

remixed
MISSES



curated by **JOHN CHAICH**
for **VISUAL AIDS**

remixed MISAE'S

JULY 24 – AUGUST 4, 2012

Co-produced by Visual AIDS and
Transformer at Fathom Gallery
1333 14th Street NW
Washington, DC

GALLERY HOURS

Tuesday July 24 - Friday July 27
2 - 6 PM

Saturday July 28
12 - 6 PM

Tuesday July 31 - Saturday August 4
11 - 3 PM

FOR MORE INFO

Transformer
202-483-1102

OPENING RECEPTION

Tuesday July 24
7 - 9 PM

Curator's Talk at 6:30 PM

Sponsored by Accordia Global Health Foundation

CLOSING RECEPTION

Thursday August 2
6 - 8 PM

Artist's Talk with Tim Tate at 6:30 PM

Sponsored by the Logan Circle Community Association

EVENTS ARE FREE & OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

Fathom Gallery
1333 14th Street NW
Washington DC
fathomgallery.org

fathom
gallery

First presented at La MaMa La Galleria, NYC in 2011, this exhibition is remixed for the International AIDS Conference 2012 and co-produced by Visual AIDS and Transformer at Fathom Gallery.



t r a n s f o r m e r



LOU LAURITA

So What, 2008
gouache on paper
41 x 29½ inches

COURTESY OF THE ESTATE OF LOU LAURITA
AND THE COLLECTION OF JOHN CHAICH

REFRAMING. REMIXING. REMEMBERING. *John Chaich*

First shown at La MaMa La Galleria in New York City in June 2011 as *Mixed Messages: A(I)DS, Art + Words*, this DC exhibition, *ReMixed Messages* revisits many of the text-based works originally included while introducing new works that reexamine connections through and reactions to HIV/AIDS and the questions they invoke.

Why remixed? In music, a remix extracts vocals and instrumentation from the first production and molds them into a new sound, feeling, and experience. My curatorial process included works not specifically intended to speak to HIV/AIDS, but whose tone tapped into the hope, fear, loss, longing, longevity, and ambiguity that frames our experience of the disease. In this context, for example, Jack Pierson's *Desire/Despair* suggests that the behaviors that put us at risk for HIV infection reside in the emotional intersection of desire and despair. Remixing is reframing.

Why words? Text-based works ask the viewer to provide more of your own visual associations and connotations. In doing so, every viewer remixes a text-based piece. This individualized experience parallels the ways we chose to let HIV/AIDS enter our worldviews. When Sam McKinniss scrawls the typically polished brand slogan "Lifestyles Ultra Sensitive" on corrugated cardboard, he creates a space for each of us to project our own sensitivities and insecurities while hinting at the omnipresence—or lack thereof—of safer sex messaging. Remixing is reengaging.

Why DC? Visual AIDS has brought *ReMixed Messages* to the capitol to coincide with the International AIDS Conference. The IAC is being held in the United States for the first time in over twenty years: an occasion that sharpens the bite of J. Morrison's *aids: Made in U.S.A.* silkscreened American flags. Just two years after his censorship at the National Gallery in DC, the oversized reprint of David Wojnarowicz's seminal 1990 *Untitled (One Day This Kid...)* amplifies the dislocation and fury that lives in the work both then and now. Several respected DC-based artists add to the (re)mix: Linda Hesh, Maggie Michael, and Tim Tate. A Visual AIDS artist member, Tate's two works, *On the Threshold of Liberty* and *Two Paths Taken*, both recall the personal and political aspects of living with HIV and rely on their mediums—video and glass—to sensitively and provocatively inform the message.

We also honor the legacy of artist and performer Chloe Dzubilo, perhaps the most prominent HIV+ trans activist whose face graced the cover of *POZ* magazine and whose voice resonated at conferences like the IAC. And we dedicate *ReMixed Messages* to the late artist and friend of Visual AIDS, Lou Laurita, whose work accompanies this essay. Remixing is remembering.

I am grateful to the artists, collectors, and estates who contributed work, to the tireless enthusiasm of Victoria Reis and Natalie Cheung at Transformer for championing the exhibition, to the generosity of Drew Mitchell and Bill Fischer of Fathom Gallery for donating their beautiful space, and to Amy Sadao, Nelson Santos, and Ted Kerr of Visual AIDS for the creativity and opportunity they have afforded.

THE GUTTED *Justin Chin*

We were the fuck-ups or so we thought we were, lacking a system to make it through the day, much less a year, a lifetime. We clung to lifelines, like aging spiders cling to the last silken thread hanging off their arse, the last chance for nourishment, protection, defense, identity. We clung to fistsful of clutched straw, weaving a manger, a cozy forge to call our gulch a home.

We grew up to be children, infants, stillborn even. And like children of every generation, we felt it in our bones to taunt death, tempt it to cross this line we drew in spit on the ground; some days we even mixed our spit to draw our always maddening, never intersecting, ever widening lines; we train tracked into our nevermores.

And like children of every generation, we tested the firmaments of our maturing bodies by vowing never to toe the line, we tested the dribble of our growing up by crossing the line. Our decapitated taste buds long accustomed to day-old meat, desired the belly-fill of a thousand & one tales of better feasts. How then could we help our bleeding gnashed chewed tongues? **Oh, kiss kiss! kill kill!** Our blood-mixed spit-scored axis drawn, all pistons fueled, we would walk the line: we went to war, we romanced every chemical awe.

We were the atom that stubbornly refused to split, the element that secretly & selfishly held more elementary particulars. We were the Lost Boys if they had dicks to use, & understood their perverse urges, their untinkered bells. We were Lost Boys who declared ourselves **found**.

We ripped the rubbers out of their foils and made balloon animals from them, great beasts with slippery spermicidal hides, slicked-backed pelted for every poke. We punctured, penetrated & connected end to end to the very end: A procession of rutting animals from here to the icy outer rings of Saturn.

We chased bugs. Such entomologists we were, even as we lacked a system of nomenclature. We would write our own field guide, we believed, and so went scouring wild in the fields & swamps with our butterfly nets & specimen jars. We substituted taxonomy with taxidermy. Our display cases were legendary. **Bug meet pin. Hello, Pin! Is that your friend Needle? Does he want to play? Ouch! You're a pokey pair, aren't you? Watch where you put your prick now.** Envious of our subjects, we were pupael & larval in all we sought, we glinted crystalline in our out-strung useless beauty.

How the judges on their yachts in the marina, cocktails in hand, laughed & mocked as we stood at the shoreline. **Look at them, so useless in the shallow!** they tittered. Little did they consider nor care that we were preparing to wade all the way in to the deep end. En route we would learn to ride barracuda, learn the finer whipping stabs of personal poison from stingray & catfish, we would trade dental tips with sharks of all stripes, trade potions with fugu.

But still those ancient sun-leathered mossbacks remained unmoved, senile & contemptuous in their scorn. They thought their moors solids. They did not believe the coming storms even as they watched us write the weather forecasts. But still, we did not have a system to move the doldrums, set twister to seed sky, to rain lava & ash.

They said, *"You don't know what it's like! To love & fight & struggle & need, to want & to bury, to heal & hope & can-can, to despair, to decay, to sparkle & to screw down to the bone. You don't know what it's like to be, but We do! We Do! Why won't you listen to us? Why won't you do as you're told because we know so well. Look at our bombed-out corpses? Isn't that evidence of our knowledge?"* They said and soon we would too, & you will, & refrain till the last intake of oxygen on our living square.

"Show us your rituals of hope," they said. And we did.

We sought shelter & peace. Our musk was survival, our slick-back stamina. We ate bullet-ridden crow. We armed up and went on crusade: righteousness our tit-shield, superiority our cup firmly tucked. We stamped our feet and stood our ground. With our glower intact and in overdrive, we faced down god & man & all the arms & armaments of authority. We did not have the system to know there was no greater God nor good, no higher authority nor flexing arm than our infinitesimal germinating selves.

We ran our bodies into the ground trusting we would heal, we would resurrect, trusting we would regain strength, composure, might. We are the gutted & the chewed. Our conga line was glorious on Monday, invincible by Wednesday, cortege by Thursday and when weekend rolls around, after fasting on Friday, feasting & fucking on Saturday and all-day Church on Sunday, we regroup and we become glorious if not quite whole again in the new week.

Like disciples & addicts of all stripes, who tasted one flash of clarity, once so brief as to be torture, we emptied our coin purse, ever in pursuit of that quench, ever only gaining bibble, but greedy little piglets that we are, oinking for more than droplets, we wanted Unlimited Refills at the fountain. We did not know nor realize that each flash & drop, each dew & line - scattered, infrequent & lonely, private & barely - when assembled, when called together could form a skein rich enough to make anyone whole again. We had no stitching skills, and could not realize that all those flashes counted for something, credit not to a life, but a living.

We harbored hope - not for the perfect epic sunset to ride into, but that the closing, no matter how it ran itself down & out, would come with purpose, with sense enough to feed our starving destructive need for salvation. Not everyone was made to be a hero, the mud was never all that pure. "Either we are all saved or we are all damned, that's it, end of story." **Oh my heart you have nothing to fear now!**

In the last scene of the dream: The family sits down to dinner. There is a condor with razor savage talons chained to the center of the table, and we are afraid to approach, whereas everyone else has hungrily begun eating. In the last scene of the dream: Over the vista, the land is liquefying, buildings collapse methodically. But we are not surprised, nor afraid.

We create monsters, then live in such dizzying fear of them. We create Gods who abandon us in our time of need. We worship Gods who demand more than our capacity of grace. Then we lose face, toss faith to deep sea depths for fishes to fat on, while creating another set of idols, puppets, divinities, demons, all equally flawed & beautiful, all equal fuss & fill.

And at the end of the long road, what have we built? what was created? does it even exist, or is it just a name we give to an abstract idea, one we cannot, know not how to properly name. Or use. Or dispose of.

The path ahead is littered with banana peels & anthills, diamonds & oxide, scripture & stress tests, crack & crybabies, buckshot & ballots, wedding rings & discount coffins, deeds & donefors.

The beach is glorious, in plain view.

And there we stand.

Our bonfires guttering.



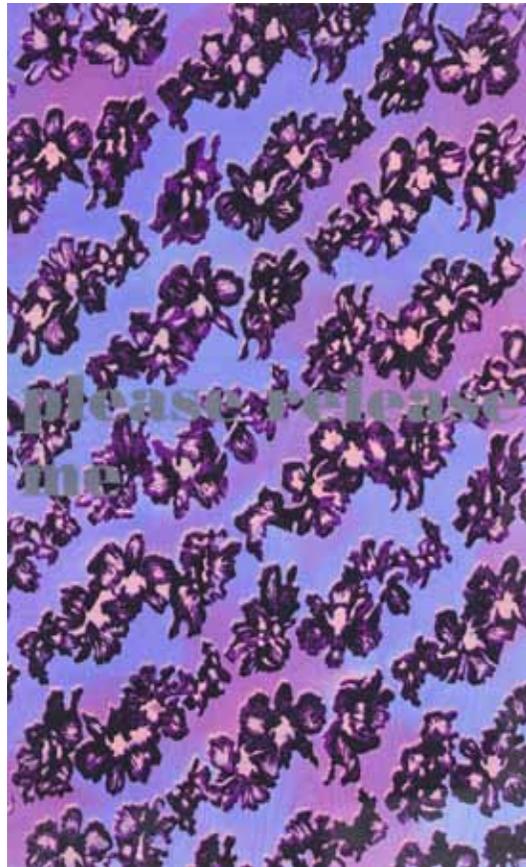
ROBERT BLANCHON

This version of The Gutted was redacted & remixed by the author specifically for this publication. The full poem (or at least one of its full-length versions) can be found in Gutted (Manic D Press, 2006).

Justin Chin is the author of three collections of poetry, Gutted, Bite Hard and Harmless Medicine, and three collections of essays, Burden of Ashes; Mongrel: Essays, Diatribes & Pranks; and, Attack of the Man-Eating Lotus Blossoms. 98 Wounds, a collection of short fiction, is forthcoming in fall 2011. He lives in San Francisco.



PAUL CHISHOLM



CAMMI CLIMACO



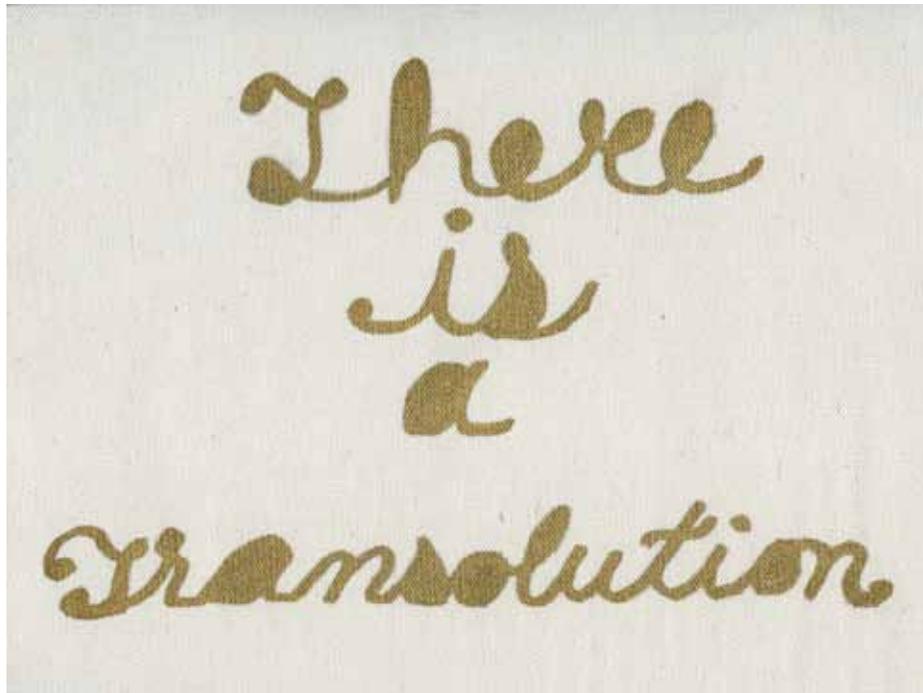
CRAIG DAMRAUER



AMANDA CURRERI



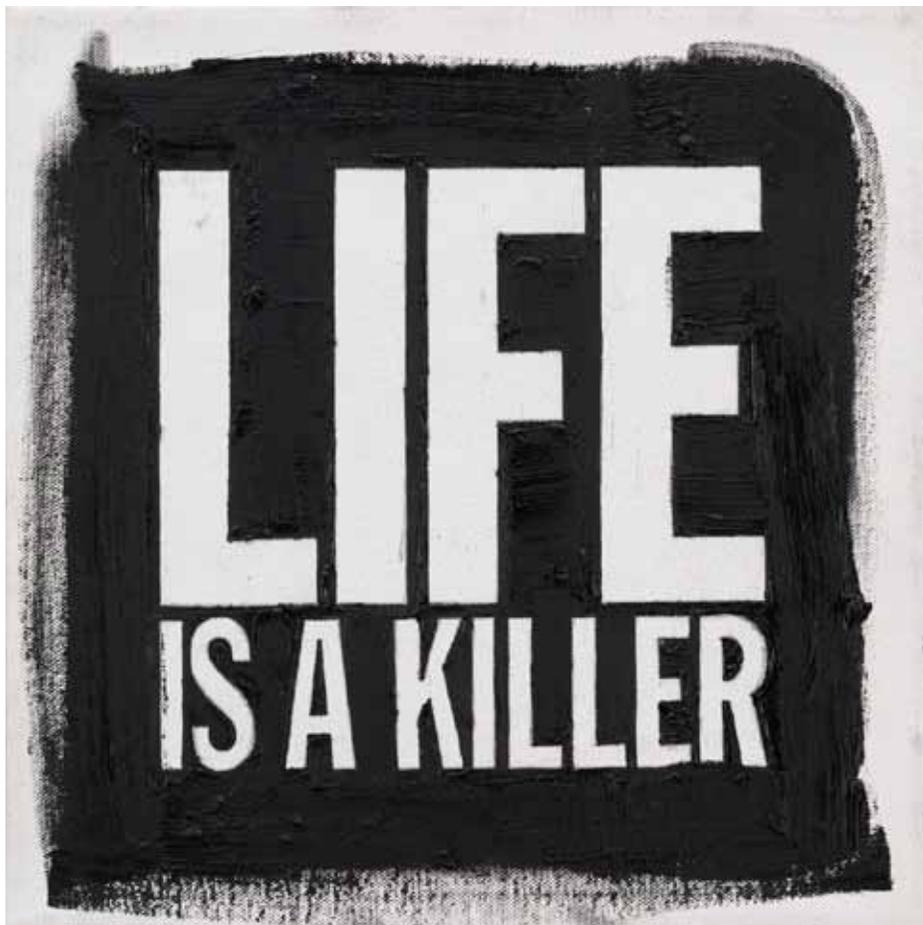
JOE DE HOYOS



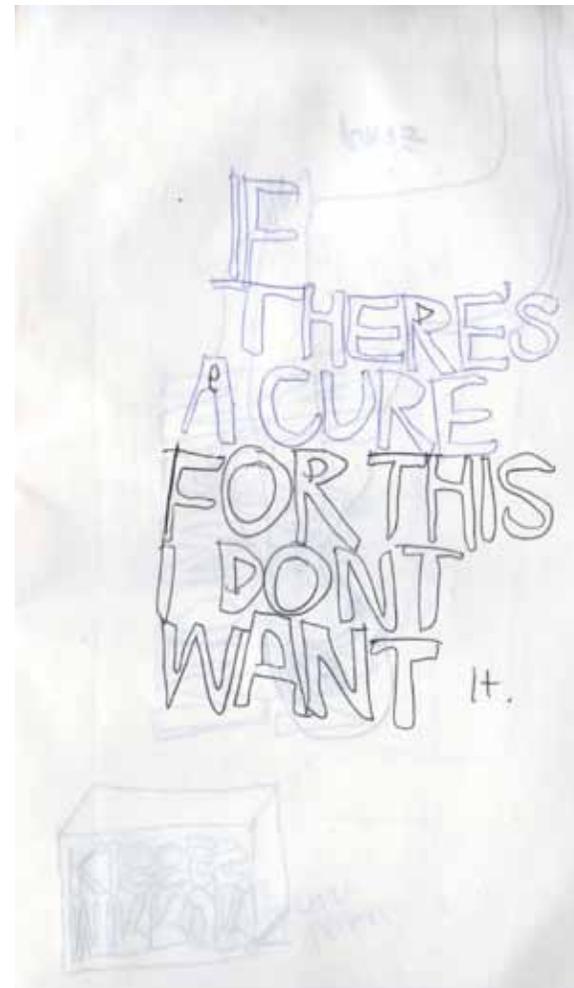
CHLOE DZUBILO



FELIX GONZALEZ-TORRES



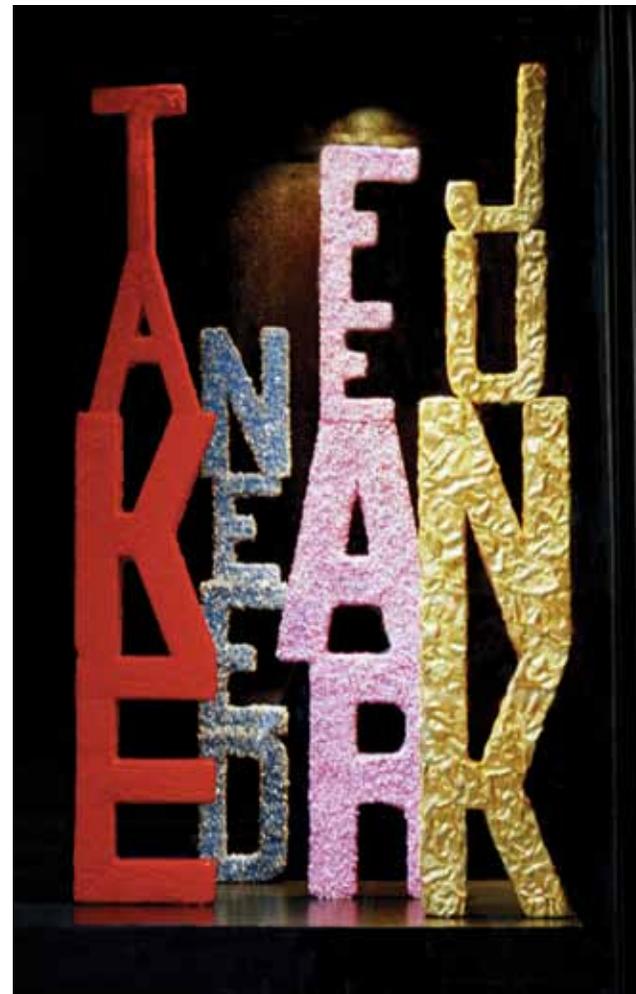
JOHN GIORNO



NOLAN HENDRICKSON



LINDA HESH



JAMES JAXXA



LISA IGLESIAS



FRANK H. JUMP



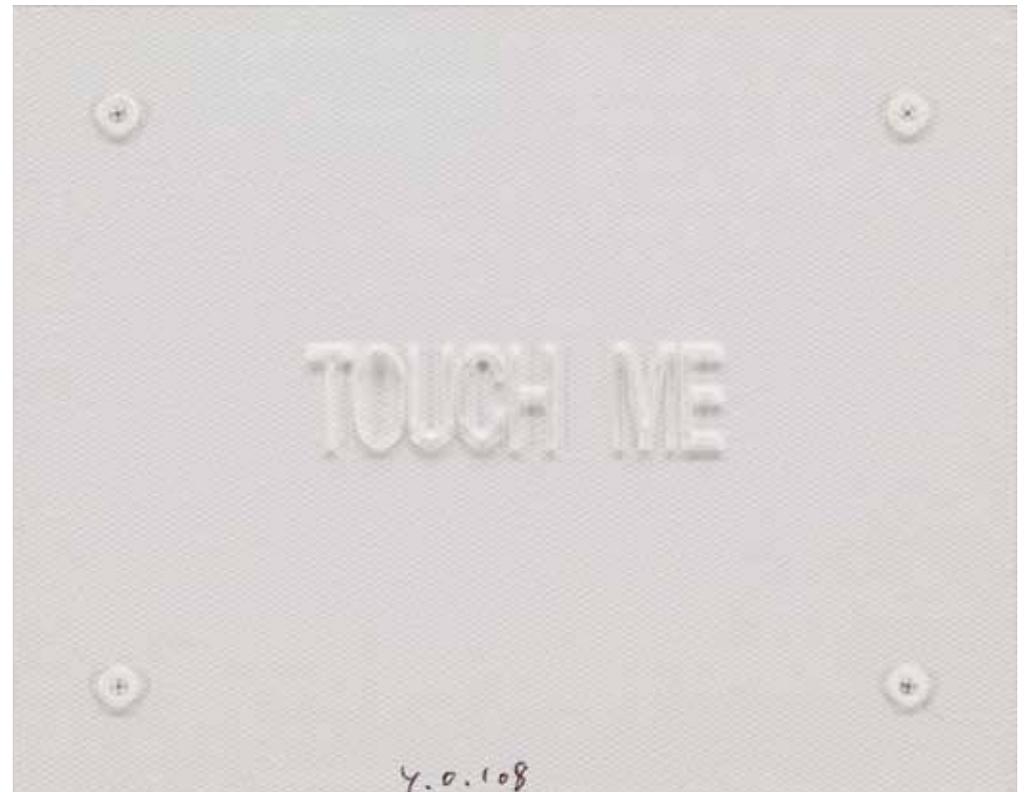
IVAN MONFORTE

**ANNOY
THEM...
SURVIVE**

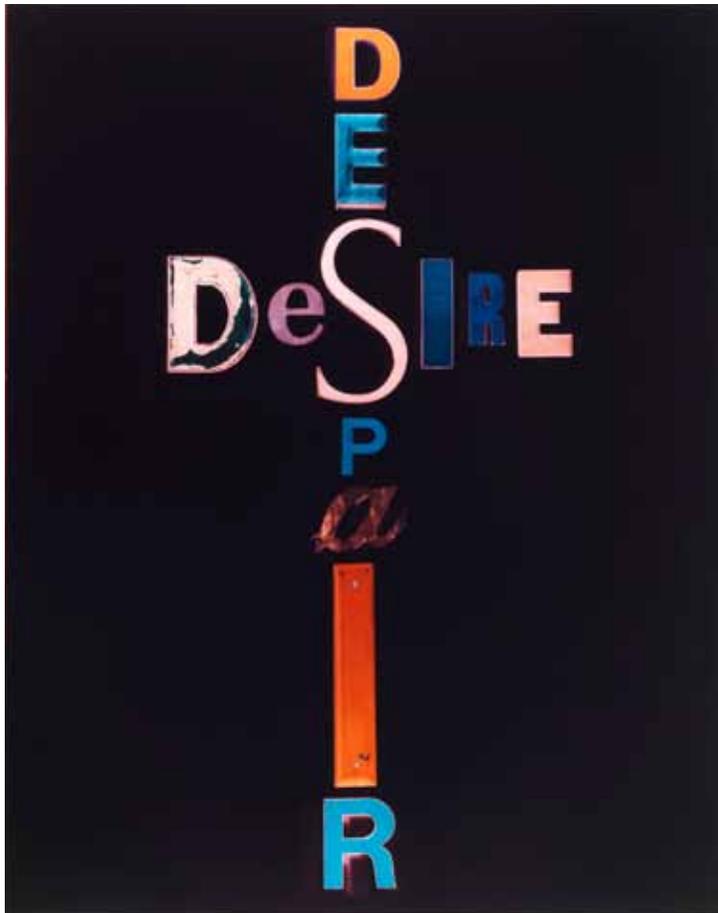
NIGHTSWEATS & T-CELLS



J. MORRISON



YOKO ONO



JACK PIERSON

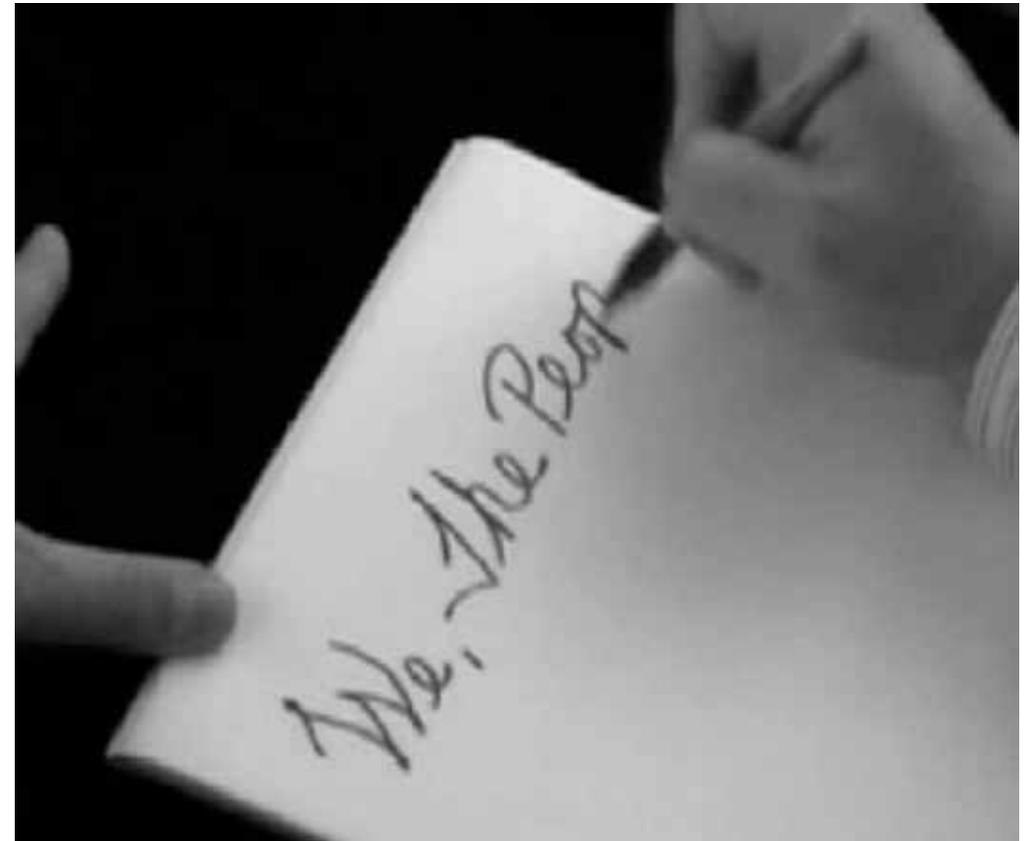
AIDS – assistance, advocate, save, assist, secours, socorro, ayuda, help, stand-by, accommodation, ally, lift, succor, recourse, service, resource, benefit, friend, helping hand, rally, care, subsidy, relief, humanitarian, co-operation, sustenance, support

Kay Rosen, "AIDS" (December 1, 1985). The Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, and The Gallery, The College of Art and Design.

KAY ROSEN



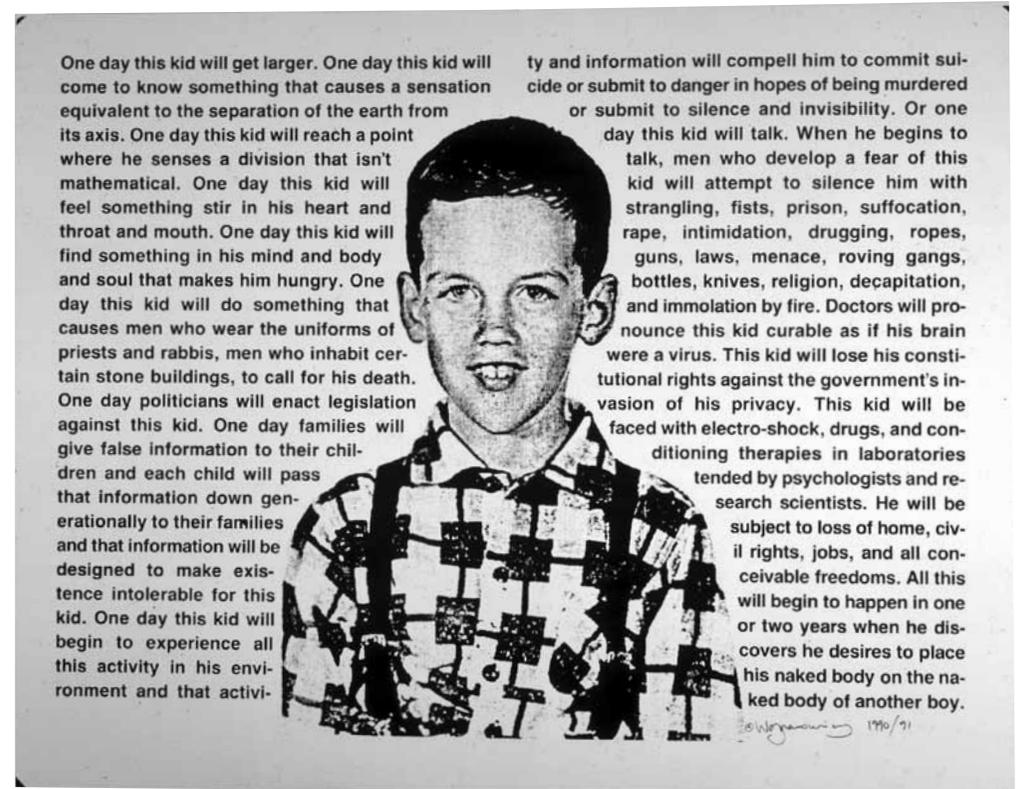
HUNTER REYNOLDS



TIM TATE



TIM TATE



DAVID WOJNAROWICZ



CHARLIE WELCH



ROB WYNNE

Robert Blanchon
Untitled (Sympathy), 1992
c-print and wood frame
13¼ x 10¾ inches
COURTESY OF THE FALES LIBRARY &
SPECIAL COLLECTIONS, NEW YORK
UNIVERSITY AND THE ESTATE OF
ROBERT BLANCHON

Paul Chisholm
*Love & H*IT*V*, 2010
vinyl letters on wood
57 x 53 x 1 inches

Cammi Climaco
Please Release Me, 2010
screenprint and hand additions on
paper, silk, plexiglass
23 ¾ x 15 x ¼ inches

Amanda Curreri
Leveller, 2009/11
enamel on floor mat
48 x 36 inches
COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND
ROMER YOUNG GALLERY, SF

Craig Damrauer
Silence =, 2003
offset printing
15¼ x 22½ inches

Joe De Hoyos
Stay Stay Stay, 1995
collage
28 x 23 inches
COURTESY OF
THE MURPHY ALBERTSON COLLECTION

Chloe Dzubilo
There is a Transolution, 2007
metallic ink on canvas
9¾ x 12½ inches
COURTESY OF T DE LONG AND
THE ESTATE OF CHLOE DZUBILO

John Giorno
Life is a Killer, 2009
oil on canvas
12 x 12 inches
COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND
NICOLE KLAGSBRUN GALLERY, NY

Felix Gonzalez-Torres
"Untitled," 1989
framed silkscreen on paper
16½ x 21¾ inches
edition of 250, 10 APs
PUBLISHED BY PUBLIC ART FUND, NY
© THE FELIX GONZALEZ-TORRES
FOUNDATION, COURTESY OF
ANDREA ROSEN GALLERY, NY

Nolan Hendrickson
Love Hangover, 2010
ink on paper
8 x 5 inches

Linda Hesh
I didn't ask for this, 2007
commercially printed card stock
11 x 4¼ inches
1 of a set of 8
"Desolation Doorknob Hangers"

Lisa Iglesias
Always and Forever, 2010-11
scavenged cardboard
dimensions variable

James Jaxxa
Take/Need/Fear/Junk, 2010
styrofoam, glass & plastic beads,
straight pins, fabric, acrylic paint
and medium
45 x 40 x 1½ inches

Frank H. Jump
Sweet n' Low-The Perfect Sugar Substitute,
Cumberland Packing Factory-Brooklyn
Navy Yard August, 1997
c-print
16 x 20 inches
FROM THE BOOK *Fading Ads of New York City*
(HISTORY PRESS, 2011) © FRANK H. JUMP

Jayson Keeling
New Graffiti, Old Revolutions, 2010
c-print
30 X 40 INCHES
COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND
THIRD STREAMING, NY

Larry Krone
Love is in the Air (Healing Retreats
& Spas Small), 2002
ink on printed paper, acid free tape
4 x 3¾ inches

Sam McKinniss
Untitled, 2010
acrylic on cardboard
13¾ x 15½ inches

Maggie Michael
You Conquer Me, 2008
latex, ink, enamel, vinyl letters, and
nails through canvas
24 x 20 inches
COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND G FINE ART, DC

Ivan Monforte
Sorry, 2008
handset letterpress and pressure print
15 x 19⅞ inches, AP 2/5

J. Morrison
aids: Made in U.S.A., 2010
hand-silkscreen on 50 stacks of polyester
flags as a take-away piece
7½ x 11½ inches each

Nightsweats & T-cells
Annoy Them...Survive, 2011
silkscreen on paper
17 x 11 inches

Yoko Ono
Touch Me, 2008
acrylic on canvas
5½ x 7 x 1¼ inches
COLLECTION OF AMY SADAQ

Jack Pierson
Desire/Despair, 1998
c-print
20 x 16 inches, AP 2/2
COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND
CHEIM & READ, NY

Hunter Reynolds
Why We March (Page 16), 2011
photo-weaving, c-prints and thread
48 x 60 inches
COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND
PPO-W GALLERY, NY

Kay Rosen
AIDS, 1990/1998
offset lithograph
11 x 17 inches
COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND
SIKKEMA JENKINS & CO., NY

Tim Tate
On the Threshold of Liberty, 2007
mpeg 1, 60 seconds, black and white
dimensions variable

Two Paths Taken, 2005
blown glass, found objects, etched text
18 x 6 x 6 inches

Charlie Welch
Expressa't, 2007-11
collage on paper
18 x 24 inches

David Wojnarowicz
Untitled (One day this kid...), 1990-91/2010
banner
70 x 92 inches
Reproduction for exhibition purposes only
COURTESY OF PPO-W GALLERY, NY AND
THE ESTATE OF DAVID WOJNAROWICZ

Rob Wynne
Two People, 2009
hand poured and mirrored glass
35 x 32 inches

ABOUT THE CURATOR

Beginning his career as an HIV testing counselor and community educator, John Chaich has designed a range of multi-arts projects to raise AIDS awareness, from an educational theatre project funded with support from Do Something and LifeBeat, to a nationally distributed edutainment zine by and for young adults, to social marketing campaigns recognized by *Print* magazine and annual artist edition broadsides for Visual AIDS.

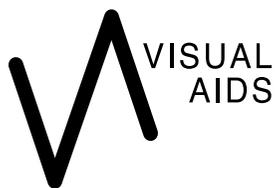
He has presented at national conferences on AIDS and the arts and has written on visual responses to HIV/AIDS for *Art & Understanding* magazine, as well as contributed the catalogue essay for *Fleshing Out the Grid: David Wojnarowicz and Hunter Reynolds* for PPO-W Gallery.

Chaich holds an MFA in Communications Design from Pratt Institute. johnchaich.com

VISUAL AIDS

Visual AIDS utilizes art to fight AIDS by provoking dialogue, supporting HIV+ artists, and preserving a legacy, **because AIDS is not over.**

Visual AIDS is the only contemporary arts organization fully committed to HIV prevention and AIDS awareness through producing and presenting visual art projects, while assisting artists living with HIV/AIDS. We are committed to preserving and honoring the work of artists with HIV/AIDS and the artistic contributions of the AIDS movement. visualAIDS.org



FATHOM

Fathom is a DC-based creative agency that delivers strategic interactive, design, and branding solutions to industry-leading organizations. For almost 20 years, Fathom Creative has helped their clients overcome business challenges by applying a powerful combination of concept-driven creative, thoughtful user experience, and deep technical expertise. Supported by Fathom Creative, Fathom Gallery brings together artists, technologists, and members of the local cultural community. fathomcreative.org

fathom
creative

TRANSFORMER

Transformer is a Washington, DC based 501 (c) 3 artist-centered non-profit visual arts organization, providing a consistent, supportive, and professional platform for emerging artists to explore and present experimental artistic concepts, build audiences for their work, and advance their careers. A catalyst and advocate for contemporary artists and emergent expression in the visual arts, Transformer connects and promotes emerging visual artists within regional, national and international contexts through exhibition and programs partnerships with artists, curators, commercial galleries, museums and other cultural institutions.

Transformer's 2011/2012 Exhibition Series and programs are supported by: The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, The CrossCurrents Foundation, The DC Commission on the Arts and Humanities/NEA, The Morris & Gwendolyn Cafritz Foundation, The Robert Lehman Foundation, The National Endowment for the Arts' Access to Artistic Excellence Award, and The Visionary Friends of Transformer—individual donors, members of our Annual Auction Host Committee, and Corporate Sponsors. transformerdc.org



SPECIAL THANKS

Tim Christensen of the Logan Circle Community Association
Dale Mott of Accordia Global Health Foundation
Drew Mitchell and Bill Fischer of Fathom Creative/Fathom Gallery
Victoria Reis and Natalie Cheung of Transformer
Amy Sadao, Nelson Santos, and Ted Kerr of Visual AIDS



**ROBERT BLANCHON
PAUL CHISHOLM
CAMMI CLIMACO
AMANDA CURRERI
CRAIG DAMRAUER
JOE DE HOYOS
CHLOE DZUBILO
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ROB WYNNE**



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