

THE GREEN LANTERN

THE GIRL IN THE BATHROOM

06.22.06-06.24.06

Marie Valigorsky is gone. Her visage has been lost to a surface of asparagus green. The drop ceiling is gone, the graveyard of insects that lay over top have been swept away and corners have been caulked. The room is invigorated. It smells like a vacation in someplace like Nantucket; there is a subtle aroma of mold and wood and settled paint.

Kyle Rayner would be proud.

The facilities are very very green.

In keeping with the neighborhood, the bathroom was remodeled. Like any Taco stand or Waffle House, the quality of consumables is signified by the cleanliness of its bathroom. So it is, that in the on-going struggle to establish and maintain integrity, one façade was lifted as another was lost.

Marie was a kind of sacrifice.

Her portrait was duplicate and cropped 52 times and hung as a final hurrah for the SAIC art walk in June. One portrait was seen walking down the alley in the clutches of an old woman with pointy shoes. The woman was from Newport.

A book of documentation, the first Green Lantern catalogue ever, is available for \$8 and includes a short story about our favorite bathroom tenant and the way she passed. Where she is now, I can't say, but if you see her say hello for me.

WELCOME TO OUR HOME: THE OPEN HOUSE

On Friday the Seventh of July from seven to nine p.m. Two Thousand and Six

Tennessee was recently represented by two of four ambassadors, otherwise known as 'The Bedazzleburgs.' The Bedazzleburgs are a group formed when one prodigal Tennessee son, returned to Knoxville at the end of a short career in the non-profit sector. The aforementioned B— Y— fell into a fellowship of like minds, which later called themselves The Bedazzleburgs. Two of the six are Abby Coe and John Bissonette. Though weaker in number than they were originally, the Bedazzleburgs are no less strong and the valor of their collective spirits can be felt across the state.

Sometimes Bissonette is embarrassed when he buys a box of lingerie for his pantyscapes. The women with eyeliner and lacey bra straps give him dirty looks.

"I'm a fetishist," he could say, but doesn't. I think he smiles and looks at the ground.

GL: what is the going rate of lingerie per pound?

AC: about lingerie panty per pound rates...well john is going to have to field that one.

JB: Honestly the panties and various assorted garments I buy at AM VETS run about \$3 to \$7 depending upon size and I am assuming relative cleanliness of said fabric, but I imagine the nice stuff is anywhere from \$30 low end to \$150 high end. (Mall prices)

Coe quite her job at the home shoppers network to come to Illinois, "Welcome to our Home!" she said when she took her first step up the stairs. She carried matching suitcases.

Coe picked out two sketches and placed them in the bottom left hand corner of the fridge, at cat eye-level, for any cats to see. When Bissonette went around with the level, Coe said, "Don't worry about making the fridge work straight, drawings on the fridge aren't supposed to be. They never are."

Tennessee said the sound of the train outside was a comfort. It sounds like the ocean, they said. But in the middle of the night, Abby had a dream about John being shot.

Fortunately, he was fine.

The opening was respectable but nobody brought bourbon.

Daisy and the Cast sat side by side on paisley drinking Pabst as the sun set. They were some of the first to arrive.

“Commodores just don’t exist anymore,” The Cast said with a wistful twinge pronounced by the cock of his head. He was looking through myopia.

“These paintings look a little immature,” said a man in cowboy boots in front of the mounted pantyscape. He was watching swans.

Out on the porch there was a confession, “I want to be normal. I want to have friends that I can introduce to my parents. Friends like bankers and real estate agents, people with jobs with a name.”

Wisconsin stared with steady eyes at the paintings of upside down cans drying in a drying rack in a kitchen sink. “These feel like home to me,” she said.

“This painting is tight,” Canada was peering.

“It’s like we’re exotic, here,” Coe said to Bissonette. He chuckled.

“Do you deny your work is kitschy?”

“I’m letting the cats out of the closet,” someone announced to the back porch, which is when the curtain closed.

Tennessee has since left, but in leaving it left the traces of its bedazzleburg love. The bed is still in the entryway, dressed in quilts sewn by Coe women with patches of polyester prints from the seventies. The prints say Ya Ya, but only when everybody else is sleeping.

Bissonette teaches fine art in Nashville. He sleeps in a narrow dormitory bed with an air conditioner that only has two settings: on and off. On is an arctic 30. He measures his dreams in temporal adjustments.

Meanwhile Mr. M— was missing; he flew into Texas to watch trailer homes and overgrown spiders; he felt dusty, considering as he did the problem with rural habitats. In rural dwellings, between the city and Walden Pond, men tend to overextend themselves. Their idiosyncrasies sprawl, their unhappiness believes in its universal troubles and there is no reason to restrict the lechery of one’s own debris. Mr. M— sighed; watching fans pass in circular patterns before wood painted plastic. Spirals of flypaper stirred where they were strung from the ceiling; he missed Chicago.

Keep an eye out in Time Out Chicago for a review!

HOTEL BROTHERHOOD

almost from the land of pleasant living.

Live country rock and roll blues on July 14

“Are you a vegetarian?”

“Is it O.K. to eat meat here—is it o.k. if I go to burger king and get a hamburger? Sometimes the smell is offensive.” She ended up getting the chicken sandwich and people wanted bites, which, after the third request were denied. “I’m hungry,” she said with a quarter of a sandwich cupped in her hands.

It was hot.

The gentlemen sang songs about losing money on lost crops: old time songs that come from the field. Woman in the audience collected in corners, some swooning, others speaking in hushed tones and motioning about respective haircuts.

WHISPERS: “I like your hair.”

Two brothers a boy from Texas and a trumpeter with eyes like Peter Lorry

One girl came from a band of carnival punk. Her hair was short.

BOASTS: “I went to grammar school with Jessica Love Hewitt. I used to run around for her. I used to run in circles.”

Hotel Brotherhood turned the lights off at one point. They played on Astroturf and on the drum set there was a painting of a river through a valley. The looked natural on the grass. It was like they were playing in Abby and John’s backyard. The audience sat in portable beach chairs.

WHISPERS: “How is it that feminism has now left us with things like o I feel so great about myself I am going to go and get sexy on a mechanical bull? Where are we?”

LATECOMERS: “I need to go. I think my body is changing.”

The frat kids seemed pretty excited next door, although they were not excited enough to lock up the bike and their balcony which seems a little vulnerable as it is. Like a lonely drunk prepared for some unexplained abuse.

2AM KHAKIS: "So what are you all doing later."

CALVIN IS PISSING ON A PIECE OF PIE

"Meow"

John Bissonette and Abby Coe are modeling a home for the Chicago public. Small tributes to cats, wood-burned terms of endearment and quilted histories make up this public composition. Staged sets are common to Marshall Fields or Bed Bath and Beyond, but unlike those commercial venues, this set implies human relationships that have been developing in time.

Cats externalize the bridge between individuals sharing a life. Two individuals relate their reflections through their family of cats, repainting, reexamining and redefining the significance of this chosen totem each time one of the five felines is redrawn. In one instance "Duncan" is painted in oil on a cardboard case of Pabst, while in another an identical cat is pawing at the air in a field of pink and purple and a list of to-dos. "Welcome to Our Home" describes a practice of mutual domesticity, where fetishized animals dominate human meditation.

In Coe's works on paper the animal is described with manic repetition. Hundreds of sketches fill the room, hanging on the wall as a pause. In these, Coe recycles old lists, remnants of domestic obligations, where peas, glitter, and beer might be on the same list as a mathematic sums done in order to pay or divide some kind of bill; these throwaway relics have been covered in doodles and water color and glitter and cat stickers. Coe is reinventing the environment of the cat; each cat gets its own happy seat in the wallpaper of her daydreams.

Coe re-appropriates mass-produced items, picture frame mobiles from K-Mart, ceramic cats in teacups with gleeful cartoon faces, or plastic Persians painted pink. Forgoing the usual materials of fine art, she does her work with craft kits and stray scraps of paper, debris created from the banal of her day in and day out routine.

Bissonette adopts the metaphor into his own work. The cats of Coe and Bissonette are domestic; they are in-door cats, and most of them were discovered at various stages of abandonment in the unruly wild of Tennessee metropolis. They represent a kind of comfort, and become children through which the artists see themselves.

"Welcome to Our Home" gives the audience an opportunity to peruse and examine the personal effects and styles of a couple. In the place of most homemaking necessities there are expressions born from the map of their internal furniture. Internal obstacles from private histories and separate childhoods stand as tables and chairs in Bissonette and Coe respectively. As the couple shares a physical space, implicit assumptions or conclusions must be mapped out in an intuitive floor plan. What the audience sees physically of tangible furniture is only a queen-sized bed and a faux backyard with folding lawn chairs purchased from a five and dime and fake plastic grass. There is also a bedside table and a single sofa chair, but otherwise the dominant furniture is in the intuition.

Bissonette's wood burn, *Dumb Fuck/Little Bastard*, provides a portrait of a young man in the awkward bloom of adolescence. The boy is wearing a pair of Nike basketball shoes, characteristic of 1980's youth. On separate plaques, above and below, endearing cursive spells out pet names, 'dumb fuck' and 'little bastard'. Beyond kitsch or irony, the piece is a conscientious dedication to family, culture and myth.

In a tireless effort of affirmation, Bissonette expresses self-awareness and good humor simultaneously, juxtaposing American mythology of the good life with its own inherent ironies. There are two paintings of toes painted with palm trees and flamingos. One of the pair belongs to Coe. A drying rack with empty beer cans sit to dry in the kitchen sink. The realistic portrayal

admits a mature and sober hand, but perhaps is in keeping with the decision to recyclable clean tin.

Meanwhile, the pantyscapes—vainglorious landscapes evoke choirs of plastic angels and adolescent paradigms of lust—these wink, one above the bed, when through the ice capped peaks a Coors Light insignia is not quite covered up. Appropriated from Harlequin Romance, the painting sits on an empty cardboard case of beer. It is idealized in a black halo of lingerie, intricately cut and applied piece by piece as one might a mandala. The pantscape is a meditation.

And the family portrait sits in the room, admitting that we grow old and with our own indoctrinated patterns step into new roles where we become the elders of new families with new terms of endearment, new kitchen lists, new pets and new children. Here the faces of Bissonette and Coe are captured as the headstones in a family of five others, they look out and forward and Coe looks at you. They are writing another history of their own, with a new map they share.

"Welcome to our home" is open until August 11th, 2006. Gallery hours are Saturdays from one pm until six pm, and otherwise by appointment. Call for more information **773.235.0936** or check the website

<http://thegreenlantern.org>.

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Coming this **September**: "baby you're an animal (the gospel according to Matthew)". **09.08.06-09.30.06** Drawings
by Matthew tetzloff