"



**HIDDEN
ROCKET** 2010

Archival inkjet
print, 16" x 20"



ASTRONAUT

2009

Archival inkjet
print, 16" x 20"

discovery leads the viewer versed in contemporary conceptual photography circuitously back to Kodak yellow and its place in the works of Christopher Williams, themselves caught in an earlier history of both advertising and Soviet-era industry.

These types of orbits, not unlike those of a spacecraft, make frequent appearances in Lvoff's work, where one idea whorls and spirals into another. This element of unfolding mysteries is perhaps best visualized by her photograph *Hidden Rocket*, in which the tail end of the eponymous rocket can be seen peaking through the trees at NASA's Michoud Assembly Facility in New Orleans East. Appearing at once like a botched mission and a game of hide-and-seek, the rocket also conjures the image of an ostrich hiding in plain sight by burying its head in the sand—a monumental bird abandoning its grand history for inevitable obsolescence.

MALCOLM MCCLAY—

SOLO EXHIBITIONS

2008— *The Lost Year*, Beijing Art Museum, Beijing, China

2007— *The Forgotten City*, The Thomas Hunter Gallery, New York, NY

2007— *The Deluge*, Balor Arts Centre, Donegal, Ireland

GROUP EXHIBITIONS

2009— *Everything Must Go*, Good Children Gallery, New Orleans, LA

2008— *Through the Lens: New Media Art from Ireland*, Beijing Art Museum, Beijing, China

2007— *Florence Biennale*, Florence, Italy

2007— *Katrina: Catastrophe and Catharsis*, Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, Colorado Springs, CO

2006— *New Orleans Celebration*, Warehouse Gallery, Washington, DC

BORN

Derry, Northern
Ireland

—

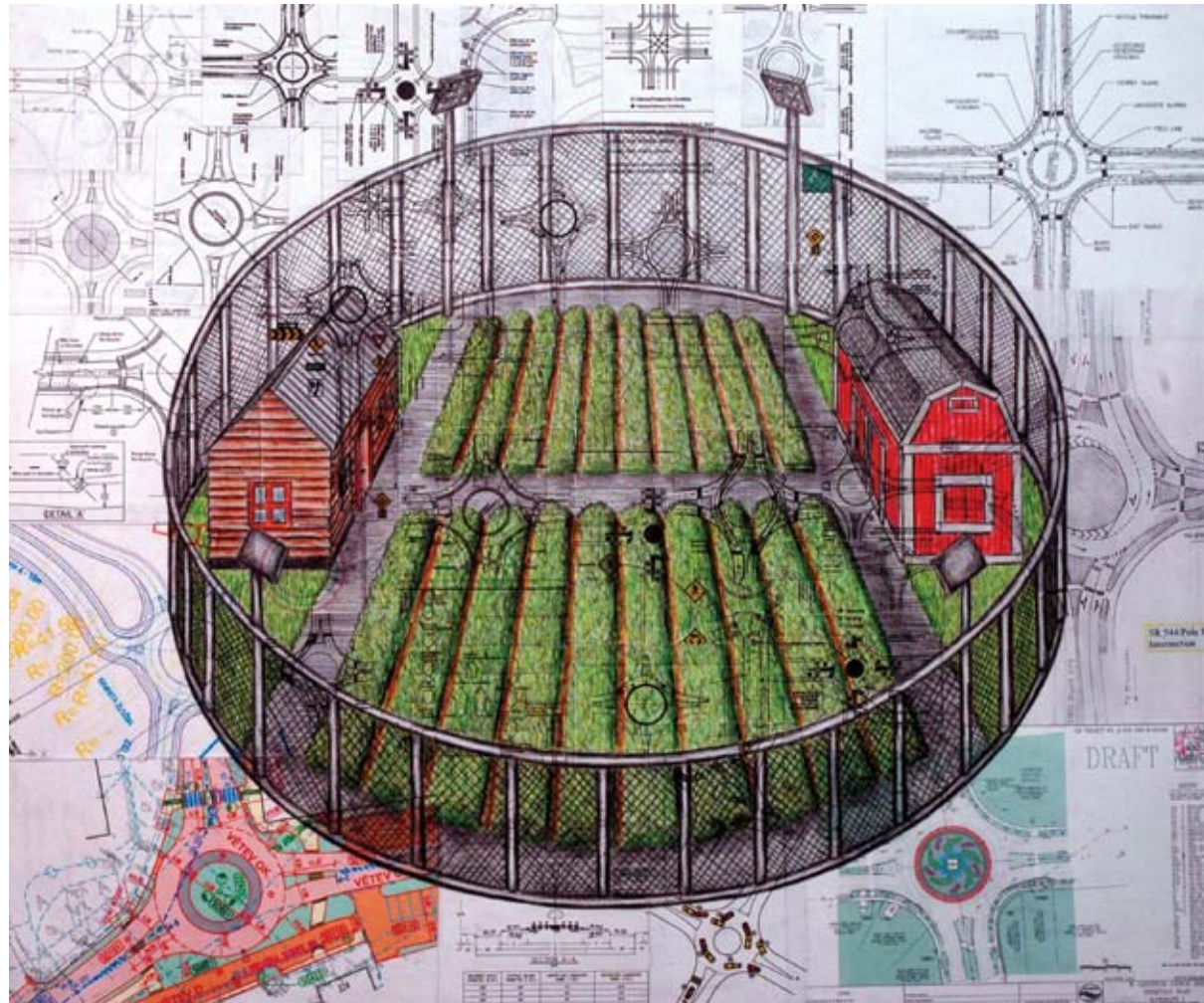
LIVES + WORKS

Baton Rouge and
New Orleans LA

Malcolm McClay identifies three consistent themes in his work: the Janus-faced duality of the machine, the necessity of a viewer completing a work of art, and how politics and “real life” are anything but mutually exclusive. McClay, a sculpture professor at LSU, grew up in Northern Ireland and spent four years in Belfast during the period referred to with euphemistic politeness as “The Troubles.” The experience has had a profound influence on how his art centers around those implicated in misery by incidental association.

Prior to the body of work imaged here, McClay was making robotic-driven sculptures with a distinctly corporeal edge. Under a skin of rubber, for example, robotics would cause ripples that mimicked the movement of human muscles. The inspiration was torture practices: a hollow flail from a subject hanging upside down. In McClay’s hands, the machine is both brutal, endless executor and site of grotesquely sexual energy. The art-historical associations for his work overflow—Berlin Dada, Picabia and Duchamp’s pathetic machines, Leon Golub’s paintings of torture—but McClay’s work isn’t art about art; it’s about suffering.

After the failure of New Orleans’ levee system during Hurricane Katrina, McClay shifted his focus to the local and began a series of satirical architectural drawings of the city. Vernacular homes raised on stilts of screws or telescopes and a hybrid house/ark recall Gordon Matta-Clark’s sketches of impossible architectures. Recently, McClay’s drawings have become biting caricatures of the 21st-century psychology: a culture that fears the unfamiliar, a culture without empathy. The signification of efficiency, rationality, and knowledge form the



TRAFFIC
ISLAND PRISON
FARM 2010

Colored pencil on
collaged paper.
24 ½" x 29 ½"

GOOD CHILDREN

MY FUTURE ARRIVED ONE DAY WHEN I WAS AT WORK AND SOMEONE ELSE SIGNED FOR IT

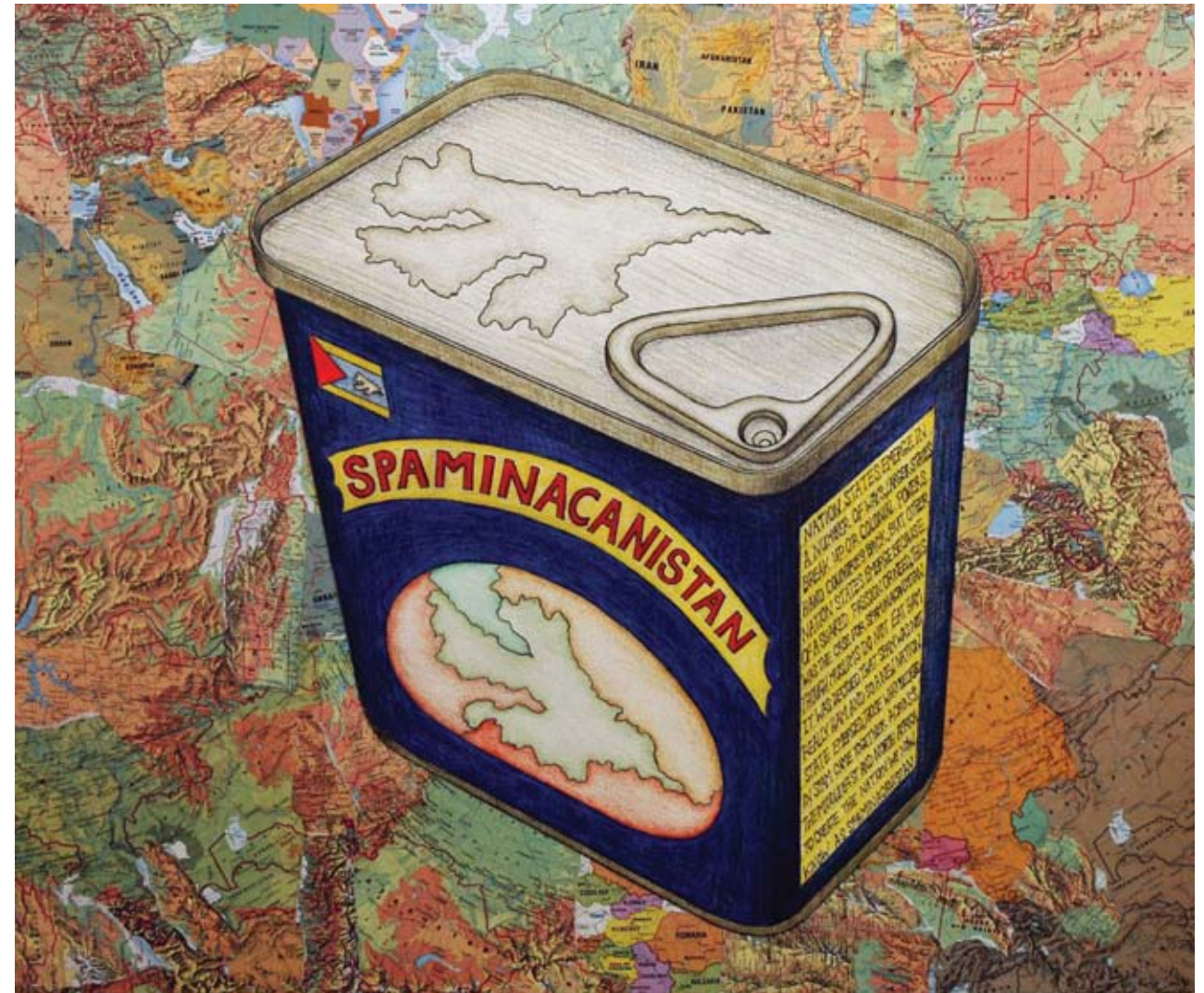
2010

Colored pencil on collaged paper, 24 1/2" x 29 1/2"



grounds for these drawings—collages of technical diagrams, tracking slips, maps—but the drawings themselves seem to render sites of fear, irrational responses to the other. The package in *My Future Arrived One Day When I Was At Work And Someone Else Signed For It* is a source of anxiety—an unwelcome surprise at best (anthrax at worst)—upon which the present-day internalization of life as a perpetual competition that has propelled widespread corporate fraud and corruption is parodied by an hourglass (more than half full!) on the side of the package.

Spaminacanistan is an Oldenburgian monumental tin of a Spamlite spin-off, here envisioned as maybe the next great export to America's current war games. Even more grimly, Spaminacanistan is gruel for the troops. In his new work, McClay deploys satire in place of grotesquerie, but the target of focus stays the same as his machine-based work: to show that the 21st-century psychology remains a colonial one, to argue that the great era of globalization is also the great era of dehumanization.



GOOD CHILDREN

SPAMINACANISTAN 2010

Colored pencil on collaged paper, 24 1/2" x 29 1/2"



AARON MCNAMEE—

BORN

La Grande OR

—

LIVES + WORKS

New Orleans LA

SELECTED EXHIBITIONS

2011 — *No Dead Artists*, Jonathan Ferrara Gallery, New Orleans, LA

2011 — *Common Ground*, Arthur Roger Gallery, New Orleans, LA

2011 — *Fit for Consumption*, Good Children Gallery, New Orleans, LA

2011 — *Classified: Aaron McNamee and Nina Schwase*, Barrister's Gallery, New Orleans, LA

2010 — *Do What I Mean, Not What I Say*, UNO St. Claude Gallery, New Orleans, LA

2010 — *The Sublime and the Silly*, UNO St. Claude Gallery, New Orleans, LA

2010 — *Postcards from New Orleans*, Galerie Im Andechshof, Innsbruck, Austria

2010 — *Some Kind of Time*, MFA Thesis Exhibition, UNO St. Claude Gallery, New Orleans, LA

Time is lost, wasted, spent; it's a rare exhilaration to feel as if you've *gained* time. Aaron McNamee's accumulative sculptures literalize the passage of time (most require a minimum of one year to make) and have the material fabric of time built into their structure.

While McNamee's sculptural collages are fabricated with Minimalist geometry, the conceptual relationship diverges from there. His objects are the product of long-term handmade additive processes, as opposed to the factory finish of Minimalist sculpture. Minimalism was promulgating art as readymade, it was moving sculpture away from subjectivity. McNamee's work divorces sculptural geometric abstraction from mass production connotations and injects it instead with the content of individual ritual.

To create his sculptures, McNamee glues together a year's worth of print media—all the pages of the *New Orleans Times-Picayune*, for example—into geometric abstractions or large panels. The 400-pound cube that is *Complete Year Times-Picayune, Aug. 3, 2009-Aug. 2, 2010* consists of all 4,196 pages of one year of New Orleans' paper of record, beginning with McNamee's 32nd birthday. Each page is folded out to full size and applied chronologically to its neighbor with a glue roller, rendering all content invisible except the faces of the sculpture—an undecipherable time capsule.

But those outside surfaces aren't decipherable either; McNamee sands the visible faces of his work down into abstraction. Layers of days conjoin. The solidity of hard information is effaced, like the defilement of advertising content performed in the work of Guy Debord's associate Raymond

GOOD CHILDREN



COMPLETE
YEAR SUNDAY
COMICS, AUG.
3, 2008 –
AUG. 2, 2009,
2010 2010

Newspapers and glue,
22 1/2" x 12 1/2" x 1/2"



COMPLETE
YEAR TIMES-
PICAYUNE,
AUG. 3, 2009-
AUG. 2, 2010
 2011

Newspapers and glue,
 25" x 25" x 17"

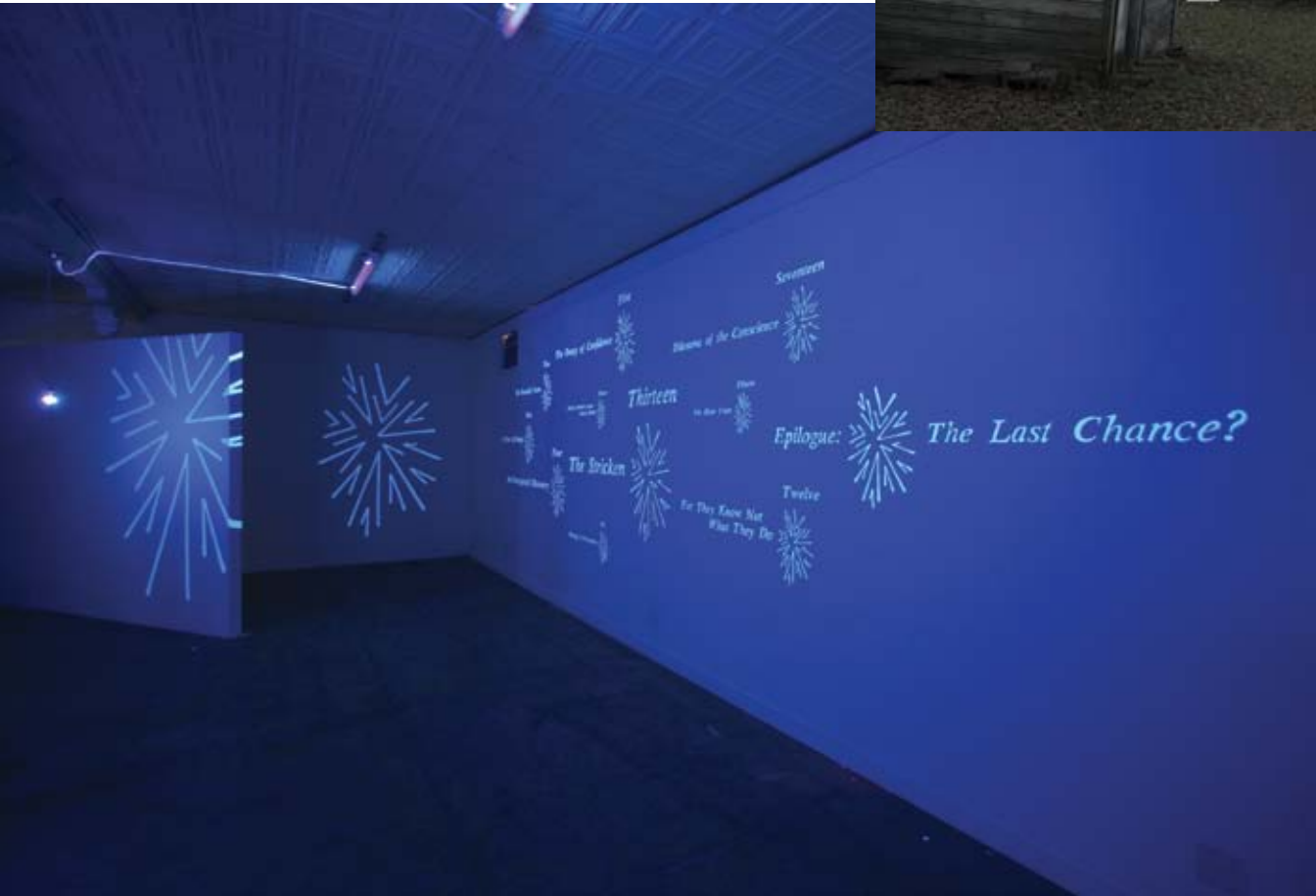
▲
 SEE THE MONUMENTS OF
 NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

Hains on posters swiped from the Parisian streets in the 1950s. "Content" after McNamee is through with it looks like pulpy camouflage, or—even more evocative in New Orleans—watermarks, or even peeling layers of human skin. News becomes a blur of words and colors; time bleeds into itself.

Sure, McNamee's gesture of scrubbing away evidence connects his work to redaction, government secrecy, and media conspiracy—all related topics with obvious currency in the present. But McNamee's work feels more personal, more introverted. The delivery and subsequent consumption of a daily newspaper functions like the click of a stopwatch: an individual's interaction with the world that transcends his home life begins anew. A newspaper may be a dying ritual, but it's one still available to be delivered daily. A newspaper is also an index of an individual's ambition to make sense of, make use of, or simply be aware of the world. The world according to a newspaper begins from scratch each day, and McNamee's gesture of making sculptures and John McCracken-like panels that lean casually against the wall demonstrate a scavenger's ethic: preserving and finding use for what is societally obsolete, for the doors most have closed. Time may be relentless, the past may be its prison... but tomorrow is an unlocked door.

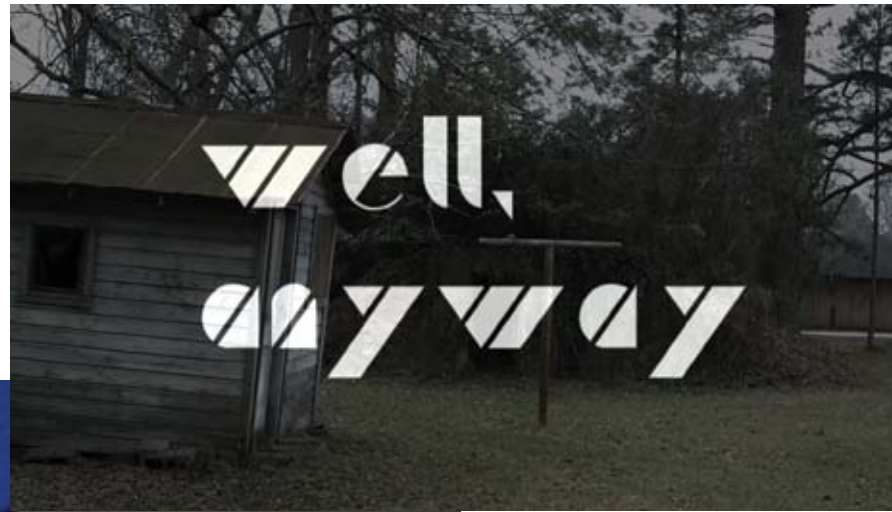
**BRIGHTER
THAN A THOU-
SAND SUNS** 2011

Digital Video, HD/
DVD, 7:30



**BRIGHTER
THAN A THOU-
SAND SUNS** 2011

Wall painting with
FX paint, dimensions
variable



SOLO EXHIBITIONS

2011 — *A Load from the Inside*, Sigmund Freud Museum, Vienna, Austria

2010 — *Individual Utopias*, Museum of Contemporary Art of Vojvodina, Novi Sad, Serbia

2007 — *Everything is Connected*, National Art Gallery of Bosnia and Herzegovina, Sarajevo

GROUP EXHIBITIONS

2011 — *NOLA Now*, Contemporary Arts Center, New Orleans, LA

2011 — *Second World*, Galerie Zimmermann and Kratochwill, Graz, Austria

2010 — *Where Everything is Yet to Happen*, SpaPort, Banja Luka, Bosnia and Herzegovina

2009 — *City of Women: Global South*, Gallery P74, Ljubljana, Slovenia

2007 — *Heroes in Transition*, Angel Row Gallery, Nottingham, UK

LALARASCIC.COM

SEE THE MONUMENTS OF
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

LALA RAŠČIĆ —

BORN

Sarajevo, Bosnia
and Herzegovina

—

LIVES + WORKS

New Orleans
LA, Zagreb and
Sarajevo

Using a text, story, historical account, or rumor as an initial platform, Lala Raščić's videos, installations, and performances both fictionalize history and add to its layers.

Absurdities, mistakes, lack of resolution, and tragicomedy all loom large in Raščić's work. In her recent piece *A Load from the Inside*, Raščić inserts herself into Edmund Engelman's famous photos of Sigmund Freud's Vienna apartment taken just days before Freud was forced into exile by the Nazis in 1938. Things appear peaceful as a camera pans over the imagery of various anthropological possessions, presumably those of the doctor himself. And yet, there is Raščić, moving around nervously in Freud's apartment instead of Freud, looking every bit a plausible 1930s patient.

Raščić digitally inserts herself into the Engelman photos that are considered responsible for concretizing the aesthetic constructs of psychoanalysis (aka "the couch"). Raščić's business in the birthplace of psychoanalytic theory and practice is unclear; she looks around curiously, abruptly stands up and sits down, moves forward and back without purpose, shrinks into miniature and invades the forest of pint-sized sculptures. She is a nonviolent intruder who seems confusedly displaced; she is a prisoner in history and, seemingly, in her own uncooperative body.

With the aid of photography's infinite manipulability, *A Load from the Inside* makes a Chaplinesque parody of Freudianism—and isn't psychoanalysis always a parody when applied to someone else's history, memories, and traumas? Raščić's *Brighter Than A Thousand Suns* grapples with a different kind of trauma—the devastation of the environment. Loosely based on Robert Jungk's book



Brighter Than A Thousand Suns: A Personal History of the Atomic Scientists, Raščić's exhibition at Good Children took the form of a large-scale wall painting with video and disorienting light effects. A black light installation was disrupted by bursts of white light, momentarily eradicating the texts on the wall, which were based on the chapter titles of Jungk's book ("environmental," "nuclear," "disaster," for example), and causing a sensation of fleeting blindness.

The issues of mental and physical stability seem to thread much of Raščić's recent work together, but also the negotiation of past and present moments, and how the form, language, and theories of say, Freud's 1930s or the American Atomic Age remain relevant today. According to whom you're talking to, both Freud and atomic science could be utterly rational or senile at best. Raščić's art scrambles history and re-forms it in the present—re-loading it, rethinking it from the inside.



GOOD CHILDREN



A LOAD FROM THE INSIDE 2011

Performance and two
channel video in-
stallation, 11:00.

Video: Ivan Slip-
cevic
Photographs: Edmund
Engleman

Courtesy of the art-
ist and the Sigmund
Freud Museum, Vienna

CHRISTOPHER SAUCEDO—

SOLO EXHIBITIONS

2011 — *September 11, 2011 (please stop saying 9/11)*, Good Children Gallery, New Orleans, LA

2009 — *Portraits in Fluid Volume (Branded)*, Good Children Gallery, New Orleans, LA

2004 — *Selected Sculpture, in 1/4 scale replica (Unassembled)*, Ormeau Baths Gallery, Belfast, Northern Ireland

GROUP EXHIBITIONS

2011 — *NOLA Now*, Contemporary Arts Center, New Orleans, LA

2011 — *Catalyst*, Space 301, Centre for the Living Arts, Mobile, AL

2010 — *Hot Up Here*, Acadian Cultural Center, Lafayette, LA

2009 — *Octet: Select Works From the School of Visual Arts*, Pera Museum, Istanbul, Turkey

PUBLIC COMMISSIONS

2010 — *Boettner Park*, HRI restoration, Site of former St. Thomas Housing, New Orleans, LA

2009 — *Equal Slices*, Contemporary Arts Center and Joan Mitchell Foundation, UNO campus, New Orleans, LA

2008 — *Flood Marker*, Arts Council of New Orleans and Joan Mitchell Foundation, Site of Milne Boys Home, New Orleans, LA

BORN

Brooklyn NY

LIVES + WORKS

New Orleans LA
and New York NY

Christopher Saucedo is a sculptor. Not a selector of commercial products, not a scavenger of found objects—a sculptor. He makes by hand the riddling, gamelike sculptures that constitute much of his past work and the brands that have become his newest work.

For several years, Saucedo has created forms bearing the exact weight and volume of himself and his family—a portraiture project rooted in individuals' most clinical, objective qualities. Recently, Saucedo has begun crafting brands in the shapes of containers of different amounts of fluid: five-gallon water jugs, milk gallons, two-liter soda bottles, pint glasses, coffee mugs, shot glasses, and so on. Brands are stamps of permanence and identity, and taken as a group, Saucedo's brands form another riff on the portrait: portraiture as envisioned through necessity, habit, boredom, addiction—drinking and pissing, the cycle of fluid consumption.

For *Hit Refresh Part 1*, Saucedo has built a self-portrait from the liquid volume brands that takes form as a hanging, Calder-like mural. The associations with wind chimes are clear, and like Calder before him, Saucedo is constantly prodding an artificial barrier between high and low. His sculpture has the *look* of mass production, though it has actually been handcrafted in his studio.

For many pieces, Saucedo not only creates a finished product but also a diminutive companion that functions like a sheet of directions, an advertising parody, visual notes on how *you too could make your own*. While Saucedo's instructions often take form as a kind of unassembled set—like model trains or IKEA furniture—the instructions for his



SELF-PORTRAIT
IN LIQUID VOL-
UME (WORK IN
PROGRESS) 2011

Aluminum, dimensions
variable



**SELF-PORTRAIT
IN EXACT
WEIGHT AND
VOLUME (IN-
STRUCTIONS)**

2007

Ink on paper,
18" x 24"

Self-Portrait in Exact Weight and Volume are drawn: a self-caricature in a swimsuit fills up what looks like a plastic garbage barrel, plunges in, measures the amount of water displaced, performs some private calculations, and *voilà*—a mute cylindrical mass. The deadpan creation story indicates another trend in Saucedo's work: the balance between absolute control and the introduction of chance. This is along the lines of László Moholy-Nagy's descriptive, if not explanatory, titles for his abstract photograms: a clue, but one provided with the knowledge of its implicit failure. Different weights and different hands make different objects.

For Saucedo's recent *September 11, 2011 (please stop saying 9/11)* exhibition at Good Children, the chance element was timing. In a draw to randomly determine the gallery's yearly schedule, Saucedo selected an opening date of September 10, 2011—the eve of the 10th anniversary of September 11, 2001, when his brother Gregory, a New York City fire-fighter, died in the North Tower. Broaching what has generally become unbroachable—art about September 11—Saucedo made an elegiac, two-part portrait of his brother. By pressing wet layers of linen pulp onto cotton, Saucedo formed cloudy prints of the towers in white against a sky-blue field. In the back room, Saucedo stamped ten of each liquid volume brand over identical photographs of his brother. Gregory is exactly what everyone wants a fireman to look like: handsome, competent, brave. These portraits in life and death are Saucedo's least abstract and most subjective yet—both a death mask cast and a glass raised.



GOOD CHILDREN



DAN TAGUE —

BORN

New Orleans LA

LIVES + WORKS

New Orleans LA

Two French economists, Thomas Piketty and Emmanuel Saez, recently completed a massive study of IRS data between 2002-2007. Some results: by 2007, the top 1% (economically speaking) of Americans held one-third of the country's wealth. During the five-year period considered in the study, two-thirds of all income gains were experienced only by that same 1% of the American workforce. And this is before the fallout from America's Great Recession.

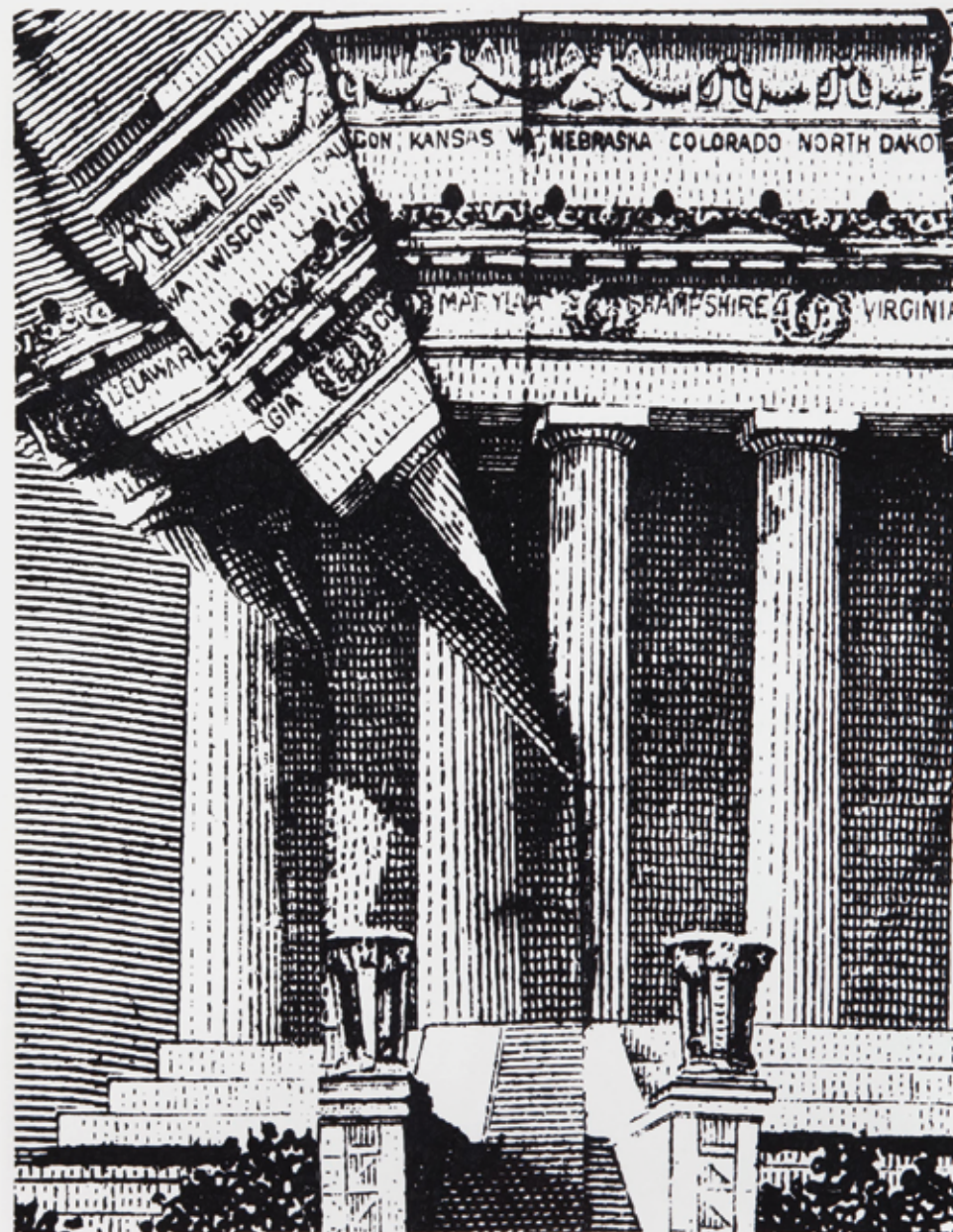
Many contemporary artists purport to be "interested in" or "concerned with" the quietly snowballing catastrophe of wealth imbalance in this country. Fuck "interested in," Dan Tague's art scoffs; his work is borderline belligerent about it.

In his work, Tague excoriates the cultural detritus of a 21st-century America that has not only fumbled whatever moral high ground it claimed after World War II, but has unwittingly slipped into self-parody. Drawings like *They All Fall Down* wistfully envision the fracture of America's symbolic base of power. Much of Tague's recent work—like the Berlin Dadaists John Heartfield and Hannah Höch after World War I—is stridently committed to ridiculing and parodying a national structure where empowered elites have ushered the country into war, recession, and debt with no apparent light at the end of the tunnel and no apparent repercussions.

Curiously though, American class warfare doesn't seem imminent, despite mounting protests on Wall Street during the fall of 2011. *They All Fall Down* riffs in ballpoint ink on Tague's prints of greenbacks folded to create ironic or inspirational messages from new combinations of text (WE NEED A REVOLUTION, HUNT FOR OIL). Entitled the *C.R.E.A.M.* series—*Cash Rules Everything Around Me*—Tague's

GOOD CHILDREN

SEE THE MONUMENTS OF
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA



THEY ALL FALL DOWN 2011

Ballpoint pen on paper, 34 1/2" x 27"

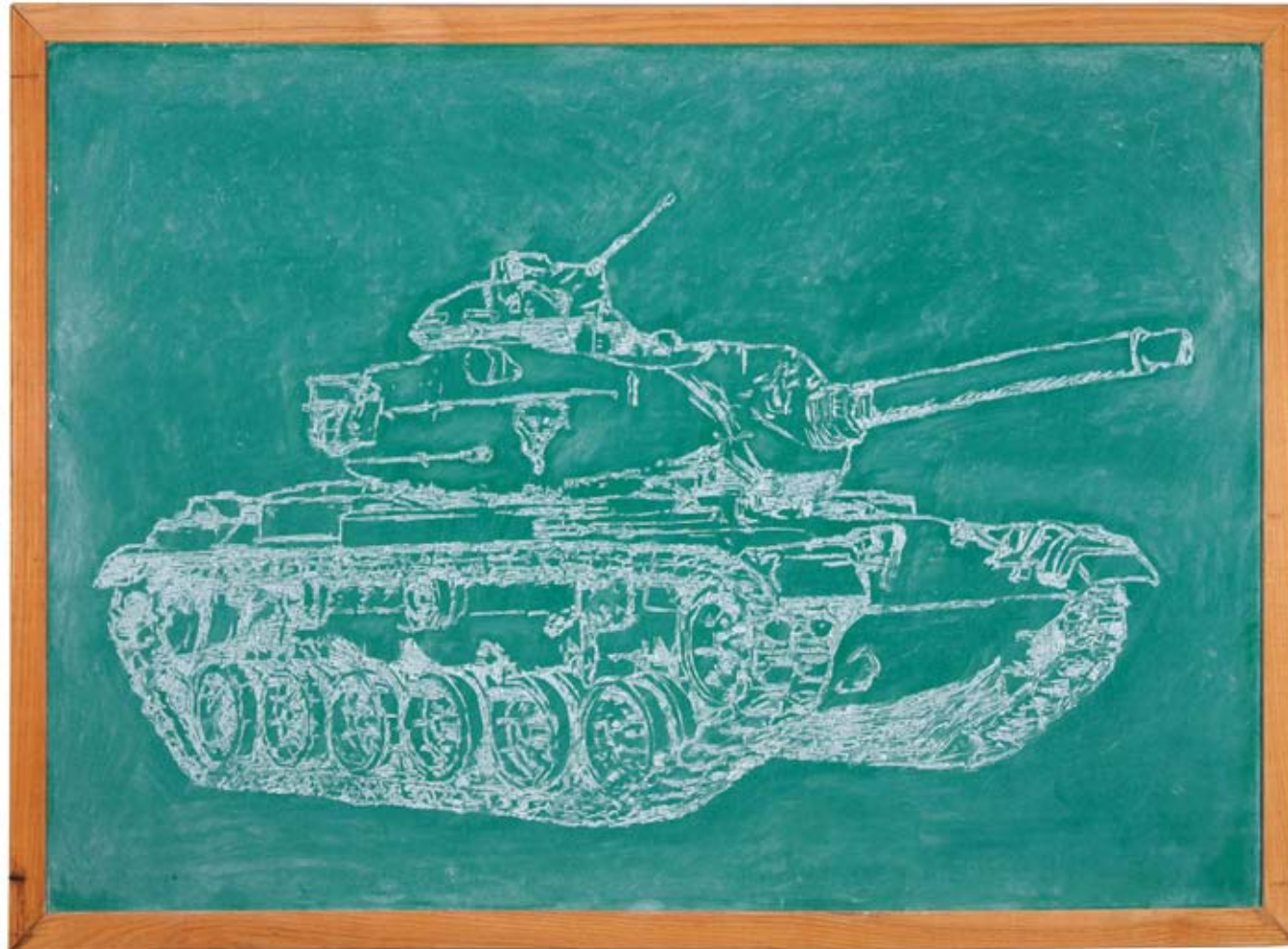
Courtesy of the artist and Jonathan Ferrara Gallery

50 FAMOUS AMERICANS 2010

far left.

Archival inkjet print, 40" x 29"

Courtesy of the artist and Civilian Art Projects



**WAR ON EDU-
CATION** 2006-11

Chalk on found
chalkboard,
48" x 72"

Courtesy of the art-
ist and Civilian Art
Projects

folded bills equate sloganeering with the very concept of wealth. Expert controllers of message (and media) beget more and more money, while the enormous class of Americans without health insurance or stable income seems too distracted by the grind of getting by to heed a call for revolution.

Tague's art reclaims the slogan—the power of message-mongering—and shows that it needn't be cynical, defeatist, or glib. A piece like *War on*



**FUN FOR THE
WHOLE FAMILY
(SOME ASSEM-
BLY REQUIRED)**

2011

Mixed media,
30" x 41 1/2" x 6"

Courtesy of the
artist and Jonathan
Ferrara Gallery

Education—a tank with its phallic nozzle seeking some action, drawn in chalk on a found chalkboard brings power and masculinity into the same cross-hairs. As do Tague's Warholian multiple silkscreens of John Boehner, shown at Good Children in *Hit Refresh Part 1*: both argue that power without investment in youth, in the disaffected, is a power that is intolerable.

This was essentially the argument of Zurich-era Dada at the Cabaret Voltaire in 1916, and Tague's art is deeply steeped in and informed by art history. Several of his recent pieces have repurposed original political posters from earlier generations (anti-Hitler, pro-labor America; late '60s Maoist China) into anti-bourgeois, anti-passivity propaganda posters for 21st-century America. For a recent exhibition at Ballroom Marfa, Tague appropriated Carl Andre's Minimalism. Using industrial lettering to spell out and intersect New Orleans street names that no longer exist, Tague created a monumental

Scrabble-like installation against disappearing, against forgetting history.

Revolutions are rare; they wouldn't be called revolutions if they weren't. Tague's art argues that it begins with intolerance toward forgetting and passivity. As he writes in a statement on his own work, to anyone who will listen, "So, fellow parasites, do we accept or do we revolt?"

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