



**Love at the End
of the Tunnel,
or the Beginning of
a Smart New Day**

Center on Contemporary Art, Seattle

In association with Smart Art Press, Santa Monica

**Love at the End
of the Tunnel,
or the Beginning of
a Smart New Day**

Maura Bendett

Andrea Bowers

Sally Elesby

Chris Finley

Terri Friedman

Michael Gonzalez

Doug Hammett

Joyce Lightbody

Carlos Mollura

Patrick Nickell

Michael Pierzynski

Kenneth Riddle

George Stoll

Pae White

Curated by Marilu Knode



CoCA/Smart Art Press



Terri Friedman **Grandma Is Pregnant*, 1997
mixed media

There is always a crowd in this crazy cultural scene—at chic boutiques and antique swap meets. The crowd, whether observing or participating, has *become* the spectacle; “people watching” is hardly noticed as a scopophilic disease. Andrea Bower’s darkened installation of fleeting images of crowds melting into one another—from concerts to sporting events past and present—looks for evidence without proof.⁷ Clear seduction—rabid fans become insensible to their illusory participation in the cultural scene. Looking for the middle-American counterpart to Nan Goldin’s slide shows of urban habitué, these crowded fans are chimeras, our conscience, our modern-day recall from the hyper activity of the design of the new.

Inside Out

Bubbles—kid toys, astronaut boys, biosphere ploys—that’s where Terri Friedman lives and breathes. She squirts long waterfalls through veiny plastic tendrils, pumping life through the materials that save lives—a better life through plastic. How does she get a spiritual thrill from this aerospace bauble? By animating her pumping bodies, becoming more body conscious, by showing that you are what you eat—Friedman gives us smart ingestions. Think of Hans Haacke’s early water works, Carolee Schneeman and Hannah Wilke’s body blasts, Warhol’s gurgling mud bath, and Bob Flannagan’s medicinal masochism—here is another alchemical transformation using viscous liquids before DNA, and less controversial, too.

Modestly vicious, Kenneth Riddle’s sculptural narratives crossbreed California assemblage of the late 1950s, Fisher-Price toys on acid, and social critique of monster movies (What is Godzilla about, anyway? The social scourge of nuclear war? American fear of the other? Capitalism staving off communism?). Riddle’s works are loud—struggling from the murk of industrial cool and middle-class climb. Sure, this is the noir underbelly to a sleek surface. But this is not the opposed pole to proper politeness; this is a material assay testing the expressive possibilities of all these manufactured materials—of shit bricks and flowery liqueurs, of banned weapons and cheerful Prozac.