

People “What You Wish For” Rachel Mason, “Weekly” My Cabinet, 2004—ongoing

People “Weekly” is the opening exhibition of the newly endowed Amie and Tony James Gallery. It features six projects and an exhibition-within-the-exhibition conceived in response to the building’s location, architecture, history, and status as an active center of advanced education, performance, and public discussion.

“What You Wish For” is the second installation of **People “Weekly,”** a conventional group show within the extended “group show in time.” It is a meditation on the intertwined histories and often uncannily comparable practices of the department store and the gallery or museum. The featured works call attention to the ways in which fashion and art each contribute to our aggrandized images of ourselves and our heroes. William Pope.L’s colored shelves displaying ephemeral cones of flour, and Jacques Vidal’s and Meredith James’s shelves of inscrutable stuffs set out for delectation were inspirational. They suggested the idea that the shelf as a vehicle for the setting off of objects we value has particular importance in a secular culture, especially a culture as dedicated to acquisition as ours.

Exhibition
October 2, 2008–February 28, 2009

Hours
Tuesday–Friday, 12–8 PM
Saturday–Sunday, 12–6 PM

Exhibition Reception
October 16, 2008
Elebash Recital Hall lobby, 5–7 PM

Performance
October 16, 2008
“Songs of My Cabinet”
by Rachel Mason
The Amie and Tony James Gallery,
6 PM

Design, Jeff Ramsey
Photo, Rachel Mason

All exhibitions and events are free and open to the public

To receive further exhibition announcements, please email jamesgallery@gc.cuny.edu



The Amie and Tony James Gallery
Linda Norden, Director
The Graduate Center
The City University of New York
365 Fifth Avenue (at 34th Street)
New York, N.Y. 10016–4309
T. 212–817–7138
jamesgallery@gc.cuny.edu

The Amie and Tony James Gallery
October 8–November 6, 2008

1
October 2–November 30
& February 11–28, 2009
Yunhee Min, For Instance,
2008

2
October 8–22
“What You Wish For”
Barbara Kruger, Justice,
1997
Rachel Mason, My Cabinet,
2004–ongoing

William Pope.L, One Substance, Eight Supports, One Situation,
2008; BIN (Version 2),
2008
Art Spiegelman, Breakdowns, 2008
Meredith James and
Jacques Louis Ramon
Vidal, True Stories, 2008
William Klein, In and Out of Fashion, 1998

3
October 29–November 6
Linda Pollack, Habeas Lounge, 2008

4
November 15–November 30
Lucien Castaing-Taylor, with
Lisa Barbash and Ernst
Karel, Sheep Rushes,
2000–2008

5
December 11–January 4, 2009
Daniel Joseph Martinez,
the west bank is missing, i am not dead, am i, 2008

6
January 17–January 31
Thomas Torres Cordova,
Everybody Loves the Sunshine, 2008; I wish you could color correct my films for the rest of my life, 2008

7
October 2–February 28, 2009
Barbara Kruger, Untitled,
2008 (window installations)

*Rachel Mason, My Cabinet,
continues through November 6

My Cabinet, 2004–ongoing
Porcelain, wood, brass, paper, glass, velvet
Courtesy of the artist

Rachel Mason
Born Los Angeles, 1978

Each shelf displays figures from a conflict that took place during Mason’s lifetime. Within each row of busts is a representation of the artist. Hidden inside drawers below the shelves are statements related to each figure.

Nothing More Evil Than Smoke Came Out
Here, for one, is Brother Pol Pot, out of that jungle clearing where they burned his body on a pile of tires and nothing more evil than smoke came out. Look. You can hold him in your hand. He won’t bite. He won’t start a genocide there in your palm. He won’t shoot you in the back of your head.
He’s too little.
All these heads. In the country of their dreams, they would have erected colossal monuments to themselves, stationed themselves athwart horseback, tanks, the necks of their enemies, pointing swords, fists, fingers, pistols to the enthusiastic sky.
This is a different country, a smaller place. Here they’re made with love by their creator who lives among them. Here they’re cut down to size. You can hold little Pol Pot in your hand as if he were a bird’s egg, too fragile to engender monstrous notions. Here all the little heads inhabit tiny rooms in the cabinet of Mason’s dreams, lodging down the hall from each other, their power, idealism, and ferocity forever on the shelf.
On Easter Island, we wouldn’t have been so little, say the heads. We wouldn’t have to mutter. We were powerful in our silence. Until they pulled us down, we stared out at the ocean for thousands of years. That vile, implacable ocean. Wave upon wave with about as much interest in history as your average moron. Go away, Pacific. Leave us to our cabinet in peace. There is nothing larger than the dreams in which we sleep, which will survive us.
—Will Blythe

