

# THIS IS PAUL HALUPKA

Curated by Jessica Cochran

July 5 – August 5, 2011

Presented by

CONTEMPORARY **A R T S** COUNCIL

**C33 Gallery**

*33 E. Congress Parkway,*

*Chicago, IL*

© 2011 Contemporary Arts Council

*No text or illustration may be used or reproduced without written permission.  
All rights reserved. Published in 2011. First Edition.*

*Catalog design by Ryan Swanson*



## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

---

This exhibition was organized for the Contemporary Arts Council and mounted at C33 Gallery with the support of the Department of Exhibition and Performance Spaces at Columbia College Chicago.  
[www.contemporaryartscouncil.org](http://www.contemporaryartscouncil.org) | [www.colum.edu](http://www.colum.edu)

CONTEMPORARY ARTS COUNCIL

C33  
gallery

COLUMBIA COLLEGE CHICAGO  
33 E. CONGRESS PKWY  
CHICAGO, IL 60605  
[WWW.COLUM.EDU/DEPS](http://WWW.COLUM.EDU/DEPS)

I would like to thank Paul Halupka, for his generous spirit and humored approach to the very idea that an exhibition could be created with him as the subject. This exhibition could not have happened without the artists involved, including Ryan Swanson. His catalog design is an incredible extension of the show itself. My gratitude also goes to Bill Padnos and the members of the Contemporary Arts Council.

---

Their willingness to take this leap with me is genuinely appreciated.

- Jessica Cochran

# CONTEMPORARY ARTS COUNCIL 2010-11

## BOARD

Jane Chapman *President*  
Lynn Maddox *President Elect/ Secretary*  
Larry Hanson *Treasurer*  
Bill Padnos *Co-Chair Exhibitions*  
Mary O'Shaughnessy *Co-Chair Exhibitions*  
Anne Taft *Programs*  
Kathryn Born *Online Content*  
Eric Steele *Membership*

## MEMBERS

Kirkwood Brody	Lawrence Hanson	Jim Karagianis	Charlie Van Gilder
Jane Brody	Camille Hanson	Claudia Luebbbers	Bill Padnos
Heather Becker	Beth Hart	John Lyman	Chuck Price
Kathryn Born	David Hart	Connie Lyman	Bobbi Price
Anthony Bruck	Sandra Helton	Jean Nerenberg	Linda Searl
Cleve Carney	Norman Edelson	Jordan Nerenberg	Rob Sills
Jane Chapman	Margaret Lee Herbert	Lynn Maddox	Joe Valerio
John Chapman	John Hendrickson	Eva Maddox	Janie Sills
J. Lawrence Costin	Tom Hodges	Randall Matheis	Eric Steele
Susan Costin	Gail Hodges	Nancy Herman	Tammy Steele
Carolyn Desch	Bill Hood	Jean Meyers	Anne Taft
Herb Desch	Vicki Hood	Robert Meyers	John Venator
Kitty Egan	Jeffery Jahns	Susan Michod	Dorianne Venator
Tim Flood	Jill Metcoff-Jahns	Chuck Michod	Gail Ward
Suzette Flood	Julie Karagianis	Mary O'Shaughnessy	John Ward

## EXHIBITION COMMITTEE

Bill Padnos *Co-Chair*  
Mary O'Shaughnessy *Co-Chair*  
Jane Chapman  
Larry Hanson  
Margaret Lee Herbert  
Beth Hart  
Tim Flood  
Lynn Maddox  
Rob Sills  
Eric Steele

## LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

Now in its seventeenth year, the Contemporary Arts Council is pleased to sponsor this year's innovative contemporary art exhibition "This is Paul Halupka". The mission of the CAC is to sponsor an annual exhibition which promotes talented young or underexposed artists and curators based in Chicago. The Council is able to accomplish its goal through the generosity of its many founding and new members.

The Council's 2011 Exhibition Committee chose up and coming curator Jessica Cochran for this year's show. The committee was intrigued by Jessica's concept which was to invite twelve Chicago artists to create pieces based on the identity of a young man named Paul Halupka, whom she had met briefly at an art fair in Chicago. None of these artists had met Paul and were given the task of relating to him in creative ways. We think the viewer will be fascinated by the ways in which these artists have interacted with Paul and produced meaningful works of art.

"This is Paul Halupka" is made possible by the support and time given by the CAC Board, Exhibition Committee and members, and by our host, Columbia College. Special thanks go to Co-Exhibition Chairs Bill Padnos and Mary O'Shaughnessy, Columbia College's Director of Exhibition and Performance Spaces Neysa Page-Lieberman and C33 Gallery's Exhibition Coordinator Jennifer Kieeben.

As President of the Contemporary Arts Council, I am honored to be part of the yearlong effort that has brought this show to fruition in 2011. On behalf of the Council I hope that you will enjoy Jessica Cochran's thoughtful exhibition and perhaps will feel as though you have gotten to know Paul Halupka through these unique works of art.

Jane Chapman, President  
*Contemporary Arts Council*



Curatorial Essay	8
Perfect Strangers	12
Fred Sasaki	20
Adam Farcus	28
Michael X. Ryan	30
Bill Guy	32
Ryan B. Richey	34
Viv Corringham	36
Pamela Bannos	38
Regan Golden	40
Mary Lou Zelazny	42
Daniel Mellis	44
Allison Yasukawa	46
Alberto Aguilar	48
Kirsten Leenaars	50
Works Cited	52

**TABLE OF CONTENTS**

*Front cover and opposite page*

*Digital images created  
by layering Paul's public  
Facebook pictures on top of  
each other.*

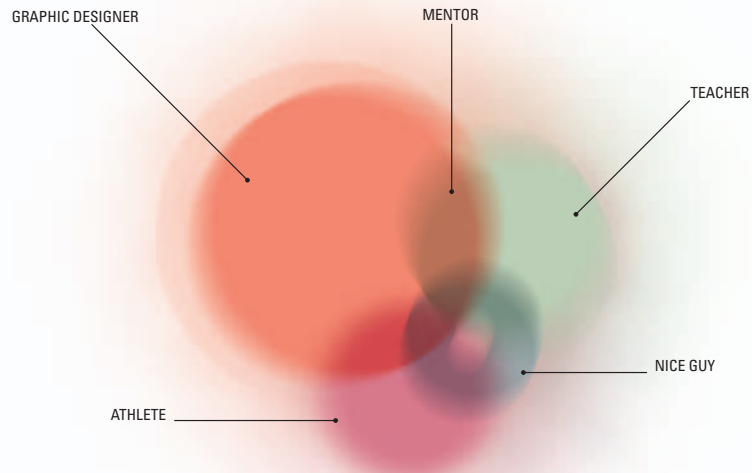


fig. 1.1

**CURATORIAL ESSAY BY JESSICA COCHRAN**

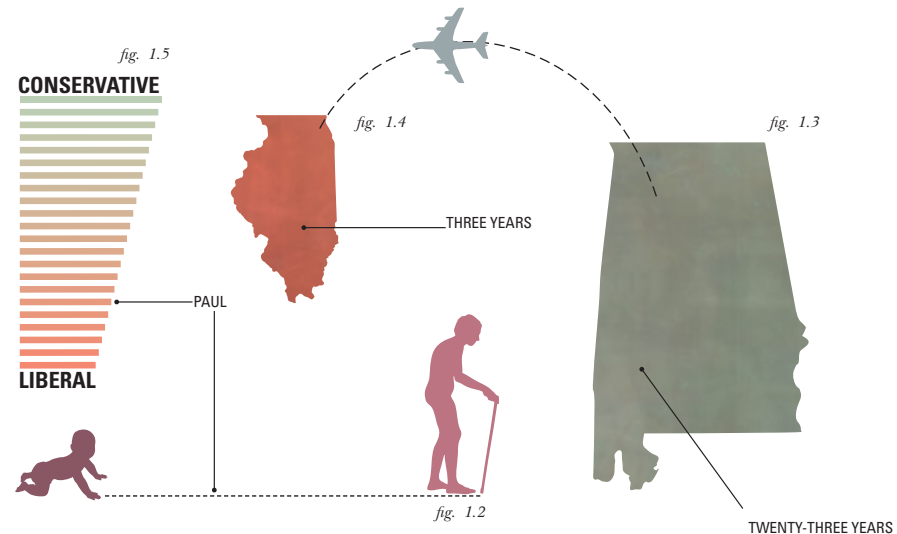
*Reportage.*

In a recent studio visit, Chicago-based artist Dianna Frid showed me an artist's book dedicated to the identity of cave explorer Floyd Collins. When Collins met his death during a cave hike in 1925, dramatic rescue efforts amassed great media attention, as thousands of people flocked to the site. It is widely thought that Collins was one of the first media-created international 'tabloid' personas. His identity was ushered into the spotlight through a web of print publications, telegraph news bulletins and radio — then a brand new technology. Information spread slowly and unevenly like

water across land and over time in a way that today, information never really does. Now, of course, the internet and round-the-clock news cycles contribute to a near daily onslaught of regular "Joe the Plumbers" inhabiting the spotlight. The legitimization process is quick and dirty, and this odd performative spectacle is fed by a seemingly trans-demographic participation in web 2.0 platforms like Facebook. There, identity is constantly shared, and our banal utterances are part of an ongoing, self-designed narrative for all to see. According to Boris Groys. "Today, everyone is subjected to an aesthetic evaluation- everyone

fig. 1.1

*Identities that one might use to describe or introduce Paul Halupka.*



is required to take aesthetic responsibility for his or her own appearance in the world, for his or her own self-design. Where it was once a privilege and a burden for the chosen few, in our time self design has come to be the mass cultural practice par excellence." Simply put, we are poised, always on the make.

I met Paul Halupka briefly while working in public programs at Art Chicago in 2009. At the last minute, I needed someone to sit naked in a special exhibition room for the duration of the fair, as part of a performance piece by Maximo Gonzalez. Paul was one of my only applicants, and I was desperately happy that I found someone who (it seemed) was genuinely excited about

the opportunity and would actually show up everyday. I understood he was new to Chicago, a recent transplant from Alabama and an unemployed graphic designer. The \$150 stipend seemed to make him happy. I barely saw him during the fair (I don't think I said thank you at the end).

"This is Paul Halupka" is an exhibition about this young man — his identity, or in some cases his "self design" is mediated by artists through works produced as the result of extensive, project-driven engagements. Though not legitimized by media or celebrity culture, Paul's identity has been ushered into a spotlight and granted symbolic value in the form of an art exhibition.

fig. 1.2

*On the date of the show opening Paul will be 26 years old.*

fig. 1.3

*Paul calls Alabama home. He graduated from the University of Alabama in 2007.*

fig. 1.4

*Paul is currently living in Andersonville, a neighborhood on Chicago's North side. He has lived in Chicago since 2007.*

fig. 1.5

*Based on Paul's interests and blog posts he appears to lean to the liberal side of the political spectrum.*

In the same essay in which he addresses self design, Groys also writes “One tends to celebrate the readiness of contemporary art to transcend the traditional confines of the art system ... one tends to deplore, on the other hand, that attempts to transcend the art system never seem to lead beyond the aesthetic sphere: instead of changing the world, art only makes it look better.” If constant media and corporate emphasis on the individual is rooted in neoliberal values, can an exhibition that complicates or engages a fascination with one personal narrative reveal art’s oblique (not didactic) political and critical possibilities such that it “transcends the aesthetic sphere?”

To borrow the words of Barbara Kruger, certainly the viewer’s “gaze will hit the side of” Paul’s face. But the mechanisms by which identity is mediated through an artist are inherently more reflexive, layered and critical than representation on television or a magazine cover, where the subtext is always profitability. Artful representation of the other is the result of countless meaningful aesthetic gestures and conceptual decisions. In this way, the exhibition seeks to mimic the mass media

legitimization process of subject in an expansive, yet critical way.

In a 2007 interview, artist, theorist and art historian Johanna Drucker described her use of the word *reportage* as a means to articulate her own attempts, through the experimental use of narrative in her artist’s books to “interweave personal anecdotes, tales of friends and family life, and current events.”

“Reportage is my term... for trying to understand how one is produced as a subject of language and the cultural symbolic while also struggling with the individual particularity of historical/situated/individual identity. I’ve never been interested in autobiography—too fictional, too self-indulgent, too normative—but I find the problem of understanding one’s self as a historically specific subject very compelling.”

At best, I hope that, with its layers, omissions, overlaps and explorations, “This is Paul Halupka” is an exercise in storytelling, or reportage, as a rejection of traditional narrative. An exhibition that privileges a relational brand of portraiture — defining subjectivity as both “systemic and particular” and “historically specific.”

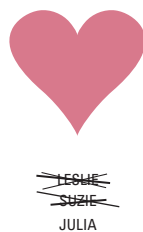


fig. 1.6 (inset image)

Paul has been dating Julia Rice since December 1, 2010.

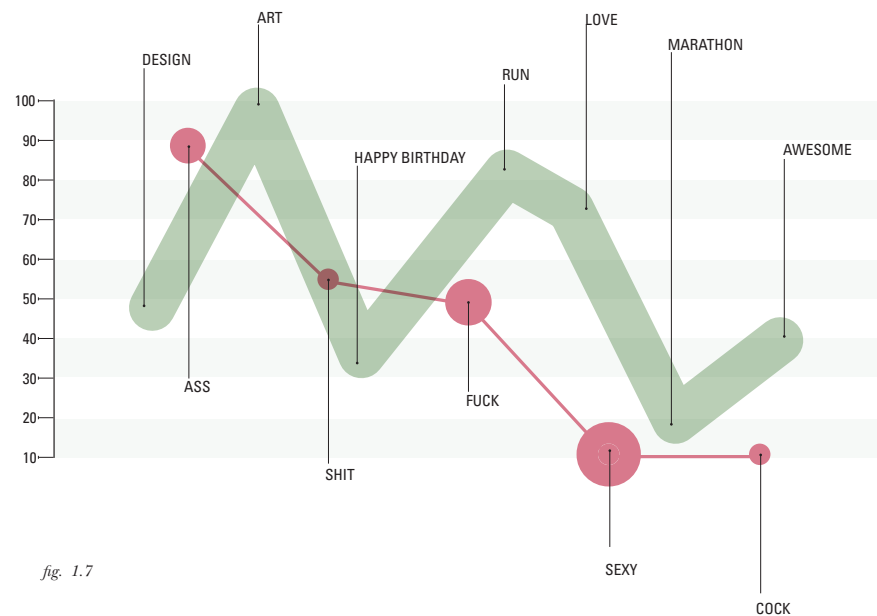


fig. 1.7

Or maybe the efficacy of an exhibition about a stranger is best argued this way: In his 2009 artist’s book composed entirely of questions, Gregg Bordowitz asks, “How can I be both empty and full, clear like glass?” This a question, but it is also a statement. A declaration of desire to be nothing and everything—for a self that is complex, yet perfectly rendered, and we can only assume, purely understood. If we consider that the perception of the

other is as much felt, as it is intellectually learned, viewers should leave the exhibition with anything but a logical interpretation of Paul. The curatorial impulse, rather, is in the spirit of gentle displacement and embedded results. Can the exhibition be a speculative experience that leaves viewers affected, with a more complex consideration of the individual’s role in society? Can an exhibition be “empty and full, clear like glass?”

fig. 1.7

Popular words used on Paul’s facebook wall over the last 12 months. Nice words on top, bad words on bottom.

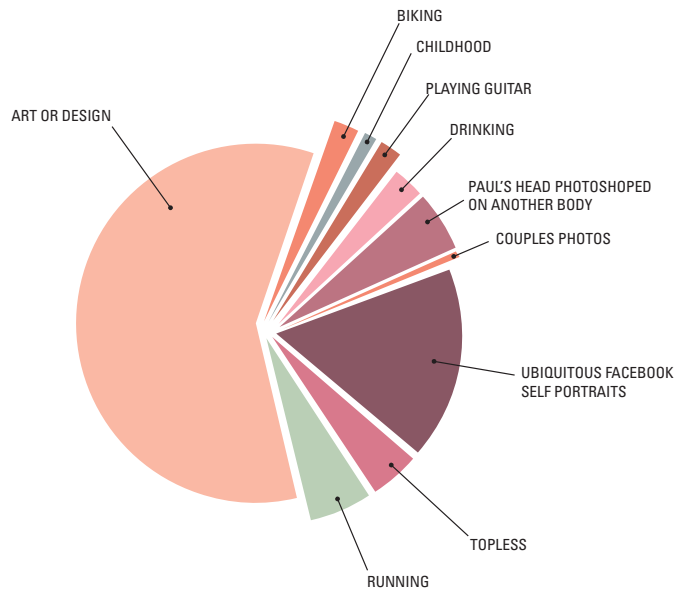
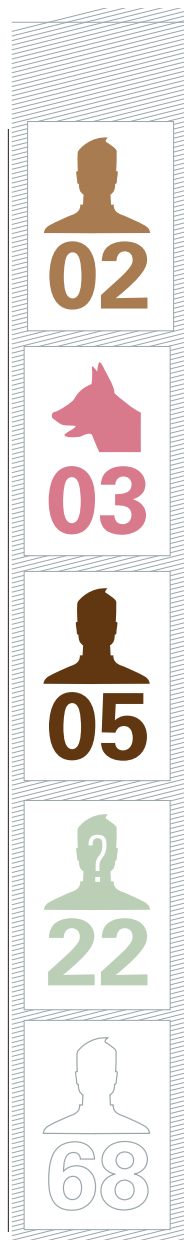


fig. 1.8

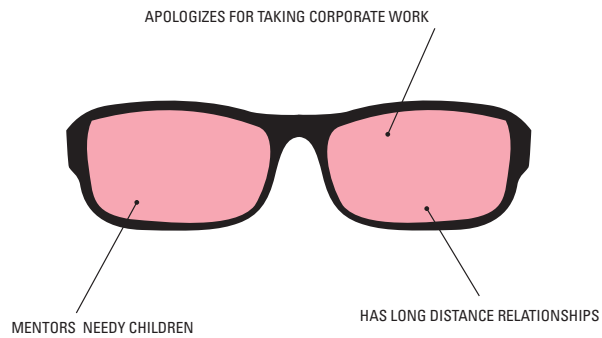


fig. 1.9

fig. 1.10

## PERFECT STRANGERS, FACE TO FACE BY KARSTEN LUND

"In the middle of the summer of 1891, the most extraordinary things began happening in a small Norwegian coastal town," the story goes. "A stranger by the name of Nagel appeared, a singular character who shook the town by his eccentric behavior and then vanished as suddenly as he had come." As it plainly outlines on the first page, Knut Hamsun's great novel *Mysteries*, written at the turn of the century, is about little more than the tremors that follow the arrival of a stranger. This turns out to be more than enough. Well, that's not quite the entire story; the events in question are sandwiched between two enigmatic suicides, which pass like shadows, and someone falls in love in the middle. The lasting mystery, however, is just who this person really is.

The figure of the stranger itself casts a long shadow through time, but many things change in a century. Hamsun's small town, where everybody knows everybody, seems quaint at this point. Places like this haven't vanished by any means but the dominant reference point is urban now. (Henri Lefebvre argued in 1970 that the urban paradigm even reshapes rural life.) Unfamiliar people are everywhere in the city, part of the moving backdrop to one's daily activities. Strangers have multiplied endlessly.

The artist Sophie Calle responded to this environment full of unknowns in her earliest works — though initially they were simply outgrowths of her day-to-day life. Returning to Paris in 1979 after traveling abroad, Calle began following strangers at a distance, one after another. At first this was a means to reacquire herself with the city, her unwitting guides providing different itineraries, but soon she became wrapped up in a detective story: the behavior of these strangers offered clues to who they are. As it happens, this kind of ad hoc sleuthing has a long, meaningful history, too.

Edgar Allen Poe wrote "The Man of the Crowd" in the early years of the modern city and in a way this notorious story is all about making sense of strangers. The narrator sits in a cafe, peering out at "the tumultuous sea of human heads" moving by. He sees the crowd as an abstract mass at first. Then, observing details, he starts parsing it into social types (merchants, clerks, gamblers, and so on). Finally, one man seizes his attention, someone he can't categorize, and he follows the stranger into the depths of the metropolis. Poe's story reads like a curious blueprint for many recent artistic practices, even beyond Sophie Calle. As the narrator shifts from observing the flow

fig. 1.8

Classification of Paul's activities in over 300 Facebook photos.

fig. 1.9

The races of Paul's Facebook friends in percentages.

fig. 1.10

Reasons why the designer thinks Paul is an idealist.



of the crowd, to classifying people within it, to acting like a sleuth on the trail of the particular, he outlines an array of outlooks and methods. One could go on to match up artists like Philip-Lorca DiCorcia or Beat Streuli, as they highlight certain figures on bustling streets in their photographs; or Vito Acconci, famous himself for following strangers; or Rineke Dijkstra, who makes portraits of people who stand for transitory types, such as adolescents on the beach. In such cases, strangers step forward as individuals and yet also evoke a nameless sea of people. Anonymity entangles with signs of identity.

Singularity folds back into commonality.

For Poe, the obsession-worthy stranger fits a type after all — the man, he decides, is deeply criminal. But the narrator also concludes that this person is unreadable, which is really the more riveting point. The close encounter turns out to be a near miss. If Poe's tale marks an extreme, given its manic tinge and bleak outlook, it points toward something more fundamental. Millions of us have gotten used to ignoring others, falling into the necessary habit of politely sharing space; but rather

than dulling their presence, the integration of strangers into ordinary life can sometimes amplify their enigmatic, irresolvable otherness. Ben Highmore, in a book that surveys relevant writings by various influential theorists, makes the case that everyday life is a contradictory mix of boredom and mystery. The writers he admires, including LeFebvre and Walter Benjamin, all find the strange within the rational and the

ordinary. Woven into the endless fabric of everyday life, mystery is a buried, glimmering thread that peaks through here and there. Pull it and see where it goes. Or let the stranger lead you on.

Eventually Poe's exhausted narrator feels the need to confront the man he is pursuing. (It's a baffling encounter, a total failure.) Artists, too, have gone from observing strangers, maintaining their distance, to moving in close for a deliberate face-to-face. The interaction becomes part of the point. Shizuka Yokomizo is a memorable example. Picking random names from a phonebook, the artist sent anonymous letters asking people to stand in their front windows at specified moments, always at night. Then she stood outside in the

252

fig. 1.11 (inset image)

Paul has an average of 252 facebook friends.

Male = ■  
 Female = ■  
 Unknown = ■

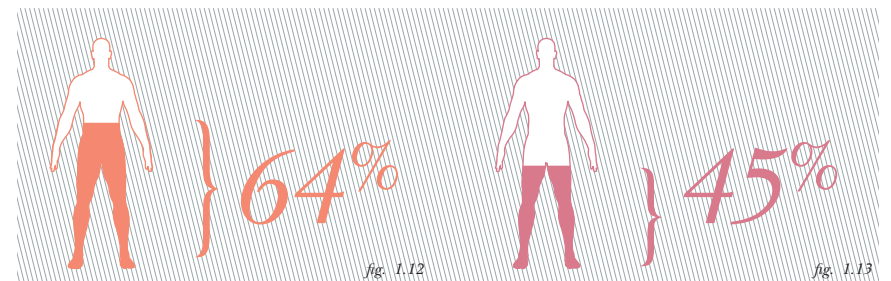


fig. 1.12

fig. 1.13

darkness and took a photograph of the person illuminated inside. If someone wanted no part of this at all, they were asked to simply close the blinds. At first glance Yokomizo's photographs look like traditional portraits but you quickly realize something else is going on. Though her process differs, Katy Grannan also records enigmatic encounters in portraits that are both intimate and visibly ill-at-ease. For two related series, Grannan found models by placing newspaper ads ("no experience necessary"), whom she then photographed in semi-remote locations, such as a nature reserve. Posing nude or partially clothed, lying twisted in the grass among the trees, her subjects willingly reveal themselves to her. Still, there is an anxious, even illicit, atmosphere to the interactions, calm as they are on the surface. Ambiguous power relations and a mutual complicity yield portraits that seem to hold back prickly secrets. As with Yokomizo, it's hard

to tell who the real stranger is: artist or subject. It is the artist, after all, who essentially appears out of nowhere and walks away at the end.

So what's in it for these ordinary people? Why open yourself up to someone whose intentions are opaque to say the least? The sociologist Georg Simmel observed more than a century ago that strangers have an apparent objectivity that makes you willing to confide in them. Nonetheless, insinuations are widespread now that we've embarked on a brand new era with brand new rules. In 2003, the International Center for Photography presented an ambitious exhibition, Strangers, which borrowed its title from Yokomizo. Its aim was to examine "the different roles the camera now plays in negotiating the boundaries between public and private life, trust and fear, intimacy and isolation." This is ominous subject matter, and telling. Far more remarkable though is the fact that multiple artists in

fig. 1.12

Paul's best race time in a 5K placed him in the 64th percentile for men his age.

fig. 1.13

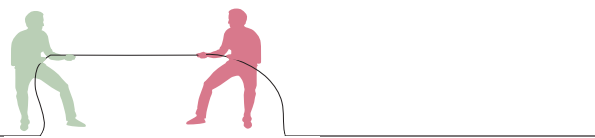
Paul's worst race time in a 5K placed him in the 45th percentile for men his age.



the show — notably Yokomizo and DiCorcia — were represented by similar works in another museum exhibition with a contrasting theme and a tone: The Talent Show, recently on view at MoMA P.S.1. If you imagine a Venn diagram, the two exhibitions overlap in their interest in the public display of private lives, but the intellectual framework around The Talent Show had a more psychological leaning. Front and center were the “competing desires for notoriety and privacy,” as the curator stated. This meshes with familiar claims that our time is somehow defined by a powerful yearning to be seen or heard, shored up in practice by unrivaled access to technological resources and means of self-exposure. As David Shields writes in *Reality Hunger*, his manifesto for the era, “there are little cracks in the wall, and all of us ‘regular’ people are pushing through like water, or perhaps, like weeds.” On the other side of that wall, of course, are millions of people we don’t know and never will.

It’s tempting to take propositions like these as readily available explanations for what’s at stake in artists’ engagements with strangers—just more symptoms of a mediated culture.

But I wonder if this is deceptive. Call it a red herring. As far as artists’ interactions go, especially with so-called regular people, other motivations just as often drive the proceedings. Katy Grannan, for her part, remarked in a London newspaper article that she’s not particularly interested in the idea of celebrity and that few of her subjects actually want to be famous; instead, they called the number in her advertisement because it was an alluring interruption to the everyday-ness of their lives. They caught a hint of a mystery and pursued it. The piece in *The Talent Show* that sticks with me the most happens to be another work by Sophie Calle, titled *The Address Book*. It, too, suggests that hungry self-exposure or a quasi-public intimacy isn’t really the point in question. The project began with a chance occurrence: the artist found an address book on the street. Before returning it anonymously she photocopied every page and decided to contact the people listed inside. She would get to know its owner, “Pierre D.,” through his friends and acquaintances (presuming they agreed to talk about him with a stranger). This is a substantially different version of the art of detection:



*fig. 1.14 (inset image)*

*Paul has two brothers. Their names are Nick and Pete.*

*fig. 1.15 (this page)*

*Paul lost his father early in life to a heart attack.*

## NON-PROFITS, COFFEE, BEER, TYPOGRAPHY, PLAYING HALO WITH FRIENDS

a round-about, fragmented, impressionistic effort at piecing together identity.

In one of her short stories Lydia Davis finds similar qualities at work in everyday life. Just a single page long, her fleeting meditation begins, “I am thinking about a friend of mine, how she is not only what she believes she is, she is also what friends believe her to be, and what her family believes her to be, and even what she is in the eyes of chance acquaintances and total strangers.” And with that we arrive at our present exhibition, *This is Paul Halupka*. At its center is an ordinary guy—a near-stranger to the curator and a total stranger to the eleven artists. Like Davis’s web of outside observers, the artists here trace divergent vectors of identity as they create works about Paul H. (or with him). As a set of commissions, the show circles around the question of how to grasp and translate the particularity and complexity of a person, vagaries and all. Strangers have their insights; they may glean the secrets each of us

can’t admit to, the vulnerabilities we don’t even see. This show puts that notion to the test. But it leads to more vexing questions at the same time. How many viewpoints is enough in the end? And to what degree can we know him? The confident title of the exhibition assures us that when all is said and done we’ll really understand this guy. But maybe rather than a statement of truth, one should take it as a proposition: provisional, suggestive, waiting to be tossed around in your mind for a while.

In the final form of *The Address Book* Calle describes each of her conversations about Pierre D in a long sequence of text panels, culminating with her own summary of what she learned. Although her description enumerates an abundance of idiosyncratic details, it ends with a few observations that could also, rather eerily, describe Poe’s man of the crowd: Pierre D. is “a man comfortable in his madness, organized in his solitude. Mysterious. Someone who would be capable of disappearing without

fig. 1.16 (Type color on this spread)

Percentage of Paul’s blog posts devoted to the following themes:  
his fears  
himself

## WOOL SWEATERS, COLORFUL SCARFS, FANCY SANDWICHES, WAFFLES

fig. 1.17

a trace.” So the dark shadows settle in all over again. This kind of thing is always unfinished business. It’s no different, really, in Knut Hamsun’s *Mysteries*. The Norwegian author writes in the third person throughout the novel—he’s yet another outside observer—but the point of view belongs to Nagel, the eccentric stranger himself. The unsettling thing is that entering the mind of this man doesn’t make him easier to figure out; he’s a bundle of living contradictions. Even Lydia Davis is toying with similar quandaries in the short story mentioned above. That story is rather slyly titled “A Friend of Mine,” and in the final moments the narrator turns her reflections back onto herself: “All this being true of my friend, it occurs to me that I must not know altogether what I am, either, and that others know certain things about me better than I do, though I think I ought to know all there is to know and I proceed as if I do.” The knowledge gap she observed between her friend and

everyone else suddenly yawns open widely in herself as well.

Is that where strangers come in again — why artists keep following them or soliciting their engagement, why we keep trying to figure them out? Is there a desire, maybe less glaring than certain others, to know what they know? If we solve the mysteries that appear before us, can we forget the eternal ones inside? It’s certainly easier to stare at someone else than it is to scrutinize yourself. But maybe some of the time it’s not really about them at all. Michel de Montaigne, a self-searcher if ever there was one, wrote that every man has within him the entire human condition. But after all this talk of mysteries and moments of contact, of detective work and close encounters, maybe David Shields’ riff on Montaigne hits a more appropriate note. “I’m interested in knowing the secrets that connect human beings,” Shields writes in one of his more serene moments. “At the very deepest level, all our secrets are the same.”

fig. 1.17

Stuff Paul likes.



fig. 1.18

---

## FRED SASAKI

---

Between Paul Halupka and Fred Sasaki; Thu, Mar 10, 2011, 12:47 AM; Subject: LOGOS

**1. Who will be looking at your new logo?**

People who use computers and Starbucks.

**2. Who are you trying to reach with the materials?**

Readers who like to read stories that make them happy, sad, and confused. They believe life imitates art and think about death and sex a lot.

**3. What 3 things about yourself are you trying to present?**

Seeing. Being. Believing.

**4. What kind of stuff do you write?**

Oulipian Lit-Fic

**5. Of what profession are you?**

Non-profit

---

fig. 1.18

Logo design by Paul Halupka.

---

### SUBJECT: RE: KEYNOTE

Sams Town Hotel and Gambling Hall  
Las Vegas, Nevada  
April 14-16, 2011

Join writing professionals, agents, industry experts and your colleagues for three days in Las Vegas, Nevada as they share their knowledge of all aspects of the writers craft. One of the great charms of the Las Vegas Writers Conference is its intimacy. Registration is limited to 150 attendees so there's always plenty of one-on-one time with the faculty. While there are formal pitch sessions, panels, workshops, and seminars, the faculty is also available throughout the conference for informal discussions and advice. Plus, you're bound to meet a few new friends. Workshops, seminars, and expert panels will take you through writing in many genres including fiction, creative nonfiction, screenwriting, poetry, journalism, and business writing. There will be many Q&A panels for you to ask the experts all your questions.

---

From: Fred Sasaki <fredsasaki@gmail.com>  
To: info@lasvegawritersconference.com  
Date: Tue, Mar 8, 2011 at 11:30 AM

Dear Las Vegas Writers Conference,

I am writing to accept a Keynote invitation to speak at this year's Las Vegas Writers Conference in its intimacy. I have set aside plenty of one-on-one time with faculty and attendees. I can lead up to three expert panels in addition. Just tell me what you need. Let's be in touch and get started.

Thanks,  
*Fred Sasaki*

---

From: Fred Sasaki <fredsasaki@gmail.com>  
To: lasvegawritersconference@gmail.com  
Date: Thu, Mar 17, 2011 at 1:12 PM

Hi there,  
The conference is around the corner and I still haven't hear back. Hello?!

Thanks,  
*Fred*

---

**From:** Event Coordinator <lasvegaswritersconference@gmail.com>  
**To:** Fred Sasaki <fredsasaki@gmail.com>  
**Date:** Fri, Mar 18, 2011 at 1:59 AM

Fred,  
I'm sorry for not responding sooner. Our positions are full for this year's conference, but thank you for contacting us. We'll keep your information for future reference.

*Audrey Balzart  
Conference Coordinator  
Henderson Writers Group  
614 Mosswood Dr.  
Henderson, NV 89002  
www.hendersonwritersgroup.com  
www.lasvegaswritersconference.com*

---

**From:** Fred Sasaki <fredsasaki@gmail.com>  
**To:** Event Coordinator <lasvegaswritersconference@gmail.com>  
**Date:** Fri, Mar 18, 2011 at 9:36 AM

Hi Audrey,  
I accept your apology. But it's really no worry—I am so busy myself I can hardly take the time to respond. It's OK for me to share the keynote if whoever you have scheduled is being a nuisance about it. Please put us in touch if that's so. Generally I spotlight, but a shared stage is OK so long as you pay me more. I will put that in my contract. Do you handle that part?

We're booked for Saturday, April 17, 6pm. I'll of course be there all day handing out my writings. I am also keeping private one-on-one seminars in a van I've rented for the occasion, and after-hours multi-attention group talks in my hotel room. Sliding scale, of course. Everything is within reason. Let me know if you need my logo or photo. I assume you have my bio package.

Signing off,  
*Fred*

---

**From:** Event Coordinator <lasvegaswritersconference@gmail.com>  
**To:** Fred Sasaki <fredsasaki@gmail.com>  
**Date:** Fri, Mar 18, 2011 at 11:20 PM

Fred,  
I can only assume this is a joke, otherwise you do not understand. We have not asked you to speak—our positions are already full. If you have registered for the conference, then sit back and enjoy the sessions.

*Audrey*

---

**From:** Fred Sasaki <fredsasaki@gmail.com>  
**To:** Event Coordinator <lasvegaswritersconference@gmail.com>  
**Date:** Fri, Mar 18, 2011 at 11:44 PM

Hi Audrey,  
I do not understand, the notice does not have my name during the speaking spot. That may be my mistake but it doesn't seem like it. This does seem like a situation for a bullhorn, which I can hold by myself or with the aid of one person. It is quite large and yellow. I will forego a soapbox lest you have one at the conference center. A small riser will do, too. OK. This all sounds good. Thank you so much.

Best,  
*Fred*

---

**From:** Jo Wilkins <jo@nightfallpublications.com>  
**To:** Fred Sasaki <fredsasaki@gmail.com>  
**Date:** Sat, Mar 19, 2011 at 11:01 AM

Sir,  
I am not sure who you are, but you are definitely not on the faculty for our upcoming conference. You are not scheduled as a speaker of any kind. You are also not registered as an attendee for the event. Please understand that we sign our faculty and speakers a year in advance, and your name has never been mentioned to the board in regards to the 2011 conference. I hope this concludes this issue with you and that you understand our position.

*-Jo-  
You are corresponding with:  
Jo A. Wilkins  
President: Henderson Writers' Group  
Co-author of the 3 books in the Tyranny's series  
For more info on books go to tyrannysworlds.com*

From: Fred Sasaki <fredsasaki@gmail.com>  
To: Jo Wilkins <jo@nightfallpublications.com>  
Date: Sat, Mar 19, 2011 at 11:39 AM

-Jo-

I don't know what you're trying to pull over me here but it's no good. Take me off the faculty if you have to — that's your prerogative, you can do what you want to do — but it's uncalled for to unregister me from the event. Why am I no longer registered?! I'm having a logo made and stickers for the conference and everything. My flight is all booked up! When you mentioned my name to the board what did they say? Clearly they think you make a mistake?! You are making a big one! OK. Let's settle down. I'll forgive you this time but please don't test my good will. I hope this takes care of the issue with you and puts us back in action for the speaking interactions at the Las Vegas Writers Conference. You guys should really be better organized!

Great,  
Fred

From: Jo Wilkins <jo@nightfallpublications.com>  
To: Fred Sasaki <fredsasaki@gmail.com>  
Date: Sat, Mar 19, 2011 at 12:01 PM

I have looked through my database of registered attendees and I can assure you that your name does not appear, or has ever been, on the list. If you have a cancelled check that shows you paid for the conference or something from PayPal showing a registration please forward a copy to me so I can amend my records and I will register your name. If you received an invitation to be on the faculty please forward that email or copy of any material sent to you asking for your participation. If you have nothing to prove either, then we will consider this exchange at an end. You must understand that we have no idea who you are or why we should ask you to participate as a member of the faculty at all. We are and have been organized, and I repeat, we have no idea who you are.

-Jo-

From: Fred Sasaki <fredsasaki@gmail.com>  
To: Jo Wilkins <jo@nightfallpublications.com>  
Date: Sat, Mar 19, 2011 at 12:10 PM

-Jo-

I'm really at a loss here. You, too!  
Let's just sign me up and be done with it. All is forgiven. But seriously, we're going to have a chat when I get there. Do you know who I am?!

Fred

From: Jo Wilkins <jo@nightfallpublications.com>  
To: Fred Sasaki <fredsasaki@gmail.com>  
Date: Sat, Mar 19, 2011 at 12:27 PM

As our conference coordinator told you in her earlier emails, our faculty for this year is full and we have no room to sign up another speaker. So, we will not be signed as a faculty member. If you wish to register for the conference as an attendee, then you must pay the \$425.00 fee like all the other attendees have. You may pay by sending in a registration form or by going through the website and paying through PayPal. We, the board, will be glad to sit down and chat with you if you attend the conference, but we do not know who you are and until today I had never heard of you. Register for the conference if you like, but, I repeat, you are not on the faculty. And as to your earlier email, we do not and never have paid our faculty to speak at the conference.

-Jo-

From: Fred Sasaki <fredsasaki@gmail.com>  
To: Jo Wilkins <jo@nightfallpublications.com>  
Date: Sat, Mar 19, 2011 at 12:28 PM

Ok. I'm starting to see what happened here. Slip of the mixup. Just waive my registration fee and we'll be set. Even Steven as you say.

Thanks. I appreciate it.

Fred



From: Jo Wilkins <jo@nightfallpublications.com>  
To: Fred Sasaki <fredsasaki@gmail.com>  
Date: Sat, Mar 19, 2011 at 12:40 PM

No!. I, and all the officers pay to attend the conference so we can bring agents and publishers here to teach us and so we can show our work to them. It you want to attend the conference then you must pay the \$425.00 like all the other attendees. There are no free rides to the conference. I get this now. The other attendees are not responsible to pay for one person to wedge their way in on a made up pretext like you are putting forth. This is the last communication any member of the HWG will make with you. If you try to register it will be denied.

-Jo-

From: Jo Wilkins <jo@nightfallpublications.com>  
To: Fred Sasaki <fredsasaki@gmail.com>  
Date: Mon, Apr 11, 2011 at 12:57 PM

I have alerted the security at the hotel and you will not be allowed in to the conference. If you harass us any longer I will turn this over to the police and secure an attorney to see what other legal action we can take against you.

You are corresponding with:

*Jo A. Wilkins*

*Chief Executive Officer: Mystic Publishers*

*Co-author of the 3 books in the Tyranny's series*

*For more info on books go to [wwwhttp://www.tyrannysworlds.com](http://www.tyrannysworlds.com)*

From: Fred Sasaki <fredsasaki@gmail.com>  
To: Jo Wilkins <jo@nightfallpublications.com>  
Date: Sat, Mar 19, 2011 at 12:43 PM

Well I'm not going to let you ride on my coattails! This is a ludicrous offense! I'm going to soapbox all over the conference! I will expose your dirty underwear travesty! Unless you apologize, knave!

Look for my seminal van in the parking lot! With the bullhorn!  
*FS!*

From: Fred Sasaki <fredsasaki@gmail.com>  
To: Jo Wilkins <jo@nightfallpublications.com>  
Date: Mon, Apr 11, 2011 at 12:19 PM

Hi Jo,  
Look. Let's make up. I don't want a cloud hanging over us later this week when we meet for the writing and conferencing. You clearly don't know who I am and well let's fix that! We'll have appetizers or something. Sound good?

*Fred*

From: Fred Sasaki <fredsasaki@gmail.com>  
To: Jo Wilkins <jo@nightfallpublications.com>  
Date: Mon, Apr 11, 2011 at 3:58 PM

Hi Jo,

Well I am saddened to hear this. You have made me afraid and wanting to cry. I can't imagine what kind of legal action you want to take on me or why. We don't have to have appetizers. I meant that as a fig leaf, from me to you because of our disagreement over LVWC programming. I understand now that you'd prefer that I not help out the festivities. I don't think it is nice of you to threaten me like that when I am only trying to be a good writer. That is really not helpful at all. It is like a major Tyranny if you ask me. Now I see why you write the Tranny books and have a trannysworld.com website. To be quite honest I don't want my name affiliated with that at all. So please discontinue bullying me if you don't mind.

Thank you in advance.

*Fred*



---

## ADAM FARCUS

---

Adam Farcus currently lives in the East Garfield Park neighborhood of Chicago and has held an adjunct professor position at the University of St. Francis since 2009. His work has been exhibited at Gallery 400; University Galleries, Normal, IL; Hyde Park Arts Center; The Urban Institute for Contemporary Art, Grand Rapids; and the Bridge Art Fair, Miami. Adam received his M.F.A. from the University of Illinois at Chicago, B.F.A. from Illinois State University, and A.A. from Joliet Junior College.

The distance between two people could be said to be measured by time and space. However, in certain situations a more ethereal unit of measurement applies: un-understanding. Un-understanding is the blurred conception of someone, an idea which is not complete. It is found in a wide variety of interactions ranging from personal relationships, such as first impressions and romantic crushes, to discrete infatuations of star-gazing and voyeurism.

If our bodies are understood to represent our desired image of self, then our perceptions of each other must be informed by these embodiments. The basis for un-understanding, then, is often the result of a distanced, or mediated, projection of identity.

As a mirror projects the image of a person through the space between face and glass, it is my goal to create a sculpture that exemplifies the poetic nature of the un-understanding that characterizes the relationship between Paul Halupka and Jessica Cochran.

---

*Adam Farcus  
An Ocean Between Us, 2011  
conch shells and string*



---

## MICHAEL X. RYAN

---

Michael X. Ryan is a Chicago-based visual artist who creates drawings, mappings and wood reliefs that focus on patterns made or discovered while traveling to places lived and visited. Ryan's work has been exhibited widely in the United States and has been acquired by a number of collections in the United States and Europe.

For many years I was known in Chicago for Mapping or Diagraming my life and its movement in different locations, Chicago, New York, and Krems, Austria. For the exhibition, "This is Paul Halupka," I have asked Paul Halupka, the subject of the exhibition, to collaborate with me on the creation of:

1. Hand-drawn DIAGRAM that represents his life.  
(Paul has suggested following his long distance running routes and his bike routes to work, as a starting point.)
2. Create an Installation of Objects which in some way reflect his life.

I am interested in this project being a collaboration where the insights into Paul's life might bring out the need to observe and diagram my own current routes and pathways. I am also interested in the possibility of diagramming the current pathways that the curator of the exhibition Jessica Cochran is following. A triangle of connection you might say.

### Paul halupka date studies for timeline catagories – spring 2011

1949-1949-1950-1951-1952-1953-1954-1955-1956-1957-1958-1959-1960-1961-1962-1963-1964-1965-1966-1967-1968-1969-1970-1971-1972-1973-1974-1975-1976-1977-1978-1979-1980-1981-1982-1983-1984-1985-1986-1987-1988-1989-1990-1991-1992-1993-1994-1995-1996-1997-1998-1999-2000-2001-2002-2003-2004-2005-2006-2007-2008-2009-2010-2011-  
births of mother + father + shannon + nick + paul + pete  
1985-1986-1987-1988-1989-1990-1991-1992-1993-1994-1995-1996-1997-1998-1999-2000-2001-2002-2002-2003-2004-2005-2006-2006-2007-2008-2009-2010-2011-  
catholicism + searching/fluctuation + atheist/public service  
1985-1986-1987-1988-1989-1990-1991-1992-1993-1994-1995-1996-1997-1998-1999-2000-2001-2002-2002-2003-2004-2005-2006-2006-2007-2008-2009-2010-2011-  
eagle scout at 14

---

**BILL GUY**

---

**Bill Guy is a Chicago-based artist and holds an MFA from Columbia College Chicago. His work is in the permanent collections of the Cleveland Clinic, the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago, the Peggy Notebaert Nature Museum, and the Thoreau Society, along with other private collections. He is currently an adjunct professor of photography at both Columbia College Chicago and St. Xavier University, as well as a teaching artist at Gallery 37 Center for the Arts in the Advanced Arts Education Program.**

Paul Halupka is like a lot of men in their mid-twenties, but he is also completely unique. I want to visualize this duality in my photographs and suggest that everyone is interesting in his or her own right.

I see the photographs as a collaboration between myself and Paul. While I'm ultimately trying to make a good picture, I'm also using the medium of photography to try and get to know him. I came into the project with no expectations as to what my photographs would look like. What you see is a visual response to my conversations with Paul and the things that I've learned about him. I would pick the spot and then let Paul do as he wished in front of the camera.

Whether he's playing video games, running, or working at his computer, Paul is an active and lively person, which is one of the aspects that makes him unique. I use long exposures, attention to movement, and some digital compositing to try and emphasize this quality.



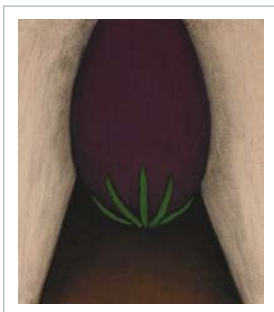
---

*Bill Guy  
Training at Winnemac Park, 2011  
Archival Inkjet Print*

---

**RYAN B. RICHEY**

**Mom puts me in a windowsill with a coloring book. I learn drawing by copying Garfield. College is a choice of Purdue or IU. Mom says, "Art is something you do on the weekends." I attend Purdue for accounting. Accounting is not going so well. I switch to Graphic Design. The SAIC is the number one art school in America according to US News. If I'm to be taken seriously I must go. The verdict is I use too much white, overpaint, and combine ten paintings into one. I quit making paintings. It's decided that my sculptures are props. I make small paintings.**



Hello Eggplant (project statement)

I Googled Paul and tried to friend him on Facebook (if it is him). Looking through Jessica's PDF, I was drawn to the picture of the performance he was involved in at Art Chicago. I know nakedness has been in art since the beginning of time; however it is still something I cannot get myself to do. It boils down to not wanting anyone to see my thing. Perhaps a trauma from public school locker rooms, I prefer stalls. Paul is quite brave to me. Unfortunately I didn't see his performance. All I've seen is a picture. I suppose what is obscured makes me the most curious. Jessica's invitation occurred one day after I received a text from my Dad. We like to share our personal stories with each other. It read: "Remind me to tell you about the time I broke my willy. It grew the size and color of an eggplant. Paw looked at it and said, "Doc, we better go up and have Doc Spence take a look!"

*Goodbye Eggplant (song)*  
*I like to pop my joints in the morning*  
*to relieve the pressure*  
*I bent it a little too hard to the left*  
*it grew to the size and color of an eggplant*  
*Paw, I think I broke it*  
*Doc, we better call Doc Spence*  
*Paw, I think I broke it*  
*Doc, we better call Doc Spence*  
*he told me I'd be big in Chicago*  
*I sold everything just to get there*  
*she asked me to sit for a second*  
*I became a performer*  
*I became an art star*  
*Doc, why are you hiding?*  
*you know I like to hide too*  
*in stalls*  
*behind clothes*  
*let's let it all go*  
*an eggplant will be our calling card*  
*Sunday morning it went back down*  
*I lost my eggplant*  
*I made another one*  
*I blew up a purple balloon*  
*Paw, I think I fixed it*  
*Doc, I think you lost your mind*  
*Paw, I think I fixed it*  
*Doc, I think you lost your mind*

---

*Ryan B. Richey*  
*Hello Eggplant, 2011*  
*Oil and Charcoal on Canvas*

---

## VIV CORRINGHAM

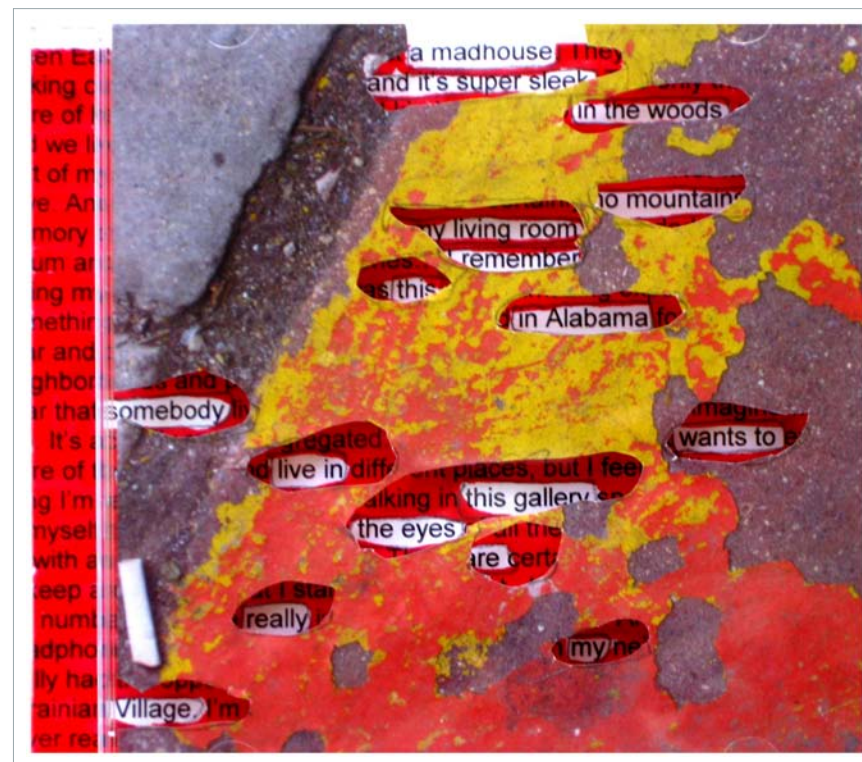
Viv Corringham is a British sound artist and vocalist, based in Minneapolis and London, who makes installations, performances and soundwalks. She is interested in exploring people's special relationship with familiar places and how that links to an interior landscape of personal history, memory and association. Her work has been presented extensively worldwide, including recent gallery shows in Portugal, Toronto, New York City, San Francisco and Istanbul.

"Walking With Paul Halupka" links to my ongoing Shadow-walks project, which combines listening and walking with vocal improvisation.

I asked Paul to take me on a walk that was personally meaningful for him. He chose the walk from home to a coffee shop, where he regularly spends several hours working at his laptop. As we walked, Paul told me about himself, his life and thoughts, and I recorded our conversation.

The next day I went back and walked the same route alone, attempting to get a sense of the place we had walked through and how it connects with Paul. Then I sang what I felt using wordless improvisations. The sound piece produced from this process integrates singing, narration and the sounds of the environment.

Accompanying the sound piece is related artwork based on photographs taken, objects found along the route, and words from our conversation.



---

Viv Corringham  
Case 9 (from *Walking with Paul Halupka: a sound installation*), 2011  
Collage, CD jewel case

---

## PAMELA BANNOS

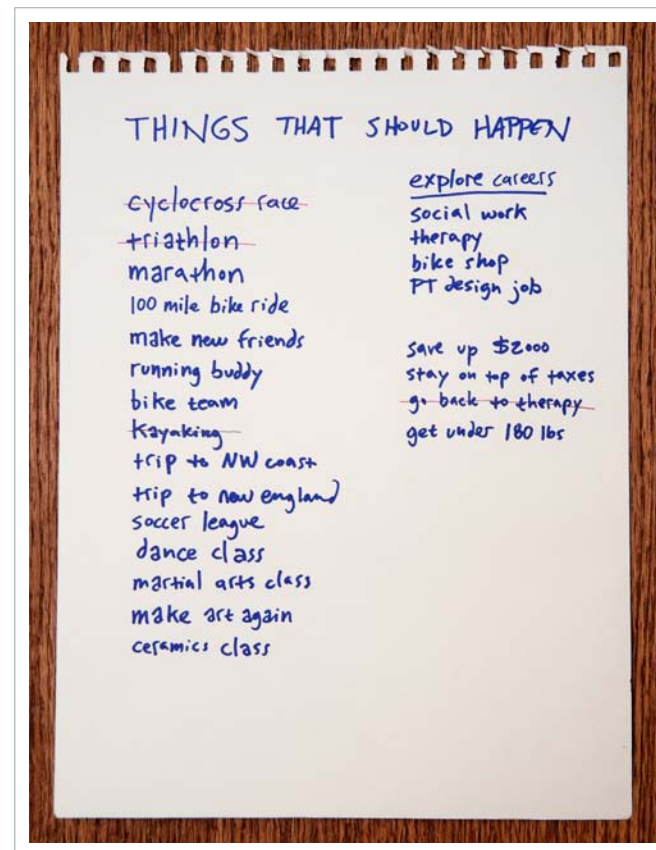
---

Pamela Bannos has exhibited her photo-based works nationally and internationally since the 1980s. Recent art activities veer in two directions: intensive projects that investigate the nature of visual representation; and the manipulation of found snapshots to introduce new meanings. Attracted to the line between truth and fiction, her site-specific installations, web-based and photographic works reveal an ongoing interest in how the past meets the present and the present re-interprets the past.



When I visited Paul Halupka at his home, I was struck with conflicting feelings of ease and discomfort. He welcomed me in to pore over his family snapshots, even though we had never met. While I studied and scanned the loosely piled chronicle of his childhood, he sipped tea in the next room. In a mid-1980s Polaroid at the top of the stack, a man resembling Paul presented a tiny infant to the camera. During the two hours that I scanned nearly sixty snapshots – witnessing the baby grow into a boy, then a young man – a handwritten list, titled, Things That Should Happen, continually diverted my attention. Taped casually on the inside of the front door, goals and desires were represented in blue, while red strikethroughs designated achievement. The man in the next room; the baby in his father's arms; the wishes and dreams. This is Paul Halupka.

*Pamela Bannos:  
Baby Paul and his Dad. Scanned and Altered Vintage Polaroid, 2011  
Archival Inkjet Print*



*Pamela Bannos:  
Paul Halupka's "Things That Should Happen" List, as of November 1, 2010  
Archival Inkjet Print*



---

**REGAN GOLDEN**

---



Since 2006 I have annually photographed a forest sandwiched between a subdivision and gravel pit on Minnechoag Mountain outside Boston. I am enthralled by the uncertain future and ambiguous status of this forest that is too small to be wilderness and too large to be a backyard. When I asked Paul if there were any forests like this in his life, he directed me to the woods behind the house where he grew-up in Harvest, Alabama. Once a sleepy town, Harvest is now a bustling suburb of Huntsville and only a small portion of the rambling woods Paul described remain. This forest is pocked with pools of water and spontaneous creeks, adding to its temporal quality. Like the woods on Minnechoag Mountain, this is a second-growth forest in which invasive species create dense undergrowth that makes the woods nearly impenetrable. I am struck by the precariousness of these woods despite their lush appearance.

**Regan Golden is an artist and critic in Chicago, IL. Recent exhibitions include “Pushing Paper” at Dominican University and “Vertical Currency” at the Rochester Art Center. Golden has received fellowships from the Core Program at the Museum of Fine Arts Houston and the Stone Summer Theory Institute at the Art Institute of Chicago, along with artist residencies at the Harvard Forest, Harold Arts and Ox-Bow. Golden earned her M.F.A from the University of Wisconsin—Milwaukee and a B.A. from Grinnell College.**



---

*opposite page bottom*

*Regan Golden  
Remnants are weighing down  
the tender bough, 2011  
digital C print*

*opposite page top*

*Regan Golden  
The Inverted Forest, 2011  
hand-cut digital C print*

*this page*

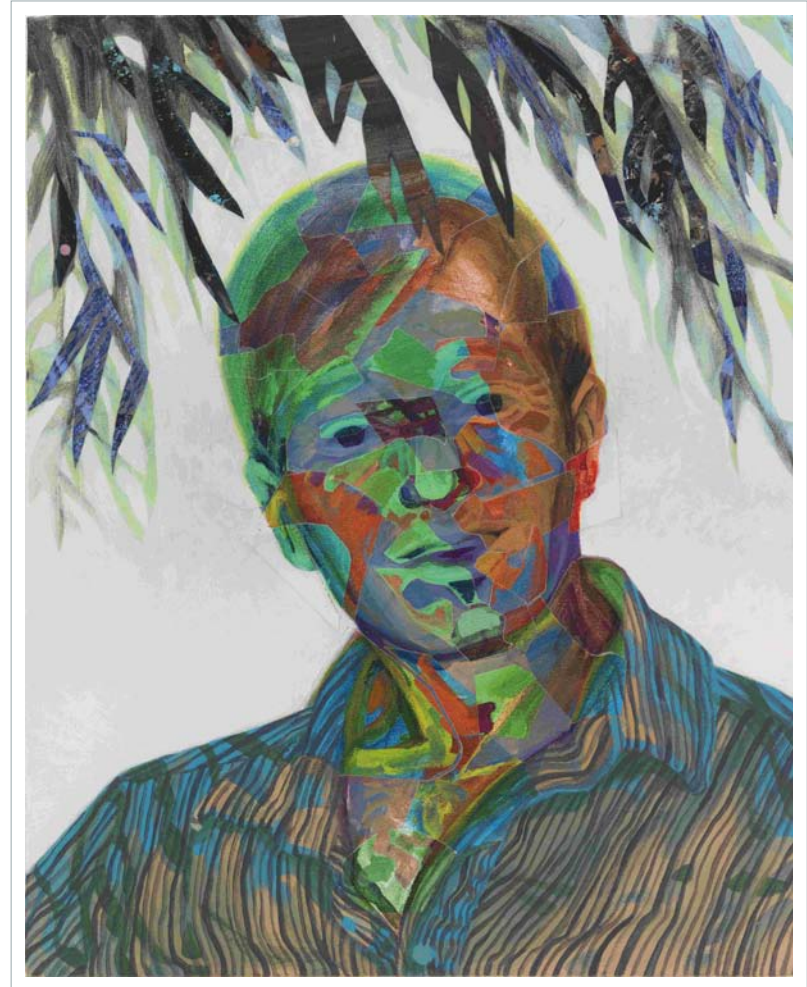
*Regan Golden  
We become entangled, 2011  
hand-cut digital C print*

---

## MARY LOU ZELAZNY

Mary Lou Zelazny has been an Adjunct Professor at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago for over twenty years. She has had numerous solo exhibitions since 1980, most recently a thirty year retrospective at the Hyde Park Art Center in 2009. She is represented by Carl Hammer Gallery in Chicago.

I was recently asked to donate a painting for a fundraiser, and the curator, given the choice between a landscape and a portrait, quickly declined the portrait, explaining that they sell poorly. It struck me as a bit ironic, awash as we are with images of heads in media of all kinds, and head obsessed with botox, cosmetics, and all the rest. Now Jessica Cochran invites us to pore over the head of a veritable non-entity in her exhibition, "This is Paul Halupka." Her idea returns us to a more primitive state, where skill in reading a face might be a matter of survival, or finding a fit mate. I did not want to paint this man from life or from a photograph, so Jessica gave me her thoughts and impressions, which I pieced together, much in the manner of producing a police composite. In so doing, I hope we will test the limits of language when it is translated into a concrete visual interpretation.



Mary Lou Zelazny  
*Anonym As Paul, 2011*  
Acrylic, collage, oil on canvas



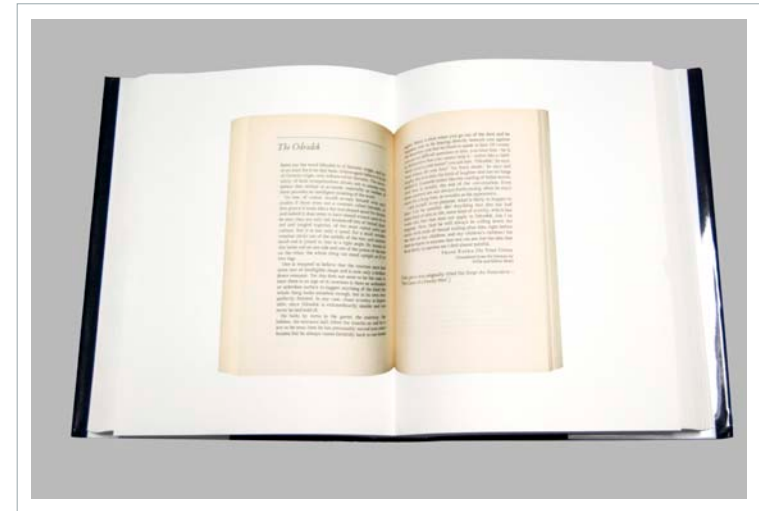
---

## DANIEL MELLIS

---

Daniel Mellis has an MFA in Interdisciplinary Art from Columbia College Chicago. He makes artist's books using a range of experimental printing techniques that explore the confrontations of history with the past, the poetry of philosophy, and the city and the built environment. His work has been exhibited nationally and is in the collections of Yale University, the School of the Art Institute, and the University of California, Berkeley, among others. He has degrees in mathematics from the University of Chicago and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

[Untitled] is a collaborative artist's book by Daniel Mellis and Paul Halupka. Inspired by a Jewish parable of symbolic communication, the book takes the form of an exchange of images of objects from the everyday lives of the artists.



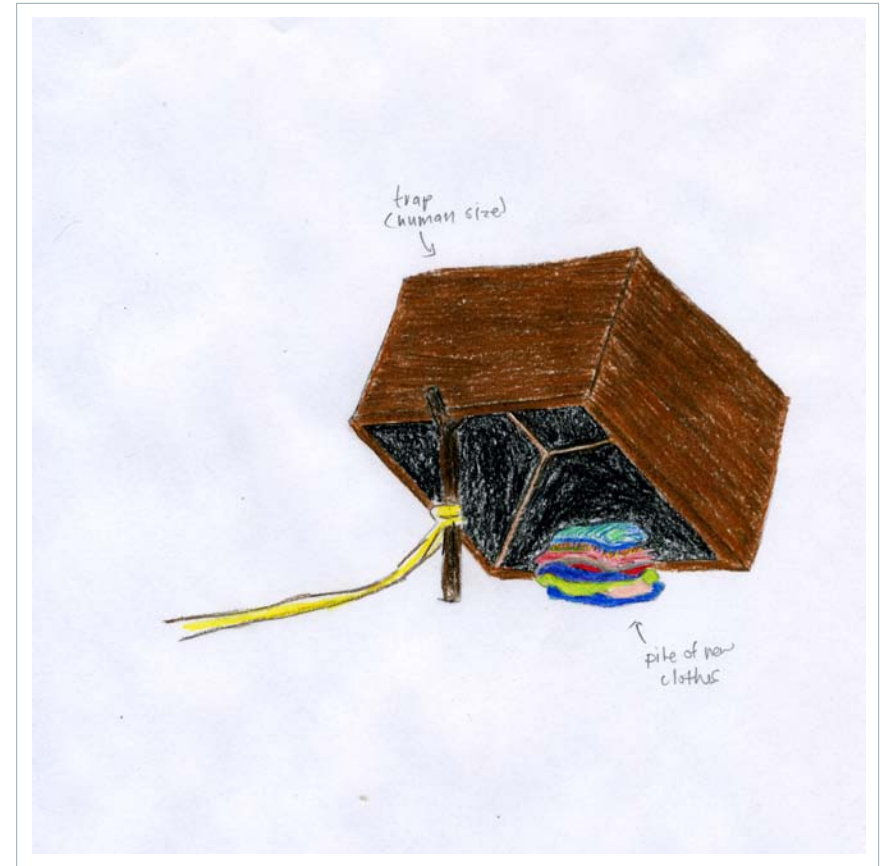
---

**ALLISON YASUKAWA**

In her studio practice, Allison Yasukawa explores themes of social encounter and the politics and performances of identity. She holds an MFA in Studio Arts from the University of Illinois at Chicago and a BA in Art and Integrated International Studies from Knox College. Her work has been shown at spaces including Gallery 400, Chicago; University Galleries, Normal, IL; and NEXT Art Fair, Chicago.

Ms. R was interested in Mr. L. She wanted to know him more but needed an excuse to justify dropping by his place. Since she didn't have an actual reason to see him, she did the next best thing—she made one up. Her excuse was not some sham errand or fabricated appointment; rather, she invented a person. Her (fictional) friend Spike was having a party down the street from Mr. L's apartment, so she “just happened” to be in the neighborhood, and...

We know these stories. They are the stories in which elaborate invention takes over; beating out more direct, and some would say more reasonable, ways of enacting the desire to know more about someone. It is in this spirit of eccentric enactment that this piece serves as a convoluted catalyst for a follow-up encounter between Paul Halupka and Jessica Cochran.



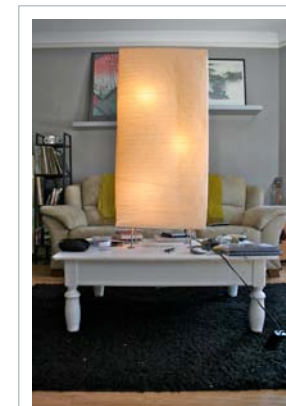
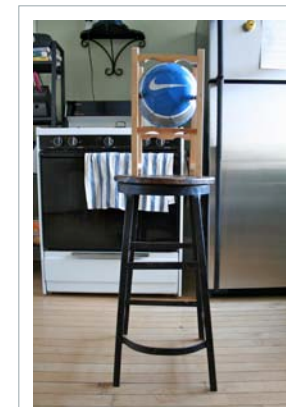
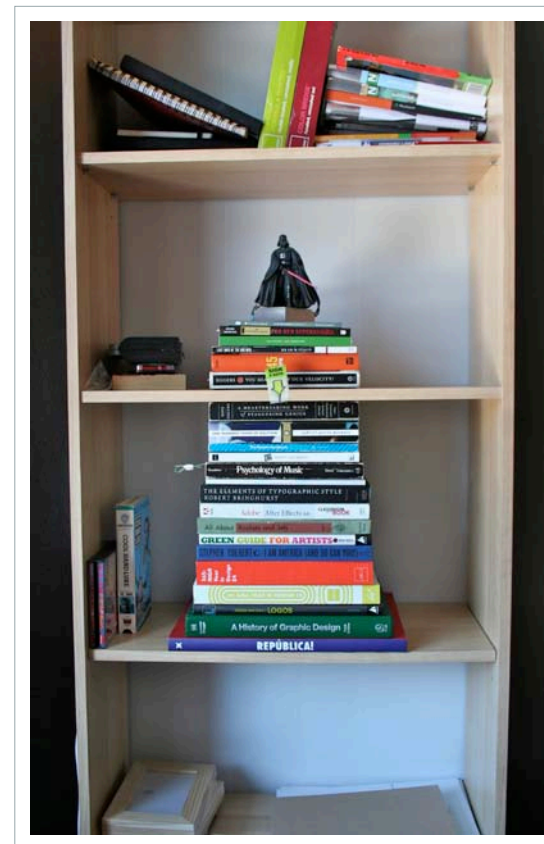
Allison Yasukawa  
Sketch for *How to Catch a Naked Man*, 2011  
colored pencil on paper

---

## ALBERTO AGUILAR

Alberto Aguilar (b. 1974 Chicago, Illinois) received his BFA and MFA from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. Currently he is instructor of studio art at Harold Washington College and coordinator of Pedestrian Project an art initiative dedicated to making art accessible to people from all walks of life. His current art practice merges all of his various roles in life and incorporates his exchange and interaction with others.

An exchange with Paul began through personal messages via Facebook. Through our correspondence we agreed to meet on February 4, 2011, days after the great blizzard. On that day we had an intense six hours of making art and getting to know one another. This began at his local café and continued at his apartment. Being familiar with Paul's guitar playing through video that he posted online I decided that I would incorporate this existing skill into our project. Using our correspondence as script we recorded a ten-minute song. This recording was then placed over a video of him playing guitar. Although both were made independent of one another there are moments where they sync up. Another aspect of this project is the domestic monuments made during the in between times of our recording. These are an arrangement of Paul's personal objects. Everything that was stated in our correspondence was fulfilled and are here now in this exhibition.



*left*

Alberto Aguilar  
*A Sound Foundation, 2011*  
digital print

*top right*

Alberto Aguilar  
*Elevate, 2011*  
digital print

*bottom right*

Alberto Aguilar  
*Light Wall Block, 2011*  
digital print

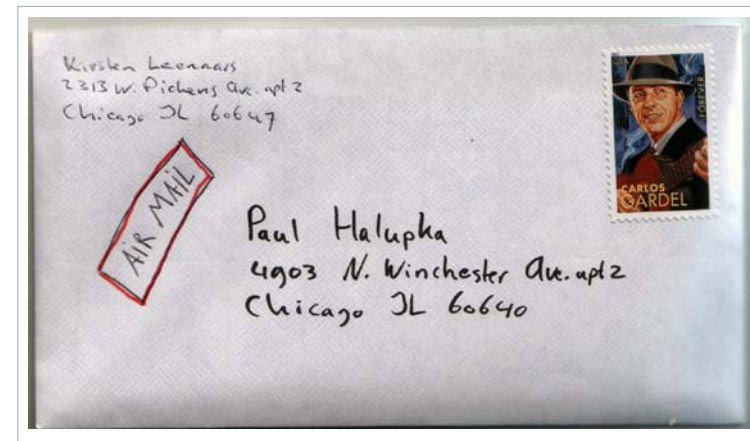
---

## KRISTEN LEENAARS

Born and educated in the Netherlands where she received her BFA in Sculpture and her MA degree with a focus on socially engaged art. She received her MFA degree in Studio Arts from UIC (Chicago) in 2007. She has shown with Three Walls, Chicago; IFFR, Rotterdam; Slow, Chicago; Gallery Stephan Stucki, Zurich; Poetry International Festival, Rotterdam; HotelMariaKapel, Hoorn; Traveling Tehran Biennale, Istanbul, New York; Contemporary Art Workshop, Chicago; LOOP Festival, Barcelona; Gallery 400, Chicago. She has collaborated the past year with Dan Peterman on the project Medicinal Landscapes (the Netherlands) and was involved with DePaul University College of Law (Chicago) to produce a work for the Iraq History Project. Leenaars will be attending the Banff Center in Canada for a residency in January 2011 and was part of the exhibition "Without You I am Nothing" at the MCA, Chicago.

Driven by an endless fascination for people, I am a collector of personal stories. Fascinated by the idea of the self as something constructed out of the narratives we create about our lives, I see the self as a perpetually rewritten story whereby we become the narrative we tell about ourselves. Using stories Paul chooses to share with me, I will rewrite them into imaginary micro-dramas about intimate relationships and subjective space. Thinking about portraiture and the creation of self-making narratives, I use no narrative pretext other than Paul. By creating my own, new narrative structures from borrowed material, I aim to question the viewer's own 'self making' narrative.

I will ask Paul to play himself in a video narrative I create. Allowing him to also make choices and bring his own interpretation of his part to the piece. Hence creating a space for idiosyncrasies and poetry to happen. Pushing the relationship between imagination and reality, between performance and authenticity.



---

*Kristen Leenaars  
Dear Paul, 2011*

## WORKS CITED

### *Curatorial Essay*

Dianna Frid, Floyd Collins, Cave Explorer, unique book, 1998. (fig. 1)

Boris Groys, "Self-Design and Aesthetic Responsibility," e-flux journal 7, June – August, 2009.

Tate Shaw, "To figure out what is happening: An Interview with Johanna Drucker," JAB: The Journal of Artists' Books 21, 2007.

Gregg Bordowitz, Volition, New York: Printed Matter, Inc., 2009



fig. 1

### *Guest Essay*

Sophie Calle, et al., Sophie Calle: Did You See Me?, Munich and London: Prestel, 2004.

Lydia Davis, The Collected Short Stories of Lydia Davis, New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2009.

Melissa Denes on Katy Grannan, "Our little secret," The Guardian (UK), Saturday, November 5, 2005.

Edward Earle, et al., Strangers: The First ICP Triennial of Photography and Video: New York: ICP/Steidl, 2003.

Knut Hamsun, Mysteries, New York: Farrar, Strauss and Giroux, 2006.

Ben Highmore, Everyday Life and Cultural Theory, London and New York: Routledge, 2002.

Henri LeFebvre, The Urban Revolution, Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2003.

MoMA P.S.1, The Talent Show, December 12, 2010 - April 4, 2011, curated by Peter Eeley.  
<http://ps1.org/exhibitions/view/318>. Accessed March 30, 2011.

Edgar Allan Poe, "The Man of the Crowd," Available online:  
<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/25525/25525-h/25525-h.htm>. Accessed March 31, 2011.

David Shields, Reality Hunger: A Manifesto, New York: Knopf, 2010.

Georg Simmel, The Sociology of Georg Simmel, New York: The Free Press, 1964.

