

# **Projects 54 : Hirsch Perlman : the Museum of Modern Art, New York, March 28, 1996-May 21, 1996**

Author

Perlman, Hirsch, 1960-

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54

hirsch perlman

projects



**The Museum of Modern Art  
New York**

**March 28 – May 21, 1996**





really couldn't be more pleased with how  
not only to have worked with you, but also  
known as I might've thought.

an's book *Dear Dead Person*, a character  
g what I want."<sup>1</sup> I love that sentence and  
me allowing the characters in my scripts  
iggered by your participation in my work.  
conjunction with the exhibition, and I'd  
tempts to make the works plain as day,  
ds of engagement might occur between  
think it can't help but corral the viewer's  
ual brochure out of a few rehearsal stills  
g actors.

re and asking for your help with it is to  
wall" in a way that may show up my  
wn relationship to the works themselves.  
y scripts ask for you to fill them in with  
what was being said in the scripts and the  
what I consider to be the conversation/  
ach viewer can only reconcile for him- or  
to terms with the work, I think the show  
ew where no matter what I say, it's likely  
st what relationship to have to the works.  
to respond to a question and fax your  
the works themselves, I'm going to ask  
that's still my favorite criterion. So, by all  
of your head, tell me what you inferred  
u think you were?

to "indulge my conceit" (really) and tell  
it differed a lot or not, I'd be interested  
es the point altogether then, as you might  
think "I've got my head in the clouds and  
asking you a non sequitor now that your  
know that. If the question sounds like it's  
t may seem to you a rather rudimentary  
clear that I'm not simply trying to get out  
omments from you, no matter what form  
directed you (or refused to) implicate me,  
s to respond and fax me back in a day or

more fun/working with you in the future,

**Hirsch Perlman**

I am myself . . . living truthfully, out  
of the behavior (yours and mine) that  
exists in this now present reality . . .  
under imaginary human circumstances!

**Kirk Woller**

I thought I was myself—my job  
as an actor being what it always is. That  
is, to listen and respond naturally under  
the imaginary circumstances.

When we were doing this piece,  
Hirsch, I started off thinking, "Okay,  
I'm A and he's Carl." I like to get my  
head around the basics, as you can no  
doubt tell.

And I kept remembering a night  
some twenty-five years ago when he  
and I got tired of talking and started  
hitting each other with heavy pillows  
off some old couch. We got to a point  
where we were simply taking turns  
whaling on the other man's skull with  
all our strength. It went on 'til utter  
exhaustion, set in. I remember finally

Dear Hirsch,  
Working on your project "you  
indulge my conceit . . ." I felt like an  
old canvas duffle bag that had been  
lost between the point of departure  
and its intended destination and,  
having been stolen from the bus depot  
Lost & Found (having no name or I.D.  
tags), was now being ransacked on a  
service road, the contents randomly  
and carelessly strewn about the  
shoulder by unknown vandals.

Looking forward to working with  
you again, soon.

I was me in this work. It wasn't  
the kind of acting where you get into  
another being. It was the kind where  
you get to explore your own. This is  
rare. I got a chance to play with all  
the conversations that went into this  
particular installation because you  
asked me to see if I could help you find  
some of the people to participate in  
them. I got to worm my way into what  
went on inside these microcosms. They  
could be, for an actor, just a really neat  
exercise. But, of course, they are more  
than that, or I would have found out the night

Dear Hirsch,  
If I could equate this work to the  
great sport of surfing, it felt like a  
groove, except you didn't know if you  
were going to wipe out or slide through  
the tube . . .

All one can do is give up one's  
ego and try to bring life to the words on  
the page. That's my job. I can only be  
myself. That's who I am. The work we  
performed for you differs little from any  
art, just take a deep breath and hurl  
yourself into it at warp speed . . .  
I'll see you on the other side.

yourself into it at warp speed. . . .

Sincerely yours,

**Stephen H. Vaughn**

P.S. Hope I didn't fool myself by tryin' to say something profound . . . . I think your viewers just have to work it out and come to their own conclusions.

than that, as I really found out the night A and I shot the one we ended up doing. A and I have been friends for twenty-nine years and have only worked together once before and that was just on an audition piece years ago. So much got said in the ad infinitum repetition of your words. I laughed. I cried. Really. I wonder if I could have gone so deep with someone else. Probably would have just gone somewhere else, but I was grateful for the moment.

"Cannons to the left of 'em. Cannons to the right of 'em." At times I found myself emotionally "afloat" with not so much as a moral compass to guide me . . . . Mother? Mother . . . is that you??? Stand back!!! Hirsch said he'd use me again. Just like all the rest . . . .

**Russi Taylor**

Looking forward to working with you again soon,

**Arye Gross**

I am the sum of all misery and laughter and I itch and shake and quiver all over. I am as compelling as a car accident.

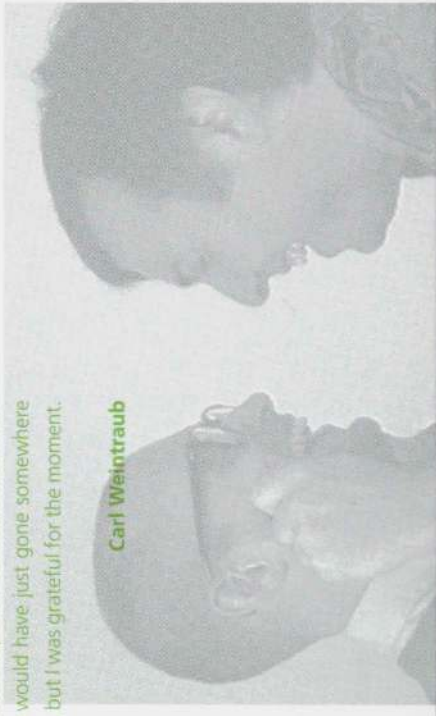
**Mervyn Cedarhurst**

exhaustion set in (I remember finally stumbling outside and puking) but it never seemed like a fight so much as a progressively more strenuous attempt at defining the most important part of our relationship.

I love this guy. If I needed to kill him, would I die trying?

Two things I really loved about your piece—I got to keep my dinner in my stomach, and I didn't have a headache for two days after.

**A Martinez**



**Carl Weintraub**

*Musings on A Nearly Perfect Conversation:*

Russi and I were like two jazz soloists playing a duet. Each take was an emotional improvisation around a central theme, the "musical line" or structure provided by your script. Each of us would play a line, and then, with that wonderful inner anticipation an actor or free-form musician feels, we'd wait to see what surprises the other "cat" would answer with. . . . And, when it's right, all you can say is "Yeah . . . ."

**Russi Taylor and Wayne Allwine**

**Anonymous**



## about the artist

*I think I'm not so much trying not to have a morality [that is didactically present in the work], as much as actually trying to value that point of self-consciousness, when one has to choose an interpretation and leave the other possibilities behind. . . . [Y]ou are complicit in the interpretation, but you may or may not be aware of how you are complicit. What happens before you even get to an opinion? What happens in the process of reading that puts you through the dread [laughs] of having to commit yourself? I'm interested in . . . a kind of imperative that demands that the viewer read his/her intentions.<sup>2</sup>*

The meaning of a work of art is produced through a complex set of relations among artist, art object, and audience. Hirsch Perlman has made the examination of each of the terms in this equation and their mutual inflections the subject of his practice for the last decade. As he suggests above, then, it is always more useful to come to his work asking not "What does it mean?" but, rather, "How does it mean?"

His principle strategy has involved confounding his viewers with ensembles of suggestive but enigmatic images and texts that continually promise but defer meaning. They stall the interpretive process at the level of self-reflection and initiate critical engagement with flawed communication systems. Grappling primarily with the latter, Perlman has relentlessly challenged speech, writing, and photography in his cool but intriguing installations, forcing each of these systems to fail repeatedly and to reveal its tenuousness through those failures. A 1989 series of "documentary" photographs, for example, documents both institutional architecture and the basic technical glitches and operator blunders that prove the eye/camera and vision/photography analogies faulty. In *Exhibit P* of 1990, live actors perform as a script the intermixed transcript pages from seven unrelated trials, leading viewers through a maze of legal language that is finally revealed to be all form and no coherent content, all style and no discernible substance. Perlman's 1992 piece, *A Layman's Guide to Interrogation Techniques and Practices*, comprising an illustrated instruction manual and videotaped performance exercises, draws a sometimes humorous and sometimes painful connection between day-to-day conversation and techniques of interrogation.

As with his previous work, Perlman's new installation draws attention to the annunciatory modes employed in the work of art, but more than ever it highlights reception and the active role of the audience member in locating meaning through a triangulation of her- or himself with artist and art object. To the extent that the question "What does it mean?" is ever answered, the fraught interpretive process points to the interpreter, with her or his own specific subject position and agenda, as complicit with the artist and object in making the work's meaning—as perhaps even largely or wholly responsible for it. In this way Perlman is able to undermine confidence in the univocal reading, the privileged truth claim.

Though he avoids explicit statements about social or political issues, Perlman is well aware that the general implications of his proof concerning the instability of truth claims pertain to all human relationships and thus extend beyond the realm of art. In typically oblique but humorous fashion, he addresses this issue as fundamental to the conception of his **projects** show:

*Every work of art has its own internal logic—its own vocabulary, syntax, and grammar. The interesting thing is that, like characters in fiction or actors in dialogue, there are always some aspects to that logic that are feigned and others that aren't. Of course the problem is that the first question asked of that unique logic always seems to be Humpty Dumpty's: "The question is . . . which is to be master—that's all." I'd like to know how Humpty Dumpty actually fell over (I'd have given him a push), but since I can't know that, and his question remains inevitably and unfortunately privileged, then I think one way to at least unpack it is to restage Tweedledum and Tweedledee fighting it out.<sup>3</sup>*

Thomas W. Collins, Jr.

Beaumont and Nancy Newhall Curatorial Fellow

Department of Photography

## biography

Born 1960  
B.A., Yale University, 1982



## selected solo exhibitions

- 1995** Kunstraum, Vienna  
Galerie Claire Burrus, Paris
- 1994** Monika Sprüth Galerie, Cologne  
Interim Art, London
- 1990** Donald Young Gallery, Chicago  
Feature, New York  
Galerie Hufkens, Brussels  
Shedhalle, Zurich
- 1989** Feature, New York
- 1988** The Renaissance Society, Chicago  
Galerie Claire Burrus, Paris
- 1987** Cable, New York  
Multi-Cultural Gallery, San Diego

## selected group exhibitions

- 1995** *The End of the Avant-Garde—Art As a Service*,  
Kunsthalle der Hypo-Kulturstiftung, Munich
- 1994** *Radical Scavenger(s): The Conceptual Vernacular in American Art*, Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago (catalogue)
- 1993** *Aperto*, Venice Biennale, Venice (catalogue)  
*Backstage*, Kunstverein in Hamburg; Kunstmuseum, Luzern, Switzerland (catalogue)  
*Kontext Kunst*, Graz Künstlerhaus and Neue Galerie am Landasmuseum, Joanneum, Graz, Austria (catalogue)
- 1992** *Génériques le visuel & l'écrit*, Hotel des Arts, Paris  
*Exhibit A*, Serpentine Gallery, London
- 1991** *Wealth of Nations*, Ujazdowski Castle, Warsaw (catalogue)  
*A Dialogue About Recent American and European Photography*, The Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles
- 1990** *Word as Image: American Art 1960–1990*, Milwaukee Art Museum  
*The Photography of Invention: American Pictures of the 80's*, National Museum of American Art, Washington, D.C.; Walker Arts Center, Minneapolis  
*Play of the Unsayable: Wittgenstein and the Art of the 20th Century*, Wiener Secession, Vienna; Palais des Beaux Arts, Brussels (catalogue)
- 1989** *1989 Biennial Exhibition*, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York (catalogue)
- 1987** *The Hallucination of Truth*, P.S. 1, Long Island City, New York
- 1986** *Dull Edge*, Randolph Street Gallery, Chicago (catalogue)

## awards and fellowships

- 1991** Louis Comfort Tiffany Foundation Grant  
National Endowment for the Arts Artists Fellowship
- 1989** National Endowment for the Arts Artists Fellowship

<sup>1</sup> New York: High Risk Books, 1994, p. 124.

<sup>2</sup> Hirsch Perlman in Kathryn Hixson, "Hirsch Perlman: Reading the Meaning of Mistakes," *Flash Art*, May/June 1991, pp. 114–15.

<sup>3</sup> Hirsch Perlman in conversation with the author, March 2, 1996. Quotation from Lewis Carroll, *Through the Looking Glass* (New York: Heritage Press, 1941), p. 112.

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