

## Lounging/Longing

Please read all suggestions and  
notes thoroughly before following  
through with anything.

### Suggestions

#### I

1 In the space, Nora Jones' *Painter Song* from her  
2 2002 album, *Come Away with Me*, should be  
3 playing. I'm aware that you might immediately  
4 think that following through with such a  
5 suggestion would obviously violate some form of  
6 copyright (or, at least, pose some type of  
7 insult/financial harm to Nora Jones herself) but,  
8 I can ensure (to be legal: I can ensure you beyond  
9 a reasonable doubt (what a phrase considering  
10 for me, and how I live, all doubts seem to be  
11 reasonable) that given the following suggestions,  
12 Nora Jones' work will be placed in a  
13 context/weaving that will transform the lyrics  
14 and melody into a separate work (that I may  
15 (with a decent amount of hesitation) call my  
16 own.) The song should be playing from some  
17 kind of speaker system – I think it should not be  
18 hidden in the ceiling (like an intercom  
19 communication system in a high school) but  
20 instead should be present within room so that  
21 people might identify exactly from where the  
22 sound is coming (somewhere central within the  
23 space would be preferable.) In addition to the  
24 Nora Jones' song playing on a loop, there should  
25 be some type of device that allows visitors to  
26 jump up and down (my thought is that the  
27 obvious answer to this suggestion would be to  
28 find some type of small trampoline but, I'm sure,  
29 upon further research, you might be able to find  
30 something more interesting (maybe moon-shoes  
31 could be an alternative.)) There should be  
32 enough of these devices to allow for multiple  
33 visitors (I would say around five to six) to  
34 simultaneously bounce at any given time (it is  
35 important (not critical, I think, but important  
36 nonetheless) that visitors have sufficient space to  
37 bounce and not interrupt or harm each other  
38 through accidental falling (I might suggest that  
39 you have some kind of warning on the wall that  
40 alerts visitors that they are bouncing at their own  
41 risk (I would like to say you should write the  
42 warning using some type of coded or mysterious  
43 language but I think that would be rather  
44 unprofessional.)

45 Actually, I have changed my mind; ignore all  
46 aspects about the bouncing visitors. I was  
47 nervous about writing it and after taking a  
48 moment to think about it, I have confirmed my  
49 gut feeling that this thought (about the bouncing  
50 visitors) is, in fact, a bad idea. (You can read in  
51 more detail why I think this is bad idea in the  
52 notes section of this booklet.)

53 There instead should be a small, single person  
54 trampoline within the space (ignore the above  
55 nonsense about devices and moon-shoes.) In  
56 addition, there should be two men within the room  
57 (this seems to have become a common occurrence in  
58 my works (a grouping of two that is.) I haven't fully  
59 decided how these two might interact with one  
60 another but hopefully that will be decided as this  
61 thing goes on. And now, some filler suggestions on  
62 these two people: they may be any age but I'd rather  
63 prefer if they were somewhere between the ages 30  
64 and 40 (I don't know why I like this age grouping  
65 and I won't get into it (i.e. you won't find an  
66 explanation in the notes section below.) These two  
67 men should be dressed casually, preferably in pairs of  
68 loose fitting blue jeans, a white t-shirt and black  
69 shoes (some words you can use to guide yourself  
70 while thinking about costume design: comfortable,  
71 relaxed, relatable, understated.) One man, I should  
72 call him *the painter*, should be in one part of the room  
73 near a wall. On the wall, there should be a large  
74 image (maybe around five feet by seven feet) of a  
75 screen shot of a Google image search using the key  
76 words: *constables clouds* (there should be no  
77 apostrophe as this is not about ownership (although  
78 not definitively.) The screen shot should be large  
79 enough to have the Google search bar (excluding any  
80 above tabs) and should include about 15 image  
81 results shown below the bar (this screen shot should  
82 not be provided and should be searched each time  
83 these suggestions are followed through (if Google no  
84 longer exist and thus an image search (and therefore  
85 a screen shot) cannot be gathered, do something  
86 else. Must we really expect a work to live on in  
87 perpetuity in the same form? Find a new way to  
88 collect a decent amount of images of clouds by  
89 constable (it really, I hope, shouldn't be that difficult  
90 (this is really showing that I had a difficult day at  
91 work, I'm sorry.)) Next to the printed image should  
92 be an easel and on it should be a canvas that is 18 x  
93 20 inches. This canvas should be primed with oil  
94 primer in advance (acrylic primer is fine if money  
95 and time are a concern.) In addition, a variety of  
96 paints and brushed should be supplied – there  
97 should be everything one might need to paint a  
98 landscape (this will be explained in detail below.) In  
99 another part of the room should be the other man  
100 who I should call *the bouncer*.

#### II

101 I will now go onto describe how these two men  
102 should interact with one another, the space, and, of  
103 course, the (guiding) words of Nora Jones. I have  
104 gone into much thought since I wrote the opening  
105 part of these suggestions and I realize now it doesn't  
106 make much sense to have the Nora Jones' song  
107 playing continuously. Instead, it should play in full  
108 every 30 minutes. The impotence/importance of this  
109 will be explained. During the 30 minutes while the  
110 song is not playing, *the painter* should be painting on  
111 the canvas (since this is the case, the man who you  
112 get to follow through with these suggestions as *the*  
113 *painter* should have some experience in landscape

114 painting so that he might be able to paint a  
 115 landscape from life/photography with some  
 116 amount of ease.) *The painter* should choose one of  
 117 the images of Constable's clouds (which will  
 118 probably be pixilated and distorted (a key feature  
 119 I'd like to think, but then again I'm not in such a  
 120 position to definitively say so.) The image should  
 121 be copied as precisely as possible (I want to say  
 122 we should be striving for an exact replica of the  
 123 printed image.) *The bouncer*, during the 30 minutes  
 124 without the soulful words of Nora Jones, should  
 125 be lounging in a chair somewhere in the room  
 126 (the lounge chair should be somewhere between a  
 127 Freudian chaise lounge and a foldable beach  
 128 lounge chair, the ones you can really spread out  
 129 on.) (The chair may also be a bit farther from the  
 130 other things in the space.) *The bouncer* should not  
 131 be doing much of anything except lounging (this  
 132 lounging, to some extent, should have a slight  
 133 inflection of longing (I'm not sure what that  
 134 means to be honest but I'm sure you might be  
 135 able to come up with something.) When the song  
 136 begins to play the two men should engage in a  
 137 new set of actions. *The painter* should signal to *the*  
 138 *bouncer* that the song is playing by moving over to  
 139 a chair in the room (the chair should be facing  
 140 the canvas (the kind of chair a painter uses to  
 141 look at his canvas, discerningly, from a distance.)  
 142 He should make a somewhat large noise scraping  
 143 the chair on the floor as he sits down to properly  
 144 signal to *the bouncer* that the song is playing (the  
 145 noise should be loud enough to alert *the bouncer*  
 146 but should be subtle enough so that an onlooker  
 147 would think the noise is only a natural sound that  
 148 happens as someone takes a seat.) (This noise of  
 149 the chair is mostly pointless ceremony of course  
 150 as *the bouncer* should obviously be aware that the  
 151 song is playing.) If *the bouncer* does not respond,  
 152 and if *the painter* believes *the bouncer* is sleeping  
 153 (which I very well permit him to do), *the painter*  
 154 may go over to *the bouncer* to alert him that the  
 155 song is playing. There should be no words  
 156 exchanged – *the painter* should only shake *the*  
 157 *bouncer* a little as a parent might wake a sleeping  
 158 kid for school (this simile should have no bearing  
 159 on any interpretation of the work. I mean that.  
 160 I'm not being facetious.) Regardless of how *the*  
 161 *bouncer* is alerted of the song, when he receives  
 162 the signal (whether by his own volition or  
 163 through *the painter*), he should move towards the  
 164 trampoline where he will bounce for the  
 165 remainder of the song (the tramline should not  
 166 be too far or close from *the painter* – the two men  
 167 should just be close enough so that someone  
 168 visiting might say "ah" as they realize that the  
 169 two men are in conversation (not literally) with  
 170 one another.) During this time, *the painter* should  
 171 sit in his chair and watch *the bouncer* casually. *The*  
 172 *bouncer*, in turn, should be looking at *the painter's*  
 173 *painting* of the image chosen from the large  
 174 poster. When the song ends, *the bouncer* should  
 175 return to lounging and *the painter* should return to  
 176 painting. (A suggestion I forgot: *the painter* should  
 177 occasionally look up from his canvas and take a

178 glance at *the bouncer*, this should be infrequent.) The  
 179 cycle should then repeat and they should enact these  
 180 actions again when the Nora Jones' *Painter Song*  
 181 begins again. This loop should be followed until the  
 182 *painter* has decided he has copied the image as closely  
 183 as he can. At that point, with *the painting* finished, the  
 184 work has finished, as I have no more suggestion as  
 185 for what to do (finished is not the right work but I  
 186 hope you can get what I mean.)

187 As a suggestion, the two men should be provided a  
 188 break (perhaps one to two hours.) During this time,  
 189 the cycle of 30 minutes of silence and then the song  
 190 should continue and nothing else should be changed.  
 191 If the men return while the Nora Jones' song is  
 192 playing, they should immediately start their actions  
 193 (*the bouncer* bouncing and *the painter* sitting) and  
 194 continue until the song ends (this probably won't  
 195 happen but I thought I'd clarify to avoid possible  
 196 confusion.)

## Notes

### I

#### On Talking about the Work

197 If these suggestions are followed through, my guess  
 198 is that you would be able call this work a *performance*.  
 199 I am not opposed to this and I would be okay with  
 200 you using the word to describe the work to the  
 201 public. I would also like to note that when none of  
 202 the men are in the room, the objects, I think, might  
 203 be considered *sculptures*. In addition, you can consider  
 204 this booklet part of the work, if you like. Lastly,  
 205 while the suggestions are being followed through and  
 206 the public can come and see it, you can call this an  
 207 *exhibition* of the work

#### On Timing

208 If you follow through the suggestions, I believe the  
 209 *performance* should take about one week. I don't think  
 210 it should take any less than this as I feel as though  
 211 that might be a waste (don't ask me to elaborate on  
 212 that.) If the time you have put aside for an *exhibition*  
 213 of the work is longer than a week, you may ask *the*  
 214 *painter* to paint *the painting* slower. You may also, to  
 215 fill up any time you may have allotted for an  
 216 *exhibition* of the work, just leave *the painting* on the  
 217 easel when it is finished and just invite the public in  
 218 to walk around and maybe guess as to what  
 219 happened (if you decide to do that, the Nora Jones'  
 220 loop should also be playing.)

#### On the Space

221 I have no specification on the space; do as you wish.  
 222 You only, I think, should have a room that you  
 223 might be able to lock at night – just to keep  
 224 everything safe, you know what I mean.

## On the Availability of the Booklet

This booklet should be available for the public to purchase. You can make a small profit off selling the booklet if you like, but this should be a very small profit. I imagine you should probably sell it for the same price as a gallon of almond milk.

## On the Painting

When *the painting* is finished and the *exhibition* is over, you may sell *the painting* as a piece of memorabilia of the *performance*. Bear in mind, however, that *the painting* is not a work of art – this is a condition *the painter* should agree when he decides it is okay with him to follow through the suggestions.

## On the Economics of the Work

In order to control the production of the work, only those with an authorized, editioned copy of these suggestions may follow through with these suggestions for the public for profit. I don't know exactly what I mean by this, but if you have one of the 20 certified editions of this booklet you may follow through with these suggestions and it will be certified as a work of art (whatever that entails.) This being the case, you might want to display your certified edition somewhere in the space, if you feel the need to (this is not a requirement by any means.) In addition, you should think of selling a certified edition of this booklet as a selling the work. (This booklet of suggestions will also be available digitally for free. I hope once I release it, it might circulate the Internet freely (I will not begin to think of a world without the Internet, sorry).)

## II

As a suggestion, what is said in this second set of notes shouldn't inform any interpretation of the work. I only really see these paragraphs as little things I want to share that have no connection to the work at all. You may even skip this portion if you like, it's no matter to me.

## On Nora Jones

I wanted to have *Painter Song* by Nora Jones play in the space first and foremost because my mother used to play the CD album *Come Away with Me* on our family stereo system throughout the early 2000's. The memory, now jumbled, distilled and totally artificial is of her playing the CD while I sit in front of the television playing a muted first-person shooter video game (the specifics of the game I can't remember.) So, firstly, the song (and Nora Jones in general) has the inflection, when I hear it, of childhood/maternal longing. Secondly, the song's accordion instrumental break has a certain

French feel for me (most definitely due my childhood fascination with movies that took place in Paris with their obligatory scene of Parisian man playing the accordion (this act always seemed a thing of pure joy and never much to do with money.) I was also born as an artist through these movies and innocently grasped onto Monet and Manet as my Parisian artistic idols (here too they still haunt me every time I hear the song.) I should also mention here the two-week trip I took to Paris as an undergraduate, of which the song reminds me. The first week of which I was totally alone in a Parisian heat wave in a delirious state attempting to sketch buildings while drinking a gallon of water a day to stay afloat (ha) (not to mention my lack of eating due to my embarrassment when face with constant questioning by Parisian servers as to why I was eating alone.) (The second week proved to be amazing, but that serves no relevance here, I think at least (except maybe its connection to Nora Jones's words on love/loveliness.)) Oh boy, this really is proving to be quite saccharine. Excuse it, if you like. If not, you're more than welcome to think of me empty, sentimental sack (it might prove to be true, anyway.)

## On the Central Location of the Speaker

I suggested this because I once had the experience of listening to music out of a speaker that was placed at the center of the room facing the ceiling. In the moment, I felt that the band might have been inside the speaker and I was listening to a live concert performed by a group of miniature musicians. I don't know if the same experience will be conveyed but I thought you could give it a try.

## Why Constable's Clouds

I once saw an exhibition of images of his painted clouds and I really like them. The exhibition only showed the images in open printed books next to a variety of tubes of oil paint that might have been the colors Constable used to make his paintings. The exhibition was fairly pointless except as if only to show you that Constable painted clouds and they he was fantastic at it. I don't have anything other than that to note (except maybe that the Nora Jones' song reminds me of the clouds.)

## On Why I Fear Having the Visitors Bounce on Trampolines is a Bad Idea

Fair warning: this note is a diatribe

Having the visitors bounce is a bad idea (according to me and the intuitive feeling I had) because it allows an aspect of participation in the work that I fear causes the work to become only an amusement park ride (this fear I mainly due to the fact that I had already devised in my head while beginning to write about the trampoline that the bouncing would yield in some form of token system that visitors could cash. In this scenario, the amount of token the

visitors received would depend on the number of bounces in a given time frame.) The thought of this as a bad idea came to me mostly, I think, because I recently saw a William Forsythe exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston (a larger discussion as to how ICA Boston has become an amusement park in itself (or, as Suhail Malik might say, a zoo of institutionalized anarchists) should be had but, I do not have the time nor space to dive into such a thought.) While I admire Forsythe's choreographic works (particularly when he contorts his body in such a way that its form becomes unknown/unfamiliar to us (kind of like when you see a drawing of a horse from the front), the large participatory work in the exhibition, and the sight of the gleeful participants engaging with/waiting to engage with them, left an uneasy feeling in my stomach (a euphemism meant to suggest I was angered and annoyed in a way I could not identify in the moment.) In retrospect, this was due, in part, to a comparison I was making between the advertisement/publicity images I have seen of the work and here/now reality of the work. These images of the exhibition showed a spectrum of ages engaging in a seemingly endless space of rings and ropes (the work I'm talking about here is *The Fact of Matter*, 2009.) The actual space was an overcrowded gallery with skid marks on the walls and a lingering smell of sweat. The was an unexpectedly small amount of rings and ropes and a lot of people who seemed too eager to engage in this jungle gym because in now that it was in the intellectual space of the gallery. (Perhaps I'm becoming far too cynical with this; maybe the work really did have something to it – even so, I'm too irritated, I think, to believe that.) It seems to me this comparison between representation and reality of the work/space became a representation for the false lure of participatory art. By this I mean participatory art's equation of the collapsing of the physical space between the viewer and the work with the collapsing of the space between the viewer and the essence of the work (the thought here is you gain from the embodiment and thus are in an infinite space of you and the work joined – this is the endless introspective heaven of the advertising/publicity images.) What you instead get is a dingy space of art where everything becomes overcrowded with thrill and sellable entertainment (I'd like to think this is the case with most large scale participatory art but I cannot really say anything close to that at all (actually this is all probably more about relational aesthetics but I don't have the energy to go back and edit it. Assume for this note I am equating, in some form, the word participatory art with large-scale relational aesthetics.)) In this space then, there is nothing to do at all but wait in line and take your turn with the thing. I might even say there is no space to move (or think) at all as it is already filled with the prospect of joy

and entertainment (I see nothing wrong with joy and entertainment. What I mean to convey here is that there is no endless space but only the overcrowded space of a Chuck E. Cheese's.) Of course, someone has said something very similar much better but, my point here is not to perform art criticism on participatory art but, really instead just to say why I think my thought on having people bounce is a bad idea. And, by the way (if you couldn't tell already), most of this is being written out of fear anyway. Returning to my own bad idea, it was with maybe the hope of overcoming this perceived shortcoming of participatory art in my own work that I thought about having visitors bounce on trampolines but, I then realized, I am in no state of mind to take on such a challenge (I don't drink enough water or exercise enough so I really wouldn't be able to take this on. At least not now.) My own work then, when I finally looked at it from a distance would be nothing but children laughing and people bouncing on trampolines (I don't really know if this would be the case but the fear alone of this happening was more than enough to stop me from following through with the line of thought any further.) To be clear, I don't hate trampolines, nor do I dislike happy people, especially not happy children (I too find myself to be happy most of the time), however, I do not want my work to have in it these happy people bouncing on trampolines.

I realize this note, due to my hasty thoughts on art, is now filled with what might be seen as a lot of self-disclosure (you might say intellectual vulnerability.) You might perceive this as some kind of intellectual prowess (and if you didn't, my use of the phrase "intellectual prowess" might now lead you to believe so) but I assure you that I am only trying to fill space so that (a.) this section reaches the bottom of the column, resulting in a sleek looking design (of course, as you can see, I wasn't able to do so) and (b.) so that when someone lifts up this booklet, they might be impressed with its length given then small type point (so maybe it is all about intellectual insecurity after all.)

(Also, as a side note, I don't know how I fell about talking about "the space" between the work and the viewer. But, I took a risk (if you could call it such a thing.)