Guadalupe Rosales

Veteranas and Rucas & Map Pointz

In Conversation With Mario Ayala

Can you introduce yourself and tell us where you're from?
Sormy name is Guadalupe Rosales, and I'm the founder of Veteranas and Rucas and Map Pointz. I was raised in LA, when I was a teenager we moved to East LA, but before that we lived in Boyle Heights, and then—what else do you want me to say?

***I wanted to begin by asking you about your Instagram project,* Veteranas and Rucas.**
Veteranas and Rucas is a digital archive that focuses on the Chicana youth culture in Southern California from the '90s back—anything that was pre-social media, actual physical photos. People submit their pictures through Instagram or email and send me information like the city and year and a little bit describing who they are, and I post it. I'm creating a platform where people represent themselves the way they want to be represented, as opposed to having an outsider survey the culture and give their own personal opinion. The reason why I chose to call it Veteranas and Rucas was because, originally, I was posting mostly gang culture, and focusing on women. Then, through this project, I realized that everything—growing up in LA as a Chicana or Latina, we're exposed to a lot more than just gang culture, but whether it's a party crew or any other kind of sub-cultural scene, it's always, from personal experience, it's in the midst of gang culture. So I wanted to make Veteranas and Rucas looser, broaden it a bit more, and it became the platform documenting daily life back then.

So some real basic questions about things that maybe people aren't familiar with, some of the terminology and words that you use, like party crews. I want to ask you briefly about party crews in the '90s, from the photos you post on Instagram, and maybe your affiliation with some of them.
So party crew was—the best way to describe it is a group of teenagers getting together and throwing parties. A party crew consisted of maybe 40, 60, 100 people per crew. I'll use my crew as an example, my party crew was called Aztek Nation. There were two cliques. There was one in Bell Gardens, and there was one in East LA, and we would get together with another party crew and throw a party. So let's say Aztek Nation and East LA's Goodlife, and we'd print flyers and pass them out at school and at parties. On the flyers we only had phone numbers, voicemails, and map points. Map points is what we call the intersection of two main streets where you would go and pick up the directions rather than putting them on the flyer. So we'd put map points like Atlantic and Whittier, or the gas station of Atlantic and Whittier. Then you go there and get the address. The music…we listened to pretty much every thing like techno, house music, KROQ, some hip-hop, and the parties took place at backyards and warehouses all over the city.

How does social media inform your work? How did it first appeal to you as a possible platform for your practice?
When I was first thinking about ways to start this conversation, I got really inspired by—I don't know, there was something unique about Instagram, where it's very simple, very minimal. I feel like with Instagram the photo does most of the explanation, as opposed to a blog or a Tumblr or Facebook. I feel like those take a lot of—people focus more on what people say, like on the description, and for me it was important—pictures say many things, you know? I was interested in what other people would say, rather than me trying to describe. I chose Instagram because of that. I saw a lot of pages that were similar to what I wanted to start, but they were mostly focusing on men. So that's what inspired me to start a page that focused on women.

I think some of the comments on the photographs add a lot of value. That's probably one of the more beautiful things that happen on those posts, you know? When would you say you began this archive and reaching out to people? Where were you at that moment and where are you now?
It's funny because I just checked a few days ago. I went to my email, because I couldn't remember the date when I started the Instagram, and I was also thinking that I need to start archiving the conversations that I've had with people. So I found the first email that said you just opened an Instagram account. I started the feed January 23, 2015, so it's almost two years. For me it wasn't really about thinking, "Fuck yeah, I'm going to start something and it's going to fucking blow up." But I knew it was going to be different. When I started the Instagram, I didn't tell anyone who was running it, not even my closest friends. I started just following them, and then people noticed the pictures and they started tagging their other friends, you know? And then people started tagging me, "Oh, Lupe, you might like this!" And I just fucking laughed, like dude, little do they know it's me running this shit. It took a while for me to even put myself out there, because I didn't want it to be about me. It was more about treating this as a collaboration with the community. The reason why I started this was because it was this urge, or this necessity for me. Like, how do I stay connected with my culture—this is me, living in New York—so it was out of necessity rather than trying to come up with something cool or whatever. Now I'm just going day by day and seeing what happens. I do interviews. I'm putting myself out there little by little. I remember the first person that hit me up was LA Weekly, and told them I don't want to make it about me and I didn't want to be in front of the camera. Now I'm kind of like, "Whatever! I don't care! Fuck it." At the same time, I want to give voice to the Instagram feed because I think it's important for the people to know who's behind it.

I find it potentially significant if you want to talk about it—you were talking about being in New York when some of this started. Maybe it felt like you had to reconnect yourself, being on the other side of the country? I find it interesting that this began out there, because I feel like it's so important for you to be here now.
When I moved there it wasn't so much about having the luxury of being able to travel. It wasn't about, "I get to go to New York and explore the world." It was more about "How do I survive?" LA was becoming very dangerous. It was already dangerous and, after my cousin passed away, something clicked. I realized that shit was just going down, and it wasn't getting any better. Some friends of friends invited me, like when someone says, "You should come visit sometime," and you don't really follow through—for me it was a fucking wake-up call. I need to get out of here. When I went to New York, I probably didn't even buy my ticket, I think maybe they spotted me a one-way ticket or something like that. Or maybe I bought a ticket, but I only had a one-way ticket. I went there and—I don't know how I came back, everything seems like a blur—I came back to LA and two weeks later I left again and didn't come back. It was around Thanksgiving and my mom took me to the airport, and I brought as much shit as I could bring with me. I wore like two pants and jackets, like a crazy person—I'm fucking out of here, just whatever I could carry. Then I was in New York not knowing how long I was going to stay … I'm thinking I'm going to go back in a month and that month turned into a year and then five years and then 15 years. I was really fortunate to be there. I met a lot of amazing people. I got involved with the art community, the queer community, I felt like I had found a family. It's something that was very similar to here, but different—it gave me the same feeling, comfortable and free and like I could trust people. Then after I got comfortable with New York, I started thinking about my community here, you know? Kind of like, fuck, all my friends are white. Or how come I haven't met any Mexicans in New York? Or why are the only Mexicans serving food or whatever, you know? That's when I started thinking, how do I reconnect with my community, with my family, or with friends in LA so far away? I just started feeling—what's that word—not isolated, deprived maybe? Yeah, deprived. So I started the Instagram and then it blew up and that gave me a reason to come back. I had a job over there, I was pretty stable and whatever, but I just had to take that risk and be like, "Fuck this, I'm going back home." I felt like this project was getting so big that I wanted to physically engage with people rather than being on the phone. So I'm here in my studio and meeting people, meeting amazing people, people are donating material—I don't know, it's amazing.

I want to talk about your community here in Los Angeles. Now, since moving from New York, you've placed yourself and your work among all these other beautiful people that are doing other things, you know? Maybe talk about investing yourself in that since you've been back in Los Angeles.
It's funny because I was just talking to a friend about this and how I feel like it wasn't that difficult to come back and reconnect with friends, even to meet people who I wasn't friends with before I left—like the younger generation who are deep in the whole Raza movement. I don't know, I trip out on how my life is so different now, you know? Like, in New York, I had my queer artist friends and then here I have some people that I know from New York, but I don't talk to them, you know? Or like, I mean, I don't know, I'm just deep in it. It's crazy, and I need to remind myself that that's happening. At the same time, I want to find a way to have these two things come together.

What are the two things?
I guess it's more than two things. I'm thinking about, where are the queer artists? Where are the feminist artists? And then the POC artists; I want these things, those people, to come together and what would that look like, you know? It's like, instead of separating things, I wonder what it would look like if we all came together … I don't know if I answered your question.

Was that something when you arrived? I'm sure it didn't happen instantly.
Finding the community and the Raza and all that?

Totally, like maybe if you want to name people or not, but how was it feeling like, "Alright, I am no longer just an Instagram handle you might follow, but now I'm in Los Angeles—I'm actually, physically here."
It actually happened really fast. I think when I first started coming around I started hanging out with people who are down with the Pachuco style and all that stuff, and then they just took me in, kind of like, let's fucking hang out. It was just like that. When I was living in New York, I always wondered what it would be like to make art in LA, I felt like I had an amazing experience in New York, but again, how do I tap into being a Chicana artist in LA, you know? I was thinking about this archive and wanting it to be for everyone, not just—I don't know how to explain but I just thought okay, this needs to be here

That's fine, that's great. Maybe not to go on a tangent about this, but I think it's significant because it's something that, before leaving San Francisco—not that it wasn't happening when I was there—but the gentrification in San Francisco got so out of hand and a lot of my friends had to leave. The reason why I left is it's just too expensive to afford housing, studio space, etc., and it became a place inhabited by people that I didn't familiarize myself with or couldn't find a connection with, you know what I mean? And that was really unfortunate. I see that happening here now. It's been happening here, but now it's really taking a toll, especially in East LA, unfortunately, the realm that I think we both have a foot in. The art world, has a little bit to do with that, depending on what scene you're in. Or, how galleries are moving east because of cheaper rent. I know that's a huge issue now, especially with Boyle Heights and Downtown leaking over the bridge. I don't know, I think it's kind of a hectic moment, especially to be an artist and especially working in this area.
Yeah, I think about, do we have a place—for me, do I have a place to make work, and to make this material accessible, to be an artist? And this is me talking about, can I come home and make work, you know? Is there a safe place that people are not going to question me? Am I contributing to gentrification, whatever the fuck that means? Am I going to be side-eyed or whatever, just because I want to make work in Boyle Heights, which is where I grew up? That's not to say that gentrification—people being scared about it, people protesting—isn't real, you know? That's fucking real, I grew up through that; my parents brought me up protesting. I remember when we were kids, we would walk from, fuck I don't even know, somewhere in Boyle Heights to City Hall protesting something, you know? And I remember my mom being fucking angry, like we have to do this, this is important. So now, when I see these things happening, I fucking get it, I get it. People protest and I understand protesting. At the same time, I feel like there are other ways of protesting, you know? I think my work is about protesting, it's about resistance and it's about taking up space. But yeah, I still think, am I ever going to feel comfortable in Boyle Heights as an artist? Am I going to feel awkward if I'm sitting in a studio, you know? And now that I have an MFA or whatever, of course people are going to see it as privileged, a luxury, but also I think people need to understand where I came from and how I got here. I guess that's the question. Right now I'm like should I stay or should I go? Should I what, you know? Like if I leave where do I go? Can I afford it? Should I be making work in my fucking bedroom wherever that is? But then again it's like, if I do that are people going to come to my bedroom? Am I going to have studio visits in my bedroom? Like come chill and I'll play you some Wu-Tang or something? I don't know!

An intimate studio visit.
Lay on my bed or something!

I wanted to talk about* Map Pointz. *I know we briefly talked about it earlier when we were talking about* Veteranas and Rucas *… how do they connect?
I started Map Pointz about six months ago. I wanted to create this platform focusing on the rave and party scene in Southern California. Both Instagrams are loose in their own way. Veteranas and Rucas is very loose on the Chicano culture in LA and Southern California, and Map Pointz is loose in a way that it's not just photos, it's also of ephemera or artifacts from the '90s rave and party crew scene. People submit flyers, videos, pictures of ticket stubs, or whatever. I feel like people can appreciate the party subculture more than if I were to post it on Veteranas and Rucas, I felt that back in the day people were trying to disassociate themselves from the gang culture and that's why these parties were created. How do we create these spaces in the midst of gang violence? And I think a lot of people were like, "We're not chdos," "We're not gangsters," or whatever. So it's a gesture to that. If you feel comfortable on this side, then you're more than welcome, but if you feel comfortable on Veteranas and Rucas, then totally fine.

That made me think of some of these parties and raves as a safe place, or an outlet for people who—you know, like you just mentioned, didn't want to be involved in the violence that was happening, especially during that time. It seems like from what you're explaining that it kind of had an open invitation to whoever wanted to just be in that sort of zone.
A safe place.

If it's even proper to use that as a way to describe it.
I think at the time we were considering these places as different and unique and intimate. And now that I think about it, it's like yeah, and safe. Safe from people that were causing trouble. We were trying to stay away from that; that's why we avoided mentioning the actual directions or location on the flyers. We were trying to prevent the cops from coming, or the gangs, because we just wanted to have a good time with our friends—music and dancing were the key elements. When I think about youth culture I just think that—we had so much power to change things. This is why subcultures were created. You create something different because it's going to change

Ladies of East LA's Aztek Nation Crew at a party in Los Angeles, California in the late '90s. Courtesy of @myr0se and @raerose418.


Esmeralda and Erica from Hawthorne, California at the Los Angeles Lowrider Car Show in 1996. Courtesy of @artbyesmeraldavillarreal.


Courtesy of Society's Perfection Crew (Orange County).


Firme Hinas Party Crew in the mid '90s. Courtesy of @firmehinas.

something, whether it changes the person or changes the fucking—the whole scene or group of people. And definitely they were safe places. I'm thinking about the things that we did back in the day. We partied in abandoned houses where no one could stop it, or in a warehouse. And we tried really hard. We brought generators with us and we just made things happen.

Just going more into detail about some of these parties in the '90s, before I go into my favorite questions that I have for you. I didn't want to leave out talking about the DJs of this time. You briefly talked about the kind of music that was going on at these parties. Maybe if you want to give a shout to some DJs that you were really interested in or friends with, just a bit more about the music. Like who curated the DJs? Who decided this is going to the person playing tonight? How did that happen?

I think it was just friends of friends. The party crew always had a DJ. The names that I remember seeing a lot were like DJ Mustang, DJ Blue, and then the DJs that became more successful like Dr Cisko . . . but he's more early '90s. Even the stories that they told me, like, "Oh yeah, I started DJing when I was 14." Fuck, that's so young, you know? And how do people get turntables to DJ? But there was always that one guy who had the turntables and everyone would hang out in his bedroom and practice. Dr Cisko was telling me once that he was 17 and was DJing at 21-and-over or 18-and-over clubs, he basically said, "I'm the DJ," and they would let him in. A lot of them have become really successful. They're still doing their thing. I was just talking to a friend last night, his DJ name was Modern Romance, and he's still doing it; he's traveling the world to DJ and that's really fucking dope, you know, people doing what they like. It's nice to think about when we were all kids and also people sticking with it. For example, graphic designers, the people who designed the flyers. Some of them are known for that now— they're businessmen, or promoters, people still throw events or DJs are still DJing at amazing parties. That's the beauty of staying connected or reconnecting with people, just to know what they're doing and if they're still doing what they love. I have a friend who was the graphic designer and was a promoter for East LA Madness—that was his party crew—and I remember he was also hustling, always making sure the flyers were printed. He was like 14 or 15, and I could see that he's still that person. He has his own shop and he's still hustling. I like seeing those traces.

I think that's great. In recent months I feel like you've done a ton, which I don't think is any news, but just for people out there who have been like sleeping, maybe they'll have Instagram to see your work.

I have a website now.

I didn't even know that—I'm sleeping! I wanted you to talk about finishing grad school, it's really new, I know. Maybe talk briefly about the talk that you gave at UCLA, and some of your more recent events, like the picnic—and of course, the few events and talks you hosted here at PSSST and you being a current resident here. I asked you a lot but whatever.

So UCLA was in January and I'll explain how that happened. I was still living in New York and I approached UCLA Chicano studies, I think I emailed them and I still have the email, I printed it the other day, being like, "Hey, I'm currently working on this project on '90s party crews, it was really big in Southern California," and then I said, "Can you guys help me find this material and these magazines I'm looking for?" They were like, "We don't know what you're talking about." I was like, "Okay, can we have a meeting and talk about this, because this is really important." I went over there and I proposed a project. They were like, "Hell yeah, this sounds amazing." So then I conducted a panel, and it was successful, and after that, so much stuff has been happening. It's been nonstop since then. I did a talk at the New Museum in New York, and they are archiving the digital archives in their collection. I guess now, October 15th—I don't know when this is going to be printed—but on October 15th I'm going to have a show at Vincent Price, and it's going to be a group show focusing on the youth culture from 1943 to now. We're throwing a warehouse party that same night. The next day I have a picnic at Legg Lake. The picnic is about bringing back the picnic and crew scene, so yeah, it's going to be a busy month. And then I have a show January 17th, here at PSSST where I have my residency. What else?

The last thing I wanted to propose to you is if you just want to talk about anything else or make any shout outs?

Shout outs. Yeah, to my mom. Thanks Mom, for your support. When I had my thesis show my mom went to my graduation and then she helped me de-install my thesis show. For the show, I covered all the walls with flyers and stuff. For me, that gesture of covering the walls is very nostalgic because back in the day when I was a teenager a lot of us covered our bedroom walls with party flyers, whether they were raves or backyard parties. So I did that for my thesis show and my mom was helping me de-install the show and I told her to be very careful because they're the original flyers. Damn, time changes everything you know? I started thinking about how my mom used to literally rip these flyers off my wall and be like, "Fuck these parties, they're evil." And now she respects it and respects my work. And she was carefully taking out the pins, you know? Talk about, I don't know, just reframing history. So yeah, shout out to my mom, shout out to, fuck I don't know, the community, the party scene, everyone that I've met and that I've recently been reconnecting with, and all the friends that I've been making through this journey!

Midnight Pleasure Crew in the mid '90s. Courtesy of @miss_ceejay.

Thanks Lupe.

On Point 2.13: Scaling Down Biennial Fever

Mark Van Proyen

Let's start by stating the obvious: international biennial exhibitions have been looking the same for quite a few years now. These exhibitions feature many of the same artists, and sometimes even the same works by those artists, set in predictably algebraic arrangements buttressed by pretentiously vague thematic purposes that are further supported by notably conservative systems of inclusions, subcategorized in terms of media, gender identity, and country of origin, all loudly paying lip service to a narrow, predictable idea of difference. It may not matter that, in recent years, the international shortlist of artistic directors for these mega-exhibitions seems to be opening up; the higher levels of curatorial prestige have created a protégé system where new voices sing the same old songs. In other words, there is now no obvious path leading from the organization of smaller biennials to larger ones, with the once-every-five-years staging of *Documenta* as the brightest star in the mega-exhibition heavens. Of that, more will be written next June, but for now, the focus is on Asia, with three biennials taking place in Korea and a fourth in Taiwan, with still another opening in Shanghai in November. The list goes on: the Chengdu Biennale, the Beijing International Art Biennale, the Singapore Biennale, the Yokohama Triennial, the Nanjing Triennial, Guangzhou Triennial, and the Kochi-Muziris Biennale (all established in the past 15 years) have all made a splash recently, although not all of them are being staged during the current fall season.

It's time to question the merits of these exercises in curatorial gigantism, especially now that so many of these extravaganzas take a cue from 2002's Documenta11 and expand their operations into multiple venues (or "platforms" as they are now called), into different cities, or even onto different continents. Supposedly, more is better, but that more increasingly seems to appear in the form of bigger budgets, more venues, more square footage of exhibition space, and more curatorial assistants. But something different happened in Korea during the past few months; two smaller biennials, Mediacity Seoul and the Busan Biennale, proved to be more interesting alternatives to the larger Gwangju Biennale and Taipei Biennial, owing to the fact that the clarity of curatorial focus succeeded where sheer proliferation failed. I am going to go out on a limb and say that, for several reasons, this might be a sign that the hyper-additive model of international exhibition development may be passing. Pressingly, the mania for sheer proliferation is revealed as a side-stepping of the kind of criticality that now seems to be even more necessary than it was prior to the past two decades of biennial fever. If everything is important, then nothing is, and we would do well to remember that not too long ago, such exhibitions were the places where contemporary artworks first auditioned for their places in art history. Now, in our post-historical moment, they are events that guarantee large audiences and "museum worthiness," adding a threadbare smidgen of importance to the resumes of the included artists and curators.

Of course, next summer's trilecta of *Documenta14* The 57th Venice Biennale and the Münster Sculpture Project could prove me wrong, but in the meantime we might want to consider another, more situational counter-argument. It has to do with the way that museum culture operates outside of the European and North American contexts with which most of us are familiar. Since the explosion of tiger economy prosperity in the mid-1990s, the Korean strategy organized large shows and energetically promoted exhibitions that would put the work of Korean artists in proximity to well-known American and Europeans, giving international importance-by-association to not only their artists but also to their local art history. For the most part, this has served the Korean art scene well, creating a great deal of collector interest, and expanding professional opportunities for the artists and curators, although in the case of Gwangju and Taipei, the artistic directors have tended to be well-known European curators passing out mediagenic helpings of cultural paternalism. But in the case of Mediacity Seoul and the Busan Biennale, the emphasis has been on the projects of Korean curators working in closer proximity to the Asian art scene, staging projects more closely bound to the recent history of Asian art. Although these exhibitions were about half the size of the more prominent and time-honored Gwangju Biennial, they were far better, showing that intelligently focused curation can do things that big budget spectacles cannot, like avoiding the trivializing of the art contained within them.

Pierre Huyghe, *Untitled (Human Mask)*, 2014. Single channel HD video, 19 minutes. Courtesy of the artist, Marian Goodman Gallery, and Esther Schipper.

SeMA Biennale Mediacity Seoul took place from September 1st to November 20th under the direction of Beck Jee-sook, under the title *NEARI KIRURU HARARA*, a sequence of Japanese words that point to speculative possibilities taking place in an imaginary future, giving the overall exhibition a science fiction feel (and calling attention to the fact that all contemporary art is an becoming an exercise in science fiction). In some cases, the presented work was not at all futuristic. I was impressed by a three-screen video projection by Cha Jae-min titled *Twelve* (2016), with each screen showing four characters who were engaged in an absurd "negotiation" about raising the minimum wage. The four figures on the left screen were caricatures of businesspeople whose concern was to suppress the cost of labor, while those at stage right were making rational arguments about the larger benefit of an increased minimum wage. The four located in the middle screen played the part of the impartial judges of the debate, but in many subtle ways (gesture, costume, etc.) they made it clear that their prejudicial sympathies lied with the business operators. I was also intrigued by the suite of small, very crafty airbrush paintings by Oliver Laric titled *Missile Variations* (2010), depicting sequential scenes of outbound missiles being launched just prior to another cluster of inbound missiles, sounding a resonating theme in contemporary Korea. As might be expected, Pierre Huyghe contributed the showstopper, *Untitled (Human Mask)* (2014), a dreamy, high-density video projection that followed a chimp as it ambled around a darkened room. The fact that said chimp was wearing a butoh mask and long flowing robes made its perambulations more than just a little bit creepy in a *Planet-Of-The-Apes-meets-Waiting-For-Godot* way.

The Busan Biennale, on view until November 30th, was organized by Yun Cheagab (Director of the How Art Museum in Wenzhou), and was given the title *Hybridizing Earth, Discussing Multitude*, containing the work of 123 artists and collectives, smartly divided into three sections, called *Projects*. *Project 3* was a series of lectures and other events that took place prior to and during the run of the exhibition. *Project 1* was titled *another avant garde: china/ japan/korea* and was a stunning historical exhibition that focused on three key episodes in the post-World War II emergence of avant-garde art movements in those countries. The China portion of *Project 1* was titled *Briefings: Avant-garde Art in China 1976-1995*, and curated by Guo Xiaoyan, focuses on a period of artistic turmoil prior to the giant market boom for Chinese art, as seen in the work of such artists as Gu Wenda, who is represented by eight early paintings collectively titled *Drama of Two Cultural Formats Merge* (1987) and Xu Bing, who shows photographs and video documentation of two fornicating tattooed pigs in *A Case Study of Transference* (1993-94). It is worth noting that the pig on the receiving end of this performance was tattooed in Cantonese script, while the one doing most of the performing was tattooed in an Anglo-European alphabet.

The Japan section, curated by a team including Noi Sawaragi, Akira Tatehata, and Yuzo Ueda, was titled *Avant-Garde Art in Japan After War*, and took a close look at the post-1950 period. It features early work from several of the well-known Gutai artists, as well as other artists who made the Tokyo Olympic Games of 1964, the 1970 Osaka International Fair, and the Japanese Constitution subjects of quizzical works that tried to navigate the post-Hiroshima spiral of contested identities. Japanese art critics now call this period *Blazing Flower* (as indicated by recent exhibition at the Kyoto Museum of Modern Art), and one of the things that becomes clear is the extent to which the work of this era influenced the development of avant-garde art in the rest of non-communist Asia. Noi comes to his organizational position as an art critic rather than as an institutional curator, and I would suggest that contemporary Asian art would benefit from more voices like his, if only to counter the authority that is (over) invested in institutional patronage systems connected to government initiatives."

The Korean section was curated by Kim Chandong, and was titled *Korea's Avant-Garde Moment: A Rebellious Escape*. It looked at the period running from the late-1960s to the late-1980s when two very different movements came to the fore: the Dansaekhwa group and the minjung misul. *Dansaekhwa* literally translates to "monochrome," but what this leaves out is the implied sense of performed immediacy that comes with the presentation of minimally inflected surfaces, such as is found in Kim Dong-Kyu's trio of very early monochrome paintings, or Park Suk-Won's *Four Shadows* (1972), which is made of shapes cast by the shadows of four toppled blocks of wood. *Minjung misul* (i.e. "the people's art" was most forcefully represented by an anonymously authored 1967 film documenting the subversive activities of the Korean Young Artists Association.) *Project 2* inaugurates an additional venue for the Busan Biennale, the cavernous repurposed cable factory of Kiswire's Suyeong building. It houses the contemporary section of *Hybridizing Earth, Reflecting Multitudes* and contains works from about 40 artists and collectives from all points of the globe. One of the works that stood out for me was a 2016 piece titled *Handmade Fantasy* by Yun Pilnam, which reminded me of Eva Hesse's final *Untitled (Rope Piece)* from 1970, until you came close enough to see that is was comprised of tens of dozens of cell phones and power strips rendered as Oldenberg-esque soft sculpture. I also liked the dual-screen animated video by Choi Sung Rok, which turned the tensions between North and South Korea into a comical ant farm saga of bellicose rinse, dry, and repeat. Choi's piece resonances for multiple reasons, but after seeing four biennales in the space of a long week, its most salient meaning for me lied in the way that it summarized the normative exercise of curatorial imagination in today's global art world.

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