

“TAKES A LICKING, AND KEEPS ON TICKING”  
1992 Ongoing

How much time do we spend doing anything, then think about how much time you get paid doing whatever it is you're doing, then think about how much time you look at art, sometimes even pay to look at art . . . “TAKES A LICKING, AND KEEPS ON TICKING” is the last of these suppositions . . . A Time Clock, or Punch Clock . . . Viewers punch in, punch out the amount of time looking at the art. And time is the ultimate arbiter of the space, the place, the universe of in-between . . .

In between the viewing spaces at Stux Gallery circa 1992, is Stefan Stux's office. It's a glass room, small with a desk, a huge Chippendale chair for him, and a smallish nondescript chair for a visitor. Who are those visitors . . . they are artists lined up, one Wednesday every month, waiting for an audience with Stux, in which slides are shared with the hope of a studio visit, and then the larger hope of being in a group show in one of those rooms, rooms flanking the in-between glass office. My proposal of the time clock, and its punch ins and punch outs . . . well it didn't take a licking, just kept on ticking.