



Scripts based on historic exhibitions, to be experienced under hypnosis or in one's preferred reading state. Written by Sofia Hernández Chong Cuy, Angie Keefer, John Menick and Robert Snowden.

Curated by Raimundas Malašauskas
Hypnotised by Marcos Lutyens and Annalisa Fruttero
Assisted by Agatha Wara
Produced by Artissima 18

Hypnotic Show

7.
You're on stage,
kneeling, in a black
dress
9.
You smell treason. And
as you walk closer to
11.
You really shouldn't be
here, you know. Your
13.
You lie on your back in
a clearing. Treetops
15.
You enter an empty
courtroom. Just to your
17.
You arrive at the house
you've been looking
19.
You are wandering
through an old house.
20.
You are walking down
a crowded sidewalk
23.
You are in a world of
information, language

25.
You are in a hotel,
lying wide-awake
in one
28.
You are in a derelict
wharf building. Rust-
29.
You are abandoned in
the Archaeological
30.
What you are looking
at is not a perfect
32.
This square room is
not quite a room, more
33.
There's a whirling
sound coming from the
35.
There are many rooms
here, and many ob-
36.
The pianist enters the
room. His name is
38.
The moon is spread
out below, its surface
40.
The building is huge,
painted white and feels
43.
Some weeks ago,
you spoke to a man
camping
46.
Some things you see
you can never forget.
It's
48.
Soft pink walls. A
dimly lit bathroom
barely
50.
Pedestrians, men,
women, are milling.
51.
On an escalator
moving upward
through a
53.
Mommy took you to
work today. It's your
55.
It's dawn. The sky is
pale. You tread across
a layer

57.
It's a mess. You can't
see anything clearly.
The
59.
Beneath the horizon, a
chariot or sleigh, a
61.
An austere white
building crowned by a
filigree

7.
John Menick

9.
Sofia Hernández
Chong Cuy

11.
John Menick

13.
Angie Keefer

15.
Angie Keefer

17.
Sofia Hernández
Chong Cuy

19.
Angie Keefer

20.
Sofia Hernández
Chong Cuy

23.
Angie Keefer

25.
Sofia Hernández
Chong Cuy

28.
Angie Keefer

29.
Angie Keefer

30.
John Menick

32.
Angie Keefer

33.
John Menick

35.
Angie Keefer

36.
John Menick

38.
John Menick

40.
Sofia Hernández
Chong Cuy

43.
Sofia Hernández
Chong Cuy

46.
Robert Snowden

48.
Angie Keefer

50.
Angie Keefer

51.
Angie Keefer

53.
John Menick

55.
Angie Keefer

57.
Sofia Hernández
Chong Cuy

59.
Angie Keefer

61.
Angie Keefer

You are in a derelict wharf building. Rusting walls and roof of corrugated steel are supported overhead by rows of trusses and underfoot by beams peeking through rotten floor planks. Hear the river. Consider the building's size. Consider a river's size.

At the far end of the building, an arced portion of wall is cut away, leaving a pared rosary window the shape of a scant three-quarter moon.

Walk across a steel beam over a channel in the floor. Beneath this narrow bridge, a spotlit swath of black water shows velvet green.

Approach the window. See the industrial crags of Hoboken and Jersey City, one half a set of worn-out zipper teeth between river and sky.

You are abandoned in the Archaeological Museum at Delphi, which is defiantly cool and calm, despite the late summer heat and hustle of the tourist trade outside. You have just descended a stair into a small gallery with a dark concrete floor and high walls. Your footsteps resonate as if re-composed for a movie version of your life.

In the centre of the gallery, a slate-coloured bronze statue of a young man in a long robe stands on top of a concrete cube like a Doric column. The man is almost twice natural size. His posture is regally assured, although he is missing his left arm. Even blighted, he is an archetypal beauty. High cheekbones, almond eyes, Greek nose and full lips. A placid expression that betrays no calculation. Androgynous. He holds bent fragments of metal reins in his only hand, offering them for someone to take.

The top of the concrete base is the height of your knee. You stand close to it now, looking down at the robed man's perfectly formed feet and fine ankles, just visible beneath his long dress. A shiny coin lies heads up next to the statue's left pinky toe.

Some things you see you can never forget. It's 1955. You are wearing a hat. Everyone is wearing a hat. The Harcourts are here. The Oppenheims are here. Peggy Wheelwright is here. Chew a piece of double bubble bubble gum. Chew it discreetly; don't make a big show of it. Skip the preliminaries. Drink Champagne. Look at the room through the flute. The room is old but modernistically hung; the paintings are at adolescent eye level. They are not about men and women and children and dogs and land and kings who wear gold suits and ride elephants over mountains. They are solid black. Flat black. '*Flatness*', you think, 'is an odd impression'. What else would a painting be but flat? At random, you look from one to the other, vaguely perceiving their discreet shade of black. You remember an old mirror you bought that reflects but does not reveal.

On the marble floor between you and the wall is a fat reclining bronze lady. You encounter it the way you would a moose in the woods. Marvel. Love drains you, takes with it much of your blood sugar and water weight. Chew the double bubble bubble gum. You find sculpture, and its awful taxidermy, normally awkward. You don't believe in gurus or

gods or modern art, but believe in the fat lady. Be like a house slowly losing its electricity, the fans slowing down, the lights dimming and flickering, the clocks stop and run and stop. Think; you always do the wrong thing. You do the wrong thing so often that the times in which you actually do the right thing stand out so brightly in your memory that you forget you always do the wrong thing. Love the fat lady. Circumnavigate the sculpture of the fat lady. Step towards it. Put your hand into your mouth. Fish out the piece of double bubble bubble gum. Do the wrong thing. Squish the double bubble bubble gum between the big toe and the next big toe of the left foot of the fat lady. Smell the fat lady. All the parts of the fat lady seem to change, and she seems to become something different and better. See yourself in the distorted reflection of the fat lady's bulbous thigh. Study your face; judging by your face the what-the-hell-big-time-happy nodes in your cortex must be a real firework show. Place breath on the thigh. Untuck your shirt. Polish the thigh with your shirt. Shudder. Shudder, in fact, is not quite the word for the feeling; feeling is not quite the word for the feeling.

Soft pink walls. A dimly lit bathroom barely larger than a coat closet. Look down. Observe a diminutive toilet scaled to suit a short sink. Where a mirror would be, see an illustration of two rosy-cheeked children jumping rope on top of a grassy hill. Bend over slightly to reach a low door-knob situated for a child's grasp. Exit the bathroom.

Enter what was a bustling classroom, now empty of students. Small tables and chairs arranged in clusters smell faintly of chalk dust and wax crayons. To your left, above a stack of cubbyholes, dancing paper corncobs with faces and arms and first names: Marcus, Julia, Bea, Miguel, Sarah, Andreas.

To your right, a dusty, haphazardly erased blackboard. In its centre, an empty chalk circle the size of a life ring. Above the board, lowercase letters, each cut from a different coloured paper, mounted to the wall: red-a; blue-e; green-i; yellow-o; orange-u.

Approach the board. Notice a row of solemn rectangular canvases hung on either side of it, slightly above adult eye level. Sizes vary, hovering between cigar box and chocolate sampler. The paintings are dark shades, nearly black gravestones in a circus tent.

In the centre of each painting, a date, bright white in a staid, modern typeface, the name of the month –

January – abbreviated in all capital letters. See JAN. 5, 1997; JAN. 6, 1997; JAN. 7, 1997. Beyond arm's length, the dates appear machine-printed. Only when you are directly below the paintings, do you discern brushstrokes.

11.
Vito Acconci

53.
Dore Ashton

13.
Mark Beasley

43.
Wim Beeren

46.
Arnold Bode

15.
Constantin Brancusi

57.
André Breton

36.
John Cage

25.
Mel Chin

53.
Joseph Cornell

9.
Suzanne Cotter

32., 57.
Marcel Duchamp

25.
Gala Committee

51.
Jack Goldstein

50.
Dominique
Gonzalez-Foerster

51.
Catherine Grenier

20.
David Hammons

17.
Jan Hoet

48.
On Kawara

35.
Mike Kelley

61.
Max Klinger

28.
Gordon Matta-Clark

51.
John McCracken

23.
Kynaston McShine

7.
Yoko Ono

30.
Jasia Reichardt

51.
Ed Ruscha

9.
Rasha Salti

19.
Kurt Schwitters

59.
Harald Szeemann

33.
Jean Tinguely

55.
James Turrell

36.
David Tutor

29.
Charioteer of Delphi, 474 BC,
Delphi Archaeological Museum,
Delphi, Greece
61.
Max Klinger's Beethoven monument,
1902, XIV Exhibition, Secession,
Vienna
32.
Marcel Duchamp, *Tu m'*, 1918,
permanent exhibition, Yale
University Art Gallery, New Haven,
Connecticut
15.
Constantin Brancusi, *Bird in Space*,
1923 (with excerpts from trial
transcripts, New York City, 1927)
19.
Kurt Schwitters, *Merzbau*, c. 1923-37,
Hanover (with an excerpt from Kurt
Schwitters' original translation of his
own poem 'An Anna Blume')
57.
'First Papers of Surrealism', 1942,
curated by André Breton and Marcel
Duchamp for the Coordinating
Council of French Relief Societies,
Whitelaw Reid mansion, New York
City
36.
John Cage, *4'33"*, 1952, performed
by David Tutor, Woodstock, New
England, 29 August 1952
46.
'Documenta 1', 1955, curated by
Arnold Bode, Kassel
33.
Jean Tinguely, *Homage to New York*,
17 March 1960, Museum of Modern
Art, New York City
38.
'Futurama II', 1964, New York
World's Fair, General Motors
Company, Flushing Meadows,
Corona Park, Queens, New York
7.
Yoko Ono, *Cut Piece*, 1965, Carnegie
Hall, New York City
40.
'VIII Bienal de São Paulo', 1965, São
Paulo, Brazil (scripted following a
conversation with Guy Brett)
11.
Vito Acconci, *Following Piece*, 1968,
New York City

30.
'Cybernetic Serendipity', 1968, curated by Jasia Reichardt, Institute of Contemporary Arts, London
43.
'Op Losse Schroeven (Situations and Cryptostructures)', 1969, curated by Wim Beeren, Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam
23.
'Information', 1970, curated by Kynaston McShine, Museum of Modern Art, New York City
53.
'A Joseph Cornell Exhibition for Children', 1972, curated by Dore Ashton, The Cooper Union, New York City
28.
Gordon Matta-Clark, *Day's End*, 1975, downtown Manhattan, New York City
59.
'Bachelor Machines', 1975, curated by Harald Szeemann, Biennale di Venezia, Venezia
20.
David Hammons, *Bliz-aard Ball Sale*, 1983, Cooper Street, New York City

17.
'Chambres d'amis', 1986, curated by Jan Hoet, organised by Museum Van Hedendaagse Kunst, Antwerp, and presented in 58 houses and locations around the city of Ghent
35.
'The Uncanny', 1993, curated by Mike Kelley, Sonsbeek, the Netherlands
25.
Mel Chin and the Gala Committee inserted 'artworks' as 'props' into the US television programme *Melrose Place*. The episode referred to here is '101 Damnations', originally aired on the Fox network on 3 April 1997. This art project was part of an unconventional and now defunct arts commissioning programme run by the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles
48.
On Kawara, *Pure Consciousness*, 1997, installed in 19 kindergartens, globally
50.
'Moment Ginza', 1997, curated by Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster, Le Magasin, Grenoble, and Färgfabriken, Stockholm

55.
James Turrell, *Cat Cairn: The Kielder Skyspace*, 2000, Kielder Forest, Northumberland, England

51.
Jack Goldstein, *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*, 1975; Ed Ruscha, *Large Trademark with Eight Spotlights*, 1962; John McCracken, *Don't Tell Me When to Stop*, 1966-67 in 'Los Angeles 1955-1985 - The Birth of an Art Capital', 2006, curated by Catherine Grenier, Centre Pompidou, Paris

13.
'Plot/09: This World & Nearer Ones', 2009, curated by Mark Beasley, Governors Island, New York City

9.
'Plot for a Biennial', 2011, curated by Suzanne Cotter and Rasha Salti, 10th Sharjah Biennial, Sharjah, United Arab Emirates

Hypnotic Show

Translation: Paola Bertante

Editorial coordination: Francesca Bertolotti

Editing: Chiara Vecchiarelli, Ariella Yedgar

Graphic design: Lina Ozerkina & Friends

Printer: Tipografia Ideal, Turin

© The authors

Edition of 500

Cover: Judith Braun, Audrey Cottin,
Mariana Castillo Deball, *The Insignia*, 2011

