

## WELCOME TO MY RECTANGLE

A.L. Steiner

To involve oneself with someone revered [Jack Smith] through an act of generosity from the POSSESSOR of the keys to the Kingdom (aka the pasty LANDLORD of LANDLORDISM), the trusty trust of ownership of the very angry and justifiably enraged perceptive and intuitive mind and body [Jack Smith], who could fast-forward to exactly where we are right now, standing here in this nice clean perfect fake white space that nobody wants to mess up or get dirty because in the end it is never dirty because it will always be clean again in the end. And ANYWAY, NOBODY HERE asked Jack [Smith] to show THEN in this above-underground organization. So JACK'S SPACE was THE ONLY SPACE where he existed, and what you see in these rectangles are just amazing objectified remnants of a person who was once Jack Smith in the world plus all the people that were there and willing that, incidentally, you don't give two shits about if they're alive or dead or broke or starving or they can't afford the rent because the ugly spiteful patriarchal heteronormative NORMATIVE oppressive heterosexist culture- YES THAT'S YOU- just won't quit and let us fade into the fantastical dreamy instead of the dreary spiteful competition race contest war. It's like a fadeout every few minutes after we try so hard to restart and restart in some amazing shining moments of humility and humanity. The USofAmerikkka hates artists still. Read all about it in any COMMENT section of any mainstream online art article, how DARE these lazy unemployed unpaid LEECHES of society ask for anything because they don't even work! And our very OWN community of rent collekkktors, direkkktors, slaveowners, saleslobsters, and curehators support such a ludicrous idea by not paying artists ANYTHING other than SPACKLED CRUMBLING CRUDDY specks of insulated speculation from the corrupt unregulated FAKEASS ART TRADING MALL SUPERMARKET for the WEALTHY and a few CRUSTY dollars thrown at usually the ALREADY SOLVENT AND RELIABLE MALE SECURITIES ARTISTS as an achievement award. Some of this SOGGY CLAMMY SWEATY GENEROSITY allegedly trickles down to you so you can GO SHOPPING and SPEND those crummy dollars in the larger economy to make more work but HEY! DON'T BUY a bag of groceries just PAY your rent or your STUDIO RENT to the ARCHING INVERTEBRATE MONGOLS OF LANDLORDING INC. so you can sleep somewhere and DO YOUR BUSINESS of MAKING and STILL THANKFULLY patriotically support the economy doing an honest day's work BUT DON'T upset everyone and anyone with the perceived notion of MESSINESS godforbid or NAKED OFFENSIVE BODIES because none of them believe you are doing anything ANYWAY! HOW do THEY KNOW you're good if no one ELSE tells them you're GOOD? OH right I forgot THERE's the HEADLESS HORESEMEN on a TEEVEE show that will decide if you're a "GOOD" or "BAD" artist or not...but I DIGRESS, because honestly it would be better to set up some offshore banking account in the Cayman Islands - which incidentally would also surely be a FANTASTIC location for the STARS OF CINEMAROC piece I'd actually really like to do if anyone reading this could FUND that particular project of mine because I know a LOT OF WEALTHY ASS PEOPLE walk through this space. But I digress again because nothing much had changed since Jack's death, it hasn't even been that long but everyone still wholeheartedly unequivocally HANDS DOWN still supports a system that doesn't even have a name because AMERICA STILL HATES ARTISTS. NOBODY in the end respects A QUEER ARTIST or a QUEER for that matter, rather known as an infantilized adult who must be told what is too much or right or wrong rather than such queerness known as a path towards HUMANITY. Maybe just MAYBE some of us DESPISE following the rules of wage slavery for something known as a fucking GOD or BOSS or GOVERNMENT or NATION. TONS of artists think they're following the rules and making nice and safe and sound selling at

FARE ART fairs where there's people buy buying your AWESOME style and credibility and objets d'art and all of it fits nicely into a system that is dripping and smothered in poison gravy and everyone's conveniently ignoring that there's so much to be fucking AnGRY about but the only people angry are quacking ducks with their own TV CHANNEL who have nothing to complain about other than to uphold their AMAZINGLY AWESOMELY HIDEOUS STATUS QUO. So you come home punch drunk after edifying conversation or perhaps a FARE-FAIR and the collaboration is over, the action is paralyzed, diced chopped and parlayed into a studio where you synthesize your amazing conversations into some product that is perfect for the mode of production and form that fits so well into your belief in the ultimate crowning moment of your OWN LANDLORDISM and PRIVATIZED SLAVERY that we're all now seemingly bound to, with NO OTHER OPTION THAN THE WAY THINGS ARE EXACTLY NOW AT THIS SPECIFIC INSIGNIFICANT MOMENT IN TIME, a slavery that is shaped like this space you're standing in right now. Over and over the rectangles spread like a virus all over the land and under the crust, you can see them from the sky everywhere an earth covered with nice neat rectangles with things contained inside and the systems controlled into the nicety of neatness and politeness and taste with garbage buried under every square inch and above your head as well, don't forget. EVERYONE'S SLAVERY is alive and well and gender is just another man's version of slavery, instilling it into every WOMAN-IDENTIFIED-WOMAN. NOBODY HAS THE RIGHT TO ALLOW ME MY RIGHTS because MY AGENCY is thicker than water. Normative sad people require liberation from the heterosexualized gendered masculinity and femininity embodied in a humorless sadistic herteronormacized monotheistic male god of their choice, from which emerges the completely unfun shackles of binary-driven MARRIAGE-OWNERSHIP of that jealous GOD in a deep dark hole of sad emptiness where the only pleasure is to treat all the others sadistically until WE, THE OTHERS, confess and acquiesce in order to vindicate YOU in your unfun gray blob choice in gray cubes of emptiness without rainbows and sparkles. We shall SUFFER for you-those of us who don't believe in the deranged demented great mangod wageslave nuked n'fried familihood fantasy. Hey- UNTIL EVERYONE - NAMELY ALL MEN (yes MEN) ON EARTH are EACH AND EVERY ONE perfectly fine with having their HOLES penetrated- and the POWER DYNAMIC IS CHANGED FOREVER- UNTIL THEN, NOTHING – not an IOTA of a thing WILL CHANGE, NOT UNTIL EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU BENDS OVER will we be in the place we're meant to be. Trust me on this, o great radical gestured curator of the fear ritual of Shark Museum. Jack was not wrong he was RIGHT when he embarked on his journey to give intent and meaning to GLITTER, a commitment to communal experimentation in a richness of patterned dreams knowing that it's all good when they say it's BAD, elevating the glorious, forget about BUSINESS AS USUAL and instead luxuriate in FANTASY. This gallery, with it's millions of INVISIBLE BOUNDARIES AND LIMITATIONS, will sell as much of the artist's [Jack Smith] rarefied cache as possible while also making a really sincere stab at preserving a legacy if they actually go beyond deeming what is GOOD or BAD in Jack [Smith]-In-The-Boxes BUNKER and hand over what is not for SALE as to allow FREAKS LIKE ME to see, read, listen and watch - only then there will be a noble attempt in putting some of that stickystockymkt candy-coated dirty nasty Madoff millions stolen for EONS from all of us out here struggling to figure out how the fuck we're gunna survive for another ½ century if we'll still even have any options if we DON'T IN FACT ever hit or want to hit the JACKPOT in the giant casino known as late-capitalist usamerica where food shelter or healthcare in the WEALTHIEST NATION on earth is entrenched in the casino-gaming decapitation system. Well I'm here to say this HERE AND NOW, in this GODDESSFORSAKEN hole of SPARKLING CLEAN SILENCE that only offered me vagaries, some promise of YES! sure we'll support this, we'll figure it out SOMEHOW while at the same time playing the other hand like a game of TWISTER or a secret trust fund baby playing poor poor glamorous GALLERY making it seem like YOU don't have expendable

income because YOU have OVERHEAD otherwise known as WORKERS otherwise known as ARTISTS and there are just NO recognized LIMITS to GREED or profit-margins - that bare and FLIMSY FOUNDATION that this whole mess is built on, a foundation that covers the real world underneath. PAYING ME would just really get in the way of SOMEONE'S PROFIT or buying a new modernist sofa or a pied-à-terre or investing in another gaming scheme to MULTIPLY THE MILLIONS rather than accepting the cold hard truth that YOU have the privilege to imagine an alternative version of this crapass CAPITAL GAIN culture and the SHITTY SHODDY STATUS QUO. INVEST IN Abject Subaltern Inc. where IT'S GOOD FOR ALL OF US not because YOU, THE SYSTEM, is OBLIGED. So before you rationalize away every last thing I am or take every last thing I can make for you, know that I WON'T EVER subscribe to this GIANT UGLY DICK of a system spraying GUNK over and over and over and over and over clogging everyone up until it's just UNSATISFIED ONCE AGAIN like it always is. Maybe one day soon it will be clear as a SPRING DAY that this Corporation has taken the time to prove some JACK SMITH point to be TRUE. DEEP inside YOU ALL KNOW that this fucking GAME SUCKS and we, THE ARTISTS, are skirting around the rules of the WHOLE script that's already set the MINUTE we're born. And hey, if we DON'T want to play THAT game then we're gunna FUCK the WHOLE SYSTEM UP. SO you The Custodians need to come in and make it legit and safe because a DEAD RADICAL ANGRY QUEER ARTIST is just SO MUCH EASIER TO DEAL WITH and so MUCH MORE AWESOME TO COLLECT than a live one. THAT GENIUS artist, whose work and habits and commentary and garbage-infused practice and dirtiness and aphorisms and struggles and SUGGESTIONS and CRITICISMS and COMMENTS and PLEADINGS you really don't necessarily need to CARE ABOUT, HEAR OR ACTIVATE AS LONG AS THEY LOOK GOOD in the RECTANGLE. And at the very same time everyone can SO EASILY make trillions off some teacher pensions or launder some cocaine money and artificially inflate the prices of their own artist-commodities because as you know WE'RE ALL SAFE IF WE ALL PLAY the SAME fucking GAME together. So this queer position we follow, stepping over and wading through the COCKroaches for our crusty meals while those of you who could opt to support us while we're FUCKING ALIVE just sit there and maybe wait for us to beg to be paid or sometime in a blue moon one of you citizens of Planet Money sells some THING we make, just prolongs me being so SICK TO DEATH of THOSE VERY fucking stupid games. Because there must be some illusion that me or maybe my amazingly handsome HOLOGRAM is MAGIKALLY doing PERFECTLY FINE. I feel so thankful for Jack, no matter how many personality problems. Maybe he's lucky he's dead or we're lucky he's dead or he's better off dead. OH but that reminds me- again, his WORK. To wish and hope as some misguided optimist and lover of life that we'd wake up one day with enlightened faces but yet everyday wake up to OPPOSITE DAY and the continual slavery and IN-YOUR-FACE theft perpetuated by these very thick CEMENT WALLS where inside and outside and nearby, HUCKSTER & SWINDELL Inc. Co. Ltd. LLC funnel trillions of dollars to make themselves feel tastelessly magical with BLOATED ideas from HELL, things like a man named GOD is coming to pick us up soon, things like who cares how we treat the world or each other REALLY and WHAT IS THE COST-BENEFIT analysis of having the Earth around anyway because YOU'RE not doing ANYTHING WRONG because you can't SEE anything wrong HAPPENING in INVISIBLE WORLD. HEY SO everyone! Just put your grubby hands all over that sick ugly CLOT of CHUNKY MONEY not thinking for one second about who it was that got robbed raped and pillaged and KEEP HOPING that maybe just somehow maybe Jack's progeny or at least SOMEONE ELSE will miraculously fix things while at the same time SURVIVE DROWNING in your slimy muck in the most Baghdadian War of Theatrics EVER, crisp neat rectangle DOLLAR\$ flowing into neat tight RECTANGLED ACCOUNTS, a thievery so verbose and gluttonous that no one has ever seen such revelry in unkindness and SAGGING BLOATED FACES OF GREED. Where vomitoriums of plasticized STUPIDITY enmesh with

The Cretins that float to the top JUST simply for just being hotplates of tender MOUNDS of oozing-into-monopolies lo-wage no wage kkkapitalism, sticky shit piles PILED ON TOP OF US for no other reason than it CAN BE, while YOU'RE BORED with the EXCESSIVELY-STOCKED SHOPPING MALLS and a lack of imaginative possibilities to EXIST SOMEHOW OTHERWISE. Like THIS is IT. You're incapable of seeing something OTHER THAN the collective unconscious of a HELL ON EARTH, of slaveries producing GOBS OF GOLD COINS and a HEAVEN WITH PLASTIC PETROLEUM GATES DRIPPING WITH TOXIC GLEAM, incapable of seeing instead a possibility to share everything possible, to celebrate bodies upon bodies of the most splendid fluffy nature, a soft reckoning of the marshmallow undertow that we'd all be swept away by, EXCEPT for the GIANT DICKS THAT KEEP PREVENTING our escape from the IDIOCRACY of madness. YOU THAT REJECT the SOCIAL COMMUNITY OF BEAUTIFUL VINES, you that want COMMUNITY WITHOUT THE COMMUNE-ITY PART for your NON-BONDING rituals. Those of us bound to a steep CREATIVITY and PUNCH-DRUNK PLAY will not place aside our very PERSONABLE MISSION. Everything you stand for is just STANDING IN THE WAY of the 1 TRILLION OTHER possibilities that are out there which you could FUND with the fake paper that's worth gazillions of MEANINGLESS DOLLARS in your INDUSTRIAL-ENTERTAINMENT-PHARMAMILITIA overstock.com trading COMPANY called PLANET EARTH if you only had such vision. I'M NOT JOKING.

[INSERT SCENE HERE]

*This piece was presented at Gladstone Gallery as part of their exhibition Jack Smith: Thanks for Explaining Me, curated by Neville Wakefileld, May 6 - June 16, 2011.*

*A.L. Steiner uses constructions of photography, video, installation, collage, collaboration, performance, writing and curatorial work as seductive tropes channelled through the sensibility of a cynical queer eco-feminist androgyne. Currently based in Los Angeles, CA, Steiner is a collective member of Chicks on Speed, co-curator of Ridykeulous, a founding member of W.A.G.E. (Working Artists and the Greater Economy) and collaborates with numerous visual and performing artists. Her work was recently featured in London at Hollybush Gardens in the exhibition "When Is A Human Being a Woman?"*