

WE'D LIKE TO GET TO KNOW YOU

1991 Ongoing

Home. Eric Oppenheim is curating a show in the lobby of a small theater named Home. The show is called "Home for June". The lobby is even smaller than the theater and there a zillion artists in it, like 200. So the work must be small . . . Eric doesn't tell any of the participants his ultimate intention for their work—to not actually show it, rather to put their work behind a wall, hidden, while showing their work in the form of a slide show—which he narrates. Naturally, there was a big hoopla at the opening . . . People throwing law suits around, withdrawing their work . . . "Page Six" even showed up . . . I thought it was a humorous take on Walter Benjamin, even if Eric didn't know who that was . . . Separating work from its aura . . . With a wall, a wall between the artists real work and the unreal slide projection of their work for Eric's purposes. The curator as Svengali, maestro . . . My contribution two glass bowls, one filled with Howard Johnson like after dinner mints, the other empty but for business cards to be potentially dropped in at the directive on an accompanying menu card holder, and eventually one card drawn for the prize winner, now rendered all but useless with Eric's wall, the big in-between . . . Funny . . . Dare I say homey, as in domestic, or homey as in homeboy . . . I prefer the later.