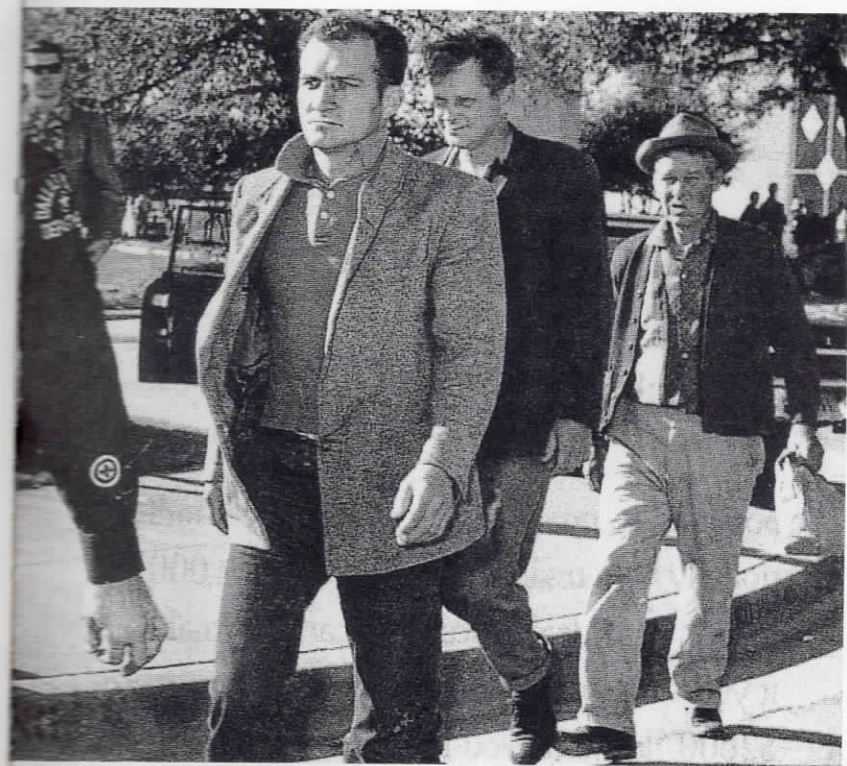


ROCK SUCKS DISKO SUCKS





John Miller · daadgalerie Berlin · 4. April — 3. Mai 1992

Special thanks to Bruno Brunnet for showing the second part of this exhibition (Bruno Brunnet Fine Arts, 4-25 April, 1992) and for coordinating production of this catalogue.

Herausgeber/Publisher:

DAAD Berliner Künstlerprogramm

Direktor Joachim Sartorius

Kataloggestaltung/Catalogue Design:

John Miller & Frank Lutz in der SupportAgentur

Redaktion/Editing: Inge Lindemann, John Miller

Fotografien/Photography: Jochen Littkemann

Übersetzung/Translation:

H. U. Davitt (aus dem Englischen/from English)

David Britt (aus dem Deutschen/from German)

Tee und Sympathie/Tea and Sympathy:

Colin de Land

Satz: SupportAgentur aus der Adobe Garamond und

Monotype Rockwell

Lithos: Peter Decker

Druck/Printer: Oktoberdruck (alle Berlin)

© 1992 DAAD Berlin, Autoren/Authors, Fotografen/Photographers

ISBN 3-89357-035-7

Inhalt / Contents

Dennis Cooper, Casey McKinney <i>John Miller</i>	7
Isabelle Graw <i>Kein Geschenk ist umsonst</i>	10
Nancy Spector <i>More Shitty Art</i>	13
Abbildungen / Reproductions	17
Übersetzungen / Translations	49
Verzeichnis der Abbildungen / Index of Works	60
Biographie / Biography	64
Bibliographie / Bibliography	68

John Miller

Dennis Cooper and Casey McKinney

With the slow, ongoing decay of North America's famed art world, artists thought to be major only three or four years ago, specifically for the hermeticism of their concerns, are slipsiding down critics' best-of lists into historically notable but irrelevant positions while artists whose work foregrounds more populist concerns, often at the expense of the precious object, begin to dominate discussion. Like Mike Kelley, Charles Ray, Jim Shaw, and other quasi-populists, John Miller gradually found a fanatical cult audience in the nooks and crannies of the art world, and the recent upsurge of interest in his work among mainstream critics and institutions is gratifying, even if it leaves longtime admirers like myself at something of a loss to pinpoint his art's exact, contemporary meaning now that it fits at least tentatively into a system which it formerly struggled through with all its might, and whose unsupportiveness both interfered with and was in collusion with its powers.

Rather than posit a sincere if necessarily tentative fan letter, I decided to consult someone whose interest in art is completely uncolored by the opinions that created and maintained the art world hierarchy now in collapse.

Casey McKinney, 18, is a young writer who recently quit New York's leftist university The New School in order to complete a visionary novel-in-progress. Currently enrolled in a private workshop I'm teaching, McKinney has a sharp, refractive, stunned-seeming intelligence that, in his fiction, mines transcendent implications both from his own rocky personal history and from the sorts of cultural icons that almost preternaturally interest bright, rebellious teenagers: drugs, Burroughs, existentialism, pop music... Not long after receiving this assignment to write on Miller's new work, I watched McKinney dazzle our workshop with a precocious essay comparing the acts of writing and defecation. Struck, I approached him with the idea of this collaboration,

curious as to what he'd make of Miller's careful study of the abject, and, more specifically, how the artist's study reads to someone unconcerned with the gallery/collector/museum portions of contemporary art's target. He writes:

John Miller's sculptures, if indeed they have been sculpted and not vacuumed out of a public bathroom stall after a football game, then to be ejected, reeking in the sun, left to harden, waiting for children to make pies, figures, and castles out of the brown matter, evoke a comforting sense of catastrophe; volcanos, mudslides, nuclear holocaust, a child's toy oven gone awry – Miller is baking a belligerent feast of Chinese chocolate candy architecture. The pieces that I have been acquainted with, some of Miller's newest, appear to revolve around the same theme: that of life after conquest, or better yet, conquered life, frozen and antiquated. Images of beauty, caked in molten excrement. Innocent objects like a plastic doll, or a small town farm anchored around a still lake, weighted with globs of styrofoam and papier mache, are layed barren by Miller's brush of acrylic brown.

One evening during the period when McKinney was at work on this essay, I took him and another young writer, Mitchell Watkins, to the opening of *Helter Skelter: LA Art In the 90s*, the first exhibition at Los Angeles' Museum of Contemporary Art by its relatively new curator Paul Schimmel. The show attempts to locate a common transgressive aesthetic among younger local artists to offset the international impression of West Coast art as being largely concerned with issues of light and space. Kelley, Ray, and Shaw are in the show, along with Chris Burden, Nancy Rubin, Lari Pittman, Liz Larner and others. In attempting to fashion a memorable event out of the opening, Schimmel sent out almost ten thousand invitations, and that night the crowd of attendees was so vast and unruly that parts of the

museum had to be shut down by fire marshalls for fear the floors might collapse. At one point McKinney, Watkins, and I were separated in the throng, and when I found them again, they were climbing on (and inadvertently causing serious damage to) Larner's sculpture of crisscrossing, tautly strung chains, because, as McKinney explained later, the piece seemed so utterly empty of meaning that they assumed it must be interactive in nature, a kind of artsy jungle gym.

The piece *Woodland*, in some odd way, reminds me of a neighborhood in Cleveland, Ohio, a dirty little factory metropolis in the U.S.; and yet, the piece has other dimensions that could make the muddy looking town an anachronism. The tri-plane centrifugal base has a space-age feel. Concordantly, the town has the atmosphere of an Old World rural setting – small farm houses and an ominous church radiating from a glassy (actually a mirror) lake. The town has the factors that are normally associated with a typical lively small town – the church, the quaint dwellings. However, the scene is totally absent of life, because of the coating of ... molten rock? – mud? – shit? – nuclear fallout? It is a fossilized moment in history. A spinning time-capsule satellite, revolving around a long deceased planet.

Lowrise produces a similar effect. However, the images are more harrowing. Instead of the orbiting structure that *Woodland* exhibits, the foundation of plastic buckets tends to suggest a planted, more stationary object, such as a monument. Wasted trees and charred skeletal figures, deadened on the summit, the image responds to a scene resulting from a sort of napalm orgy. The oil pump stands as the cause of this pyrogenous display, and 60's-style moderne houses, symbols of hopeful middle-class progress, are sealed in the wake of jet bombers.



Lowrise, 1992

From "Shitty Writing" by Casey McKinney:

Writing takes no cognition. When I try to make a plan for my writing it goes nowhere. It gets constipated. A good writer needs a different metabolism than the average person. An endorphin enema. I can't say what I want to do in writing. I don't want to change the world. If I set out to do that I will only shit on myself. I suppose the professed outcome is a writing that when picked up, will slip in the hands and reek of glycerine, will be digested with the soothing flavor of the belladonna lily... I want to make people shit their brains out and die quivering, choking on their own coughed up excrement, while sitting on the john, so that when the paramedics arrive, the only evidence to be found will be my harmless little book.

In *Dick/Jane* and *California Blues* Miller uses a doll's head as the basis for his sculptures. The dolls are the subject of idolatry. Both stand as possible modern versions of the Summerian goddess of fertility. However, their youth, and brickish entombment, demonstrate the notion of taboo for such worship. A would-be nightmare for Nabokov's Humbert Humbert – a *Lolita* with an inaccessible cherry. *Dick Jane* appears as if it could have been molded in the

garden of an innocent child's backyard. *California Blues* has the semblance of an Asian temple, crafted by the sweat of multitudes, and worshipped by the illiterate and impotent.

We Drank Some Cokes and Beat Our Toys into Ploughshares. Interesting title. Could be the title of a movie depicting another Russian Revolution; Eastern Europe goes back to Communism when capitalism begins fucking things up. The plastic armor may symbolize yeomanly childlike aggression, fueled by caffeine. This weaponry, medieval and yet plastic, set beside aluminium cans, plays with material and time. Definitely, there are warlike overtones, but because of the introduction of the Coca Cola Corporation, the war becomes a modern war of addiction.

One afternoon about a week before his mini-essay was due on my desk, McKinney seemed distracted and forlorn, and he confessed that while Miller's work excited and interested him, he knew enough about the art world to know that contemporary work tended to have a secret agenda that spoke strictly to those in-the-know. He wondered if merely transcribing his poetic response might not only make him seem foolish but do a disservice to Miller, making the work seem more naive than it was. I reassured him that other essays surrounding ours would certainly explore Miller's post-conceptual leaning, but that, if he wished, he could introduce in his own way the fact that the work had an intention he felt incapable of – and disinterested in – exploring. When he delivered the final piece of writing to me, he said he had hidden his own secret criticism of the art world within this appreciation of Miller. I think I found it. Can you?

The Office Party and the Communist Party, a more obvious title that could have served the purposes of *Ploughshares* as well. However, the

piece itself is more submerged, in searching for a more profound definition. The plastic food and Coke cans seem to be the aftermath of the American *coup d'état* in Communist Europe. There exists a sense of satire. Gluttony on both ends of the spectrum.

Miller's work is on the verge of being depressing. But the temptation of this thought is always uplifted by the wit and satire of his common brown overtones. His work does not exhibit life in itself, but rather the cessation of life, and rather carefully preserved. Crafted images with just the right amount of preservatives. M.S.G. adding flavor, but leaving one with a headache, this the effect that Miller produces in his sculptures.

Dennis Cooper's latest book Wrong was published in 1992.

Casey McKinney is a young writer who lives in Los Angeles.

More Shitty Art

Nancy Spector

Art and excrement – not a preposterous pair – have been linked before, many times, in fact. The flagrant scatological character of John Miller's work shares a unique art-historical legacy, the most notorious proponent of which, Piero Manzoni, actually canned his own shit. In 1961, the Italian *enfant terrible* signed and numbered ninety little tins containing thirty grams of *Merda d'artista*, and sold them as an artist's multiple for the equivalent of the day's price of gold. This action demonstrated the salient cultural/economic critique at the heart of Manzoni's strange and elusive art.¹ Manifest in *Artist's Shit* is a sardonic analysis of the artist's relation to his own means of production and the collision between aesthetic value and exchange value. By ironically eliding the separation between artist and art object, Manzoni demystified the explicitly modernist belief that artistic labor is non-alienated labor. He recognized that the aesthetic object – and by extension, the celebrity artist – became, like anything else in postwar, capitalist economy, a reified commodity. Manzoni's brilliant equation between money, art, and excrement recalls and amplifies yet another art-historical reference to shit, Marcel Duchamp's 1914 formulaic definition of art: "*Arrhe est à art ce que merdre est à merde.*"²

For Miller, the art work and the desired commodity have always been inextricably connected. During the 1980s, when many artists – such as Haim Steinbach and Jeff Koons – recuperated the Readymade to expose the disintegration of boundaries between artistic production, reception, and the market, Miller went straight for the fetishistic quality of the aesthetic object. He encased kitschstatuettes, three-dimensional landscapes of miniature suburban homes, and world globes in viscous brown paint that resembles shit, and nothing else but shit. These irksome sculptures, along with similarly encrusted wall-reliefs and brown-smear mirrors, embody a conver-



Manzoni with his Merda d'artista

gence of both the Freudian and the Marxist understandings of the fetish as a substitute for some fundamental (sexual or economic) lack. In a study of infantile anal-eroticism, Sigmund Freud argued that feces – perceived by the child to be his or her personal property – becomes a private symbol of empowerment: it can either be bestowed upon others as a gift or retained in an act of passive aggression. Elsewhere, he asserted that when repressed, an infant's fascination with his or her own excrement will eventually re-emerge as a displaced obsession with more socially acceptable items – namely, money.³ In Marxist theory, the fetishized status of the commodity in a capitalist economy results from the estrangement between laborers and the goods they produce. What ensues from this division is the subordination of men and women to the products of their labor, which then assume seemingly independent, abstract, and "magical" qualities thought capable of providing happiness and fulfillment. As fetish, the commodified art object – here exemplified by Miller's aestheticized shit – takes on a value that far exceeds its material reality.

Though the idea of ersatz excrement as an artist's signature media is positively repugnant, in

Miller's case it serves to illustrate certain cultural and economic realities. Once understood as an aesthetic language, as a visual manifestation of the artist's theoretical concerns, the shit-like substance of the work becomes practically innocuous. Miller's shit is merely a discursive tool; as vocabulary, it isn't nearly as offensive as the matter it simulates. To this end, Roland Barthes commented on the benign quality of language in his discussion of the eminent libertine Marquis de Sade. He claimed that Sade's language (and language per se) has "this property of denying, ignoring, dissociating reality..." "When written," Barthes continued, "shit does not have an odor; Sade can inundate his partners in it, we receive not the slightest whiff, only the abstract sign of something unpleasant."⁴

Such an analysis of Miller's material is not meant to repudiate the provocative nature of his art, but rather to look beyond the shit and locate meaning elsewhere. What offends in Miller's work – I use the term "offend" here in the most complimentary fashion, in reference to the abrasiveness of the avant-garde – is its utter banality. Miller dares to be vulgar; he flaunts bad taste, makes seemingly insipid jokes and feeble puns, and constructs the most garish sculptural assemblages. For example, take *Dick/Jane* (1991) – a child's brown-skinned, blonde-headed doll embedded in a mound of brown sludge. Its title operates on a number of levels, one more inane than the next. The names Dick and Jane (as ubiquitous in America as Jack and Jill) refer to those nice white children in kindergarten reading primers: "See Dick run. Run, Dick, run." Dick-Jane is also a German-English pun that corresponds to Miller's farcical sculpture of a plump little girl: dicke-Jane translates roughly as thick or fat Jane. Additionally, dick can be read as a verb: in English "to dick Jane" implies fornication in the crudest sense. "See Dick come. Come, Dick, come." One



*Gourmet food displays
in the Kaufhaus des
Westens*

can even argue, if using a psychoanalytic approach, that the phallic form of the sculpture, in conjunction with its title "Dick (penis) Jane," illustrates the theory that the infamous missing part – the lack – is inscribed on Woman's body by castration-anxiety-ridden man. Can this mundane, seemingly trivial sculpture really signify the Lacanian notion that Woman, who does not possess the phallus, is the phallus?

As evidenced above, Miller's visual/verbal pranks cannot be simply dismissed as uncouth entertainment; significant content lies beneath their tawdry surfaces. A recent wall-relief, *The Office Party and the Communist Party* – a densely packed accumulation of sundry plastic food items, tiny model homes, and human figures – reads as an acerbic reference to contemporary, post-wall life in Berlin. The abundant accretion of edibles – lobster, fish, Bavarian pretzel, sausages, pineapple, bananas, and so on – evokes images of the renowned sixth floor of Berlin's KaDeWe (*Kaufhaus des Westens*/Department Store of the West) on which is found a delirious array of food: 500 different kinds of bread, 1000 varieties of *Wurst*, and 1500 types of cheese. Shoppers can sip champagne while eating oysters on the half-shell after purchasing their household wares or that new pair of shoes. If oysters don't satisfy the appetite, there are salad bars, pastry counters, confectioneries, omelette stations, delicatessen areas, and the like. This gastronomical orgy reads as a hallucination of excess, particularly when glimpsed against the bleak, dispossessed urban landscape of the East. Though the Communist "party" is



over and the office party continues, it is painfully apparent – to extend Miller's metaphor – that the goods are not being distributed to those outside the insulated "office"

Interpretations aside, Miller's humor is often relentlessly adolescent and his style unabashedly crass; the work aspires to the lowest of realms, where the ideals of high culture (let alone mass culture) seem distant and elevated. His art is so naughty, that it is Camp. And in accordance with Susan Sontag's definition of the phenomenon, Miller's work "turns its back on the good-bad axis of ordinary aesthetic judgement... [and offers] for art (and life) a different – a supplementary – set of standards."⁵ Sontag's understanding of Camp sensibility – as a playful posturing that acknowledges, but does not judge, the theatrical or contrived nature of culture – provides a key to Miller's nasty art. "Camp," she explained, "sees everything in quotation marks. It's not a lamp, but a 'lamp;' not a woman, but a 'woman.'"⁶ The same applies to Miller's work: the gooey brown sculptures are "sculpture," the bulky, object-laden brown paintings are "paintings." As an artist, Miller is a *poseur*, a modern-day dandy, who revels in the coarseness of mass culture by imitating aspects of the base and playing with the conventions of representation. Comparing the 19th-century dandy to today's version, Sontag wrote: "The new-style dandy, the lover of Camp, appreciates vulgarity... the [old-style] dandy held a perfumed handkerchief to his nostrils and was liable to swoon; the connoisseur of Camp sniffs the stink and prides himself on his strong nerves."⁷

What more appropriate analogy to Miller's subversive and lewd, yet engaging art could one hope to find?

Nancy Spector is Associate Curator of the Guggenheim Museum, New York.

1 I discuss the proto-postmodernist aspects of Manzoni's art in "A Temporary Blindness: Piero Manzoni and America," in Germano Celant, ed. *Piero Manzoni*, exhibition catalogue, Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, 1991. Some of these ideas are readdressed here.

2 *Les arrhes*, a plural French noun meaning down payment is homophonic with the French noun *art*; a rough translation would read, "money is to art as shit is to shit." See "La boîte de 1914," in Marcel Duchamp, *Duchamp du signe*, edited by M. Sanouillet in collaboration with E. Peterson, Paris: Flammarion, 1975, p. 37.

3 This observation was recounted in Jean Pierre Crique, "Piero Manzoni and his Left-Over," in Celant, 1991, p. 23. Freud made this assertion in his 1913 "Preface to [John G.] Bourke's 'Scatologic Rites of All Nations,'" in *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*, XII, London: The Hogarth Press, 1953, pp. 333–337.

4 Roland Barthes, *Sade, Fourier, Loyola*, translated by Richard Miller, New York: Hill and Wang, 1976, p. 137.

5 Susan Sontag, "Notes on 'Camp,'" in *Against Interpretation and Other Essays*, New York: Delta, 1978, p. 286.

6 *Ibid.*, p. 280.

7 *Ibid.*, p. 289.



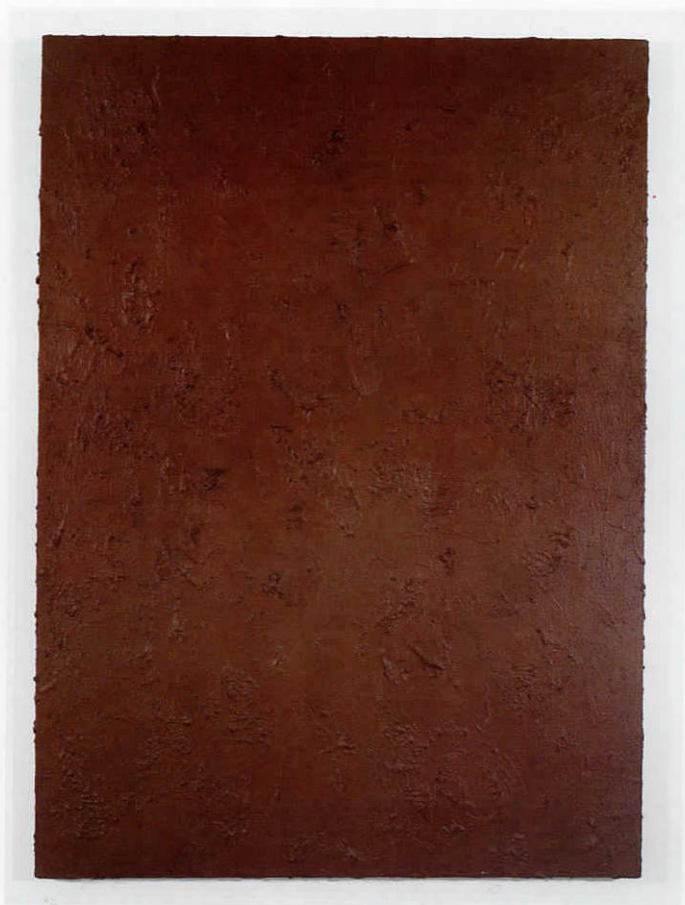
Ohne Titel/Untitled (1983)



Restless Stillness (1991)



Work Hard/Play Hard (1992)



Ohne Titel/Untitled (1989)



The Hegemony of the Image (1991)



Raum NRW-BRD: Extremendenlegionär, 22 sucht spermagile und blasfreudige Fickstuten, deren Fortzen schon beim Lesen der Anzeige klatschnaß werden. Alter und Aussehen zweitrangig. Sympathie und Charakter entscheiden. Ficke auch gerne auf der Toilette, in der Telefonzelle, im Fahrstuhl, Freibad usw. Ohne finanzielle Interessen. Sauberkeit und 100%ige Diskretion gewährleistet. Bitte schreibt schnell, denn mein Kolben läuft schon heiß! Rückporto und evtl. Bild = garantierte Antwort! HT 424/9247

The Hegemony of the Image (1991)



The Office Party and the Communist Party (1991)



Ohne Titel/Untitled (1987)



Installation (1990)



Dick/Jane (1991)



The Hegemony of the Image (1991)

Italien, USA, Südamerika – das sind die Stationen meiner nächsten Jahre als international renommierter Künstler (Musiker), und ich möchte dieses aufregende Leben nicht mehr für mich allein haben, sondern es mit einer jungen, intelligenten und neugierigen Frau teilen. Sie sollte alles künstlerische mögen: Musik, Literatur, bildende Kunst, aber auch Natur und das Leben in den großen Städten der Welt. Sie sollte ein interessantes Gesicht und einen schlanken, frischen Körper haben, alles Neue lieben und den Komfort einer Globetrotter-Existenz. Vielleicht ist sie Studentin oder Berufsanfängerin aus Kunst oder Wissenschaft, die die Welt und eine starke, inspirierende Persönlichkeit erfahren möchte. Sie trifft auf einen wesentlich älteren, gutaussehenden Mann (1,80/80), heiter, intelligent, genussfreudig und großzügig. Aussagekräftige Bildzuschrift unter ZS 1563 DIE ZEIT, Postfach 10 68 20, 2000 Hamburg 1



Work in Progress (1992)



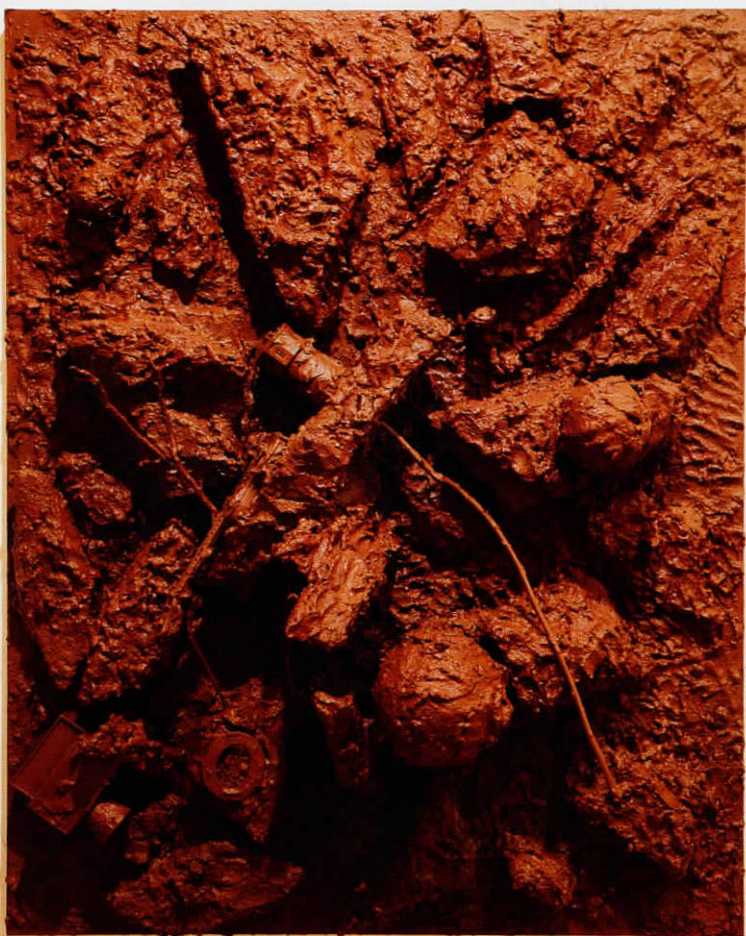
Ohne Titel/Untitled (1988)



We Drank Some Cokes and Beat Our Toys Into Ploughshares (1991)



Would You Mind a Reflecting Sign? (1989)



Ohne Titel/Untitled (1990)



Idyll (1990)



Installation (1990)



Transylvania Choo-Choo (1992)

Attention Woman! Young man, 38, wants you. You will have large clitoris, long hanging pussy lips. I prefer pussy that is wet, creamy and very scummy. Would like a woman who will share her bedroom with me, woman whose pussy cream shoots out. Send Photo to: Eddie, G.P.O. 3321, Bklyn. NY 11202. Send used panty.



Woodland (1991)

Wealthy Corporate President – Needs a beautiful woman to share life's voyage. I came to NY
 with nothing and the climb to power never let me marry. But my enjoyment of books, ballet,
 opera and fine dining was not destroyed by command responsibilities and I have remained
 personally upbeat, warm and understanding. I seek a relationship rooted in kindness and
 toleration leading to a deep friendship that involves into permanent union. I am refined in
 taste, wear designer suits, am good-looking, 40 years old, 6' 1", 166 lbs. I seek a woman with
 a stimulating mind who values the freedom money provides more than the material trinkets
 it buys and who wants to experience the full tide of New York's cultural glories. She must be
 beautiful, very thin, well-groomed, fashionable and aged 18-30. She knows that the good
 things in life are rightfully hers for her intellectual vigor, tenderness and gracious beauty, but
 still needs a worthy man to find full happiness. Letter-phone-photo NYM R 438.





Ohne Titel/Untitled (1983)



Pathetic Grouping (1988)



Nonsite (1992)



Untitled (1985)



The Horrible Negation (1986)



California Blues (1992)



Ohne Titel/Untitled (1989)



We Promoted Ourselves Only Slightly (1992)



My Friend (1989)



Now We're Big Potatoes (1992)



The Source (1990)

No Gift is for Free

Isabelle Graw

Only through the lapse of time between the gift and its reciprocation can an exchange – which always runs the risk of seeming constrained and selfish, both to those involved and to others – be perceived as irreversible. “Undue haste to be free of a debt of gratitude,” says La Rochefoucauld, “is a kind of ingratitude.” Anyone who reveals that he is in a hurry to relieve himself of an obligation, and thus that he wants to pay back any services rendered or gifts made to him – that he wants to be quits – is devaluing the original gift by implying that it was prompted by the desire to impose an obligation.

Pierre Bourdieu *Social Meaning*

To speak of John Miller’s new works in connection with his DAAD grant (and thus to relate the works to the conditions of that award) is not to equate him with the typical grant artist. In Germany grant artists belong to a special circuit and are usually passed on from one award to the next. Their works typically appear in special grant exhibitions; they are regarded as outside the business of avantgardistic art because they are protected by the State and not exposed to competition. American artists, when affected – as no doubt they are – by the recession, can fall back on teaching jobs and grants without any loss of artistic status; but the German recipient of grant funding is always under something of a shadow. Either the grant is received only because of an existing connection with a gallery, or it relegates the artist to a marginal zone, protected from the vagaries of the market.

The DAAD Berliner Künstlerprogramm was instituted in 1966 as successor to the Ford Foundation Artist in Residence program, a kind of cultural prolongation of the Marshall Plan. It became a German version of the traditional “Rome Prize,” designed to afford the artist the opportunity to spend time in an “inspiring” place. Bringing foreign artists to Berlin was part of an overall



*Steinplatz 2. Former address of the DAAD
Berliner Künstlerprogramm offices.*

policy of subsidizing the life of the city; it was a way of overcoming a perceived cultural isolation by defining Berlin as an “attractive location.”

Traditionally, artists regard any kind of grant money as a problem, because it singles them out and implies a task to be performed. In his own day, Jacques-Louis David refused to let his work to be made public by the Académie de France in Rome; instead, he showed it ahead of time to his own public, thus marking his nonacceptance of the judgment of his work by an institution (to which he preferred the judgment of a cross-section of society).

Recipients of a DAAD grant are under no absolute obligation to produce an exhibition (at the daadgalerie, founded in 1978) or a catalogue; repressive tolerance leaves the artist free to decide whether and how to exhibit, or come to an arrangement with galleries in Berlin, or sell to a Berlin collection. It is the kind of control that only works if it is not planned as such. In contrast, the advances usually paid by dealers to cover production costs are rather more binding because they are linked to hard-and-fast commitments (rights of ownership for the dealer).

The living and working conditions provided by a DAAD grant are liable to be reflected in the artist's work, in the sense that the separation of living and working environments, through the provision of an apartment and a separate studio, may change working habits. It may therefore be asked to what extent the works made by Miller in Berlin reflect both the new situation in which he is living and working and the expectation that he respond to the change of site. The first thing that is apparent is that he has remained faithful to the principal identifying mark of all his work, the color known as "John Miller Brown."¹ Then we begin to notice the dimension of the works (tower-like sculptures, thick reliefs), a lavish use of cheap material (there is a lot of food and a lot of history), and a confident assumption of a public that knows how to handle abundance. Miller's new works are about plentiful variety, and about the material resources available to an artist on a grant, resources that he knows how to exploit, although not necessarily in a literal manner.

These works reveal through their self-assurance the existence of the studio that has been made available for them; they speak of German know-how and of shopping expeditions to "party goods" stores: in short, they speak of the maintenance of an established working method in changed circumstances. Miller's works are site specific only in a restricted manner: their reference to the locality (Berlin) is never explicit, although local objects are included in them.

With a DAAD grant, the recipient's impression of that place is filtered through the institution itself. Although a certain social dimension is implicit in the conception of the grant, the experience of any particular artist is governed largely by factors outside the program per se, namely by the inherent complexities of social life itself. The artist is materially and socially provided for: he is supplied with a fund of cultural and social capital,

but of course no one can guarantee he won't nonetheless feel lonely and disconnected. In his reliefs, Miller thematizes the viewpoint lined up for him as an American artist (the Coca-Cola can is a recurrent relief motif) whose eye wanders across the "trashland" of the old Federal Republic and lights upon plastic sausages and tinsel. Miller knows that every country's idea of what an American artist might be differs. By behaving as a "prototypical" American consumer, he reflects the projections that are thrown upon him. The reading of his approach as "American" results from an imaginary viewpoint.

Finally, a DAAD grant implies taking stock of oneself. It creates an exceptional situation; it makes it possible to concentrate on one's work and to turn one's back on what one generally thinks of as reality; and it demands reflection on the arranged encounter between the artist and Berlin.

Thus, the bucket sculptures are not about buckets, or about the properties of buckets, but about the symbolic order that gives those objects the name of "buckets" and places them within the context of the world of cleaning and polishing; and this in turn is a prerequisite of the world of filth and dirt.

In Germany, which often strikes foreign visitors as a clean country, filth and the fear of it are omnipresent. To achieve cleanliness involves wallowing in whatever is regarded as filth; in order to feel ourselves cleansed, we devise the brown mass of Stasi entanglements – though the people we ought really to suspect are those who were not involved with the Stasi. You can never get onto the right side without first being on the wrong side, as German history illustrates at regular intervals. Not to speak of the structural and functional similarity between the East German Stasi and the West German Social Welfare and Insurance, as systems of social integration and control. The so-called 'asylum' problem works in

much the same way. It is constantly discussed, swells into an imminent threat of inundation by alien hordes, and subsists as a massive imaginary entity created solely to be resisted and rejected. With Miller, too, the brown mass sustains the bucket and makes both its presence and its cleansing function possible.

The cover of this catalogue shows an American firefighter in Kuwait, working to put out the oil fires allegedly started by the Iraqis. He is covered in brown oil. The thing that he has undertaken to eliminate soaks his clothes and his body: it is what gives him his sense of identity.

Miller, too, is an American who has been "called in." He anticipates and accepts the role, casting the predictable, trash-oriented, American eye on German consumer goods, using a Minimalist vocabulary (as in the color and stacking pattern of the buckets) to absorb them into his own brown system. He thus produces works that reflect the material resources offered to him and the approach expected of him – and *reproduces* these relations gratefully.

*Isabelle Graw co-edits the magazine
Texte zur Kunst with Stefan Germer.*

1 This brown, this shit that everything is covered with, shows the world as a part of us that has been rejected and objectivized, a part that we attempt to separate from ourselves, though in the process the repressed material – shit, the first part of ourselves that we try to repress – constantly comes back. To coat the whole world with the first thing we ever owned (and proudly displayed to our mothers) is to reveal the inescapable materialism of our view of things. The object's uniqueness is suppressed by the uniform coating of brown. Miller's brown islands of sludge (*We Promoted Ourselves Only Slightly*) and model-railroad-like landscapes (*Restless Stillness*) are also about the child's, and the scientist's, obsessive efforts to turn the world into something designed by himself, to get a grip on it, to explain it through mechanistic laws.

They reproduce the illusion of power that goes with a bird's-eye view: an attempt to detach from ourselves something we are already drawn into. At the apex of the tower of buckets (*California Blues*), up there at the top end of his system of visualization (which has erected itself with the aid of such dichotomies as "clean/dirty"), stands the blonde, black doll-girl (good sister, mother, and alien woman). Functional objects culminate in her; her body is a brown, disintegrating, amorphous mass that cannot be defined and reduced to a form. This is the male fantasy (or the female fantasy of the male fantasy) of the slack material women are made of, their shapelessness, their malleability.

Verzeichnis der Abbildungen/ Index of Works

Ohne andere Angabe: Werk im Besitz des Künstlers, Fotografie vom Künstler, mit Erlaubnis von Metro Pictures, New York. Maße in Zentimetern: Höhe, Breite und, soweit anwendbar, Tiefe. Seitenzahlen der Abbildungen stehen am Schluß der Einträge.

Unless stated otherwise: Works belong to the artist, photography by the artist, courtesy of Metro Pictures, New York. Measurements are given in centimeters: height, width and, where applicable, depth. Page numbers of reproductions appear last.

1. *Ohne Titel/Untitled* (1983), Acryl auf Leinwand/acrylic on canvas, 71.1 x 55.9. Photo: Peter Muscato, mit Erlaubnis/courtesy of Andrea Rosen Gallery, New York. 17
2. *Restless Stillness* (1991), Sperrholz, Isolierschaum, Gips, Pappmaché, Glasfaser, Modelliermasse, Stecken, Modelle (Häuser, Baum, Autos, Figuren), Acryl/plywood, insulation foam, plaster, papier maché, fibre glass, modeling paste, sticks, models (houses, tree, cars, figures), acrylic, 51 x 196 x 108. Photo: J. Littkemann, Berlin. 18
3. *Work Hard/Play Hard* (1992), diverse Plastikobjekte, Aluminiumdosen, Isolierschaum, Gips, Pappmaché, Modelliermasse, Styropor, Acryl auf Preßspanplatte/assorted plastic objects, aluminum cans, insulation foam, plaster, papier maché, modeling paste, styrofoam, acrylic on masonite panel, 120 x 100 x 21. Photo: J. Littkemann. 19
4. *Ohne Titel/Untitled* (1989), Acryl, Modelliermasse, Kies und Plastikfiguren auf Leinwand/acrylic, modeling paste, gravel and plastic figures on canvas, 162.6 x 121.9. 20
5. *The Hegemony of the Image* (1991), Erstes von einer Serie aus fünf 35-mm-Farbdias/first in a series of five 35 mm. color slides. 21
6. *The Hegemony of the Image* (1991), Zweites von einer Serie aus fünf 35-mm-Farbdias/second in a series of five 35 mm. color slides. 22
7. *The Office Party and the Communist Party* (1991), diverse Plastikobjekte, Aluminiumdosen, Isolierschaum, Gips, Pappmaché, Modelliermasse, Styropor, Acryl auf Preßspanplatte/assorted plastic objects, aluminum cans, insulation foam, plaster, papier maché, modeling paste, styrofoam, acrylic on masonite panel, 120 x 100 x 25. Photo: J. Littkemann. 23
8. *Ohne Titel/Untitled* (1987), Acryl auf Leinwand/acrylic on canvas, 182.9 x 147.3. Sammlung/Collection: Gaby & Wilhelm Schürmann, Herzogenrath. 24
9. *Installation* (Metro Pictures, 17 November – 15 December, 1990). Gezeigte Arbeiten/works shown:
Brown Paint (1990), Latexacryl, 55-Gallonen-Stahlcontainer/latex acrylic paint, 55 gallon steel drum, 109.2 x 61 (diameter).
Brown Door (What's That Secret You're Keeping?) (1990), Acryl auf Türgrund/acrylic paint on found door, 214.6 x 88.9 x 12.7.
Ohne Titel/Untitled (1990), gemischtes Objekt, Gips, Pappmaché, Styropor und Acryl auf Preßspanplatte/assorted objects, plaster, papier maché, styrofoam and acrylic on masonite panel, 122 x 96.6 x 30.5.

Photo: Angela Cumberbirch, mit Erlaubnis/courtesy of American Fine Arts, New York and Metro Pictures. 25

10. *Dick/Jane* (1991), Puppenkopf, Sperrholz, Styropor, Gips, Pappmaché, Modelliermasse, Acryl/doll's head, plywood, styrofoam, plaster, papier maché, modeling paste, acrylic, 35 x 20 (diameter). Photo: J. Littkemann. 26
11. *The Hegemony of the Image* (1991), Drittes von einer Serie aus fünf 35-mm-Farbdias/third in a series of five 35 mm. color slides. 27
12. *Work in Progress* (1992), Plastikgurke, Sperrholz, Styropor, Gips, Pappmaché, Modelliermasse, Acryl/plastic pickle, plywood, styrofoam, plaster, papier maché, modeling paste, acrylic, 50 x 25 (diameter). Photo: J. Littkemann. 28
13. *Ohne Titel/Untitled* (1988), 22 Karat Goldblatt auf Globus/22-karat gold leaf on found globe, 14.6 x 7 (diameter). 29
14. *We Drank Some Cokes and Beat Our Toys Into Ploughshares* (1991), diverse Plastikobjekte, Aluminium Dosen, Isolierschaum, Gips, Pappmaché, Modelliermasse, Styropor, Acryl auf Preßspanplatte/assorted plastic objects, aluminum cans, insulation foam, plaster, papier maché, modeling paste, styrofoam, acrylic on masonite panel, 120 x 100 x 26. Photo: J. Littkemann. 30
15. *Would You Mind a Reflecting Sign?* (1989), Acryl, Kies, Modelliermasse auf Leinwand mit Spiegel/acrylic, gravel, modeling paste on canvas with mirror, 127 (diameter) x 51. Photo: mit Erlaubnis/courtesy of American Fine Arts. 31
16. *Ohne Titel/Untitled* (1990), diverse Objekte, Gips, Papiermaché, Styropor und Acryl auf Preßspanplatte/assorted objects, plaster, papier maché, styrofoam and acrylic on masonite panel, 152.4 x 122 x 33. Photo: Angela Cumberbirch, mit Erlaubnis/courtesy of American Fine Arts and Metro Pictures. Sammlung/Collection: Tim Martin and Heide Perlman, Los Angeles 32
17. *Idyll* (1990), Figuren, Eimer, Sperrholz, Gips, Pappmaché, Modelliermasse, Acryl/figures, buckets, plywood, styrofoam, plaster, papier maché, modeling paste, acrylic, 76.2 x 63.5 x 55.9. Photo: mit Erlaubnis/courtesy of American Fine Arts. Sammlung/Collection: Johannes Daxer, Haimhausen. 33
18. *Installation* (Metro Pictures, 17 November 15 December, 1990). Gezeigte Arbeiten (von links nach rechts)/works shown (from left to right):

Drei Reliefs, jedes/Three reliefs, each: *Ohne Titel/Untitled* (1990), diverse Objekte, Gips, Pappmaché, Styropor und Acryl auf Preßspanplatte/assorted objects, plaster, papier maché, styrofoam and acrylic on masonite panel, 152.4 x 122 x 43.2/39.4/33

Echo and Narcissus (1990), Acryl auf gefärbter Kleidung, Modepuppen, Spiegel/acrylic on dyed clothing, mannequins, mirror, Mann/male, 182.9 x 86.4 x 73.7; Frau/female, 152.4 x 17.8 x 76.2; Spiegel/mirror 182.9 x 50.8.

Ideal World (1990), diverse Plastikobjekte, Sperrholz, Styropor, Gips, Pappmaché, Modelliermasse, Acryl/assorted plastic

objects, plywood, styrofoam, plaster, papier maché, modeling paste, acrylic, 55.9 x 55.9 x 78.3.

Untitled (1990), Bleistift auf Papier / pencil on paper, 14 x 10.8.

Photo: Angela Cumberbirch, mit Erlaubnis / courtesy of American Fine Arts, New York and Metro Pictures. 34

19. *Transylvania Choo-Choo* (1992), diverse Plastikobjekte, Aluminiumdosen, Kondome, Isolierschaum, Gips, Pappmaché, Modelliermasse, Styropor, Acryl auf Preßspanplatte / assorted plastic objects, aluminum cans, condoms, insulation foam, plaster, papier maché, modeling paste, styrofoam, acrylic on masonite panel, 120 x 100 x 30. Photo: J. Littkemann. 35
20. *Woodland* (1991), Spiegel, Modellhäuser und Container, Plastikeimer, Styropor, Sperrholz, Pappmaché, Gips, Modelliermasse, Acryl / mirror, model houses and drums, plastic buckets, styrofoam, plywood, papier maché, plaster, modeling paste, acrylic, 70 x 120 (diameter). Photo: J. Littkemann. 36
21. *The Hegemony of the Image* (1991), Fünftes von einer Serie aus fünf 35-mm-Farbdias / fifth in a series of five 35 mm. color slides. 37
22. *Ohne Titel / Untitled*, (1983), Acryl auf Leinwand / acrylic on canvas, 71.1 x 55.9. Photo: Peter Muscato, mit Erlaubnis / courtesy of Andrea Rosen Gallery. 38

23. *Pathetic Grouping* (1988), Figuren, Gips, Modelliermasse, Acryl / figurines, plaster, modeling paste, acrylic, 50.8 x 35.6 x 28. Sammlung / Collection: Max Hertzler, Köln. 39

24. *Nonsite* (1992), Hausschuh, Figuren, Modellhaus, Gips, Pappmaché, Modelliermasse, Sperrholz, Acryl / slipper, figurines, model house, plaster, papier maché, modeling paste, plywood, acrylic, 38 x 51 x 45. Photo: J. Littkemann. 40

25. *Untitled* (1985), Acryl auf Leinwand / acrylic on canvas, 152.4 x 91.4. 41

26. *The Horrible Negation* (1986), Acryl auf Leinwand / acrylic on canvas, 88.9 x 127. (zerstört / destroyed) 42

27. *California Blues* (1992), gemischte Plastikeimer, Puppenkopf und Puppenhut, Sperrholz, Isolierschaum, Styropor, Gips, Pappmaché, Glasfaser, Modelliermasse, Acryl / assorted plastic buckets, doll's head and hat, plywood, insulation foam, styrofoam, plaster, papier maché, fibre glass, modeling paste, acrylic, 220 x 60 x 60. Photo: J. Littkemann. 43

28. *Ohne Titel / Untitled* (1989), Bleistift auf Papier / pencil on paper, 18 x 18. Sammlung / Collection: Gaby & Wilhelm Schürmann. 44

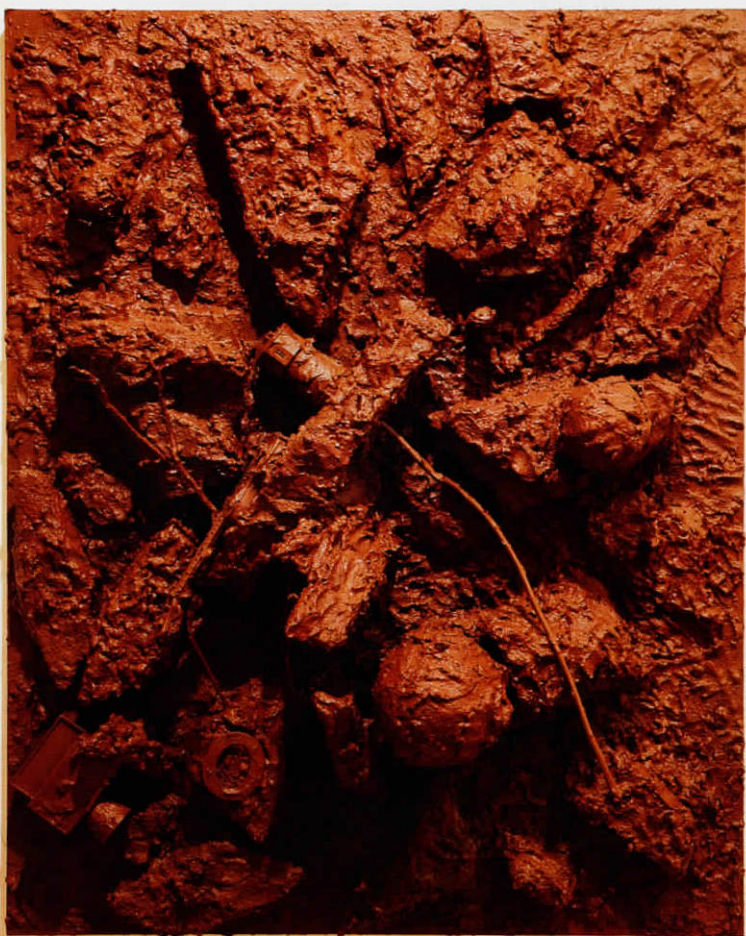
29. *We Promoted Ourselves Only Slightly* (1992), diverse Plastikobjekte, Sperrholz, Gips, Pappmaché, Modelliermasse, Acryl / assorted plastic objects, plywood, plaster, papier maché, modeling paste, acrylic, 32 x 48 x 19. Photo: J. Littkemann. 45

30. *My Friend* (1989), Modepuppe, gefärbte Kleidung, Acryl/mannequin, dyed clothing, acrylic, 183 x 70 x 35. Photo: J. Littkemann.
46
31. *Now We're Big Potatoes* (1992), Modepuppe, Unterwäsche, Uhr, Verbände, Sperrholz, Styropor, Gips, Pappmaché, Glasfaser, Modelliermasse, Acryl/mannequin, underwear, watch, band-aids, plywood, styrofoam, plaster, papier maché, fibre glass, modeling paste, acrylic, 168 x 50 x 40. Photo: J. Littkemann. 47
32. *The Source* (1990), Figuren, Sperrholz, Gips, Pappmaché, Acryl mit Spiegel/figurines, plywood, plaster, papier maché, acrylic with mirror, 28 x 122 (diameter). Sammlung/collection: Carol Vena Mondt, Los Angeles
48

*Man is a fool
and he thinks that he's o.k.*



John Miller · daadgalerie · Berlin



Ohne Titel/Untitled (1990)



Idyll (1990)



Installation (1990)



Transylvania Choo-Choo (1992)

Attention Woman! Young man, 38, wants you. You will have large clitoris, long hanging pussy lips. I prefer pussy that is wet, creamy and very scummy. Would like a woman who will share her bedroom with me, woman whose pussy cream shoots out. Send Photo to: Eddie, G.P.O. 3321, Bklyn. NY 11202. Send used panty.



Woodland (1991)

Wealthy Corporate President – Needs a beautiful woman to share life's voyage. I came to NY
 with nothing and the climb to power never let me marry. But my enjoyment of books, ballet,
 opera and fine dining was not destroyed by command responsibilities and I have remained
 personally upbeat, warm and understanding. I seek a relationship rooted in kindness and
 toleration leading to a deep friendship that involves into permanent union. I am refined in
 taste, wear designer suits, am good-looking, 40 years old, 6' 1", 166 lbs. I seek a woman with
 a stimulating mind who values the freedom money provides more than the material trinkets
 it buys and who wants to experience the full tide of New York's cultural glories. She must be
 beautiful, very thin, well-groomed, fashionable and aged 18-30. She knows that the good
 things in life are rightfully hers for her intellectual vigor, tenderness and gracious beauty, but
 still needs a worthy man to find full happiness. Letter-phone-photo NYM R 438.





Ohne Titel/Untitled (1983)



Pathetic Grouping (1988)



Nonsite (1992)



Untitled (1985)



The Horrible Negation (1986)



California Blues (1992)



Ohne Titel/Untitled (1989)



We Promoted Ourselves Only Slightly (1992)



My Friend (1989)



Now We're Big Potatoes (1992)



The Source (1990)

No Gift is for Free

Isabelle Graw

Only through the lapse of time between the gift and its reciprocation can an exchange – which always runs the risk of seeming constrained and selfish, both to those involved and to others – be perceived as irreversible. “Undue haste to be free of a debt of gratitude,” says La Rochefoucauld, “is a kind of ingratitude.” Anyone who reveals that he is in a hurry to relieve himself of an obligation, and thus that he wants to pay back any services rendered or gifts made to him – that he wants to be quits – is devaluing the original gift by implying that it was prompted by the desire to impose an obligation.

Pierre Bourdieu *Social Meaning*

To speak of John Miller’s new works in connection with his DAAD grant (and thus to relate the works to the conditions of that award) is not to equate him with the typical grant artist. In Germany grant artists belong to a special circuit and are usually passed on from one award to the next. Their works typically appear in special grant exhibitions; they are regarded as outside the business of avantgardistic art because they are protected by the State and not exposed to competition. American artists, when affected – as no doubt they are – by the recession, can fall back on teaching jobs and grants without any loss of artistic status; but the German recipient of grant funding is always under something of a shadow. Either the grant is received only because of an existing connection with a gallery, or it relegates the artist to a marginal zone, protected from the vagaries of the market.

The DAAD Berliner Künstlerprogramm was instituted in 1966 as successor to the Ford Foundation Artist in Residence program, a kind of cultural prolongation of the Marshall Plan. It became a German version of the traditional “Rome Prize,” designed to afford the artist the opportunity to spend time in an “inspiring” place. Bringing foreign artists to Berlin was part of an overall



*Steinplatz 2. Former address of the DAAD
Berliner Künstlerprogramm offices.*

policy of subsidizing the life of the city; it was a way of overcoming a perceived cultural isolation by defining Berlin as an “attractive location.”

Traditionally, artists regard any kind of grant money as a problem, because it singles them out and implies a task to be performed. In his own day, Jacques-Louis David refused to let his work to be made public by the Académie de France in Rome; instead, he showed it ahead of time to his own public, thus marking his nonacceptance of the judgment of his work by an institution (to which he preferred the judgment of a cross-section of society).

Recipients of a DAAD grant are under no absolute obligation to produce an exhibition (at the daadgalerie, founded in 1978) or a catalogue; repressive tolerance leaves the artist free to decide whether and how to exhibit, or come to an arrangement with galleries in Berlin, or sell to a Berlin collection. It is the kind of control that only works if it is not planned as such. In contrast, the advances usually paid by dealers to cover production costs are rather more binding because they are linked to hard-and-fast commitments (rights of ownership for the dealer).

The living and working conditions provided by a DAAD grant are liable to be reflected in the artist's work, in the sense that the separation of living and working environments, through the provision of an apartment and a separate studio, may change working habits. It may therefore be asked to what extent the works made by Miller in Berlin reflect both the new situation in which he is living and working and the expectation that he respond to the change of site. The first thing that is apparent is that he has remained faithful to the principal identifying mark of all his work, the color known as "John Miller Brown."¹ Then we begin to notice the dimension of the works (tower-like sculptures, thick reliefs), a lavish use of cheap material (there is a lot of food and a lot of history), and a confident assumption of a public that knows how to handle abundance. Miller's new works are about plentiful variety, and about the material resources available to an artist on a grant, resources that he knows how to exploit, although not necessarily in a literal manner.

These works reveal through their self-assurance the existence of the studio that has been made available for them; they speak of German know-how and of shopping expeditions to "party goods" stores: in short, they speak of the maintenance of an established working method in changed circumstances. Miller's works are site specific only in a restricted manner: their reference to the locality (Berlin) is never explicit, although local objects are included in them.

With a DAAD grant, the recipient's impression of that place is filtered through the institution itself. Although a certain social dimension is implicit in the conception of the grant, the experience of any particular artist is governed largely by factors outside the program per se, namely by the inherent complexities of social life itself. The artist is materially and socially provided for: he is supplied with a fund of cultural and social capital,

but of course no one can guarantee he won't nonetheless feel lonely and disconnected. In his reliefs, Miller thematizes the viewpoint lined up for him as an American artist (the Coca-Cola can is a recurrent relief motif) whose eye wanders across the "trashland" of the old Federal Republic and lights upon plastic sausages and tinsel. Miller knows that every country's idea of what an American artist might be differs. By behaving as a "prototypical" American consumer, he reflects the projections that are thrown upon him. The reading of his approach as "American" results from an imaginary viewpoint.

Finally, a DAAD grant implies taking stock of oneself. It creates an exceptional situation; it makes it possible to concentrate on one's work and to turn one's back on what one generally thinks of as reality; and it demands reflection on the arranged encounter between the artist and Berlin.

Thus, the bucket sculptures are not about buckets, or about the properties of buckets, but about the symbolic order that gives those objects the name of "buckets" and places them within the context of the world of cleaning and polishing; and this in turn is a prerequisite of the world of filth and dirt.

In Germany, which often strikes foreign visitors as a clean country, filth and the fear of it are omnipresent. To achieve cleanliness involves wallowing in whatever is regarded as filth; in order to feel ourselves cleansed, we devise the brown mass of Stasi entanglements – though the people we ought really to suspect are those who were not involved with the Stasi. You can never get onto the right side without first being on the wrong side, as German history illustrates at regular intervals. Not to speak of the structural and functional similarity between the East German Stasi and the West German Social Welfare and Insurance, as systems of social integration and control. The so-called 'asylum' problem works in

much the same way. It is constantly discussed, swells into an imminent threat of inundation by alien hordes, and subsists as a massive imaginary entity created solely to be resisted and rejected. With Miller, too, the brown mass sustains the bucket and makes both its presence and its cleansing function possible.

The cover of this catalogue shows an American firefighter in Kuwait, working to put out the oil fires allegedly started by the Iraqis. He is covered in brown oil. The thing that he has undertaken to eliminate soaks his clothes and his body: it is what gives him his sense of identity.

Miller, too, is an American who has been "called in." He anticipates and accepts the role, casting the predictable, trash-oriented, American eye on German consumer goods, using a Minimalist vocabulary (as in the color and stacking pattern of the buckets) to absorb them into his own brown system. He thus produces works that reflect the material resources offered to him and the approach expected of him – and *reproduces* these relations gratefully.

*Isabelle Graw co-edits the magazine
Texte zur Kunst with Stefan Germer.*

1 This brown, this shit that everything is covered with, shows the world as a part of us that has been rejected and objectified, a part that we attempt to separate from ourselves, though in the process the repressed material – shit, the first part of ourselves that we try to repress – constantly comes back. To coat the whole world with the first thing we ever owned (and proudly displayed to our mothers) is to reveal the inescapable materialism of our view of things. The object's uniqueness is suppressed by the uniform coating of brown. Miller's brown islands of sludge (*We Promoted Ourselves Only Slightly*) and model-railroad-like landscapes (*Restless Stillness*) are also about the child's, and the scientist's, obsessive efforts to turn the world into something designed by himself, to get a grip on it, to explain it through mechanistic laws.

They reproduce the illusion of power that goes with a bird's-eye view: an attempt to detach from ourselves something we are already drawn into. At the apex of the tower of buckets (*California Blues*), up there at the top end of his system of visualization (which has erected itself with the aid of such dichotomies as "clean/dirty"), stands the blonde, black doll-girl (good sister, mother, and alien woman). Functional objects culminate in her; her body is a brown, disintegrating, amorphous mass that cannot be defined and reduced to a form. This is the male fantasy (or the female fantasy of the male fantasy) of the slack material women are made of, their shapelessness, their malleability.

Verzeichnis der Abbildungen/ Index of Works

Ohne andere Angabe: Werk im Besitz des Künstlers, Fotografie vom Künstler, mit Erlaubnis von Metro Pictures, New York. Maße in Zentimetern: Höhe, Breite und, soweit anwendbar, Tiefe. Seitenzahlen der Abbildungen stehen am Schluß der Einträge.

Unless stated otherwise: Works belong to the artist, photography by the artist, courtesy of Metro Pictures, New York. Measurements are given in centimeters: height, width and, where applicable, depth. Page numbers of reproductions appear last.

1. *Ohne Titel/Untitled* (1983), Acryl auf Leinwand/acrylic on canvas, 71.1 x 55.9. Photo: Peter Muscato, mit Erlaubnis/courtesy of Andrea Rosen Gallery, New York. 17
2. *Restless Stillness* (1991), Sperrholz, Isolierschaum, Gips, Pappmaché, Glasfaser, Modelliermasse, Stecken, Modelle (Häuser, Baum, Autos, Figuren), Acryl/plywood, insulation foam, plaster, papier maché, fibre glass, modeling paste, sticks, models (houses, tree, cars, figures), acrylic, 51 x 196 x 108. Photo: J. Littkemann, Berlin. 18
3. *Work Hard/Play Hard* (1992), diverse Plastikobjekte, Aluminiumdosen, Isolierschaum, Gips, Pappmaché, Modelliermasse, Styropor, Acryl auf Preßspanplatte/assorted plastic objects, aluminum cans, insulation foam, plaster, papier maché, modeling paste, styrofoam, acrylic on masonite panel, 120 x 100 x 21. Photo: J. Littkemann. 19
4. *Ohne Titel/Untitled* (1989), Acryl, Modelliermasse, Kies und Plastikfiguren auf Leinwand/acrylic, modeling paste, gravel and plastic figures on canvas, 162.6 x 121.9. 20
5. *The Hegemony of the Image* (1991), Erstes von einer Serie aus fünf 35-mm-Farbdias/first in a series of five 35 mm. color slides. 21
6. *The Hegemony of the Image* (1991), Zweites von einer Serie aus fünf 35-mm-Farbdias/second in a series of five 35 mm. color slides. 22
7. *The Office Party and the Communist Party* (1991), diverse Plastikobjekte, Aluminiumdosen, Isolierschaum, Gips, Pappmaché, Modelliermasse, Styropor, Acryl auf Preßspanplatte/assorted plastic objects, aluminum cans, insulation foam, plaster, papier maché, modeling paste, styrofoam, acrylic on masonite panel, 120 x 100 x 25. Photo: J. Littkemann. 23
8. *Ohne Titel/Untitled* (1987), Acryl auf Leinwand/acrylic on canvas, 182.9 x 147.3. Sammlung/Collection: Gaby & Wilhelm Schürmann, Herzogenrath. 24
9. *Installation* (Metro Pictures, 17 November – 15 December, 1990). Gezeigte Arbeiten/works shown:
Brown Paint (1990), Latexacryl, 55-Gallonen-Stahlcontainer/latex acrylic paint, 55 gallon steel drum, 109.2 x 61 (diameter).
Brown Door (What's That Secret You're Keeping?) (1990), Acryl auf Türgrund/acrylic paint on found door, 214.6 x 88.9 x 12.7.
Ohne Titel/Untitled (1990), gemischtes Objekt, Gips, Pappmaché, Styropor und Acryl auf Preßspanplatte/assorted objects, plaster, papier maché, styrofoam and acrylic on masonite panel, 122 x 96.6 x 30.5.

Photo: Angela Cumberbirch, mit Erlaubnis/courtesy of American Fine Arts, New York and Metro Pictures. 25

10. *Dick/Jane* (1991), Puppenkopf, Sperrholz, Styropor, Gips, Pappmaché, Modelliermasse, Acryl/doll's head, plywood, styrofoam, plaster, papier maché, modeling paste, acrylic, 35 x 20 (diameter). Photo: J. Littkemann. 26
11. *The Hegemony of the Image* (1991), Drittes von einer Serie aus fünf 35-mm-Farbdias/third in a series of five 35 mm. color slides. 27
12. *Work in Progress* (1992), Plastikgurke, Sperrholz, Styropor, Gips, Pappmaché, Modelliermasse, Acryl/plastic pickle, plywood, styrofoam, plaster, papier maché, modeling paste, acrylic, 50 x 25 (diameter). Photo: J. Littkemann. 28
13. *Ohne Titel/Untitled* (1988), 22 Karat Goldblatt auf Globus/22-karat gold leaf on found globe, 14.6 x 7 (diameter). 29
14. *We Drank Some Cokes and Beat Our Toys Into Ploughshares* (1991), diverse Plastikobjekte, Aluminium Dosen, Isolierschaum, Gips, Pappmaché, Modelliermasse, Styropor, Acryl auf Preßspanplatte/assorted plastic objects, aluminum cans, insulation foam, plaster, papier maché, modeling paste, styrofoam, acrylic on masonite panel, 120 x 100 x 26. Photo: J. Littkemann. 30
15. *Would You Mind a Reflecting Sign?* (1989), Acryl, Kies, Modelliermasse auf Leinwand mit Spiegel/acrylic, gravel, modeling paste on canvas with mirror, 127 (diameter) x 51. Photo: mit Erlaubnis/courtesy of American Fine Arts. 31
16. *Ohne Titel/Untitled* (1990), diverse Objekte, Gips, Papiermaché, Styropor und Acryl auf Preßspanplatte/assorted objects, plaster, papier maché, styrofoam and acrylic on masonite panel, 152.4 x 122 x 33. Photo: Angela Cumberbirch, mit Erlaubnis/courtesy of American Fine Arts and Metro Pictures. Sammlung/Collection: Tim Martin and Heide Perlman, Los Angeles 32
17. *Idyll* (1990), Figuren, Eimer, Sperrholz, Gips, Pappmaché, Modelliermasse, Acryl/figures, buckets, plywood, styrofoam, plaster, papier maché, modeling paste, acrylic, 76.2 x 63.5 x 55.9. Photo: mit Erlaubnis/courtesy of American Fine Arts. Sammlung/Collection: Johannes Daxer, Haimhausen. 33
18. *Installation* (Metro Pictures, 17 November 15 December, 1990). Gezeigte Arbeiten (von links nach rechts)/works shown (from left to right):

Drei Reliefs, jedes/Three reliefs, each: *Ohne Titel/Untitled* (1990), diverse Objekte, Gips, Pappmaché, Styropor und Acryl auf Preßspanplatte/assorted objects, plaster, papier maché, styrofoam and acrylic on masonite panel, 152.4 x 122 x 43.2/39.4/33

Echo and Narcissus (1990), Acryl auf gefärbter Kleidung, Modepuppen, Spiegel/acrylic on dyed clothing, mannequins, mirror, Mann/male, 182.9 x 86.4 x 73.7; Frau/female, 152.4 x 17.8 x 76.2; Spiegel/mirror 182.9 x 50.8.

Ideal World (1990), diverse Plastikobjekte, Sperrholz, Styropor, Gips, Pappmaché, Modelliermasse, Acryl/assorted plastic

objects, plywood, styrofoam, plaster, papier maché, modeling paste, acrylic, 55.9 x 55.9 x 78.3.

Untitled (1990), Bleistift auf Papier / pencil on paper, 14 x 10.8.

Photo: Angela Cumberbirch, mit Erlaubnis / courtesy of American Fine Arts, New York and Metro Pictures. 34

19. *Transylvania Choo-Choo* (1992), diverse Plastikobjekte, Aluminiumdosen, Kondome, Isolierschaum, Gips, Pappmaché, Modelliermasse, Styropor, Acryl auf Preßspanplatte / assorted plastic objects, aluminum cans, condoms, insulation foam, plaster, papier maché, modeling paste, styrofoam, acrylic on masonite panel, 120 x 100 x 30. Photo: J. Littkemann. 35

20. *Woodland* (1991), Spiegel, Modellhäuser und Container, Plastikeimer, Styropor, Sperrholz, Pappmaché, Gips, Modelliermasse, Acryl / mirror, model houses and drums, plastic buckets, styrofoam, plywood, papier maché, plaster, modeling paste, acrylic, 70 x 120 (diameter). Photo: J. Littkemann. 36

21. *The Hegemony of the Image* (1991), Fünftes von einer Serie aus fünf 35-mm-Farbdias / fifth in a series of five 35 mm. color slides. 37

22. *Ohne Titel / Untitled*, (1983), Acryl auf Leinwand / acrylic on canvas, 71.1 x 55.9. Photo: Peter Muscato, mit Erlaubnis / courtesy of Andrea Rosen Gallery. 38

23. *Pathetic Grouping* (1988), Figuren, Gips, Modelliermasse, Acryl / figurines, plaster, modeling paste, acrylic, 50.8 x 35.6 x 28. Sammlung / Collection: Max Hertzler, Köln. 39

24. *Nonsite* (1992), Hausschuh, Figuren, Modellhaus, Gips, Pappmaché, Modelliermasse, Sperrholz, Acryl / slipper, figurines, model house, plaster, papier maché, modeling paste, plywood, acrylic, 38 x 51 x 45. Photo: J. Littkemann. 40

25. *Untitled* (1985), Acryl auf Leinwand / acrylic on canvas, 152.4 x 91.4. 41

26. *The Horrible Negation* (1986), Acryl auf Leinwand / acrylic on canvas, 88.9 x 127. (zerstört / destroyed) 42

27. *California Blues* (1992), gemischte Plastikeimer, Puppenkopf und Puppenhut, Sperrholz, Isolierschaum, Styropor, Gips, Pappmaché, Glasfaser, Modelliermasse, Acryl / assorted plastic buckets, doll's head and hat, plywood, insulation foam, styrofoam, plaster, papier maché, fibre glass, modeling paste, acrylic, 220 x 60 x 60. Photo: J. Littkemann. 43

28. *Ohne Titel / Untitled* (1989), Bleistift auf Papier / pencil on paper, 18 x 18. Sammlung / Collection: Gaby & Wilhelm Schürmann. 44

29. *We Promoted Ourselves Only Slightly* (1992), diverse Plastikobjekte, Sperrholz, Gips, Pappmaché, Modelliermasse, Acryl / assorted plastic objects, plywood, plaster, papier maché, modeling paste, acrylic, 32 x 48 x 19. Photo: J. Littkemann. 45

30. *My Friend*(1989), Modepuppe, gefärbte Kleidung, Acryl/mannequin, dyed clothing, acrylic, 183 x 70 x 35. Photo: J. Littkemann.
46
31. *Now We're Big Potatoes* (1992), Modepuppe, Unterwäsche, Uhr, Verbände, Sperrholz, Styropor, Gips, Pappmaché, Glasfaser, Modelliermasse, Acryl/mannequin, underwear, watch, band-aids, plywood, styrofoam, plaster, papier maché, fibre glass, modeling paste, acrylic, 168 x 50 x 40. Photo: J. Littkemann. 47
32. *The Source*(1990), Figuren, Sperrholz, Gips, Pappmaché, Acryl mit Spiegel/figurines, plywood, plaster, papier maché, acrylic with mirror, 28 x 122 (diameter). Sammlung/collection: Carol Vena Mondt, Los Angeles
48

*Man is a fool
and he thinks that he's o.k.*



John Miller · daadgalerie · Berlin